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THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 27

Part II

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[N. B.—Bound volume includes also October 15 to December 31, 1927, for which no index is published.]

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APRIL 23, 1927

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Spring Pools

Robert Frost

THESE pools that though in forests still reflect
The total sky almost without defect,
And like the flowers beside them chill and shiver,
Will like the flowers beside them soon be gone,
And yet not out by any brook or river,
But up by roots to bring dark foliage on.

The trees that have it in their pent up buds
To darken nature and be summer woods
May well think twice before they use their powers
To blot out and drink up and sweep away
These flowery waters and these watery flowers
From snow that melted only yesterday.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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The Fall *and* Rise *of the* Franc

By PROFESSOR E. MIREAUX

Director-General of the Society for Economic Research

SINCE December 23, 1926, the French franc has been in effect stabilized at about the following rates: 25 francs to the American dollar and 122 francs to the English pound. These rates show a remarkable circumstance. At this price the French franc represents exactly the fifteenth part of a coined gold gram. No doubt this coincidence is not entirely fortuitous; moreover, we know that this rate is the result of the intervention of the Bank of France. Perhaps even we can detect in it the symptoms of an effort at stabilization which, if successful, might last at least several months, and might even become permanent.

The time seems ripe, then, to try to analyze the position of French money and to find out if this position offers any genuine chances of lasting stability.

The actual rates for the franc—it should be observed from the outset—represent a heavy decline from the pre-war French money standard. In July, 1914, the franc was worth 19.3 cents and it had a natural tendency to be the premium of all the other currencies in the world. In the early part of 1927 that same franc is only worth four cents. It has therefore lost four-fifths of its value in less than thirteen years. Moreover that is not the lowest point to which it has fallen—in July last the French franc was only worth two cents. In spite of the recovery which has taken place since that date, its decay remains considerable.

The causes of this decay are many. The first is the enormous deficit of the balance of external French trade since the war. This deficit took place over a period of eighteen months. Between January, 1919 and July, 1920, it mounted to thirty-eight milliards of francs. How is this enormous hole to be covered?

During the war France was able to meet her foreign obligations by different means, first by the sale of foreign securities of which the French pocketbook was stuffed before the war, then by loans contracted outside, finally, thanks to exchange credits, granted by the allied and associated governments, more especially by those of Great Britain and the United States. Here lies the explanation of the fact that the French exchange did not suffer too much between 1914 and 1918. At the end of December, 1918, the loss of the franc in relation to the most appreciated foreign currency, which at that time was the Swedish crown, was only thirteen per cent.

WHATEVER its shortcomings may be, the budget has perhaps never been the weakest point in French finances. In other ways the position of the treasury has been grave and disquieting, above all in these last years. It was the reimbursements of national defense bonds reclaimed by the public through necessity or through uneasiness that was the most notable cause of the last inflation crisis. In those countries whose financial situation offers striking analogies to that of France—in Italy, in Belgium—the floating debt has always been the bogy of finance ministers and they have ended by getting rid of it by forced consolidation.

The war was hardly over when France found herself abruptly face to face with the necessity of settling up for her foreign purchases from her own resources, resources which the war had just exhausted. As early as January, 1919, the British treasury made it known that it would agree to no further advances to the French treasury. In December of the same year the American treasury came to the same decision. Also while the French needs of exchange mounted as we have seen to thirty-eight milliards of francs, France was only able to borrow eleven milliards from outside. Result: the American dollar rose without stop from 5.45 francs in January, 1919, to 16.25 francs in April, 1920.

The first cause of the depreciation of the franc was only transitory. From July, 1920, France's exports once more covered her imports. If then the fall of French money has been consolidated and even increased, it has been through the intervention of other more lasting causes.

In the front line of these, budget deficit should be placed.

In spite of the eight milliards of new taxes voted since 1920, this deficit remained considerable during the four years, 1920, 1921, 1922, and 1923, which followed the war. Moreover, it is very difficult to assess it exactly. In the state expenditure for these years it would, in fact, be necessary to be able to make a division between the regular expenses, the budget expenses proper, and the extraordinary expenses (costs of the liquidation of the war, the reconstruction of the devastated areas). One can, however, without fear of error, assess during this period the budget deficit at ten milliards a year on an average, for a total budget (general budget and budget of recoverable expenses, that is to say, expenses payable by Germany)

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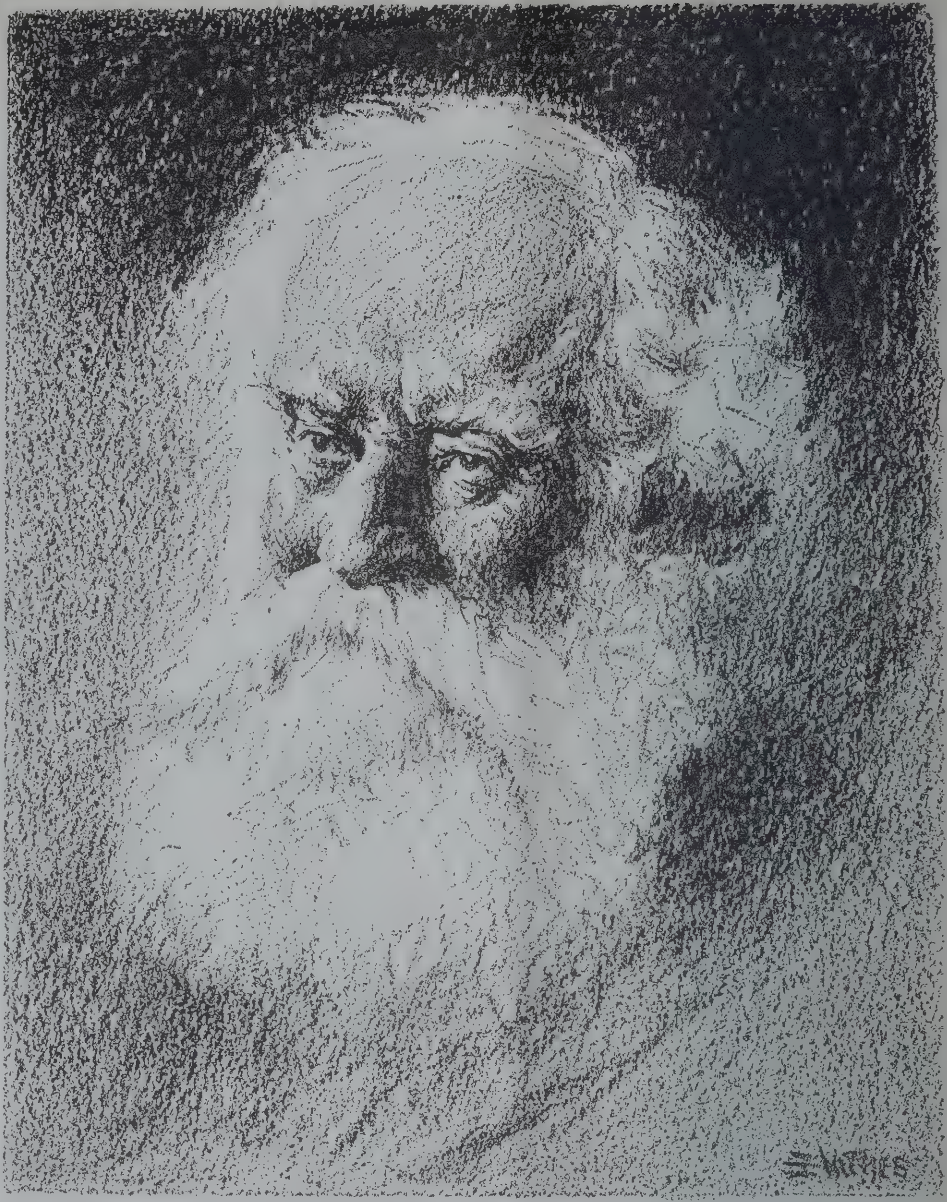
My Friend—
JOHN BURROUGHS

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Illustrated by
DWIGHT C. STURGES



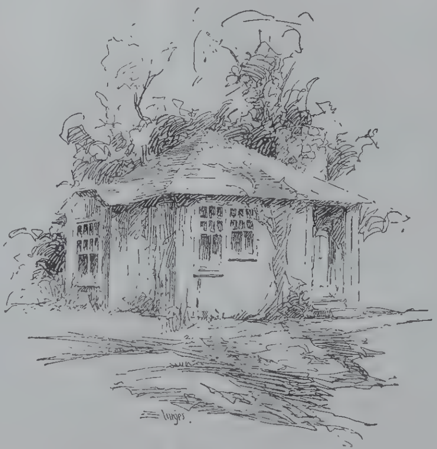
IN WRITING of John Burroughs today, I am standing in the position of a friend and neighbor, rather than as a fellow naturalist or poet, for he was my friend during almost a third of a century, and in his later years he was my neighbor in the Catskill Mountains where in 1917 I established my summer home, quite largely for the reason that I wished to be in his vicinity.

He was born on a farm just above the present village of Roxbury, New York, and in his old age he had come back to spend his summers there in a little cottage on the very hillside farm where he had picked rocks from the cornfields and mowed grass with the old-fashioned scythe in the stony meadows.

I saw him frequently during the eight years of my life in the Catskills, and learned from his own lips the story of his youthful struggles for an education, of his trials as a country schoolteacher, of his attempt to become a soldier during the Civil War and of his final entrance into government service as a guard in the vaults of the National Treasury. 'It was there, facing an iron door,' he said to me, 'that I began to dream of the Catskills, of the old home farm, its woods and meadows, and to write essays which made up my first published volume.'

He told me how in the early seventies he decided to establish himself on a farm in the Hudson River valley. He quaintly said, 'I had come to the opinion that this valley was a favorite thoroughfare for migrating birds and that I would find it a rich field for the study of their habits.'

In order to live he decided to be a vineyardist. On a pleasant terrace which overlooked the river for many miles, he built a picturesque stone house which he called Riverby, and planted several acres to apples, pears and grapes with intent to make his living by the sale of fruit while writing the essays in which his vital interest lay.



Burroughs' bark study, Riverby, West Park.

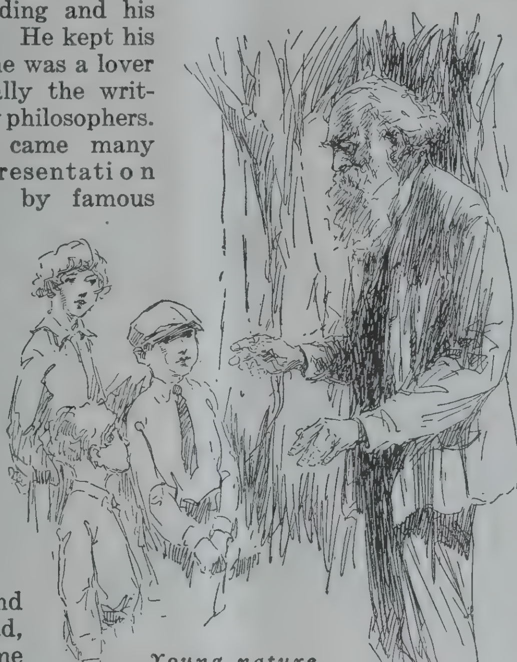
He was not a kid-glove farmer. He rose with the dawn, and hoed and pruned and dug like the rest of his neighbors. He exposed himself to the wind and the rain and the sun, much more recklessly than any of his hired men, and yet he found time to study the birds, the small beasts and the flowers of his neighborhood, making Sunday trips to neighboring forests, and writing—that is the amazing fact. Despite his calloused hands and aching bones, he continued to compose books on the life about him; books which mingled poetry and philosophy with exact observation and a lofty conception of human life.

As he lived in the habit of a man of letters, without the slightest affectation of scholarship, or distinction, so he wrote, simply, but nobly. His articles in the magazines were eagerly read. He became an authority as well as an inspiration to thousands of readers, and yet he was seldom seen in the city. Once or twice a year he might be met at the Author's Club, a handsome, rather silent man, of rustic aspect. It was at the Author's Club that I first met him somewhere along about 1888, but I had been a reader of his articles for nearly ten years previous to this meeting.

I remember that his dress and manner were of almost Quaker simplicity. His beard was long and dark with streaks of silver, and I was surprised to hear him use many of the vernacular expressions with which I was familiar by reason of my father's New England habit.

We came together on the basis of a common admiration and friendship for Walt Whitman, and I recall with pleasure his invitation to me to stop on my way to Boston to see him.

Sometime in the eighties he built a study of bark—a kind of pavilion—in his yard at Riverby, at a point where he could sit at a desk and overlook the valley, and there he told me much of his reading and his writing was done. He kept his books there, for he was a lover of books, especially the writings of poets and philosophers. To his shelves came many autographed presentation copies of books by famous authors from Europe and England, and his files were rich with correspondence from poets and scientific observers. From year to year the number of those who recognized the power and beauty of his work increased, and as his fame spread, his visitors became more numerous.


Young nature students found in Burroughs a sympathetic guide.

To be still farther removed from the interruptions of his vineyard and his household, he built with his own hands a cabin in the hills some two miles to the westward of Riverby and there he did some of his writing, entertaining now and again a distinguished invited guest. He did his own cooking and built his own fires in a chimney constructed with his own hands. I have a letter from him in which he tells me that he has just finished laying the stone for this chimney and that it would soon be ready for use. This, as I recall it, was in 1888.

He called this place Slabsides, and many of his friends were honored by an invitation to eat his cooking and to sleep upon the rustic bed which he had himself put together out of choice pieces of red birch. Theodore Roosevelt visited him here, and so did John Muir. After he became President, Roosevelt loved to have 'Oom John,' as he called Burroughs, accompany him on trips into the woods, and once he took him with him into Yellowstone Park, one of the grandest experiences in Uncle John's life. He loved to talk about this trip to me, knowing that I, too, was a friend and admirer of our great naturalist President. 'To be with Roosevelt is like being in the midst of a national disturbance,' he said to me soon after his return from this trip, 'but it is quiet at the center. It is like being at the heart of a cyclone. Roosevelt himself never seems to be hurried or worried. The noise is all on the outside. He can read Epictetus with a political convention and a thunderstorm going on at the same time.

Not all the honor that came to him at this time when Roosevelt was his advocate could make Burroughs in the slightest degree self-conscious or boastful. He remained almost illogically unassuming. I sat beside him at the joint meeting of the American Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters, when the Gold Medal for Essays was awarded him and I heard him grumble a protest which was half a soliloquy and half a statement to me. 'I don't deserve that gold medal,' he said, and a little bit later when the speaker spoke in praise of his work he muttered again, 'That isn't true. My work isn't as important as that.'

Nevertheless I was certain that these mutterings were really the expression of a shy man and a modest man who hated to see an honor unworthily bestowed. I am certain that it pleased him to know in what high honor he was held by his fellow craftsmen. After all, his judgment was too sound not to be actually unaware of his own excellencies and accomplishments.

Early in his career he made a contract with a publisher, a contract which in the opinion of his friends was a mistake, but it assured him of a modest annual income which had its advantages. It cut him off from a full share in the great popularity which came to him in later life, but for many years it gave him a sense of security which perhaps he would not have had if he had felt himself dependent upon the popularity of each successive volume.

As a matter of history, his books not only became the most widely read nature books in the market; they were accepted as classics for the use of schools, and, so in his later life, swarms of children, of students in girls' colleges, as well as adoring grown-ups of the nature-loving variety, descended upon him in his Hudson River home and at times almost drove him to despair of ever getting another book written.

The flood was unending. Perhaps he came to the point of returning to his ancestral home in the Catskills in the hope of finding seclusion there. If this was his reason, he soon discovered the hopelessness of it. Year by year the stream of motor cars moving up the steep road in hope of catching a glimpse of Woodchuck Lodge and Uncle John, thickened. No man in America, at least no man of letters, was more eagerly sought or more persistently pursued.

It was at this old farm, in this ugly little cottage, that he spent his last ten summers, and it was here, in the meadows along the stone walls and in the doorway of the barn where he had written so many of his pages, that an enterprising motion picture company filmed him in the habit of his daily life. It is possible now for students and friends all

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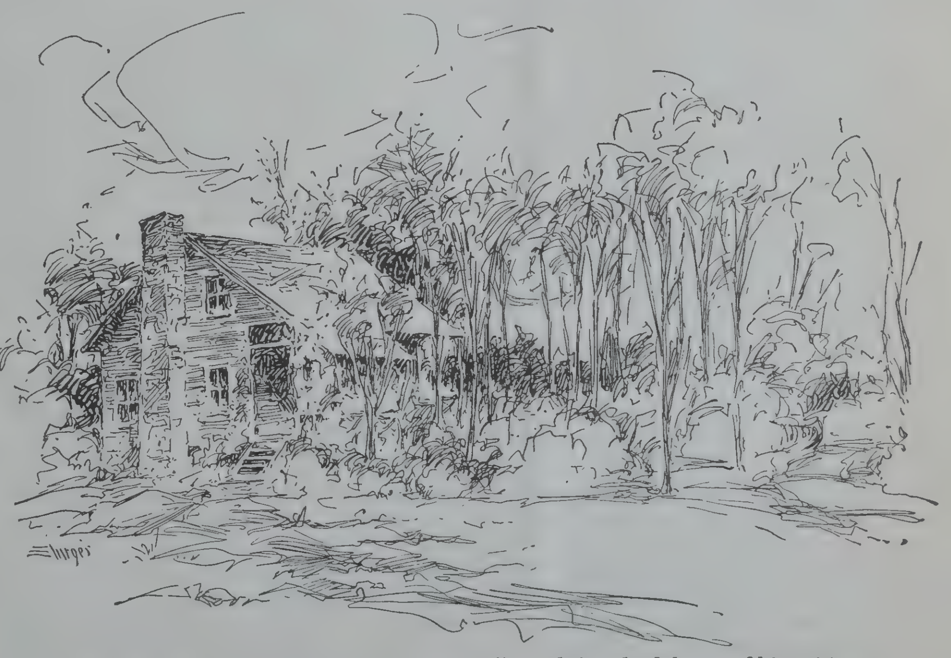

He built with his own hands a cabin in the hills, and there he did some of his writing, entertaining now and again a distinguished invited guest.

Where Are the Women Going? *Nobody Knows!*

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

Illustrated by BETTY JANE KIDD

WANTING to know what women are going to do with themselves and with us men in the future, it occurred to me that it might be profitable to go for information to some of them who are now doing things. In various directions women are forging ahead and making men sit up and consider. But can they ever oust men from their preëminence in politics, science, the arts? Politics? Before the war there was an awful bobbery made by women who wanted the vote. They got it; and they've done just exactly nothing with it. Probably never will, unless—but I shall have something to say about that later on.

The women who see deepest into human nature are those who write fine, human stories; they draw women with knowledge, intuition and understanding. Why not hear what some of them had to say about it? So—I attacked Miss Rose Macaulay, whose keen and witty stories, *Potterism* and *Dangerous Ages*, have run around the English reading world.

Over the teacups she had much to say that was to the point:

'Do you believe,' I asked, 'that women will ever climb to the top of the tree in practical affairs and in art; and leave men below, looking up to and being ruled by them?'

'No, I do not,' was the prompt and emphatic answer. 'Why should they? But I object to dividing human beings into male and female. Each man and each woman should be judged as an individual. The sex division is important, of course, but it can be pushed much too far. In brain power most men are obviously abler than most women. I suppose it is partly because most men have larger, wider opportunities for developing and using their abilities. Of course, the average woman may develop greater and broader powers. Babies, of both sexes, and children, seem in the beginning about equal in mental power; then as they grow up men's greater intelligence usually comes out . . . Women seem to me to give their greatest attention to people; men give it to things. Men are more objective in their thinkings and doings and their aims than women are. Possibly this is the result of women coming more closely into contact with their children than do men, so they learn to understand character. Yes, I think, on the whole, women are better judges of character than are men. They are more analytic about it than men, far more.'

MISS Macaulay! I want to know definitely if in your opinion there is any likelihood of women superseding men in the ruling of the world?'

'Now, haven't I told you that I think the average man is cleverer than the average woman? His brain is bigger and better. Men and women aren't working against each other, as you seem to think they are doing. At least, they need not do so; they work side by side, as allies, helping each other. You might nearly as well argue that there are different spheres of activities and different abilities belonging to men who have brown eyes and men who have blue. Women are just people, human beings. Very clever men and very clever women are very clever human beings, not divided by sex. I do wish people would leave off this silly, stupid, untrue talking of woman as woman. Will women ever oust men from their position as statesmen? You really are incorrigible! If a woman is a clever stateswoman—she is so; that's all. But I think the average woman is not so good at that work as the average man. Which is paying her a poor compliment, for I don't seem to see many really able states*men* now . . .' And so on.

All of which was interesting; suggestive; but not conclusive!

Next I tackled a specialist on the subject, Mrs. Dawson-Scott, who has written much and well about the question that was agitating me. I asked her point-blank what she thought of all this talk about the competition between men and women.

'I don't see,' she answered, 'why there should be any talk—because there isn't any competition. Nature won't let men and women compete. Women are the mothers and the core of life. They make and train the generations. Men are creators only in this sense—they are the makers and creators of dead things, such as national boundaries, the balance of power, and so on. Woman's gift is affection; man's is intellect. Women as novelists? In all novels written by women you can trace the influence of the maternal instinct. I could never be deceived into thinking that a story written by a woman was written by a man. And the reverse. Then—music? You say music is emotional? Is it? Well, but not what I call a living emotion—not emotion that springs direct from life; it is too abstract . . . Woman's work is the bearing of children, and their education and training. There's a heap of scope too for them in the direction of preaching; that is, teaching, doctoring, public health work, and civic work of all kinds. Women are so much more practical than men. Something useful was the beginning of every art—the stimulus. Take pottery. I am sure it was a practical woman who made the first crock. Can't you *see* her? A sturdy cave-dwelling wife, who was inspired with the ambition to boil something and had only a basket in which to do it! So she got some clay and lined the inside of the basket to keep the water in; put it on the fire; and of course the basketwork burned away—and, behold! there was the first rude pot! That's why so many pots have those small handles each side—copied from the basket and the marks of basketwork as ornamentation.

'Yes; women set men about doing things—they wanted corn and fruit in greater quantities than they could get outside the cave, so the men took to farming; they wanted meat and fish, and sent the men out to hunt. I believe that women invented men—I do! There were women first, and they felt the need of variety; so they invented men. Insisted on there being men—and there were men! Mendel has proved that femaleness is a factor; so maleness is the lack of one. Adam was a rib from Eve; not the other way round . . . Women are the mainspring of life. It is man who plays the second fiddle, and very badly too, sometimes. Only he doesn't know it, any more than women as a rule realize that they are the rulers. What an awful mess the world would be if it were all men! They'd never get anything done. Isn't this the truth? That what women are determined that men shall do, men do. That's woman's real power in politics and in everything—she is the urge.'

There is sometimes wisdom in numbers, said I to myself, said I! I will have a chat with that practical and wise woman, Miss Tennyson Jesse, writer of many admirable plays, and of, among others, those stirring sea stories, *Tom Fool* and *Moonraker*.

We quickly came to grips, and I was told this:

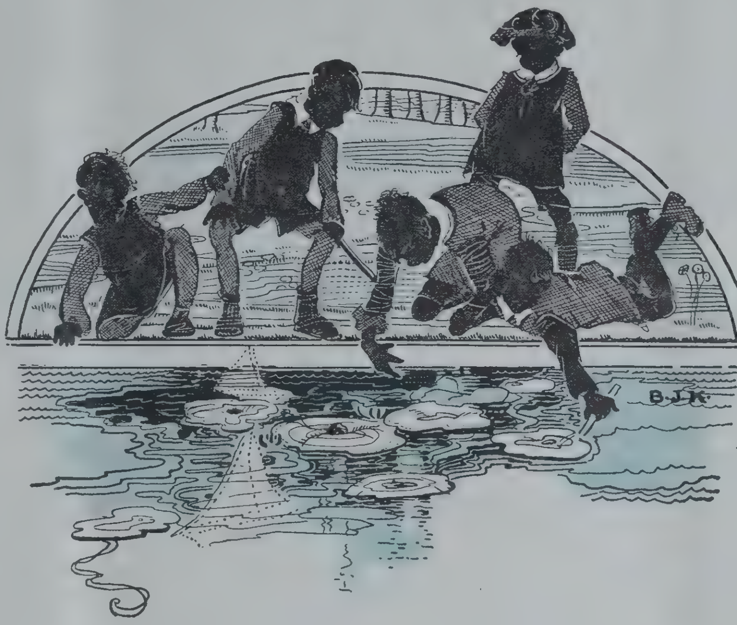
'I think this division between the sexes is all rubbish. It's an arbitrary division. Made by civilization and by man in particular. Haven't you noticed the tacit assurance that women are like a flock of sheep and will all think and all go one way? When women were given the vote it was never for a moment believed that they would act as sensibly—and as thoughtfully—as men. Oh, no. It was thought that the reaction would be quite different and that all women, or that the great majority of them, would vote one way—simply because they were women! Men don't vote all one way as men. How could they? How could women? Why should there be any essential difference between a man's and a woman's point of view? It's foolish, though—thank goodness!—it's growing a bit unfashionable, to lump women together and to consider them as a class; not as individuals. Men become distinct individuals, personalities, by reason of their individual environments, their education, and so on. So do women.

'But women haven't got into a rut, though men have tried pretty hard to put them into one . . . Women have had one bad handicap; they've been kept in the home and their work too much limited to household affairs . . . Men talk about, and write about, *WOMAN* as a strange sort of animal; have made a mystery of her. There's nothing mysterious about women any more than about men. I do object to the hard-and-fast line that has been drawn—*this* is what a woman would do, or say, or think. Nature never drew that line. Making a mystery of sex is at the bottom of a whole heap of horrible mischief. The sooner that myth is blown up the better for men and women; yes, and for boys and girls. I suppose we women are handicapped sometimes by our physique, but not nearly so much, or so often, as you seem to think.

'Men haven't a monopoly of all the useful physical gifts, have they? Women have as much tenacity and persistent courage as men; very often more . . . I don't quite know why women haven't done much more in creative work—it's not for the lack of power to do so, I'm certain. But the vast majority of women do hanker after fulfilling their great function, motherhood. To fulfill that is emotionally as well as physically exhausting; and creative work of any high kind is emotionally exhausting. It comes to this—that woman has, as a rule, an exhausting call made upon her emotional nature that man has not.'

Among the other arts we discussed that of acting, and I was brave to the point of saying that women are always acting—that it had been forced upon them as a defense—

'You mean that (Continued on page 21)



In the Gardens of the Luxembourg

Martha Keller

In the gardens after school
In their apron-covered coats,
Little boys beside the pool
Launch their water-lily boats.

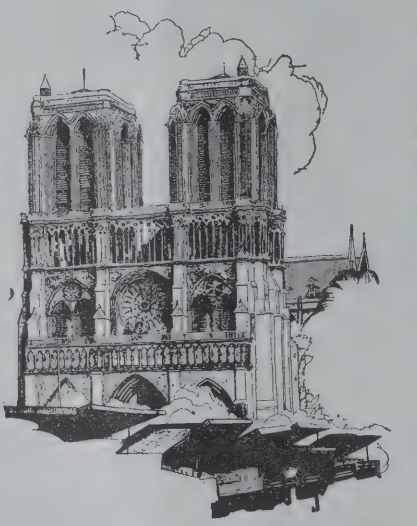
Serious of countenance,
Balancing upon the brim,
Future admirals of France
Watch the water-lilies swim.

PARIS *the* Creator *and* Thinker—

Some Phases *of a* Modern City

By
A. M. SOMMERVILLE STORY

THE approaching completion of the great Boulevard Haussmann, that main artery from the Arc de Triomphe which debouches onto the central boulevards near to the Theatre des Variétés, and such other homes of Parisian wit and gayety as still remain in the shape of famous restaurants, draws attention to the development of Paris and to the changes of the past ten years or so. The completion of this boulevard, after a lapse of over fifty years (for the Boulevard Haussmann was begun before the war of 1870-1), is the fruition of a plan to make Paris one of the best laid out of modern cities—a description that is not departed from today, although the city within its walls was and is much too small for the population, and although neither Baron Haussmann nor anyone else of his time could foresee how the streets and boulevards would be insufficient for the enormous automobile traffic that now encumbers them.



Cities that are in every respect modern, with no history, and traditions negligible, can be built, given the space, on sweeping lines and on generous well-made plans, but it is different with old historic capitals, every inch of whose land stands for something in the past.

Yet it is not as a mere figure of speech that Paris has been called the 'city of magnificent vistas,' and that in the course of several decades of improvement it has succeeded in achieving this distinction in a way that neither London nor any other European capital can rival. That imposing sweep of historical thoroughfare from the old Louvre to the Arc de Triomphe, under whose arch sleeps the Unknown Warrior, always awes the newcomer, who learns when contemplating its ceaseless tide of traffic and fashion from the Place de la Concorde, that the road continues in an unbroken line far beyond the convolutions of the Seine and almost to the city of Reims, where generations of the kings of France were crowned. This is a thoroughfare so unique in the world that it was thought at one time to make a sort of *Via Sacra* of it, and I don't know why the plan was not carried out.

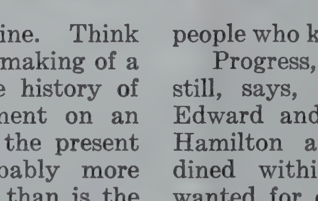
Many other of the broad, sweeping avenues of Paris have at each end a monumental building, forming a kind of castellated buttress for admiration as one approaches—truly buttresses of the historic beauty and traditions of the unique city, while the white vision of the Byzantine Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, visible from so many squares and corners, broods from its height like a benediction over all.

This latest thoroughfare of the Boulevard Haussmann, now pierced right through the city from the Arc de Triomphe at a tangent from the Champs Elysées, completes the great scheme of modernization; and today Paris, from a bird's-eye or airplane view, is seen to be a series of radiations from that Arch of Napoleon which pierce to the river on the one side, to its throbbing heart on another, and again in arteries taking one to the chalk hills of the north.

Practically contemporaneous with this development of the central arteries of the city, the throttling girdle of the fortifications has been done away with, and where were only a few years ago fortifications that no longer responded to any modern needs or theories of defense, are market gardens and allotments of the working classes. Those gardens are truly as interesting and important in the history and development of Paris as the Eiffel Tower, the Sacré Coeur, or the thirty bridges over the Seine. Think of the years that go to the making of a city, as exemplified in the history of Paris. At first a settlement on an island in the Seine, when the present Rue de Rivoli was probably more thickly covered with trees than is the Bois de Boulogne today; its successive pushings out during the centuries being marked by the various lines of fortifications—one of which for long was the boulevards themselves—until Paris extended to the sweeping line all round which has now in turn disappeared—thrown down, as it were, by the all-conquering automobile and airplane, leaving now as sole fortification the stalwart breasts of its people.

What a far cry it would seem to be from the legions of Philip Augustus to the petrol-driven car! And yet every phase of this history can be traced in the streets and stones of Paris; one can see the marks, newer or decayed, like delicate embroidery on the vesture of Eternity.

As Paris grows and develops, so do the people. There are those who regret the passing of the boulevards, or rather that particular Parisian life which was so typical of the boulevards with its memories of wits, *bon viveurs*, gallants and historic characters and times; which every year are becoming dimmer. They were picturesque—they made a fascinating Paris tradition that still lingers. But for modern progress they are no more to be wept over than are the London coffeehouses of the times of Queen Anne, or the times and habits of the days of Clovis.



We who remember the Paris of years ago must naturally think with a certain fondness of the historic places we have known and sat in, and perhaps dined at, or where we watched the player of a past generation. Twenty or thirty years hence others will kindly and regretfully remember those of today. 'Ah! yes,' one might say to them (if one still could), 'but you never sat at the Café Anglais, that dining place of kings; you never rode from the Madeleine to the Bastille on an *imperiale*, or the top of the old horse-drawn omnibuses, of only twenty years ago; you never heard Coquelin or Sarah Bernhardt or Mounet-Sully!' No; but they will have their own memories, sanctified by the years, and only a little less immense than those of people who knew Paris two decades ago.

Progress, which should never stand still, says, 'What matter that King Edward and Boulanger, the Duke of Hamilton and the Duke of Morny dined within those walls—they are wanted for others now. Yes, Dumas' masterpieces were produced in that old theater, which is to become a palatial cinema, and Bernhardt's golden voice and Réjane's wit thrilled and charmed audiences that have now scattered, there where today

(Continued on page 25)

The GATE GOD RUTH

By H. G. SALSINGER

WHEN the Boston Red Sox decided several years ago that one of their pitchers, a big left-hander named George Herman Ruth, would be more valuable to his team as an outfielder than in the capacity of pitcher, the Boston management planned better than they knew. The New York Yankees, buying Ruth for $125,000 in 1920, discovered this.

Not that Ruth was lacking as a pitcher. He pitched eight seasons for Boston. He won 91 games and lost 45 for an average of .669, the highest ever made by an American League pitcher who worked five seasons or more. He led the pitchers in 1915 when he won 18 and lost 6 for a percentage of .750.

Ruth might win as many as 20 games a year pitching but the management believed that he could win more than 20 games a year by hitting, so he was ordered to quit the pitcher's box for the outfield.

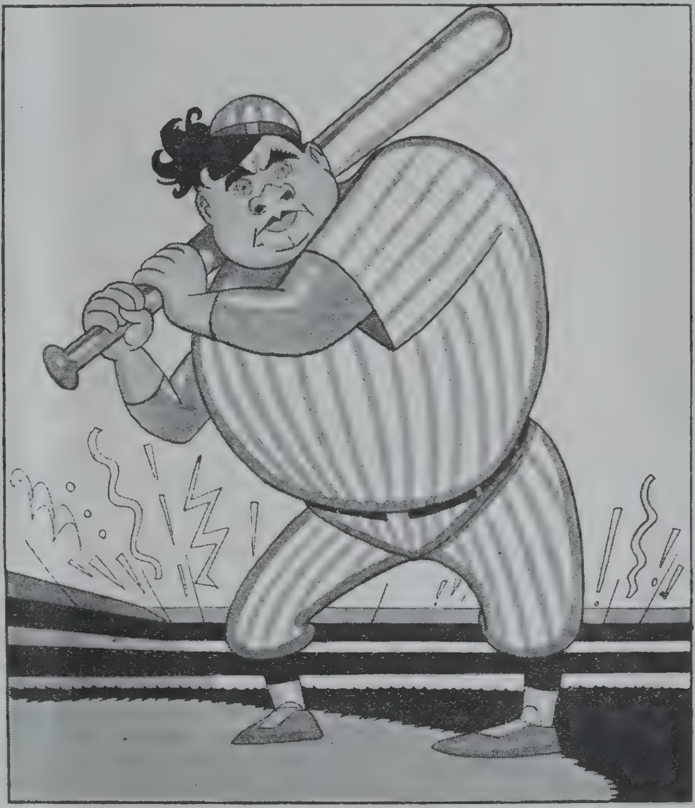
The switch was not without its risks. Ruth's pitching ability was established while there was no such certainty about his slugging ability. He hit his first home run in 1915, the year when he led the league in pitching. This four-bagger was made off Jack Warhop of the New York Yankees, the team Ruth joined later. During the time he was with Boston Ruth made 49 home runs. That total was spread over five years.

Converting Ruth into an outfielder proved one of the best moves ever made by a manager. As an outfielder Ruth not alone became the top slugger of all time but he also developed into the greatest gate card the game has known. For a number of years he has been drawing more cash customers to the ball parks where he plays than any other individual ever did.

Ruth's drawing power is in his batting. He has the wallop and he has more wallop than any man before him and probably any man who will come after him. Baseball men doubt whether the game will ever see his equal.

Since he joined the Yankees in 1920 Ruth has made 260 home runs, bringing the total for his career up to 309. All of these were hit in 12 years of competition, an average of nearly 26 a year.

Ty Cobb was a greater ball player than Ruth but Cobb never had the immense following that is Ruth's. Most of Cobb's great plays were beyond the understanding of the crowd. Cobb played inside baseball. It required a deep knowledge of the game thoroughly to appreciate Cobb's work. He appealed to the student of baseball rather than to the crowd. They liked him most for his base-running. On the bases he was a flashing spectacle, but even here his best work did not register with the baseball masses.



There is no such subtlety to Ruth's specialty. Ruth appeals to everyone. Not a man or woman watching Ruth at bat can fail to appreciate him. The punch still grips the heart of the gallery in sport and Ruth has the punch in superlative measure. To see Ruth meet a ball fairly and watch it as it leaves Ruth's bat and travels high and far into space beyond the outfield fence, is a thrill that all will feel.

Physically, he attracts attention. There is the massive head of Ruth, the thick chest, the broad and hulking shoulders. The torso tapers down to the waist and the legs taper down to slim ankles. One wonders how they carry the weight of Ruth and permit the speed the man shows in his base-running and fielding.

When Ruth steps to the plate the crowd 'comes up.' Each time Ruth comes to bat is a dramatic episode in any game. It is the feature the crowd has come to see. Ruth bends over the plate, setting himself for a terrific swing. When he offers at a ball it is a spectacular swing in which every ounce of weight in those great shoulders is behind the bat. If he misses there is cheering for the pitcher and laughter for Ruth. If he connects the wild huzzahs are for the swarthy slugger. But hit or miss the crowd feels repaid. No man ever succeeded in striking out as spectacularly as Ruth does.

He is the great menace of pitchers. He creates a mental hazard that none of them escapes entirely. Once in a long time a pitcher will outwit him, but not often. Earl Whitehill, the left-handed curve ball pitcher, succeeded in doing it the first time Ruth ever faced him.

Never having batted against Whitehill before, Ruth was anxious to discover just what stuff he used. He watched two strikes curve over the plate. After the second strike was called Whitehill left the pitcher's box and walked leisurely toward the plate. Motioning to Johnny Bassler, his catcher, Whitehill said in loud voice:

'Now, Johnny, don't forget to tip me off when this guy Ruth comes to bat.'

Whitehill hurried back to the box. Ruth turned to the plate umpire without stepping out of the box. His back was to Whitehill.

'Say,' said Ruth to the umpire, 'there's the freshest busher I've seen come up to this league in years. Did you hear that guy?'

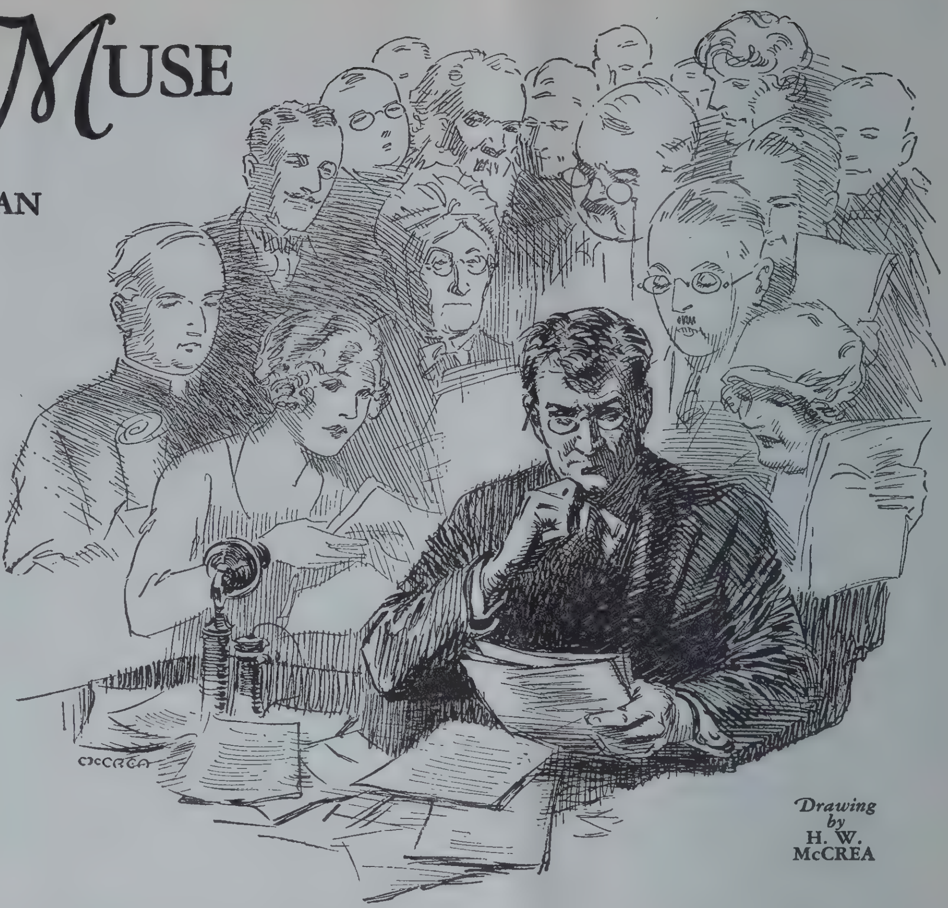
'Strike three!' called the umpire. While Ruth was commenting on Whitehill's nerve, Whitehill had slipped a fast ball over the plate for a third strike. Ruth had his revenge later.

'He will hit any ball he can see,' said Walter Johnson on one occasion and Johnson's contemporaries will agree.

(*Continued on page 27*)

The LIMPING MUSE

By BEN HUR LAMPMAN



Drawing by H. W. McCREA

EDITORS of poetry have cause to know, as the Wedding Guest knew the Ancient Mariner, the minor poet who has written a few lines—and these would require not less than a column—to 'this grand state of ours.' His style is heroic, his medium is blank verse, and his eye is hypnotic and ineluctable. And they know, too, the timid school girl, whose friends have told her that she writes prettily, and whose verses have been published in the class magazine. They know the housewife, either lean or buxom, who thought of a poem last evening after dinner, as she was drying the dishes, and hurriedly wrote it down. They know the adolescent youth whose soul cries out for far horizons, and who in point of fact has suffered sentimental reverses of a most temporary nature. They know the little old woman with the bonnet, the retired clergyman, the clerk who cannot keep her thought on the ribbons, the urgent bard who threatens, if you do not instantly accept, to take his verses to the other paper. And they become acquainted with types less common than these, so exceptional, so infrequent, as to escape typeship and to have no other bond with their fellows save that of attempted song.

THERE are newspaper poems, though the conventional in any of its several guises quite usually prevails, wherein an editor of such poetry perceives with real reverence the revelations of a heart—and that heart the heart of a poet. I recall, who never have seen him, the contributor who is an itinerant laborer, and who, I have been told, is a masterless man near to sixty years of age. I would not bespeak your sympathy for him, since I am sure he would have none of it, and that his qualities of mind, his habits of thought, are such as must certainly quicken to resentment at the presumption. This laborer—and Burns was a farm hand, you should remember—has written for at least one newspaper a dozen poems that are his warrant of entrance to the charmed circle. 'One last poem,' he said in a recent letter, 'before I go away; a poem for the poet's corner. I cannot understand why poets must sit in a corner, when they sit at all.' There is, though I hasten to absolve him of any suspicion of plagiarism, a ring as of Henley in this poem, of which the first and last verses must suffice:

My kingdom is most difficult to rule,
My subjects are at war eternally,
And take their orders from the palace fool—
Who challenges and doubts my royalty.

* * *

To let him thus encroach my liberties
I did indeed a very foolish thing;
Tomorrow I shall bring him to his knees—
And he, and all shall know, that I am king!

What a fairy harbor the 'poet's corner' seems to those whose metrical craft toss just outside the breakwater. But how, pray tell, is the little maiden of the upper grammar grades to navigate the treacherous channel in such a shallop as this?

If your tower is deigned to fall,
Build another with a stronger wall;
Let nothing stop manhood's progress
Toward a greater, far greater nobleness.

In scarcely better case is the poetess, long past the April of life, who sorrows to think of those who lack the sustaining hand of friendship, the smile of comfort, the glance of understanding. Aquatic figures of speech are common to verses intended to portray the plight of the friendless, yet deserving, youth who is so singularly and wastefully deserted. He is tossed on a bleak, strange ocean; he is adrift on a broad, wild river, and the wistful thought of the versifier goes out to him across the stormy waters.

Adown the tempestuous tide of years,
Rolling toward dim shores unknown,
A courageous young man blindly steers—
Alone.

Then there is the poem of home, most genuinely intended to inculcate a lasting appreciation of firesides, sometimes alluded to as hearths or inglenooks; to warn against the unkind word; to counsel the generous act; to smooth the lines of worry from mother's faded brow:

Isn't your family good enough for you,
When they've done for you all that they can do?
Some day you are going to discover, my lad,
That a family is the very best friend you ever had.

And in almost any mail received at the cluttered desk of the poetry editor there is found a poem of from four to four-and-twenty verses, written in praise of the red gods, and urging upon us a more liberal patronage of the fields and forests, a repentance of our city dwelling and an ecstatic return to nature. Stress is laid on the murk and madness of the great city (though these poems often bear the postal imprints of villages) and all readers are seriously assured that true nobility reveals itself when one is far from the marts of men, the moiling, the striving, the discontent, the false values of an artificial life.

Just a tumbledown cabin and a friendly dog,
Just a wooden bucket and a firewood log;
And face to face with my destiny
I'll try to be the man that you wanted me to be.

Here is a letter, accompanying verses that will never be printed, though the shade of a dark wing is over them so surely as that shadow fell on Poe. There is a

(Continued on page 21)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Limitations as Assets

EVERYBODY has his limitations. Everywhere there are limitations. There are certain things some of us will never be able to do, and there are definite boundaries set up around every force and principle known to man.

Limitation is not only a personal fact; it is a universal fact.

In the matter of personal limitations the difference in the attitudes of men is very marked: One man regards his limitations as a big 'Forbidden' sign set squarely across his path, another man regards his limitations as a very useful signpost set up at the side of the road—'This Way To Achievement.'

We must not overlook the fact that both these men may be right and still be contradictory of each other. If a man is headed straight forward on the road that he should go, his limitations serve as a guidepost. But if a man is determined to angle off and not keep the road that leads to his destination, then his limitations will confront him as prohibitions.

It is all a question of whether a man regards his limitations as Nature's friendly hint, or as her hostile hindrance.

> *ALWAYS the price of man's advance is his faithful use of what he has. And it is only as mankind learns how to perfect and purify life on the simpler outlines now vouchsafed to him that he can expect new revelations of purpose and power. In becoming trustworthy in what the race now has, it will become fit to receive more. So all through the sphere, from the matter of personal vocation to that of racial status, the fact of limitation appears as a friendly one, capable of wearing a frowning face only when we view it from a rebellious angle.*

The man who has exerted all his powers in an unlikely field, that is, a field for which he was not intended, may have the satisfaction of overcoming difficulty, but it is quite apparent that had he applied the same energy to a likely field, a field for which his bent and ability fitted him, his success would have been very much greater.

Limitations are not to be condemned until they are understood. We misunderstand them when we regard them as wholly negative. We often think of limitations as the 'Thou Shalt Nots' of life. You shall not be a poet. You shall not be a statesman. You shall not be a surgeon. You shall not be a scholar. You shall not be a society pet. You shall not be a merchant. That is how we think of limitations.

But limitations are positive. Instead of insisting on what you cannot do, they indicate what you can do. When the stream of your energy runs strongly toward one career, that is a positive indication; it is the limitation of your energy to the career in which your best chance of success may be found.

That which throws up limits against your being a poet, is the very strength which equips you to be an engineer, or whatever your special bent may be.

The principal function of limitation is not to tell you what you cannot do, but what you can do. Their service is positive. A man who takes counsel of his irremovable limitations will find the work he was meant for. Certainly he cannot succeed in a work he was not meant for, and just here is where his limitations serve his interests.

The principle might be extended to include other phases of life. It is not only in the choice of our vocations that we find limitations, but in all other undertakings too.

Society is as much hedged about as the individual. We know there are certain courses which society cannot countenance, because they are the antithesis of social integrity. All the laws of conduct relative to property, health, demeanor, traffic, industry, marriage, are simply signs of limitation which we set up because we have learned that outside certain limitations there are no such desirable conditions as peace and security and progress.

But it will be noticed that these limitations which society sets up are not for the discouragement of any proper activity; they only declass those conditions which make for disruption and ruin.

Well-disposed people find these limitations to be a guide of conduct. Self-seeking persons find them to be a check. That is, those who are headed right find the law to be their friend, while those who are headed wrong find the law to be their foe. It is chiefly a matter of attitude.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

April 23, 1927

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Chicago's Choice

CHICAGO has decided it wants four years more of 'Big Bill' Thompson. That is Chicago's privilege. Chicago is a sovereign municipality; if it decided it wanted a Hottentot, or a Sulu Islander, for Mayor, and that Hottentot were eligible, it could elect him and tell the rest of the country to go whistling after bears for all its opinion mattered. Thompson, however, is no Hottentot. He is in his own description a '100 per cent American,' and in the exuberance of his Americanism he has promised to 'bust George V of England on the snoot' if that monarch ever propels his proboscis within the city limits.

Nor is that his only promise. A wide-open town is one of the prospects dangled before the citizens of Chicago by its new Mayor. And therein lies a source of possible future embarrassment for the wet propagandists. Prohibition, according to these gentlemen, is the chief contributor to crime. To the Volstead Act they lay full blame for the wave of lawlessness which has swept the nation since the war. But Chicago, now, will have no more prohibition. Lawlessness, therefore, should cease. If it doesn't, some tall explanations will be in order.

The Padlock's the Thing

TWO new bits of stage scenery have come to Broadway: the padlock and the jail. The padlock is for those theaters where obscene plays are produced, the jail for the actors and managers responsible. Both came together—at the height of a season notorious throughout the world for its output of smut. And their first result was such a scurrying to cover as had never before been witnessed along Manhattan's white light district.

There is no more sensitive place to hit a Broadway play producer than in his pocketbook. And that is precisely where the new padlock law strikes. Heretofore, the chief reason for putting on a salacious show was to reap the revenue provided by the gross-minded. But hereafter, not only will the show itself be closed, but the theater will be padlocked—and the revenue will resolve itself into a large row of ciphers. No better illustration of the potency of the law could be afforded than the universal denunciation heaped upon it by all Broadway producers.

The lesson to be learned from the present flareback, if the New York stagers are capable of learning any lesson, is that while art for art's sake may be a good excuse, pornography for profit's sake is *not* a good policy. Public opinion in America has a way of crystallizing slowly, but when it is formed it sweeps everything before it. Rumblings against commercialized salacity were in the air long ago, but the theatrical profession paid no heed. Now the actors of one play are in jail, those of another are awaiting sentence, those of a third closed their show to avoid prosecution—countless others, thoroughly scared, are hurrying to remove objectionable bits before the law clamps its jaws on them. Those who courted official action as fine publicity a few months ago are realizing there can be too much of even that excellent ego-commodity.

The Doleful Dole

THE dole in Britain is soon to disappear. Few regrets will mark its passing. It was both uneconomic and unsatisfactory. Even as an emergency measure for an unprecedented crisis, it failed. Designed to cope with unemployment, it encouraged that very thing. It set a premium on idleness. Men were paid not for working, but for *not working.*

The price England has paid for the dole probably never will be known. Destruction of moral fiber cannot be reckoned; training in the taking of charity cannot be computed. Nor has England been keen on informing the world of the pound-sterling cost of the venture. The unemployment insurance fund, to which the dole was linked, has been paying out a maximum of about $330,000,000 a year since the war. But this money has been paid without return. It has been an investment in idleness. The dole drawers have not turned back service; they have not given work in recompense for the money received. They have accepted the dole—and remained idle.

Little can be said in defense of such a system. Even though it were considered necessary for the government to contribute to the support of the unemployed, it surely was not necessary for this to take the form of unearned charity. Yet not only were the unemployed not expected to give anything in return; hedges of protection were thrown around their unemployment! No dole drawer could be forced into other than 'suitable employment'—suitable employment being interpreted to mean employment at his own trade. If an unemployed bricklayer were unable to find work as a bricklayer, his labor exchange could not ask him to accept work at driving a team.

This is now to end. British unemployment insurance is to return to its original basis; and the uncovenanted benefits, which have been paid largely by government advances, will cease. England has learned a sad lesson from the dole: *It is dangerous to train a race in charity and idleness—particularly a race which has achieved world leadership through hard work.*

'If It Hadn't Been for Borah'

TO THOSE crystals of undiluted wisdom that drop occasionally from the lips of the great and the near-great must be added a statement attributed to Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio.

'If it had not been for Borah,' Mr. Fess is quoted as saying, 'the country would never have known of the landing of the Marines in Nicaragua.'

No doubt this was intended for scathing sarcasm, but like the ugly duckling, it has blossomed forth a thing of grace and beauty: a gem of transcendent praise. It loses nothing, even, from the sweep of its own exaggeration. To be sure, the country would have known of the landing of the Marines with or without Borah, but it would not have known *why* they were landed. And for that, all praise to the doughty Idahoan.

'If it hadn't been for Borah,' the country would have known scarcely more about the Nicaraguan muddle than the official 'American lives and property' explanation. But because of Borah, it knows much more. And what it knows gives rise to little cause for national pride. If ever a delicate situation has been bunglingly handled, it is in the present instance. The United States is dedicated to a perpetual policy of open diplomacy. Yet from the moment Adolfo Diaz was hoisted into the presidency of the little Central American republic with the aid of an American admiral and Wall Street financial interests, the watchword of Washington officialdom has been *concealment.*

> A mysterious document is received by the American chargé d'affaires in Nicaragua, instructing him to do all in his power for the Diaz candidacy. Later it is ordered destroyed, and word allowed to seep out that it was a 'forgery.' But no explanation is forthcoming as to how it traveled through official channels.
>
> The same chargé d'affaires accuses State Department officials handling publicity with incompetence, neglect of important news dispatches, extravagant waste of Government funds in transmitting worthless information and general lack of fitness for their positions. The charges are not denied, but *are* hushed up.
>
> The United States Government, after declaring one of the reasons for its intervention is the fact that Mexican arms are being used by the revolutionists, sends to Diaz 3,000 Krag rifles, 200 Browning machine guns and 3,000,000 rounds of ammunition.
>
> Although the rifles are from Government arsenals, the deal is kept from the American people *for more than a month.* By a coincidence, Congress has adjourned before the transaction is revealed.
>
> First payment for the arms thus furnished does not fall due until one month after the expiration of Diaz' term in 1929! Critics point out that should the Liberals be successful at the polls, they would have to foot the bill for guns used to kill themselves.
>
> A fog of secrecy is thrown about American financial interests in Nicaragua, and stress laid upon the 'danger' of the revolution to a paper canal.
>
> An additional million-dollar loan is made to Diaz by Wall Street bankers; and an additional wave of mystery engulfs it.
>
> Responsible newspaper correspondents are treated by State Department officials in Nicaragua 'like puling infants.'

In the face of facts such as these, it is fortunate that there is at least one strident voice in America. Senator Fess has paid Mr. Borah the highest compliment in his power. He has coined a phrase that may in time become a slogan: *'If it hadn't been for Borah—'*

Floating Dental Surgery

MEDICAL missionaries find a field for their usefulness at home as well as in foreign lands. They need not always be ministers, or even doctors. Here is a dentist who, retiring from active metropolitan practice, is calling upon two others of his profession to join him on a cruise from South Atlantic ports to Labrador. He has fitted a yacht as a floating dental infirmary and operating room, and in conjunction with the Coast Guard will make a thorough survey of the isolated communities along the coast where the people are cut off from the mainland for months at a time, and where no dental attention is possible.

Dr. Albert Westlake, the man who is thus dedicating himself to service, hopes to relieve many serious cases needing expert attention. He expects no compensation and has specified that his assistants need expect none. Dangerous eye conditions due to infection from teeth are among the more important cases he will seek out in the hope of preserving the sight of patients who might otherwise become blind. Actions such as that of Dr. Westlake go far toward answering criticism that the medical and dental professions have become too highly commercialized.

Spectator or Player

ONCE again the sound of the baseball bat is heard through the land. On every sand lot in the country, on every college field, on every professional diamond, wooden bludgeons are swinging at the elusive pellet, and nervy runners are trying to steal home from third. Thousands are drawn to the contests; technique and skill are developed—and alertness of eye and hand and brain. Baseball has become something more than a game; it has become an institution. And it has become an institution for good. Any activity that will train a youth in the coördination of hand and brain can be rated as good; and baseball does this above all else. But it is in *playing* baseball that the youth learns this coördination, not in *watching* it. The boy on the sand lot or in the field is the one who is benefiting. The boy in the grandstand might better be home washing his mother's dishes.

The Adventure of The Beautiful Things

By HUGH WALPOLE

Copyright by HUGH WALPOLE

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

SYNOPSIS:

Mrs. Hartington, the widow of a collector of 'beautiful things,' is unappreciative of their value and blind to their beauty. Her son David is different and wishes to secure some few of these for his father's sake. He takes the teller of the story into his confidence and they enter into their experiences in outwitting the soulless Mrs. Hartington and securing the coveted souvenirs.

I AM sorry to say that I had a strong-made impulse to pinch Mrs. Hartington and see whether she would scream. How relieved I was when I found myself in the street without having created a scandal! I had been a complete failure, but now I was resolved, as I had never been resolved about anything before, that the matter should not end here.

My next conversation with David was distressing; he had had such great confidence in my success. 'But why should I have succeeded?' I asked him. 'I had never seen your mother before. There was no reason why I should influence her; she had the greatest contempt for me from the first moment she saw me.'

'Not contempt,' said David quietly; 'she isn't contemptuous—she's indifferent.'

'Those are the hardest people to influence,' I said. 'You may as well make up your mind to it. So far as I am concerned, I shall only influence her the wrong way.'

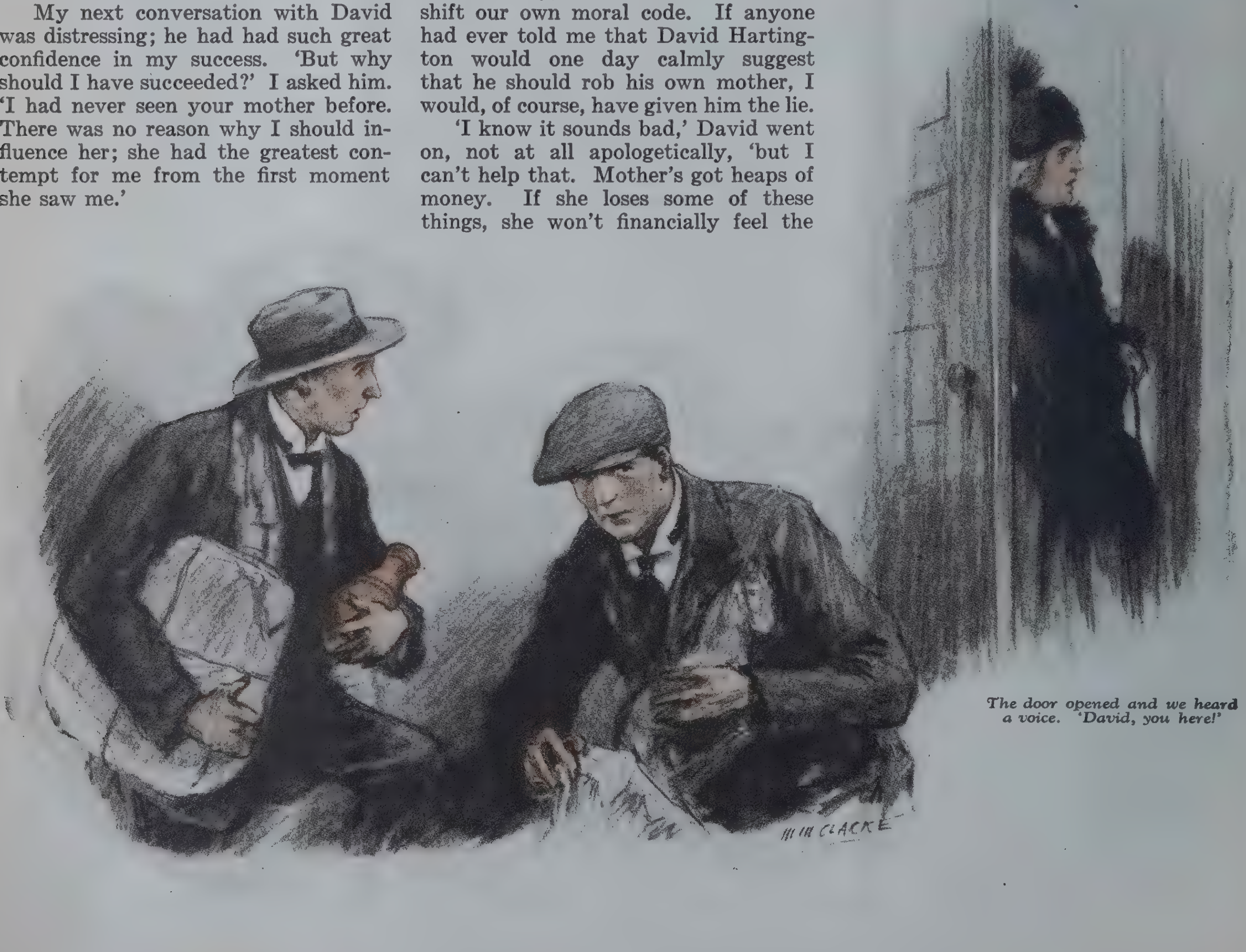
We sat staring at one another blankly; then, in his gentle, hesitating voice, he came out with his awful proposal. 'We shall have to steal the things,' he said.

You can imagine my surprise and almost consternation. There are some people from whom one expects desperate suggestions, and there are others who we know have no moral principle at all, and for these people, let us deny it as we may, if we like them we often shift our own moral code. If anyone had ever told me that David Hartington would one day calmly suggest that he should rob his own mother, I would, of course, have given him the lie.

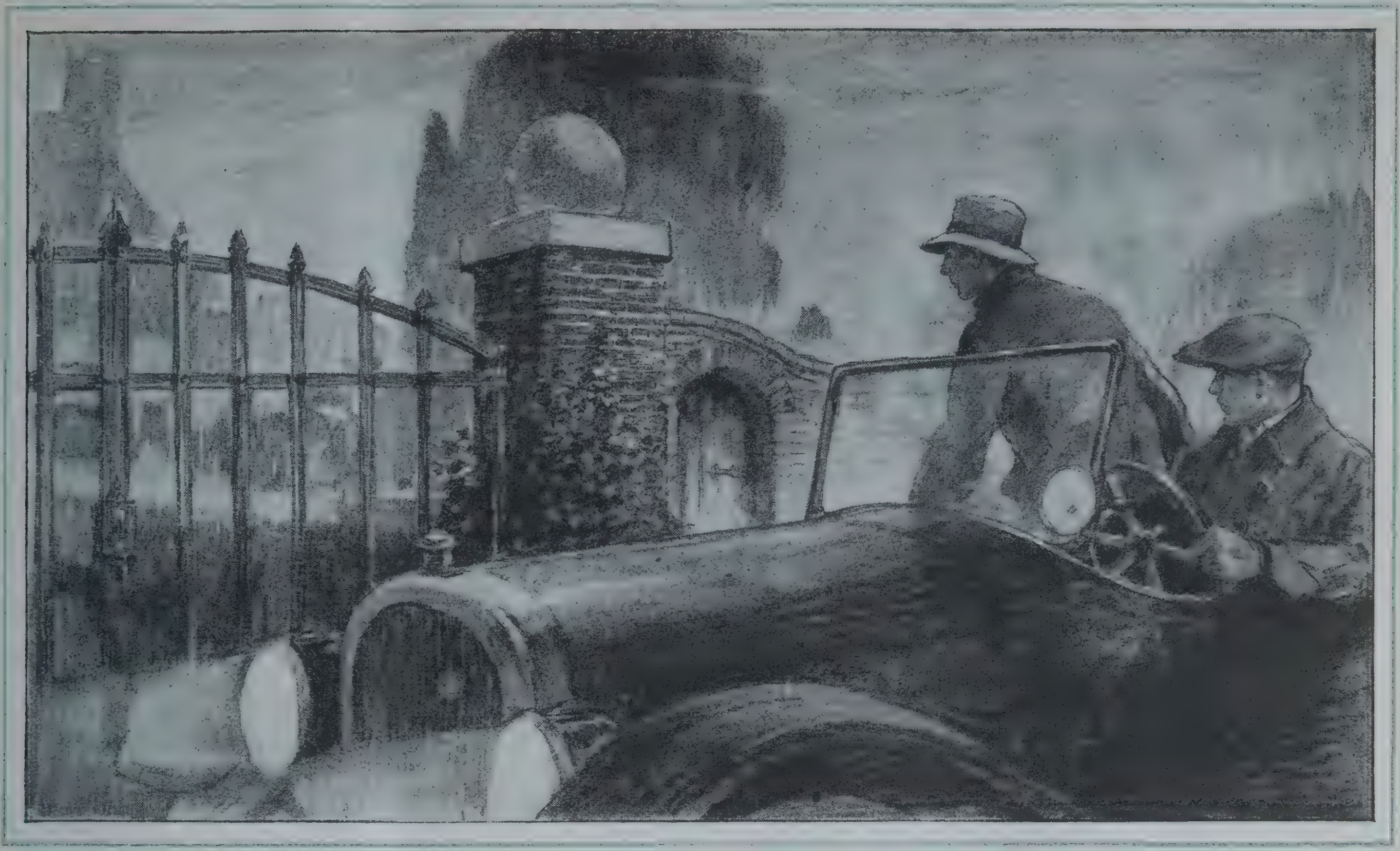
'I know it sounds bad,' David went on, not at all apologetically, 'but I can't help that. Mother's got heaps of money. If she loses some of these things, she won't financially feel the difference—in fact,' he continued excitedly, 'I don't think she will even realize that they're gone, and that's the test. If we take them away, and she looks round and doesn't know they're not there, it will mean that they've meant so little to her that she's got absolutely no right to dispose of them. That's an immoral theory, but esthetically it's just. If someone has a beautiful thing, and doesn't even know he has it, then he's got no right to it whatever.'

'Don't be so foolish,' I answered him. 'You mean to tell me that if you took that Tang horse away from the mantelpiece she wouldn't miss it? Of course she would.'

'That's my belief,' he answered. 'I know my mother better than you do. She's astoundingly blind about some things. She never would listen to my father when, in the old days, he tried to tell her about his acquisitions—she made a point of not listening. The Tang horse doesn't mean more to her than a soup tureen, and not so much; she's never looked at the thing individually at all. She never looks at anything unless it's so bright in colour that she simply can't escape it. That's the test—that's the test. Of course we



The door opened and we heard a voice. 'David, you here!'



The fog was not very thick when we arrived outside Evelyn Gardens.

won't take everything—we couldn't if we wanted to—only a few of the most beautiful things.'

'I stared at him in amazement, he said it so calmly. 'You,' I cried, 'you to talk like this! And why we? You can commit your own burglaries.'

'All right,' he answered. 'It is my affair; you shan't be dragged into it if you don't want to be.'

And then, most perversely, I did want to be, simply, I think, because I had had luncheon with Mrs. Hartington. I wanted to pay her back a little of her indifferent patronage. 'Well, I'll see,' I answered cautiously. 'Tell me your plan.'

'I shan't tell you my plan,' he said, 'unless you agree to come in with me. It's much better you should know nothing about it unless you're going to share in it.'

'I'll help you,' I agreed. 'I am ready to go to prison for those things.'

He was greatly relieved. 'That's fine,' he answered. 'The thing's quite simple. We will go one day when she's away in the country, have a car outside, put the things into it, and go off with them. More than that, I shall put the things up in my flat, ask her to tea, let her look round and take it all in, and if then she doesn't say anything, I am justified completely.'

'It's impossible she shouldn't notice,' I answered.

'You don't know my mother,' he told me.

I was, after this, strangely haunted by some of these possessions—the Tang horse, the blue plate, the jeweled crucifix, the Daubigny, were present to me as though I had them in my own room. You may say that these things had no life. I say that they had, and am convinced that the Tang horse was fully aware that its future was at stake. You know how a dog, when his master is going away, will be conscious of this for days beforehand; so was the Tang horse conscious, and I am sure that he hated Mrs. Hartington with a deadly hatred. On the day of our adventure—a Saturday—there was a fog, one of those especial London fogs that are never still, but creep up and down the town like an invading army. It collects all its forces in one especial spot, has great fun there, choking everything and everybody, bewildering the unimaginative, exciting the romantic, aggravating the practical, delaying the amorous, throttling the avaricious, and then, when it has had its fun, moving on, with a throaty chuckle, somewhere else and beginning its games all over again.

It was not very thick when we arrived outside Evelyn Gardens. The houses there stood out of it as though they were surrounded by water; spirals and whorls of yellow mist played about the walls. Here there was a shining knocker, there a pair of nice clean steps; here three peering windows, there a crooked chimney. Only a little way there was blackness, with shouts and lighted flares and discordant hootings. The nice little maid, Elsie, opened the door for us, and of course showed no surprise at David's presence. Mrs. Hartington had gone for the week-end. At first she had thought she would not go, the fog was so bad, but at last she had made up her mind. She would be back on Monday for luncheon.

'That's right, Elsie,' David said kindly. 'We shan't want you any more. I have got something to do for my mother.'

We went into the drawing-room, dim with a sort of gray mist, turned on the electric light, and considered things. There was no hurry—we had two days if we pleased. David had been quite clear as to what he wanted, but now, when he faced the room, he was not so sure. Everything pleaded to be taken—of that there could be no possible doubt; it was as though they had all crowded around us and besought us. Only the Tang horse was quiet and composed, because he knew that he would not be left.

'Well, then,' said David, looking about him, 'there's the horse and those plates, the Constable, the two Rembrandts, the Forain upstairs, the amber box, the Georgian sugar castor, the porphyry bowl—'

'The Daubigny,' I interrupted.

'Yes, the Daubigny, the crucifix—' And he went on enumerating one thing after another until I called on him to stop.

'This is absurd,' I said. 'We can't take more than

(*Continued on page 26*)

The City of the HERONS

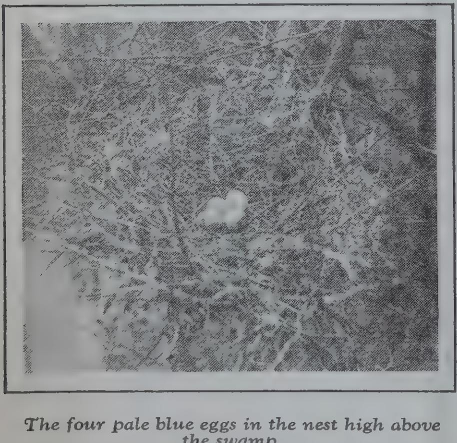
By BEN EAST

Florida great blue heron.

DEEP in a great swamp, where ancient ash and elm trees tower high above the lesser growth of underbrush and seedlings, the great blue heron hides his nest.

In all save his domestic life this tall ungainly bird is a lover of solitude. Invariably he spends his fishing hours alone. He does not gather with a band of his kind for the long journey southward, ahead of the cold storms of autumn, nor for the return flight of spring. It is enough for him that he is accompanied on the air voyage to the cypress swamps of the south, or back to the rookery elm where he will nest, by the mate he chooses for life.

For his feeding grounds he picks a lonely strip of reedy marsh along a lake or river and stands for hours on his black stilt-like legs, a picture of solitude, or wades slowly along the shallows, where he searches for the minnows, tadpoles and snakes that comprise his diet. He invites no companionship on these expeditions. At dawn or sunset he passes high overhead, a lonely, somber figure against the tinted sky, making the flight to or from the feeding grounds. Strange paradox to this love of loneliness, the nest that lies at the beginning or end of that flight is part of one of the busiest and noisiest communities in all the bird kingdom. High in the branches of the tallest trees in the secluded swamp the herons nest in great rookeries, having sometimes hundreds of nests in a single group. It is no uncommon thing for fifteen to thirty nests to be built in a single tree, in the older sections of the rookery, the flat platforms dominating the entire top of the elm or ash. Even the sea-birds in their clamorous colonies are not more closely crowded by neighbors than the herons in their strange swamp-hidden city.



The four pale blue eggs in the nest high above the swamp.

Far up, where the boughs of the towering treetops grow slender, the nests are built, thin flat platforms of small sticks and twigs, loosely laid and swung by the wind like great crude hammocks. On this poor nest, with no attempt at a lining of grass or other soft material, the mother heron lays her pale blue eggs, usually three to six in number, and clumsily broods them.

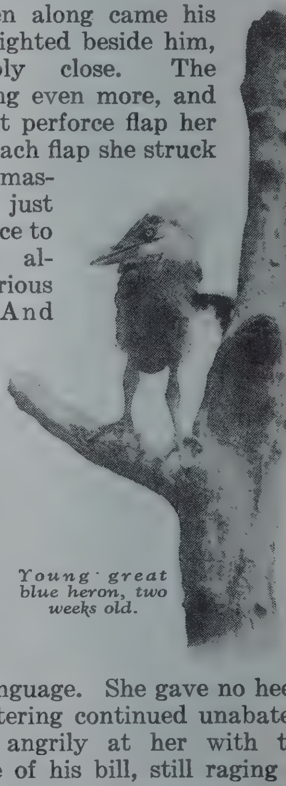
Hers is a pleasant brooding. About her the highest branches of the treetop drop the dainty tracery of their twigs, casting a pleasant, sun-mottled shade. Beneath her, mink or raccoon may prowl along the edges of the black swamp pools, or snakes coil on rotting mossy logs that protrude from the mire, themselves resembling slumbering serpents. She has no need to fear these dreaded enemies of eggs and nestlings. More than a hundred feet from the ground, on branches too slender to bear more than the weight of a squirrel, who is far too small to dare the defense of her javelin bill, she broods in contented safety.

It was early in May when I first visited the heron city. Long before I reached it, in fact while I was yet floundering about in the big swamp, searching for that section where the herons nested, a raucous, disturbed squawking betrayed the exact location.

I passed first under a tall ash, harboring a single nest. In all probability the home of a pair of newly-weds. Then I emerged in an opening among the trees, and there before me towered one of the heaviest laden elms in all the rookery. I counted twenty-three nests in its burdened branches, and the air overhead was filled with a horde of wheeling, croaking herons. As they flap in clumsy circles above the trees they resemble nothing so much as the winged reptiles that flew above dense tropical swamps in the day before feathered birds were known.

I STOOD quiet for a time, and gradually the clamor subsided. One by one the big birds wheeled in and alighted beside their nests. Oh, what a circus that alighting was! First there got best hold. The branches that hold the nests are all too slender to make a comfortable perch for birds as big as the herons, and anyway their long legs were not made for perching.

One irritable old patriarch came down beside his nest and found a perch to which he could cling by a constant flapping of his big wings. Then along came his mate and alighted beside him, uncomfortably close. The branch swung even more, and she too must perforce flap her wings. At each flap she struck her lord and master with just sufficient force to disturb his already precarious balance. And with each disturbance his temper rose higher. He lifted the crest of white aigrets atop his black-crowned head, and threatened her in no uncertain language. She gave no heed, and the pestering continued unabated. He jabbed angrily at her with the yellow lance of his bill, still raging at her carelessness, and finally seeing that he would have no peace so long as she was in the neighborhood, he went at her in deadly earnest with bill and wing, and drove her from the branch.



Young great blue heron, two weeks old.

It was all very well to photograph the nests in the leafless treetops, with the herons flapping above them or standing beside them, and I did it. But I knew that they were too far from the ground, and at the wrong angle, to make good pictures of the big birds themselves.

The lowest nests, as well as I could estimate, were well over a hundred feet in the air. No inconsiderable climb, with only steel climbers and a twelve-foot length of half-inch rope to aid one. The rough bark of a big tree has an annoying habit of giving way under the climber spurs, leaving one suddenly standing on infinity. Not a bad feeling when one is only a dozen feet up, and has the rope to lean on, but quite different at ten times that distance. I have done a fair share of tree climbing, after various kinds of nests, but I will confess that I am still troubled with the same sensations that rocked my equilibrium in the first tree I ever ascended. Besides, these nests were built well out at the ends of the highest branches, far too small to support the weight of a man. From the ground it looked as though it might be impossible to get far enough above one of them to give the camera lens a vantage point.

STILL, a nest is a nest, and an egg is an egg, and you can't see the egg from underneath the nest. I had read descriptions of great blue herons' eggs in books. They were said to be blue. Maybe these were pink or lavender.

I picked a big elm with no low branches to bother, and started up. It was so big that when I had tied my rope about it for a safety belt, I couldn't reach far enough around to hitch the rope up as I climbed. I tried another, and the rope wouldn't even go around that one. Then I had good luck. I found a slender basswood that soared upward like a spire, without a sign of a branch for at least eighty feet. In its umbrella-like top, thirty feet above the first limb, were three heron nests. The tree was small enough to let the rope work easily, the bark rough enough for a hand grasp, and thin enough that my climbers bit through to solid green wood. All in all, it was an easy climb. I went high enough to command a good view of the first nest. The eggs, four in number, were blue. I waited until a mother heron alighted beside her nest a few yards away and posed for three pictures. Then I started down, and like many another climber found that it was not so easy as going up.

This pair huddled flat on the bare twigs and allowed the author to handle them without so much as a croak.

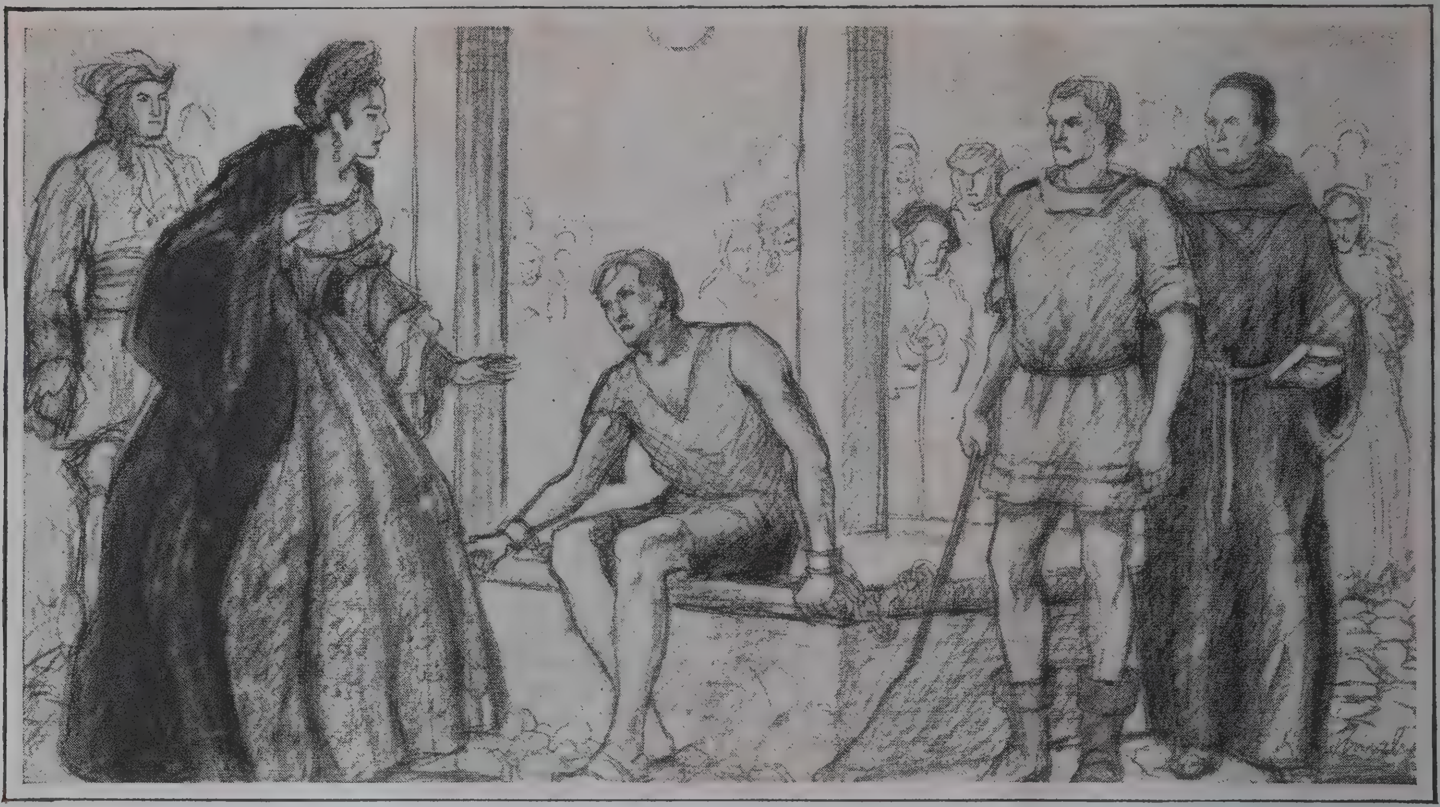
In mid-June I paid the rookery a second visit. Many changes had come over the big swamp in the intervening weeks. Buds had opened on ash and elm till the treetops made a thick green floor beneath the heron city. Jack-in-the-pulpit, violets and white trillium had flowered and faded, leaving only their rank, green foliage carpeting the floor of the swamp. Rare moccasin flowers and dark wine blossoms of the pitcher plant nodded now in the open glades. Gray, blunt-twigged clumps of poison sumac had put forth their bright green leaves. Mosquitoes had hatched in the stagnant water, and they rose in clouds from the thick undergrowth. A heavy-bodied water snake, sunning himself on a sunken log, glided away into the depths of a black open pool at my approach. Steaming with rank vapors, the swamp brooded in the early summer heat, a sullen, inaccessible thing that seemed jealously to guard the city the herons had chosen to hide in its jungles.

Changes had occurred, too, in the nests of the herons. The young birds had apparently hatched weeks before, and more than half-grown youngsters now, they filled the flat nests to overflowing.

I heard the steady, regular conversation of the rookery while I was yet too far away, I am sure, for the herons to have heard or to have seen me: a continual, hoarse peeping, that filled the swamp for a great distance in either direction. Not querulous, but sounding as though the birds were gossiping in friendly fashion over their treetop backyard fences. Old and young

(*Continued on page 19*)

Specimens of Florida great blue heron. —*American Museum of Natural History.*



Madame des Ursins fearlessly opposed the Inquisition.

PRINCESSE DES URSINS—*the Woman Who Saved Spain*

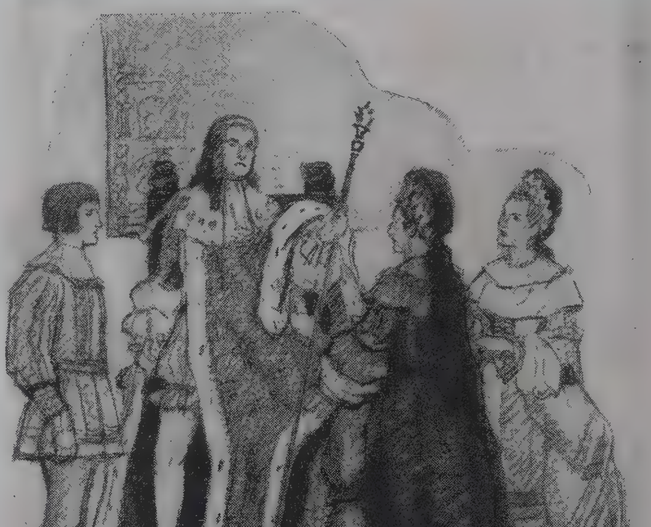
By FRANCES HOLBROOK PFEIFFER

Illustrated by RUTH A. THURBER

THE remarkable advancement of women in this 20th Century inclines us to underestimate or forget the great achievements of any woman of an earlier day. Condorcet, pleading for the admission of women to civic rights, cited, in arguing his claim, the successes of such great historical personages as Queen Elizabeth, Maria Theresa, the two Catherines of Russia, and added, 'Was not the Princesse des Ursins worth more than was Chamillart?'

The following conversation between Mazarin and the Prime Minister of Spain, during the negotiations of the Peace of the Pyrenees, shows that women were causing uneasiness even then. Mazarin, speaking of the three political women of the Fronde, said that any one of them was capable of overthrowing ten kingdoms:

'Our women,' he said, 'be they prudes or coquettes, old, young, silly or clever . . . want to be talked to about state affairs. They want to see all, hear all, know all, and, what is worse, tangle all.'



Then up rose the masterful, fearless and undaunted Camarera-Mayor.

'*Our* women,' the ungallant Don Luis replied, 'are not as you say. Provided they handle the money . . . they are satisfied, and I am very glad they do not meddle in state affairs, for if they did they would assuredly spoil things in Spain as they do in France.'

Two French women were writing to each other upon that same subject, more gracefully but with just as much directness. Madame de Maintenon, that 'unacknowledged Queen of France,' complained to her friend, Princesse des Ursins, of the growing frivolity of the talk at Versailles:

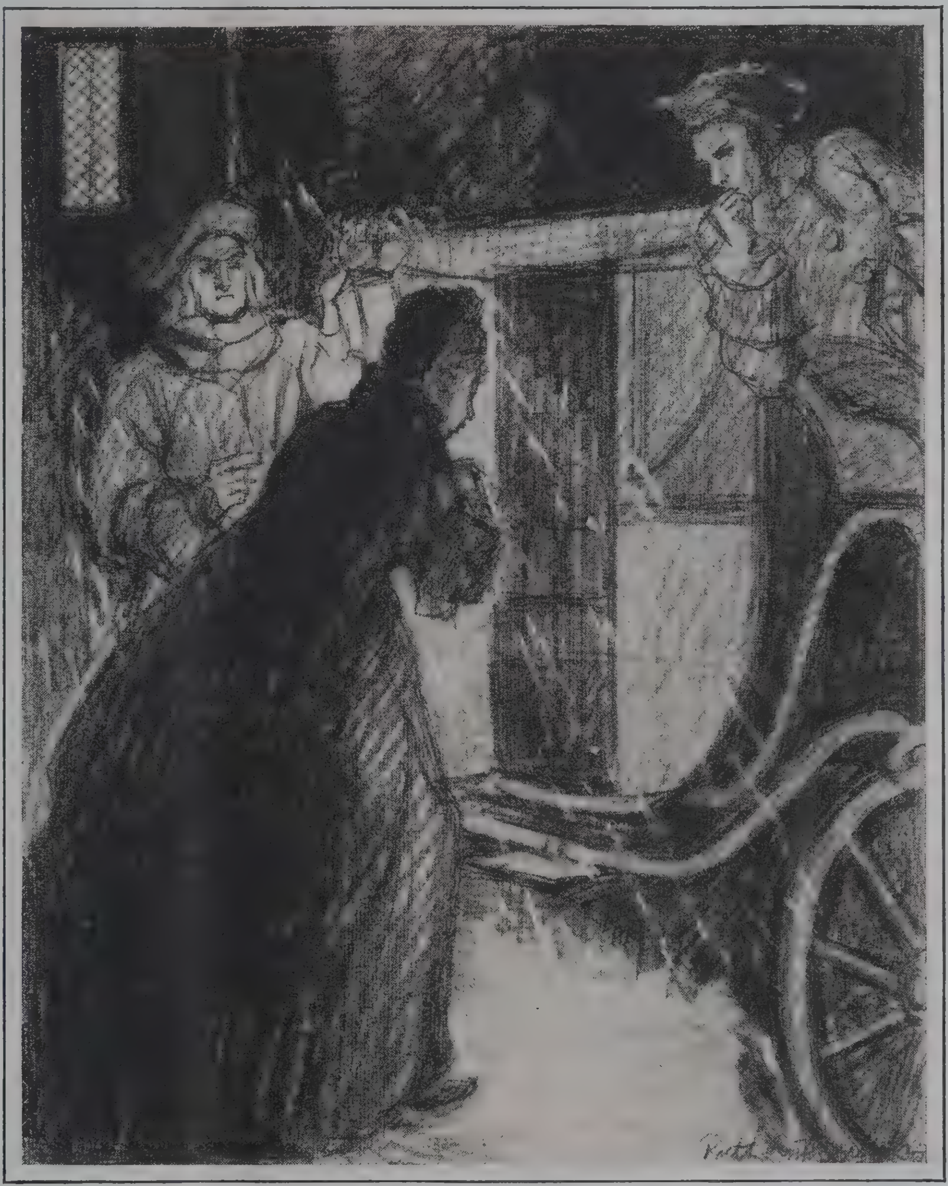
> Yes, Madame, the greatest difficulty lies in the little resources to be found in men; they are nearly all selfish, envious, insincere, insensible to the public good; they consider all sentiments contrary to their own as romantic and impracticable.

To which the princess replied:

> You make me a portrait of most men which is not much to their advantage; and what I think the worst of it is, that it

> is to me rather natural; for if one is to believe them, we have most of their imperfections and few of their good qualities. Yet it is certain they have contemptible pettiness.

These women were the political rulers of two great countries, France and Spain. The Princesse des Ursins was chosen by Louis XIV as Camarera-Mayor, or Superintendent of the Queen's Household, when Marie Louise of Savoy, then a child of thirteen years, became the queen of Louis' grandson, Philip V of Spain, a lad of seventeen.



The princess was hastily thrust into a carriage on a winter's night so cold that the coachman's hands were frostbitten.

Louis XIV wrote to his ambassador in Madrid that since the king is young and yielding in disposition, he will be easily governed by his queen; and of the paramount importance of having a woman of reliable character in such a high position in the household; and that no one could hold the position of Camarera-Mayor with 'so much propriety' as the Princesse des Ursins.

'She possesses,' wrote Louis, 'an alert and powerful mind and much urbanity of demeanor, so that she is especially qualified to instruct a young princess in the art of ruling a Court with dignity.'

The position of Camarera-Mayor was a high and important one, and there is no doubt that at first Spain looked askance at a French woman in such an exalted place. At first the princess seems to have been quite preoccupied with the care of her royal children, the young king and his queen. She writes to a friend:

> *Bon Dieu!* Madame, what a queer employment you have all found for me! I have not a moment's leisure . . . Madame de Maintenon would laugh if she knew the particulars of my responsibilities. Pray tell her that it is I, alone, who am privileged to take the King of Spain's dressing gown from him when he gets into bed, and to present it to him with his slippers when he arises. So far I do all with patience, but it is really ludicrous that each night . . . the Count Benevente presents *me* with His Majestie's sword and with a lamp whose oil I usually upset over my clothes . . . The other night the lamp went out because I had spilt half the oil . . . In the morning I did not know where to find the windows . . . I thought I should have broken my nose against the walls, and there were the King of Spain and myself jostling each other in the dark for a quarter of an hour feeling for the shutters.

But greater duties awaited the Camarera-Mayor.

Through her wonderful sagacity, disinterestedness, dignity, cheerfulness, the ability to read people, and her 'alert and powerful mind' far in advance of her day, Madame des Ursins became the real ruler of Spain for a period of thirteen years. She served the two kings and their respective countries, France and Spain; she enforced most important reforms; she set Spain financially upon its feet, and, by sheer courage alone, she prevented Louis from succumbing to the Allies and saved the crown to Philip V in the long War of the Succession in Spain.

Madame des Ursins was fifty-nine years old when her arduous duties began in 1701. Her contemporary, Saint-Simon, describes her as 'tall with blue eyes which said what it pleased her they should say; with a perfect figure . . . and a face, which, without beauty, was charming. Her air extremely noble with something majestic in her whole bearing . . . a delightful gift of conversation, inexhaustible and, withal, very amusing from all that she had heard and seen of countries and people . . . She had read much, and was a person of much reflection . . . much care not to put herself forward except with dignity and discretion. She was, moreover, the person best fitted for intrigue . . . who had a vast ambition far above that of her sex and of the ordinary ambition of men.'

Still, hers was a counter-intrigue, so to speak, and her ambition was far from personal, and solely for the cause in which she was enlisted. Toward the close of her career the French Ambassador wrote:

> The Princesse des Ursins is so disinterested that she does not receive her salaries or pensions, simply because she does not ask for them. She even does good to those whom she knows to be her enemies.

Enemies she had, even though she loved justice and moved with wisdom and diplomacy in initiating reforms. Her political insight was so keen, and her ability to penetrate into the motives of those in power so unfailing, her firmness so unswerving and her fearlessness so undeniable, that she could scarcely have lived in a country like Spain without bringing down enmity upon her head.

Spain had been untouched by the Reformation, and, as Macaulay writes:

'The evils produced by a bad government and a bad religion seemed to have retained their greatest height during the last years of the 17th Century.'

The progressive French princess came into Spain where women were living still subject to Oriental customs left over from Moorish days. They lived apart, shut in, given little or no freedom in their splendid prisons, and dressed in the stiff Spanish costumes which, Madame des Ursins remarked, 'might have their merit but they are not calculated to inspire cheerfulness.'

INTO this gloomy court the Camarera-Mayor had the temerity to introduce dancing; and Molière's plays, whose wit was in sharp contrast to the doleful old dramas of Spain; and concerts, with her loved Italian music; and, most wonderful of all, a reform which, as an ambassador wrote, caused more commotion than would have a descent of English upon the coasts of Spain. An old Moorish decree, that a woman's feet must never be seen, was still in force. In order to keep them always covered, the *tantillo*, a long and heavy overskirt, was worn on all occasions. When the suggestion was made, through Madame des Ursins, to abandon this apparel of the Dark Ages, 'some gentlemen went so far as to declare that they would rather see their wives lying dead before them, than that their feet should be seen.'

Into this artificial and monotonous court life came an abnormal craving for excitement, gratified by the setting up of the Inquisition. An auto-da-fé was held in honor of each state event. The former king and queen had attended them, and had with great ceremony requested that the first decorated fagot be thrown in their names; while the king took the solemn oath 'to persecute all heretics and apostates, and even to aid in the Holy Inquisition in the accomplishment of its work.'

Madame des Ursins fearlessly opposed the Inquisition by getting Philip V to discountenance it, and the young king declared that he would not sanction it with his presence on any occasion.

To strengthen the Bourbon succession, Madame des Ursins saw clearly that Philip, although a Frenchman, must rule as a true Spaniard, and so not allow Spain to be governed as a mere province of France. Therefore, upon her advice, the king spoke the Spanish language, adopted the Spanish customs as far as possible, and observed their religious rites and ceremonies. With statesman-like acumen, the princess saw that to strengthen the national party she must weaken the power of the priesthood. So she opposed a powerful Spanish cardinal who leaned to French control. 'These were bold undertakings for a newcomer and a woman, but she was undismayed by the difficulties they presented.'

Not during her long, stirring career did the Camarera-Mayor have greater need for her firm fearlessness, because the most stupendous obstacle in her way was the mighty Inquisition! She openly sided with a victim who had undergone torture, and who would have been executed but for her brave intercession. She thereby aroused public opinion.

The French Ambassador, secretly chafing under the restrictions the princess had placed upon him, managed to irritate the old king at Versailles against her and she was recalled. In the midst of the storm that followed, Madame des Ursins remained calm and undismayed, took the short time allowed her before leaving Spain to build up a powerful political machine, left the young queen deeply sorrowful, and repaired to Toulouse.

All Louis' attempts to undermine her power in Madrid failed. All this commotion was leading to estrangement between the two kings at the very time when the Allies were pressing them on all sides. Therefore Louis diplomatically allowed his anger to cool, and finally gave audience to the former Camarera-Mayor, when her true friend, Madame de Maintenon, was present, and the affair was adjusted. The Princesse des Ursins had 'achieved an intellectual triumph' and rose to the very heights of royal favor, and 'ever mistress of herself, was no more shaken by this sudden prospect of a brilliant future than she had been by the fall of the thunderbolt at Madrid.'

With her usual wisdom, the reappointed Camarera-Mayor did not hasten back to Spain. When affairs became so acute there that she was urged to return to power, she still delayed, saying that she 'felt a reluctance to assume a post of such power and responsibility in a country which she had quitted with all the ignominy of a supposed criminal.' Nor did she go until a treaty she had drawn was signed by the King of France and placed in the care of Madame de Maintenon—a treaty in which Louis XIV promised never again to be influenced by any reports against her administration; in which she was given the right to choose her own ministers, 'and to be free at all times to accept or reject . . . the recommendations made by the French Ambassador.'

France was in sore straits. Louis was about to yield to the enemy, and even Madame de Maintenon was beginning to desire peace at any price. Her letters were sorrowful, but Madame des Ursins constantly tried to imbue her with something of her own dauntless courage. The princess writes, in April, 1709:

> Is it possible that all your able men are at their wit's end? that not one of them can devise a helpful measure? It is proof of faint-hearted dejection that does them little credit, for great minds rise above difficulties and manfully resist the attacks of fortune. God can work miracles at all times, and the miracle that I pray for now is that a spirit of courage and hopefulness may be revived at your Court.

With all her other accomplishments, Madame des Ursins was a financier. She overcame obstacles and procured loans for Philip V when his army was starving and about to desert; through her efforts the State credit was restored; and she worked out a financial scheme for France which, at least, would have mitigated its distresses, but of which Madame de Maintenon wrote: 'Is it possible, think you, for a King to change in a moment the forms of government he has maintained for sixty years? And how can we militate against the dearth of money and food which are God's scourges? . . . the state to which France is reduced would fill you with grief could you behold it.'

Madame des Ursins replies:

> Do not imagine, dear Madame, that I underrate the evils to which France is exposed. Our opinions differ only in so far as I am persuaded that there are remedies at hand, and that if we perish it is our own fault.

The ministers rejected her financial plan and Sainte-Beuve writes that 'they had the satisfaction of perishing in the old grooves, since they would not leave them for the new.'

LOUIS was about to abandon the cause of his grandson, believing it impossible to bring the long war to a close unless the Austrian, Charles, was placed upon the throne. The old monarch had advised Philip V to abdicate and cling only to his dominions in Italy. Then up rose the masterful, fearless and undaunted Camarera-Mayor, and, without mincing her words, said to the Spanish king:

'How is this, Sire? Are you a King? Are you a man?—you who value so lightly your sovereignty and who evince more weakness than a woman!'

The Spaniards rose up declaring that they would 'fight to the death in defense of their King, their country and their honor.'

In spite of the fury of the French Court, the princess held firmly to her course and defeated the plot of the Duc de Orleans to gain control of Spain.

About this time an unfortunate difference cropped up between the two friends. Madame de Maintenon believed it quite useless to try to retain the throne for Philip, and that God's hand was against the Bourbons. 'It is resisting God's will,' she wrote, 'to offer opposition to peace.'

Madame des Ursins gracefully but vehemently replied:

> If your courtiers would cease to lament and to predict misfortunes, things might take a turn for the better and money begin to circulate once more . . . They declared more than four years ago that all would be lost unless the whole Spanish kingdom, and the greater part of the King's (of France) own territory were not thrown into the jaws of the enemy . . . Your faith is too narrow. Mine has a wider scope for I am persuaded that Heaven will continue to be gracious to us, providing we endeavour to merit its favours by neglecting nothing that depends upon our own exertions.

Not such bad theology!

As the Camarera-Mayor unceasingly championed Philip's cause and vindicated the financial scheme she had sent to France, Madame de Maintenon grew weary:

> Your letter is so far above my powers of intellect that I am sorry that it was addressed to me . . . I cannot venture to

> show it. People here do not approve of women giving their opinion upon public affairs.

This coming from a woman who had ruled France, indirectly, for more than thirty years, was too much for Madame des Ursins:

> If women's expressing their opinions upon public affairs is disapproved in France, so much the better. If we are to be allowed no share in State matters we shall, at least, be able to hold men responsible for all that goes wrong. It seems to me that ways of thinking have greatly changed at Versailles since I was there, for the King appeared to hold widely different sentiments when I had the honor of conversing with him.

While they had pointed but polite disagreements over state affairs, the two great women seem to have been sweetly sympathetic over—babies! When the little Prince of Asturias was expected, and after the promise had been fulfilled, many 'womanly' letters passed between them. The Camarera-Mayor did not think it proper to swathe an infant upon a mattress, and advised that 'the method followed in England must certainly be good, for nowhere do we find better shaped people than the English.'

Madame de Maintenon was quick with her congratulations when the little prince arrived, amid great rejoicing. In all the throes of war and plans for the army, and great affairs, Madame des Ursins would insert such lines as these into her letters:

> Our little Prince has just cut another tooth . . . He shows signs of an excellent disposition. If he gives me a little slap in play and I pretend to be hurt, he turns to kiss me with a sweetness of manner winning beyond expression.

Speaking of children she remarked: 'I could pass my time very happily with them if I had not other matters to demand my attention.'

The secret of her unfaltering courage is found in this extract from one of her letters:

> It often happens, I find, Madame, that when we fancy all is lost some happy turn of events changes the aspects of our affairs. I now live in this hope; though I derive it, I believe, rather from my cheerful temperament than from my sober reason; being at all times more ready to believe in the coming of happy events than to anticipate misfortune.

Owing to her activities against the Inquisition, there existed a determination among its rulers to bring about her downfall. This they did after the death of the young queen in 1714. Through the machinations of an Italian priest, Elizabeth Farnese, whom the Camarera-Mayor had been deceived into selecting for Philip's new queen, banished the princess so suddenly that the king was not aware of the plot. The great lady, who had ruled and saved Spain, and had prevented France from humiliating itself, was hastily thrust into a carriage on a winter night so cold that the coachman's hands were frostbitten. She was not even provided with wraps or proper food, and was hurried toward the frontier.

The Princess, who had attained the age of seventy years, had no rest, no proper food, not even a change of clothing for twenty-three days, at the end of which she reached the border town of St. Jean-de-Luz. . . . But Madame des Ursins was true to herself. Neither tears, regrets, reproaches nor the slightest irritability escaped her. The two officers who guarded her were struck with admiration at such self-control.

The princess, never blinded to the instability of court favor, wrote, in the midst of her brilliant successes: 'I should feel greatly flattered if I could but forget that Kings are made to *be* loved, but that they, in their hearts, love no one.'

After her banishment she wrote to her friend, Madame de Maintenon:

> I await the King's (of France) orders at St. Jean-de-Luz where I am staying in a small house by the sea. I see the ocean often stormy—sometimes calm. Such is the life of Courts, such has been my own life . . . I do indeed hold with you that we must look for stability in God alone. Certainly it is not be found in the hearts of men.

Louis XIV was on his deathbed, and Madame des Ursins thought it wise to leave France before her old enemy, the Duc de Orleans, became regent. She hastened to Italy and later took up her residence in Rome, where she was able to prove her own statement, that 'the wise will neither be uplifted nor cast down by the changes of fortune.'

The Princesse des Ursins lived until she was eighty, 'still fresh complexioned, upright, graceful and attractive, and her mind as clear and vigorous as ever.'

The City of the Herons

(*Continued from page 15*)

alike, as nearly as I could judge, were all talking at once.

I worked quietly along, screened by the thick canopy of leaves overhead, and I was actually beneath the rookery trees before the herons seemed to discover me. Then they saw me, in a sunny opening among the tree trunks, and instantly the peaceful tone of the community's noises changed. Old herons flapped up by the dozens from the high branches, croaking in surprise as they wheeled overhead. The cry of the fledglings became a shrill note of alarm and resentment. The commotion spread swiftly over the whole treetop city, until the entire swamp resounded with the clamor.

The young birds stood up in their lofty nests, peering down at the strange intruder that had invaded their swamp fastness. From their size and actions I feared I had waited too long; that when I scaled the tree to visit them, they would prove capable of flight.

I found the climb up the slim basswood trunk even easier than on the first occasion. Once among the branches I lost all sense of height. The treetops on all sides shut me in. I could not see downward through them, and it was not difficult to imagine that solid earth lay there just behind that leafy screen, ten or a dozen feet away. Gaining courage from this, I climbed higher than before, till I broke away a clump of leaves before my face and could actually look out over the top of the basswood. From here I could see down upon all three of the nests in this tree, and into dozens in neighboring trees as well. The whole clamorous city was spread around me, and from this vantage point in the wind-swung basswood top I was seeing it not as an outsider, but as a citizen.

My fear that the young herons would escape my camera by joining their elders in the air proved without foundation. The lowest of the nests, in which I had photographed the four eggs on the earlier visit, held three young herons. Two of these were lying quiet when I reached a point where I could see into the nest. At sight of me they huddled even lower on the flat platform, as though in an effort to hide, or at least not to challenge my attention. The third, standing erect on the very edge of the nest, tried different tactics. He croaked shrilly and snapped his javelin bill at me time after time. Then, when that did not frighten me away, he sought to escape by backing over the edge of the nest. Time and again he tried it, tottering among the slender twigs, regaining his uncertain balance each time only by a desperate effort of wings and ungainly legs, when he realized that there was no solid footing beneath him. A dozen feet away, and powerless to aid him, I all but held my breath at each clumsy movement. He gave up finally, evidently preferring association with me to such a drop on untried wings, and when I left the tree he was perching quietly in the nest, though whether in confidence or resignation I could not decide.

In my climb to the highest branches I reached up a hand to grasp a fork beside the nest just over my head. Instantly a yellow bill flicked out at the hand, and I received a jab like that of an angry old setting hen, intensified about tenfold. I shifted my hold in less than no time. It was necessary as I climbed to lift my face level with the edge of that nest, and for a few seconds I guarded my eyes with all alertness. Once they saw my head, however, this pair emulated the actions of their cautious cousins in the lower nest. They huddled flat on the bare twigs and allowed me to handle them without so much as a croak of remonstrance. A third young heron, dead and badly decomposed, in the nest with them, seemed to cause them neither discomfort nor concern.

Owing to their diet of water creatures the droppings of the herons are almost pure lime, and this substance completely coats the nests and upper branches of the rookery trees, before the nesting season is finished. The nests were milky white with it now, and leaves on adjacent twigs were curling, turning brown. The herons return to the same nest year after year, and eventually the supporting branches succumb to the smothering of this coat of lime. On some of these twigs no buds will open this spring. Dead stubs will appear finally in the vicinity of the nests, and as these decay and are blown out the birds abandon the old nests and build anew in a shaded part of the treetop.

In a nest in a neighboring tree was the bravest fledgling in all the rookery. He croaked and snapped his bill at me in a constant tirade of rage, during all my stay in the treetop. I think it only fair to suspect, however, that his bravery was born of the distance that separated us.

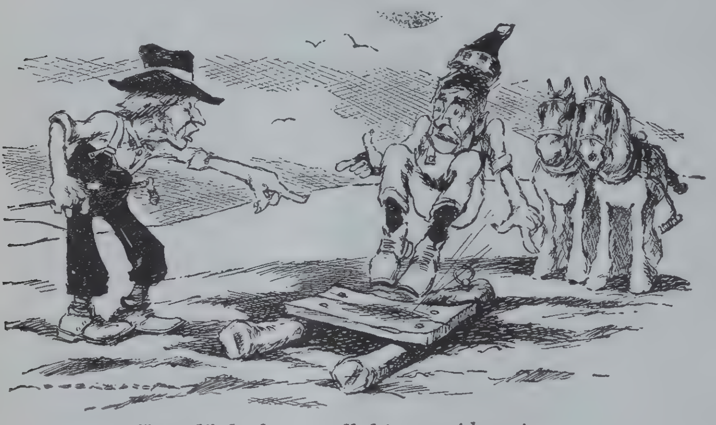
As for the old herons, they showed little resentment at my presence, once the first shock of seeing an intruder in the rookery was past. They perched in neighboring trees, and watched me quietly enough, with only an occasional hoarse croak.

'TOADS' and 'LIZARDS' and Other Strange Things on the FARM

By **F. J. CLIFFORD**

Illustrated by
EDWARD McCANDLISH

I guess the first thing you'd better do,' said an Ohio farmer to his newly acquired hired man from Michigan, 'is to hitch the horses to the "lizard" and drive out by the south gate. The old bull busted it down the other day and I'll just about have time to fix it up by the time you get there. Better use them heavy doubletrees.'


'Lizard!' the farmer yelled in astonishment. 'Why, man alive—you're standing on it.'

The hired man deftly slipped the bridles onto the horses and, leading them out, soon had the lines snapped to the bits and the tugs hooked to the heavy doubletrees. But where was the 'lizard'?

He had wondered where and what it was, when told to hitch onto the thing, but, not wanting to display his ignorance of farming implements the very first morning he went to work, had decided to hold his tongue. Glancing hurriedly about, he tried to visualize something that might resemble a lizard. It must be quite heavy, he pondered, else why should he be told to use the heavy doubletrees. There was the farm wagon, but there was nothing of the lizard about it. No. The lizard must be something long and slim. He stepped on top of one of those early pioneer logging implements that are made from the crotch of a tree. When completed with a timber pinned across the runners, they greatly resemble the letter A; and they are used in hauling logs where there are very primitive roads or none at all.

The hired man's contemplations were rudely interrupted by the sudden appearance of his employer who testily inquired, 'What's the matter. Why don't you hitch onto the "lizard" there? What are you waiting for?'

'I'm waiting to see something that looks like a lizard,' the hired man answered, desperately, his face flushing with embarrassment.

'Lizard!' the farmer yelled in astonishment. 'Why, man alive—you're standing on it.'

The farm hand looked wonderingly at the thing under his foot.

'You call that a "lizard"?' he inquired, incredulously.

'That's just what it is,' said the Ohio man. 'Ain't that what you call it?'

'No sir-ee,' the Michigander replied. 'They're called "toads" up in Michigan.'

Just why that primitive type of conveyance should be called 'toad' in Michigan, and 'lizard' in Ohio, will be left for the reader to figure out. No doubt the answer will be simple.

Some twenty years ago the writer was in the southwest country. It was necessary to meet a certain man there, a native of the country, who said he would meet me in the hotel lobby 'tomorrow evenin'.' Supper over, I proceeded to the appointed place. Imagine my surprise to find the Southerner highly indignant. 'Ah been waitin' all evenin' here for yo' all,' he declared.

'All evening,' I replied. 'Why the evening's just started.'

'Just started. What time o'day do yo' all call evenin'?'

'Where I'm from,' I answered, 'evening is that interval between supper and bedtime.'

'Hit's not that way doun heah,' he said, his anger disappearing. 'We all considah evenin' as being from noon to nighttime.'

So that's that.

Along the same line is the experience of some northern tourists in the Ozark Mountain region. Wishing to get some onions, they stopped at a mountain cabin. An elderly woman and a half-grown girl were doing the washing with water from a creek, not far from the cabin. To the traveler's interrogation for onions the woman returned a mystified look.

'On-yuns?' the older woman questioned. 'Law sakes, no. We-uns h'ain't got none o' them things a-tall.'

After the tourists had disappeared down the primitive road, the woman turning to the girl, remarked: 'I jes wonder now if them 'air people wanted some "in-ens."'

And her eyes wandered to the garden and the long rows of onions there.

Strange as it may seem, a Northerner will have more trouble with the colloquialisms and differences of speech in the South than in the land of the Canadians. But there one will find many words that carry a different meaning.

A young Easterner met a very charming young woman in a Canadian city. He received permission to call the next evening.

Arrayed in his best, the hopeful Yankee sallied forth. The girl with her mother and a couple of friends was enjoying the evening on the front veranda. When he doffed his hat and uttered a friendly salutation, the young lady returned a cool, 'Good night.'

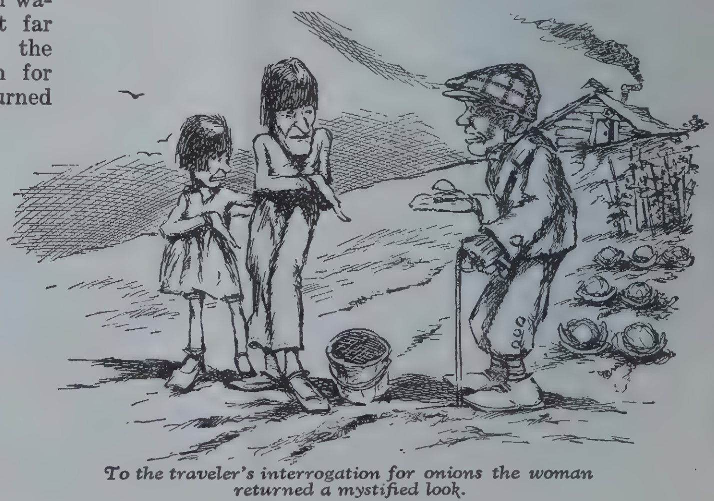
The youth stood on one foot a while and then on the other. For the life of him, he could not determine what she meant.

THE mother, seeing his evident embarrassment, invited him to a seat, which he took with alacrity. It was not long until he discovered that Canadians use the term, 'Good night,' rather than as we do, 'Good evening.'

Less than a week ago I heard a newly coined word for the first time. A young native of the country across the Columbia River was showing me what appeared to be the tracks of a mountain lion. The animal had been parading around through the big unsettled hills and down near the orchards. The people had become alarmed and asked me to make a report to the Predatory Animal Control Bureau at Olympia.

'The thing came right down the road here,' the man told me. 'You can see the tracks where he followed children going home from school. At the fork of the road, he left the tracks of the children and took up those of a foot-backer.'

In some sections of our domain that word would be clumsy and seemingly an unexpressive one. In the unsettled semi-desert country, everybody rides. It is a riders' country. People that don't ride in automobiles, ride horses. They are called


To the traveler's interrogation for onions the woman returned a mystified look.

'horse-backers.' So when a man is observed walking the highways or trails the native people think of him as riding something. As that something happens to be the man's own feet, he gets the term, 'foot-backer.'

The drift of language is more pronounced than many people realize. An example of it was related by an Indian friend of mine. He told how many years ago during a great battle, part of one of the tribes was separated from the main body and wandered over a range of high mountains into an uninhabited land that was supposed to be the abode of *mesche saghlie ty-iee* (bad spirits).

Four *pappas* (generations) of time rolled by. One day some returning hunters of the main tribe told of a people in the *mesche illahee* (bad land) that spoke a language very like their own. The story fitted so closely into one of their story-legends concerning a lost tribe, that headmen were sent to investigate.

They found so many names of members of the lost tribe like those in the main body and their story-legends so similar it was decided that the new people were the lost tribe. But fully one-fourth of their words differed, which demonstrated the language drift in just four generations.

Where Are the Women Going?

(Continued from page 5)

we lie better than men!' she said, much amused. 'I don't think we do. We're all liars, men and women; the world couldn't go on if we always told the truth—and the whole truth! And there *you* go! Talking about women as women. Why not talk about men as men? Why not talk about, discuss, criticize, analyze human nature as a whole?'

Next, said I to myself, let me see what a woman of science has to say. So I asked my question of Doctor Mary Scharlieb, famous 'woman' physician and surgeon, who was brief and pointed and definite, saying:

'I do not believe there is any question of women ousting men, or men ousting women, each from their own proper spheres of duty, but there is a very large field of usefulness and duty open to members of both sexes, and there I hope that the best individual will always come to the fore.'

And looking round I see that women have successfully invaded business, the insurance world, the stock exchange, manufacturing of many kinds. Three years ago there were no more than five women members of the London Chamber of Commerce; today there are more than a hundred. But look where I will, I can find no indication that women will ever hold the foremost positions in politics, in the arts, in the sciences. Here and there are a few brilliant exceptions—today and in the past—but generally and persistently man is the top of the tree. I interviewed myself! Why, I asked myself, is this so? And I answered:

'Woman rules the world by her influence, and is the maker and trainer of the world's rulers. During the earliest and most impressionable years the mother has the training of the children. She molds their minds and fashions their personalities. From the moment our first breath is drawn our education begins. It is these early years that count. Despite what clever women say, women have, and cannot throw off, certain fundamental physical handicaps incidental to their rôle as childbearers. Their mentality may be, but I do not think it is, of the same kind as man's, but it is very seldom of the same caliber. For one man that has been taught music there have been dozens of women; but not one woman composer yet of the first rank. It is the same in the other arts. Women have always been free to write and paint. If a list were made of the hundred greatest writers and painters—would women come in at all? Is this because there is something lacking in their make-up? Even if it is not, would they succeed in "getting there" while they persist in slavishly following in man's footsteps?

EVEN in business, where they have done so well of late, they are a long way from threatening man's supremacy. I never understood why women shouted for the vote. They've got it; and it hasn't made a cent of difference! They haven't done anything toward cleaning up politics. They haven't done anything in any political direction. Before they had the vote many of them worked for the party they believed in, which was usually that which their husbands supported. They have not struck out in any direction for themselves. I really should like to see a woman's party in Parliament. There are many questions which affect women more than men and upon which a woman's party should and would have a definite policy.

'For example, peace and war and disarmament; if women steadfastly set their faces against war—there would be no more war. But the trouble is that women will not, perhaps cannot, combine; they are too individualistic. Then there are the matters of divorce, of reforms in education, of maternity, of housing, and many others. Even when women cannot get into Parliament, they can often turn the scale against any man who will not support their policy.

'Women are the enemies of compromise which is the foe of all real progress and reform. I do believe in the executive, practical genius of women; I do not believe that they have creative genius. Almost all through nature there is this division of sexes. In the human race men have made the fullest uses of their powers; women have not. Will they ever do so? Still, indirectly they have ruled and always will rule the world. If they would only realize that and combine—we should soon have a better world.'

Looking at all the opinions I have gathered, I believe that mine own are the soundest! Which is the way of a man!

The Limping Muse

(Continued from page 8)

pathos in the verse more pitiable than its lameness of meter, its crudeness of rhyme. There is beauty in the lines, too; as in the racked, twisted face of some cripple in pain. The letter tells us that the woman who wrote it—and who wrote the verses also—is working to support three children, and finds work scarce. She has heard that newspapers sometimes pay for poetry. Will the newspaper please buy this, and print it, and send her whatever it is worth? It is all very curious and troubling, for the verses were so evidently intended to be gay. They have rhymes of flowers and showers, and breeze and trees, and there is something said about the goodness of a providence that provides the inspiration for such rhyming.

NOR are balladists lacking among these bards of the impossible, though they require headlines and hue and cry to stir them to their best endeavors, as when their ever so remote fathers penned ballads of storm, battle, brigandage and faithless butcher boys to hawk in the streets of London town. There was lost on a snow peak of the Cascades, at the end of a winter day, a youth who had sought the mountain for pleasure and who remained to perish in some way yet unknown to the searchers. For the white and beautiful mountain was terrible in its secrecy and kept its secret well. Almost overnight, so powerful was the sentimental appeal of this grim episode, the balladists set about their rude rhyming of the misfortunate boy who had a mountain for a tomb. Uniformly these ballads were too lachrymal for printing, and far too loosely woven, as well. And the balladists, one and all, never could be brought to understand why their ballads were not printed, since, as they seriously pointed out, a great volume of less meritorious poetry was in constant process of publication. Balladists who have no current theme ready to hand, rely chiefly on the beauteous Indian maiden who, lovelorn and wildly weeping, casts herself over the cliff. It is all very saddening.

THIS Pegasus of theirs, of these extremely minor poets who cannot even win their ways into the newspapers, is all too evidently lame of hoof and wing, though his wind is ever of the best. Let him essay a flight toward the sunrise and, though he lift momently above the drab earth, his pinions speedily tire and he descends ignominiously. But the urge, the valid and not to be stifled urge, is in his pitiful endeavors. Poor, splendid wings; poor drooping, desolate head! At times the low or strident neighing of the creature is of a sadness, and a beauty, to bring the quick tears to one's eyes. It is all as a dream but half remembered, as a goal but hazily descried, as a port glimpsed hopelessly for the space of a pulse, ere the storm drives on to wreck. I do not know what can be done about it, if anything. The world will keep on laughing at spring poets and the like so long as the world endures—which is by way of illustrating the vitality of this poetic impulse. And somewhere, sometime, perhaps the meter will be set aright, the limping rhymes be soothed. I do not know that anything should be done about it, if aught might be done. They are happier so.

The Fall and Rise of the Franc

(*Continued from page 1*)

of between thirty and thirty-four milliards of francs.

How has this deficit been covered? By calls on credit, by loans, which have been naturally more and more difficult to obtain and have been contracted on shorter and shorter terms.

Such a position obviously could not be prolonged without impairing the credit of the French state and that of its money. In fact, this giving way of credit bordered on a serious crisis in the beginning of 1924, which saw for a moment, in March, 1924, the pound sterling up to 117 francs and the dollar up to 27 francs.

FACED with this danger France made a new financial effort and Parliament voted six milliards of new taxes. But the remedy soon proved insufficient. The fall of the franc involved a rise in prices and a swelling of state expenditure more rapid than the growth of the receipts. From 1924 to July, 1926, ministers and parliament have, in every way, spent their time in 'running after the deficit.' At the end of 1925, and at the commencement of 1926 there were created seven milliards by supplementary resources. The deficit gained speed with this new effort. It was only in August, 1926, after the vote of eight new milliards that the total budget of France could be considered balanced at forty-six milliards of receipts and expenses. But to arrive at this the dollar had to reach a rate of nearly fifty francs!

The permanent deficit of the budget, however, does not suffice to explain why French money fell so low and lost at one time up to nine-tenths of its par value.

To explain it it is necessary to introduce a third factor: the export of capital.

This is due less to financial than to moral and political causes. Since the war the financial life of France has rested on credit. To cover deficits and, above all, to face the expenses rendered necessary through the reconstruction of the liberated areas (nearly 100 milliards of francs), the French treasury has been forced to contract enormous debts. A great many of these debts are at short term and even at extremely short term—treasury bonds, national credit bonds and obligations, national defense bonds.

The floating debt and the short-term debt represented at the beginning of 1925 some 100 milliards of francs. That is to say, that any disturbance of credit was going to make the position of the French treasury extremely delicate and even untenable.

This disturbance was produced precisely on the eve of the legislative elections of 1924. These elections were not only the signal for the rebirth of party struggles; they also brought to the Chamber of Deputies a majority for the left where the revolutionary socialist party had a good place—a socialist was even elected president of the Chamber's financial committee. Against the capitalists and creditors of the state were put forward and discussed vague measures of capital levy, more precise plans of 'levying on acquired fortunes' or of forced consolidation of the floating debt. Nothing further was necessary to sow inquietude in the breasts of the 'possessors.'

The political disorder, furthermore, came to transform this inquietude into panic: from April, 1925, to July, 1926, seven ministries and ten financial ministers succeeded to power.

Can one be surprised that, in those circumstances, many French people were led to transfer abroad at least part of their disposable property and to turn it into pounds sterling, dollars, Dutch florins, or Swiss francs? It is naturally impossible to say with any accuracy what amount this export of capital has reached, but one can estimate it at several milliards of francs.

This 'flight before the franc' has weighed heavily on the French exchange. It has weighed the more heavily in that it forced the French treasury to return in 1925 to the régime of monetary inflation which France did not have since 1919.

Monetary inflation! There in fact is the fourth great cause of the fall of the French currency. By whom was the capital, which the 'possessors' sent abroad to be converted into stable money, demanded? By the French treasury to whom it had been lent. When the treasury bills fall due, they are not renewable: the uneasy creditor demands reimbursement from the debtor state. To whom does the French treasury in its turn apply in order to face these repayments? To the institute of emission, to the Bank of France.

From December, 1924 to July, 1926, the sum of the advances made by the Bank of France to the state rose from 22.6 milliards to more than 37 milliards. Similarly, the total circulation of notes rose from 40.6 milliards to nearly 54 milliards. Nobody can be surprised that French money, multiplied thus, depreciates considerably.

These are the essential reasons which progressively, up to the middle of July, 1926, brought the French franc to the edge of a monetary abyss.

The month of July, 1926, undoubtedly marked a great turning point in the history of French post-war finance. It is doubtless scarcely worth while to recall developments since that date.

AT THE catastrophe, on July 23, 1926, M. Poincaré formed a ministry of National Union in which were represented all parties, save the Socialists and Communists. Backed by a large parliamentary majority, he passed without delay a series of energetic measures including a bill of eight milliards of new taxes; the organization, by means of the amendment of the Constitution, of an autonomous fund for the liquidation of the debt; the changing of certain taxes which were too heavy and tended to the export of capital; the raising of the scale of interest; the restriction of bankers' credits.

Under this energetic procedure, confidence returned, the capital sent abroad came back, and the franc recovered. In five months the dollar fell from forty-eight to about twenty-five francs. On December 23, the Bank of France intervened to stop French money, not from dropping but from mounting too quickly, and to try to stabilize it, provisionally at any rate, at that level.

Do the defenders of the franc who have stopped at this rate of twenty-five francs to the dollar envisage the future with confidence? Let us suppose that one wished to stabilize the franc at the actual rate. Are the general conditions of stabilization realized?

In the forefront of the conditions of monetary stabilization must be placed the balancing of the budget.

THE French budget for 1927 is divided into two sections: the budget proper of the state, and the budget for the autonomous fund for the liquidation of the debt. The first balances at about 39.5 milliards of francs, the second at about 6.5 milliards, making a total of 46 milliards in round figures of receipts and expenditure.

Is this budget firm? In my opinion, undoubtedly, yes. One might even say that it is the first time since 1914 that France has had a firm budget. During the last quarter of 1926 the treasury receipts exceeded fourteen milliards. On this basis the returns for 1927 could be calculated at fifty-six milliards, that is, ten milliards surplus. In fact, this figure of fifty-six milliards is too large by about three milliards, for the returns of the last three months of the year are normally higher than those of the other three-quarters, a good part of the income tax being paid at that time. Yet, it plainly shows that the budget is established on a comprehensive basis.

It is true that one must count on a certain slowing up of business which is beginning to show itself and which is the normal and inevitable consequence of the recent rise of the franc and of its present stability. In what manner can this slowing up produce effect on the stability of the budget? In this respect it is well to dispel a misapprehension.

It has been said that the 1927 budget was established on the basis of the pound sterling at 150 francs, that is to say, of a stronger currency and higher rate than current prices, that in consequence all its economics must find themselves overturned by the fact that the pound has fallen to 122. Nothing is less exact. In reality, in the 1927 budget, only the exterior debt service was calculated on the basis of 150 to the pound, and with the pound at 122 the charges on that debt are merely lessened. As to the 1927 receipts, they have been calculated in accordance with the rule of the penultimate year, that is to say, in accordance with the results of 1925.

Now, what were the exchanges and prices in 1925? The average rate for the pound that year was about 100 (today it is at 122), the average index figure of wholesale prices was 560 (today it is 641), the average index figure of retail prices was 420 (today it is 599). These figures show that the balancing of the 1927 budget rests on a sound basis and that a certain amount of contraction in business can take place, without seriously disturbing it.

The French Government has not been willing to resort to this drastic extremity. The country could not, however, continue to remain in the state of dangerous anarchy in which it had lived for twelve years.

The floating debt has been regulated in the following manner: The constitutional law of August 10, 1926, has organized the 'Administrative Fund of the National Defense Bonds and of the Liquidation of the Public Debt.' This fund has its own resources constituted by a budgeted annuity, the product of certain taxes and the receipts from the tobacco monopoly. The tobacco monopoly, which is administered by the fund, also constitutes a special security for the bearers of the floating debt. The resources of the fund are devoted at the rate of 2.5 milliards to the floating debt, at the rate of 800 millions to the expenses of the administration of the tobacco monopoly and the remainder, say about 3.2 milliards, to the liquidation of the public debt.

The fund has not only got its special receipts. Its treasury has been, besides, separated from the state treasury. The fund has possessed in fact since the month of November, 1926, its own account at the Bank of France. This account amounted, on December 8, to the sum of 2,700 millions.

Finally, for the last capital point: the new régime fixes a limit to the volume of the floating debt. This limit had first been fixed at forty-nine milliards. It was brought down, following a three milliard-consolidated loan, to forty-six milliards. To give a certain facility to bookkeeping and to provide for the facing of unforeseen circumstances, this limit, it is true, can be passed, but not by more than six per cent. This means to say that the sum of national defense bonds in circulation cannot henceforth exceed 48,760 millions. The floating debt may diminish, it cannot increase.

This system has in six months borne unhoped-for fruit. The existence of the fund and its organization have so well reassured the holders that the fund to a certain extent has had to protect itself against an afflux of money. Not only has it succeeded, as early as December, 1926, in lowering the rate of interest which, as a precaution, had been raised in August, but it has been the means of deciding the suppression of bonds at one month and bonds at three months, while it was creating bonds of a new type at two years.

Thus, all at once by the issue of consolidated loans and by the lengthening of the time for the falling due of the securities of the floating debt, the fund is preparing the voluntary progressive consolidation of the floating debt. As to the falling due of the debt at the time, it has, with the return of confidence, ceased to be a problem. It is thus that the treasury had for the first of February, 1927, a falling due of 1,400 millions. From November, 1926, a conversion loan, largely and rapidly covered, had provided all the necessary resources.

Such are the conditions in which the questions of the floating debt and the short-term debt show themselves today. It seems that, if no political accident comes to disturb the course of financial events, the gradual reabsorption of the floating debt is in sight on the horizon, whether it be by means of consolidation, or by means of liquidation. In any case the French money market is experiencing, for the moment, an exceptional monetary facility, which is shown by the fall in the discount rate.

The reasons for this abundance are the liquidation of certain stocks of goods and the repatriation of a part of the floating credits in francs which were lying in foreign banks where they formed the counterpart of exported French capital. But whatever be the causes, this abundance will not, in the future months, shelter the treasury the less from all surprises.

Looked at from the point of view of the finances of the state, the maintenance of the present rates of French exchange do not appear to present any grave difficulty. Let us consider now the problem on the plane of pure monetary technique.

To stabilize a currency, in right or in fact, is to return in a direct or indirect form to the régime of the convertibility of notes. Is the Bank of France in a position to assure this convertibility?

Not taking into account foreign gold, the Bank possesses a gold reserve of 3,700 millions, and a silver reserve of 340 millions (both counted in pre-war francs) and a gold-silver reserve of 1,600 millions of paper francs. If we reassess the gold reserve on the basis of the new franc, we get a reserve of 18 milliards, to which is to be added a silver reserve of 800 millions, in accordance with the actual price of silver metal. In the total, a reserve of nearly twenty-one milliards for a total circulation of fifty-three milliards.

The proportion of the reserve to the circulation is therefore forty per cent. But to the circulation should be added the sum of the deposits (about five milliards), the proportion drops then to thirty-six per cent. Nevertheless the Bank holds a certain quantity of money in account in the 'miscellaneous' department; it is therefore possible to depend upon a covering of forty per cent. Is that enough?

In most European countries which have suffered from monetary troubles, graver or less grave than those of France, the proportion is slightly higher: 43 per cent in Germany, 54 per cent in Austria, 53 per cent in Sweden, and so on. On the other hand, it is slightly lower in Great Britain (38 per cent counting currency notes) and much weaker in Czecho-Slovakia (25 per cent) whose currency has been perfectly stable for a long time. On the other hand, account should be taken of the money reserves which the government has been able to constitute or reconstitute in the course of the last months by market purchases. At the present moment this reserve represents at least seven to eight milliards of francs. That is to say that on the purely monetary ground the franc's present situation is not in the least alarming.

The question of the French balance of payments is complicated, however, by two connected problems over which it is impossible to pass in silence and in relation to which the future seems more uncertain.

The first is the question of France's war debts to Britain and the United States.

The second is the question of credits in francs held by foreigners, credits which have in the course of the last months been able to favor speculation on the rise of the franc. It certainly seems that that speculation has, from this moment, to a large extent liquidated its position. Perhaps, however, a balance lives on and the liquidation of that balance might still provoke some shocks on the franc's market.

To a Dead Birch in Spring

Frederick Clayton

I KNOW why you died:

You couldn't bear the pain of growing loveliness,

The too-sharp beauty of your veil-like leaves.

Standing there in the deep coral sunsets and the pale coral dawns

You felt your beauty too great a thing to hold within your slender body—

And so you let it go.

The Society *of* Panther Men

An African Secret Order *Which* Practises *the* Rites *of* Cannibalism

By HENRI GALLAND

Translated by ANDREE PRATOUCY

THE following details have never been published and what you are going to read was related to me by my colleague, Charbonnier, who directed the inquiry in consequence of a complaint proffered by a child. While he was on duty in Gabon, a district watered by the Nyanga, that river that falls into the Atlantic Ocean about thirty miles north of the town of Mayumba, he had a visit from a twelve-year-old, who said:

—Underwood & Underwood Photo.

Huge-bodied African natives preparing smoked meats for a long journey.

'I have come to complain about three men of my village who are liars and thieves. They promised to give me a piece of heart, and I received but one thumb and three fingers to gnaw.'

'What are you talking about and what animal do you mean? The antelope is the only beast to be hunted now, and if it has a heart, it has neither thumb nor fingers.'

'I do not mean an antelope, but a man they have killed and eaten; they only gave me a few bones. That was not what they had promised me and I want you to punish them.'

The names of the guilty ones were written down. We waited for a few days so as not to attract their attention or arouse their suspicions. Then, suddenly, they were arrested and taken into custody.

An inquiry was started, that made it possible to know fully, and from the members themselves, the organization called 'The Society of Panther Men.'

Europeans, of course, have long known that such a society exists in Gabon, in the region of the Nyanga, in the Higher-Lolo, among the Eshiras, the Muilas, the Bandjabi, the Mitsogo, and so forth. The Belgian Congo also possesses its societies of 'Panther Men,' and all of them, in whatever district they are found, in spite of the mystery that surrounds them and the dread with which they are looked upon, have a criminal purpose.

It was known that, formerly, before the white occupation, the families of the victims used to take their own revenge; the murderers, when they were caught, were hanged or drowned and their family reduced to slavery after they had paid for the shed blood.

At first the arrival of the white men brought fear with it, and the victims were buried in silence; but the people gradually grew confident when they saw that the whites had come to defend them. Such or such a one was denounced as being a 'Panther Man,' but, up to now, the complete silence of the guilty one—for one member alone of the society sacrificed himself for the others, and made up some report of the crime—made it impossible to know the precise details. The denunciation of a child and the arrest of several of the members at the same time were necessary to clear up the mystery that surrounded this secret society.

I wrote, when I dealt with the religious life, that the black man did not believe in natural death. If a wild beast has devoured a man of the village it is because a mischievous spirit has entered the animal and the natives try to find the one who sent the charm; hence the poison or other such ordeals used to discover the guilty.

With the 'Panther Men' the wild beast cannot be said to be the indirect cause of the death since they kill their victims themselves. All these secret societies have their fetish, the society with which we are dealing having an earthen vessel of variable size, shaped like a pot and made by the natives; it bears the name that means 'Panther' in the local dialect. It contains ground leaves that cling to its bottom when they are dry, for, in that vessel, the members of the society spill the blood and cook the flesh of their human offerings. It is out of the same vessel that the blood is taken to be drunk and the flesh to be devoured—blood and flesh being essential to their rites.

According to the accounts of its adherents, the power of this fetish is boundless; it springs from the condensation of the blood of the numerous victims, blood which has moistened the ground leaves in the bottom of the pot.

The organization of the society of 'Panther Men' is as follows: It is composed of three groups, each of which has two fetish pots. Each pot has two sacrificers: the chief of the group and his heir apparent, who officiate each in his turn. To their care, the fetish is committed. As for the members, they have the right to drink and to eat in all pots indiscriminately.

The society has its statutes. The number of lives offered up in sacrifices must always be the same between the three groups and, within the group, between the two fetish pots. When that equality has been lost, a lapse of two years is allowed to recover it.

When the chief of a fetish pot dies, his heir, at his accession to the office, must sacrifice a man and a woman. The man must always be slain first. To be a member of the society, the novice must offer up a victim: man, woman or child.

It is worth noting that the victims must be chosen, as far as possible, among the near maternal relatives of the one offering the sacrifice—mother, sister, brother, uncle, aunt, niece or nephew. Besides such victims, hunting expeditions provide the fetish pot with victims. They are especially directed against persons who incur the hatred, the jealousy, the scorn or who excite the cupidity of the members of the society.

If no motive exists, they create one. For instance, a few members call on him whose death they desire and ask him to lend them a considerable sum of money. The man will ask for time, or say he does not possess the sum. They insist, repeat everywhere that he is a bad friend, that they asked him to render them a service and that he refused. The motive is thus created.

Refusal of one of the members to accept or to give up the victim chosen by the majority of them is punished by death. Any novice who refuses to conform to the practices of the society is likewise put to death. When the majority orders it, any of its members may be put to death.

A curious particular should be mentioned: the members have no watchword, no sign whatever. They say they recognize each other by sight. The partners belonging to the same fetish pot meet at the request of any of them. Such a request must be sent to the chief who appoints the place and the date of meeting.

The secret deliberations always deal with the choice of a victim. He who asks for a meeting speaks first and names the person who is to be sacrificed. He gives the reasons for his choice, which are almost always accepted by the assembly; in case two parties should happen to oppose each other, the stronger one carries the day.

THE performance of the drama may be divided into four stages: the carrying off of the victim, the sacrifice, the removing of the sacrifice, the alarm in the village.

The carrying off of the victim is, as may be expected, the most delicate and the most perilous of these operations. For two or three days the members of the society make traces of wild beasts all around the village, to allay suspicion and to prevent the inhabitants from venturing out late at night.

On the appointed day, all the members of the fetish pot gather in a part of the forest previously chosen. A torch is lighted. The chief takes three broad leaves, puts white earth in one, red powder in another and black powder in the third. These ingredients are diluted with water. Then, with the help of the elders, the chief prepares those members who are to draw near the village. They strip off their clothes, and, with his forefinger, the chief covers their faces and bodies with white and red dots.

Each now goes to the post appointed for him, and two or three of the most clever silently creep into the hut of their intended victim. The latter is at once gagged, seized by the neck, and dragged outside where others are waiting. They tie him and carry him to the outskirts of the forest. There they find the rest of their troop and together they take the victim to the place of sacrifice. There they meet the chief sitting beside the fetish pot holding a long knife. The victim is placed at his feet.

Immediately he is laid flat on the ground. The chief stands on the right of him beside his head, a man near him raises the right arm of the victim, another, on his left, places his hands over his eyes and grasps his throat, a fourth is at his feet and a fifth unties the bonds about his neck. The others stand around.

I mentioned that the sacrificed person usually is a relative of one of the members. In such a case, before slaying him, the chief laments his death. If he is a stranger, he rejoices.

The victim is then killed and the flesh eaten.

When all is over the chief wipes his knife with a bit of raffia, puts it in the pot with the stuff, covers this and carries the pot into its shelter, which is nothing other than a hole dug in the earth, about one foot deep and just wide enough for the pot. He puts the fetish pot at the bottom of that hole, recovers it with leaves and places a piece of dead wood over the whole.

Paris the Creator and Thinker

(*Continued from page 6*)

is a bank. I have other masterpieces in store for you'—laughs Progress—'and other people are getting ready to amuse you.'

And really the Parisian, who is broadening in his outlook as the thoroughfares of the city are broadening and developing, is no more apt today to linger regretfully over the past than are other people. The Parisian is becoming more and more modern, and the old 'boulevard' type is out of date. He thinks perhaps of the past, and he certainly honors old traditions and the great ones of his race; but he looks forward to the future even more.

In no city of the world is the memory of its past great citizens so well preserved as here in statues and memorial tablets, from Sarah Bernhardt and General Joseph Gallieni—who have been commemorated quite recently—to Charles Paul de Kock, that genial humorist and depicter of Parisian life in the fifties and sixties, while the cult of Joan of Arc grows in intensity each year.

But the Parisian soon passes from thoughts such as these, and gives his interest to the development of motoring and aviation, to the great new modern buildings that are springing up all over the city, and to the changes in its life, work and pleasures. If their fathers had their memorable feasts in the heart of the city, today the Parisians think more of their pleasures in the many delightful spots in the farther suburbs, whither their cars take them; and if the tide of life and activity is moving more and more from the center of the city, it is also a fact that new theaters, new places of amusement are already being added in all parts of it, instead of being grouped in a small circle as before—and not only these, but new centers of intellectual and artistic activity.

If to the foreigner and the passer-by Paris is more often than not a city of pleasure, to the real Parisian and those who live in it permanently, it is a center of strenuous artistic and intellectual effort which blossoms eventually into the great and preëminent fact—Paris the creator and thinker.

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The Adventure of the Beautiful Things

(*Continued from page 13*)

a dozen things at the most. Your mother may be blind, but if the whole house was stripped she must notice something.'

'Well, then,' he began again, 'there's the Tang horse, the Daubigny, the two Rembrandt etchings, those two plates—' And so he went on with a list as large as the first one.

'We shall not take more than eight things,' I said firmly. 'If you won't agree, I'll leave the house instantly, and will have nothing more to do with it.'

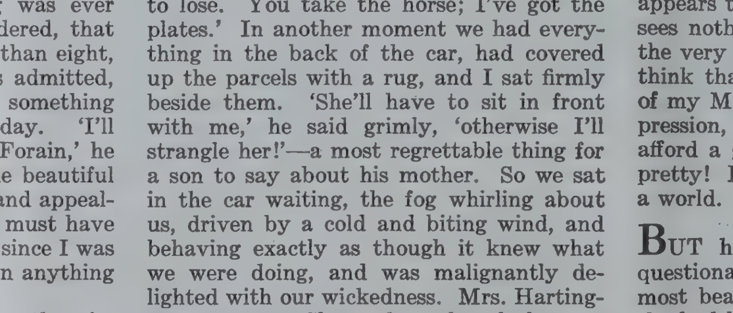
HE SAW reluctantly the justice of this, and we spent then a most pathetic half-hour, taking things up, putting them down, stroking them, holding them under the light from every possible angle, sighing and exulting and sighing again. At last, however, we got to work. We chose the Tang horse, the two Rembrandts, the two plates, the Daubigny, the Constable and the jeweled crucifix. Fortunately these things left no very striking spaces. The pictures hung from a cornice, and a very little shifting of other pictures filled the empty spaces. We put a Chinese camel in the place of the horse, and a lovely dark-red bowl where the plates had been. The real trouble then began. About the Forain—he must take it, he loved it better than anything there. It was the exquisite 'Return of the Prodigal Son,' and if anything was ever vocal in its appeal to be considered, that was. But I was firm. No more than eight, I said. I knew that if this was admitted, there would be trouble about something else—we should be there all day. 'I'll leave the crucifix and take the Forain,' he said. And then he looked at the beautiful ivory Christ, so pale and gentle and appealing. He shook his head. 'No, I must have the crucifix. It's been there ever since I was a kid; it belongs to me more than anything else in the house.'

Meanwhile I had wrapped up the pictures and etchings and put them in the car. I was holding the Tang horse in my arms, and just about to wrap it up, when the door opened and we heard a voice: 'David, you here! I have been at that station a whole hour. There's no hope of the train. It's too provoking! How do you do?'—rather stiffly to me. My heart hammered. I had mechanically put the horse back on the mantelpiece, where it stood rather indignantly beside the camel, and then gazed like a fool, with my mouth open.

David, however, was marvelous; he rose to the situation as though he had never known any other. 'So sorry about the train, mother,' he said; 'it is bad luck. But you'll have a nice quiet Sunday, with no engagements with tiresome people whom you don't really want to see.'

'That's all very well,' she answered impatiently, looking about her. 'How foggy this room is! It seems to get in everywhere. Where's Elsie? I must have something to eat. You've had your lunch, I suppose?'

'Yes, mother,' said David calmly, 'we have. We're just off.'



She turned round. Her eyes rested on the two Rembrandts.

She looked about her, and, as it seemed to me, most penetratingly; it was the fog that disturbed her. She walked up and down, indignant that anything should dare to interfere with her well-arranged plans. My heart seemed to stop beating; she actually went up to the mantelpiece and in an absent-minded way laid her hand on the camel. Then she walked off again, and, to my horror, stared straight at the place where the two Rembrandts ought to be. 'This fog makes everything so filthy,' she said. 'I can't imagine why they haven't discovered something to stop it. How stupid people are!'

There was worse to follow. She turned towards us with that determined jerk of her head that I was already beginning to know so well. 'I know what I'll do,' she said. 'I suppose that's your car I saw standing outside. If you're going off now, you shall take me as far as the Women's Constitutional; I'll have something to eat there.'

EVEN now David didn't lose his head. 'All right, mother,' he said. 'You'd better speak to Elsie about your being here over the week-end, then come along with us.'

'Yes, I will,' she answered, and moved out of the room.

He turned to me. 'We haven't a moment to lose. You take the horse; I've got the plates.' In another moment we had everything in the back of the car, had covered up the parcels with a rug, and I sat firmly beside them. 'She'll have to sit in front with me,' he said grimly, 'otherwise I'll strangle her!'—a most regrettable thing for a son to say about his mother. So we sat in the car waiting, the fog whirling about us, driven by a cold and biting wind, and behaving exactly as though it knew what we were doing, and was malignantly delighted with our wickedness. Mrs. Hartington came out. She made as though she were going to get into the back of the car.

'No, mother,' said David, 'you sit in front with me; it'll be warmer for you.'

Here I think her dislike of me assisted us; she would rather not sit with me if she could help it, and she planted herself in her solid, determined, ruthless fashion beside her son.

Once she looked back. 'Have you been shopping?' she asked. 'What are all those things under the rug?'

'Yes, I've been shopping,' David answered. 'Please don't talk, mother, if you don't mind; this fog makes driving so difficult.'

We did indeed have a most helter-skelter journey, and took a long time to reach the Women's Constitutional. When she had at last disappeared behind those gloomy portals, I could have cried with relief.

'You see, I was right,' he said excitedly, as we drove towards his flat; 'she didn't notice a thing.'

'You didn't give her much chance,' I replied. 'The test will be when you've got them up in your flat.'

As we approached the final climax, my excitement became terrific. There seemed to me to be very much more in this than Mrs. Hartington's anger or David's disappointment. It was a test for the whole of humanity. Could it really be that there were people in the world, healthy, normal, intelligent people, who cared so little for beautiful things that they simply did not see them when they were right in front of their noses? I had myself known something of this. I was in my own way a small collector—some etchings and prints, a few rare books, some bronzes—and I had realized what every collector realizes, the disappointment when some friend who appears to regard life very much as you do sees nothing at all in something that stirs the very depths of your being. 'Well, I do think that's pretty,' a lady had once said of my Meryon 'Morgue,' a rather poor impression, because, of course, I couldn't afford a good one. The Meryon 'Morgue' pretty! It certainly takes all sorts to make a world.

BUT here would be the supreme unquestionable test. Here were some of the most beautiful things in the world, things she had known all her life; we surely could not escape.

As you may imagine, we had an exciting time arranging them in David's flat. The flat was small, but the sitting-room was a nice, square chamber with a high ceiling. What he had in it was good, but not so good, of course, as these new possessions.

'If you put the Tang horse on the mantelpiece,' I said, 'you're simply asking for it; it's impossible that she should not notice it.'

But he was determined; his conscience would not be appeased unless he set himself the uttermost test. The Daubigny was in his bedroom, the jeweled crucifix on his writing-table, the blue plates in his dining-room. Then he asked his mother to lunch, and asked me, too.

'Oh, I'm not coming,' I answered. 'For one thing, I couldn't bear the suspense; for another, if there is a row, it would be so awkward, my being there.'

'Of course you've got to come,' he answered irritably; the strain was getting on his nerves. 'The very fact that she doesn't like you will take her attention off the room. You can't desert me now.' And I couldn't; my curiosity was too strong.

The fatal day was beautiful, spring-like, warm and full of sun; everything showed up as clearly as could be. I couldn't believe but that in the first minute she would exclaim at the Tang horse. She stood there looking about her; she obviously had something on her mind. She looked around, her eyes lighting first here, then there. She went up to the mantelpiece, stared straight at the horse, gazed and gazed at it. Well, now of course we were done. I know that David thought so; I could see it in his eyes. Well, what of it? He was, after all, her own son. She could not put him into gaol; she could only indignantly have the things sent back again, and sell them immediately. It would mean ignominy for me and bitter disappointment for him—indeed, I saw that it could in a way ruin his whole life. He would always be longing for these things; they would persistently destroy, by their absence, his pleasure in any other of his possessions. He would never be able to afford to buy them back; he was, in a way, a ruined man.

She turned round; we waited for our doom. Her eyes rested on the two Rembrandts. 'David,' she said, her voice passionately determined, 'I want another word of five letters for mantelpiece; you must help me.'

'You want what?' David gasped.

'Another word of five letters for mantelpiece. I have nearly done the thing. I have been at it all the morning. Now, just think.' She produced a cross-word puzzle, cut from an evening paper, out of her little bag. 'You see,' she explained, 'table's all right, and it must be "Sahara," but forty-one down beats me altogether.'

He threw at me a look of triumph. 'All right, mother, we'll see what we can do.' His man murmured something at the door; we all went in to luncheon.

My Friend—John Burroughs

(Continued from page 3)

over the world to see him as I saw him, talking with children, holding an orange-colored lizard in his hand or plucking a bee from a weed. In baggy well-worn trousers, and a faded yellow sweater, with his noble head bared to the sun and the breeze, he makes a picture which no one can forget. He looked like a handsome old farmer, but he was in truth a poet, and a philosopher of brave and original thought.

The highly sophisticated man or woman found nothing attractive in Burroughs. He was neither witty nor humorous, nor suggestive in his talk. He knew little and cared nothing for the activities of either the smart-intellectual set, or the smart social set. He was not much of a talker at any time, but in answer to question he could express himself in picturesque and powerful phrase. So far as I know he never wore a long-tailed coat, and evening dress was as far from his use as a military uniform. As his beard grew gray, he came to remind me of Whitman. His head was almost as large and as finely proportioned as old Walt's.

He was the man of letters, master not merely of his subject but of the English language. He and Howells were the last of that splendid group of writers whose work laid the nation-wide basis of American literature. As he sat by my fire, kindly, serious, rather negative, often a little remote, he seemed a countryman, a farmer interested in birds, the weather, and the neighbors. The gulf between the philosopher with a pen in his hand and the plain countryman was very wide. He was an artist in the use of words—written words. It was only in speech that he permitted himself to use the vernacular.

Long as I had known him, it was difficult for me fully to realize the immense range of his reading and the ground he had covered in speculation. It is only now, after rereading his books in their proper order that I am able to estimate in something like a just degree the depth and patience of his intellectual discipline and the lasting beauty of his style.

On the farm his grandfather cleared, in in the pasture just above Woodchuck Lodge, rests a huge sandstone rock, and one day as we were standing beside it John placed his hand upon it and said, 'Garland, I played on this rock eighty years ago,' and then after a pause and pointing toward the eastern side of the boulder, he added, 'And right there I am to lie in my final sleep.'

Deeply moved by his tone as well as by his words, I stood in silence while my mind ran over the circling path of his life. How American it all was! Here as a farmer's son he had begun his life, and here, after more than fourscore years of wandering and toil, he was about to lie down in the shadow of his childhood's rock and be mixed with the earth from which he sprang. There was a quiet majesty in the design.

His wishes were carried out. He died on a train as he was hastening home from California, and on the first of April, his eighty-third birthday, his friends and neighbors joined with his relatives in the simple ceremony of his burial. As one of his friends I stood beside that great rock and read a part of the service, and as my eyes took in the picture of that lovely valley and my ears caught the songs of the first spring birds, it seemed a most fitting end to a life which had been spent almost wholly in the open.

Henry Ford has bought this farm in order that it shall be a perpetual memorial, and the Burroughs Association has taken over the care and preservation of Slabsides, but the monument which will take care of itself and outlast all others is the shelf of books with his name upon their title-pages. Those who cannot make pilgrimage to his last resting-place can walk with him *Under the Apple Trees* and taste with him *Locusts and Wild Honey*. His place is beside Emerson and Thoreau.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, the Ford International Weekly, published weekly at Dearborn, Michigan, for April 1, 1927, State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Black, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan; Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Fred L. Black, Dearborn, Michigan.

2. That the owners holding one per cent or more of the stock are:

The Ford Motor Company of Delaware; Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; E. G. Liebold, Detroit, Michigan; Clifford B. Longley, Royal Oak, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders, who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED L. BLACK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1927.

[SEAL] ISABEL LAWTHER.
(My Commission expires Sept. 24, 1930.)

The Gate God Ruth

(Continued from page 7)

The danger to pitchers is not limited to Ruth. The pitcher begins pressing, and often over-pressing, before Ruth appears. He tries to have bases clear when Ruth steps to the plate so that if Ruth does connect only one run will result.

Because of the power of his wallop Ruth may easily be called the most effective single weapon that attack in baseball has known. To overcome the handicap that he places on them, pitchers have got into the habit of intentionally walking Ruth. He has walked 1,080 times. He drew 1,069 bases on balls in the last ten years. This recourse has caused much criticism with an ever-increasing demand that the men in authority pass a rule making it impossible for pitchers to walk a batter purposely.

His record of last year will illustrate. Ruth drew 144 bases on balls. This means that Ruth walked on an average of nearly once out of every four times he came to bat. Most of these bases on balls were given intentionally. The majority of pitchers are under instructions to walk Ruth any time first base is vacant and the score is close. Other pitchers are instructed to walk him any time the score is close regardless of whether first base is occupied. A few will even walk him with bases filled, preferring to see one run score rather than take a chance of seeing four runners trot over the plate.

While Ruth was collecting 144 bases on balls he made 184 hits and scored 139 runs. His hits totaled 365 bases, giving him an average of nearly two bases for each hit. He made 30 two-baggers, 5 three-baggers and 47 home runs. Most of his extra-base hits were four-baggers. He struck out 76 times but he drove in 155 runs and that was nearly one-fifth of the total number of runs that New York scored in winning the American League pennant last year. Ruth's bat, incidentally, made New York the heaviest scoring team in the country.

He has been, for a number of years, the outstanding star of the game. He draws the highest salary any ball player or any manager ever received. His salary is larger than the profits of the majority of professional baseball teams.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'You never can tell when speeches made in Congress will really be verified,' remarked ***the Man From Bayou Teche.*** 'Take Thomas Jefferson's salt mountains.

'You know when Jefferson was urging the Louisiana Purchase he made a speech that was considered the joke of the season. "One extraordinary fact relative to salt must not be omitted," he reported to Congress. " . . . a salt mountain. The existence of such a mountain might well be questioned were it not for the testimony of several respectable and enterprising traders who have exhibited several bushels of salt to the curiosity of the people of St. Louis. This mountain is said to be 180 miles long and 45 miles in width, composed of solid rock salt, without trees or even shrubs on it."

'People made all manner of fun of Jefferson's salt mountain. They asked him if there were islands of hasty pudding in the Louisiana Purchase, and salt began to season the beliefs of those against the purchase. Fifteen million dollars to be spent for a place full of wild animals and huge Indians, for an enormous wilderness overrun with ferocious bears and gigantic snakes? There were not that many dollars in the Treasury. Even in 1803 there were statisticians who estimated everything in miles and end-to-end laying, and they figured that $15,000,000, stacked dollar on dollar, would make a stack three miles high, and that it would require 866 wagons to haul the money.

'Yet there were some people who had so much faith in Mr. Jefferson that they even believed his story of a salt mountain! His enemies and the wits of the day sang:

> Jefferson lately of Bonaparte bought
> To pickle his fame, a mountain of salt.

'Of course Thomas Jefferson's mountain was slightly exaggerated. The salt domes of Louisiana are really subterranean hills, ranging from 75 to 150 feet above gulf level. Because they are surrounded by flat marshland they appear young mountains. The salt deposits are in huge plugs one or two miles in diameter and thousands of feet deep. These plugs are located in at least twenty-five different parts of the state. The deepest boring ever made through solid salt was drilled on one of the five big salt islands, and the drill was still in solid pure salt at a depth of nearly three thousand feet.

'In twenty years two mines have produced over $16,186,000 worth of salt. To date Louisiana has produced about 5,000,000 tons of salt, yet the resources of the state have scarcely been touched. It is estimated that 50,000,000,000 tons of salt still remain under the soil of the state.'

* * *

'New York is full of bad plays,' said ***the Theatrical Man;*** 'bad not only in construction, but more emphatically in dialog and morals. People are raising a great hullabaloo, demanding reform of the drama; the managers smile, keep on promising to reform, while they put on still worse plays and rake in the profits from the big, morbid-minded audiences that are attracted by the clamor.

'Meanwhile the theatrical managers have abandoned the "road." They profess to be puzzled why the "road" doesn't pay any longer. They remember the time when they could depend upon a season of successful performances in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and then the less populous cities and towns after a play had manifested its popularity on the New York stage. Now local successes repeat themselves in Boston or Chicago, but rarely appear in New York. New York plays are to be seen at times in Los Angeles and San Francisco, but not performed by the New York companies; it's the custom of the profession now to send the manuscripts to the Pacific Coast, where local companies produce them.

'The answer is plain enough; the "road" no longer cares for the average run of show that is popular in the metropolis. It shows its preference for the other kind. In the last few years George Arliss has been touring in *Old English*, and the venture has proved successful—outside New York. Another "road" success has been that of Helen Hayes, in Sir James M. Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows*. Now her manager is going to present Barrie's *Legend of Leonora* in cities other than New York, with Grace George in the rôle made familiar by Maude Adams. No proof is wanting that dramatic appeal can be made profitably to audiences outside of the New York barriers with plays from the hands of noted writers, interpreted by distinguished players.'

* * *

Said ***the American*** recently returned from China: 'Most folks think a revolution has been going on in China for several years. It is only lately, however, that the Chinese people have been in revolt. Heretofore, it has been merely a war between rival military governors. The people have finally awakened though and the present movement is toward national unification and independence. Although it may look rather black at present, we are near the day when China will have a centralized representative government. Since returning to America I have found much misinterpretation as to what the Chinese nationalistic movement actually means. With reference to this agitation against foreigners we hear so much about: When one realizes that China has not been free from various types of foreign control for the past fifty years, that it is a nation with fewer shreds of sovereignty than any other nation in the world and that it has twenty mistresses through imposed treaties, one is not so inclined to blame them for anti-foreign sentiment and for their intention to achieve both national and economic independence. There is talk of the Chinese becoming communists. To anyone who really understands the Chinese character, this is laughable. Their family system alone is of such a nature that communism will never be achieved in that country. It is true there is a left wing to the Nationalistic party which is inclined to accept the aid of the Russians but this does not mean that the Soviet system of government will also be put into force.'

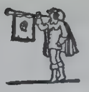
* * *

'It isn't only the dirt farmer who raises the good things to eat,' said ***the Epicure.*** 'Do you know that there are now some 70,000 oyster farmers in this country and that their annual crop amounts to something like 35,000,000 bushels? The United States heads the world in oyster production, the Atlantic and Gulf Coast States leading in the crop, while Chesapeake Bay is its chief source. Oysters from the Atlantic seaboard have been planted in Pacific waters with great success, but although I've seen shiploads of seed oysters taken from the famous Bluepoint, Long Island, beds and shipped to England, American oysters won't flourish in British waters, where they refuse to reproduce. Long Island oyster growers sustain large losses from inroads of the starfish, which come in from deep water in big shoals, gobbling up every oyster in their path, and no remedy has yet been found to stop this loss. Every trade has its own tricks, I suppose, and the oyster farmers aren't above one which makes their product plumper and fatter to the eye. This is done by transferring their crop from sea water to nearly fresh water for fattening; but the practice merely swells the bivalve and destroys its flavor. In some communities there are laws against this "plumping" process. Oyster fanciers are getting more numerous every year, and they ought to keep on the watch against such tricks that render their bivalves less palatable.'

* * *

'There really seems to be some movement under way to make jazz music permanent in this country,' said ***the Musician.*** 'I don't for a moment believe it's going to succeed, backed as it may be by moneyed folk. An orchestra leader, popular in New York, expressed the opinion that jazz is the folk music of the machine age. Then comes an international banker, whose son is a jazz orchestra leader and is planning to organize a chain of jazz orchestras throughout the country, who is quoted as saying that "jazz embodies the spirit of America, expressed in dynamic and rhythmic impulse." These pretty-sounding phrases, on second thought, really don't mean anything; nobody can seriously hold that jazz music is the folk music of America. We all know that it is the folk music of the Negro, carrying the rhythm of the banjo or the tom-tom, and ten to fifteen years ago, people heard just such rhythms and idioms picked out on banjos and banged out on old pianos in the levee dives on the banks of western and southern rivers. All the blare and impressiveness of clever orchestration, all the dancing in silken finery, can't conceal the vision of the black bodies of Negro roustabouts indulging in their favorite pastime, and if jazz is to be the foundation upon which American music of the future is to be built, its origin won't be American folk music but African barbarism.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?



Question: I should like to know something of the official purpose of the Bureau of the Budget of the United States

Answer: The Bureau of the Budget was created by the act approved June 10, 1921. It is in the Treasury Department but not under the jurisdiction or direction of that department. The Bureau is under the immediate direction of the President. Under rules and regulations prescribed by the President, the Bureau prepares for him the annual budget and such supplemental or deficiency estimates as the President may recommend from time to time to Congress. To this end the Bureau has authority under the act, 'to assemble, correlate, revise, reduce, or increase the estimates of the several departments and establishments.' The act requires the head of each department and establishment to appoint a budget officer whose duty it is to prepare, under his direction, the departmental estimates of appropriations and such supplemental or deficiency estimates as may be required.

* * *

Q. Why does the Federal Government withhold so secretly the location of its good lands and the location of vast timbered lands?

A. The Government does not withhold the location of any of its lands. Vacant land circular No. 1083 shows the area and approximate character of the remaining unappropriated and unreserved public lands in the various counties of the public land. The name of states and further and more detailed information may be obtained by a personal inspection of the local land office records or the records in the General Land Office which are open for inspection by interested parties whenever their use of the same will not interfere with the orderly dispatch of public business.

* * *

Q. Is it a fact that large interests are withholding large tracts of land without sufficient title and moneyed men are acquiring large holdings from the Government at a small price per acre?

A. These lands may be disposed of only by the duly constituted authorities of the Government and under laws enacted by Congress. Information as to the provisions of these laws is available to every citizen and the records of the General Land Office are public records open to all reasonable inspection. Any specific complaint that public lands are held without warrant of law would be investigated and appropriate action taken to enforce the provisions of the applicable statutes. As to the price for which public lands may be acquired, they are subject to disposition only pursuant to the laws of Congress and are not subject to private sale.

* * *

Q. Which of the two have the more hard-surfaced roads, Virginia or North Carolina?

A. Virginia has approximately 2,400 miles of hard-surfaced highways, while North Carolina has 3,335 miles.

Q. Is a free-born Negro who was drafted as a laborer in the Confederate army entitled to a pension?

A. If he served in the Confederate army during the Civil War, he would have no title to pension under federal laws as they provide pension based only on service in the forces of the United States.

* * *

Q. When was Mitchel Field established and how did they arrive at the name Mitchel?

A. The area now known as Mitchel Field was turned over to the War Department on July 1, 1917, construction work having been begun during that month. The field was originally designated as Field No. 2 at Mineola, Long Island. On July 16, 1918, the field was given the name 'Mitchel Field' in memory of the late Major John Puroy Mitchel, Aviation Section, Signal Reserve Corps, who was killed in an aviation accident at Gerstner Field, Louisiana, on July 6, 1918.

* * *

Q. Who were the United States delegates to the so-called Disarmament Conference? What other nations participated and who represented them?

A. Delegates plenipotentiary to the conference held at Washington, D. C., beginning on November 12, 1921, were: United States: Charles E. Hughes, Chairman of the Conference; Henry Cabot Lodge, Elihu Root, and Oscar W. Underwood. Belgium: Baron de Cartier. Great Britain: David Lloyd George (unable to attend), Right Honorable A. J. Balfour, Right Honorable Lord Lee of Fareham, Sir Auckland Geddes. Canada: Right Honorable Sir Robert Borden. Australia: Honorable G. F. Pearce. New Zealand: Judge Sir John Salmond. India: Right Honorable Srinivasa Sastri. China: Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, V. K. Wellington Koo, Chief Justice Chung-Hui Wang, Chao-Chu Wu. France: Aristide Briand, René Viviani, M. Albert Sarraut, Jules Jusserand. Italy: Senator Carlo Schanzer, Vittorio Rolandi-Ricci, Senator Luigi Albertini, Filippo Meda. Japan: Baron Tomosaburo Kato, Baron Kijuro Shidehara, Prince Iyesato Tokugawa, Masanao Hanihara. Netherlands: Jonkheer H. A. van Karnebeek, Jonkheer F. Beelaerts van Blokland, Dr. E. Moresco. Alternate delegates: Dr. J. C. A. Everwijn, Jonkheer W. H. de Beaufort. Portugal: Viscount d'Alte, Captain E. de Vasconcellos.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Q. What are the last four amendments to the United States Constitution?

A. The Sixteenth Amendment authorizing income taxes; the Seventeenth providing for the election of United States Senators by direct popular vote; the Eighteenth declaring nation-wide prohibition and the Nineteenth granting suffrage to women.

* * *

Q. Is there any bird census of the United States?

A. It has been ascertained through surveys that birds in the agricultural districts in the northeastern United States average slightly more than a pair to the acre, though in parts of the arid West and on the treeless plains this number dwindles to an average of half a pair, or even less, to the acre. By far the birds most numerous in the United States are the robin and the English sparrow, but total numbers run well into the millions.

* * *

Q. What are commonly known as the seven wonders of the ancient world?

A. The Pyramids of Egypt and the Sphinx; the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Temple of Diana in Asia Minor; the Statue of Jupiter Olympus in Greece; the Mausoleum of Mausolus, King of Caria, in Asia Minor; the Pharos of Alexandria in Egypt and the Colossus of Rhodes on the Island of Rhodes.

* * *

Q. What was the meaning of the Quebec Act?

A. The Quebec Act, one of the 'Five Intolerable Acts' directed against Boston after the Boston Tea Party, extended the boundary of the Province of Quebec southward to the Ohio, interfering with the territorial claims of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and Virginia. This province was to be governed by a viceroy with despotic powers; no popular meetings, no freedom of the press.

* * *

Q. Can a person take up a homestead in a reserve?

A. A homestead entry cannot be made for lands in a petroleum reserve unless some special law or act of Congress makes provision for authorizing allowance of homestead entries therein. Such provision has been made for lands within a petroleum reserve other than a naval petroleum reserve by the Act of July 17, 1914 (38 Stat., 509), for lands within coal reserves by the Act of June 22, 1910 (36 Stat., 583), and for certain lands in national forests by the Act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233).

* * *

Q. What is the standard gauge of the railways in the United States?

A. The standard gauge of railways is four feet eight and one-half inches in the United States, Great Britain, Canada, France, Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, Sweden, and European Turkey. That is to say, it is fifty-six and one-half inches from the inside of one rail to the inside of the opposite rail, about five-eighths of an inch below the top of the railhead.

I READ IN THE PAPERS

A Temperance Lecturer of the Forties

From the diary of a prominent Philadelphia merchant of a century ago, comes this excerpt anent early prohibition propaganda. The diary is being reprinted daily in the *Public Ledger:*

'Wednesday, January 15, 1845.

'In the Afternoon I went to hear a celebrated Temperance Lecturer, named J. B. Gough, who addressed a vast assemblage at the Presbyterian Church (Dr. McDowell's) at the corner of 8th & Cherry Sts.

I could hardly obtain even standing Room, but got a place where I could both see and hear him, in the Gallery. He is a young Man, of about 24 years of age, with a thin countenance & pale complexion, and of a sanguine temperament. His style of speaking is florid, and his words flow out in a continued stream, without much break; while his action is energetic and sometimes fit and beautiful; but his matter was mostly about himself, & his own experience, and did not contain anything new, or even old truths beautifully illustrated. I did not therefore consider him pre-eminent as a public speaker.'

* * *

Edison didn't get his reputation by inventing excuses.—Washington Post.

* * *

The Charleston in South Africa

Condemning the Charleston as a barbaric dance, an American missionary in South Africa says that he has seen it danced by savages in the African jungle. That is no more unlikely than the claim that the new Black Bottom dance, which has recently come to London from America, may be seen by Negroes on the banks of the Mississippi when they wipe the black mud of the river bed from their feet.

The white man dances for the fun of it, savages usually dance with some serious object, apart from the natural exhilaration which they, like us, get out of dancing. A kind of savage Charleston, known as *lombo ia ntutue*, for instance, is danced by old women of the Iramba tribe, who live on the Daua Plateau in Tanganyika, to celebrate the birth of twins. This dance which only the grandmothers of the twins (grand-aunts and cousins being included in that description) may take part in, and which the old ladies will keep up from one dawn to the next without fatigue, is really a motion-play of the newly born twins' future lives. Before the dance starts offerings are made to the tribal sun god, Munankali, to invoke the deity's blessing on the twins.

In the dance each old woman carries some domestic utensil, such as a vegetable ladle, or some hunter's equipment, such as a spear, while around their heads are bound coronets of zebra mane. With these articles the grandmothers symbolize how the boy-twin shall grow up a strong-hearted warrior and hunter; how the girl-twin shall prove a good wife, dexterous with the hut cleaning and cunning with the ladle.

Wonderful effects, ranging from a lullaby murmur to a howling roaring wail, from an exhilarating tattoo to a blood-curdling growl, are produced from the drums by no other means than the woman player's hands!

This savage Charleston has all the steps and measures of our European dance of that name, and it is thoroughly enjoyed by those who dance it as well as by the huge crowd of women and warriors who gather to watch it.

As we have refreshments during intervals of dancing, so savages enjoy honey-wine, grain-beer, and a kind of malt-cup known as migai. The men sit in one group, drinking and yarning. The women in another group gossip as women love to, and for the amusement of unmarried girls, a delightful interlude which would disgrace no London concert hall is provided by a kigele player, who plays on a primitive five-note piccolo sweet melodies which mimic the voices of lovers so exquisitely that the poorest imagination could not fail to fit words to the meaning of the music.

The girls dance minuettes to the kigele music; while for the entertainment of the more sober-minded married women, the musician imitates very accurately on his pipe the angry notes of a matrimonial squabble.

'Fulahn.'—London *Sphere*, February 5, 1927.

* * *

After we arrange for the custody of alien property, the next thing is custody for the custodian.—Detroit *News*.

* * *

Harmon Awards Give New Incentive

In the second series of the William E. Harmon Awards, the sum of $4,000 is offered in recognition of outstanding accomplishments among Negroes, who are thereby given another incentive to creative work in music, fine arts, the sciences, business organization and religious work. The results of the first year of the series just closed were regarded as most encouraging in that such talent was discovered as that of Palmer C. Hayden, an artist whose paintings were executed in a small room in New York's Greenwich Village in the free hours he had from his work as a housecleaner; James C. Evans, a former student of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whose findings in radio were considered valuable contributions to the science, and others who gave constructively to various fields of endeavor.

Poetry, short story, essay, book, newspaper editorial or play, all of which, except for the manuscript of a book, must have been previously published, is the type of material that may be entered for the award in literature. The field of music includes song scores, instrumental scores for single instruments or ensemble, oratorios and operas. Painting, sculpture, drawing, engraving, modeling or architecture are possible for nominations for the award in fine arts. The field of business, including industry, covers creative achievements in agriculture, manufacturing, mechanical and commercial enterprises.

Seven first awards of $400 with gold medals and the same number of second awards of $100 with bronze medals will be given in the fields of literature, music, fine arts, business including industry, science including invention, education, and religious service. Both white and colored persons are eligible for an eighth award of $500 with a gold medal which will be given to the individual making the most distinctive contribution during the year to the betterment of relations between the two races.

* * *

Anybody who has ever tried to argue with one Chinaman over a laundry ticket realizes the futility of arguing with 400,000,000 Chinamen on foreign policy.—Dallas *News*.

* * *

From the Professors' Logbook

Here are some choice examples from the logbook of 'howlers,' kept by instructors in the Department of English at the University of Carolina:

In *King Lear* Edmund 'committed a base act and allowed his illegitimate father to see a forged letter.' Cordelia's death was 'the straw that broke the camel's back and killed the king.' Lear's fool was 'prostrated on the neck of the king.'

Hotspur, according to a sophomore, 'was a wild, irresolute man. He loved honor above all. He would go out and kill twenty Scotchmen before breakfast.'

A list of Shakespeare's plays said to have been read by sophomores included *Common Errors*. One student liked best of Dickens' novels his *Twin Cities;* another had read *The Tail of Two Cities.* A freshman preferred David Copperfield's novels to any Dickens wrote. Another recalled having read Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gabriels.*

Describing a singer, one freshman said, 'She had a charming voice of melodious noise.' Others wrote: 'He expressed various and Sunday reasons'; 'Being a tough hunk of meat, I passed up the steak'; 'I slid into my clothes like a minuet man going to a fire'; 'When I was borned, I was borned with the measles.'

* * *

What Are the Poor Burglars to Do?

For more than six weeks workmen have been trying to demolish a bank vault in a merged financial institution in Wall Street. It took them thirty-two days alone to remove the two doors, each of which had a weight of close to forty tons. When built, the vault was of a new design, of which it was the first example. It carried not only a high-class torch and tool-resisting material, but also an interior buttressing element, which consisted of internal ribs cast on the resisting material. What is giving the most trouble to the wreckers is the composition plates, made of a preparation deriving its extreme torch-resisting properties from an oxide having the highest known melting point of commercially obtainable materials. This oxide was fused in electric furnaces at a temperature several thousand degrees higher than that at which a diamond is dissipated into gas.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Lord Palmerston, famous British premier, kept his inkwell about twelve feet from the desk where he stood at work. The short walk involved with every fresh dip made up his daily exercise.

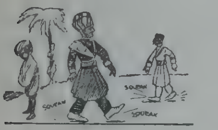
The Reverend John Duncan founded the first savings bank in Ruthwell village, Scotland, in 1810.

The Annual Rescue League presented a medal of bravery to a cat that had shown unusual heroism in rescuing one of its kittens from a burning building.

The word, 'and', occurs 46,277 times in the total of 773,746 words used in the Bible.

According to the estimate of a European specialist, there are fourteen million bobbed heads in America from which 3,500 tons of hair have been sheared or shingled.

The side saddle is again becoming popular among the women riders of London.



Minor princes and chiefs of India are wearing squeaky shoes to impress their barefooted subjects. Special shoes with squeaks (the louder the squeak the higher the price) are made by several English firms.

Eleanor Hayne of Cooperstown, New York, has twelve living grandparents, consisting of two grandmothers, four great-grandmothers, two great-great-grandmothers, two grandfathers and two great-great-grandfathers.

Tons of shoe polish are sent from England to Calcutta to meet the demand of the natives, who take the greatest pride in keeping their shoes glistening to the highest degree.

About one hundred words were added to the English language during the last year.

From the straw vote taken among the two thousand coeds of the University of Southern California, it was found that 'cave men' ran far behind 'home lovers' as preferred husbands.

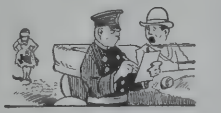
In a barber shop and beauty parlor for dogs in London, England, the charges for haircut and shampoos vary according to the size of the animal. The charge for the average dog is $2.50 and for a St. Bernard, $5.00.

There are 2,130,000 licensed radio listeners in England; 1,337,122 in Germany; 238,000 in Sweden; 114,492 in Denmark; 53,070 in Hungary, and 51,759 in Switzerland.

When Raymond L. Gathright of Virginia went to his cellar to remove some oysters from a barrel, he found that one oyster had captured a large rat.

In some circles of English society the snuffbox is again becoming popular.

In Great Britain the feet are used as an aid to identification and it has been shown that the inhabitants of London have long slim feet, those of Wales, low in the arch, and those of Scotland, broad in the sole.



Motorists of Montreal are fined for splashing mud on pedestrians while passing through pools of water at a high rate of speed. The bigger the splash the larger the fine.

The inhabitants of cold countries make the darkest bread, of the tropics the whitest. Cornstalks are used as an ingredient in bread in Mexico and Central America, dried fish is used in Iceland, potatoes in Ireland, chestnuts in Italy, and during lean years the bark of trees in Russia.

A German doctor has patented a clockwork apparatus to induce sleep. It makes a softly humming, monotonous sound for about forty minutes and then gradually dies away.

The feathers used in the making of boas come principally from the marabou, a stork-like bird, regarded as sacred by many African tribes.

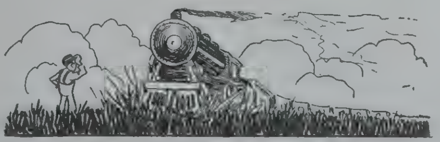
To obtain the aroma of the scented teas of China, the petals of the white jasmine and the 'yu lan,' a species of magnolia, are used. In some instances the petals are left and heated with the tea leaves.

In 1903 there were 68 books for each 1,000 of our population; in 1913 there were 89 for every 100; and in 1923, there were 115 for every 100.

In Russian factory schools, out of 8,205 pupils given a medical examination 5,122, or 62 per cent, were found to be sick. Those having tuberculosis numbered 1,347; anemia, 2,502; nervous troubles, 1,102; and so on.

From the early Babylonians came the sexagesimal system of dividing the day into twenty-four hours, subdividing the hour into sixty minutes, and the minutes into sixty seconds.

Owing to the strict opposition by the Dutch to the custom of head-hunting, the Borneo tribesmen, who once deemed fresh human heads necessary for many tribal rites, now borrow the heads, when lacking, from their neighbors.



A freight train in Nebraska was stalled for more than an hour by tumbleweeds that had become matted and filled with sifting dirt until it was impossible for the engine to pass.

Joliet, Illinois, with a population of 41,000, has had one robbery in 100 years.

The first tail-twisting of the British lion by Russia occurred in 1557. When the two lions sent to St. Petersburg by the King of England refused to enter the runway, the Russian sailors resorted to the tail-twisting trick to urge them on.

Within two weeks after its release more than 30,000 copies of the new 'obeyless' prayer book were sold by the Oxford Press.

An Italian law forbids the exportation of genuine antiques. Dealers pass off their shipments as fakes to elude the customs officers.

The first commercial factory for making ice was established in New Orleans in 1866.

Lieutenant W. F. Lynch, U. S. N., was in charge of the first American expedition that surveyed the Dead Sea eighty years ago. He accomplished in less than a year what countless others had failed to do.

Pet dogs in Paris are wearing on their left paw silver plates, resembling wrist watches, bearing the name and address of the wearer.

The jail in Londonderry, Nova Scotia, after being vacant for twenty years, was sold to a cobbler for thirty-five dollars.

Farmers of McDonald, Kansas, have formed the Wheat Growers' Club with a large golf links, restricting membership to farmers.

The 137 inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha, a desolate volcanic island in the South Atlantic, tasted ice cream and listened to a jazz orchestra for the first time recently when a party of American tourists stopped for four hours.

The men in the 'Heavenly Mountains' of Turkestan wear their hair in long, thick braids and baldness is practically unknown among them.

The process of preserving food in cans was perfected in 1804, by François Appert after he had experimented for nine years. He was awarded a $2,500 prize by Napoleon.

With the arrival of the first ship in fifteen years, the inhabitants of an island in the Bering Strait, between Siberia and Alaska, learned that Russia was no longer a monarchy.

Many of the ancients possessed great riches. Croesus owned landed property alone worth $6,000,000, Seneca's fortune was estimated at $14,000,000 and the estate of Tiberius at about $150,000,000.

Shelley the poet so enjoyed watching the progress of a paper boat on a body of water that, finding himself on the banks of The Serpentine without any paper, he used a fifty-pound note from which to fashion a boat.

NOTES · COMMENTS · CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses limitations.

* * *

Robert Frost's poem, 'Spring Pools,' appears on page 2 of the cover. It is a seasonable gem and Gerald Van der Heyden's facile pencil has given it an appropriate setting.

* * *

Comments on the chaotic condition of French finance especially as to the status of the franc are as varied as the wooded ridges of the Ardennes. But hitherto none of these critics has told us just what was wrong. Now at last we have a complete analysis of the whole matter from Professor E. Mireaux, a recognized authority. (p. 1)

* * *

Hamlin Garland knew John Burroughs as well as felt his influence. They exchanged confidences and ideas these two men and found that they had much in common. The author of *The Middle Border* series gives us one of the truest pictures of John Burroughs we have yet had. (p. 2)

* * *

Teignmouth Shore called on several of the leading intellectual women of London just to see if they could tell him where they and women in general were heading. The result of his pilgrimage is highly illuminating, especially for men. (p. 4)

* * *

Some delightful glimpses of modern Paris are afforded by A. M. Sommerville Story. It is not the Paris of the tourist but the Paris of the Parisians. (p. 6)

* * *

When a Greek athlete gained fame a crown of bay leaves was clapped on his head and everybody was happy. But modern men like Babe Ruth are given something more than a chaplet of evergreens. H. G. Salsinger shows just how this demigod of the baseball Olympus has emerged from the ruck of bat-handlers. (p. 7)

* * *

There are poets and minor poets. Here is a story of the latter—those whose muse is sadly lame, but who cannot or do not realize this, and are ever hopeful that their bits of verse will catch the fleeting fame of print. (p. 8)

* * *

'The Adventure of the Beautiful Things' is another of Hugh Walpole's gripping stories. It shows just how blind some people may be when it is a question of art and antiques. (p. 12)

* * *

An introduction to the heron, an entry into its innermost sanctuary, and becoming intimately acquainted with its family life. This is what Ben East has accomplished in his delightful account of a visit to a heron city. (p. 14)

* * *

Of all the women who figured in history the Princesse des Ursins is at once the most direct and the most diplomatic in her methods. At the same time she was intensely human. A French woman, like Joan of Arc, she saved not France but Spain when it was threatened with extinction. (p. 16)

* * *

In the remotest depths of the jungle of Equatorial Africa is where Henri Galland gets the material for his story of the Panther Men. That human beings can be more cruel than wild beasts is here demonstrated. (p. 24)

* * *

Recently this magazine printed two articles on the work being done by Fremont Older, publisher of the San Francisco *Chronicle,* in the rehabilitation of former convicts. This work has now been described more at length in Mr. Older's book, *My Own Story,* published by Macmillan. It is an absorbing story of a worth-while undertaking.

* * *

While on the subject of books, this department wishes to extend thanks to the Doran and the Frederick H. Hitchcock publishing houses for mentioning THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in connection with two books recently issued. The books are *The Doctor Looks at Love and Life,* by Dr. Joseph H. Collins, published by Doran, and *Seeing the South Sea Islands,* by William Lee Calnon, published by Hitchcock. Much of the material from both volumes appeared originally in this magazine.

* * *

The viewpoint of our readers is further illustrated by the following extracts from recent letters received:

Petersburg, Michigan.

I do not do much reading, but when THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT arrives it is most well to midnight before retiring.

It makes my blood go jumping the way your paper tells the truth fearlessly about vice and crime. More of such truth is what this country needs.

T. STEINBRECHER.

Warren, Ohio.

I wish to state that I consider THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT the best journal that comes to my library table.

The editorials are well worth the price of the yearly subscription to say nothing of your most excellent articles on the various financial questions of the day, of which the American people know far too little.

As a student of history and a teacher of that subject for many years, I have found a wonderful source of knowledge along that line, and the series of articles on Andrew Johnson were a wonderful historical revelation to me.

Your paper should be found in the library of every public school in the United States.

G. C. LATHOUSE.

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ROBERT FROST is a poet and writer of international reputation. He gained the Pulitzer prize for poetry in 1924 and is a Fellow in Letters of the University of Michigan.

PROFESSOR E. MIREAUX is Director-General of the Society for Economic Research, Paris, and has had exceptional opportunities for acquiring first-hand knowledge of French financial affairs.

HAMLIN GARLAND is perhaps best known as the author of *The Middle Border* series of books. He was born in West Salem, Wisconsin, and has been farmer, school-teacher and miner.

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE is a writer of diversified talents and a contributor to the principal London dailies. He is an expert in criminology, cookery, and American literature.

A. M. SOMMERVILLE STORY founded the Paris *Evening Telegram.* He is a frequent contributor to English, American, and French journals and magazines.

H. G. SALSINGER, sports editor and magazine writer, adds one more to his already long list of popular sport contributions. He not only knows the games, but the men who play them.

BEN HUR LAMPMAN, western newspaper editor, is noted alike for his poems and his charming stories on nature subjects. His latest book, *How Could I Be Forgetting?* a collection of delightful verse and essays, has been well received.

HUGH WALPOLE maintains his popularity as a novelist and short-story writer. He is just concluding a lecturing tour in this country.

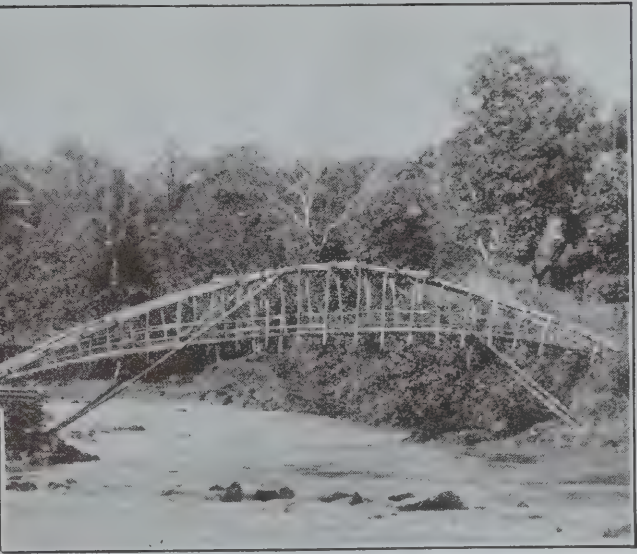
BEN EAST is conservation editor of a middle western newspaper and a prolific magazine writer on nature subjects.

FRANCES HOLBROOK PFEIFFER is resident in California. She has written much on the history and resources of that state and is a contributor to some of the leading newspapers and magazines.

HENRI GALLAND is government commissioner and administrator in French Equatorial Africa and has had exceptional opportunities of studying the native.

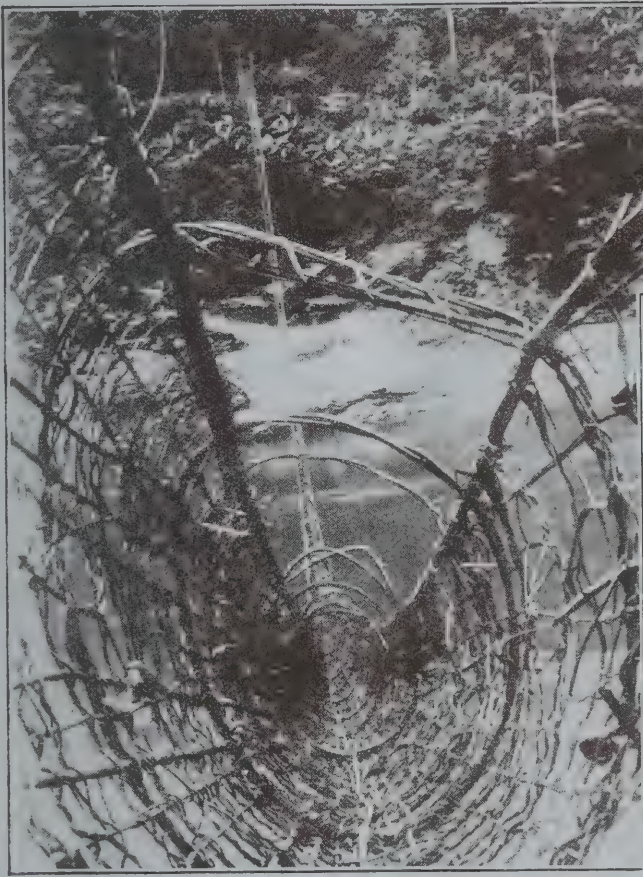
Picturesque BRIDGES

Curious *and* Interesting Specimens *that* Somehow Blend *with the* Environment



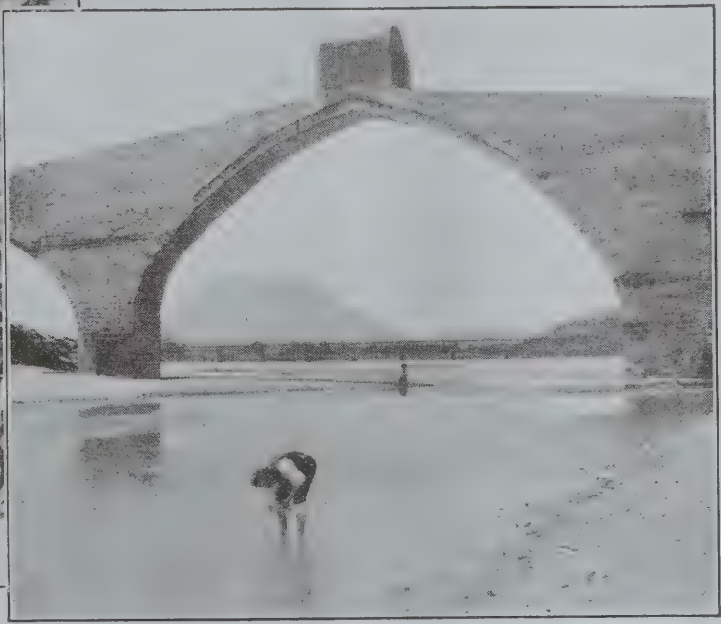
—Publishers' Photo Service.

This bamboo bridge near Batoetoelis, Java, is of simple construction. Its rustic note is entirely in harmony with the charming scene.



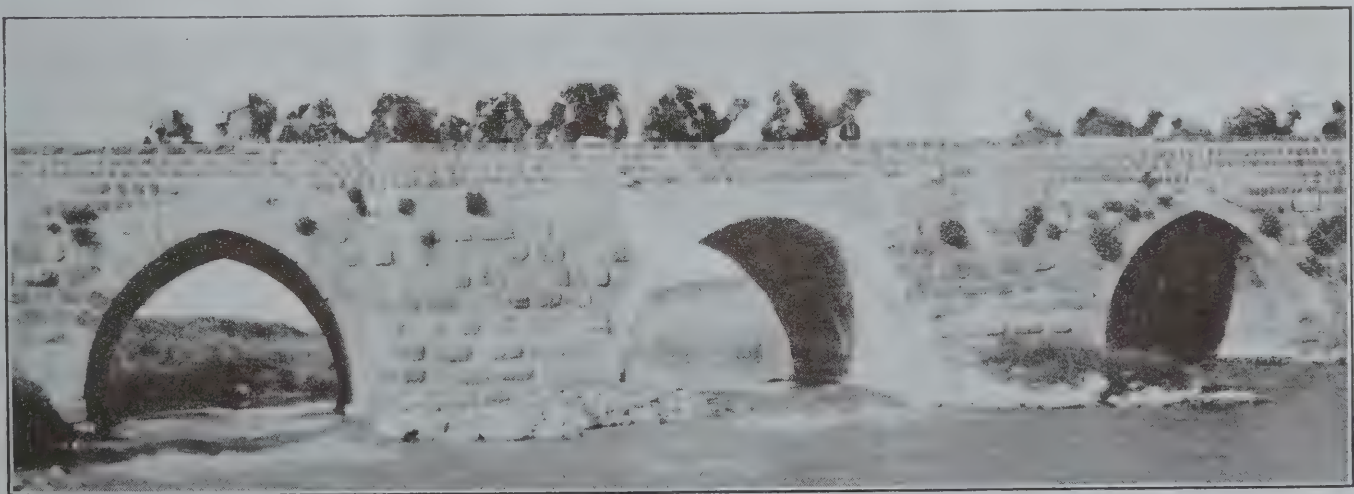
—International Newsreel.

A man-made cobweb, fashioned entirely of cane by ingenious natives of Thibet, forms a curious and interesting bridge across the Dehang River. The length of this cane cable bridge and the infinite pains with which it is wrought compel admiration.



—Publishers' Photo Service.

Puente del Diablo, *or Devil's Bridge, an old Roman bridge near Martorell, Spain, originally consisted of three arches, two of which have been replaced by the present pointed main arch, on top of which is a small gate.*



A camel caravan crossing from Palestine into Syria on one of the two stone bridges that cross the River Jordan. The Jordan has always exerted a separatist influence, roughly dividing the settled from the nomadic populations. This bridge typifies its antiquity and the changeless character of conveyance in those parts.

—Publishers' Photo Service.

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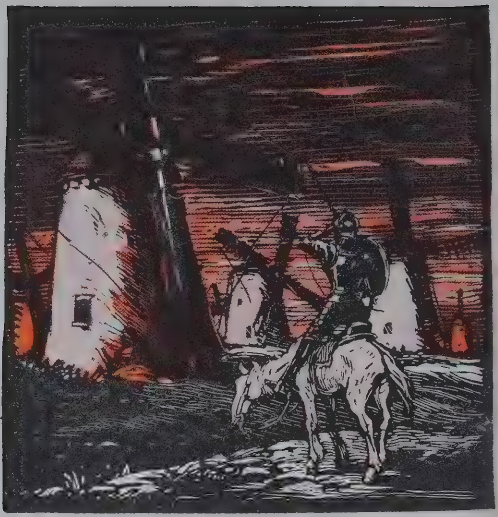

CALL things by their right names. We give a big high-sounding name like 'sacrifice' to some act which really consists in a plain sort of duty. We are hypnotized by words. And it is a harmful condition to encourage. It affects the mind badly. Little difficulties are made to swell up until they fill our whole horizon; while the big blessings of life are dwindled down to nothing.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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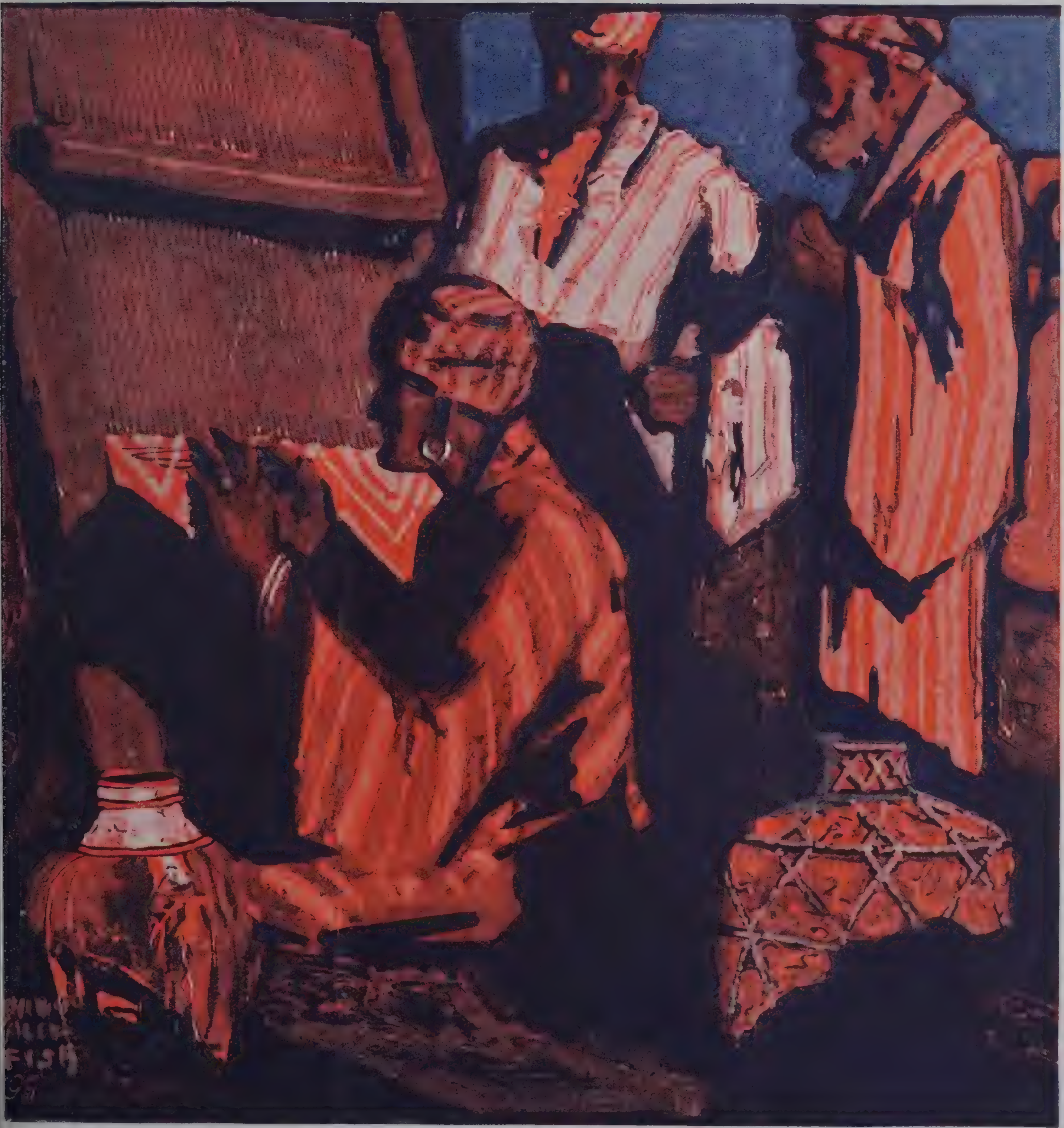
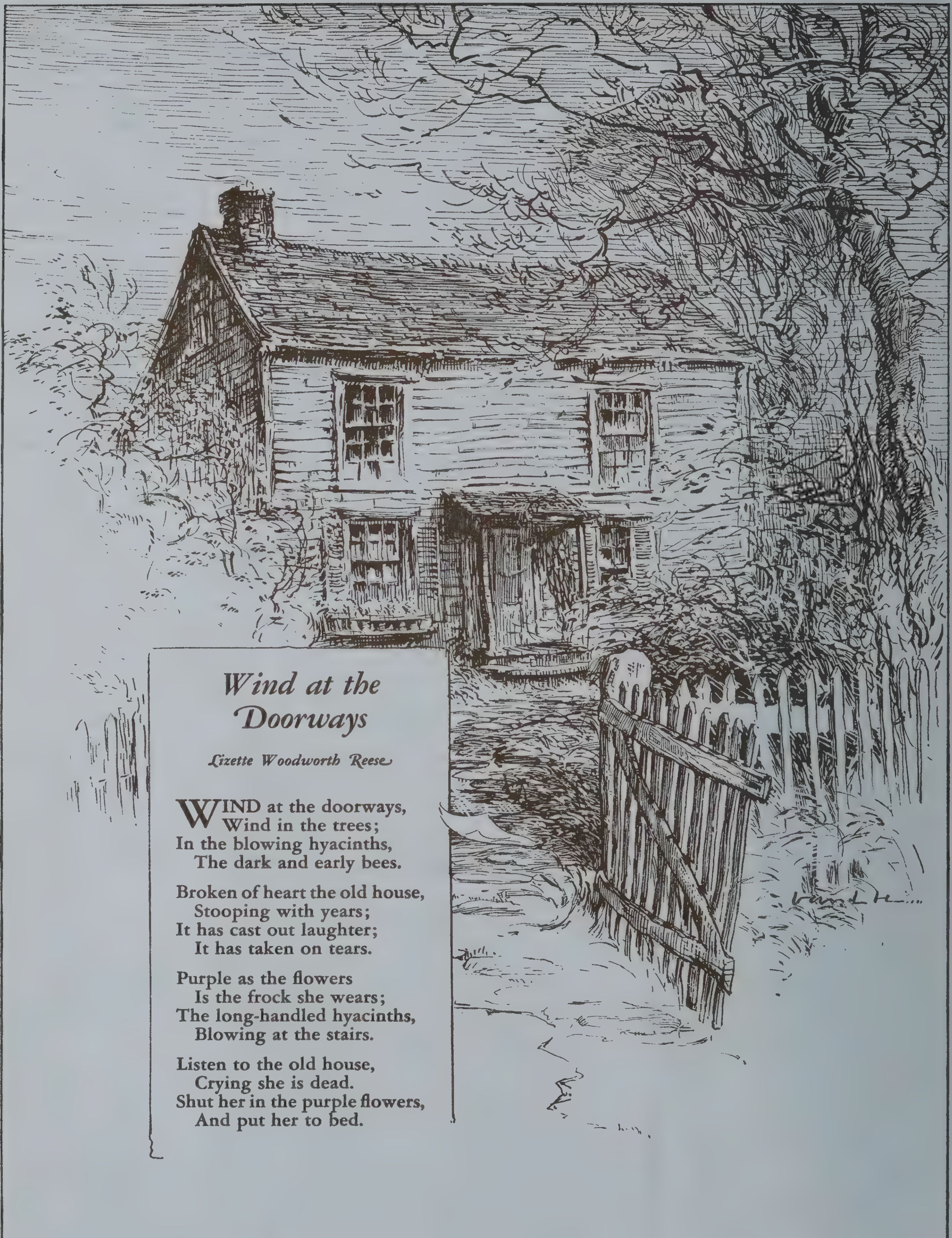


PERSIA—ORIENTAL RUG WEAVERS.



Wind at the Doorways

Lizette Woodworth Reese

WIND at the doorways,
  Wind in the trees;
In the blowing hyacinths,
  The dark and early bees.

Broken of heart the old house,
  Stooping with years;
It has cast out laughter;
  It has taken on tears.

Purple as the flowers
  Is the frock she wears;
The long-handled hyacinths,
  Blowing at the stairs.

Listen to the old house,
  Crying she is dead.
Shut her in the purple flowers,
  And put her to bed.

Drawing by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

APRIL 30
1927

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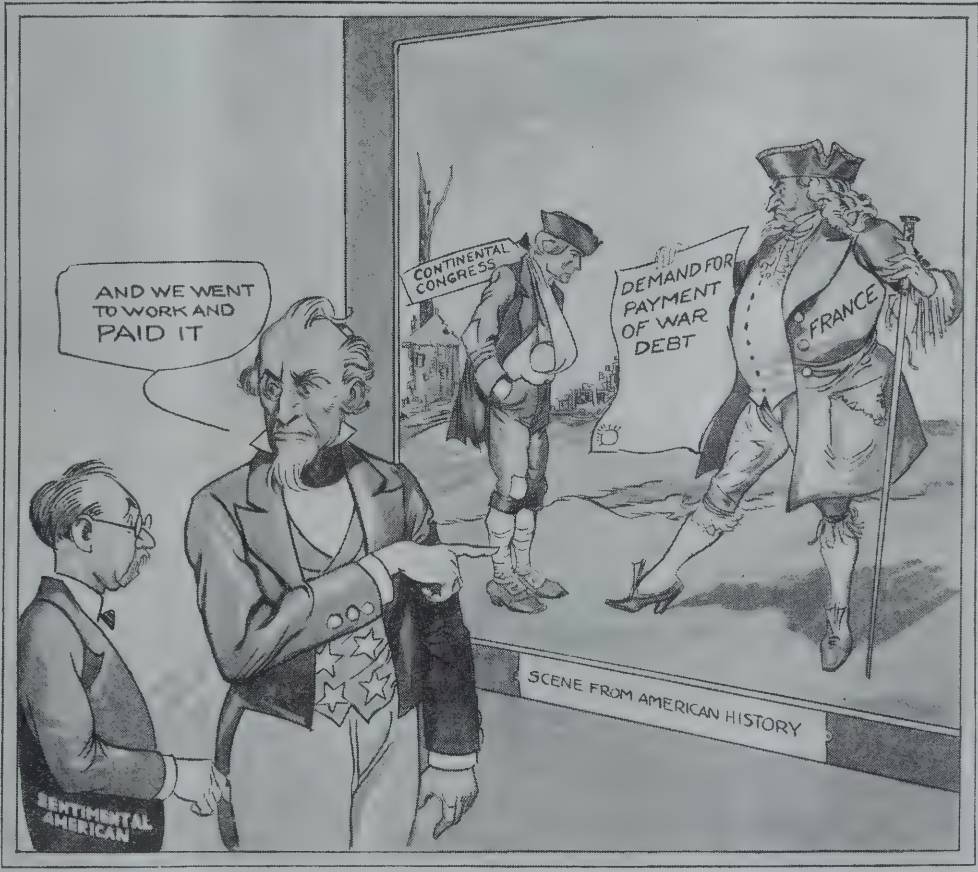
Volume 27
Number 28

Who Was SHYLOCK *Then?*

By E. B. JOHNS

FORTUNATELY for the sensitive American who is being held up both here and in Europe as a Shylock, as propaganda for the cancellation of foreign debts, a parallel for the situation is to be found in the financing of the Revolutionary War. The attitude of the young Republic toward the loans of the Revolution, compared with the attitude of France and other European countries toward the World War debt, cannot but thrill with pride the heart of Americans.


AND WE WENT TO WORK AND PAID IT
CONTINENTAL CONGRESS
DEMAND FOR PAYMENT OF WAR DEBT
FRANCE
SCENE FROM AMERICAN HISTORY
SENTIMENTAL AMERICAN

WHO WAS SHYLOCK THEN?

In a discussion of the foreign debt, the word 'people' should be used instead of 'government' as is the usual style. There is not the least question that this is a 'government of the people' in the foreign debt transaction. Every cent of the money involved in the debt has or will be taken from the pockets of the people. What the United States Treasury 'forgives' our European debtors must be made up by our people.

The only beneficiaries of cancellation in this country would be the international bankers.

The alleged financial experts have reasoned in circles so skilfully that the average man is affected with mental dizziness when he attempts to follow their arguments. Experts have contended that it would be ruinous to the United States if Europe should return the money which it borrowed from the United States during and since the war.

We have been so busy expressing our gratitude to France for help to the struggling Colonies during the War of Independence for the past 150 years that there is a hazy impression in this country that the French debt was never paid.

Orators and others have referred to 'our debt of gratitude to France.' Generally it is believed that this debt of gratitude is a debt of money lent by France to the Colonies and which has never been repaid.

Recently, I made extended inquiry around Washington, where there is more than usual interest in foreign affairs, on this subject. A surprisingly small number of persons had any definite information on the subject. A heated discussion at luncheon on cancellation of the debt was interrupted by the question, 'Did the United States pay her Revolutionary debt to France?'

The 'internationally minded' person who was urging the cancellation of the entire foreign debt insisted that it did not. The 'selfish' American who resented the Shylock inference, and was arguing that one way to reduce the taxes in this country was to require foreign countries to pay at least a part of the debt, was not sure, but thought that the United States paid at least a part of the debt.

They were both surprised when I stated that the records of the Treasury Department show that the United States paid every cent of the debt with the exception of five years' interest upon part of it and certain commissions to bankers that were paid to the French Government. Moreover, this Government eventually paid secret subsidies which it was not even morally obligated to pay. Furthermore, according to the record, France was not slow in asking when the young Government would be ready to make payments or fund the debt.

(*Continued on page 19*)

Into *the* Land *of* 'Flowing Gold'

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

IT WAS three o'clock in the morning.

A cold, gray wintry horizon loomed in the east. That high plateau of the Texas Panhandle was no summer resort as I climbed into a veteran auto to negotiate the truck-ruined roads between Clarendon and Pampa.

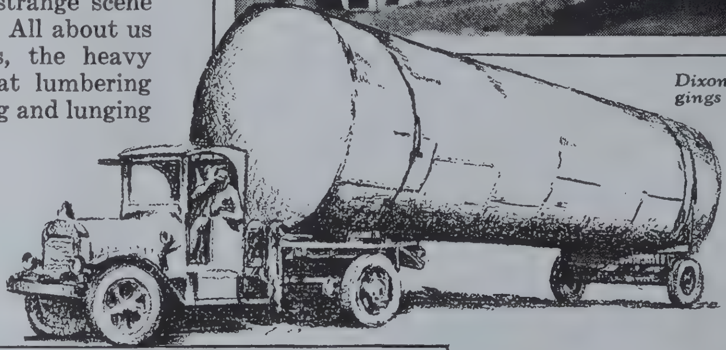
I had lectured in Clarendon College the night before and nobody listened to my lecture. Why? Because they were all talking and dreaming, and thinking about oil.

It was as if gold had been discovered the night before I arrived. Even the students in that Panhandle college smelled of oil.

I too became imbued with the spirit of the crowd, and left the lecture hall, and hired a man to take me across country to Pampa and then to Borger. We traveled from three o'clock in the morning until eight to make those fifty miles from Clarendon to Pampa. The sun was supposed to come up about seven o'clock but it did not arrive. Instead, a cold, gray morning began to creep across the plateau, which is about five thousand feet in altitude, and with it a cold driving rain.

But when the light finally bulged its way out of the east, in spite of the rain it looked like some strange scene from the *Arabian Nights*. All about us were tall, gaunt derricks, the heavy odor of oil and gas, great lumbering wagons and trucks lurching and lunging through mud to the beds, ten thousand men working frantically in the rain, steam belching from leaking boilers, and the frantic atmosphere of an advancing army.

Dixon Creek oil field, Borger, Texas. The riggings arise from as far away as the eye can see.



I have been through battles in France, I have seen great armies advancing overnight, roads being built across swamps by American engineers, the feverish activity of the zone of advance just before a battle; but I have never witnessed anything like that surging tidal wave of men, horses, automobiles and rain in the Texas oil fields.

I never saw such huge trucks. They were like box cars in size. They lurched through the mud loaded with great pipes, boilers and huge machinery. I counted more than two hundred automobiles and trucks stuck in the mud in one day. Chains did not seem to make any difference. The drivers took too many chances, and in no case did I see anybody help anybody else out of his mudhole. I saw five or six women drivers stuck, but they climbed out in their top-boots and 'rolled their own.' Not a single man paid the slightest attention to them. If a woman comes to the Panhandle she must take care of herself. It is like the Yukon gold strike, with no chivalry and no mercy shown. You go there to look after yourself.

Smoke from burning oil wells. —*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

In March, 1926, Pampa had 1,200 people. In December of that year it had a population of 10,000.

Building permits jumped to $725,000 in those nine months. The largest building, an hotel, cost $250,000 and it went up in three months. There have been thirty hotels built in Pampa in six months.

One oil company spent $2,000,000 in developments in nine months and when I was there in December, 1926, in spite of the pouring rain, this company was digging the foundations for a six-story office building. Fifteen million dollars' worth of pipe lines were under construction.

Two hundred and sixty-one wells were being drilled when I was at Pampa; there were already forty-five in and ninty-five per cent of them were good wells. Some of these wells are already running from 250 barrels a day to 3,000 barrels. Sixty-eight wells were drilled in six weeks.

I know of a man who sold a friend an automobile ten years ago and he happened to live in the Panhandle. This friend gave as security five acres of land. The automobile man who lives in Kansas City took this land as the best he could do. He felt that he had been stung, but he is now worth ten millions of dollars.

I know of another man who bought three thousand acres in the Panhandle to erect a sanitarium. That was before the war. He bought it right out on the prairies where cattle by thousands were grazing when he looked it over. Then came the war and he never completed his sanitarium. He felt that he had a lot of useless cattle land on his hands when the oil boom came along. Overnight he was worth fifteen million.

Then I went to Borger which is about forty miles from Pampa, and is the second newest oil town in the Panhandle. A year ago where Borger now stands there was nothing but grazing land trampled over by hundreds of thousands of cattle. The day I was there Borger staged a $200,000 fire, which nearly wiped out the new city. Within a month after that fire there were no signs that it had occurred.

BORGER in a direct line is thirty-eight miles northwest of Pampa but we had to drive more than fifty to get to it that cold December day. Borger is only a year old as I write this story but it has from 25,000 to 30,000 people in it. The Santa Fe put in a branch line from Panhandle and Panhandle dwindled to nothing as rapidly as Borger grew. In two months Panhandle, also an oil boom town, lost 7,000 of its population and it is now among the deserted villages.

The days of the California gold rush and the romance of the pioneer days of that far western country are being enacted all over again in the Panhandle of Texas.

It is no place for a tenderfoot. Brokers by hundreds are pouring into the towns. They deal in short securities. Get-rich-quick Wallingfords are fleecing the public. The only safe course is to steer clear of all oil stocks. The men who make the money are those who buy and sell royalties. These oil towns are full of cheap exploiters who lie in wait for the easy victim. The oil game is a risky one except for the experienced business man.

Most of the oil will be taken out by the big companies and that will be a vast amount. The fellows who lose will be the little fellows.

'We don't want suckers down here,' said an old oil man. 'We oil men want to be let alone to develop this field. We can get plenty of capital. Let the adventurers stay out if they don't want to get burned. There is no place for children in this business.'

The romance is there, the activity, the pioneering, new towns springing up where cattle roamed twelve months ago.

Bars to Progress

By DON C. SEITZ

WHEN I read of American motor cars skipping across the sand of the Sahara, the deserts of Syria and Arabia, and the far reaches of the desolation of Gobi, I am moved to ponder on how much more readily the semicivilized have taken to modern things than did people of our own sort. The camel drivers do not bar the way of the autos as the coach drivers of a century ago did when the steam wagon could and would have supplanted them but for hostile legislation that curbed the use of motor vehicles for three-quarters of a century.

It is a curious fact that steam was successfully used on the highways before it became feasible on the iron track, and but for one of the devices employed to generate power the locomotive itself would have failed. So early as 1801, Richard Trevithick, a native of Cornwall, had developed a road wagon that could move itself and load slowly over a macadam road. Two years later he astonished London with his device. It was not welcomed and he turned his attention to high-pressure engines and tram roads for hauling material out of mines. It was left for Goldsworthy Gurney, another Cornishman, to take up the task where Trevithick left off.

Gurney found, after extensive experiments, that the ordinary boiler could not keep up the required pressure and as the steam dropped, the vehicle slowed down. This meant perpetual stopping to fire up. Trevithick and George Stephenson had both built locomotives and both, in order to provide for escaping vapor as it left the cylinders, led it into the air through the smokestack. It occurred to neither one that this exhaust could be used to create a forced draught. Gurney seized the idea, perfected it and made the steam locomotive possible. It also enabled him to make his road wagon a success, mechanically speaking. Until the forced draught went into effect the several sorts of road wagons had made little better than six miles an hour. The forced draught made twenty miles easily.

Gurney's machine, as perfected in 1827, weighed a ton and a half. The engine was noiseless and of twelve horsepower. Steady improvements followed until in 1831 Sir Charles Dana operated a 'steam coach' line between Gloucester and Cheltenham for four months. Five trips a day were made and three thousand passengers were transported a total of 4,000 miles, without accident or delay.

In this achievement the coaching companies read their doom and began a campaign of active opposition. Highways were blocked by obstacles and gangs hired to wreck the new vehicle. This not serving to stop operations, the power of Parliament was invoked to suppress steam. Tolls were raised to a prohibitive point, and the line ceased.

All Parliament was not blind. A committee of the House appointed to look into the merits of the matter reported 'that the steam carriage was one of the most important improvements in the means of internal communication ever introduced; that its practicability had been fully established, and that the prohibitory clauses against it should be repealed.

'The several witnesses have estimated the probable saving of expense to the public, from the substitution of steam power for that of horses, at from one-half to two-thirds. Mr. Farey gives, as his opinion, that steam coaches will very soon after their establishment be run for one-third of the cost of the present stagecoaches.

'Sufficient evidence has been adduced to convince your committee—

'That carriages can be propelled by steam on common roads at an average rate of ten miles per hour.

'That they can ascend and descend hills of considerable inclination with facility and safety.

'That they are perfectly safe for passengers.

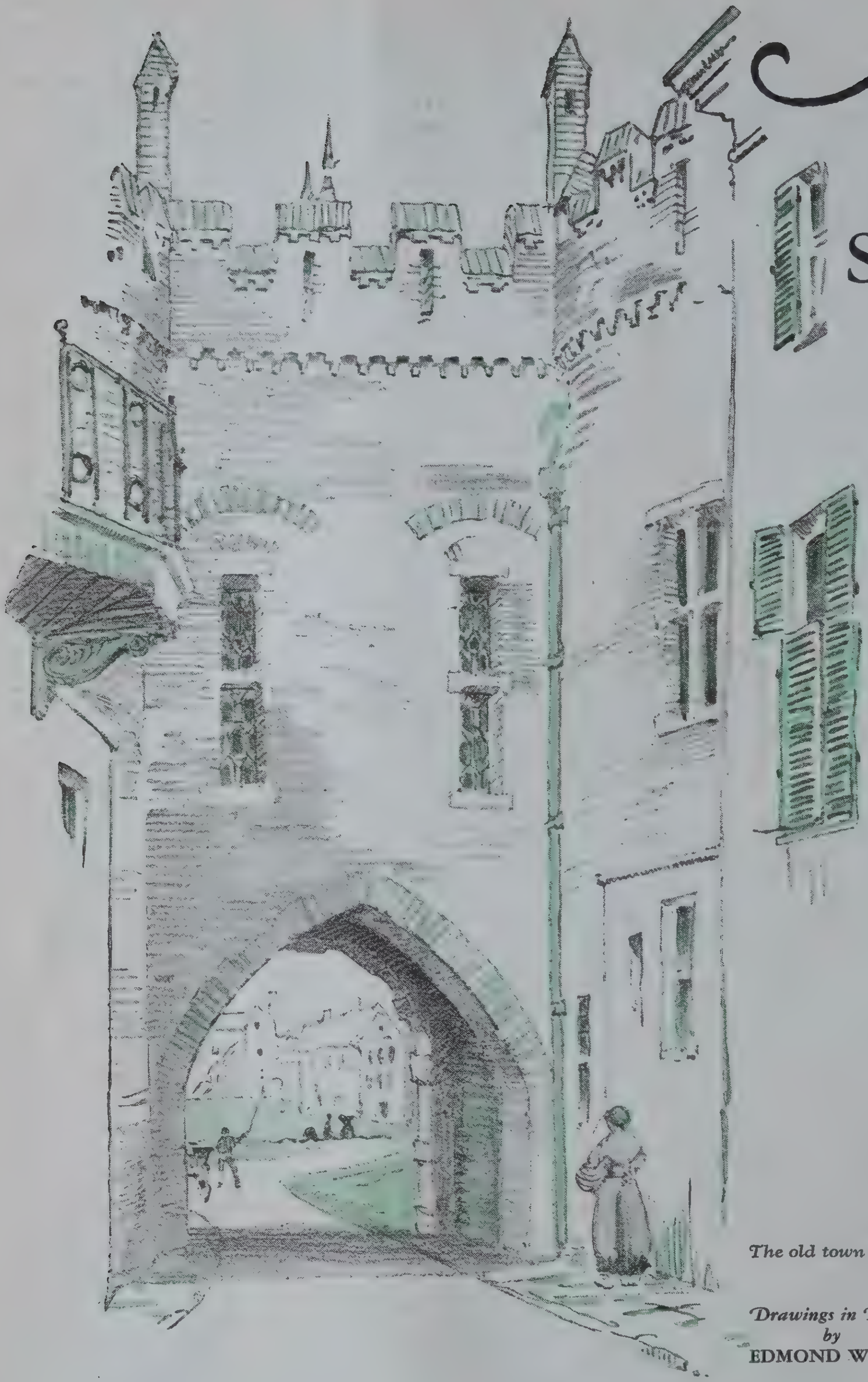
'That they are not nuisances to the public.'

The Commons were obdurate, however, and declined to follow the views of the committee. So the carriages went into the junk heap and the horse continued to be monarch of the macadam. In the rush to build railroads the 'steam wagon' was forgotten. Gurney had spent $150,000 in perfecting his invention. He lost it all. A bill to rebate him half of it from the treasury was defeated.

He perfected some other inventions of importance—the oxyhydrogen blowpipe, for one thing, and the so-called 'limelight' for another, made his steam-jet of use in blast furnaces and foresaw the utility of electricity for transporting messages. He also developed concrete foundations. As a beggarly award he was given the superintendency of lighting and ventilating the House of Commons, whose members had used him so ill, holding the place for a decade. Knighted in 1863, he lived until February 28, 1875. Few men have done so much for the world, and few have been so meanly rewarded.

ARNHEM—Where Died Sir Philip Sidney

By **HILAIRE BELLOC**



The old town gate.

Drawings in Pencil by EDMOND WARRE

THE next town in the development of the Netherlands, regarded as the delta of the Rhine, is Arnhem

Arnhem stands about a day's march away, for an army, from Nimeguen. It is not a stronghold as defensible as Nimeguen, but it is still in the hill country before you get to the complete flat of the delta, and there was sufficient opportunity for defense; moreover it stood upon the main stream of the Rhine at the point where two of its many branches diverge; the one going directly north, known as the Yssel, the other (still called the Rhine), much dwindled since, centuries ago, the mass of its water was diverted through the branch called Waal which is now and has been throughout all recorded commercial history the main of the delta and the feeder of the North Sea trade—today through Rotterdam. Indeed the historic Rhine, which must, I suppose, have been originally the main stream (or it would not have kept its name), dwindles more and more as it proceeds, till at Utrecht it is rather like a ditch than a river. It there branches again, becoming still more insignificant as its two last streams trickle slowly in threads, the one to the north to the Zuider Zee, the other through Leyden to the North Sea on the west.

Arnhem then was the main stronghold after Nimeguen holding for Rome the line of the stream.

It is a pity that its fortifications have disappeared (save for one gate, of which more in a moment), for it is only as a fortified city that one can understand it historically.

Arnhem was the middle link in a chain (Nimeguen, Arnhem, Zutphen, Deventer) which held a line of water bordering the rich delta on the east and forming for the civilized Roman Empire a boundary against the mixed half-barbaric set to the east. It was probably, or certainly, the *Arenacum* of Roman topography, but through the Middle Ages it took on another name and was called 'The town of Arnold.' It was the chief residence of the local rulers who made themselves almost independent of the empire (the last of them is buried here, the one who ruled just before the powers of the nobility were merged in the confederation of Dutch city states). And Arnhem is to this day still the capital of Gelderland.

It is characteristic of this entry out of the German Rhineland into the delta that there should be here a different proportion from the ordinary in the religious factors of the place, for Arnhem is equally divided into Catholics and Protestants, not into the one-third and two-thirds which are the general division of Holland. But even here the dominating political note, ever since the struggle with Spain, has, of course, been that of the Calvinist merchants, and the huge Gothic church which overshadows the town is Calvinist.

Arnhem is a singularly peaceful city with a quieter wealth than that of its neighbors to the west; something more retired, and, as it were, of the country-town about it. You catch its character admirably if, coming in from the waterside, you stand just outside the old gate (the last portion of its fortifications to remain) and look at the great market place within and the lower part of the great church and windows framed in that archway. The outer part of the city is modernized, and, as in the case of Nimeguen, modernized somewhat after the German fashion; but after the more sober and dignified German fashion of a lifetime and more ago; not after the modern German fashion of Dusseldorf but rather after the older fashion of Bonn.

From the market place, however, or

the old gate, all the original characteristics of Arnhem stand connected; the grotesque carvings of 'the devil's house' and the dignified mansions which were once, I suppose, the chief merchant roofs of the city.

In one of these died Sir Philip Sidney, and the connection of his name with Arnhem gives the place (not only for English readers I think, but for all those interested in the great struggle of the Reformation) a particular value.

The small English force (only a thousand horse and nominally five thousand foot) which had been lent to the Dutch merchants to give support against Spain was under the incompetence of Leicester. He was acting here, in the end of 1586, upon the line of the Yssel.

It is characteristic of the time that Zutphen and Deventer further downstream were surrendered to the Spaniards by the *English* commanders of their garrisons because those commanders were on the Catholic side. Philip Sidney, still only in his thirty-second year, was the romantic hero of the other faction: fortunate in his death, which came to him through his own conspicuous courage and surrounded him with a legend. He had charged with 500 English horse at Warnsfeld outside Zutphen. There he had his thigh broken by a bullet. He managed still to ride his horse and it was perhaps this strain which destroyed him. For when they took him back to Arnhem to be nursed in a private house the wound refused to heal and it was of this that he died.

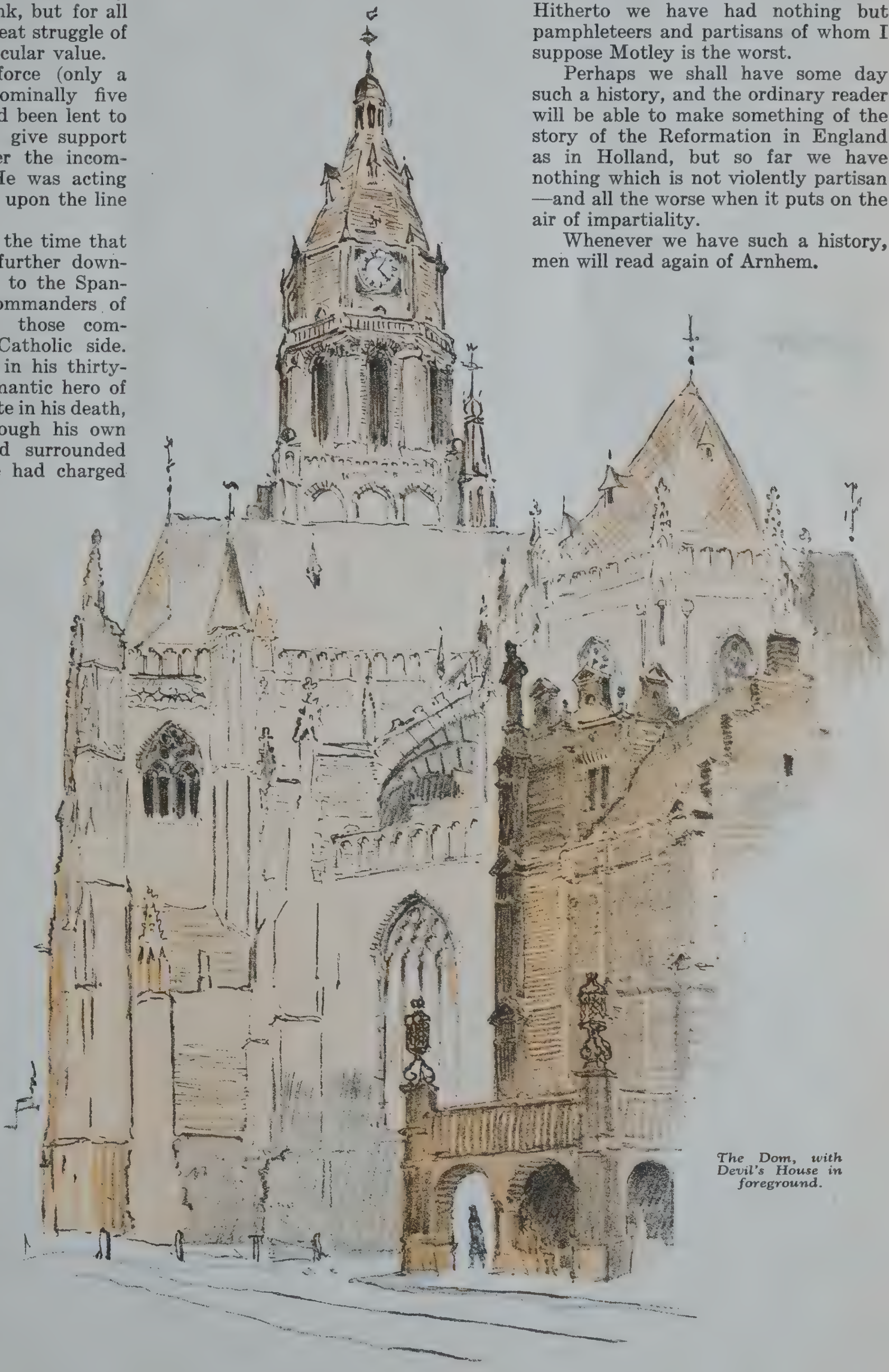
He was oddly afraid of death after the fashion not consistent with his character, for though a mournful and embarrassed man he was always courageous. However, he reconciled himself to it at last, left a French poem 'On a Broken Leg' and died piously enough, a poor, melancholy, indebted, overaffected young man. It would have consoled him on his deathbed, if he could have known what an enormous, fantastic, exaggerated legend the passions of the religious wars would build about his name, and how the crushing—after a hundred years—of the other English half would leave his memory critic or opponent today.

I do not know whether any one of those who are brought up on the legend of Sir Philip Sidney still makes his pilgrimage to Arnhem. I have not heard of any such. I, at any rate (who was not brought up on that legend and who rather despise it), stumbled upon the connection between Arnhem and Sidney quite accidentally—it was not even in my guidebook. It set me musing.

I wondered whether any one will ever write a quiet, sensible, true, well-proportioned account of that heavy wrestling match, the great bout of which begins about 1560, the decision of which was delayed for fifty years? Hitherto we have had nothing but pamphleteers and partisans of whom I suppose Motley is the worst.

Perhaps we shall have some day such a history, and the ordinary reader will be able to make something of the story of the Reformation in England as in Holland, but so far we have nothing which is not violently partisan—and all the worse when it puts on the air of impartiality.

Whenever we have such a history, men will read again of Arnhem.



The Dom, with Devil's House in foreground.

Is INDUSTRY Stifling Intelligence?

By DONALD A. LAIRD

ARE we a nation of morons? Is industry itself becoming more of a moron with each advance in automatic machinery?

There are many who think we are a nation of morons. They take the results of the Army mental tests at their face value without exercising a cool scientific judgment of the value of the facts.

Is industry really stifling American intelligence by its mechanical advances? This is a serious question, for its answer determines whether America will be a nation of morons a generation from now.

About as regularly as someone is predicting the end of the world on a certain date, some prominent person in a magazine article or public address predicts that modern machine industry will lower our mental levels. Both predictions are possibly equally true.

I have a considerable number of acquaintances who foresee dire result to our mentality through the advance of automatic machinery. For the most part they are people whose opinions should carry weight—at any rate they are generally respected for their judgment and position in their chosen fields.

Not one of these has ever worked in a factory. Very few of them have even made a tour through a factory. Yet they condemn. Why? For a large part they condemn because they have forgotten Artemus Ward's comment that 'one thought you have borne and raised on your own premises is worth a whole orphan asylum of other people's thoughts.' They are but echoing the rather burning statements they have heard a small number of people pronounce with the fire of a reformer in their eyes.

YOU probably have known the type. Successful in their vocations, yet never at ease with the world. They are not soured on the world, not radicals. Not alarmists, but always seeing their world through dark glasses. I want to draw a kindly picture of the type, for we are apt to show a bias which does them injustice.

There was the retired railroad officer who sat in the chair over in the corner by the cabinet less than a year ago. He had just returned from a long stay in Europe where he had gone to trace his family ties. As he compared our world with the world he had known as a boy ours suffered in the comparison.

When the six-year-old boy came in from school with his report card to be praised, the visitor did not see exuberant youth, glorying in his improved showing in deportment. He was looking, not at the boy, but out into the world—and through dark glasses.

He placed his hand on the boy's shoulder and said, 'There are so many things yet to do that I should like to live forever. But I'd hate to have to live in the world this lad will know when he is my age.'

A month later the same chair was occupied by an author, whose name you also probably know.

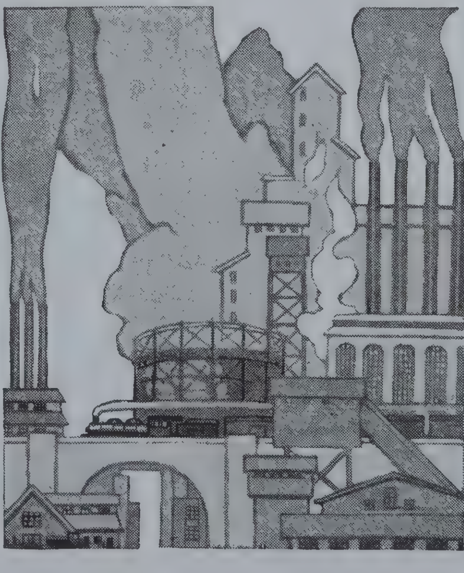
'I HAVE fought a winning fight against disease all my life,' he said. 'If any man had cause for being discouraged, I had. But I held on and worked even in the hospital bed to arouse America to the terrible awakening the next generation will have.'

Neither was he soured on the world. And neither had he been in a factory, as visitor or worker. His judgment was based upon associations with professional men, professors, and scientific workers. But as he cast his imagination into the factory scene he foresaw only a disastrous future for America.

A score of equally well-informed persons sat in the same chair in the month that passed between these two calls I have pictured fairly for you. All were drawn into conversation on the same topic. Only a few held the same opinion the more distinguished visitors had expressed. And all who held that opinion quoted the writings and addresses of the other two visitors as the basis!

* * *

In June I visited a glass factory the name of which is probably on much of the glassware in your home. A sweltering hot room with low stools scattered around the floor was peopled by slow-moving, dull-faced men. Most of them were past middle age. They were collecting small pellets of molten glass on the end of a blowpipe, shaping it roughly with a stick, and then blowing a small ornamental glass bulb which you may have hanging in your hall fixture now.



We walked past the furnace where the molten glass was heated, shielding our faces from the light and heat. A few steps brought us to a machine of which you could get two in your garage. This was connected to the vat of molten glass. This room was much cooler than the other. Whir-r—Click—Whir-r—Click. Clank! The machine stopped. A bright-faced young man made a few adjustments, brushed away some fragments of broken glass, pushed the red button on the controlling switch, and went to the other side of the machine to see if the bulbs were being blown properly by the machine. Whir-r—Click.

'Wonderful machine,' I said. 'Much easier than blowing the bulbs by hand.'

THE vice-president who was showing me through the plant smiled.

'Wonderful, but not easier,' he replied. 'In the room back of the furnace are skilled glass workers. But not one of them has the skill to operate this machine. A blowpipe, a stick, a mold, and a long gentle blow are all they can understand. The young man who has to adjust this machine continually is one of the most intelligent workers we have. If he were to quit we would have to get one of our research engineers to run it.'

No morons were in demand by that machine.

'How perfectly simple,' my wife exclaimed a fortnight later when she saw, for the first time, an automatic screw machine which made some of the parts on the typewriter I am using.

The man watching over its operations gave her a puzzled look.

When we were out of hearing the works manager said, 'If John hadn't been sworn out the last two hours you'd have had an earful. He had been having trouble with the machine. Couldn't get it to work the way it should; parts off a thousandth of an inch. The master mechanic told him about half an hour ago that it was perfectly simple. Didn't you see that look? I brought you up here first because I wanted to see if production had started on the machine again.'

A moron would have been of little use in operating that machine. Or just try to repair your typewriter if you think industry (Continued on page 24)

GOLF'S GEM *in the Rough*

By H. G. SALSINGER

NO MAN swinging golf clubs can compare with Walter Hagen in match competition. He has won twenty major golf titles here and abroad. He established one record last year when he won the professional golfers' championship for the third successive time. To win the title three times in succession he had to win fifteen matches from the pick of the professional talent without a break. He set a world record for golf by twice breaking 280 in tournament play without an intermission. He bettered that total in the Eastern Open championship and repeated his triumph in the Western Open. To set this mark he had to break par on more than 16 out of 144 holes and average par on the remainder. He has won the United States Open, the French and the Belgian Opens. He twice won the British Open, and failed to win it a third time by a single stroke.

There are a number of reasons why this American-born golf genius, who rose from caddy to the head of his profession, is the best of all match players. One reason is that he probably plays more golf than any other man and, another, because he plays more courses. Hagen likely could not get a lie that would puzzle him. It is fairly certain he could not find a course that would present to him a golfing difficulty that he has not already encountered and solved. He has played most of the courses of his native land and most of those abroad. He has seen all kinds. He has been in every rough known to golfing nations.

WHEN Hagen teed off in the professional tournament on the Salisbury Plains last September, he was the defending champion. As usual, a large gallery followed him, among them Jim Barnes, a rival. After Hagen played five or six holes Barnes returned to the clubhouse and announced:

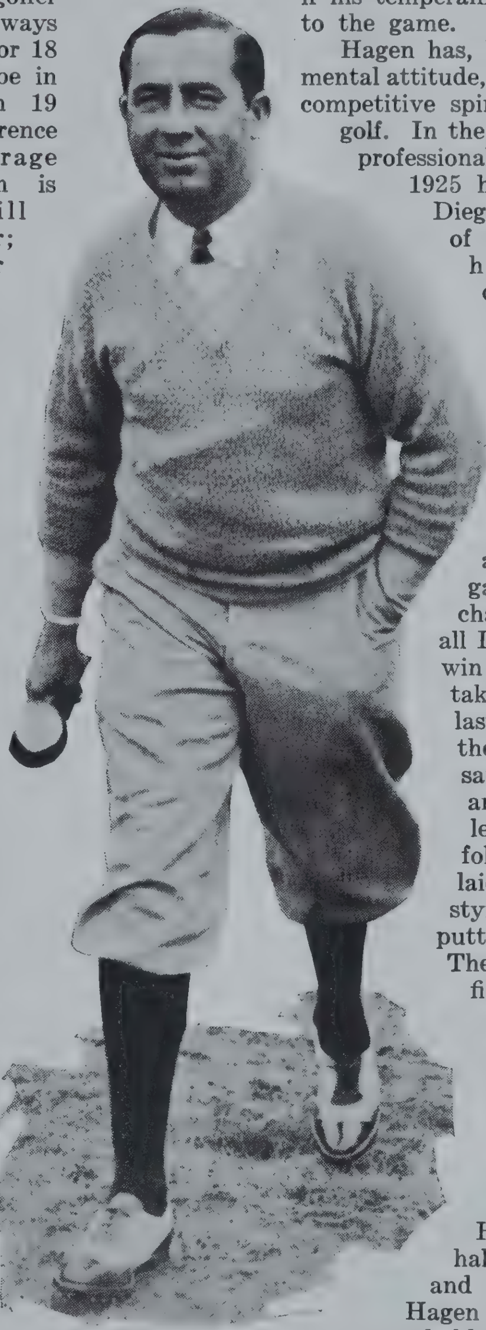
'Hagen's in the rough all the time. He's going to turn in a good card today.'

That is just what Hagen did. Lies that hold terror for other golfers do not terrify him. He knows clubs and he always picks the right one. Not all golfers do that. Even the crack competitors in golf occasionally pick the wrong one; Hagen never does.

One careful statistician followed Hagen on a championship round last year. He kept close tab on all of Hagen's shots. His record disclosed the fact that Hagen was in trouble nineteen times but he finished with a card of seventy-one.

The average golfer whose score is always above 100 strokes for 18 holes will seldom be in trouble more than 19 times but the difference between the average golfer and Hagen is that Hagen will manage to recover; the average golfer will not.

He cannot be called the greatest golfer in the world. Bobby Jones is a truly great golfer. His record in medal play is much better than Hagen's, but Jones cannot equal him in match play. Hagen is nearly as unbeatable in match play as it is possible for a golfer to be. Shooting against an opponent Hagen is next to invincible; shooting against par he is less than that. Jones is the reverse.



Match play is much a matter of mental attitude and Hagen has the ideal attitude. In mechanical skill Hagen is probably not the equal of a number of other professionals and amateurs. Leo Diegel is regarded as Hagen's superior. So is MacDonald Smith. Give either Diegel or Smith the temperament of Hagen and either could beat Hagen. Diegel is handicapped by a nervous temperament. He is high-strung. His nerves are raw and jumpy. His highly attuned nervous system will not permit him to relax. He burns out.

At the close of the last National Open at Scioto where he had a fine chance to win but broke on the last round, Diegel remarked:

'I am unquestionably the world's greatest medal player for sixty-six holes.'

Mental attitude is paramount. All the mechanical skill a golfer may possess will not get him to the top if his temperament is not suited to the game.

Hagen has, besides the perfect mental attitude, probably the finest competitive spirit of any man in golf. In the final match of the professional tournament of 1925 he was opposed to Diegel. On the last lap of this match Diegel had Hagen three down with four holes to play. This would be an insurmountable handicap to any golfer but Hagen. It meant nothing to him, apparently. Here he was pitted against one of the game's finest mechanical players and all Diegel had to do to win the title was to take one out of the last four holes. On the next hole Hagen sank a forty-foot putt and reduced Diegel's lead to two. On the following hole Hagen laid Diegel a dead stymie on a three-foot putt and won that hole. They halved the thirty-fifth hole. One remained. Diegel still had a chance to win the title by winning the hole; Hagen had to win the hole to send the match into extra holes. Hagen won it. They halved the next three and on the fortieth Hagen tore loose two remarkable shots that won the hole, the match and the championship.

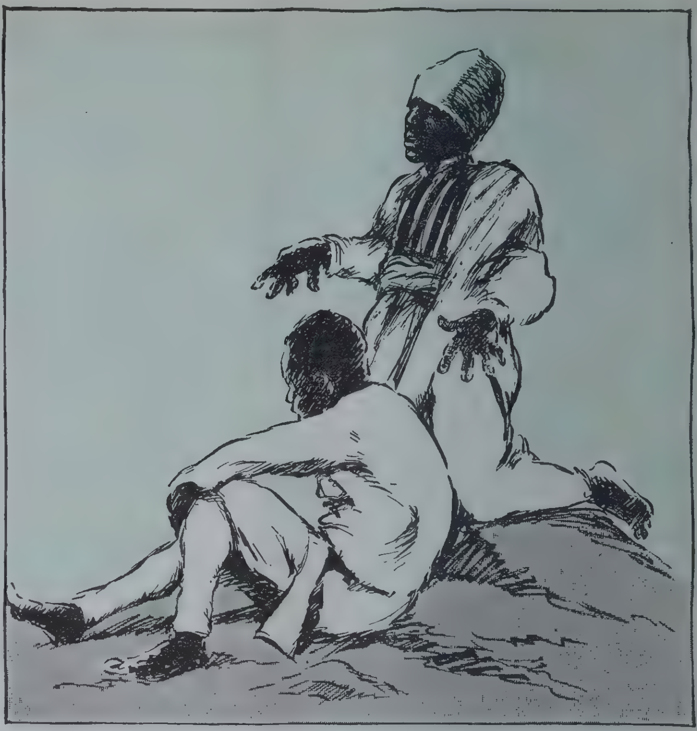
Hagen will break the hearts of most of his opponents, even the best of them, by his remarkable recoveries. In 1926 he played Bobby Jones a seventy-two-hole match for what was advertised as the golf championship of the world. The match took place in Florida. Hagen won by a twelve and eleven score but this match was practically decided with the first hole played. Jones, a great driver, shot straight down the fairway. Hagen's shot was hooked well into

(*Continued on page 18*)

The SOOTHSAYER—
A Tale of Abyssinia

By V. DITERICHS

Illustrated by EDWARD McCANDLISH



In the hospitable country of the bronze people.

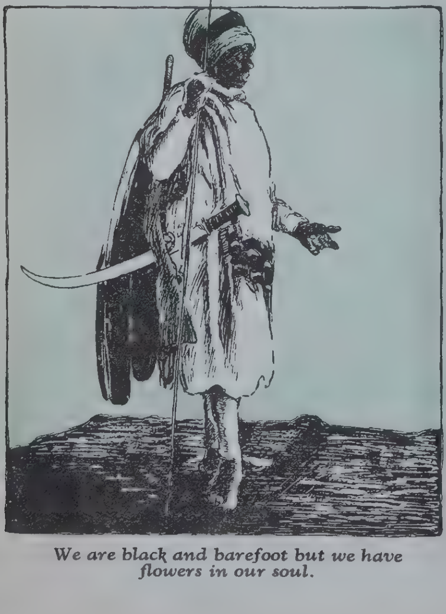
THE country of Negus is an enigma. Portentous silence—throughout all ages, world without end!

The people here are queer also. The Eastern mind is locked up in itself preserving the sanctity of old customs; a composite of fanaticism, suspiciousness, extraordinary patience, endurance, cunning and audacity.

Old legends, the thousand-year-old temple of Lalibella, traces and reminders of the Empress Savskaia, the songs of the 'Azmari' (voice with dulcimer accompaniment), a David's harp, mountains, defiles, mimosas, sands of Ougaden, monasteries, with over all the flight of an eagle under the rays of a tropical sun—all this 'betokens their country,' said Goumileff. The silent platform of Abyssinia is an inexplicable part of this world, zealously preserving its secrets and enigmas.

I am a stranger, a *Moskob-ferendji* (a Russian foreigner) in this country of stately silences, of life sans time, sans trouble, sans the unnecessary load of civilization. I had settled into quiet myself, being far from storms and clouds that are gone.

In my *toukoul* (thatched house) on Ekk mountain in a corner above my *alga* (an Abyssinian bed), near the head of the bed hangs a 'white cross' and a small wooden icon, while the whole wall is plastered with the 'chronicles of the Russo-Japanese War.' All this for the time of my dreaming; all this is my past. In my present I have already become one whole with the wild order of things surrounding me. And this life *would* seem a bit wild to all you far-off people living away up there near the Polar circle! Yet everything here is simple and quiet.



We are black and barefoot but we have flowers in our soul.

An evening of light blue opal had settled upon Addis Abeba. There behind Menagasha died the sunset in brightly glowing colors. After the storm and rain, the evening quietude. In this evening hour of rest I was sitting on a stone near my house and listening to the monotonous chatter of old Ato Desta. He had come to me with *ouhori* (the day's news). Both of us, wound in our *chamas* (tunics), preserved indifferent faces. Curiosity is impolite in Abyssinia. His news was simple and unclassified. He told about the death of old Haile, who had lately killed three elephants; that the price of rams had gone too high; that the weather was too rainy; that *motomobili* (automobiles) were killing many people; that the *ferendji* (foreigners) were smart, but the Abyssinians, though barefoot, were no fools, and that the *talian* (Italians) wanted to make war because they have no work (*sira tafo*).

His talk was quiet, yet it concealed impatience. I smiled as usual and did not show my curiosity. I know Abyssinians. I have lived among them and speak their language. They have long ceased to consider me as a foreigner and even sometimes come to me for their juridicial trials. But with old Desta my terms are particular. First of all, he was long ago the mailman and laundryman in the local Russian embassy. Secondly, we are *zamat* (relatives), he having persuaded me to marry and adorn my house with a young and quiet Abyssinian girl with bronze smile. At that time I had two and a half *talaris* in my pocket, great hopes, debts, a broken chair and remains of a torn rug. But since then time has passed and I have become a *geta* (master). I now have two new chairs and a lamp. My house is bright and, as I think, even cozy.

The silent *Vorknetch* (my wife) served us with barley beer, and to bait old Desta I ordered her with indifferent voice to give us *araki* (Abyssinian whisky). I was sure that one glass of *araki* would win the old man.

'Oh St. George, you masters know how to loosen the tongue,' said Desta drinking his portion of *araki*. He relaxed, put his feet under him, half turned toward my side and took his tunic from his nose. I had won.

AFTER a hard day of physical labor I was expecting a very interesting evening. Sunset gone, stars sprinkled the sky at once, suddenly. Down in the valley far away through the fog and smoke appeared the lights of Addis Abeba, with distant heat lightning beyond. Guttural voices proceeded from inside the house. Mixing ingredients in earthenware, my *Vorknetch* was preparing supper on the charcoals, softly singing, '*gedami . . . gedami . . .*' Back of the house from behind a mountain shone the moon clearly designing a filigree out of the tall eucalyptuses. Night covered the earth with blue silence.

We ate highly seasoned *ouhot* (a stew made of meat, butter, red pepper and bean flour, very strong) and drank, sitting on grass rugs; for chairs are not conducive to conversation with this people. Washing his hands and delightedly smiling after his supper, Desta murmured that there was an *Ougabi* or soothsayer now staying in his house. 'Go call him, master. He knows many secrets.' Here is that interesting bit

(*Continued on page 23*)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Magnifying Difficulties

PERHAPS there is not a person in the world who would not say that the story of his troubles as he tells it is not quite the story of his troubles as it should be told if exact facts were sought. With one sort of words we make our troubles much darker than they are, and with another sort we make our future much brighter and more certain than it really is; and thus we deceive ourselves twice.

THERE is a very bad habit which tends to become quite common among people, and that is the habit of giving big names to little things. It is a bad habit, not only because it encourages a sort of looseness in speech, but mostly because it unfits the mind to make proper measurements of the values of life. The right practice is to give a thing a name of the right size. We find little No. 2 things wearing No. 12 names—and, of course, it is a bad fit all round. It is amazing to find the number of people who think they are carting around a whole host of troubles, when really they are only carting around a whole host of swollen ideas about their troubles.

Everybody who is doing anything in the world has his troubles. The mother who is rearing a family has hers. It is part of her experience. And she is remade by it. The difference you see between the care-free young girl and the most of children is not merely a physical difference; it is a real difference in character. When the human soul goes through the fires of experience, the chemistry of life works a subtle change. We may not be able to define it, but we sense it.

You will see people who do nothing, simply bowed beneath imaginary troubles. If they would do something that is worth while for the other people in the world, their unnatural imaginations would be corrected by reality. They would get perspective. What we need for the wholesome direction of our self-thoughts is a system of interior bookkeeping. A business man who only kept account of his debts could prove himself a bankrupt every moment of the day. He counterbalances his liabilities with his assets. He takes account of the other side. And that is a good habit to cultivate.

A pencil and paper are good and useful aids to sanity of thinking along these lines. You say you are carrying a load of troubles. Very well. What are they? Write them down on a sheet of paper. Now, don't be childish about it—write them down! There are many simple gateways out of mental distress, which people refuse to use because the gateways are too simple. Never be afraid to be simple. There is a massive strength about intelligent simplicity which surprises you once you see it.

So, write down your troubles, one by one. Don't miss any of them. Don't spare any of them.

What? What's that you say?—you 'tried to write them down, but some of them seemed too silly and trivial!'

Nevertheless, write them down; and then opposite them write down the other things—those possessions that make for the real wealth and happiness of life. You will find that they are very simple. Some of them you have taken so long for granted that they will not separate themselves in your mind as worthy of note. One of the easiest things to forget is Health. We regard it as we do the Air, which we are always using and never considering. But health is the first wealth. A healthy man is a wealthy man. This is not mere say-so. Ask anyone who lacks health—he will tell you.

The truth is, we are imposed on by mere names. We call certain experiences 'disappointments,' and we grow glum over them, when in reality they are the very best and most useful things that could possibly happen to us. We refer to certain 'difficulties' which are only the platform on which we must climb to reach our destiny.

We live in flabby times when men are being taught that everything ought to be easy. Well, work that amounts to anything will never be easy. The higher you go in the scale of responsibility, the harder the job becomes. If there is such a thing as the highest man of all, he has the hardest job.

Ease has its place, of course. Every man who works ought to have sufficient ease in his leisure hours. The man who works hard should have his easy chair, his comfortable fireside, his pleasant surroundings. These things are his by right. No one deserves ease—indeed, no one can appreciate ease—except the one who works.

But it will never be possible to import comfortable and upholstered ease into work. Some work is needlessly hard. It can be eased by proper management. Every device ought to be procured to leave a man free to do a man's work. Flesh and blood should not be made to bear burdens that steel can bear. But even when the best is done, work still remains work, and any man who puts himself into his job will feel that it is work. It is this which renders him appreciative of ease in his leisure, and he ought to have it.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

In Justice to China

DISTURBING news comes out of China. Antiforeign sentiment is reported to be growing. An American is killed, others are threatened, others insulted. Allied warships are forced to lay down a barrage to enable Americans to escape a captured city. The American flag is fired upon. All citizens are warned to evacuate interior points and concentrate on the seaboard, where thousands of Marines and bluejackets stand ready to defend them. Effective Russian propaganda is directed against all foreigners, Americans and British especially. Chinese mobs are inflamed to murderous violence.

But reassuring news comes also. Chiang Kai-shek, brilliant young generalissimo of the Cantonese, is found to be definitely an anticommunist. He dedicates himself to combating the spread of communism within the ranks of his own men, and swings his powerful influence against the bolshevik leaders in his party. Rioters are summarily dealt with in characteristic Chinese fashion. Well-informed students of China say that the country can never be turned to sovietism, for the Chinese are inherently opposed to such doctrines.

Neither the alarming nor the reassuring reports, however, tell the whole story. China is engaged in a mighty struggle for nationalism. Not for generations has China been a nation in the true sense of the word. Even under the Manchus real power was vested in satraps who ruled the various provinces, and with the overthrow of the dynasty this power passed to bloody bandit chiefs who still hold much of the land in their grip. In the struggle to overthrow these and weld the country into a nation, sharp weapons have been called into play. Russian aid has been one weapon used by the nationalists; antiforeign propaganda another. In this they have erred; for while Americans generally sympathize with the pure doctrine of nationalism, their sympathy has been alienated to a large extent by the extreme measures taken. America is the traditional friend of China. It still hopes to be. In justice to China, judgment should be withheld until the nationalists decide whether they want that friendship or not.

Television

GRANTING that civilization thrills at the thought of being able to see a telephone speaker in another city, there is still a suspicion of doubt as to the ultimate value of such a contrivance. Certain enthusiastic prophets say the day is not far distant when one may pull a plug and see and hear the Army and Navy game as clearly and distinctly as though one sat in the stadium. Great plays will be brought from distant cities and cast on screens in remote mountain homes and farms on the distant prairies. Ocean liners at sea will pitch and toss and all will be visible to the landsman, according to the delighted proponents of the new invention. In time of war, the scene of action might be brought close to the transmitter by means of the telephoto lens. While there is a suspicion of a doubt as to its ultimate value, the same doubt was voiced as to the telephone, the automobile and countless other inventions when the first crude models came from the shops.

Communism and Religion

NEVER since Christianity was first struggling with the pagan faith of Rome has it been so challenged as by bolshevism. Never before in the history of the world has a great government controlling one-sixth of the land surface of the earth proudly proclaimed itself atheistic. Today Russia is actively attempting to stamp out religion. It is not only a negative but a positive attack. The bolsheviks would not only banish God from the heavens, but usher in communism on the earth.

Children are made the focal point in the attack. Many have deserted the religious services. Strict orders have been given that the 86,000 teachers in Russia who are non-communists shall refrain from supporting religion in the schools. They fear even to answer questions honestly. The bolsheviks teach that all ideas of God are superstitious myths. They declare that religion is the 'opiate' of the people. The Communist Party in Article 13 of its program requires of all its members *anti*religious work. The weekly magazine, *Without God*, has a circulation of 200,000. Another periodical, *The Atheist in the Factory*, circulates largely among the laboring masses. In many of the local magazines there is a 'without God' corner. In April, 1925, was founded the Union of Atheists, a missionary organization which has for its purpose the weening of Christians from their faith. In 1926 its membership exceeded 114,000. The most effective work is carried on in the villages where there is an 'economical' approach. Active propaganda is carried on to convince the illiterate peasants that Christ never lived, that Christianity has been holding them in 'bondage.'

In the great clash between what the bolsheviks claim is scientific truth versus 'blind' belief, they are so confident of the victory as to affirm, 'There is no living God, religion is self-delusion; the truth will finally emerge in the fires of communistic criticism.' Persecution is rife, yet it is possible that bolsheviks in fighting religion have done the Church a greater service in a decade than the Czar's autocracy did in subsidizing it for ten centuries. Under persecution hypocrisy is laid bare. Sincere, devoted followers of the Christ are born.

It Failed in Everything

VICE-PRESIDENT DAWES did the logical and the sensible thing in declaring that the Senate Campaign Funds Investigating Committee still retains its powers. Under the Supreme Court decision in the Mal Daugherty case he could scarcely have done otherwise. But his ruling helps clear the record. It is valuable for this reason if for no other. It knocks the last prop of assumed respectability from under the David Reed filibuster.

Reed thought by his filibuster to prevent further exposure of the Vare slush fund. He thought to block official inquiry into the Vare-controlled ballot boxes of Pennsylvania. Through his refusal to let the Senate vote on an appropriation for the investigating committee, he hoped to stop further work by that committee. But he failed, even in that. And the effect of the filibuster on other Government functions is known to every war veteran, to every pensioner, to every Federal Court in the land.

The work of the investigating committee is not ended. It has uncovered amazing facts in the elections of William S. Vare and Frank Smith to the Senate. It will uncover many more. But nothing it has disclosed is quite so astounding as the attempt of a group of politicians to prevent further investigation—even though in so doing they disrupt essential functions of government.

Paris by Air

THERE is little doubt that some airplane will make a successful nonstop flight from New York to Paris this year. Already preparations are under way for the crossing. Notable among the attempts are two scheduled within the next month: one by Commander Richard E. Byrd, first man to reach the North Pole by air; the other by Lieutenant Commander Noel Davis, accredited with being one of the best pilots in the United States Navy. Just as the arctic circle beckoned to fliers last year, so the Atlantic Ocean challenges their skill and daring now. For more than a generation it has tempted aviators, but the difficulties seemed too great to surmount. Rapid advancement in design and construction, however, has brought aviation to a point where realization is succeeding expectation. What was impossible a decade ago, or even a year ago, is now not only held possible but practical.

Until recently the distance from New York to Paris—3,600 miles—was considered far too great for continuous flight. Brown and Alcock, when they flew from Newfoundland to Ireland eight years ago, traversed only 1,960 miles. The PN9-No. 1 on its historic San Francisco-Hawaii flight covered but 1,700 miles before lack of fuel forced it down on the open sea. Here was a journey of twice that distance. Yet within the past year development of air-cooled motors has been so remarkable as to bring the achievement within reach.

The outstanding feature of the projected flights is that they are not mere stunt ventures. They have practical basis. And practical purpose. They are expected to prove the reliability of present-day airplanes and motors. They will aid in solving difficult problems of aerial navigation. They will lay the foundations for a meteorological service that will enable transatlantic planes of the future to avoid storms and other hazards. They will be of incalculable aid in building larger ships in the future—ships capable not only of carrying sufficient fuel for the journey, but passengers and mail as well. Most important of all, they will serve to break down that psychological barrier which has hemmed in and hindered aviation almost from the beginning. Commercial transatlantic aviation is inevitable. It takes no seer to envision the day when planes will weave back and forth across the ocean as ships do now. The nation which first develops transatlantic aviation will have a marked advantage over other nations.

We Eat Too Much

VOLUNTARY abstinence from food as a method for curing human ills is as ancient as Hippocrates, the 'father of medicine,' who lived three hundred years and more before the Christian Era. Among the lower animals it is as old, probably, as time itself. Instinctively animals choose fasting as a remedy for their ailments. Every naturalist knows that wild creatures will seek some sheltered retreat, there to remain without food until sickness has passed. Even those of us who are unfamiliar with nature have noted the same characteristic in domestic animals.

Yet, knowing these things, we invariably stuff our bodies with such quantities of badly chosen food as to make us torpid, sluggish and disagreeable. We overtax our digestive organs to please our sense of taste. We choose edibles for the palate, not for the stomach. We eat a variety and a class of food that would bring an ache to a sausage grinder. *And then we wonder why we feel bad!* Perhaps it would be better for all of us if we prepared for each day's meals by reciting a little verse which Rudyard Kipling called 'Primitive Theology.' One stanza goes like this:

> I ate my fill of a whale that died
> And stranded after a month at sea. . . .
> There is a pain in my inside!
> Why have the gods afflicted me?

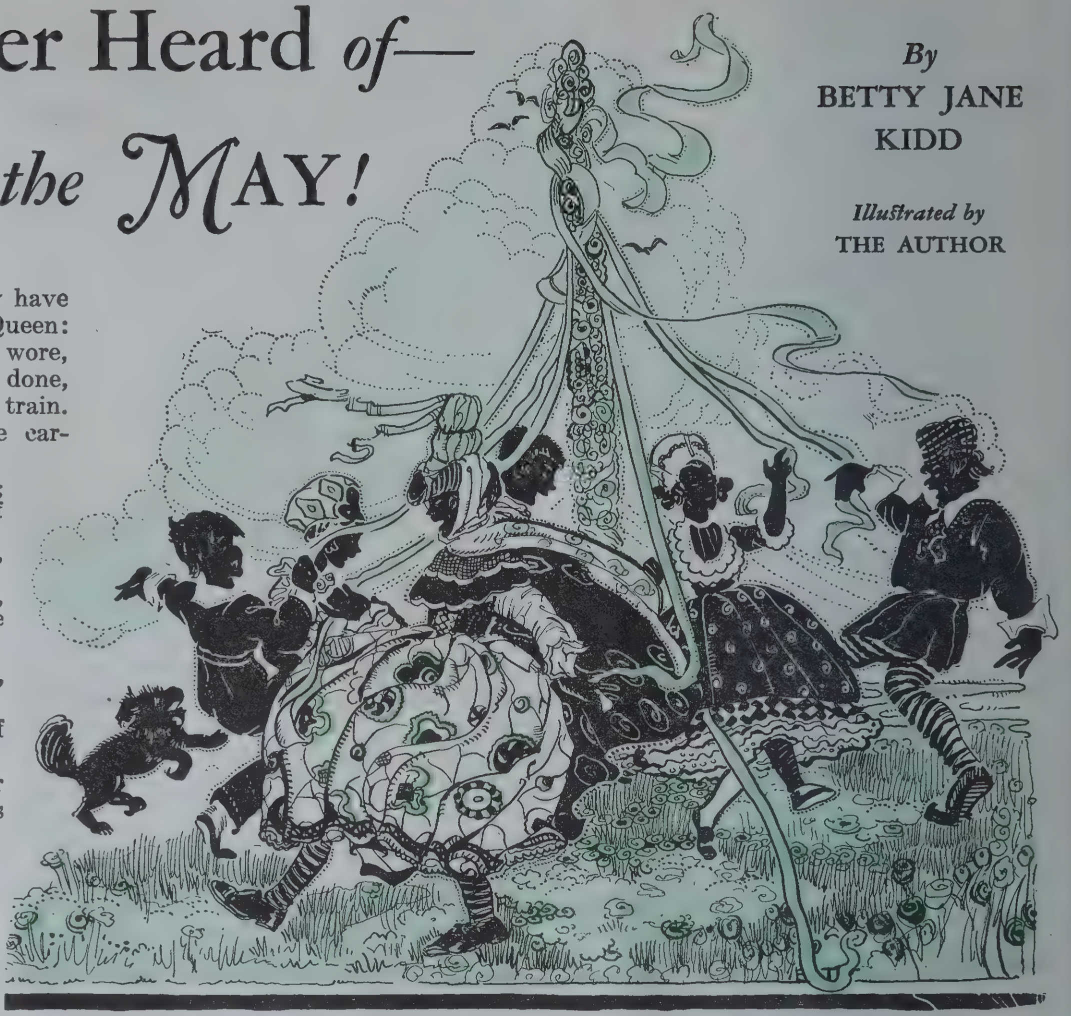
The Bobolink

THE bobolink has at last won sanctuary under the nation's game laws. The Department of Agriculture has issued an order forbidding its killing save in the South, where planters by special permit will be allowed to shoot the bird between August 15 and November 15 when it is found injuring the rice crops. The bobolink is a lovely sight as it sways on tall grain stalks or flutters over low-lying marshes and meadows. In the spring, about to migrate northward, it gathers in small flocks with its fellows to sing in concert. First one will trill, then another, and another until the entire band has joined voice. And *that* is something the listener will never forget. Bird lovers will welcome the ruling which gives him a new lease on life.

Who Ever Heard of— The King o' the MAY!

By
BETTY JANE KIDD

Illustrated by
THE AUTHOR



TRADITION and history have told us all about the Queen: about the dresses she wore, the way her hair was done, her flowers and her train. Generations of schoolbooks have carried her appeal—

. . . call me early, mother dear;
Tomorrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year,—
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother. I'm to be Queen o' the May!

We know, as has been said, all about the Queen.

But—who has ever heard of the King?

Who knows whether his mother called him early? Whether his crown was twined of alder blossoms or of eglantine, his scepter a wand of sycamore or of hawthorn? Who knows the songs he sang or the steps he danced or whether he enjoyed himself? Who cares?

And this is a great shame. Because once upon a time the King of the May was a very important person. To be chosen for the honor he must be a champion and a comedian, a poet and an athlete, a king and a buffoon all rolled into one and seasoned with comical good-nature, lion-hearted strength, manly beauty and chivalry. The business of being a May King was a doughty one and brooked of no laggards.

His office dated from antiquity, from half-whispered tales and legends. But like the desert rose, the Maytime King was often doomed to blush unseen. For in Merrie England, and in parts of central Europe, as well, his first act of office was to assume a complete disguise. Before dawn he was up and out into the woods. Here he had previously helped to fashion a huge wicker basket. Into this coop, with the assistance of his courtiers, His Majesty was wont to wriggle.

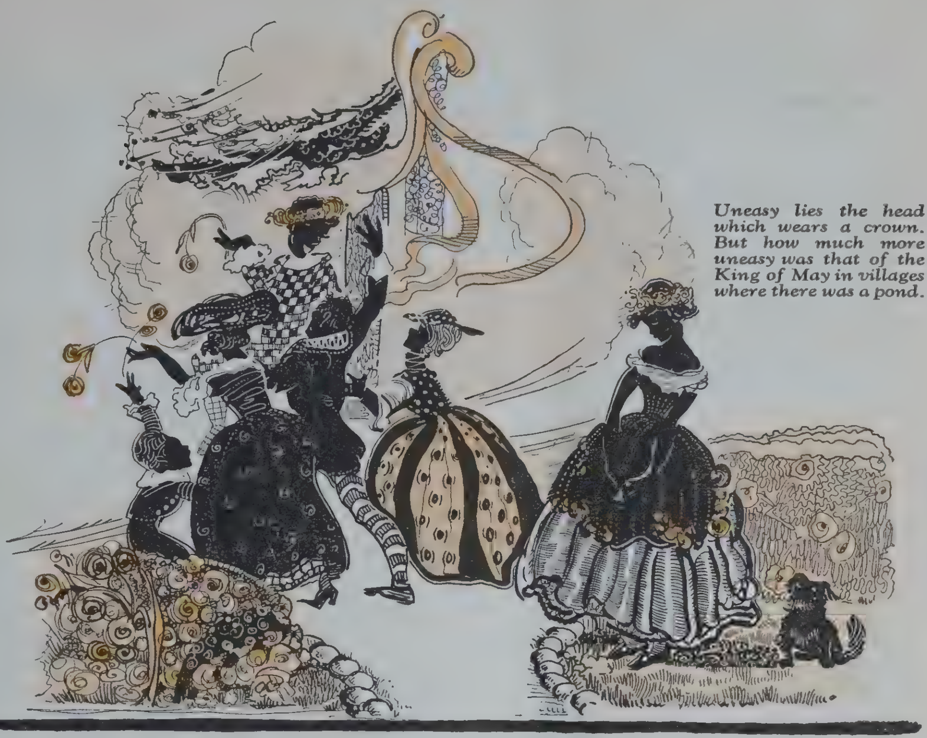
'Jack-in-the-Green' they called him, and 'in the green' he indeed was after his loyal subjects had finished with him. For the idea was to cover his framework of pliant boughs with such a profusion of leafy branches, with such sprigs of flowering hawthorn and such garlands of posies that not a vestige of the sweating monarch was left visible beneath the pyramid of greenery.

'Huzzah! Hurrah! The King has come!' shouted the delighted rustics as he appeared in the village, like a float in a modern parade. And it must have been this lusty music of applause, sweet to royal ears even buried beneath pounds of greenery which compensated for the trials to come. For after this initial burst of enthusiasm, it is nowhere noted that in the May games which followed His Majesty was treated with that respect and dignified aloofness which has so long been associated with royalty. In fact, in every game the King was *it* and, hedged as he was in his divinity and greenery, he was obliged to dance to whatever tune was piped him.

One village provided him with a bell inside his leafy fane. Trundling his florist's shop, his imperious courtiers led him merrily from door to door. At each a guess was offered as to the identity of the concealed monarch, which had been kept a close secret. A loud clangor from the bell and loud cheers from his attendants greeted each wrong guess, for it was a sign for milk and cakes and mead made of purest honey to be passed by the mistaken guesser. Did the King receive the largest goblet and the most succulent bannock? Don't think it! With a peeping Tom in every village, he was not allowed to jeopardize the secret of his identity and the further treats of his followers by reaching for nourishment. He went concealed—and hungry—to the very eve, when he might be permitted to dine in state if aught were left to dine upon!

Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown. But how much more uneasy was that of the King of May in villages where there was a pond. Here he had need of all his skill and wit, for at the close of the merrymaking into the water went the cage of boughs and leaves—and into the water went His Majesty, unless he had managed to step so adroitly from his prison and to substitute a straw effigy of himself so cunningly that the change was not seen.

Sometimes the Throne of May was set upon a flat rock close to the village well. Here sat the King in state, ready to receive any soft glance from shy bright eyes which might penetrate his armor of basketry and ivy. But even as he sat, his throne might totter beneath him. It was the amusing whim of the Celts to play at Duck on a Rock with their King, and challenge the stout lads of the next village to come knock him from his throne if they could.



Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown. But how much more uneasy was that of the King of May in villages where there was a pond.

But it was not only from foreign enemies that the King must preserve his royal weal. The end of many a May Day lord was in heated flight from his own subjects.

In Saxony the King, leading the Queen by the hand (and who could blame him if he tugged a bit) took refuge in disguise and in whatever covert was handy, whence he was hunted out by the townspeople and carried back to preside over the dancing.

In Russia Father May was dressed in bark and flowers and drawn on a sledge by his devoted henchmen. Devoted? Well it may have been an accident that the howling King was overturned into every pool he passed, to be fished out none too gently by his jubilant subjects.

In Bohemia a lovely green palace of boughs was erected for the stalwart King, and he was treated with every honor until—

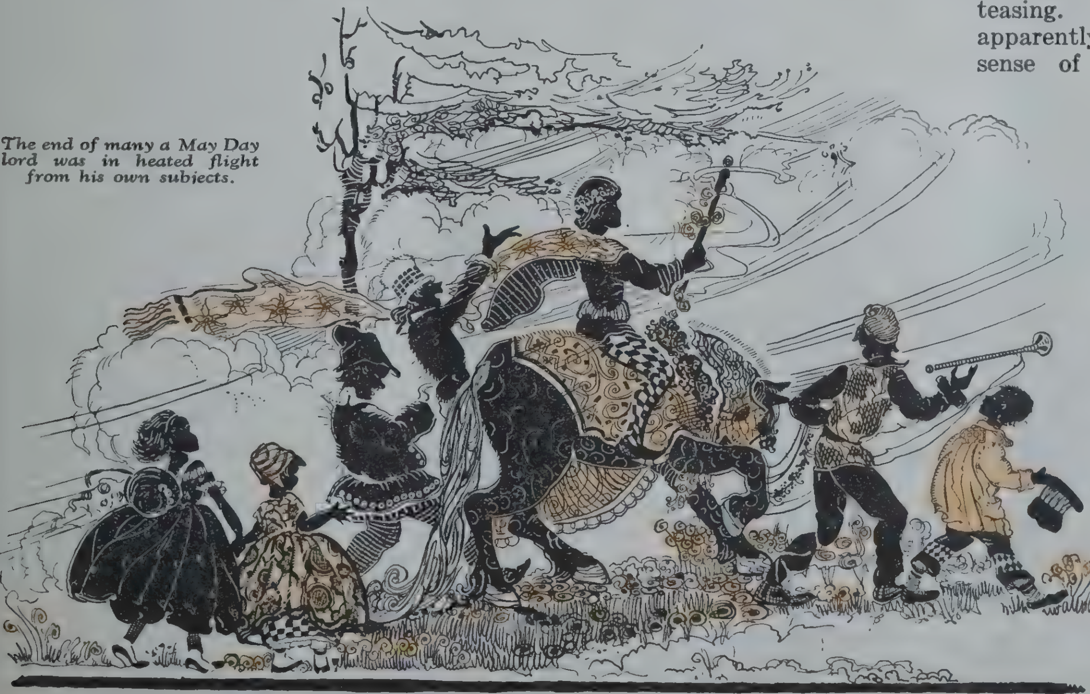
Until he left the hut at top speed on horseback, pursued by the village yokels. Well might he cry his kingdom for a horse, and a swift one at that. If he were caught, a severe drubbing was his lot, though if he escaped he might return in peace and feast at the village at the expense of his cronies.

But perhaps the most doubtful honor, and the most dangerous as well, fell to the May kings in a certain section of France. There were no applicants for the crown of flowers. Instead the choosing was done by cruel Fate herself, who causes lasses' eyes to stray. A King, to be eligible for his job, must have been jilted by his sweetheart within the year. Men did not willingly seek the throne.

Crowned with flowers, the unlucky King was led, like a lamb to the slaughter, into a flower-starred field outside the hamlet. Obediently he lay down and allowed himself to be heaped with leaves by more fortunate swains who speedily departed.

Then the fun—for other people—began! A girl who liked the King stole forth from the village and called him from his cover, leading him back to the village as her affianced spouse. And affianced spouse he was, no teasing. Yes, indeed! those villagers apparently had not the proper sense of play, for they took it all in dead earnest. Every year was leap year for them. And if the unfortunate youth didn't like the girl, if she had a cast in her eye or a flaw in her disposition—if he declared he wouldn't marry her, King or no King, then it was cheerfully decreed that he couldn't marry anybody, that he was debarred from the company of young people for the rest of his life.

The May King has perished. No need to ask where are the spring monarchs of yesteryear. They have vanished, with the quaint and rustic customs of the race. The King is dead! And no one calls long life to his successor.



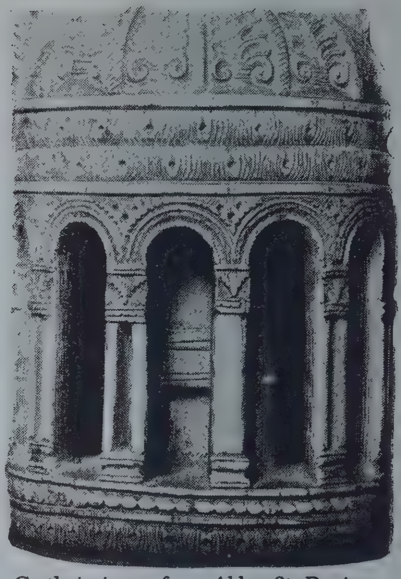
The end of many a May Day lord was in heated flight from his own subjects.

Roman pawn in ivory.

The Game *and* Playe *of the* CHESSE

Was the Pastime of Potentates, Prelates *and* Princes

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

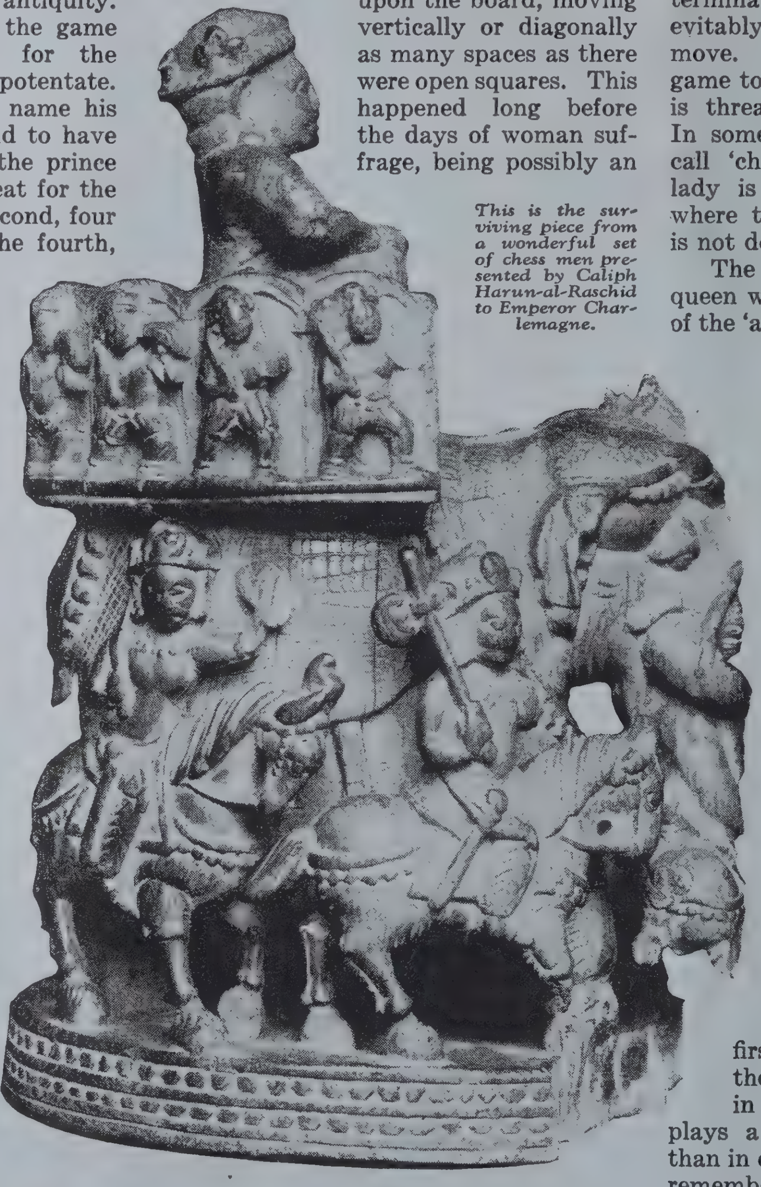


Castle in ivory, from Abbey St. Denis.

THE first book printed in the English language was entitled *The Game and Playe of the Chesse* issued by William Caxton in the year 1474. A truly royal game this, whose lineage extends to remote antiquity.

The tradition is that the game was invented in India for the amusement of a Hindu potentate. Upon being requested to name his reward the inventor is said to have modestly suggested that the prince give him one grain of wheat for the first square, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on, in geometrical progression through the sixty-four squares of the chessboard. This innocent demand, however, comes to an appalling total, sixteen billions of billions of billions of billions of grains of wheat, and is far more wheat than has been produced in the world since the beginning of history.

The history of chess has been divided into three periods in which the evolution of the power of woman plays the leading rôle. In the Hindu period, the Chaturanga was played by four players, two sets of partners, each player having a king, tower, knight and bishop placed on the first row toward the right of the player and with a guard of four pawns in front. The moves were entirely analogous to those of the same pieces today except that the bishop could move diagonally only two spaces at a time and could jump over an intervening piece. In the second period, the Shatranj of the Middle Ages, the collaborating pieces were combined on one side of the board, but the extra king became transformed into a queen, moving diagonally one space at a time. In the third stage of the game the bishop was given power to move any number of squares diagonally, but not over an obstructing piece, while the queen became the most powerful piece upon the board, moving vertically or diagonally as many spaces as there were open squares. This happened long before the days of woman suffrage, being possibly an indication of what may be expected in the future.



This is the surviving piece from a wonderful set of chess men presented by Caliph Harun-al-Raschid to Emperor Charlemagne.

However, the game itself still centers around the king whose capture when made inevitable is called 'checkmate.' The capture is never effected, the game terminating when the king will inevitably be taken on the following move. Incidentally, it is a rule of the game to call 'check' whenever the king is threatened by an opposing piece. In some countries it is customary to call 'check on the queen' when the lady is threatened, but in countries where the women have the vote this is not done.

The new game with the dominant queen was called 'mad chess,' by some of the 'antis,' the mad having particular reference to the new queen. 'Donna,' or 'dame,' meaning 'lady,' was also used for the new game, stressing the feminine power.

The charm of chess lies in the practically infinite variety of situations which arise, each requiring an independent judgment. At the outset each player has the choice of twenty moves and for many further moves no less a number of possibilities. In consequence, four hundred different situations are possible after only one move has been made on each side. Two moves by each player give at least one hundred sixty thousand situations and three moves make possible some sixty-four million variations of situation.

In checkers each player has first a choice of seven moves and the increase is far less rapid than in chess. Memory, therefore, plays a far greater rôle in checkers than in chess; the expert checker player remembers continuations even after the game has advanced many moves. In cards, also, as in chess, the multitude of possible hands constitutes a real part in the charm of the game.

The popularity of chess in the

Middle Ages was far greater than it is today, being for centuries the most popular game in knightly circles. The great authority on the history of chess, H. J. R. Murray, ascribes the devotion of the nobility to the game to the fact that time hung so heavily upon their hands. Reading was an accomplishment of the few and, in consequence, the intellectual stimulus of the chess proved a welcome relief from the sports of out-of-doors.

Even today many men of affairs find in chess a complete relaxation and absorption which is restful. It must be admitted that for some chess is harmful, absorbing too much time and attention. But it has often been hinted that even the game of whist has its too ardent devotees, largely of the fair sex.

For many centuries chess has counted among its patrons many members of the church. Frequently the game was forbidden to the clergy. The monk Zonares who wrote, about A. D. 1100, commentaries on the Apostolic Canons said: 'Because . . . some of the Bishops and clergy who depart from virtue and play chess or dice or drink to excess, the Rule commands that such shall cease to do so or be excluded; . . . laymen . . . given to chess-playing and drunkenness . . . shall be excluded.'

A knight of the XIV Century, at Oxford. Left—Pawn of the XVI Century.

In an early form of chess the piece to be moved was determined by a throw of a die, hence the games of dice and chess were associated. However, it was found then as now that the prohibition made some even more desirous to learn the thing prohibited. Never generally enforced, the rule ceased to be applied in the 15th Century.

The parallel between chess and human life was made by many of the clergy in sermons and in a type of morality play. Caxton's famous work, before mentioned, is the English translation of an exceedingly popular morality by a Dominican friar, Jacobus de Cessolis. The four chapters have, in Caxton, the following titles:

'The first traytee is of the Invencion of this playe of the chesse . . . '

'The second traytee treteth of the chesse men . . . ' (including) 'The first chapitre . . . of the form of a kynge . . . The .ii. chapitre treteth of the quene and her forme and maners . . . ' and so on with bishops, knights, and rooks (or castles).

'The thirde traytee is of the offices of the comyn peple and hath .viii. chapitres,' treating respectively laborers and tillers of the soil, smiths, drapers, merchants and changers (of money), physicians and surgeons and apothecaries, innkeepers, civic employes, and finally 'ribauldes, diseplayers and currours.'

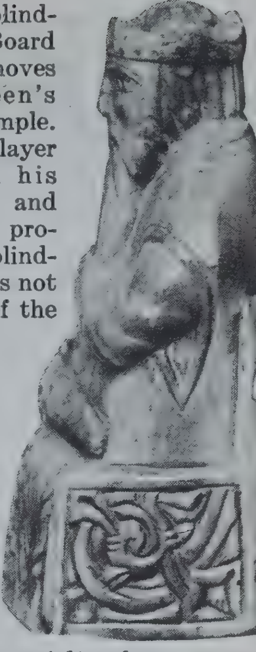
'The .iiii. traytee is of the menyng and yssue of them.' All is allegorical, based on the game of chess.

In our common speech we retain numerous references to this parallelism. 'Checkmated' is often used, while the 'pawns' are still played and manipulated by the higher powers. The very word 'check' or 'cheque' together with 'exchequer' are connected with the checkered squares upon which the accounts were cast, the chessboard itself being a kind of emblem of a bank.

The most famous player of all time in chess is Paul Morphy, an American born in New Orleans, who began to play as a boy, and early defeated all the European masters of the game. During the Civil War Morphy's family lost their fortune and Morphy finally died insane. It must be mentioned that for many years before his death Morphy had ceased to play at chess at all.

Another American player of enduring fame was Harry Nelson Pillsbury, a genius with a particular bent for blindfold play. In this strenuous exercise the blindfold player must remember the sequences of the moves upon each board. Each square has its designation and the blindfold player begins by stating, for example, 'Board number one, pawn to king's four.' This means that the pawn standing in front of the king is moved two squares out.

The blindfold player passes on to succeeding boards, and finally returns to board one. Then the player at board one makes a move; this is repeated to the blindfold player, 'Board number one moves pawn to queen's four,' for example. The blindfold player replies with his second move, and so the game proceeds. The blindfold player does not see a picture of the board but rather remembers the sequence of moves, an analytical view rather than a pictorial one.



A king from a set seven hundred years old.

In a conversation with Pillsbury about his method, he told the writer that the memory feature is analogous to that of a business man who remembers twenty conversations which he has had during the day. However, with Pillsbury if you were to ask him, after the play, for example, 'On board number three, why did you play your bishop on the seventeenth move?' he would take up the game from that point.

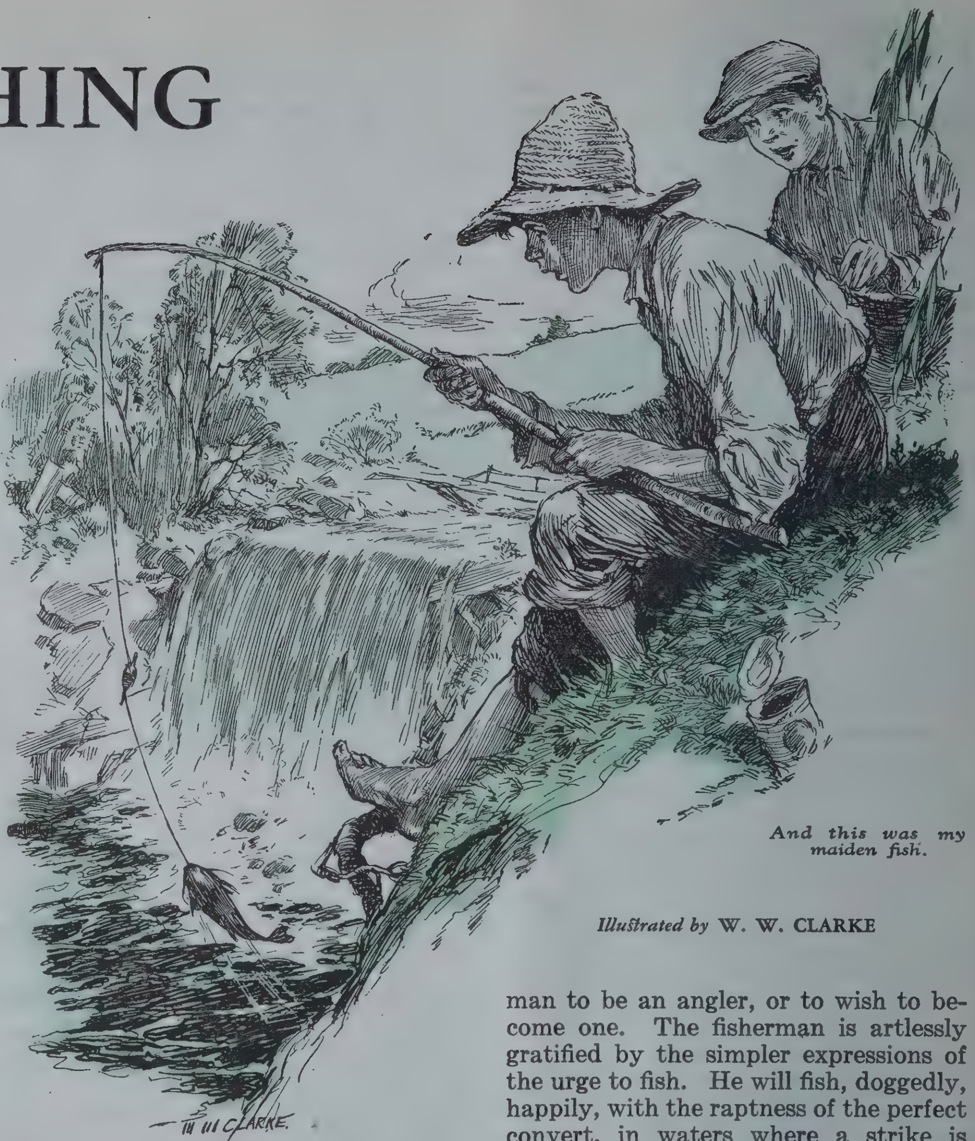
At present time, Alexander Alekhine holds the record for blindfold play, with thirty-one games in a session extending beyond the eight-hour day. In some respects the performances of a Detroiter, Newell Banks, champion checker player of America, are even more remarkable in that he plays both chess and checkers blindfold simultaneously. Checkers blindfold is more difficult since the positions vary less than in chess, promoting confusion in the mind of the player.

(Continued on page 24)

A castle to represent the castle (or rook), Abbey St. Denis.

This FISHING

By BEN HUR LAMPMAN



And this was my maiden fish.

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

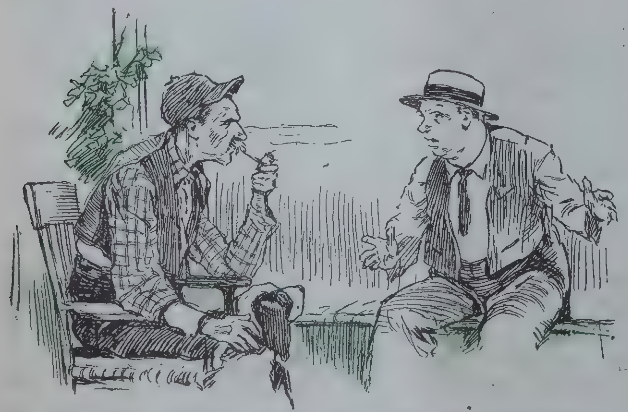
IT IS remembered as clearly in every essential detail as though it had been yesterday. Over the planks of Poskin's Dam, and these were painted a dull green with water mosses, the stream trickled thinly. There were willows, quite as a matter of course, and the bank was lush with the tenderest of clover, cropped close by cattle. And where the water fell into the pool, there was carried, down and down, an interminable outpouring of false pearls that rose streamingly to the surface and fizzed into nothingness. Save for this the pool was forbiddingly dark and mysterious, yet it exercised a spell not all unpleasing. It held a promise, it extended an expectancy, that I have since remarked in many waters. And somebody said, with the least trace of mature impatience, sharply, urgently:

'Pull him in! Land sakes! You got a bite!'

I pulled. Upward along the line, through my fingers, and thence to every dancing nerve, tingled the message of my captive, struggling in the dark water beneath Poskin's Dam. And my heart sang to his strugglings and magnified his might. Out of mystery he rose, gnomish of aspect and mildly blue of eye, with every barbel waving, and pectoral spines fiercely set, that singular catfish we called bullhead—seven tremendous inches of him. He shone on the clover as ebony would, and leviathan seemed not more vast to the ancient father who fleshed the first harpoon. I was seven and this my maiden fish.

I hold it to be a goodly heritage that wherever water is found, salt or fresh, land-girt or sweetly flowing, there fish are to be had in nearly every instance. Nor can there be a loneliness more inconsolable than that of some desolate lake which, heavily burdened with minerals, may not be host to fishes, but lies barren and lamenting, with never a scaled flank to flash above it, and never a fin to cruise casually amid its secret places. To harbor fish is the proper heritage of every water, and foremost among the rights of man, all landed proprietors to the contrary, with a plague on placards of trespass, is the right to wet a line and take a fish.

It is pleasant to observe that the eldest and most democratic of all fraternities is that of the fishermen, wherein membership is shared by the veriest aboriginal and the most cultured of cosmopolites. These speak a kindred language and are never at loss to comprehend one another when the theme is fishing. What is this fishing?



The most democratic of all fraternities is that of the fishermen.

One has no difficulty in distinguishing mere anglers from your true fisherman. Though it is possible for the individual to be both angler and fisherman, or almost, it is a phenomenon of great infrequency for any fisherman to be an angler, or to wish to become one. The fisherman is artlessly gratified by the simpler expressions of the urge to fish. He will fish, doggedly, happily, with the raptness of the perfect convert, in waters where a strike is extremely improbable, and at seasons when every natural sign is against him. He will fish when thunders are above, and lightnings streak the sky. He will fish with the sleet in his face and the wind chilling him to the marrow. He will fish with a knotted cord of cotton and the crudest of hooks. It is true that the finer gear of the craft, superlative, beautiful, masterly, is very dear to him—but the urge to fish is dearer. He fishes because he must fish.

It is not so with anglers, strictly speaking. I sorrow that it is not so, and that they should appear to me as woefully misguided men, worshiping the shape and not the substance. And it is my confirmed belief that there is often more joy in a sunfish rightly taken, with gratefulness of spirit and simplicity of heart, than may have been in the famous capture of a tuna.

As a reporter I was once dispatched to interview Dr. David Starr Jordan on a matter identified with public policy, a most important assignment. And I assume that the excellent doctor might, indeed, have granted that interview and given light abundantly, but of the topic hopefully assigned me I returned with only a few fragmentary

observations, of which little could be made. For we spoke of the steelhead trout, and of how this migrant was at first miscalled a salmon; of the precociously romantic jack-salmon that will not wait his season of maturity, but must be off and away to the bridal streams when his elders swim forward and upward to love and death; of the golden-hued trout of northern California, and of many another kindred matter and marvel.

I could readily conceive that this kindly personage had written paunchy volumes concerning fishes and their ways, since despite his other attainments, which are varied and noteworthy, the mystery of fishes was his first love and remains his greatest. And I sat at his feet, so to speak, as the boy Kim sat at those of his wise and wandering holy man.

Several years ago Dr. Jordan visited Hawaii, and specifically the metropolis, Honolulu. This he did with many learned colleagues, on an occasion of some sort, the nature of which now is unimportant and bygone. When a certain session of this conference was about to be called—and I suspect it to have been the first of the series—the eminent delegate was, like Emmeline of Milne's verses, not to be seen. He had 'slipped between the two tall trees at the end of the green.' Well, there was consternation then, you may indeed assume.

HITHER and yon the savants sought their lost associate, until one, more fertile of fancy than his distraught companions, cried out in inspiration: 'Let us search the aquaria, my dear fellows! Let us proceed to the aquaria!' And so they proceeded to the aquaria, pausing only now and then to exclaim discreetly at the warm blossoming of the bougainvillaea, to watch the pottering mynah birds take flight with a flash of white wing-bars, and to fill their very beings with scarlet and gold and green. For a land where they loiter somewhat who hasten, is the isle of Oahu. But at length they came to the aquarium, and there he was, surely enough, standing before those incomparable strangenesses of color and form which are the enchanted fishes of Hawaiian seas. He had gone thither as the homing pigeon seeks its loft, and he was well content.

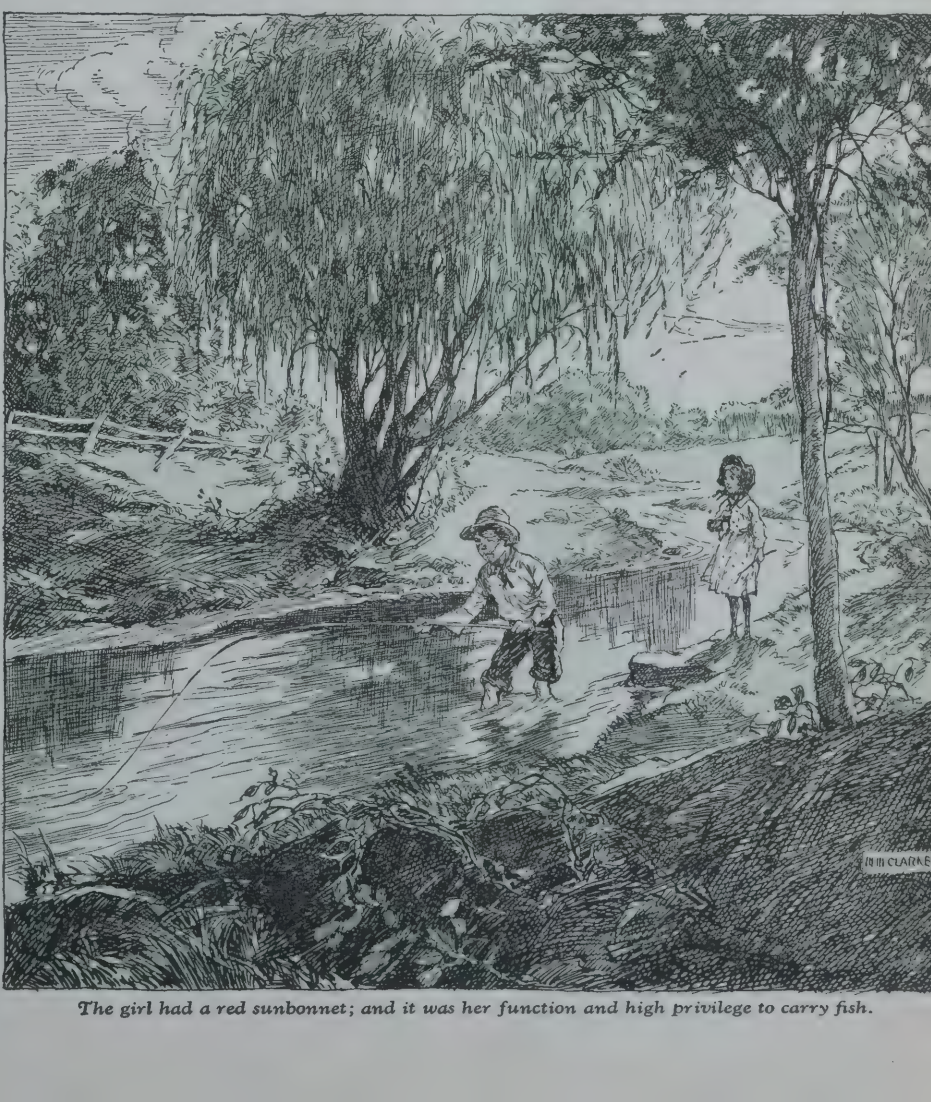
So, as I have said, it began for me with the capture of a catfish—the most personable and handsome of catfishes—in the black pool below Poskin's Dam. I drew from that earliest water something more than a catfish—a charmed creature, weaving spells. If I required his life of him, he in his turn exacted a tribute that has not wavered. The sorcery of him has led me to my armpits in frigid mountain water, of which I derived twinges that linger; and to shores of summer where the sun flayed me, face and arm—and shall lead again. I, too, am well content.

I would pass rapidly on, for the sin of fishermen is that of tedium, to the adventure of the floating island, which befell a few years later. The lake is in Wisconsin, and for all I know to the contrary the selfsame islands cruise it yet. They were masses of treacherous bogland, half peat, half deeply rooted water-plants thriving in their own decay, and they floated heavily over the lake at the wind's will, now here, now miles away. Only boys, with the casual bravado of their kind, fished from the treacherous vantage of these wanderers.

EACH island reared a numerous brood of black frogs, and it followed that each island was ringed with watchful eyes. That incautious frog who quitted the quaking mass, though never so briefly, was seen no more by his fellows. In a gleam and a swirl the bass or pickerel struck, and where the swimmer had been there was only a momentary eddy with a bubble whirling on its rim. Of boats we had none to command, but when an island came within tempting distance of the mainland we pushed out on logs and gained it, and at sunset were known to walk through town with such strings of mighty fish, and mostly of bass, as brought the loungers to attention. But these were our islands and we did not tell. So long ago and far away.

And three of us voyaged one day not to a single island only, but to all three of them, for the weather was auspicious and the log extraordinarily obedient. It was so that the forbears put out from shore. We had reversed the record and were again at the beginning of things. Here and there, on the two islands first visited, and from the log in mid-lake, we took fish—bass with the scent of sweet herbs rising from their fat sides, lean, savage pickerel mottled and barred, and that fish called the wall-eyed pike, which when taken from a certain bottom is golden as a coin. Yet the catch had been but a fair one when we moored the log insecurely to the third island and tossed our frogs beside its rushes.

The island lay near the mouth of a river and the swing of the waning current played with it musingly. Deep and deeper sank my frog, till white stomach was lost to view in green shadow, and I began—for it was our custom to kill this bait before we used it—that jerking motion of the five-cent cane which caused the luckless batrachian to seem to swim. There was a



The girl had a red sunbonnet; and it was her function and high privilege to carry fish.

reluctance manifest. The line drew slowly outward and downward, and, lacking the refinement of a reel, I moved the tip toward the surface and thrust it under, and still under, until my eager wrist was in the water. And I struck.

A fisherman would know, and an angler might know—though I doubt many anglers have fished after that fashion. The vibrant, furious, berserk range of him! The whiteness of his flanks, far down, far down. The rush that sent him twisting into the June sunshine. The dread that swept me, lest he should be lost. And at long last, by the clemency of those fates that watch over fishermen, and give particular heed to boys, the drawing forth of a great pike or pickerel that weighed unbelievable pounds, and that was borne home between two of us, on a stout stick as becomes a mighty fish who has fought the good fight and can no more.

Does pride know a summit loftier than this? Or fullness of heart a deeper, more pervasive content? Why, sir, I assure you that even an angler might have been dislodged from his studied nonchalance by the taking of that magnificent specimen of its species.

The time came for the catching of my first trout, and this is always a memorable experience. For the trout, of whatever kind, is not appraised for weight alone, but for those finer values which are found in fluent outline, in grace, and glow and all of beauty's attributes. He who catches a trout has in the rough, mortal hand of him one of Nature's poems, a creature of a comeliness so rare, so strange, so patrician, as to touch the heart of the captor with pity and with praise. And they who take tarpon, I dare say, those vast and valorous herrings that are silver as a shield, do not take with their tarpon that certain something which every fisherman takes with his trout, though the fish be no longer than a stretched finger. This trout of mine, this first trout, was taken in the creek we knew as Four Mile, and there is a red sunbonnet in the tale.

Thickets of hazel and sumac pressed close to Four Mile, and willows waded lithely into its sweet current, and in all it was such a stream as is hard to come at, and such a one as you might cross almost at a stride. The girl—a cousin, she was—had a red sunbonnet; and it was her function and high privilege to carry fish. In that creek, I remember, I first saw the miller's-thumb, that universal ugliness, that finned belly, which is the bane of bait fishermen. He came squattering over the bright sand, as he were come from the moon, strange, lunar, outlandish. I drew the grasshopper from his gullet, and kept the miller's-thumb, for fish are fish to a boy. And very stealthily I moved toward that place where Four Mile made music under a hanging sod. Within the music were trout, many trout, untaught, uncaught, and uncommonly hungry. Ha! He was fast. He was forth. He was mine.

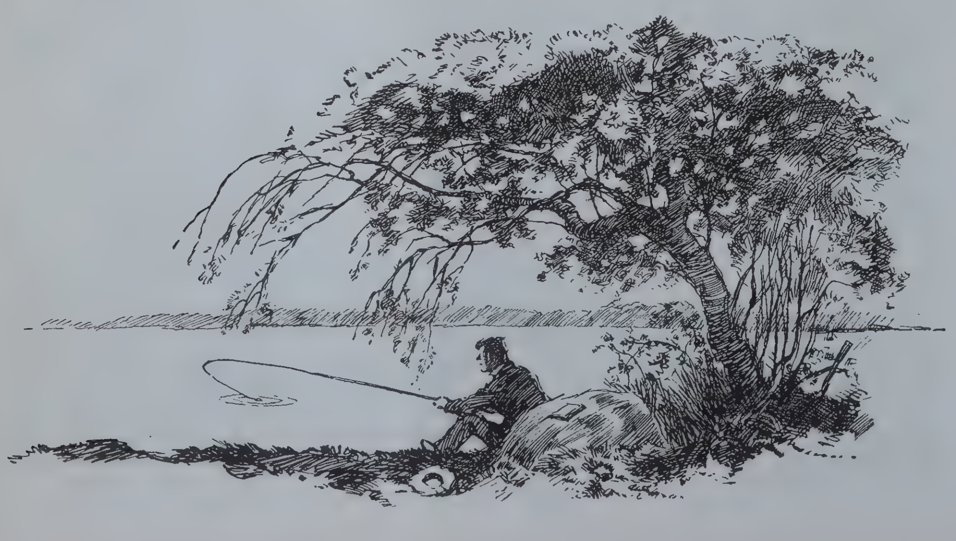
THE girl with the red sunbonnet dutifully strung him on a willow twig. Mark the red spots so deftly fixed, as though an artist had set them there, the play of color against color, the changing hues of dissolution, the smoothness of him to the touch, the wonder of him to the eye. And so I caught another and yet another, greedy to have them all. There is naught like to the catching of trout, unless it be the shooting of green-wing teal on a windy pass. Even now I lift an imprecation against that red sunbonnet, ruffle and string.

For the bull came through the tangle, having descried the scarlet taunt from far off, and as he came he shook that pleasant afternoon with his voice of protest and of wrath. We saw the curly front of him looming near at hand, with turfs and leafmold showering over him, and we bore the flaming sunbonnet away from that place somewhat hastily. In the saga of Thorfin Karlsefne, as Kipling has somewhere remarked in a story, it is told that a strange folk fled the Northmen for identical reasons of urgency. 'When they heard our bulls bellow the Skroelings ran away!'

We emulated the prudent Skroelings without hesitancy, and as we ran we passed, at the border of the meadow, a haycock on which drowsed a brilliancy, kindled by the sun. I have wondered what manner of reptile he was, since the time was not for inquiry. Yet I think the fellow may have been a kingsnake, dreaming of battle.

And thus, by this and by that, and here and there, in a hundred waters, I became an indifferent but incurable fisherman, such as must fish when the wind fares from the wrong quarter, such as yearn from a train toward the merest shimmer of a creek through the firs, such as brood hopefully beside pasture ponds, and are guided by an innocent faith which passes understanding.

(The concluding installment of this article will appear in an early issue.)



Golf's Gem

(Continued from page 7)

the rough. Jones' second shot was also perfectly executed and he was on the edge of the green. Hagen's second was over the green, the ball nestling in the thickets beyond.

Here was a hole that by all the standards of golfing skill should have been won by Jones in four strokes. He had played perfect golf on his first two shots while Hagen had foozled his first two. He was in trouble on both of them. Jones did get a four with perfect golf, but he did not win the hole; all he did was halve it. Hagen, playing out of the thickets beyond the green, laid his ball dead to the pin. Jones took two putts, Hagen needed one. Both got four's.

Jones never really recovered from the psychological effect of that first hole. He had played perfect golf but was forced to halve the hole with a man who committed two gross blunders.

Hagen has won many big matches that way. He will often go deep into the rough and then pitch 100 yards or so to the pin. He does not lose strokes where he should lose them and nothing will more disturb the mental state of a golfer than that. His spectacular recoveries break down the mental reserves. They cause mental panic in his opponents.

He pays attention to minute details. One of his friends told me:

'People wonder why Hagen makes such remarkable shots when he needs them most. I'll give you one reason. Every evening before he retires Hagen rubs his hands and feet in olive oil for fifteen minutes. His hands are never sore, cracked, blistered or calloused. Neither are his feet. Mechanical success in golf depends upon the hands and feet and Hagen cares for his. Did you ever hear of another golfer who did? Have you ever noticed the condition of the hands and feet of some of the golf stars? Hagen long ago realized that the golfer's hands must be in the finest possible condition. If they are not he will lose the touch. Hagen loses less touch than any other man playing golf. He keeps his hands as sensitive as possible. You also can't play good golf if the feet hurt so Hagen takes the same care of his feet. He has shoes especially made and he pays forty dollars a pair for them. He says they are worth it and I guess they are.'

Hagen plays intelligent golf. Just before the opening of the professional tournament last year he looked the course over carefully. He discovered that while the fairways and greens seemed soft, due to heavy rains, they were really hard, the soft surface not extending deeply. While other competitors pitched high and were astonished at their failure to get stops on the supposedly soft ground, Hagen used a pitch and run that carried the ball to the pin. They could not understand why that particular method of approach was successful. They had not made the thorough study of ground conditions that Hagen had.

A great putter, if not the greatest of all golfers on the greens, Hagen is also a brilliant master of the medium iron shots. He lays the ball up just often enough to wreck the confidence of his opponents. He generally manages to lay one dead to the pin that would need two strokes from any competitor.

Who Was Shylock Then?

(Continued from page 1)

Under the leadership of Alexander Hamilton, the young Republic took up the question of paying the debt to France and other countries in the first week of the first session of the First Congress. A proposal that a loan of $12,000,000 be made to refund the foreign debt had no opposition in Congress. This is stated by all of the historians of the period. There was bitter opposition to the new nation paying the debts of the Colonies, and when the proposal was on the verge of defeat it is stated that Hamilton traded the location of the national capital for some votes from Virginia and Maryland. It thus appears that the pork barrel also was opened in the first session of Congress, for the location of the capital city was then a mudhole.

It was with this first pork barrel deal that Alexander Hamilton established for the young Republic a national credit that has never since been shaken. He did it by funding all of the Revolutionary war and reconstruction debts for $75,463,476. This does not seem to be a very large sum today but it was an enormous debt for Congress to assume in the first year that it was granted the authority to collect taxes by the states. It was almost twenty dollars for every man, woman and child when the purchasing power of a dollar was equal to about a hundred of the present currency.

A farmhand was then working for four dollars a month, and only the large planters could afford to pay it. It is doubtful whether there was $75,000,000 in gold in the country at the time. Farmers brought their products to the towns to trade to the storekeeper for goods. Only the large planters who dealt directly with the importers engaged in cash transactions.

The slump in the franc was inconsequential in comparison with the depreciation of the Continental money or bills of credit that were issued during the war by the Continental Congress. (The expression, 'It is not worth a continental,' is still in use.) They were finally redeemed at 100 to 1 in specie. The anti-Federalists talked of the enormous debt as enslaving the people just as the French politicians do in discussing their after-war debt to this country.

BUT the pioneers of the Republic faced the situation as courageously as they had faced the British veterans during the seven long years of war. In seventy-five years the Revolutionary debt was paid and the Civil War debt of $2,844,626,000—the largest in the world up to that time—was contracted. The fact that the debts of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Civil War, were taken care of so courageously by the people gave this Government almost unlimited credit in the World War.

To the uninitiated in the intricacies of finances it would seem that if debtor nations had talked more of paying their debts than of cancellation or of repudiation, the franc—in the case of France—would not have had such a stormy career since the World War. Despite the efforts of financial experts to mystify the situation with technicalities, it is plain that the failure of France to pay and the intrigues inspired by international bankers are responsible for her present condition. No individual can expect high credit if he is an avowed repudiator.

But there have been invented ingenious arguments to show that France is not *morally* obligated to pay the war debt. The war debt is considered in the nature of a subsidy to France for holding off the German army until we entered the war. This argument fails, for, according to Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, *the war debt* has been canceled. France has been paid her subsidy, if it were a subsidy, by the cancellation that has already taken place. In a few words, Secretary Mellon, in the now famous letter to Frederick W. Peabody, makes this plain. He says: 'France's after-the-war indebtedness with interest amounts to $1,655,000,000. The settlement negotiated by Ambassador Berenger with the American Debt Funding Commission has a present value of $1,681,000,000.' The total indebtedness of France, including interest, as of November 15, 1926, is $4,025,000,000. The proposed settlement therefore amounts to *a cancellation of $2,344,000,000* or the principal and interest of the loans made to France *during the war*.

THIS appears to be a rather generous proposal for a Shylock to make. The proposed cancellation of the after-the-war debt would amount to an indirect contribution to the international bankers, because it would create a better market in France for private loans. It is proposed to add to the tax burden of the American people about two and three-quarters billion dollars for the benefit of international money lenders. From this, *the average French citizen would receive no benefit.* The American taxpayer simply makes good the depreciated issues (government and private) of French securities held by the international bankers

The idea that the money which the people of the United States loaned to France was a subsidy was not suggested until the *after-the-war* loans to France were made by the United States. *When the first war loan was made the French Government scorned the idea that it was to be a gift.* The day before war was formally declared the American Ambassador at Paris was instructed to make inquiry as to the amount of the loan that would be required by France. After a conference with the French premier the American Ambassador cabled the Secretary of the Treasury on April 11, 1917:

> The Premier personally expressed the hope to me that no resolution would be introduced or debated in Congress tending to make a gift to the Government of France from the United States, however much the sentiment of good will prompting it might be appreciated by the French people. In view of France's action in the Franklin agreements in the years 1782 and 1783 in the time of our own distress, I hope I may be permitted to suggest that it would appear to be a generous and gracious thing should such an arrangement prove feasible in making the French loan at this time to stipulate that no interest shall be charged or be payable on such a loan during the war and thereafter for a limited number of years.

On the following day Ambassador Jusserand cabled an extended communication relative to the terms of the loan, the concluding paragraph of which was:

> This interest, by the terms of the law, shall be paid by all the Allied countries concerned. As to the terms for repayment, I mentioned (supposing this to be desirable) that of fifteen years. Mr. McAdoo said that he had no objections to that.

Fifteen years did not appear to be satisfactory and Ambassador Jusserand received the following on April 19:

> The Minister of Finance insists that the term of amortization shall be thirty years, a normal and minimum term in such operation. While thoroughly understanding the difficulties indicated in your telegram, I transmit the pressing communication which I have received.

As late as March 18, 1919, the French Government, through Mr. deBilly, Deputy French High Commissioner at Washington, disavowed any intention of asking for a cancellation of its debt to the American people. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Rathbone having been advised that Mr. Klotz, the French representative at a meeting of the financial drafting committee at the Peace Conference, raised the question of an 'interallied agreement as to the consolidation, reapportionment, and the reassumption of war debts,' addressed a communication to the Deputy French High Commissioner. In the course of it Mr. Rathbone said:

'You will appreciate also that the Treasury cannot contemplate continuance of advances to any Allied government which is lending its support to any plan which would create uncertainty as to its due repayment of advances made to it by the United States Treasury.'

FEARING that further loans to the French Government would be stopped, Mr. deBilly hastened to throw the responsibility of bringing up the question upon the Italian Government. He declared that it was brought up by the Italian delegation, concluding by saying, 'Furthermore, Mr. Klotz points out with reference to the attitude of the French officials toward the principle involved in the question, the French Government never made any declaration favoring either the Italian proposition or any other similar proposition reproduced in the press or in the French Chamber.'

Upon this assurance cash advances of the United States to France subsequent to March 18, 1919, aggregated $690,000,000 and in addition there was an indebtedness of $407,000,000 incurred by France to the United States in the purchase of war stocks, a total of approximately $1,100,000,000. This, it will be observed, comprises a large part of the present demands of the United States upon the French Government.

There is a mass of documentary evidence, including the very act authorizing

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the issue of Liberty bonds to raise the money which was sent to France, to support the claim that it was regarded as a loan not only by this country but by France as well. But with all of this, against which no reasonable doubt can be raised, it might be well to inquire how the acknowledged subsidies to the Colonies was treated by the United States. Neither the Colonies nor the new Republic were under any obligation to pay certain sums of money that were secretly advanced to the Colonies by the King of France. Two paragraphs from recognized authority tell the whole story of the transaction.

In Bolles' *Financial History of the United States*, it is stated:

> The first money advanced to the colonies was through Beaumarchais on June 10, 1776. The amount was 1,000,000 livres. This amount was advanced secretly and for the purpose of purchasing munitions. But as a matter of fact, owing to a scandal which arose, it is doubtful if any of the munitions were ever delivered.

Bayley's *History of National Loans* relates how this subsidy was paid in the following paragraph:

> By an act of Congress, April 18, 1806, $78,886.26 was paid to the heirs of Beaumarchais, and under the convention with the King of the French of July 4, 1831, 800,000 francs were also paid to the heirs of Beaumarchais.

In a statement of the account set forth in Bayley's history, the United States in shipment of produce and cash payments is credited with 7,701,631 livres. The total of the claims of the Beaumarchais heirs, as stated by himself, was 6,274,840 livres, or an overpayment by the United States of 1,426,787 livres.

No complaint ever came from this country on account of the payment of the debt for which it was acknowledged that we were not obligated either morally or legally. The Beaumarchais heirs were not styled 'Shylocks' even if there was a question as to whether the munitions were ever delivered. No attempt was made to plead the lack of obligations to pay either the loans or the subsidy because France was interested in weakening Great Britain's influence in the new continent and tearing her from her rich colonies.

The country at large has not made any inquiry as to the motives of France in helping the Colonies during the War of Independence. It has been simply satisfied with the fact that France did help the Colonies and on all occasions has expressed its gratitude. Not only has it erected monuments to the French leaders who participated in the War of Independence, but Congress made a gift of $200,000 to General Lafayette and granted him a township of land. Lafayette is a hero in this country today. No accounts have yet reached this country of the erection of a monument to General Pershing or any of the other leaders of the American Expeditionary Forces.

A few passages from the history of the part that France took in the Revolutionary War will reveal that she had a motive. The following from the pen of Alexander Hamilton illuminates the entire situation when France extended her help to the Colonies:

> France, the rival, time immemorial, of Great Britain, had, in the course of the war which ended in 1763, suffered from the successful arms of the latter the severest losses and the most mortifying defeats. Britain from that moment had acquired an ascendant in the affairs of Europe and in the commerce of the world too decided and too humiliating to be endured without extreme impatience and an eager desire of finding favorable opportunity to destroy it and to repair the breach which had been made in the national glory. The animosity of wounded pride conspired with calculations of interests to give a keen edge to that impatience and to that desire.
>
> The American Revolution offered the occasion. It early attracted the notice of France, though with extreme circumspection. As far as countenance and aid may be presumed to have been given prior to the epoch of the acknowledgment of our independence, it will be no unkind derogation to assert that they were marked neither with liberality nor with vigor; that they wore the appearance rather of a desire to keep alive disturbances which might embarrass a rival than of a serious design to assist a revolution or a serious expectation that it could be effected.
>
> The victories of Saratoga, the capture of an army, which went a great way toward deciding the issue of the contest, decided also the hesitations of France. They established in the government of that country a confidence of our ability to accomplish our purpose, and as a consequence of it, produced the treaties of alliance and commerce.
>
> It is impossible to see in all this anything more than the conduct of a jealous competitor, embracing a most promising opportunity to repress the pride and diminish the power of a dangerous rival, by seconding a successful resistance to its authority with the object of lopping off a valuable portion of its dominions. The dismemberment of this country from Great Britain was an obvious and a very important interest of France. It cannot be doubted that it was both the determining motive and an adequate compensation for the assistance afforded to us.

During the World War my work gave me a great deal of reliable information as to the morale of the British and French forces when we were drawn into the conflict. It will be recalled that when this country was putting into effect the Selective Service Act and feverishly placing our man power in the field that a thousand regular officers were sent to France to study French warfare.

Their confidential reports were depressing indeed. There was no hope of either the French or British forces defeating the German army. They believed that with the arrival of American troops the advance of the Imperial army would be stopped and an honorable peace would result.

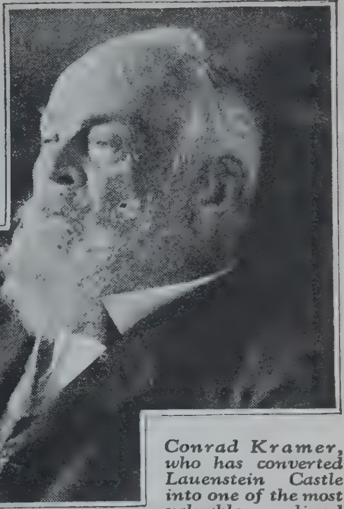
'When I went over,' related a regular colonel, who was afterward a general officer, 'I was billeted first with the British army, then afterward with the French. It took a great deal of courage to have faith in our ability to turn the tide of the war in favor of the Allies. A very delightful French officer with whom I became closely associated was particularly depressed and insisted that the best we could expect was to stop the German advance.

'After I had been over again in command of a unit I met the same French officer shortly after the battle of Chateau Thierry. He rushed up to me and literally weeped upon my shoulder. "Now," he said, "with your wonderful American soldiers we will keep going till we reach Berlin." '

From PLOWBOY in America to CASTLE OWNER in Europe

Conrad Kramer, *Who Realized His* Life's Dream *of Becoming* Baron *of a* Medieval Mansion

By HARBOR ALLEN



Conrad Kramer, who has converted Lauenstein Castle into one of the most valuable medieval relics in the world.

Proud and haughty over a magnificent view of mountains and rivers rises Castle Lauenstein, once considered a dilapidated old ruin, haunted by evil spirits.

FROM a penniless stowaway and poor immigrant farm hand in America to owner of one of the most historic, famous, and beautiful castles in the world is a far cry—but it marks the life history of Conrad Kramer, whose story reads like one of the old Horatio Alger novels.

Kramer is an eccentric, lynx-eyed old man of about 70, rather feared by the simple peasants who live at the foot of the hill below the castle, because of his queer habits; and respected, because of his generous contributions to the poor. But he is not ashamed of the days when he pitched hay and drove a plow on a farm in the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky, when he could hardly speak a word of English, was always homesick, and was generally known as 'Lonesome Dutchy.'

There is, in fact, no reason for Kramer to feel ashamed when he walks about the walls of his proud castle, perched high and scornfully above the Saale River, overlooking the forests and mountains of three states, Thuringia, Frankonia and Bavaria, in the center of Germany. The castle dates from the 10th Century and is in a state of complete preservation. Besides its historic value as a building, it contains art and antiquary treasures—all belonging solely to Kramer—valued at millions and millions of dollars, not marks.

How Kramer got hold of this priceless relic of the Dark Ages is a secret which the man himself has never revealed. About the rest of his life, however, he talks rather freely. He tells how, when he was a peasant lad of twenty, he loved a neighbor's daughter, Liesel, who seemed to smile on his attentions. The parents of the girl, however, objected to their association because young Conrad had the reputation of being a rake and an atheist.

The boy was also held in disrepute by the villagers because he spent many of his evenings in the old deserted castle on the hill. The building was then a dirty, dilapidated ruin. It was regarded by the superstitious villagers of Lauenstein as a meeting place of evil spirits, a haunted, ungodly building which no good Christian would voluntarily choose as a 'hangout'—especially at night. On clear nights, whenever there was a new moon, weird noises came floating down from the ominous massive dark walls above, and there were village folk who even swore they had seen the ghost of the famous 'white lady' floating over the ramparts.

The history of the 'white lady' is linked up with the bloody story of the castle. She was the wife of one of the early robber barons who owned the fortress in the Middle Ages, and who was in the habit of exacting income from the wealthy merchants traveling up and down the Saale River. Growing tired of his spouse, he had her killed. Her body, clothed in white, was thrown into one of the numerous subterranean passages. In revenge, the 'white lady' haunted her unmannered husband until he became insane and was found dead one night beside her skeleton.

The inner court of the castle with its ivy-covered walls and quaint tower.

Whatever the truth of this legend may be, old Kramer tells it with particular relish. In fact, there is a little twinkle in his shrewd old eyes at times that leads one to suspect he might know something of the weird noises and the floating white figure. Anyway, in his early days Kramer boasted so much that he was afraid of nothing in the castle; dropped so many mysterious hints; and returned so often unharmed from stormy nights on the hill, that the villagers began to rumor he was in alliance with evil spirits. Some even said he was loved by the 'white lady.' Kramer is reported to have declared that some day he would buy up the old building and lead the whole court of ghosts and demons howling down to the village inn.

If the lad hoped with this display of fireworks to dazzle the comely Liesel, he certainly did not improve his standing with the villagers and Liesel's parents. The latter, to outwit the lad, drove the girl over to a neighboring village one day, and married her to another peasant. When Conrad heard this news, he rushed off to the groom in a fit of fury, and picked a quarrel that led to blows.

'The next thing I knew,' old Kramer continues in a dry, calm voice, 'Hans was lying limp on the floor, and I was holding a bloody spade in my hand. Liesel came running out of the house, crying that I had murdered her husband. I seized her hard by the wrist, told her in a hoarse whisper to hush, turned and ran as hard as I could.

'For several months I wandered aimlessly about, working here and there, always using false names, avoiding the police like a pest, and slipping from one place to another as soon as I believed people were suspicious of my odd behavior.' In this manner Kramer drifted up to Hamburg, where he was hired to load up some transatlantic liners. One night he hid himself in the hold—and sailed off to America. 'It was destiny that led me to America'—

and the odd old face lighted up with a sublime self-confidence. 'Destiny has always been rather good to me.'

The young stowaway was found half-starved on the high seas, and set to work scrubbing decks for his food. In New York he slipped away, worked at odd jobs in the city, and eventually headed west through the states. In a strange country, speaking a foreign language, unacquainted with the people or the customs, without a single friend on the continent, and with a terrific load on his conscience, Conrad still kept his grit and battled his way. His trail led him to Chicago through Ohio and Indiana; then down into Kentucky. On the way he slept in schoolhouses or hay barns, worked on farms or at odd jobs in the cities, begged at times, and learned the 'great American sport of bumming.' In Kentucky he fared well, for several farmers took pity on him, invited him into their homes, and asked him to tell them of 'the old country.' Kramer says that one old German farmer in the vicinity of Lexington even wanted him to marry his daughter and to take care of the farm, but the youth's sense of guilt and ever-present fear of apprehension never let him rest.

What happened after Conrad reached points farther south is vague, for here the old man himself becomes evasive. He will tell you simply that he went south into Missouri and had the 'destiny' to make some money. At any rate, it seems that in St. Louis he met someone who told him that he wasn't wanted for murder in Lauenstein. On the contrary, Hans was still very much alive and the father of a child. He had merely been stunned with the spade.

The few people who know Kramer say that he drifted into New Mexico later, and eventually into Mexico proper, where he was next heard of working for some German prospectors, developing a mine in northern Sonora. Here the thread following Kramer's adventures becomes for a time invisible. There comes a period about which no one knows a thing—except Kramer—and he won't tell. The mines fizzled out. The prospectors disappeared, but—

In 1878—just ten years after he had run away from home—Conrad Kramer suddenly turned up in Lauenstein, a rich man—and the owner of Lauenstein Castle. It is said that he bought the old castle for ridiculously little money. Some put the figure at $5,000, and some at $7,000. The agency which sold it to him thought it was 'slipping one over' on the rich and stupid North American. It didn't know that Conrad had scouted every inch of the building, and that the dream of his life was fulfilled.

What happened in the next few months amazed all Europe and won Continental notoriety for Kramer. For he tore down the ugly old ceilings, scratched off the paint on the walls, opened hidden doors and secret chambers which no one had even dreamed existed—and lo! the world suddenly awoke to the genuine Lauenstein Castle, now one of the most complete and valuable medieval relics in the world.

For under the old ceilings and walls—mere rotten boards and old hangings—were found wonderful inlaid panels, with precious silver and gold locks and hinges. Under the smeary coat of paint were found original pictures by Albrecht Dürer, and by his master, Lucas Cranach—pictures which alone are worth fortunes. In the hidden and secret chambers and passages were discovered chests of gems and early Gothic jewelry, pieces of priceless old furniture, relics of all kinds: silver coats of armor, weapons with gold and silver inlay, precious manuscripts and rare old books, carved figures of exquisite beauty. Should Kramer care to sell any of these historic treasures, half the museums in the world would bid enormous sums for them.

Kramer, however, has bought up other relics, and has completely furnished his castle as it must have looked in the somber days when 'knighthood was in flower,' when a weary baron might slay the wife of his bosom, and when she wouldn't hesitate to haunt him with a fatal tenacity. Kramer charges a rather healthy sum for admission, but his castle-museum is always full of tourists from every part of the world. A large hotel, a fine restaurant, and even a sanitorium, built by Kramer on the slope of the hill behind the castle, are always well patronized. The town, too, is booming with tourist trade. Many an old man, who forty-five years ago condemned Kramer as the 'devil's disciple,' is now seeing his sons wax prosperous on the tourist trade brought to the town by Lauenstein's owner.

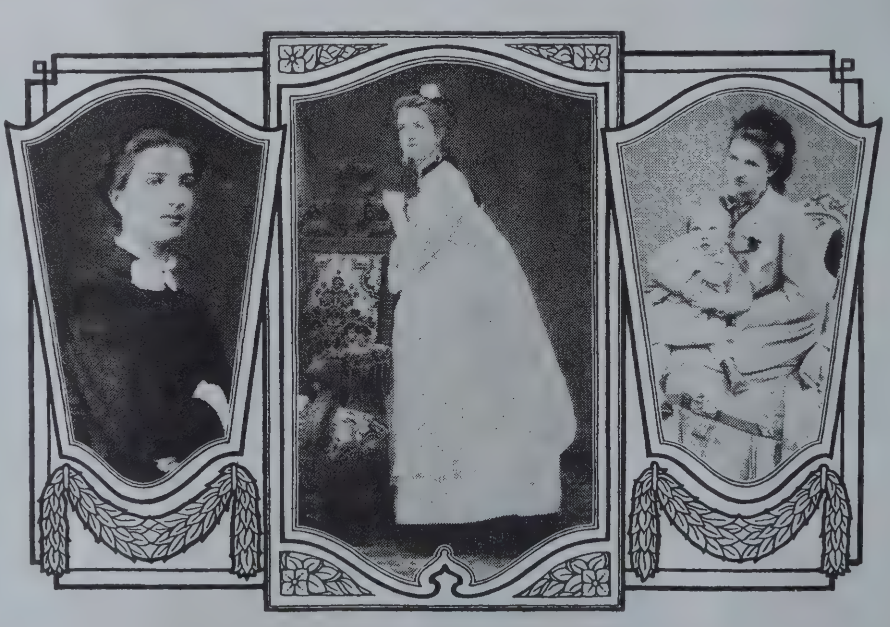
And so old Kramer leads his favorite guests through the historic rooms, telling how Conrad I, King of the Franks, laid the foundation in A. D. 915, how the castle was partly destroyed by Rudolph of Hapsburg in 1200, and how, in 1530, it was captured by peasants during the Peasant War and converted into a swine stall. It was then that the treasures were hidden and the walls and ceilings were covered up. The castle was then so polluted and damaged that for centuries it was regarded only as an old ruin. It remained for the young bravado, scorning the fears of the townspeople, to discover the lost treasure and make his fortune through his courage—and 'destiny.'

Early Photographs of Margherita of Savoy

THE Dowager Queen of Italy, like Alexandra of England, died in 1925. It was true of both that evil was never said nor thought of them in their lifetime, and their death makes no difference in this verdict.

Margherita of Savoy, born in 1851; niece of Victor Emanuel II; wedded at eighteen to his son and successor, Umberto; deprived of her husband by assassination after twenty years of unusually happy married life; the mother of one son, who now reigns as Victor Emanuel III. She died in January, 1925. Such are the salient points in her life story. From first to last it had been colored by her great personal charm, her intelligent devotion to the best interests of Italy, her love for husband and son, and her sympathetic understanding of the people.

One who saw her at the time of her marriage, said of her that 'she was the most exquisite creature God ever made.' Another, years later, said that 'she had the wisdom of the heart as well as the head. There was never a moment when her beneficent hand was not ready to assist those in need.'



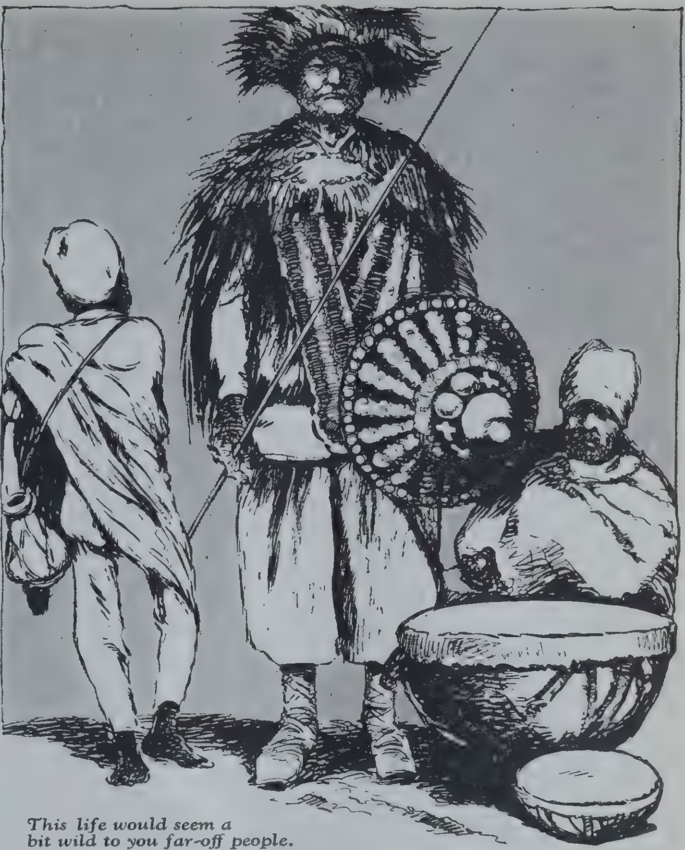
Center—Margherita of Savoy, Princess of Piedmont, as she appeared about the time of her marriage. Her personality attracted immense popularity. Left—The Alinari photograph, taken in the sixties. Right—Margherita of Savoy, as Queen of Italy, with her son, the Prince of Naples, now King.

An interesting photograph of the queen was taken while she was still simply Princess of Piedmont. She was in Florence, and ventured out for a stroll one morning with only two attendants, trusting that a plain dress and lack of state would enable her to pass unnoticed, like any private citizen. Vain hope! It was not long till the well-known features of the beloved princess were recognized, and soon a crowd gathered around her with the usual *vivas* and salutes. It betokened affection, but still it was the affection of a crowd, and somewhat embarrassing to a princess on foot.

As luck would have it, she was near the photographic establishment of Alinari; so she went in, dispatched one of her attendants for a carriage and escort, and while waiting took off her bonnet, and as simply as any schoolgirl stood up to be photographed. Here you have the charming result.

The Soothsayer—a Tale of Abyssinia

(*Continued from page 8*)



This life would seem a bit wild to you far-off people.

he would not tell me before, thought I.

I sent my servant. Desta's house was near mine, behind a fence. Five minutes later I noticed a queer bowed figure at the door. He was an old man with gray, unkempt hair, crossed eyes, lame, covered with leopard skin and feathers and adorned with old bits of tin on his breast. Over his shoulder was a bag containing a book. He held a staff in his hand. He had a wizened face with quiet, foxy smile and a whole row of pearls in his mouth. The old man sat down in a dark corner, gave a short laugh, whispered something, bowed once more and became silent. Desta stirred several times in his seat, coughed shortly, and said in a half whisper, 'Don't be afraid, *Abba*; he is *Moskob*—Christian. Drink!' The old man looked at me, bowed, and became silent again. 'Tell me, *Abba*, about myself. About my country. I am your friend and the friend of your country,' I said to him.

I had heard much about this old man, but notwithstanding my closeness to the Abyssinians I had never seen him till now. I had heard many wonderful things about him without ever believing in him.

And now, casting incense and dry roots on the glowing coals, the old man spoke as follows in clanging and terrorizing tones:

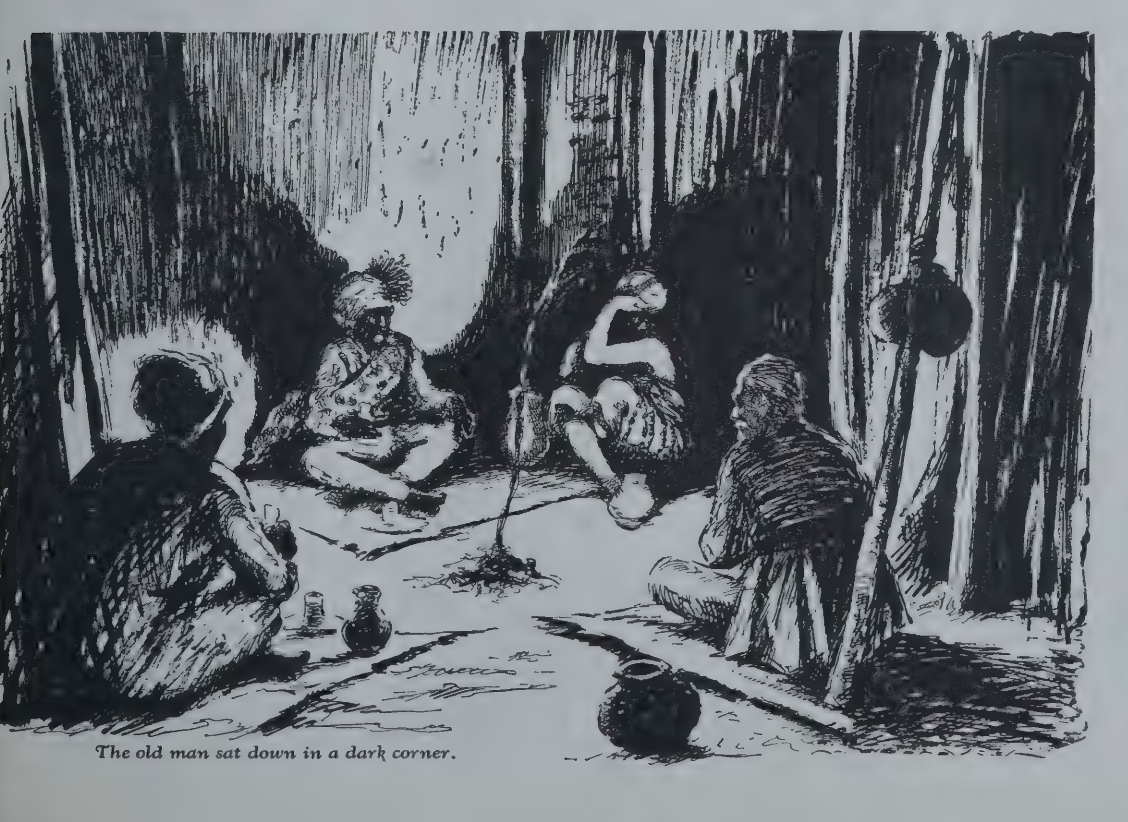
'I come, master, from Zukwala (a mountain, which has a monastery in which many hermits live). I am old and foolish. I do not know your manner of life. What should I tell you? I have been in Dobrolibanos, in Axoum, in Lalibella temple and have now come to die on the mountain where the holy water is. I will look at the Empress and then die. I am weary—but I must tell her something.

'Well, you have come here from your cold country with the dead Czar. For the sake of the Holy Trinity, your country is suffering for the third time. Much blood! The educated and the proud permitted this to happen. Liberty for fools reacts like *gesho* on children's brains. Your white country drank of this, began to boil, became drunk. For a drunken man to become sober he must lie quiet and endure the sickness. Your country is a great country. She was led wrong and that is why she came out wrong. There was only one road and she lost herself even on that. The sowing was done at the wrong time. Whoever sowed then remained without grain. They wanted to warm the house and burned up the roof to do so. The straw burned but they did not catch the warmth.

'The house was left without a roof. God does not like it. Now your brothers hold each a straw in his hand to make a roof. There are many, many straws but no bound bundles of them. Those who burned the roof have no more fire in their hands. They cannot be bound together and cannot sit on the bed of the dead. On the twelfth Easter your brothers will be bound into that bundle. Your country will turn from sunset to sunrise. From being a house of immorality, your country will become a temple. The sheep know the shepherd and will not follow a stranger. Your country is weeping tears, but the hour will come when they will put on the new dress.

'Tell those who should know it, *Geta*, that when three old men one after another will bind up the straw in your country, this will happen on a Thursday and heaven will weep tears and at the same time there will be sunshine and it will be a really great event unexpected and terrible. Three old men. One here, another there and the third one between them. Thrice your country has suffered. Three persons carried her to ruin. Three persons will resurrect her. Everything is from God, both the flowers and leprosy. We are black and barefoot but we have flowers in our soul. From a fool it is impossible to create the wise. It is impossible to change the color of the flower of blood. But you are ours already and here you will die. Our sun has burned you and your head is befogged by our strong *gesho*. Well, it should be so.'

The old man stopped. When I recovered my senses from the strange numbness, I noticed that the old man



The old man sat down in a dark corner.

lay against the wall apparently sleeping. There were none in the house but myself and him. The others had fled from fear. The old man stirred, arose and whispered: 'The rooster will crow soon. Peace be with you. I go to pray.' I started to follow him. His tall figure melted away in the moonlit fog. Dead silence, the unrelieved and eternal watchman of the night, guarded the earth.

Some place below dejectedly sounded the song of the *azmari*, farther still lay Addis Abeba like a shaggy blue rug, and beyond, a black mass of mountains. A star fell. Heat lightning flashed. And suddenly and unexpectedly I remembered the words of a Russian poem—and gone at once were the charm of strange aroma and the ringing words of the old man. The coals were gone, curling clouds of incense and smoke of burned roots floated out the door.

Yet it was not a dream. I had heard these wonderful words in the mystic country of Negus, in old Ethiopia, in the hospitable country of the bronze people.

Next evening, returning tired from my work, I was surprised to hear a doleful funeral cry. 'Abba, old *agabi* is dead,' said *Vorknetch*. My enigmatic guest of yesterday, with the tins on his breast, returning home, had laid him down and died. He lay wound in his *chama*, bony and tall. A white cloth with wide red border, *jano*, outlined the form of his body.

I remembered how yesterday he had told me about the white country sunk in blood.

Far off in the countries where you now live, life is mechanically and precisely scheduled. Time was when I was part of that, too, but here in the country of Biblical law, here sparkles the secret of the thousand-year-old silence, the secret of thought.

I was totally unable to solve the old man's riddle. What cannot be understood often frightens or stupefies, but all I had heard subjugated me.

Is Industry Stifling Intelligence?

(Continued from page 6)

is reducing man to a machine. When I think of the trouble I have in simply changing a ribbon I marvel at the dexterity and skill of those I watched assemble and adjust typewriters that afternoon.

* * *

We were watching the shadows cast by the floating clouds on the surface of Lake Michigan not a block from Vice-President Dawes' home. I had spent several Sunday afternoons with the employment psychologist of a large Chicago concern watching the clouds and our ideas pass over the horizon.

Each year he has charge of employing six thousand men. These are engaged to do what many of my pessimistic friends would call work requiring low intelligence. His test results show that not a high level of intelligence was required for many of the jobs. In fact, he had to devise a special intelligence test which was accurate for low levels of intelligence to use in selecting their workers. But they were not able to secure enough workers of the intelligence needed for the work.

It isn't morons that industry needs.

The Game and Playe of the Chesse

(Continued from page 15)

When Philidor played two blindfold games in 1792 a newspaper of the day cited it as 'a phenomenon in the history of man, and so should be hoarded among the best samples of human memory.' Two games without sight of board or men, however, is child's play compared to the achievements in this line of Pillsbury, Banks and Alekhine.

The popularity of chess in ancient times and even in modern times was increased by the fact that the game gave opportunity for players of opposite sex to have friendly or romantic discourse while apparently at the serious business of chess. Another form of amusement with chess is the play on large checkered squares with living figures in fancy costume.

A rook or tower, XIV Century.

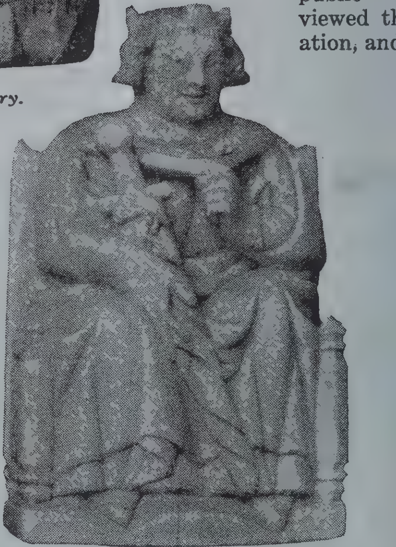
The chess figures lend themselves to artistic production. In the early days the Hindu potentates are supposed to have had elaborately carved sets, every single piece worthy to be displayed in a museum. However, there is some reason to believe that the carved sets of Hindu origin have largely been made, even in the past, for sale to European customers. The Hindu would naturally reject any ostentatious display in a serious game.

In the good old days no time limit was placed upon the moves of players. A story is told that when Morphy played Paulsen, the latter contemplated for an hour and then asked, 'Is it my move?' Upon being told that it was, Paulsen occupied a further half-hour before making his move. However, he was beaten. Today in tournament play the time limit is usually, for each player, thirty moves in the first two hours and fifteen moves an hour after that. The ordinary tournament game takes five to six hours, but frequently games extend over ten hours of play.

A king from an ancient set.

In the year 1770 an Austrian devised a machine, the automaton, which was reputed to play chess mechanically. Now in the very nature of the game this is impossible. However, by most ingenious devices the player was concealed within the machine, in such a way that the whole interior could apparently be successively shown to the spectators. It was necessary for the player to change from one part to another of the mechanism, during the operation of opening the machine to the public view. Thousands viewed the machine in operation, and left largely with the impression that a mechanical player had been achieved.

At the Eden Museum in New York, Steinitz, a world's champion, long earned his living by manipulating the automaton; Pillsbury, also, occupied the interior at times. Being able to play a good game of checkers, as well as chess, Pillsbury increased the renown of the automaton.



A king, XIV Century, from a French set.

In modern times chess has had a wide popularity in England. There it is quite common to have a match, North of England against South of England, with two hundred players on a side.

In Russia it has been reported that formal instruction in chess is given as a regular part of the curriculum. The writer inclines to the belief, however, that the youth today does well to spend intellectual energy on algebra which leads somewhere definitely and take recreation in the sports of out-of-doors.

The Big Child *of the* African Bush

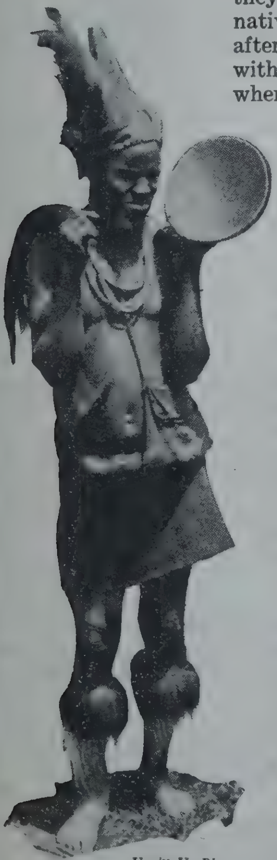
In the Main *the* Black Is *Not* Wicked *But* He Is Unable *to* Guide Himself

By HENRI GALLAND

Translated by ANDREE PRATOUCY

THE materialism and monotony of his daily occupations are the principal causes of the primitive man's intellectual inferiority. The black man of the bush can scarcely rise over material contingencies. Consequently his brain remains sluggish and the rules of public speaking to which he gives the main part of his daily life allow him but the opportunity to develop oratorical ability, cunning and trickery.

From the mental sluggishness shall we then draw the conclusion that the black is unintelligent? No, indeed, and it cannot be denied that the intellectual faculties of young primitives can be developed with an amazing rapidity. All observers have to admit that the average black children, between eight and fifteen years old, are not mentally below white children of the same age. Should they be taken away from the jungle, they can be turned into perfect blacksmiths, carpenters, engineers, et cetera. But if left alone after they have reached eighteen, all educational efforts are lost. If the young blacks are not bound to regular work, they slump into their native laziness. Even after long contact with white people when the black, as well educated as he may be, goes back to his village in the forest, he will soon forget what he learned, will return to the old habits, few clothes, indigestible food, nasty smelling hut and fetish practices which are henceforward the only precaution against all unforeseen events.



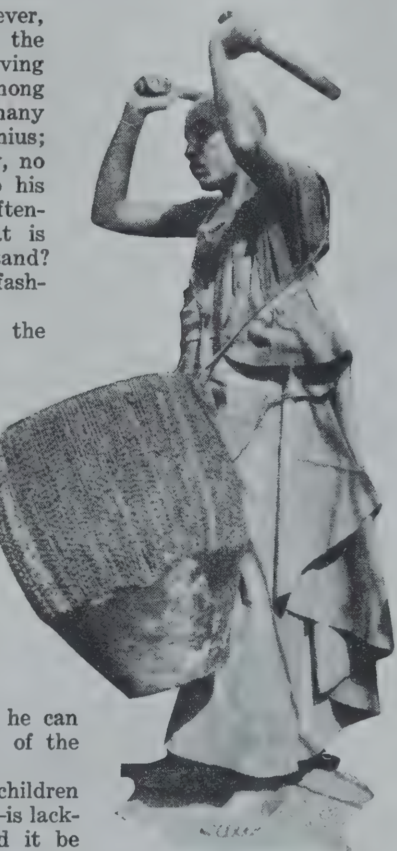
—U. & U. Photo.
Negro wizard, about to begin a dance.

I still vividly remember the case of a Mpongwé who had spent nearly thirty years of his life as a writing clerk in the offices of one of our African colonies. He returned to his Ogooué village and after some months became just the kind of man he was before leaving the forest: cotton-piece loin cloth, laziness, fetishism, and so on—nothing was lacking!

For him as for all African blacks in general, reasoning does not exist. He saw, however, many improvements in the white man's mode of living while he was working among them, and he used many productions of their genius; but today as yesterday, no doubt, he will sum up his observations with the often-heard sentence: 'What is the use trying to understand? All this, this is whites' fashion!'

The knowledge of the black man is limited by the impressions he receives from the outside world. He will never try to generalize, to rise toward an ideal of any kind. The sometimes beautiful landscapes he may contemplate leave him quite indifferent. His morality itself is founded only on what he can draw from observation of the outside world.

The education of children—as we understand it—is lacking. With what could it be formed? Numerous indeed are the bad examples that the black child can witness. Paternal love is almost unknown. Only one true sentiment can be considered: the love of mothers for their children, and of children for their mothers. And this is probably the only pillar to support the shaking structure of the family in the black country.



—Galloway Photo.
The African drum is used for music and alarms.

We may admit that they possess a certain artistic taste, proved by things they weave and make; but can we see there any artistic manifestations worthy of the name, and ready to be developed? I must say that, since I came to the Congo, I have never observed any progress in what is conventionally called 'Native Art.' The workers in ivory, for instance, are forever carving the same designs, taught or drawn by the whites on the ivory they want to take with them as souvenirs. The same thing can be said of the rug or the pottery makers. They will perhaps copy, but coarsely.

I shall, however, make music an exception. The black is a born musician; he quickly picks up any tune he hears, and repeats it with a certain facility, but his own sensibility is not affected and that which he hears and repeats is but for him a harmonious noise, nothing else.

Should we study his character, we will see it as a manifestation of laziness and incapacity to react. The black is moved and amazed by authority, for which he holds a deep respect. That is why chiefs of tribes are so powerful. They don't have to fear surprise nor indignation: is not the chief the strongest? That is why the black man fails to comprehend the white man's sweet-temperedness and takes it for weakness.

The blacks tell lies without reason. How many stories I have heard which didn't have even a shadow of truth!

They shamelessly steal under the very nose of the owner. When caught, they deny their guilt and will repeat the offense the same day. Is it then that they are not able to distinguish right from wrong? I do not believe it, for often I was told: 'Thou punished me, thou art right. I should not have done such or such a thing since it was forbidden to do it!'

Do the blacks have deep feelings? Take gratitude, for instance. Does it exist among the blacks? There are few doctors who have not been called upon after having nursed and cured a sick black. Was it gratitude? Certainly not. It was a call, made in order to get a gift as a reward for the good will the patient had shown in letting himself be cured!

I am convinced that, should the whites abandon tropical Africa, its primitive people would return within ten years to the hideous practices of slavery and anthropophagy and would become the prey of chiefs whose aim would be the satisfaction of their lowest instincts.

The black of the bush is a big child, without any wickedness, in the main, but unable to guide himself.

The Ghostless Cemetery

American Places *of* Burial *Should Be* Sources *of* Inspiration *and* Admiration *as Well as of* Respect

By FRANZ A. AUST

IN THE midst of a well-kept country cemetery stood a strange little group. Not a funeral party, for no sorrow was written upon the faces of the sturdy urchins who were gathered there. In fact, the twelve or fifteen children were closely attentive, and their expressions were those of interest and even of pride as they listened to the young woman who was speaking.

'And these are the graves of Don's great-grandfather and great-grandmother,' the woman was saying. 'When they came to this state from the East in 1842 there were no roads, and as they drove slowly along with their ox teams, the trees had to be cut down that they might get through to the place where they wanted to settle. Don's great-grandfather bought from Uncle Sam that whole section of land which lies just east of the schoolhouse, and a part of which is now Don's home. There these pioneer folk hewed down trees again—this time to build a log house and a few crude pieces of furniture.'

Above, left—*A midwestern cemetery, in the beautification of which tulips play an important part.* Above, right—*Natural water effect in a modern burial place.* Below—*Growing things of Nature that are suggestive of life and not of dismay in a beautiful cemetery.*

As the story ended, one of the small boys called out eagerly, 'Now will you tell us about Mary Ellen's great-uncle that came up the river in a steamboat?'

'Yes,' came the answer pleasantly. 'And today I'm going to tell you how he fought in the Black Hawk War until Black Hawk had been captured.

'Mary Ellen's great-uncle was only a boy when he hired out as cook's helper and started up the river—'

The young woman was the teacher of the district school a half-mile away. She and her pupils annually make a pilgrimage to the place where ancestors of many of the children are buried. There she points out names which still live in the neighborhood, and she tells stories new and old of those settlers who bravely forged homes out of the wilderness. Thus besides teaching the children much of the history of their state, this teacher inspires their young minds with a respect for the pioneers who started the civilization to which they have fallen heir. No ghosts, but thoughts of courageous human beings who have done much for their country, exist for those children whenever they pass that cemetery. And in future years that spot will no doubt be kept up in reverence as a sacred shrine by those children.

Were it not for the way in which the Egyptians cared for their dead, it is stated, we today should know very little of them. Folk of past ages in many countries have been judged by their solicitude for their dead. Is it not possible that the civilization of any community, either city or country, is ranked today to a large extent according to whether its cemetery is neat and artistic or whether it is falling into decay?

Local cemeteries may not be 'social organizations,' but besides favorably or unfavorably impressing strangers they have a wonderful influence upon the communities themselves, especially in small towns and country districts. In short, the beauty or ugliness of the cemetery has a decided effect upon each and every man, woman and child in their locality.

For, after all, places of burial are not so much for the dead as they are for the living! It is much like the flowers which are sent to the home when a friend is gone. Those roses or carnations with their fragrance and the tender thoughts which prompted their sending show respect for the one who has passed away, to be sure, but their chief object is to comfort and to uphold the loved ones who are left behind.

So it should be with the modern place of burial. In its beauty it should show highest regard for the departed; by its artistic arrangement it should bring peace and joy and a promise of future life to those who sorrow. It should be a place so like Nature's own most beautiful landscape spots that little children will admire rather than fear. For only by the turning of the mind toward life and beauty instead of toward death and decay can the modern cemetery have the proper effect upon the folk to whom it belongs.

Monuments in any cemetery-beautiful, city or country, should not be its most prominent features. Softening the lines of cold granite and marble by surroundings of beautiful shrubs, mostly native, can do more than one thinks to lift saddened hearts from despair. Trees, also, there should be, not the mournful drooping kind, but vigorous, optimistic oaks and maples, long-lived and symbolic of the resurrection in their springtime awakenings.

Evergreens, by means of their perpetual freshness, bring thoughts of a life everlasting, but not when planted in a mass dark and funereal. Pines and firs and spruces to be at their best must be used sparingly together with bright shrubs, like red dogwood, for example. Then in winter and summer alike, one knows that Nature lives. Bronze willows and white birches are other trees, too, which by their coloring triumph over winter's silence.

In one of the most beautiful burial places of this country, hawthorns, full-grown, have been moved in as memorials. An age-old elm, the transplanting of which cost $1,000, has become a monument for a family lot. Nothing temporary, everything for permanence, is one of the great secrets of peace and comfort for sorrowing minds. And what can be a more fitting tribute for a loved one than Nature's tree-miracle with its simple bronze marker?

There is about a curving drive or path something alluring, something which turns the attention from meditation on things of the present to expectant imagination about what lies just out of sight.

In olden times it was thought necessary to select cemetery ground as far away from water as possible. The higher, dryer land was considered the only place suitable for the burial of the dead. No longer is this opinion exclusively held. The modern cemetery-beautiful in country as well as in city will have water effects naturally, or it will have them introduced.

Who could wish more for his last resting place than that in ages to come it add to the enjoyment of little children by furnishing them a beautiful place to play? The natural burial place, well-kept, appropriate in all its settings, can win the admiration and respect of generations. It can, in fact, become the 'ghostless' cemetery.

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C-10778-L	Novelty Dance
C-10780-R	Old Southern Schottische

COLUMBIA

555-D—	141507	Heel and Toe Polka
	141509	A Southern Schottische
556-D—	141499	Sicilian Circle
	141500	Medley of Reels
577-D—	141506	Badger Gavotte
	141508	Grace Waltz
683-D—	142181	Circle Medley Waltz
	142182	Varsovienne
877-D	143304	Bisbee's Waltz
50018-D—	98205	The Plain Quadrille
	98206	Virginia Reel
50024-D—	98269	The Club Quadrille
	98270	Waltz Quadrille

VICTOR

19907-B	The Ripple
19907-A	Schottische
19908-A	Over the Waves—Waltz
19908-B	Old Southern Waltz
19909-A	Seaside Polka
19909-B	Heel and Toe Polka
19910-A	Badger Gavotte
19910-B	Varsovienne
19963-A	Lancers—Figs. 1-2-3
19963-B	Lancers—Fig. 5
19964-B	Medley of Reels
19964-A	Money Musk
35771-A	Virginia Reel
35771-B	Plain Quadrille (Ticknor's)

LOCAL record dealers everywhere can supply these authentic records. They play most of the music broadcast by the Henry Ford Dance Orchestra from WEAF and connected stations. ℂ Public schools, colleges, clubs and churches throughout the United States have taken up these dances since their recent revival. The public approval of Old American Dances has become so general that today more people are dancing them than during their ancient vogue. ℂ The beauty of personal and group movements and the charming restraint of manner of these Old American Dances recalls the best of the social life of the younger days of the republic when our national character was being developed. ℂ American families can do nothing better in a social way than to enable their children to learn these fine old dances. They are as satisfying as Colonial furniture and silverware and Stuart and Peale portraits. They teach dignified deportment and polite self-possession to the young.

'Good Morning'

A manual of the 'calls,' descriptions and other essential information about the conduct of Old American Dances has been prepared under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford 75c

Piano Music	*Orchestrations*
also suitable for the violin, for 14 Old American Dances, 50c for entire set.	of 12 parts, including saxophone, for 20 dances; 25c each. Complete set $4.00.

These publications can be obtained either through your local music, book, stationery or other dealers or direct from Dearborn, postpaid.
We do not handle records;
see your local dealers.

Dearborn Publishing Company
Dearborn, Michigan

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'Bagpipes and pipers,' said ***the Scotsman,*** 'have figured in the world's history from a very remote period. For instance, there is the Pied Piper of Hamelin and the piper who played before Moses, if we are to believe Samuel Lover, the Irish novelist. And now it is the Roman piper. In a newspaper controversy that has arisen over the origin of "this instrument of torture," as one of its Sassenach detractors calls it, it is the general opinion that it was the Romans who introduced the instrument into Britain in its first form, and that it spread from England to Scotland and Ireland. There is actually in existence a set of Scottish bagpipes dated 1409.

'Picture if you can the cohorts of Julius Caesar or Agricola swinging along to the strains of the bagpipes of imperial Rome. The Caledonians probably thought it was fine or they would not have made their native hills resound with the same skirling instrument. And this suggests another thought: Is it not possible that the Scots, or Caledonians as the Romans called them, did not also borrow the kilt from Caesar's legions? The Roman soldiers wore the kilt and the Highlanders put a little more color into it, that is all.

'One of the champions of the bagpipes says: "It has become a habit to jest at the music of the pipes; but I know that many English soldiers would rather march to those inspiriting strains than to those of the ordinary military band."

'We have heard many American soldiers say the same thing.'

* * *

The American Scientist, recently returned from Japan, dropped in to give us some impressions of his visit to the land of cherry blossoms. Accompanied by his wife, he was a delegate to the Pan-Pacific Science Congress in Tokio.

'This congress,' he said, 'typified a new era in the Pacific basin and was so far-reaching in its influences that it was composed of delegates from all the leading scientific organizations of the sixteen countries bordering the shores of the Pacific. I am sure it will contribute to a better understanding among Americans who, like myself, have apparently been unwilling to give Japan due credit for the wonderful strides she has been making.

'I realize now that I have been prejudiced against Japan, having lived in California and China, and that I have been tenaciously holding on to my former ideas, unjust as they were, and not willing to see the real Japan. This congress opened my eyes as it did, I think, those of all the other delegates from other countries '

* * *

'New trade-marks are getting to be the great problem in the manufacturing end of my business,' said ***the Textile Man.*** 'Only the other day, a manufacturer who specializes in popular brands and who was intending to market a new weave selected a name which sounded good to him, and instituted all the proper inquiries to learn whether such a name had been registered. Among some twenty thousand recorded trade-marks, there wasn't one even resembling his choice, so he went ahead and adopted the name for his own use. He had labels designed and printed, to be attached to the wrappers of his goods, and filed them for protection against infringement. His advertising was ready to be launched when quite by accident he learned that what he considered as his own trade-mark was already the property of another manufacturer who had been using it for three years, although he had not taken the trouble to protect it.

'One silk manufacturer submitted fifty-three names to the Trade-Mark Bureau of the Silk Association of America in his efforts to choose a number for his own use. The bureau's records were carefully searched to prevent the registration of duplicate names, and it was discovered that of this number all but ten had been registered previously. The risk a manufacturer runs by not registering trade names grows larger every year, because the choice of names narrows down constantly and the risks of duplication are growing greater.'

* * *

'In general, critics may be considered in four classes,' commented ***One of Them.*** 'The first is typically modern and American, a logical consequence of our large-town and city complex. It is to satisfy the need and longing for the personal touch that a group of egoistic critics have sprung up. They purport to chronicle the reactions of certain persons to various books, to introduce the human touch. Their numbers are legion, and they may not be judged as good critics.

'Again we have the anatomical critic, the person who takes a book apart and can't get it together again—like an amateur tinkering with a watch. They know what's in the book, but don't know the book as a whole.

'Another interesting type of critic is the inspirational critic. A book is a flame; it burns, awakens emotions, and kindles something in the reader. This type of critic awakens this, but too often he is not real. He likes the sound of his voice, and its effect on others, and goes off half-cocked. Lacking a book of true merit, he works himself into a fury of enthusiasm about any book that happens along. His enthusiasm overrides his powers of discrimination.

'On the other hand, we have that dangerous fellow, the antiseptic critic. Like an antiseptic, his function is to keep things from rotting. But like toothpaste ads, which on good authority are all bunk, since an antiseptic that would do all claimed for these would burn out the tonsils, so these critics burn away the whole in applying the drop of too strong antiseptic to a part. Finally, we have the highest type of critic, men like Coleridge and Sherman, who without telling the story, without too much emotion, and without becoming too analytical, lead the reader to know the book and to want to read it.'

* * *

'In the matter of architecture, some confusion has arisen in regard to the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York,' observed ***the Ecclesiologist.*** 'The cathedral was started in the Romanesque or Byzantine style of architecture. The Byzantine developed in the Byzantine Empire, chiefly in the Fifth and Sixth Centuries, and was characterized by a central dome over a square space, brick walls, and marble and mosaic enrichments. The Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople is a good example. The Romanesque developed in Italy and Western Europe between the periods of the Roman and the Gothic styles. It was characterized in its more advanced stages, more particularly after the year 1000, by massive stone construction, the use of the round arch and vault, the decorative use of arcades and profuse carved ornament based on floral and symbolical subjects.

'The great nave, or the main body, of St. John's Cathedral is being done in the French Gothic style with all details corresponding, that is columns, windows, mullions, doorways and other features, and the transepts or cross aisles will also follow this style. As soon as this part of the work is done or well under way the choir and sanctuary (now in use some twelve years), at present Romanesque, will be changed to Gothic, the masonry being massive enough to allow the requisite cutting of the arches to a point.

'The west towers and the great tower over the intersection of the nave, choir and transepts will be in harmony with the rest of the Gothic. Four plans for the great tower have been made, the first following the Romanesque, then a scheme of twin towers at the intersection, then a spire scheme reaching up some 500 feet, which was discarded on account of its excessive height for a structure of stone. And now, finally, the great tower will be of stone about 400 feet high. The treatment of this part has given much concern because of the difficulty of carrying so tremendous a weight on a span of over 100 feet. This problem is being met by making the supporting structure twelve-sided instead of four-sided.'

* * *

'Don't think,' said ***the Man from China,*** 'that this back to the land movement, this call to the open is anything new. Here are two bits of verse I've just translated. They were written by Hwang Lin in the year 1650, the beginning of the Manchu Dynasty. Hwang Lin was a native of the province of Szechwam and lived in a small town not far from Chengtu.'

I PLOW IN THE MIST

For years I desired life on a farm
With deer and swine for company.
At last, rid of the rush of the city,
One hundred fertile acres I possess.
Brooks are my boundaries,
I plow in the mist.
Spring rain wets my fibre coat;
Even the plow's half hidden in clouds.

MOVING

I shall ride a buffalo,
For I dislike wheelbarrows!
My son will carry the books,
And a servant the flowers.
Once outside the city wall,
Before reaching the first temple,
I shall hunt for a drink.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. How can I get a roster of the passengers and crew that came over on the Mayflower?

Answer. The authentic list of *Mayflower* passengers is that of Governor Bradford, himself a passenger thereon. There is also a list of the signers of the Mayflower Compact. The former comprises one hundred and two persons; the latter forty-one. Copies of these lists may be obtained from the American Historical Society, 80 East 11th Street, New York City, at a cost of ten dollars.

* * *

Q. Is a delegate from a territory vested with the same power as a Congressional Representative in the Congress?

A. A Territorial Delegate to the Government of the United States is elected by the people of the territory for each term of Congress. He is allowed a seat in the House of Representatives with a right to debate and serve on committees but he cannot vote.

* * *

Q. Will you please tell me the names of the states which were once a part of the Missouri Territory?

A. When the State of Louisiana was formed in 1811, the name of the Louisiana Territory above 33 degrees was changed to the Territory of Missouri. It included Montana, Wyoming, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa, part of Colorado, part of Minnesota, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Arkansas.

* * *

Q. What President of the United States appointed six different Secretaries of the Navy?

A. President Roosevelt

* * *

Q. Enumerate the states which require ability to read as a qualification for suffrage.

A. Alabama, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, Oregon, Washington, Wyoming; in South Carolina, those not registered before January 1, 1898.

* * *

Q. Can you give a brief discussion of the Punic Wars?

A. The general cause of the Punic Wars was due to the fact that Carthage not believing in free trade had closed the Western Mediterranean to the trade of other cities. This struggle between Rome and Carthage consisted of three prolonged wars. The immediate cause for the first was the seizure, by a Carthaginian garrison, of Messina commanding the strait between Sicily and Italy. The Romans were victorious. The occasion for the second Punic War was found when Carthage turned her attention to the conquest of Spain to which the Romans also laid claim. In the treaty which followed this war Carthage was required to pay an indemnity of ten thousand talents (over $11,000,000) in fifty years and to surrender all her warships except ten triremes, but worse than this she could not make war anywhere without the consent of the Romans. It was this last provision of the treaty that led to the third Punic War and which resulted in the complete destruction of Carthage and the organization of its territories into the Province of Africa.

* * *

Q. What Postmaster-General served under three Presidents?

A. Joseph Habersham. He served under Washington, Adams and Jefferson.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Q. To what race do the Moors belong?

A. The union of Arabs and Berbers of Northwestern Africa produced a mixed race called the Moors.

* * *

Q. Can the President of the United States pardon a man convicted of treason, and if so, when, if ever, was this right exercised?

A. The power of the President to pardon is absolute, except in cases of impeachment, and would extend to treason. Both President Lincoln and President Johnson issued proclamations of amnesty to those who participated in the War between the States upon their taking the oath of allegiance to the United States.

* * *

Q. Will you please give a history of the American Flag and its symbolism?

A. The United States Flag was first authorized by Congress June 14, 1777. This date is now observed as Flag Day throughout America. The flag was first flown from Fort Stanwix, on the site of the present city of Rome, New York, on August 3, 1777. It was first under fire three days later in the battle of Oriskany, August 6, 1777. It was first decreed that there should be a star and a stripe for each state, making thirteen of both; for the states at that time had just been constituted from the original thirteen colonies. The colors of the Flag may be thus explained: The red is for valor, zeal and fervency; the white for hope, purity, cleanliness of life and rectitude of conduct; the blue, the color of heaven, for reverence of God, loyalty, sincerity, justice and truth. The star (an ancient symbol of India, Persia and Egypt) symbolizes dominion and sovereignty, as well as lofty aspiration. The constellation of the stars within the union, one star for each state, is emblematic of our Federal Constitution which reserves to the states their individual sovereignty except as to rights delegated by them to the Federal Government. In 1794, Vermont and Kentucky were admitted to the Union and the number of stars and stripes was raised to fifteen in correspondence. As other states came into the Union it became evident there would be too many stripes. So in 1818 Congress enacted that the number of stripes be reduced and restricted henceforth to thirteen, representing the thirteen original states; while a star should be added for each succeeding state. That law is the law of today. The name 'Old Glory' was given to our National Flag August 10, 1831, by Capt. William Driver of the brig *Charles Doggett.* The flag was first carried in battle at Brandywine, September 11, 1777. It first flew over foreign territory January 28, 1778, at Nassau, Bahama Islands; Fort Nassau having been captured by the Americans in the course of the war for independence. The first foreign salute to the flag was rendered by the French Admiral LaMotte Piquet, off Quiberon Bay, February 13, 1778.

* * *

Q. Will you tell me who were the presidents of the Continental Congress?

A. The Continental Congress was in session at intervals from September 5, 1774 to October 21, 1788, at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, Pennsylvania; York, Pennsylvania; Princeton, New Jersey; Annapolis, Maryland; Trenton, New Jersey; and New York City. The presidents of that Congress with the dates of their election were: (1) Peyton Randolph, Virginia, Sept. 5, 1774; (2) Henry Middleton, South Carolina, Oct. 22, 1774; (3) Peyton Randolph, Virginia, May 10, 1775; (4) John Hancock, Massachusetts, May 24, 1775; (5) Henry Laurens, South Carolina, Nov. 1, 1777; (6) John Jay, New York, Dec. 10, 1778; (7) Samuel Huntington, Connecticut, Sept. 28, 1779; (8) Thomas McKean, Delaware, July 10, 1781; (9) John Hanson, Maryland, Nov. 5, 1781; (10) Elias Boudinot, New Jersey, Nov. 4, 1782; (11) Thomas Mifflin, Nov. 3, 1783; (12) R. H. Lee, Virginia, Nov. 30, 1784; (13) John Hancock, Massachusetts, Nov. 23, 1785 (sick and did not serve); (14) Nathaniel Gorham, Massachusetts, June 6, 1786; (15) Arthur St. Clair, Pennsylvania, Feb. 2, 1787; (16) Cyrus Griffin, Virginia, Jan. 22, 1788.

* * *

Q. What was the first state to adopt the Constitution of the United States and what was the date?

A. Delaware was the first state to adopt the Constitution of the United States, the date being December 7, 1787.

* * *

Q. What percentage of American youth receiving higher education are in attendance at universities or colleges supported mainly by taxation?

A. In 1924 colleges and universities under public control enrolled 166,860 men and 88,770 women, while those under private control enrolled 290,841 men and 179,653 women.

I READ IN THE PAPERS

Reliance Prize Won by Negro Youth

A $100 prize offered for the best example of self-reliance was awarded to a twenty-year-old blind Negro youth, Leroy Wellington, of White Plains, New York. The president of the club which made the award said that Wellington's handicap of blindness and color had failed to quell his spirit of self-reliance, and that his attitude toward life was in marked contrast to many cases reported to the club. The youth has practically been the sole support of his family. Besides helping to maintain his invalid mother, his three younger brothers and his father by caning chairs, weaving baskets and tuning pianos, he has been setting aside a small portion of his earnings to buy a secondhand truck, so that he can call for and deliver chairs and thus get more business.

* * *

Oh, to be a soft coal miner, now that the spring strike season has come again.—Detroit *Free Press*.

* * *

Music in Terms of Pictorial Art

Can music be interpreted in terms of pictorial art?

The intriguing pictures, sketchy interpretations of musical compositions drawn by Miss Pamela Colman Smith—reproduced in *The Illustrated London News*—point distinctly to an affirmative answer.

That there is a correlation between the arts there can be no question. Musical compositions have frequently been described as expressing aspects of nature; some have geographical titles, and musical critics frequently talk of 'color.' But Miss Smith's pictures give a new impetus and a certain conviction that the connection between these arts is immediate. Her drawings are described by Lewis Hind as 'signposts on a bye-path of the art of the future.'

Miss Smith is not musical. She knows nothing about music, and plays no musical instrument, but she feels music so intensely that the sounds take shape before her eyes. She is an accomplished artist, and after making the discovery that she could put on paper the pictures that came to her during the playing of music, she tried it out in concerts. There were complaints, however, because the pencil annoyed others, so she adopted a brush for her work. The pictures come to her in colors, but she has to content herself with using sepia, blue or black. The drawings are complete in every detail, and are done with the rapidity of a lightning artist. Sometimes she later makes larger, more finished sketches in colors. These drawings seem to her a thing apart, and she views them with much interest as an outsider.

The music of Debussy appeals to Miss Smith as more natural than that of any other composer. The consistency of the ideas in some of the pictures, and inconsistency in others, is strange and inexplicable. At different times she made drawings of one certain composition, and they hardly varied. Debussy was delighted with the drawings and told Miss Smith they developed his own ideas in many cases. She always sees her pictures in colors, as it were, through 'a hole in the air about an inch square.'

It all seems a verification of Henry James' observation: 'There is a certain border of the mind where all sound becomes visible,' and points the way to interesting possibilities for the future.

* * *

The non-voter is to all intents and purposes a non-citizen.—Detroit *Free Press*.

* * *

Want to Live Long? Get a Municipal Job

Evidently the most successful way to achieve longevity is to hold down a city job. In New York City, permission to continue in the city's service was recently granted to thirty-one employes who had attained the ripe retirement age of 70 years. Pensions apparently did not tempt these employes of mature age, twenty-five of whom, according to the records consulted, had not missed a day of duty during the year. One was an interpreter in the criminal courts, who was recommended to be retained at work owing to the fact that he understood four or five languages, which fact saved the expense of engaging outside men. Two street sweepers were adjudged as being quite able to perform their duties. An aged court clerk was vouched for by his chief because of his accuracy, neatness, promptness, fidelity and his willing attention to the public, while a foreman of an emergency gang in the Water Department, who had twenty-five years' experience in detecting leaks and shutting off water, received an extraordinary certificate of useful service. Most of these septuagenarians were found physically and mentally active, and were living examples to refute the popular belief that men past the age of fifty are no longer so capable as their younger competitors.

* * *

Two heads are better than one, but not two heads of a Central American republic. —Washington *Star*.

* * *

'I'll take that and this,' says Queen Mary as she moves from booth to show case.

'Yes, Madame,' softly replies the clerk.

For Queen Mary has issued orders that no one is to address her as 'Your Majesty' when she is shopping. When she shops, the proprietors of the stores she intends to patronize are notified two hours in advance. She makes her selection and next day one of her ladies-in-waiting calls with the royal check book and pays out.

* * *

Woman May Purchase Exchange Seat

Many women hold partnerships in Wall Street Stock Exchange firms, and some of them are rated as good brokers. For years the number of women speculators has been growing in the Street. Now negotiations are reported to be under way for the purchase by a woman of a seat on the Stock Exchange itself, violating the tradition of an exclusively male membership. There is no legal bar to the admission of a woman to membership in the constitution of the Exchange, for the qualifications are principally responsibility, character and citizenship, and the matter of sex was not thought of in the framing of the general regulations relating to membership.

* * *

The hardest job your child faces is that of learning good manners without seeing any. —Los Angeles *Times*.

* * *

Old English Songs Found Here

Down in the backwoods country of the southern Appalachians an English research worker is finding material for a book on old English folk songs. When early English settlers passed west from the Atlantic seacoast into the mountains of eastern United States they took with them songs and ballads of the old country. Due to their isolation they were not touched by the successive immigration waves that have passed westward since then. These old songs have been sung by successive generations living the simple life of the southern mountain people long after they have been entirely forgotten in the land of their origin. One old gray mountaineer remembers a hunting song which had as its theme the 'hunting down of old Riner.' He often wondered, as did others of his youth, who Old Riner could be. The English Folk Dance Society recognizes it as the hunting song of Old Reynard, the fox.

* * *

Cave Paintings Discovered by Chance

The sun shone hot on the veldt and the two Rhodesian farmers searching for their strayed cattle sought rest in a cool cave they chanced to find. On the roof of the cave they saw paintings similar to the pictures in the old family Bible they knew in the British Isles. They obtained photographs of these roof paintings and sent them to Dr. S. P. Impey, leading South African authority on ancient rock paintings. Impey classified them as eleven figures, apparently minstrels, playing stringed instruments unknown to the ignorant Bushmen of that vicinity. They are without doubt Egyptian paintings as the painted figures wear Egyptian costumes.

* * *

Radio is still in its infancy, says Edison. And that no doubt explains the wails coming ever and anon out of the ether.—Oakland *Tribune*.

* * *

'Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines'

The man who delighted our grandfathers with his rendition of the once popular ditty, 'Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,' who according to the second line fed his horse on corn and beans, died in England the other day. His name was Horace Lingard, and he was in his ninetieth year. In days when New York City still centered about the old St. Nicholas Hotel on Broadway near Prince Street, Lingard sang 'Captain Jinks' and other songs of that remote day at the old Theatre Comique. He went back to London in later years, and New York in the magnitude of its growth soon forgot him.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Bachelors constitute 26 per cent of the male population of England.

To keep the styles within more modest lines, a native board in Manila has forbidden the women to bob their hair or wear European dress.

A Paris-made divorce for an American costs on an average $3,000. The top price is sometimes as high as $10,000.

Mrs. Joseph G. Glascock, of Veedersburg, Indiana, received one dollar from a man in payment for half a watermelon stolen from her father's farm sixty years ago.

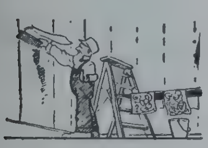
More than 200,000 ostriches have been slaughtered in South Africa because of the scarcity of the demand of the plume market.

The so-called Old Palace in Berlin, not having been used as a residence since 1888, is so cluttered with old pictures and worthless bric-a-brac that only three rooms will be available for Hermine, the ex-Kaiser's wife.

A school in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, offered to accept cotton as a payment for tuition last fall and about 200 students availed themselves of the opportunity.

During 1926 there were $51,000,000 worth of diamonds and $5,357,000 worth of pearls imported into the United States.

The phrase about the moon being made of green cheese came into common use when the works of Rabelais, a Frenchman, were translated into English in 1784.



New York City boasts a one-armed paper hanger. He is sixty years old and has followed his calling for forty-five years.

To encourage marriages in Berlin the board of aldermen has approved an ordinance exempting jazz and orchestral music at wedding celebrations and the marriage feast from the municipal entertainment tax.

Moslem women, forbidden to wear veils by a municipal edict at Trebizonde, carry umbrellas in fair weather or foul in such a manner that their faces are as effectively hidden as if they wore veils.

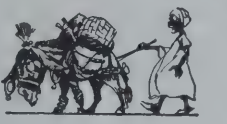
The prize of $1,000 for a family of at least nine living children was bestowed on ninety-seven families in France this year, eight of the families having fourteen children apiece and the average prize winner thirteen.

American-made motion picture films sent abroad last year had a total length of more than 214,000,000 feet.

Less meat per person was eaten last year than in any year since 1921, the growing public interest in diet being largely responsible.

Two Ohio policemen have been exonerated in failing to terminate a restaurant disturbance because the principals talked in Greek and the policemen were unable to tell whether they 'were angry or merely exchanging compliments.'

Because Irish women find jury duty irksome a bill is pending to exempt them.



The donkeys of Syria are forced to carry a double burden due to the practice of decorating them with beads, bracelets and other gewgaws.

Ultra-violet light is now employed with marked benefit to keep monkeys, reptiles and other zoo animals in good health.

American copper mines will last only forty years at the present rate of consumption unless other deposits are discovered.

The art of glass making was practised in 2500 B. C. by the inhabitants of the Euphrates Valley, who sold glass beads to the Egyptians.

The characteristic of cackling after laying an egg is one handed down from the jungle chickens. The hen, after stealing away to lay her egg, cackled to attract the attention of the rest of the flock that had wandered out of sight.

The city of Boulder, Colorado, in order to assure its future water supply, has purchased the Arapahoe Glacier.

By a recent investigation in London it was found that the complete outfit of a woman, including shoes and outdoor coat, weighed three pounds four ounces and that of a man twelve pounds eleven ounces.

A village of 152 inhabitants hitherto unknown has been discovered in the mountains of northern Japan by census-takers. The inhabitants do not speak modern Japanese.

A Watertown, Massachusetts, blacksmith's shop used by George Washington is being equipped and opened as a garage.

Of the original public domain, including Alaska and lands within national forests and other reservations, there are approximately 525,165,000 acres of public land not yet surveyed.

The menu of a sixteen-day-old robin consists of about sixty-eight earthworms.

Indiana Lincoln Union, among whose members are Will H. Hays, George Ade, Albert J. Beveridge and Booth Tarkington, is to erect a worthy monument to Nancy Hanks, mother of Lincoln, at the spot where she is buried.

The Eskimo mother sings her lullaby swaying backward and forward with her babe upon her back instead of in a cradle.

African Pygmies have strict marriage laws. When a wife dies or is divorced the husband loses a finger at the first joint.

The United States Office of Indian Affairs deals with 342 distinct tribes.

There are 500,000 tobacco dealers in the United States and only 2,500 bookstores.

The most highly colored fruits grow in regions that get intense sunlight.

Burma is the chief source of jade.

The city of Shanghai is built on piles driven into what was once a malarial swamp. This desolate swamp land was given the foreigners by the Chinese because they thought the whites would soon become disgusted with the new acquisition and desert it.

The word 'Lent' comes from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning spring.

Nevada has the largest per capita wealth of any state in the nation, with Iowa, Wyoming, South Dakota, Montana, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Nebraska and California following.

A chimpanzee, a pet of a Berlin postman, amuses itself by turning in fire alarms and sitting by and watching the fire engine come.

Corkscrews are said to have been invented in 1512, by the seventeen-year-old daughter of a French blacksmith in the village of Ternant.

Henry Morgan, the pirate, marooned a mutinous crew, together with some women captives, on the Island of Saba, a volcanic mountain in the Dutch West Indies. Sturdy descendants of this colony still survive and are great seafarers.

Mexico last year issued a special one-centavo stamp to raise money to fight a grasshopper plague. In Monaco an issue 'celebrating' the marriage of the daughter of the reigning prince defrayed the expenses of the wedding.

A common Italian salutation in the morning is, 'God give you a good day.'

It is believed that some of Sebastian Cabot's navigating papers are now lying in some obscure depository in Seville or Madrid, Spain.

Human life has been lengthened from twenty-two years in the Middle Ages to fifty-eight years today, due to the decrease in infant mortality, according to the United States Chamber of Commerce.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the magnifying of difficulties.

* * *

The cover design is a striking impression in color of Persian Rug Weavers, by Richard Allen Fish, who has toured the world in search of the rare and picturesque.

* * *

'Wind at the Doorways' is a delightful bit of verse by Lizette Woodworth Reese, on page 2 of cover.

* * *

'Shylock' is an epithet that is used more frequently today than Shakespeare ever dreamed it would be when he wrote *The Merchant of Venice.* It has been more particularly applied to America as the collector of certain European war debts. But there was a time when European war debts were being collected from America. Who was Shylock then? E. B. Johns answers the question. (p. 1)

* * *

William L. Stidger takes us to Texas—the Land of 'Flowing Gold'—and follows closely on the tracks of those who have gone in pursuit of fortunes in oil—and other things. Here is presented a series of word sketches which recall the glamour and romance of the forty-niners. (p. 2)

* * *

We usually think of Holland in terms of windmills, dikes, spotted cows, and winding canals, and its people as stolid personalities in voluminous garments and wooden shoes. But Holland has its romantic side and the Dutch their record of chivalry. Hilaire Belloc, with his French-English vision, sees in the quaint semi-medieval Holland of today the stirring pictures of the past. Arnhem is typical. (p. 4)

* * *

It seems ridiculous for one to ask if industry is stifling intelligence. From the most remote ages philosophers have told us that industry stimulates intelligence. The most alert minds are those that are exercised the most. Surely this is common sense! But this issue has become somewhat befogged these days and Donald A. Laird rids it up. (p. 6`

* * *

Appropriately enough H. G. Salsinger's story of Walter Hagen is called 'Golf's Gem in the Rough.' Hagen has a singular knack of getting into the 'rough' and then making such a quick recovery that he leaves his opponents behind. (p. 7)

* * *

Lieutenant Commander V. Diterichs furnishes another of his weird tales of Abyssinia, a country which held a high place in the days of the Queen of Sheba, but about which at the present time we know very little. The story of the soothsayer partially lifts the veil. (p. 8)

* * *

'The Queen of the May?' Yes, Tennyson wrote about her and winsome young maidens have personated her for centuries. But the King of the May! Oddsfish! as the Merry Monarch would have said, was there ever such a one as this? Betty Jane Kidd says so. (p. 12)

* * *

The first book printed in England in English was Caxton's *'The Game and Playe of the Chesse.* Princes, prelates and potentates of all periods have been ardent devotees of chess and made presents of very costly chess men to one another. Louis C. Karpinski relates its history. (p. 14)

* * *

There is a difference between a fisherman and an angler. Yes, even more than there is between a violinist and a fiddler or a decorator and a barn-door painter. Just what 'this fishing' means is a theme which Ben Hur Lampman handles like a true artist of the outdoors. (p. 16)

* * *

Few realize their life's dream of 'Castles in Spain,' but here is the story of a man, Conrad Kramer, who realized his boyhood's ambition of becoming baron of a medieval mansion in Germany. From a penniless stowaway and poor immigrant farm hand in America to the ownership of a 'proud castle perched high' is a consummation Harbor Allen tells us all about. (p. 21)

* * *

The African Negro is just a big child, says Henri Galland. He is not naturally wicked, but he does things he ought not to do because he knows no better. (p. 25)

* * *

'God's Acre,' that is a term that poets and sages have loved. Ideas of what this acre should be like have undergone great changes within recent years, according to Franz A. Aust. Trees, flowers, sunshine and gleaming stretches of water are now the appropriate setting. He calls it the 'ghostless cemetery.' (p. 26)

* * *

Due to a fire in a railway mail storage car a number of sacks of mail containing issues of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for April 16 destined to Western States were destroyed. Every effort is being made to have duplicates issued.

* * *

Another opinion from one of our readers:

Niagara Falls,
Ontario, Canada.

Allow me to congratulate you on the many and varied subjects dealt with in your columns. Your contributions approach each subject from angles different from what is usually found in other periodicals, which makes them both instructive and interesting.

GEORGE S. SALT.

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LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE was born in Baltimore County, Maryland. A bronze tablet containing 'Tears,' her most notable poem, was erected in Western High School, Baltimore, in 1923.

* * *

E. B. JOHNS is now serving his twentieth year as a Washington correspondent. He was a close personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt. He has specialized on national defense writings and other articles of national importance.

* * *

WILLIAM L. STIDGER writes with first-hand knowledge of Texas and Mexico, in which countries he has traveled extensively.

* * *

HILAIRE BELLOC is a distinguished European publicist and his travel articles and essays have had a wide circulation. He is a graduate of Oxford, his father was a Frenchman, his mother English, and he married an American.

* * *

DONALD A. LAIRD, psychologist of Colgate University, has been a frequent contributor to our columns.

* * *

H. G. SALSINGER, sports editor and critic, gives a fine character sketch of the golfing champion Walter Hagen.

* * *

V. DITERICHS was lieutenant commander in the Russian Imperial Navy and after the revolution took refuge in Abyssinia. His uncle was commander in chief of Kolchak's army to which Lieutenant Commander Diterichs was attached.

* * *

BETTY JANE KIDD, Philadelphia artist and magazine writer, has just sailed for Europe to gather fresh material.

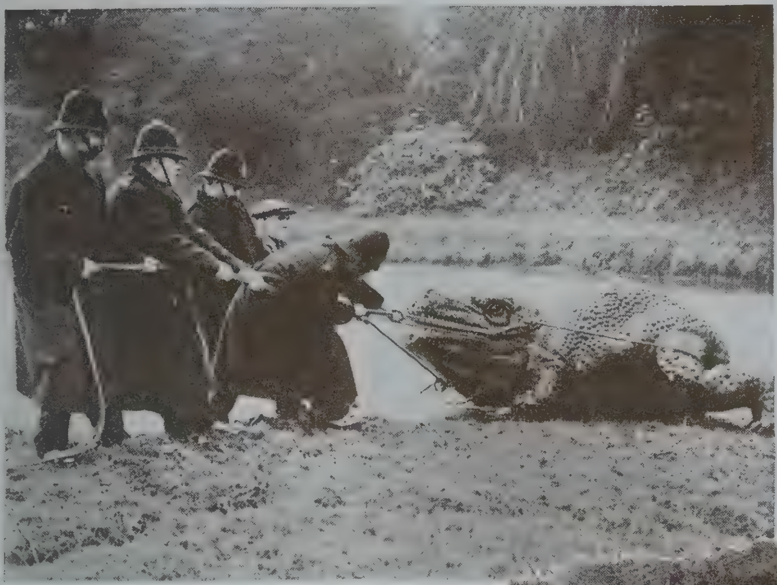
* * *

BEN HUR LAMPMAN has just published another book, *How Could I Be Forgetting?* a delightful collection of verse and essays which has been well received. He is a western newspaper editor and is noted alike for his poems and his charming stories on nature subjects.

* * *

Henri Galland has made a special study of the African Negro in his native jungle. In his capacity as administrator in French Equatorial Africa he has had exceptional opportunities for doing this.

Snapped From Hither and Yon



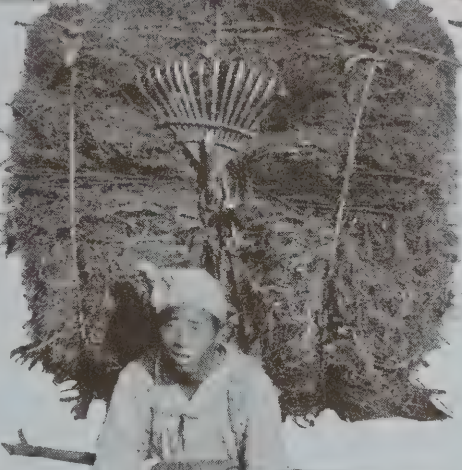
—Herbert Photo.

Spring cleaning is not limited to houses. England is so earnest in her effort to be next to godly that she neglects no small part of her belongings. Even the replicas of prehistoric animals in the lakes and grounds of Crystal Palace, London's great amusement center, are overhauled and renovated each year. This group of 'bobbies' are lending a hand in pulling the great, frog-like saurian from the lake to get his spring cleaning. From the life-like ferocity of this effigy, we tremble for these lion-hearted men, should he suddenly come to life and take part in the fun.

—Herbert Photo.

George L. Hathaway, a disabled war veteran, is here shown with his favorite hobby, an inlaid table which he started in 1923 in a San Diego hospital and has since worked on in thirty-two different states. There are 50,619 pieces of wood in the table, including a piece of the famous Longfellow chestnut tree, and one from the parent naval orange tree in California.

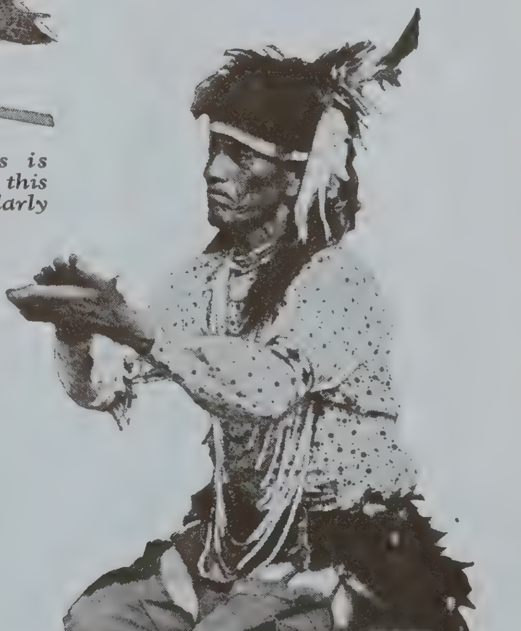
& &



The aim of the Koreans is 'honorable idleness,' but until this is attained their lot, particularly among the agricultural workers, may be far from idle. As here shown, a Korean carries his burdens on his 'giggie.'

—International Newsreel Photo.

This deaf and dumb Indian sculptor of Glacier National Park, John Clark, is chiseling his favorite puppy out of the trunk of a tree he has felled. His animal carvings have won Clark a national reputation.



—International Newsreel Photo.

Medicine man at Fort Union Historical exercises went through his role of tricks before an assemblage of Blackfeet Indians from Glacier National Park Reservation. He resembled a combined conjurer and Charleston dancer.

A-3900
THE ILLINOIS
AGRICULTURIST
URBANA
CHAMPAIGN ILL

WE WILL never bring disgrace to this, our City, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks. We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the City, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the City's laws, and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty. Thus in all these things we will transmit this City not only not less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.—*Oath of the Athenian Youth.*

DEA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

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MAY 6 - 1927

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The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

MAY 7
1927

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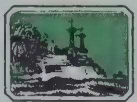
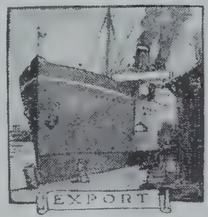


Just What Do We Owe *the* Foreigner?

Much *of* What We Use, Wear *and* Eat Comes *From* Abroad

By DIRK P. De YOUNG

FEW people realize how intimately and how intricately the numerous cross-sections of international trade and industry are woven together. Every man, woman, and child, in every country, is dependent in a very large degree on the men, women, and children of some other land. While much is loosely said and written about the desirability of isolating one nation from another, it is only one of those rainbow-tinted schemes of an impractical utopia which from the very nature of things cannot be. For example, this country produces only about half of the wool used here. We import a tremendous quantity of wool because we have to, not because we want to. Besides not having enough of the product in the aggregate to go around, we produce but little of the best varieties of wool used in our great textile industry.



WHILE it is true, as you say, that we imported $4,431,000,000 worth of foreign merchandise in 1926, I believe that the United States would be better off if its people consumed less of fancy foreign manufactures and lived more on its own resources. Of course, we must import some goods from abroad to pay for the surplus we export. But, speaking generally, I am in favor of this country depending on its own supplies.'

Thus spoke one of my friends from the Corn Belt as we recently lunched together at the India House in New York, headquarters for the foreign traders of the seven seas. On the walls throughout this beautiful clubhouse are hundreds of paintings and etchings of the ocean greyhounds that formerly set out for Far Cathay, with which distant country the first foreign trade of the United States actually began. As we entered the place we saw the original figurehead of the old clipper, *Glory of the Seas*, famous in history, hanging over the wide staircase. It seemed an appropriate setting for a discussion of the cross-sections of international trade and industry that call for an exchange of not far from $10,000,000,000 worth of merchandise annually between this country and other lands.

There is romance of world trade on the walls of the India House. Among other historic frescoes there is a likeness of the *Empress of China*, of 360 tons carpenter measurement, that sailed from the Port of New York for the Port of Canton on Washington's Birthday, 1784, when this nation was in swaddling clothes, in debt to the world, and with less foreign trade than the Island of Bermuda has today. Now, 150 years later, we are the greatest creditor nation of the five continents, with anywhere from $18,000,000,000 to $25,000,000,000 invested abroad, while this United States of America now does one-seventh of the world's international commerce. And it is not because of our desire to import luxuries, as I shall show later.

Thus a vagrant thought struck me when my friend made the opening remark. I wondered if what he said were not a common opinion regarding the reasons for imports—that we were importing things in the main that we could supply just as well ourselves; and that such imports are useful only to pay for the goods we export. As a matter of fact the item of luxuries is very small in our total imports, while the rest of that huge figure of more than four billion dollars represents materials we cannot get along without. It would be more correct to say that our exports are necessary to pay for our imports, while without a foreign market for $4,800,000,000 worth of our own surplus products the industries of the United States would be in a bad way.

So I suggested what might happen to my friend if the foreign products were eliminated from his clothing, for instance, from the chair on which he sat, or from the food that he was eating.

Hidden in the collar and shoulders of my friend's coat is tailors' padding, made partly or wholly of jute from India. We do not produce any jute here. Yet besides its uses as a padding for masculine trappings we need jute in countless other ways, such as sacks and burlap cloth, to such an extent that we import annually about a billion yards of jute cloth, 33,000,000 jute sacks, 68,000 tons of raw jute, and 53,800,000 pounds of burlap cloth of the kind used chiefly by tailors and the makers of linoleum and oilcloth.

Furthermore, my friend's suit is lined with cotton and sewed with cotton thread, the raw material for which was probably grown in this country, although we also import large quantities of long staple cotton from Egypt needed for certain grades of cloth and used in connection with the 250,000,000 pairs of rayon hosiery worn annually in the United States.

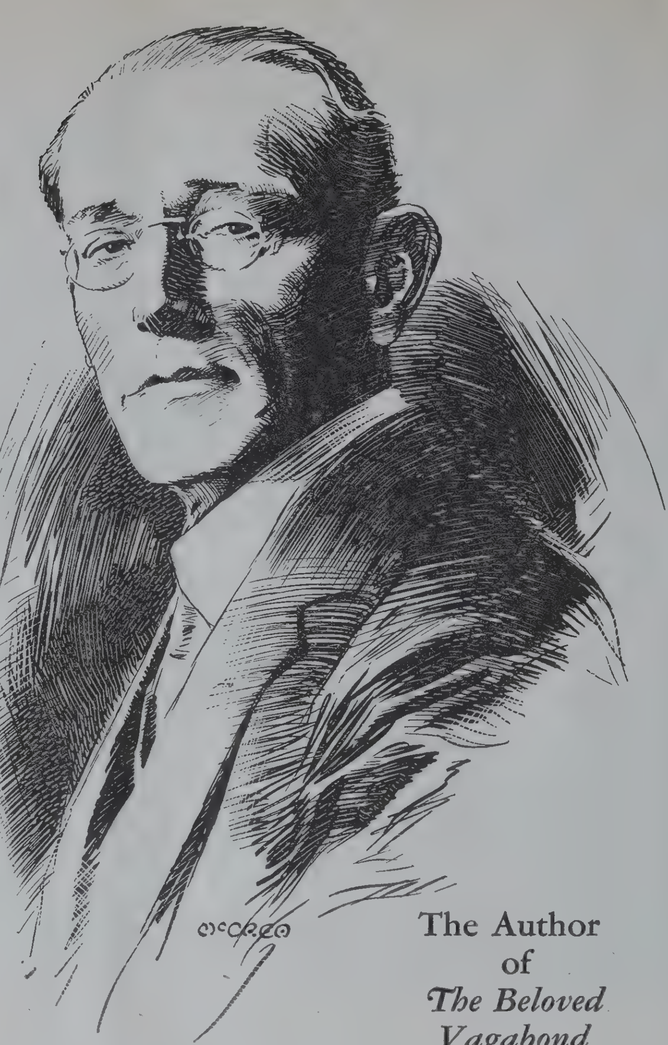
This country grows no long staple cotton, necessary in countless American industries, especially in the making of automobile tires,

(*Continued on page 20*)

An Open Door to LOCKE

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Portrait by H. W. McCREA



The Author of *The Beloved Vagabond*

I HAD two professions, you might say, before I became the author that the world may know me to be today,' William J. Locke confessed to me, as we sat chatting before luncheon in his study that looked out and down the hillside toward the tranquil blue Mediterranean.

'I don't think it is generally known,' he continued, in that still small voice of his to catch the words of which I often had to lean forward, 'that after I left Cambridge, I became a schoolmaster—in our public schools, you know—which, by the way, I think are much the same as your private schools, are they not? Well, anyway, this sort of thing went on uneventfully for twelve years.'

I knew I had imagined Mr. Locke somewhere in professional halls and now it seemed stupid of me not to have guessed that it had been in the rôle of schoolmaster. He was the counterpart of the conventional schoolmaster one sees in all the old prints. His tall, lanky figure stood naturally behind a desk. His slender hand had a moment ago been holding a book so learnedly and looked as though it could grasp and wield a ruler with both force and firmness. The extraordinarily sharp features, with the schoolmaster pince-nez pointing them still more, smacked of the schoolroom. The precise choice of words, the reserved dignity of bearing and the quiet, convincing voice—yes, they were all indicative of our pedagog.

But life, in the meantime, had added many layers of worldly virtues and removed many scales of hard-shelled pedagogy from Schoolmaster Locke. For there never was a dominie just like the man before me—with a twinkle in his eye, dressed with immaculate taste in white flannels and double-breasted coat of blue serge, collar and tie adjusted with precision, white shoes as spotless as the soul of a saint; his face lobstery-red with an occasional large faded freckle as though he had been splashed with them. And so human! What schoolmaster—while a schoolmaster—could have written *The Beloved Vagabond?* And living in luxury this way—that was not like any schoolmaster I have known.

'And what was your second profession?' I reminded him.

'I spent another twelve years as paid secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects,' he continued with what I thought was distaste. 'I might add that I was made Honorary Correspondent of the American Association of Architects.'

'Poor old chap,' I thought. Twenty-four years of square-pegging it in a round hole. How many a talented artist I have seen imprisoned in a counting house, or doing time behind a counter; and how few ever escape from such iron-clad galleys! I secretly conferred an honorary degree of my own appreciation on Mr. Locke, beside the wreath of admiration I was always laying at his feet.

'But I am not an architect,' Mr. Locke denied hastily. 'I never was. I was writing—or trying to—all this time. It was twenty years before I thought I could go ahead without any other means of support. I unfortunately never felt the need to do literary things as though life depended on it. Nor did I ever find writing hard. I simply could not be made to do things they tried to make me do.

'As a matter of fact, I always had a bent for writing. From a child I wanted to write and later, it struck me as being a nice thing to do. But it was really a long time before this childish seed bore fruit.

'I have the honor,' he continued whimsically, after pausing a moment as though to reckon just how long it had been, 'to be the only living writer who appeared in the same periodical with Wilkie Collins. This was in the then *London Society*, in which Wilkie Collins' last novel was running serially. That was back in 1882. They gave me two-pounds-ten for my contribution—the first thing I had published, by the way.'

* * *

Mrs. Locke—an American woman, it so happens, as were the wives of E. Phillips Oppenheim and Max Beerbohm, also residents of the Riviera whom I had visited shortly before—came in and announced that the butler would serve our luncheon on the terrace.

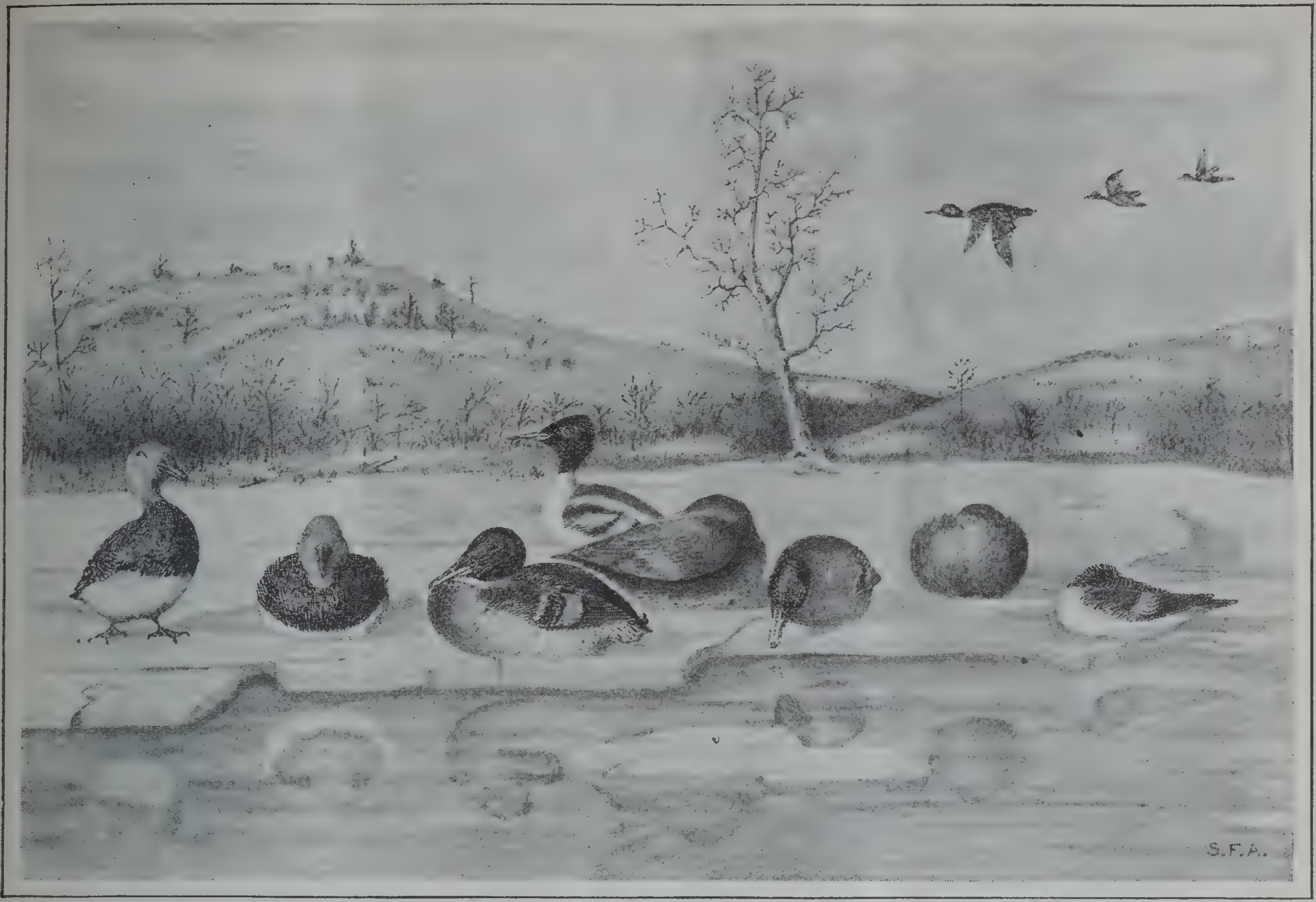
The terrace faced the sea, with a mimosa tree in full bloom acting as a sun umbrella on one side, and a little grove of choice orange trees on the other. A warm Riviera winter's sun was shining and tempered the fresh breeze that was blowing up from the Mediterranean.

I asked Mr. Locke, apropos of the elaborate luncheon, if in France here he ate the regulation English breakfast of tea, toast, finnan haddie, bacon and eggs and marmalade.

'I never ate the "English" breakfast even in England. Such a breakfast would unfit me for the day. The same with tea, as the English know it. In fact we do not serve tea as a rule. One eats too much and it has a tendency to spoil one's dinner as well.'

I never did discover why Mr. Locke's charming villa in the outskirts of Cannes, about an hour from Nice, was called 'Les Arcades,' for I saw no arcades.

(Continued on page 26)



Migrating ducks on breaking ice in early spring. They choose positions near open water as a means of instant escape from winged foes.

Where Wild Birds Sleep—*Feathered Folk Find Strange Hiding Places*

By S. F. AARON

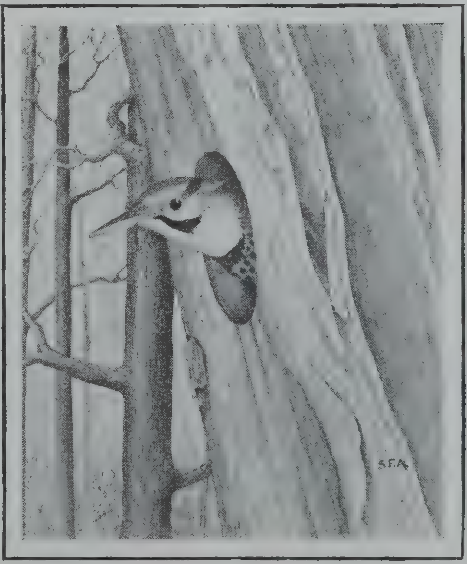
Illustrated by the AUTHOR

EXCEPT for occasional and chance observations, included in the biography of birds, scant records have been made of the habitual and often peculiar manner of roosting. It seems strange that a subject of such interest, governed by the struggle for existence, should not have demanded wider investigation.

Guarding against enemies during the hours of rest and sleep chiefly influences the choice of roosting places, as it does also that of nesting sites, though with some the sheltering from inclement weather demands the resort to holes and hollows in trees, burrows in earthen banks and crannies in rocks. Even with those birds that retreat to the more open places many seek spots more or less sheltered from icy wind or summer storm.

Ornithologists eagerly spend many hours observing the characteristic habits of their feathered subjects; in nothing of this has the writer found more alluring pleasure than discovering, often after much labor, the situations sought by various avian neighbors and transients wherein to spend the night, or sometimes more briefly to rest during the day.

Almost all of our land birds are diurnal, the two exceptions being the owls and the so-called goatsuckers, this last unfortunate term suggesting a silly notion but carrying out the family name which is represented by the whippoorwill and nighthawk. The last mentioned rely on their camouflage of bark and withered leaves and most often rest upon horizontal tree leaves, sitting parallel with the perch. The owls almost invariably choose hollow trees, but resort also to old buildings and steeples.

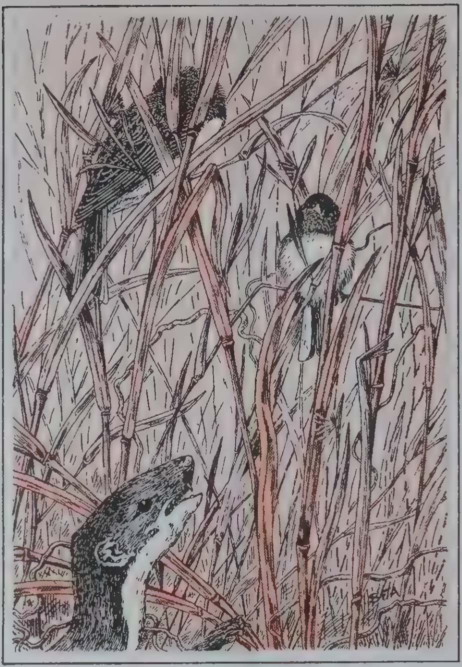


Flicker appearing from hole made by a resident bird of a previous summer.

Hardly without exception the aquatic birds—the swimmers and waders—are nocturnal as well as diurnal and hence they rest at any time, especially when well fed or after long flights. Invariably also, as light sleepers and often depending on one of their number to keep watch, they select open spaces where the approach of enemies, either feathered or furred, may be readily observed.

The swimmers depend on diving in the always nearby water, or on taking to wing if threatened by mink, otter or fisher; the waders can always rely upon their superior wings.

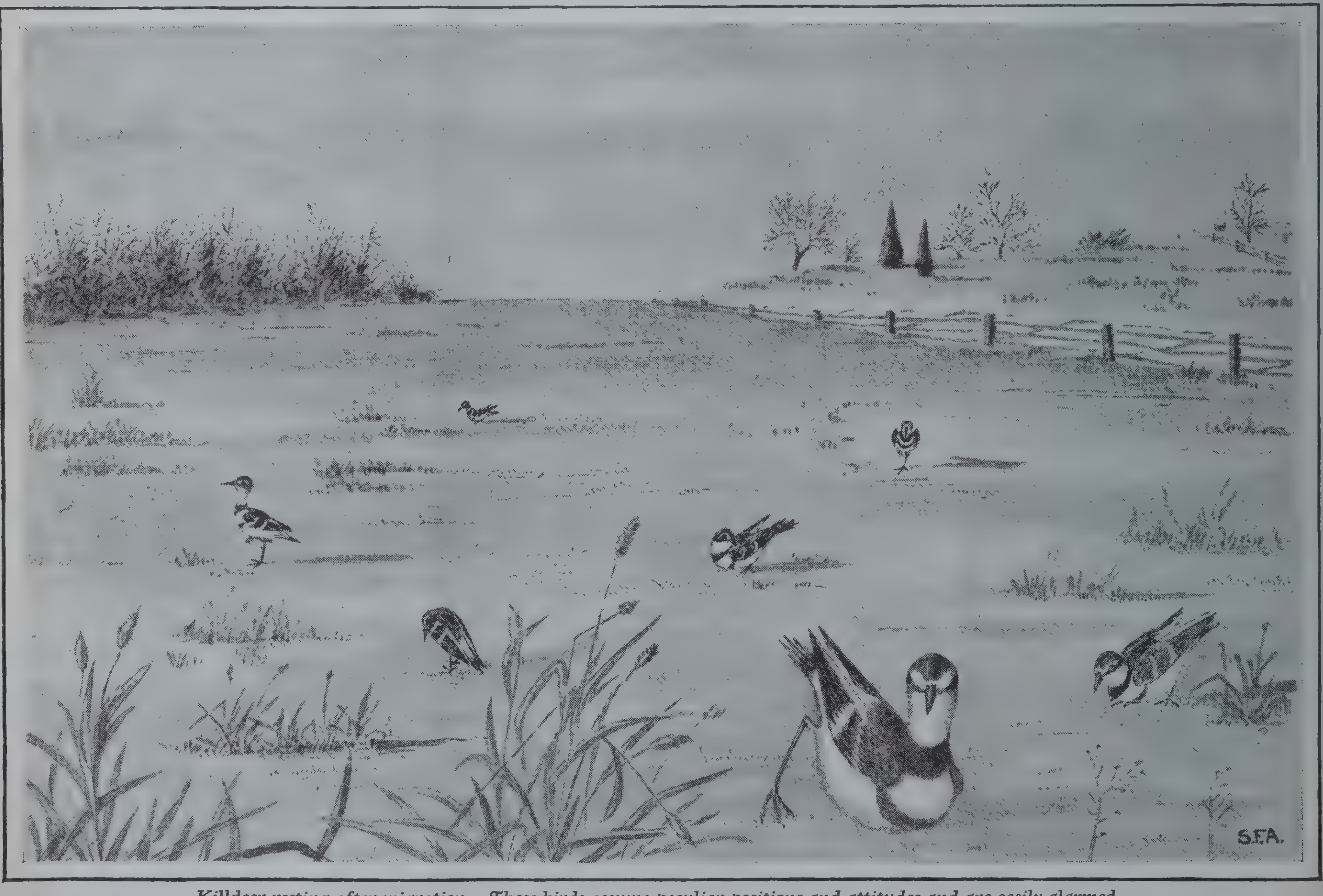
Smaller upland species of the waders, as the woodcock, plovers and certain sandpipers, seek open spaces in woodland or fields, such as are comparatively devoid of vegetation. Some species are solitary, but are seldom in serious danger from surprise. The most dejected-looking bird I ever saw—and its attitude was unmistakable—was one of the falcons that swooped at a killdeer and then was completely distanced throughout a large circle in mid-air.


Weasel puts juncos on their guard by jarring the stalks amid which they sleep.

Quite at variance to this reliance upon almost everlastingly keeping awake and the ability to discern and dodge sneaking and dashing foes, the land birds take advantage of the many natural alarms existing in thick clumps and bunches of grass, vine tangles, twigs and foliage. These are retreats that are ideal for warning of the approach of owl, fox, cat, mink, weasel, raccoon, skunk, opossum or snake, for the slightest touch of a slender stalk or stem linked with or crossing others will jar the whole, and the occupant, however soundly slumbering, cannot but be instantly awakened and ready to slip silently away to another part of the tangle or a nearby clump.

It is but necessary to traverse the thicketed or densely grass and weed grown fields, lane edges and banks a little after sundown and at any time of year to discover the sleeping places of many birds. No better advantages are offered thus than by the junipers; often every tree or bush within a cedar grove will hold its occupant, some accommodating many. But jostling the branches may not send the small guests of these protecting hostelries into the open; they are too wise and merely move from branch to branch, awaiting a closer attack. They may be seen going into the cedars a little before nightfall and the failure to drive them out later is often surprising.

As with the thicket and grass-clump sleepers, those species that choose holes and crannies are also influenced in this by their choice of nesting places. The smallest fellows among these birds may not fear any foes but tree-climbing snakes during warmer weather; in winter and early spring they are immune from attack, for even the least weasel cannot crowd into openings that barely admit the chickadees, the downy woodpecker, the wren and the nuthatch. The larger woodpeckers, the crested flycatcher, and possibly the bluebird, as also that unwelcome interloper, the European starling, must take a chance; there are many holes in many inaccessible places. To be reasonably (Continued on page 22)



Killdeer resting after migration. These birds assume peculiar positions and attitudes and are easily alarmed.

Grab 'Em Young

By **H. G. SALSINGER**

FEW champions in sport arrive quickly. Most of them gain the top after a long and difficult struggle. In commercial fields men often rise from poverty to wealth in a few months but there are no such sudden jumps in sports. The progress from dufferdom to the throne room is slow and tedious.

The really great ones of sport are possessed of competitive skill and competitive spirit. Skill is the result of long and concentrated practice that demands patience and unlimited sacrifice. Spirit is a natural asset. In the language of the game it is 'heart,' or courage. It is the flaming desire to win, the lust of battle, the passion for victory. Spirit depends, to a certain extent, upon physical condition.

THERE are many competitors possessed of spirit but lacking in sufficient mechanical skill to carry them to the top. They may have gone into the game too late. Perhaps they commenced early enough but did not give the proper amount of time to practice. Those who remain in the headlines for long spans started early and kept at it.

George Young won the Catalina swim recently from the largest field of competitors ever engaged in a distance event and including some of the best swimmers in the world. He is seventeen. Young was chased by an angry bull one day when he was five years old. To escape the bull he jumped into a creek. He managed to swim to the opposite shore. He has been swimming ever since.

Gertrude Ederle, the first woman to swim the English Channel, got her first swimming lesson in a watering trough in front of her father's butcher shop on Amsterdam Avenue in New York City. She soon graduated to the river and then to indoor pools.

Willie Hoppe was eighteen when he won the world's balk-line billiard title. He had been playing ever since he was five. When he started he was so small his grandfather had to build him a platform so he could look over the table. His brother Frank, two years older, was a natural player. Willie was not. Frank beat Willie consistently when they toured the country as the 'boy wonders.' Frank hated practice and did as little as possible. Willie spent eight and nine hours daily in practice and sacrificed all the pleasures boys crave. He never drank, smoked or chewed. He trained like an athlete, concentrated on the championship and ultimately realized his ambitions, while his brother Frank soon faded from the picture.

Thomas Hitchcock, Senior, a noted polo player and horseman, and Mrs. Hitchcock, famous as a horsewoman, decided their son should become a great polo player. Almost as soon as he could walk young Thomas Hitchcock was lifted into a saddle on a Shetland pony. He was so little that his parents had to strap him to the saddle but he did not seem to mind. He must have liked it, for he has been in the saddle about one-half his waking hours ever since and he has developed into one of the two best polo players the United States has produced. The other one is Devereux Milburn and he, too, started when extremely young.

Nearly every polo player of note among the Americans began riding and swinging a mallet as soon as he started to school. It is one sport where an early start is essential.

OUR baseball stars all commenced playing before they went to school. Being a national pastime baseball naturally called them before any other sport. All the topnotchers are Americans.

Canada's national pastime is ice hockey and in the National Hockey League, the leading professional organization of the sport, there are only three players who were born in the United States; the others are Canadian-born. The three Americans spent their early days in Canada, where they learned the game. The late Hobey Baker of Princeton, greatest of all college hockey players, is said to have been the only player of high ability ever developed on this side of the border.

Each sport requires a different set of muscles. In developing these muscles at a tender age, the youngster secures a decided physical advantage over his contemporaries in the game.

While other girls played with dolls and toy houses, Suzanne Lenglen's father had her practise for hours each day on a tennis court which he had marked off in eighty squares. By regulation of diet and exercise and being compelled to concentrate on this daily practice year after year, she became the greatest woman tennis player of all time, a player who can drive the ball to any given spot on the opposite side of the net.

William Tilden was seven when he engaged in his first tournament. It was years later that he won the national championship. No man has practised longer, harder, or concentrated so thoroughly on his work as has Tilden. He has more strokes to his credit than any rival, finer technique, all the result of years of tireless practice and unwavering interest in his work.

Dorothy D. Smith of Newton Center, Massachusetts, has won the women's national archery title six times. Her father and mother were experts at the pastime. They began teaching Dorothy as soon as she could walk. After she won the championship a sixth time, last autumn, a reporter asked her to explain her success. She answered: 'My parents helped me to concentrate and it was this concentration and constant practice, not physical strength, that developed my ability.'

There was a time when nearly all the football talent was confined to the East. The reason for this superiority was better preparation.

There are, among the great champions of sport, a few exceptions, but the vast majority of them began practice at an early age and kept incessantly at it. They gained the top because of this unlimited practice, self-sacrifice and the close observance of the laws of nature. It's a long and weary road that leads to the top and the younger one starts the farther he travels.

Will SPAIN Become a Republic?

By LARRY RUE

THE war brought into being a new political alignment in Europe, with dictatorships the order of the day in many countries.

One of the most interesting dictatorships is in Spain, where there has been some agitation for a republic. The King of Spain, to his associates, frequently admits the possibilities of a republic and avers he would run for first president. The Queen has told friends she would open a dressmaking establishment in that eventuality. The King has gone into various business enterprises, and his home at the fashionable bathing resort, Santander, a gift of friends, is not a part of the patrimony of the Crown, but is registered as the private possession of Mr. and Mrs. Bourbon.

—Underwood & Underwood Photo.

Seated in front—*Don Juan.* Front row, left to right—*Don Jaime, Queen Victoria, King Alfonso and Don Gonzalo.* Standing—*Dona Beatriz, Prince Asturias and Dona Christina.*

In the meanwhile the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera is proving both a help and a hindrance to the monarchy, a help because it has resolutely combated communism and republicanism, and a hindrance because of the unconstitutionality of its acts.

It is the personal opinion of the writer that the régime of de Rivera has been of considerable benefit to Spain. This jovial figure is unique among the dictators of Europe. His hands are not stained with the blood of a single enemy. Spain has not paid the usual price in the maintenance of dictatorship. Except for those times when he visits the provinces, de Rivera exposes himself to the people without visible guards.

The Dictator has temporarily restored law and order, put an end to terrorism and political assassination, which characterized the régimes of his predecessors, brought to a successful conclusion the war in Morocco, which drained the nation's resources in men and money for more than a decade, has improved the fiscal position so that the budget is approaching balance, and has contributed to industrial incentive. On the negative side he has restricted the rights of the individual. There is no free press. A bigoted, narrow-minded, unreasonable censorship deletes from newspapers not only political items, but details of other stories. Newspapers are suspended and the editors fined for publishing anything unpleasing to the censor. There is no protection against arrest without definite charge.

The majority of Spaniards are poor, ignorant and illiterate, living in a misery equaled not even in the Balkans. But as this condition existed in the heyday of parliamentary government in Spain there is no reason to attribute this as a vote against de Rivera.

Most of the benefits accrued under the dictatorship are recognized even by the enemies of the government but are not redounding to its credit. All the political parties including the former extreme royalists are making common cause against the dictatorship and demanding that the King convoke the regular Parliament as the constitution provides. Not only is there no chance of regular Parliament approving the government, but there is considerable question whether that body would not insist upon punishing members of the present government as criminals.

The position of the monarch has become even more difficult, as has that of the Dictator, since the artillery rebellion September 5. The artillery represented the aristocratic branch of the military service. In it were found the sons of the leading families of Spain. To this service were intrusted the care and supervision of all government arsenals, storehouses and munition factories. From the days of the short-lived Spanish republic in 1873-74 the artillery officers had removed themselves from political influences by following the custom of seniority promotions. Every officer pledged himself to refuse all promotion not based upon this principle. This tradition was confirmed by royal decrees in 1920 and 1925.

But inability of the dictatorship to promote those whom it considered its most loyal supporters above others reacted against discipline. The privileged position of the artillery was a constant irritation to a government based upon unified military support.

On June 9, 1926, a royal decree was

published establishing merit promotion in the artillery service. The dictatorship further decreed 'the sanctity of this oath is annulled and all officers must accept rank and position designated by the government.' The decree was retroactive to 1920. Twenty officers were promoted but they declined the honor. A decree promising to make no promotions except those approved by the artillery officers themselves failed to mollify the corps which insisted upon retaining its tradition.

Open rebellion met the government's attempt to enforce the new ruling. Commanding the arsenals and munition factories, the artillery was prepared to dispute if necessary with arms when the King, whom the artillery officers regarded as their ally, intervened. He begged the leaders of the rebellion not to precipitate civil war, promised to protect their personal interests, and, according to a manifesto which was circulated by the artillery officers, promised to take their side if they would voluntarily remain in their barracks until the question was settled. Primo de Rivera, however, regarded the rebellion as aimed against the dictatorship, not the monarchy. He insisted upon taking energetic action to draw, for all time, the teeth of the organization. Eighty of the ringleaders were tried by court-martial for sedition and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. The artillery service was disbanded, all its officers dismissed, deprived of their rank and even the 'privilege of wearing the uniform.' The command of war supplies was put under an infantry officer directly responsible to the minister of war. Protest came from all parts of the country. Even the infantry officers regarded the measures as too drastic. The clergy at the Eucharistic Congress at Toledo adopted resolutions praying for the release and forgiveness of the artillerymen.

—Underwood & Underwood Photo.

To Americans, Spanish towns are picturesque, as this scene in Cordova, with its narrow cobbled street, and ancient modes of transportation, shows. Although law and order have been temporarily established where it has been lacking, the majority of Spaniards, ignorant and illiterate, live in a condition of poverty hardly equaled anywhere else on earth. Left—General Miguel Primo Rivera, whose career is unique among the dictators of Europe.

—Keystone View

Yet Primo hesitated, exacting from the King a promise to convoke an assembly of experts representing every phase of economic and cultural life, which should substitute for Parliament. The King in agreeing to convoke this assembly struck another snag. Nearly every political leader threatened that, should the King convoke any assembly except the regular Parliament, he would join the Republican party. Primo at first ridiculed the importance of this opposition.

'These parliamentarians,' he said, 'are worthy enough gentlemen in themselves, but have proved themselves incapable of governmental administration.'

And he promised the King that when the program and composition of the proposed assembly was published the government's action would be approved by the people regardless of the attitude of the politicians. The assembly, he promised, would make more friends than enemies. But so far the Union Patrica, de Rivera's own party, has failed to convince anyone that it could carry an election. So the King has been postponing the decree for the assembly, originally scheduled for September, then postponed until November, and then put off until a later date. The assembly was first to be 'a real legislative assembly.' There has been, however, a gradual modification of the original program to make it more palatable to the parliamentarians. Recently the Dictator said the chief thing would be to reform the 'electoral law.' At the time of writing, de Rivera has still refused to pardon the eighty officers who are in jail for the September rebellion. All the other officers have been granted amnesty and reinstated in the service. They are in service, however, on the government's own terms, promising to support both King and government. On the surface the revolutionary danger of this group has been removed, but there is a tendency on the part of the officers to regard their second pledge as farcical, as it violates the one on which they originally joined the artillery.

Primo's delay in pardoning the eighty officers has resulted in open dissension in the ranks of other groups of the army. Early in December a group of officers representing the infantry, cavalry and engineers called on the premier and demanded the release of these prisoners. Primo at first refused to discuss the question with them, whereupon he was told:

'You will discuss this question with us or we will appear in a body at the cabinet meeting tonight.'

At first calm, de Rivera soon became visibly agitated. He promised to do what he could, immediately canceled the cabinet meeting scheduled for that night, hurried to the chief of the civilian guard, and asked:

'Are your troops prepared to act in case of emergency?'

'They cannot be depended upon to act against the army,' was the response.

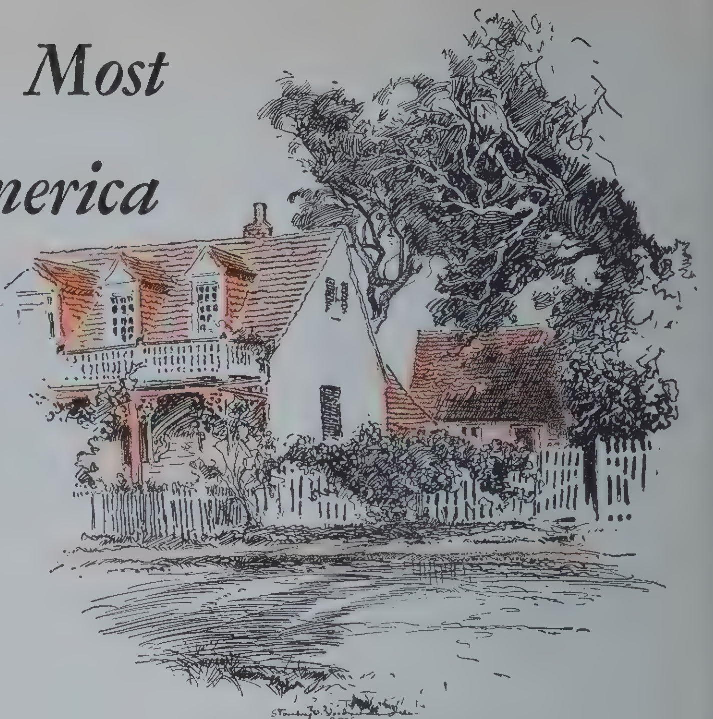
That night the Dicator confessed to friends that if it could be accomplished gracefully

(*Continued on page 23*)

Williamsburg—*the Most Storied Village in America*

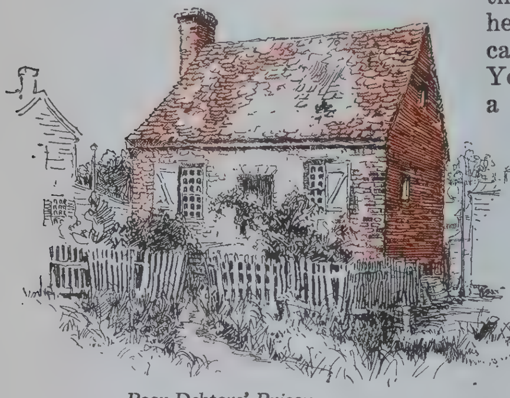
By MAY B. WHITING

Pen-and-ink sketches by STANLEY W. WOODWARD



The Audrey House is a low, white-painted house with dormer windows and a fanciful porch.

WHEN the Royal Governor planned a new capital to succeed Jamestown, he changed the name of Middle Plantation to Williamsburg, and he said that he intended to lay out the highways in the form of a W and M to honor his sovereigns, William and Mary. Not finding that practical, he satisfied his loyalty by calling the main thoroughfare Duke of Gloucester for their son, and the two parallel streets, Francis and Nicholson, both in honor of himself. These three streets, together with a few crossroads, comprise Williamsburg today, the most storied, the most romantic, village in America.



Poor Debtors' Prison.

The Duke of Gloucester Street is less than a mile long, and it leads from William and Mary College to the site of the House of Burgesses. Only the foundation stones of that historic edifice remain, but it is pleasant to wander among them and fancy you hear Patrick Henry declaiming, 'Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—.' Here the Burgesses cried, 'Treason,' but if George the Third had any sense at all he must have been flattered beyond words to be included in such company. Here, too, Washington, after traversing the wilderness just before the French and Indian War, brought back the message from St. Pierre, but when he tried to tell about it, the speaker, in pity for his blushes, bade him be seated.

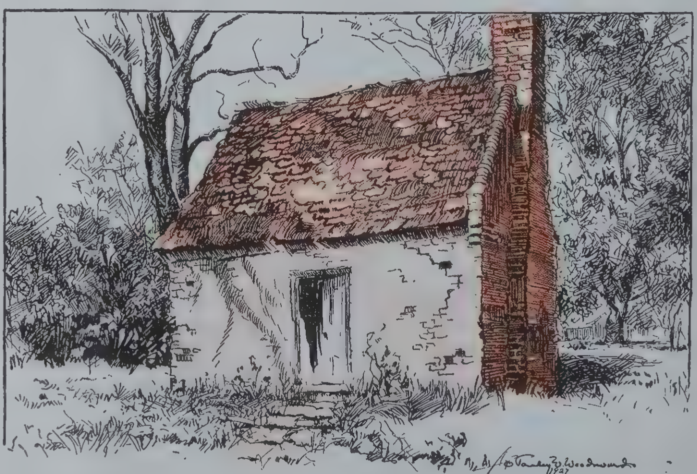
Washington was a social light in colonial Williamsburg. Mrs. Paradise was so taken by his handsome physique and the fine figure he cut at the Assemblies that she chastised her husband because he was small and mean looking. Yet Mr. Paradise was a man of parts, a member of the Literary Club of London, along with Goldsmith, Boswell, and Johnson, and the table about which these gentlemen gathered was part of the family furniture in the New World. The Paradise house of red and blue glazed bricks is on the Duke of Gloucester Street, and they say that the very dining table is still in use in Williamsburg.

But even Washington was not always lucky with the ladies. There is a modest, white-painted dwelling not far from the ruins of the House of Burgesses where lived the Carey sisters, Mary and Sarah. George Fairfax, Washington's friend and fellow worker, wooed and won Sarah, and the Father of his Country paid court to Mary, but that young lady said that she had no intentions of marrying a surveyor, and her father told the youthful aspirant that his daughter was accustomed to ride in her own coach and that he had better look elsewhere.

Washington found this good advice, lost no time repining, but continued to attend the Assemblies. At one of these he met Mrs. Custis, charming and wealthy, and before long he was spending his honeymoon in Williamsburg. On 'Six Chimney Lot,' just off the Duke of Gloucester Street, are the remains of fireplaces before which the happy couple took their ease, and the cook house, now called 'Martha Washington's kitchen,' remains intact.

In Southern establishments of quality the kitchen was always a separate building, and in a few Williamsburg houses the usage is still followed. This is so with the Audrey house, once the residence of Governor Dinwiddie, and the supposed home of the heroine of Miss Johnston's novel. It is a low, white-painted house with dormer windows and fanciful porch. A window pane bears the legend, 'Nov 23 1796 O fatal day.' Just what the heartbreak was about or whether scratching its memorial relieved the sorrow, we do not know.

The most imposing house in Williamsburg is Wythe place, a square brick structure in formal colonial style. Judge Wythe was the first professor of law in America, and among his pupils were Jefferson, Marshall, Monroe, and Edmund Randolph. His house was the General's headquarters during the Revolution, and is so designated in (*Continued on page 27*)



'Martha Washington's kitchen.'

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Regarding Knowledge

KNOWLEDGE is something that somebody once knew and left in a form which enabled anyone else, who wanted to, to know it.

If a man is born with normal human faculties, if he is equipped with enough ability to use the tools which we call 'letters' in reading or writing, there is no knowledge within the possession of the race that he cannot have—if he wants it!

The only reason every man does not know everything that the human mind has ever learned is that no one has ever yet found it worth while to know that much.

Men satisfy their minds more by finding out things for themselves than by heaping together the things which somebody else has found out.

You can go out and gather knowledge all your life, and with all your gathering you will not catch up even with your own times.

You may fill your head with all the 'facts' of all the ages, and your head may be just an overloaded fact-box when you get through.

The point is this: Great piles of knowledge in the head are not the same as mental activity. A man may be very learned and very useless. Any college professor will tell you that. And then again, a man may be unlearned and very useful, very wide-awake in his mind—and any professor of psychology will tell you that, too.

> *THERE are many kinds of knowledge, and it depends on what crowd you happen to be in, or how the fashions of the day happen to run, which kind of knowledge is most respected at the moment; there are fashions in knowledge, just as there are in everything else. Knowledge is not synonymous with education. Education is the art of bringing out of a man what he knows. The object of education is not to fill a man's mind with facts, but to teach him how to use his intellect. Facts are often merely the fads of the moment. Education is for all time.*

The object of education is not to fill a man's mind with facts; it is to teach him how to use his mind in thinking.

Just how much knowledge must be held in common by everybody is a matter of fashion. It is largely a matter of the class of people you want to associate with.

If you move in one class you will discover that you are expected to be able to talk about art, and music, and poetry and similar subjects. Thousands of people are chattering about those things who don't know anything about them at all, but they have learned the phrases and they pass for 'educated.' A scholar of wide fame said just a little while ago: 'It is now possible in our best society to express opinions about a book without having read it, or to gabble about art without knowing a single fundamental principle.'

People do this because it is expected of them and because it is the fashion. Most of the fads of society are intellectual fads, which change like the style of hats.

Of course, if you want to gather knowledge like pebbles and exhibit it, all right. That is one form of human vanity. But to flatter yourself that you are learned, while the man who does not follow your fad is unlearned, is to add a vicious flavor to your self-flattery.

There is a young fellow standing before you. His skin is clear, his eyes are bright, he understands what he sees, and his mind is awake. He doesn't know everything. As educational fashions go nowadays he may 'know' comparatively little. That is, his head may still be unburdened by a load of facts out of books.

No, he doesn't know everything. But as you look at him, as you note his comprehending gaze, as you mark the cool glance of his eyes, this thought comes to you: 'He doesn't know everything, but there is nothing he could not know if he wanted to; and when he chooses his work in life, he will learn it clear through to the end and beyond.'

He doesn't have much knowledge, but he has a lot of brains.

Please note!—if you are ever given a choice between brains and knowledge, choose brains.

With brains you can get any form of knowledge you need. But better than that—with brains you can use any kind of knowledge that you have. Without brains, no amount of gathered knowledge will ever amount to a straw.

The best thing a book does for a man is to make him think. All that a school can do for a man is to teach him how to think. It isn't what you get out of a book, but what it pulls out of you, that makes it useful.

A man is like a well. There is a lot in him if he can only get it out. Sometimes a book, or a conversation, or a course of instruction, acts on him like priming on a pump—it brings out of him what is in him. And that is all that education means.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

May 7, 1927

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Back to Prohibition

WITH the appointment of Roy A. Haynes as acting Commissioner, the turn is made from Promises back to Prohibition. It is significant that in assuming his new office Haynes made no statements about what he proposes to do. He just set about doing it. In this he differs from his former superior, General Lincoln C. Andrews, who has been as prolific at prophecy as the Oracle at Delphi. The appointment of Haynes is widely interpreted as a direct slap at Andrews and Secretary Mellon. Whatever the truth of this, the appointment definitely aligns President Coolidge on the side of the prohibitionists. Despite Haynes' eclipse following the rise of Andrews, he has symbolized bone-dryness in the administration of the law. His restoration to a post of importance—a victory for the drys—indicates a return to the policy of strict enforcement.

Promises have been the distinguishing feature of General Andrews' tenure of office. The future has seemed the favorite time for action rather than the present. In three months, in six months, in a year, something would have been done. But the people of America are eager to hear *what has been accomplished*, not what may be done at some tenuous period of tomorrow. '*General Andrews Promises*' has been too frequent a headline, '*General Andrews Does*' too rare. Interviews cannot take the place of accomplishments; nor can prohibition be enforced by talk. The *manana* policy may be very excellent in its place, but that place is most assuredly not in the enforcement of the law. What the nation wants in this particular instance is history, not forecast.

The Big Stick and the Little Group

THE bill now before the British Parliament which would make illegal any strike 'calculated to coerce the government' is interesting not so much for the lengths it goes as for the territory it leaves uncovered. Designed as the Baldwin Ministry's belated answer to the general strike of a year ago, it has faint hope of enactment, even with the substantial Conservative majority now in Parliament. But as a means of stirring spirited discussion and fanciful speculation it has no present equal.

Rule by coercion is fundamentally wrong. That is axiomatic. It has no need of proof among Anglo-Saxon peoples, where the will of the majority has long been recognized as the highest power in the land. But rule by coercion has become so common both in England and in this country as to pass almost unnoticed and unheeded. The will of the majority has been tossed to the scrap heap by the special privilege of the minority. The Big Stick has passed into the hands of the Little Group.

In this country there are the Wall Street Group, the Farmer Group, the Labor Group. There are blocs to rule Congress, cliques to rule states, gangs to rule cities. There are groups within groups, and other groups within these. The tip wags the tail, and the tail wags the dog. Highly organized, these little minorities cut their way through the phlegmatic majority with the ease of a cheese knife.

The threat of reprisal is their weapon; the trading of support their shield. They carry forward their rule by coercion—not always openly, as with the strike, but insidiously and evasively, as with the Money Power lobby. A scheme which would outlaw all coercive groups would be a godsend to the people. But to single out one group for action seems discriminatory.

A Sad, Sad Tale

A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing. Particularly if it is too little. Witness the pitiful plight of the New Jersey Legislature, which wanted to meet every two years and now is faced with the possibility of having to meet twice a year—all because the boys weren't up on their dictionaries.

The New Jersey Legislature is nominally Republican. Save on the rarest occasions it always has a comfortable Republican majority which adheres right closely to the best teachings of the Grand Old Party. But for many years past the state has had a Democrat as governor. A deplorable situation like this cries out for a remedy; and at its last session the legislature found it. By extending the governor's term to four years, the legislature could make the gubernatorial election occur during presidential years. Full many a national election has been known to affect a local one. So the legislators proceeded to frame a constitutional amendment, and for good measure decided to tack on a provision that the legislature should meet each two years instead of each year. The bill was drawn, read, passed and the legislature adjourned. The amendment was all ready for submission to the people. And then some obscure scholar discovered that *biannual* doesn't mean *biennial*, and that the bill read *biannual*.

Sad indeed is the case of the legislators. If action on the bill goes over for another year, it will be too late to be of value in the 1928 election, and a four-year wait will be necessitated. If the amendment is adopted, the legislators will have to drop their private businesses every six months and hie themselves to the state capital . . .

A rare opportunity is offered college students during the coming vacation. The sales of dictionaries to New Jersey legislators should prove highly profitable.

Gambling vs. Speculation

THAT the New York Stock Exchange, besides its legitimate function as the market place for the country's share and bond securities, also merits the reproach of representing a great and perilous gambling center is a fact perennially disputed by its sponsors. In fact, its president in a recent address declared: 'Speculation is not what a man intends to do, but what he actually does. It consists in buying or selling property with a purpose of making a profit between the purchase and selling price, and meanwhile accepting the inevitable risks which attend such an operation. Gambling, on the other hand, consists in wagering sums of money on some future fortuitous event without any necessary relation to the acquisition or disposal of property.'

That is a fine distinction between speculation and gambling. Or is it any distinction at all?

It happened that at the very time the president of the Stock Exchange uttered the words three officers of a bank within a very short distance of Wall Street were arrested, charged with the theft of a large sum of money from the institution. For two days agitated depositors joined in a run on the bank, which was slowly drained of its cash resources and eventually saved from closing only when a larger corporation absorbed it and guaranteed its deposits.

According to the district attorney, the cashier of this bank and his fellow officers had been speculating in the stock market through a Stock Exchange house. The young men were 'margin-mad.' When they lost their own money, they began to buy stocks in the name of the bank and made payment with cashier's checks. If the stocks increased in value, they sold them and pocketed the profits; if they declined, the cashier sold them and charged the losses to the bank's customers. In other words, they were 'buying and selling property with a purpose of making a profit between the purchase and selling price, meanwhile accepting the inevitable risks which attend such an operation.' The bank is no longer in existence. What put it out of commission—speculation or gambling?

Ready-to-Wear Minds

WALTER L. Whittlesey, Princeton professor, levels a serious indictment at modern educational methods when he declares that the college of today chokes individualism, that its graduates are nearly all cut to the same pattern . . . and that pattern, mediocre. The charge is not new. It has been made many times by business and industrial leaders. But educators have been slow to recognize or acknowledge flaws in their system. Theirs has too closely resembled the attitude of the three little apes of Nikka—hearing no evil, seeing no evil, speaking no evil of their own profession. That this air of aloofness is at last breaking is a hopeful sign.

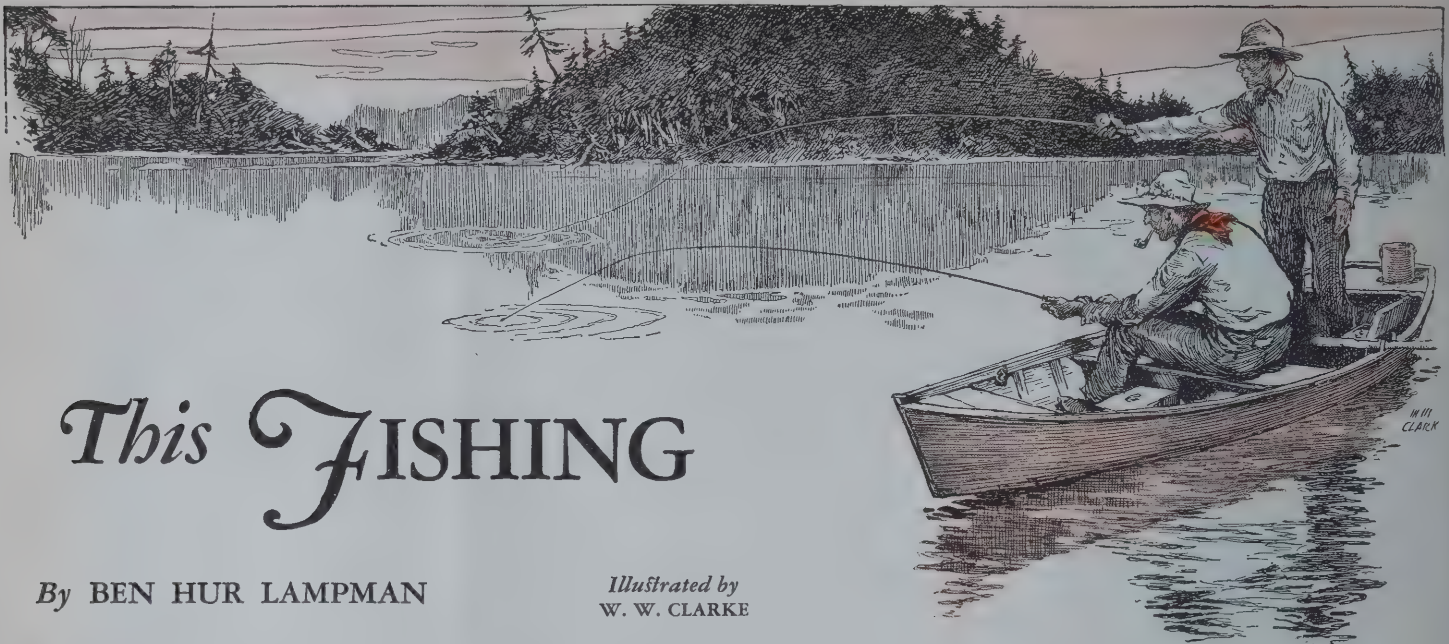
Had Abraham Lincoln been alive today, Professor Whittlesey declares, he would not have gone to college. Primarily, the cost would have been too great. But more important than this: *'A mind like Lincoln's would have outrun all bounds and been unwelcome at the average university.'* Neither would Grover Cleveland have fitted into the modern college world. His slow, deliberate mind would not have arrived at conclusions quickly enough 'to answer with the glibness demanded by educators today.' Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson would have been dismissed because 'they would not have submitted to the restraint placed upon present-day students.' Examinations are made not so much for thinkers as for those with 'quick, ready-to-wear' minds. Education is not acquired by the students; it is 'served hot with mustard' by the instructors.

These criticisms are important. They are not the snap judgments of an outsider, but the mature opinions of one closely associated with the system. By a curious anomaly, *education* in the minds of many has become confused with *schooling*. Any man who has been to a university is 'educated,' no matter what his qualifications or lack of qualifications for the title. College has become a national fetish. Growth in attendance has been tremendous; the investment in this one branch of schooling alone runs high in the millions. This, for the most part, is a good thing. But has not the university, in spite of its material advance, failed to keep pace with the other elements that help make up the nation—with industry, or commerce, or transportation? Has it not often failed in its most important function: *the training of leaders?*

Many of those in college have no right to be there. They are youths to whom the higher phases of schooling mean little, save possibly an additional four-year respite from actual work. It would be better for all concerned if many of these men were thrust into the channels of production. So much energy is being expended by the university in handling large masses of pupils that the individual is being neglected. Initiative and ingenuity, which are at high premium in industry or business, are plowed under in the endeavor to raise vast crops of graduates. Ready-to-wear minds are developed, but these do not make leaders.

Let the Dead Bury the Dead

THE attempt of eighteen of the country's more or less prominent internationalists to breathe life into the defunct World Court issue by sticking out their tongues at Senator Borah is ludicrous. Calling Borah 'the greatest political headliner and propagandist of our time,' will not change the nation's antagonism toward the European-controlled Court. Nor will a challenge to debate on whether the pro-Court activities of Senators McKinley and Lenroot contributed to their defeat at the fall elections alter the record one jot. McKinley and Lenroot were defeated; and so were some dozen others who voted the United States into the Court. There the record stands.



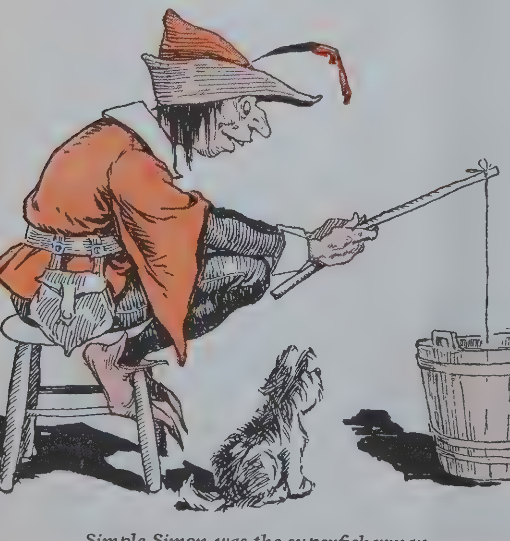
This FISHING

By **BEN HUR LAMPMAN**

Illustrated by
W. W. CLARKE

FREQUENTLY I have endeavored to analyze the spell that is in fishing; to have the secret of it for my own; to find in a single word or phrase the answer to that dominion it holds over all peoples. The riddle is intangible as river mist. It evades and mocks, and will not suffer one to grasp it. And the nearest I have come to the answer is this: 'Something is going to happen!' Something is going to happen, and though things are always happening along this pilgrimage, both pleasant and unpleasing, it is written that what will happen presently, at almost any instant, will be delightful, unexpected and perhaps epochal.

In the mystery of the water swim many mysteries, and the lottery is prepared for the drawing. Something is going to happen. Thus fishermen look upon the sea with brooding, and muse beside rivers, and view with wistful reverence the dreaming of a mountain lake. What life may have denied them—and I mean not to say that they are by-ordinary a heavy-hearted folk—they intend to require of seas, and lakes, and rivers. Something is going to happen!



Simple Simon was the superfisherman.

This mysticism of the fisherman, his confidence in fate, however lamely I have expressed it, is the fundamental of fishing. It is often its own reward, and few are the fishermen who make complaint. Yet I doubt that the emptiest of creels ever is truly empty, save in that material sense which is of really secondary significance. For in fishing it is well known to fishermen that one lands and brings to creel many a noble and hefty imponderable, such as sunsets, the odor of dew on fern, the giant chanting of rivers, the wind-wakened silver of lakes, song in cedars, and all such fish as these, together with a conviction of well-being and content that is acquired by no other means.

And the friendships of fishermen for fishermen, are they not vigorous, tolerant and gentle? Who opens a fly book to the chance-met stranger, or helps him mend a reel, or performs any one of those hundred services for which need constantly arises, without opening his heart to a friend? So convinced am I of the amiability of fishermen, of their compliance with the code of fishermen, that when I meet a churl a-fishing—as infrequently befalls—I note that he is quite outside the pale and cannot hope to enter our fraternity, though the trout fight for his hackle.

Without boasting, for it is detestable to boast of faithful adherence to duty, I may say that never, since the catfish was drawn from Poskin's pond, have I neglected the opportunity to fish. If chance has set me where fish are, and without tackle, I have somehow found the necessary equipment and performed my duty. Thus I have met with salmon unexpectedly, and with bass whose acquaintance I scarce had hoped for, and have salvaged any quantity of hours that would have been otherwise industrious and productive, by spending them with such lowly creatures as the ringed perch, the calico bass, and again—I confess it shamelessly—with that mildest of heavy fishes, the Teutonic carp. All fishermen are afflicted in this manner, if affliction it be, and the disposition I have depicted is not shared with anglers.

At risk of being misunderstood—a hazard fishermen must constantly incur—I make bold to say that Simple Simon was the superfisherman, the perfect type. So buoyant and cheerful was his faith that he dangled a line, we are told, in his mother's mop pail. Good old Izaak Walton would have surveyed him, thus engaged, with understanding if not with veteran approval. He would have placed a fatherly hand on Simon's pointed pate, and would have told him, out of his store of knowledge, where fat eels were to be had by sniggling. The reward of my own application is that I have learned to love fish not the less, but to love fishing more. It is no longer of dire moment to me that the day has yielded a scanty catch, or never a fish, since nothing can rob me of the day itself.

Touching this matter of not caring greatly whether one has caught fish or has not, so long as one has fished, I would speak of a gallant bickering with a steelhead trout of girth and glory, who swam—and I hope swims yet—the swift, sweet reaches of the Salmon, where that good river hastens down the Coast Range to the sea. In this tale, if I seem to have the rôle of hero and philosopher, bear with the telling, for it is with all fishermen, when they speak of their adventurings, as it is with me. You might call it a trait, this trick of narrative.

ON THE Salmon with me that day was a certain Herman, a reformed barber now practising real estate—where the fishing is uniformly good. The water ouzel dived and darted and slipped through the spray, and a gray rain swung veil-like in the gray canyon, the while we two sought steelhead in that stream. There was indomitable purpose in the grip of Herman on his wet and tattered cigar, and his roundly noble countenance grew red with weather and high resolve, and when we spoke to each other it was with shoutings, for the Salmon was in spate. Then presently, the day having given only a cutthroat trout, and as shadows deepened, there was a slatting of the line, a gentle, ruminative fumbling of the unseen, weaving bait. By these tokens I knew that he was come to me, and the rod dipped like a diviner's twig as I set the hook. His strength was as the strength of ten, of the sea that he had ranged but yesterday, of the fleet river thundering, of fear and ire, of rage and a stout spirit. And Herman's face was a harvest moon seen mistily, and the green water was shattered, and the fish lunged as a blade is sheathed, and he weighed not a pennyweight less than a dozen pounds—and the broad tail smote the river, and he was gone. So I stood there, reeling the unburdened line with fingers grown old of a sudden, and palsied. I stood there, aging with incredible rapidity—a gray fisherman in the gray rain, glooming over the faithless steel of a broken hook.

'That's too bad!' shouted Herman above the shouting of the Salmon. And his lips shaped the words again, as to himself—'Too bad.'

And was it then too bad? It wasn't. For the giant trout had a greater right to his—or her—freedom than I had to his life, and had fought fairly and had gone free according to circumstances it were mean to lament. A right to yet another season on the spawning riffle, a mate beside; to yet another season somewhere in the breast of our mother, the sea. I found that I could not regret the escape, but that, commingled with an evanescent sorrow there was an actual gladness that the fish did not at that moment lie slaughtered on the black rock. This life we take so freely, as it were a privilege of ours, shall we grieve when it eludes us and wins a stay of execution from the hard fist of fate?

'Oh, to heck with him, Herman!' said I. 'Let's try the hole below the bridge.'

Vainly to attempt the laying of an old slander, a neolithic jest, let it here be said, in all solemnity, that it is true the largest fish escape. It is futile to require that persons of alien persuasion, that is to say, those who do not fish, should admit the entire reasonableness of the most natural statement possible, a statement supported both by logic and the facts. For what fish, save the largest, the most indomitable, is naturally endowed with superior potentialities for escape? This is sad, but it is so, yet if one ventures to declare the truth, and with a modicum of permissible exaggeration, he excites the loud and boorish guffaw, or at least the gentle smile of whimsical tolerance, which is even more difficult to brook. Only among fishermen may such tales be told with every assurance of sympathetic and expert attention. They, too, have sorrowed and suffered, have known the emptiness of loss, the barbed gibe of incredulity. You may, I declare in all affection, elaborate your fishing adventures to a considerable degree, and speak liberally of a quarry but momentarily revealed, and then through the deceptive element which harbors it, ere your fellow fishermen will evince unfaith. This quality of tolerant broad-mindedness, of more or less patient attention to astounding narrative, should commend them to the universe at large as exceptional fellows. Yet it does not.

SOME would have it that a very remarkable philosophy is begotten of this pastime of fishing, and that the thoughts of fishermen are long, long thoughts, having to do with man's proper demeanor toward man and with God's goodness to the world He made. I have never known a fisherman whose thought ran in this wise, and I doubt that any of them, when their well-loved waters are at

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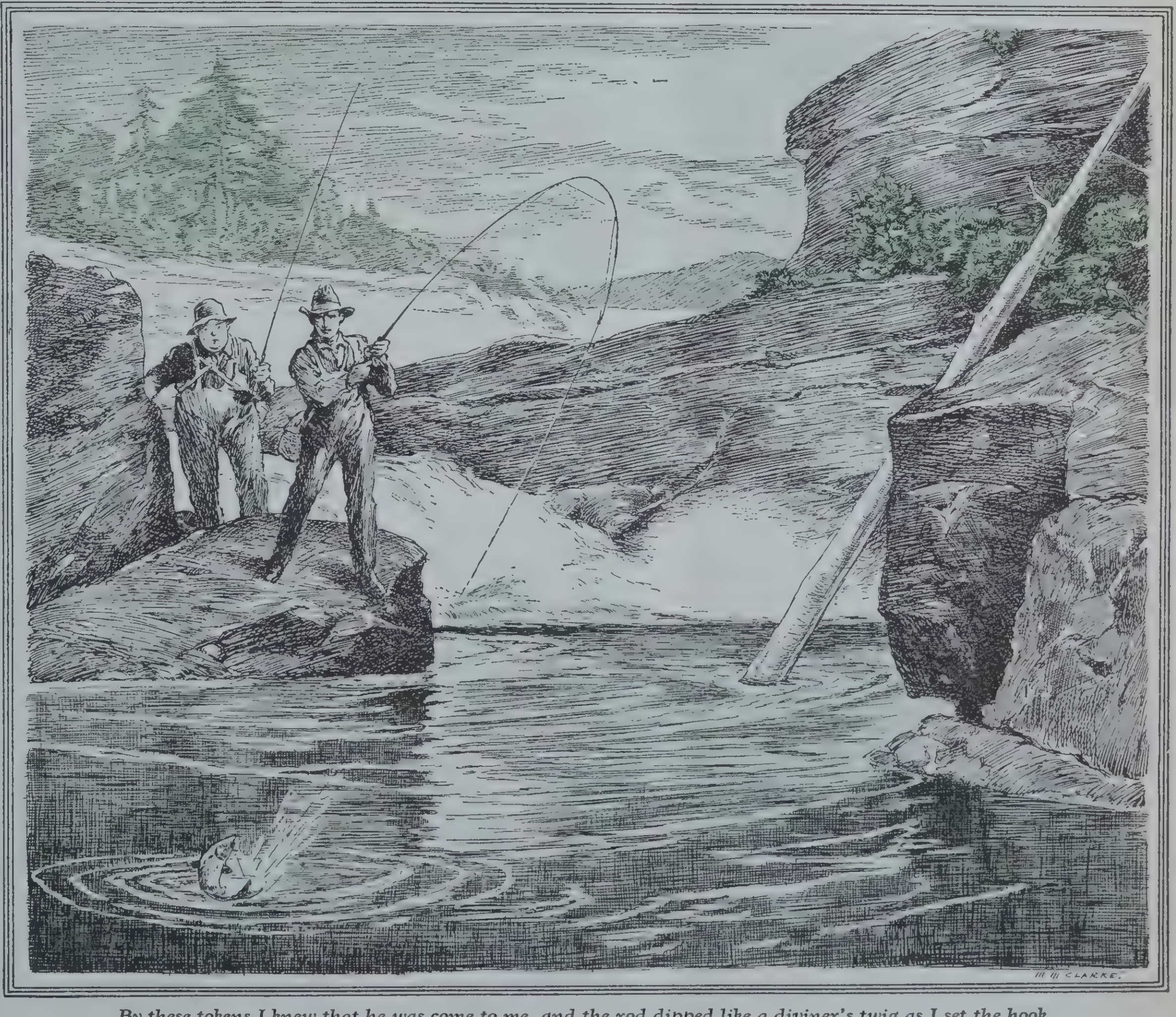


By these tokens I knew that he was come to me, and the rod dipped like a diviner's twig as I set the hook.

Do You Ever Read SHORT STORIES *Or Try to* Write Them?

By THOMAS L. MASSON

Drawings by W. W. CLARKE

IT HAS been conceded by many literary critics for some time that the best writing produced in America is the short story. Not everyone agrees to this. Arnold Bennett, for example, besides being contemptuous of so much that is American, has been severely sardonic about our short story writers. Still, it is true that the short story in America has set the pace for other countries. Edgar Allan Poe originated the short mystery story, and grateful acknowledgment to him has been made by two French writers, namely Baudelaire and de Maupassant. In particular the latter was largely influenced by Poe.

The reason for this is not far to seek. In this country there is a vast, diversified audience and, owing to the high prices paid, more people can be reached quickly by the short story than in any other manner. The highest price I know to have been paid for a short story was paid a few years ago by a popular woman's magazine to a woman author, who received $5,000 for a Christmas story. This story, however, was unusually long, running as I recall it about 12,000 words.

Fifteen years ago one thousand dollars was a high price for a short story. I remember one of the best detective story writers coming into my office at that time and telling me he had just received that sum for one of his stories. I expressed some doubt, whereupon he showed me the check.

Last year a popular short story writer who had been receiving $1,500 for his stories from a popular magazine was offered $3,500 by another magazine. Needless to say he took the offer. Another writer, who had been getting $1,700 for a story, was offered $4,000. Still another, who was receiving $1,500, was offered $2,000. These prices are of course exceptional. There are a number of magazines that pay not more than $200. As low as $25 a story is still paid by the smaller magazines.

The acceptance of a short story by a magazine is seemingly a matter of luck. A friend of mine once wrote a long short story and was paid $250 for it by a minor magazine. Afterward he acquired a reputation. As this magazine had not then published his story, he bought it back for what they had paid and sold it to another magazine for $7,000. As stated, this was a little longer than a short story, being in two parts.

Another writer I knew, a woman, came up from the South and, being interested in short stories, took a course under an instructor, also a woman. At the end of a few months my friend wrote a short story and, submitting it to the instructor, was told that it was not much good but that it might go in a minor magazine. While she was debating where to send it, the thought suddenly occurred to her that it would do no harm to send it to *The Saturday Evening Post*, as all they could do would be to send it back. So with fear and trembling, she mailed it. It was accepted immediately, and later on it took the O. Henry prize for the best short story of the year.

I know another author who wrote a short story and sent it to twenty-nine magazines, each one returning it. Just as a last resort he sent it to *The Saturday Evening Post* and it was immediately accepted. After that he had no trouble.

Some of the most prominent short story writers in the country first started with me, when I was editor of *Life*. One of these was Rupert Hughes, whose first short story 'The Woman Who Smoked Cigars' I published. Another was Wallace Irwin. I did not publish any of his stories, but the first one he wrote was planned at a luncheon table.

Another contributor I had was doing work on a Boston paper, writing odd pieces. I paid him $75 a week to write for me and one day something he wrote convinced me he could write a short story. I told him I was quite certain he could do it and would give him an idea. We talked over several ideas, rejecting one after another, until finally we hit upon one that looked good. The next morning I got him out to my house in the country and locked him up in my study with a typewriter, only letting him out for luncheon.

He was a good golf player, and several people came in who wanted to play with him. I had to be very stern with him and keep him in. At the end of the day he had written out the story. I would not read it but told him to take it back to his hotel in town and work over it until he had it right. Three days later he called me up and I went over to his room and he read it; I pronounced it good. He sent it in to a magazine and it was immediately accepted. I believe he got $250 for it, but it attracted the attention of some motion picture people and he sold them the motion rights for $1,500. After that he had no more trouble.

Fannie Hurst, one of the most successful short story writers in this country—although now she is writing novels mostly—worked in obscurity in New York for about twelve years before she made good. Her first stories were taken by my friend Bob Davis, who was then editor of *Munsey's Magazine*. I suppose that Bob has started more people to be successful writers than anyone else, always excepting George Horace Lorimer, who is without doubt the greatest judge of short stories in the world.

During the past twenty-five years I have had hundreds of beginning writers come to me with short stories, but it is very seldom indeed that one of them has made good. I cannot recall a single one among the successful writers who has received the slightest benefit from any course of instruction. A few have succeeded in spite of the fact that they took courses. I recall quite vividly three years ago receiving a short story from one of the most prominent instructors who had made a lot of money with a 'system' he had invented for writing short stories. His manuscript was beautiful, not an error in it, and it was one of the worst short stories I ever read. You could hear the wheels going round all through it.

Quite recently one of our best woman short story writers, who had also taken an O. Henry prize, came in to see me about a short story she had written. I asked her if it was ready; she shook her head doubtfully and replied that she had written it over only seven times and she wasn't sure.

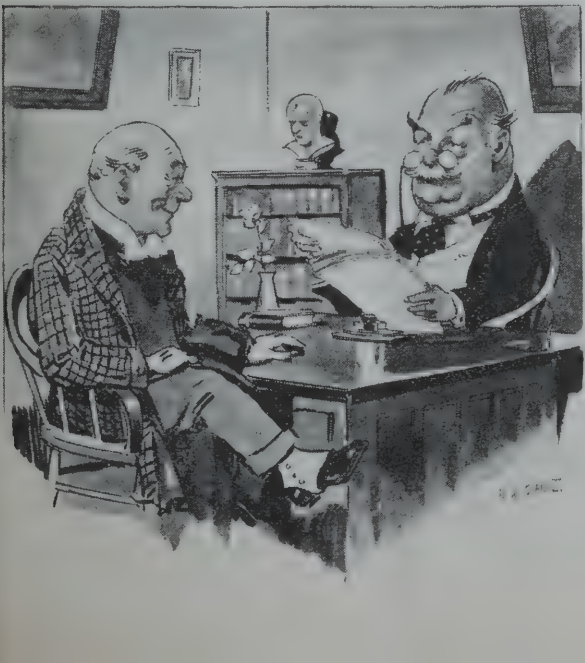
Indeed, there seems to be no rule.

Last year one of our best-known short story writers came to me in desperation and said he couldn't sell his work. He had reached a dry spell, so far as his income was concerned. He gave me two stories to read. I read over and corrected them, and, indeed, they were badly written. He was furious at my criticism, although outwardly polite, and finally took them back to his agent, who corroborated my dispraise. He wrote the stories over and sold them both. It frequently happens that a poor writer will succeed because he is a good story-teller, whereas a good writer will fail because he is not.

The editor of one of our most popular magazines told me he had a young girl working in his office whose talk was so good that he asked her one day to write it out. She did so, and he said the manuscript was so illiterate he could scarcely make it out. Words misspelled, and so on. He thought she had a story there, however, so he had one of his assistants rewrite it. The story was published and so many letters were received about it that this girl was asked to write another. Soon she became their most popular contributor and made an income of nearly $10,000 a year, although she could not spell or compose correctly. Afterward, I understand, she went to school to learn. This of course is an exceptional case, but it is not unusual to find people with talent who have not developed a formal education. The fact is, there is no accounting for talent. It is a gift.

SOME years ago I was at a dinner party where a very cultivated woman entertained us with the story of her experience serving on a jury. Her talk was so lively that I picked her out immediately as a story writer. It took a great deal of argument to convince her. Yet the first story she wrote was immediately accepted by a first-class magazine, and thereafter she was highly successful. She was so grateful for what I had done for her that she sent me a valuable pedigreed Sealingham terrier, and he is now reposing at my feet. I would not part with him for a million dollars. My wife is deaf, and when there is no one else in the house and anybody rings the door bell, he runs up to her and barks. But if anyone is in the house to answer the bell he never moves. I fully believe that all dogs have souls and that they can also think, and I don't like people who believe differently.

Short stories are sold in two ways, either direct, by mailing them to the editor or through a literary agent. In this latter case, the agent exacts a commission of 15 per cent; and it is always worth it with the reliable agents, as they save an author a great deal of trouble. On the other hand the agent comes between the contributor and the editor so they may never meet. This may or may not be a hardship. In some cases where an editor wishes to produce a certain effect, or influence his readers, he will send for a short story writer and get him to write what is known as a propaganda story. Then again, it often happens that an editor can suggest to a story writer a 'lead,' whereby he can produce a series of stories.



With all successful short story writers the series, of course, is the most popular, because they have to use only one set of characters throughout and it is easier to do this than to change. Besides, if you have a general theme you can make your characters go through a series with ease. In the case of writers with established reputations, many editors engage their work on what is known as the contract system. An editor will agree to accept six stories from a writer who writes eight; that is, with the privilege of rejecting two out of the eight.

One of the best short story writers in America for many years has refused to write more than twelve stories a year, and in order to do this he lives off in the country on a very moderate income. I have seen a great many writers of successful short stories become the victims of their own extravagance. In a general way I do not believe a short story writer can last more than seven years at his best. It takes him seven years to achieve his reputation, and then in seven years more he is on the wane.

A number of those who start out to write short stories, seeing ahead of them the decline, deliberately switch off into novels. Sinclair Lewis did this. It is easier and safer, assuming that you can do it at all, to write a novel every year and get from $20,000 to $40,000 for it, than to take the chance of writing say fifteen short stories at say $1,000 each, which is indeed a high price, only the very few topnotchers getting double or treble this. Some years ago a friend of mine, a fine writer, made in one year $20,000 writing stories for one periodical, and then he ran dry. I have not dared to inquire since what he was doing.

As for writing the stories, assuming that one has the necessary initial gift, there are a few rules to bear in mind. The first is that the best short story generally revolves around one character. There may of course be many other characters in the story but they are all subordinate. By this I mean that the story must convey a single idea, and as a rule this idea centers on or in one character. It is also true that the best writers do not pay much attention to plot,

(Continued on page 21)

DOROTHY SIDNEY—*A Noble Lady of the 17th Century*

By FRANCES HOLBROOK PFEIFFER

Illustrated by RUTH A. THURBER

IT SEEMS strange that so long ago as 1617 one should have been born with a line of ancestry reaching back farther than five hundred years. And no one in the 17th Century could trace to more important forbears than could Dorothy Sidney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester—to the Fitzalans and the Earls de Warennes, among others, of the royal houses of Brabant and Flanders. Through the de Warennes, Dorothy was connected with the family of the Conqueror, and with our own Richard Warren of the *Mayflower*, who, though older, was a contemporary.

Moreover, Dorothy needed not to look into the past for family glory. Connected by marriage, as well as by descent, with most of the leading houses of England, her family background, even for that century and country, was enviable. She was a Sidney!

Sir Philip, 'the greatest of all the Sidneys,' was her granduncle: Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland was her mother's father; the notable, not altogether likable, Lucy Percy, Lady Carlisle, was her aunt, and the great patriot, Algernon Sidney, was her brother.

Lady Dorothy Sidney, a quiet, retiring girl, seems not to have possessed any remarkable powers, unless great kindness, womanly purity in a more or less corrupt age, poise, gentleness, and great love and loyalty, may be accounted such. Born into a family of great politicians and statesmen—who were nearly always in opposition—she was not moved to take part in public affairs; inheriting the literary ability of the Sidneys, the only way to use her talent was in letter writing, and the Sidneys were all excellent letter writers. But to call Lady Dorothy's own pen 'the most eloquent in England,' could hardly be conceded if the world had known of those remarkable letters another Dorothy was writing about the same time. Still the comparison is not fair, because Dorothy Sidney was writing to everybody and Dorothy Osborne was writing to her lover; and, to gossip a bit, it is not at all unlikely that Sir William Temple couldn't help being in love with both Dorothys!

Born in 1617 in Sion House, Dorothy Sidney's later home was at lovely Penhurst in Kent, a gift to an ancestor, a favorite of Henry VIII and tutor of that unfortunate Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VI, who granted 'the manor, park and palace of Penhurst, with adjoining lands, meadows, pastures, woods and trees, to his well-beloved knight, Sir William Sidney.'

The Sidneys were 'proud of their family seat, and loved every stone of its ancient walls.' The great Sir Philip, while in Ireland, dreams of it and writes:

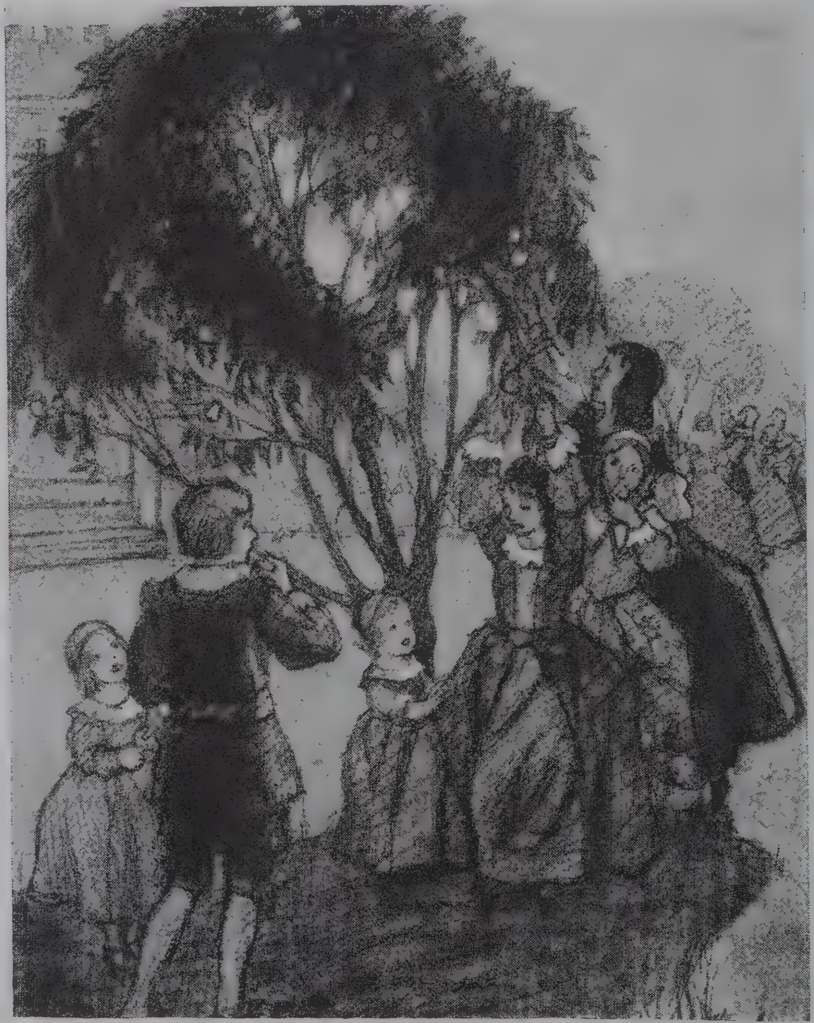
> The house was built of fair and strong stone . . . of a firm stateliness. The backside of the house was neither field, garden nor orchard—or rather, it was field, garden and orchard; for as soon as the descending stairs had delivered them down, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of most taste-pleasing fruits, but scarcely had they taken that into consideration, but that they were suddenly stepped into a delicious green; of each side of the green a thicket, and behind the thicket again were beds of flowers.

Penhurst was a stately, comfortable, livable home, not a sumptuous, showy place; and so it impressed Ben Jonson:

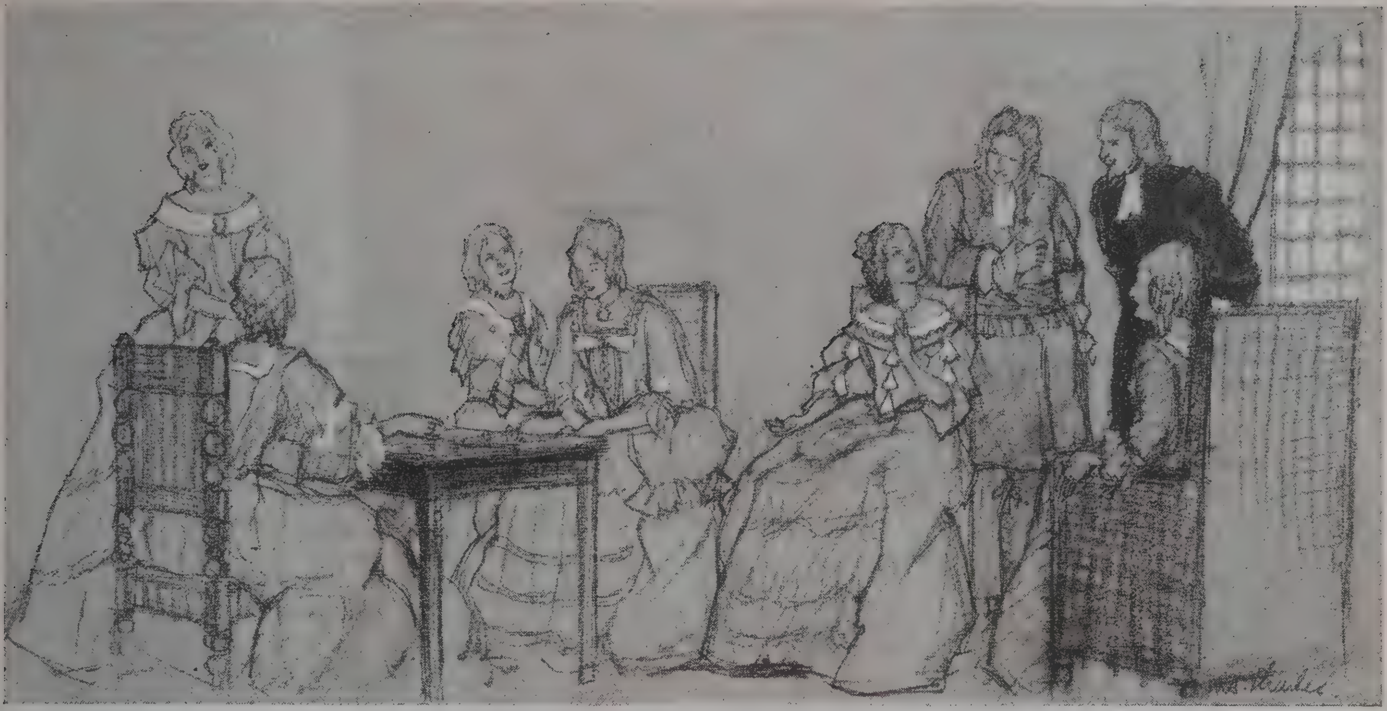
Thou art not, Penhurst, built to envious show
. . .
The blushing apricot, the woolly peach
Hang on the walls that every child may reach.

And there were children enough in Dorothy's day to reach them. She was the eldest of thirteen, nine of whom were girls!

To this day Penhurst is little changed. There is the old Baronial Hall with its dais and its minstrel gallery; old suits of armor of feudal times; the stately suite used by Elizabeth during her progress through Kent, when she visited Dorothy's grandfather; beautiful Tudor furniture, priceless tapestries, gorgeous brocades; Venetian glass chandeliers; rare porcelains; jeweled



The blushing apricot and woolly peach
Hang on the walls that every child may reach.



The ladies visited, played cards and backgammon together; of an afternoon gentlemen dropped in and talked politics.

cups, and, best of all, interesting portraits of ancient kings and queens, of Sidneys, Percys, Cecils, Dudleys, Herberts, as well as many mementoes of Sir Philip Sidney, 'the hero and ornament of their race.'

Distinguished not alone for her beauty and her illustrious family, Dorothy Sidney, in her youth, was the inspiration of a poet—the 'Sacharissa' of Waller's poems. For several years Edmund Waller was a suitor of Dorothy's. A young widower, he came down into Kent, where his family had had a seat, to indulge his grief for a time. Catching sight of the Lady Dorothy in all her young loveliness—and family greatness—he therewith fixed upon her his fickle affections. Dr. Johnson has sized him up, thus:

> Being too young to resist beauty, and probably too vain not to think himself irresistible, he fixed his heart, perhaps half fondly, perhaps half ambitiously, upon the Lady Dorothy Sidney . . . whom he courted by the poetry in which Sacharissa is celebrated.

After the centuries one might feel sorry for Waller, if his courtship had not smacked so strongly of a Hollywood publicity stunt—had not been so carefully planned and so publicly carried out.

When the Queen and her ladies were 'drinking the waters' at Tunbridge wells, Waller would pop over to Penhurst, fasten his lovelorn gaze upon Sacharissa, 'hack out' some verses, pop back to Tunbridge, read his effusions to the admiring group, and thus spread his own fame far afield.

If Lady Dorothy had stamped her foot at him or run out her tongue—which so great a lady may have felt like doing, since in some things girls never change—he would only have gazed the more deeply and written the more fervently. Her father was interested in the poet, and it was whispered that Lord Leicester would not have been averse to the match for his daughter. But not for Dorothy! Her pure eyes looked through him, and she had no idea of 'bestowing' herself where her heart could not follow; and my Lady Leicester was too fond a mother to ask her daughter to marry against her desires, even in that day of handmade marriages. Lady Dorothy's perfections were far-flung by the poet, and she, modest, retiring and young, must have been, many times, embarrassed. Still, there is no denying that Waller was a poet, and it must mean something to any girl to have inspired such a lyric as 'The Banished Self':

It is not that I love you less
Than when before your feet I lay;
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love I keep away . . .

Or the perfection of 'Lines on a Girdle':

. . .
It was my heaven's extremest sphere
The pale that held that lovely dear.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

The 'Song of the Rose,' alone, would have assured Waller a place among English poets—and so, after all, now that the centuries have passed and all the 'quips and quirks' of personality gone, it's something to have inspired a poet!

After her father had built stately Leicester House, where now is Leicester Square, London, and the family had lived there, a very happy and advantageous marriage was arranged for Dorothy with Henry Spencer, the first Earl of Sunderland—after two other suitors had been rejected. On the eve of Lady Dorothy's marriage, Waller, who had some time before lost all hope, wrote that famous letter to Lucy Sidney, her sister, from which an extract is taken:

> . . . May my Lady Dorothy . . . suffer as much and have like passions for this young Lord whom she has preferred to the rest of mankind, as others have for her! . . . May she, that always affected silence and retiredness, have the house filled with noise and number of her children; and, hereafter of her grandchildren! And then, may she arrive at that great curse, so much declined by fair ladies—old age! May she live to be very old and yet seem young . . . And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her Lord . . . go hand in hand with her to that place where we are told there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage; that being there divorced, we may all have an equal interest in her again.

Waller's satirical letter was more prophetic than he could have guessed, all but the final sentiments; Her lord did not 'go hand in hand with her,' but preceded her by many years. Their short and very happy married life, spent partly in Paris and partly at the Spencer family seat, Althrop, ended in the civil wars at the battle of Newburg.

Sunderland's family, the Spencers, was as old and highly honored as the Sidneys. The two young people had the same quiet, intellectual tastes, and belonged to each other. When Sunderland made his first appearance in the House of Lords, in those trying days just before the separation between King and Parliament, he showed great promise in his opening speech, spoken 'eloquently, with moderation,' and on the popular side. As the struggle grew fiercer, Spencer finally decided that he could not draw his sword against his King. He used all his ability, in vain, in trying to induce the Lords to come to terms with Charles I, not so much because he approved of the King—which he could not have done—as because of his horror of civil war. So, at last, he pledged his services and life to the monarch.

Lady Sunderland took their little daughter and went home to Penhurst; and, although a few of Sunderland's letters to her have been preserved, none of hers to him can be found. His were mostly of the camp and the court, in both of which he took no pleasure.

Clarendon, grieving for his friend, writes:

> Here fell the Earl of Sunderland, a Lord of great fortune, tender years—being not above three and twenty years of age—and an early judgment; who, having no command in the army, under the obligation of honour, and putting himself that day in the King's troop as a volunteer, was taken away by a cannon bullet.

The news was brought first to Lady Leicester, who swooned. 'But we soon recovered her out of that,' writes Lord Leicester's servant to him, 'and made her Ladyship understand how much she was concerned to put on all possible courage and resolution, and to go and comfort my Lady Sunderland.'

Dorothy's intuitions had told her, and her grief was inconsolable.

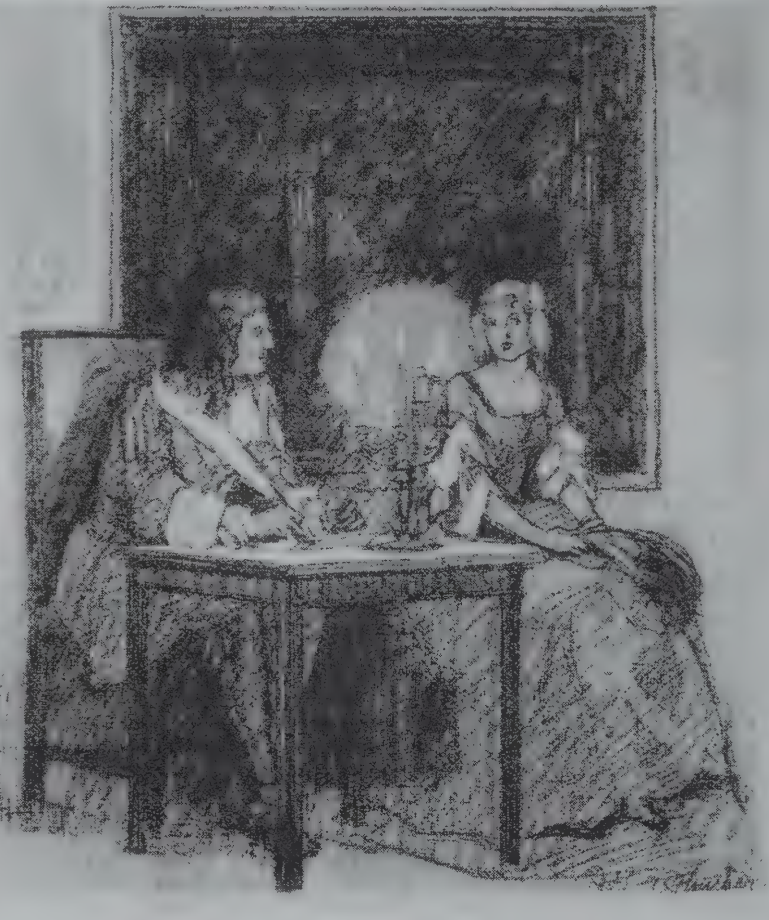
Her father, in a letter full of love and consolation, touched the note that helped her most, when he urged her to care for herself and their children—'those pledges of your mutual friendship and affection which he has left with you . . . I know you lived happily and so as nobody but yourself could measure the contentment of it.'

Nearly three hundred years ago and yet today we feel as sorry as if it were yesterday—sorry that the flower of England's manhood was ever sacrificed, not for country but for kings.

At the time Lady Dorothy's husband so heroically met his death, her old lover, Waller, strangely enough, was condemned to die for some plot against Parliament. By ungallant and treacherous means, he gained his pardon, then fled to France and married again. In 1654 he had leave from his kinsman, Cromwell, to return to England. He wrote a fulsome Panegyric on the Lord Protector. At the Restoration he changed again and wrote a poem on the return of Charles II. The King, with satirical coolness, remarked that he thought it not so good as the Panegyric on Cromwell; and Waller, with his usual assurance, replied: 'Sir, we poets never succeed so well in writing truth as fiction!'

Years later, when Lady Sunderland had been twice widowed and was living in her little house near Whitehall, Waller, then a popular person in London, frequently visited her. One day Dorothy laughingly asked him when he was going to write verses for her as he used to do in the old days at Penhurst; the poet answered rudely, 'When you are young again, madam, and as handsome as you were then.'

Lady Dorothy mentions him in her letters:



Lady Sunderland had many potential lovers in her widowhood.

> Waller told me, with a great oath, that my son was sick of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and would be glad, with all his heart to be rid of her.
>
> Mr. Waller is very angry with my Lord Cavendish . . . He has not written to his father above six months . . . Waller does swear and state that he would have half his father's estate, and will not make a leg for it. His whole business now is to watch where my Lady Betty Felton goes and to follow her.
>
> Mrs. Middleton and I have lost old Waller. He has gone away frightened—
> And nobody cares!

Lady Sunderland, who loved her husband deeply and had mourned him long, had many potential lovers in her widowhood, but there was an expression in her brown and beautiful eyes that kept them all at a distance. One day she surprised all her friends by marrying Sir Robert Smythe, who had long loved her hopelessly and silently. He had probably known her from childhood, as his estate, Boundes, was in the town adjoining Penhurst.

Sir Robert Smythe of Boundes and Sutton-on-Hone was no mean match. His family, which, twice before, had intermarried with the Sidneys, belonged to the great Kentish Smythes, and he was the great-grandson of the famous old Costumer of Elizabeth's reign. Sir Robert was handsome, and very rich and honorable.

Cross purposes seemed always to present themselves in Lady Dorothy's family, and the estrangements, and differings, politically, must often have been very trying to one so loving. Her son, the second Earl of Sunderland, proved to be quite unlike his highly esteemed father; her daughter-in-law was not of Dorothy's kind, although John Evelyn seemed to like her very well. Sunderland, although he rose to great power in the reign of Charles II, must have pained his mother in his attachments to the Duchess of Portsmouth and his gambling. In one night he lost what was equivalent to $25,000, and no wonder his wife wrote to his uncle, Henry Sidney: 'My Lord has fallen to play in a more violent degree than ever, all day and all night. It maketh the horridest noise in the world; 'tis talked of in all the coffee-houses and 'tis for such vast sums.'

Lord Lisle, her eldest brother, contested their father's will leading to a long suit in Chancery; Robert Sidney, another brother, was said to have had too many tastes in common with the 'Merry Monarch,' and her youngest brother, Henry Sidney, was banished from court because of a love episode with the Duchess of York. Swift calls 'Beau Sidney' an 'idle, drunken, ignorant rake'—Swift shouldn't say much!—but Dorothy loved her baby brother, loved them all, even her great and noble brother Algernon, who was so hard to understand.

Lady Dorothy had a son-in-law, Lord Halifax, whom she greatly loved, whose wife had died, and whose children had long been in the care of their grandmother—just as Waller wished. The most interesting of her few letters that have been preserved, were written to Lord Halifax and to her brother, Henry. Unlike Lady Carlisle, and other political members of her family, her interest in public affairs seems little more than to relate bits of gossip and news, which would not mean so very much to anyone unless one knew English history.

It is the latter part of Lady Sunderland's life, when she was living in her house in London, that we know the most. Here she was surrounded by friends and relatives. The ladies visited, played cards and backgammon and ate oyster suppers together; here, of an afternoon, gentlemen dropped in and talked politics; the doings of the Duchess of Portsmouth, or 'Mrs. Nelly'.

There is no record of Lady Dorothy's last days, but we may be sure that her loved son-in-law, Lord Halifax, comforted her to the last, and that she was loving, gentle, beautiful—a Sidney.

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Just What Do We Owe the Foreigner?

(Continued from page 1)

our great demand for this Egyptian product reacting so favorably on the agricultural interests in the Valley of the Nile that the natives there have not been so prosperous since the days of King Khufu, the founder of the fourth dynasty, who started the building of the Pyramids. But whether or not my friend's suit contained foreign-grown cotton, the domestic cotton in it went to market wrapped in burlap made in India, for which use we require approximately 100,000,000 yards each year, while the thread that held his clothes together was made on machines the metals for which came from the far corners of the earth. And, finally, the buttons on my friend's coat were either of vegetable ivory, in the form of tagua nuts that grow on a weird-looking tree in Central or South America, or they were composition buttons made with the aid of Indian shellac.

THUS it is not hard to imagine what a spectacle my friend would have presented if all the foreign elements in his clothing had suddenly disappeared! Moreover, if these elements had gone out of the chair upon which he sat, he would have crashed to the floor, because it was made of hard woods imported from Africa or Central America or elsewhere. Some of the material of the cigar he smoked was grown in Cuba, while the food he ate was seasoned by the spices of the Indies. His overcoat was lined with silk, of which material his shirt and tie were also fabricated. Yet, although the United States is the largest consumer of silk and has the largest silk-manufacturing industry in the world, we do not produce a pound within our national borders. More than two-thirds of what we use comes from Japan, and most of the rest from China and Italy, raw silk representing the largest single import item.

Although silk was once classed as a luxury, as was the automobile, it is not so considered now. Even workingmen wear silk shirts and ties today, while the women of the United States bought approximately 55,000,000 pairs of pure silk hosiery last year. Aside from its domestic uses, we export to other countries large quantities of finished silk, in a variety of forms, which domestic industry gives employment to thousands of people.

My friend's collar and handkerchief were linen goods, which come chiefly from Ireland. We do produce some linen in this country, but our production consists mostly of crash, the coarser grades of huck toweling, thread and twine. But even in making what linen we do, spinners use imported fiber, our production of flax fiber being small and none too satisfactory. The Argentine Republic is an important source of supply for the various linen manufacturers of the world.

Having made so much of an analysis of the things my friend thought offhand we could get along without, as we were about to leave the hospitable dining room of the India House, I said:

'Now let us consider that crowning glory of yours which you intrusted to the check-room attendant with evident reluctance as we came into this place with all its spooks of foreign trade. I refer to the new topee for which you just paid a goodly sum, although the same applies to less expensive headgear.

'It is necessary to catch and kill nearly 100,000,000 rabbits yearly to supply the felt-hat industry of the United States. About one-half of this number of rabbits come from Australia and New Zealand, overrun with billions of rabbits. In the summertime we wear hats made of straw, chip, or grass, which comes in long braids or plaits. In 1924 we imported 1,281,000,000 yards of these hat braids, laid end to end, a string 725,000 miles long, thirty times around the world, or about three times the distance from the earth to the moon,' I went on as my friend's mouth began to open gradually into a standing gape of astonishment. But I was not ready to let him go yet, fearing he might still be unconvinced about the folly of a great industrial nation such as ours depending on its own source of supplies.

'Take your shoes and your gloves. Nearly half a million animals are slaughtered throughout the world daily to supply the United States with leather. Being the foremost leather making, using, and exporting nation on earth, we have to import approximately half the tanning materials used, among which are vital barks and extracts not produced here at home, without which it would be very difficult for us to carry on the industry, while we import hides from all over the universe.'

With that much said, my friend entered a taxicab, made of certain imported woods and steel, the latter fabricated with the use of antimony, which comes only from China, and forty other foreign materials imported hither from fifty-eight different countries. The tires on the taxi were of rubber and long staple cotton neither of which is produced in the United States, while it was painted and varnished with materials of foreign manufacture. The same holds true of nearly everything we use. It is almost impossible to lay our hands on anything which does not contain elements from other countries. Even our toothbrushes are made of pig bristles imported from North China.

THE only strictly domestic manufacture that I could think of offhand, entirely independent of foreign materials, was Navajo rugs of domestic wool made and dyed by the Indians, in their own primitive way. So I told my friend as a parting shot, that if he was desirous of putting his ideas of national industrial isolation into practice he should dine with me in the India House next time clothed in blankets of that sort or in leaves as our first parents were.

Our tremendous steel industry depends upon Russia, India, and Brazil for manganese, which is used in making practically all steel, and of which we have practically none in this country. Another important material used in steel manufacture, also a vital raw product in the chemical, dyestuff, paint and tanning industries, is chrome, obtained almost exclusively from Rhodesia, New Caledonia, Asia Minor, Russia and Brazil. As stated before, the steel industry of the United States, employing half a million or more people, must get forty basic materials used in the different processes of steel manufacture, from most of the other countries of the globe, even though we have the crude ore in great abundance.

Take tin, as another example. We are the largest tin-plate manufacturing nation in the world, and the largest users of tin ourselves. American preserves, American fish, American pickles, and American pork and beans, put up in tin containers, are found everywhere from the equator to each of the poles. Yet we mine no tin and produce no palm oil to speak of, the two basic materials in our large tin-plate industry.

Thus this great American industry—on which the food-packing industry of the country also rests in part—is supported by importing 73,000 tons of tin from the Malay Peninsula and 101,750,000 pounds of palm oil from British West Africa and the Belgian Congo each year, a very important item in the $10,000,000,000 of foreign commerce of the United States, a disruption of which would throw a monkey wrench into the economic life of thousands here employed in these industries as well as work untold hardship on the natives of other lands who gain a livelihood supplying us with such important needs.

CHINA supports part of its millions of inhabitants by supplying us, and other countries as well, with wood oil, which is the base for most modern waterproof, quick-drying varnishes, and is also used in ink. We buy more than 250,000 barrels of this oil annually, made from the nuts of a tree that grows in China, mostly in the Hankow region where the trouble is now acute. If the war in China is prolonged, this product will become scarce, and the whole world will feel the effect of it. China also sends us many other important articles, such as wool, bristles, furs, tea, dried eggs, and particularly antimony, a regular supply of which is essential to our great steel industry.

The list of raw materials we must import from abroad to keep our important domestic industries humming is a long one.

On the other hand, while it would be impossible for the majority of our factories to continue operating if our supply of foreign materials were cut off, should the United States suddenly close its ports to foreign merchandise, or refuse to ship any of its own products abroad, the resultant catastrophe would encompass the whole earthly sphere. Only 6 per cent of the world's territory is American, and we have about 6 per cent of its population also, but we produce 60 per cent of the world's pig-iron output, 53 per cent of its copper, 43 per cent of its coal, 72 per cent of its petroleum, 52 per cent of the cotton, 52 per cent of the lumber, and our farms supply more wheat, corn, and potatoes than do those of any other nation. Moreover, we produce most of the world's silver and hold most of the world's gold, from all of which it is apparent that the subjects of Uncle Sam have something very important to exchange for what they require from abroad.

Do You Ever Read Short Stories?

(*Continued from page 15*)

if any, but only to the character, because out of the character the plot is born and moves along naturally. Of course, this does not apply to detective or mystery stories, which have a distinct technique of their own. Yet even with these, it will be readily seen that a great deal depends on the success with which the author limns his characters. Certainly there is no more distinct individual in all detective literature than Sherlock Holmes.

The short story writer, therefore, should first get a character idea, something about someone that interests him. I will give an idea which in the hands of a competent writer could be developed into a short story.

A woman friend of mine who was traveling in Egypt with a family the head of which was a cut-and-dried individual eventually found herself and her group at Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo. Her host had arranged for a large masked ball that evening at the hotel and while the preparations were being completed, my friend was lured away to pass the evening at the Pyramids. The moon was high and she could not resist the temptation. She told me what an awful time she had making herself right with her host.

Here is involved a bit of character, a contrast between two opposite natures. After something like this has caught the fancy of the writer, it is then necessary to build up around it a set of characters, one of them predominating, as I have suggested. This process is sometimes slow and painful, at others it is almost instantaneous, depending upon the temperament of the creator. Atmosphere and background are both highly important. Indeed, everything is important in a short story.

As for the length, it must be remembered that no two short stories are alike and there can be no rule. Some of the best short story effects—as in de Maupassant—are in less than 2,000 words; others run up to 10,000. The most acceptable magazine length is around 5,000.

As to the most popular stories, of late years we have been tending more to stories of horror, of pathology, and a good deal to sex, although as a matter of fact the most successful short stories have never been sexy, but invariably sentimental. The love story is naturally the best, and the clean love story has no rival for interest. Strange to say, although humorous stories are always assumed to be most in demand, they are not the most popular, and very few are written.

Occasionally, as in the case of that great artist Ring Lardner, we have a mixture of humor and tragedy, the line between being very thin. I think that Mr. Lardner and Wilbur Daniel Steele are among our best.

Still another delusion, this one very persistent, is that editors play favorites. If would-be contributors who send in short stories could realize how editorial staffs rejoice when they pick out a new writer, they would feel differently about the stories that come back; they would be more prone to ask themselves what the matter is with their own work.

This Fishing

(*Continued from page 13*)

hand, fritter away so much as a moment in really philosophic meditation. A mood of eagerness, or of gentleness, pervades them, and of this mood they ask no questions. They enter into no argument with it. They do not seek to solve its whyness. And though they derive from fishing the choicest product of a sound philosophy, which is contentment, it cannot legitimately be established that they are themselves aught except passive subjects of their heart's desire, carried on the current of their genial avocation as smoothly and surely as an autumn leaf is borne on the flow of a placid stream where crappies congregate. That which pervades them, and enables this simple delight, is not their philosophy but Nature's. If you were, in seeking to demonstrate this point, to take a philosopher fishing, the chances are as twenty to one that the poor fellow would forget to bring the worms. Ah, then he would stand in need of his philosophy. Then he would be tested as he had never thought to be.

There is an old man in the evening of life, who lives in a shake-roofed shack beside the Columbia, not far from the sea. I do not know what ravens feed him, since it is absurd to suppose that he subsists wholly upon fish. But he has no other visible occupation than fishing, and spring, summer and winter I observe him to fish the same water—the personification of patience and contentment. He is there when the silverside salmon swim urgently in from the Pacific, and he meets the steelhead, the sea trout, the Chinook and the dog-salmon as though by punctual appointment. The June freshet swells the broad river to saffron flood, but he fishes on and on, retreating before the advance, and happy to draw a squawfish, an awkward, golden carp, or at best a bass, from the inundated lowlands. You might term him an indolent old idler, if you were not a fisherman. You might say that he should be on the county and so have done with it. But his arm is thin, his neck scrawny and his eyes faded. He has neither chick nor child. He sits in a circle of hopeful gulls, for these are his friends, and fishes. Why not? Perhaps the river brings to him that requital which every mortal may at least ask of life. Why not? There are less happier ways of passing the quiet hour that is prelude to sleep.

Here is no quarrel either with science or fundamentalism, that agree at least in this—we were born of the waters, we are children of the sea. And the sea calls to us, and all her lakes and streams call to us also, and we turn to them by several paths, but the path of the fisherman is trodden plainest of all. It is a deep path and wide, though it is grooved in the narrowness of the human heart.

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Where Wild Birds Sleep

(*Continued from page 4*)

safe, as well as to be sheltered from driving storms, is a desirable combination, especially for those feathered mites that a score of raindrops or snowflakes may cover.

The grass, vine and thicket dwellers must experience much discomfort during heavy storms, whether cold or warm, snow or rain; yet they are seldom drowned or frozen, as may be proved by rarely finding their bodies and by noting the possible depletion of small flocks that have become familiar feeders about sanctuaries, or of those nesting in certain localities.

THERE are some land birds also that choose their roosting places far more carefully than they seek to hide their nests; among these birds are the robin, the oriole, the grackle and the jay, all of which have an eye on those bandits, the owls, when night comes on.

As is well known of each species, the gallinaceous birds roost on the ground, or near it in low-hanging boughs and bushes; they are commonly in coveys throughout all but the nesting season. The only exception is the turkey, the flocks of which choose high trees. Grouse find briar thickets and spruce branches most attractive.

Partridges form rings, shoulder to shoulder, with heads out, best to discern approaching enemies, but mated pairs squat tail to tail in open ground, following the example of the waders. When the female is sitting and brooding the male bird perches upon the lower branches of a bush often nearby.

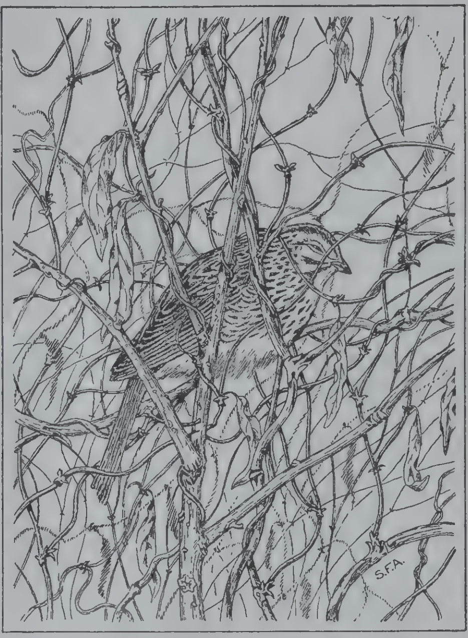
Accidental discovery may disclose the roosting place of some hitherto shy species that apparently at least tries to elude the observer's efforts to spy upon it near nightfall.

Or it may be that an untiring patience akin to that of angling is required, with, to the earnest nature student at least, an equally pleasing or disappointing result. It seems evident from their actions and notes of alarm that certain birds, as the robin, the song sparrow, the vesper sparrow, the oriole and the jay, become quickly aware of being watched and seek to dodge the watcher, possibly fearing later interference. Others, as the chippy, the junco, the nuthatch, the downy woodpecker and the flicker, show very little suspicion, unless the investigator intrudes within a few yards of the chosen spot, and such close scrutiny would be alarming at any time.

I HAVE watched a flock of juncos after sundown, just before they departed northward in early spring, and witnessed their gathering along a vast canopy of thick woodbine; while they were all still easily visible at some distance they penetrated the tangles for the night, completely disappearing. A little after the first suggestion of daylight the next morning they began to appear above the dense mass of trailing stems, but the first ones seemed to hesitate, preening themselves and chasing one another about until all were ready to depart, which they did in a scattered string, but of one mind, to nearby feeding grounds. Tree sparrows—the winter chippy—choose like places, preferring perhaps thickly vine-clad bushes well above the ground, but they also seek dense clumps of wire grass in fields, as do the juncos and the first-appearing vesper and field sparrows.

Chance favored me in discovering the roosting place of an elusive orchard oriole whose mate had her nest nearby in an apple tree.

I had observed that during nidification and until the female began sitting on the five eggs, both birds left the orchard suddenly after playing at peeps with me for a time.



Song sparrows may rest securely within the tangle of woodbine growing on wild cherry.

A few days later, however, while watching several darting chimney birds grubbing lace bugs that swarmed beneath the giant sycamore across the road, I happened to see in the half-darkness a bird with a characteristically different flight dart into a clump of leaves at the end of a long branch and there remain. At daybreak the next morning I watched that clump until I saw the black and russet male oriole quietly emerge, preen himself and fly away to meet his mate.

A little later, keeping at a discreet distance, I watched through field glasses the female oriole enter a neighboring leaf cluster in a sugar maple and the next night change this for a clump in a Carolina poplar. The male, however, stuck to his sycamore for I think very nearly the entire summer.

I have had much real fun with the killdeers. These fellows are the most elusive of all birds, and upon once arousing their suspicions every effort to follow their movements is vain. Chiefly diurnal, they also run and fly about after dark and when alarmed circle high in air on the darkest, foggiest nights. Often during bright moonlight they are as active as in daylight and they rest at any time, singly or in scattered groups, getting into all sorts of odd postures, denoting animation, varied relaxation, even dejection. Somewhat quarrelsome they do not form compact flocks as others of their relatives, either on the wing or on foot; at rest each is some distance from its fellows. Watching them from an eminence and through a powerful glass and tramping over open ground at night alone determine their idiosyncrasies.

I have watched the phoebe retire to its bridge and rock-wall crevices, the barn swallows to their niches between rafters and shingles, the chimney birds to their sole retreats, the martins to their pole houses and hollow trees, the bank swallows to their earthen holes, the whitethroat to its clumps of greenbrier by woodland edges, the grackles to their pine and spruce boughs. But I have yet to find where the cuckoo, the wood pewee, the wood thrush, the chickadees, the vireos, the tanagers, the cardinal, the rose-breast, the indigo bird, the redwing and many others, spend the night. Here is matter for painstaking and alluring investigation.

HONEST robin, the too-frequent victim of many wily foes, may at times show some suspicious intelligence; his fellows gave me the hardest task for my patience when trying to find the roosting place of half a dozen that had just arrived from the South. Not deeming it necessary to act the part of Paul Pry I went boldly about, trying to keep an eye on one robin and then another, but as night came down, most dishearteningly, the birds still sat about in the still naked trees and called to each other in their querulous manner, flying back and forth and showing much trepidation, but in the gathering darkness disappearing suddenly and utterly. So for three nights I watched, but vainly.

Finally I bethought me of retiring until all was quiet and then going back to explore by making a disturbance with a long pole. And behold: here were two robins ensconced in a hemlock on the front lawn of a neighbor, two in the thick wistaria that hung on the end of the house, one in a mass of grapevine over an arbor.

But they were only temporarily dislodged, taking up their quarters, robin-like, in the same places soon after.

Downy gave me somewhat of a chase. In a large wood sheltered from early April winds several of these birds extracted their rations each day; near nightfall they suddenly made long flights toward a certain corner, three observed on successive evenings going the same way. Lining bees gave a clue to the method to be pursued: I stationed myself part way and saw one of these birds pass quickly overhead. The next day at nightfall I was very near the corner and saw two birds. On the final evening I stood near a lone oak of gigantic proportions and with many dead branches, on the edge of the forest, and saw five downy woodpeckers dive down and quickly disappear within holes made by themselves or their fellows—ancestors perhaps—during previous nesting seasons. It may seem strange to some, yet there was in making this discovery a certain thrill that beggars explanation.

Will Spain Become a Republic?

(*Continued from page 7*)

and without causing any disturbance he would gladly retire from political life. But he had discovered what all dictators learn: it may be difficult to get into power but it is still more difficult to get out. It is the old situation of having a bear by the tail.

The original rebellion of the artillery officers had nothing to do with the political situation. But it has had a marked reaction against both the King and Dictator. An unsigned manifesto circulated throughout the country representing the attitude of the artillery officers in this dispute justifies the original rebellion as a fight against tyranny and political favoritism in the army, accuses the monarch of having betrayed the officers and appeals for the return of parliamentary government 'with or without the King.'

The régime of Primo de Rivera in Spain today presents the anomaly of existing in the face of the disavowal of the King on two major premises: his political program and his action against the artillery officers. The dictatorship exists even in face of the disavowal of its mainstay, the army officers, on his action against the artillery corps.

The position of the King is equally a paradox. In his effort to please the army and the politicians he has divorced himself from the sympathy and confidence of both. And his half-hearted support of the dictatorship has not improved the affection and support of that régime. That even the Dictator has meditated on the possibilities of a republic in Spain is indicated in his statement before the Latin-American colony at the Hotel Ritz in December:

'Whether we have a republic or a monarchy the King will always be a good citizen.'

THOUGH the unified support of the army might be regarded as a safer protection for the monarchy than the support of politicians, the support of Parliament is regarded as absolutely essential to the preservation of the dynasty even to the next generation. It is no secret that the physical condition of the heir apparent, the Prince of Asturias, is such that he will probably never be able to succeed to the throne. Don Alfonso is suffering from an incurable malady—a complicated form of hemophilia. He possesses only one layer of skin instead of the usual three. Even a pin scratch results in profuse bleeding and might prove fatal if not stopped by artificial means. This malady has so weakened his constitution that he is all but bedridden. As a result the young Crown Prince, who possesses a very charming personality and a keen mind, is without a doubt the most tragic figure in Spain. He is very sensitive about his disability. Intimates have heard him say he would gladly change places with the meanest beggar in the streets. Though so weak he can hardly stand alone, he is a familiar figure at tennis, golf and other sports competitions. His face is shaded with sad yearning. While he may watch, fate has decreed he can never take part.

Although doctors declare the condition incurable, the Queen still has faith in the curative powers of a Catalonian doctor who himself has almost despaired of prolonging life very much longer. Should it become impossible for the heir apparent to succeed to the throne, Parliament must be consulted before one of his brothers can be named as his successor. It is important, therefore, that King Alfonso keep on good terms with Parliament.

EVEN the royal household is divided as to which son should succeed the Prince of Asturias. The second son, now nineteen years old, is a deaf mute. From special training under the professors of a famous institution in Bordeaux, he has learned to read lips. Unable to distinguish sounds he cannot talk in a way understandable to strangers, but he has mastered a jargon which his intimates can understand. Outside of this disqualification he has a strong, robust constitution. He delights in the most arduous sports which fatigue even those of unusual physical strength and endurance. Whenever the Queen has been known to express an opinion on this subject, she has favored Jaime for the succession. The King, however, is inclined to favor young Don Juan, thirteen years old, who is quite a favorite with the court. Prince Juan is bright for his age. He is all boy, very lively in his play and interests, and it is believed very little publicity would be needed to make his character something real and vital to the Spanish people. When the young prince demands his rights the King usually pats his son on the head and with affectionate indulgence and fatherly pride remarks:

'Isn't he cheeky?'

There are some people in Spain who feel that the monarchy will not continue sufficiently long to necessitate a solution to the question of succession. Nor does the King conceal his willingness to appreciate the political trend of the times. He is too intelligent to imitate his ancestors and lose his head over the question of monarchy, and has announced, if the time comes, his candidacy for first president of the Spanish republic.

But the example of successful republican governments is proving increasingly embarrassing to monarchists. This is especially true in Italy and Spain where the monarchies instead of adopting the modern method of throwing their lot in with the people, called in dictatorships to solve problems, which, because of the public unrest they create, endanger not only the existing régimes but the thrones themselves. Mussolini's friends say he saved Italy from Communism. If so, he obviously saved the monarchy. Friends of Primo de Rivera credit him with no less service for Spain.

The famous march on Rome which established Mussolini in power was only successful owing to the connivance of the King of Italy and the big industrials.

There has been some talk of having the Duke of Alba, who is Minister of War and *persona grata* to the King and army, step into Primo's shoes. He or somebody else popular with the army might preserve the dictatorship for a while. But the calling in of a new dictator would not change the question which all Spain is asking:

'After the dictatorship, what?'

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Why the SCOT Loves the Bagpipes

By VICTOR MITCHELL

Drawings by EDWARD McCANDLISH

SOME Scotsmen assert that bagpipes were played in the Garden of Eden, and certainly some form of pipe provided music in the time of Adam, for we read in the fourth chapter of *Genesis* that Jubal, the son of Lamech and Ada, was 'the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.' The organ mentioned was probably the shepherd's pipes, or wind instruments made of reeds which were nothing but the bagpipes without the bag. The bag was added when the instrument became more elaborate and the players more ambitious, and after all the bag is not essential. What is essential is the reed or 'chanter' upon which every piper has his first lessons and upon which he practises until he becomes a good player. There are some who maintain that the 'blether o' a sheep' formed part of the instrument even in the time of the father of the human race, but there appears to be no Scriptural or other authority for this.

On the evolution of the bagpipes and the manner of their introduction into Scotland it is not necessary to dwell, but history proves that they were known to the Celtic race at a very early period, and became, with the exception of the harp, the only instrument of music in common use by the Scottish clans. There were the big war pipes that summoned the clansmen to battle and the ordinary bagpipes on which were played pibrochs and laments, and sprightly music for the dancing of reels and strathspeys. The 'Pibroch of Donald Dhu' is one of the most stirring marches ever composed, and Scotsmen all the world over have danced to the magic airs that have come down from the distant centuries, while 'McCrimmon's Lament' and 'Lochaber No More' are familiar to every Highland mourner.

The Highland clans were with Bruce at Bannockburn, that epic struggle which decided the independence of Scotland, and of course the pipers led the advance with each chief at the head of his clansmen, and from Bannockburn down to our own day the pipers have always been in front when there was dangerous work to be done.

There is a story told of one of the pipers of the 74th Highlanders at the siege of Salamanca who had the misfortune to have the windbag of his instrument pierced by a Spanish bullet while he was advancing in the front of his regiment. The music suddenly stopped, for the bullet had done its work effectively, but the piper was determined that it should not be for long, so he seated himself on an overturned gun-carriage and with the shot and shell flying about his ears quickly patched up the damage. He then rejoined his comrades as if nothing had happened and resumed his music with renewed vigor.

Similar incidents took place during the campaign in the Crimea, and at a later period there was the famous episode of the piper of Dargai. This was on the frontier of India. The Gordon Highlanders were ordered to take a rocky hill from the brow of which the native tribesmen were pouring a deadly fire. With the pipers in front the Gordons commenced the perilous ascent. They were not more than halfway up, however, when one of the pipers was shot through the lungs, while another who was close behind was hit in the ankle, bringing him to the ground. The latter, supporting himself against a large boulder, played 'The Cock o' the North,' a tune which all his comrades knew, cheering them on until they reached their objective.

At the end of the war this piper, on being discharged from military service, rented a hundred acres or so of land in his native Aberdeenshire, and ultimately became as good a farmer as he had been a piper.

But it is on the association of the bagpipes with the peaceful traditions of his country that the Scotsman really loves to dwell. There used to be an appropriate tune on the pipes for almost every stage in the Highlander's daily routine. Some of the Highland chiefs still keep up this ritual of the bagpipes while residing in their ancestral homes. Thus from his earliest childhood the Highlander has heard these tunes; they remind him of incidents grave and gay, of work well done, or of duties to perform. His ear has become attuned to their appeal, and his heart and mind respond to it.

Bagpipe music is not the result of accident or merely a desire to produce a pleasing variety of notes. In almost every case the tunes have been composed to commemorate some joyous achievement, some farewell scene, or as a lament for loved ones departed. Some of the themes are of the homeliest description, and this is where their strongest appeal lies, for it is on homely scenes that the mind of the Scotsman loves to dwell. Take 'The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre'—the herd loon whistling cheerfully in the gray dawn of a winter morning as he attends to the comfort of the beasts in his charge.

There is a rural simplicity about some of the bagpipe tunes that makes a powerful appeal to the Scottish mind, and the Pied Piper of Hamelin had no greater fascination than the piper who 'cam tae oor toon, and played richt bonnilie.' There are but few Scottish bairns, no matter where their lot may be cast, who cannot recall the itinerant piper who used to come to the village and set everyone dancing to his music. The village judges and critics would gather around while the piper performed some special piece, and, as occasion demanded, they were neither sparing in their praise nor backward in their censure. The wandering minstrel was at all times ready to play a tune 'by special request,' the request being invariably accompanied by an extra copper as a retaining fee.

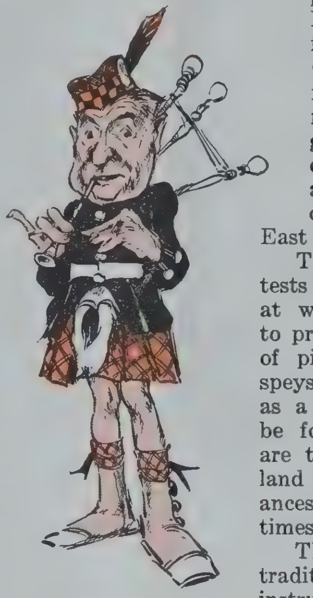
In spite of modern conditions, traveling pipers in Scotland are by no means extinct, and are usually attached to some wandering tribe of 'tinklers,' or Scottish gypsies. The origin of this nomadic people is somewhat obscure, but it is generally believed that they are remnants of scattered and outlawed clans who had perforce to take to the moorlands and caves of their native land, and they may be called the present-day representatives of 'the children of the mist.' Their names are those of the old Scottish clans, Stewarts, McMillans, and McPhees being the most numerous in the northeastern part of the country. The piper is an important member of each itinerant band. It is his duty to play these people into each village invaded by them when disposing of their heather besoms and their tinware, and then to play them out again when setting forth to seek shelter for the night in the hollow of some lonely moor or in the seclusion of some cave on the seacoast. Perhaps the bagpipes are never heard under more weird conditions than when at nightfall the stranger, taking a ramble along some unfrequented part of the coast, hears their strains mingling with the moan of the wind and waves, as if some unearthly musician lay concealed among the surf-beaten rocks.

One quality of the pipes which perhaps escapes the notice of the uninitiated stranger is the manner in which the music blends and harmonizes with the sounds of nature; but it must be nature as found among the Scottish hills and glens, for nowhere in the world do bagpipes sound to better advantage than among the mists of ancient Albion. The notes unite with the winds sighing through the somber pine trees, and up through the corrie where lurk the red deer and the roe; they remind one of the whispering of the breezes across the bosom of a mountain loch; they blend with the scream of the lapwing and the cry of the curlew; they are in unison with the mellow piping notes of the thrush and the blackbird, and in softer and more soothing tones they harmonize with the low chanting of the herd boy and plowman, or the soft singing of the rosy-cheeked lassie milking the cows. In a word, they are akin to all those sounds dear to the lover of sweetness and solitude.

To stand on the hillside on a calm summer evening, when 'the sun has gaen doon ower the lofty Ben Lomond' and listen to a lone piper in a neighboring glen mingling his music with the voices of the gloaming, is to listen to a melody sublime and unforgettable; but it is essential for this that the music should have its native setting. The Scottish bagpipes played amid alien surroundings are sometimes as much out of harmony with things as it would be to hear the bulbul singing on the banks of Loch Ness, or the mocking bird pouring forth its melody on the Mull of Cantyre.

SCOTSMEN treat with good-natured tolerance the jibes which the Sassenach levels at the national instrument, but before giving a sample of this kind of humor I am reminded of a picture that used to hang in the art gallery of Aberdeen. The title of it was 'Sympathy.' It was by no means a pretentious piece; quite a small composition showing the interior of a Highland cottage in which an old man of venerable aspect lay on a bed of sickness. The furniture of the room was of the plainest and most primitive kind, and seated on the only chair that the room could boast was another old man, almost as aged as the invalid, who was regaling him with a tune on the bagpipes. With earnest mien the musician seemed to be putting his whole soul into the music; but it was the face of the sick man that commanded the attention; its expression was the most calm and peaceful that could be imagined. The old piper had brought true comfort, consolation and real sympathy to the bedside of his infirm friend.

During the late war, there was a story going the rounds of the newspapers in which similar consolation or sympathy worked out in something the same manner, but with one remarkable difference. The story claimed that in one of the large hospitals in London there was a Seaforth Highlander who had been badly wounded and was not expected to recover. So the doctor asked the stricken soldier if there was anything that he could do for him; any request that he wished to make while consciousness remained. 'I wad like tae hear the skirl o' the pipes again before I dee,' whispered Jock. The request was granted. A piper was brought into the ward and played one of Jock's favorite airs. Its effect on the patient was almost miraculous; he sat up and gazed about him with glistening eyes, and the delighted doctor declared that he would recover; but when the medical officer took a look round the ward to see how the other patients were getting along he found that they were all dead!



IT IS a source of satisfaction to Scotsmen to think that despite the scoffs of Philistines on both sides of the ocean there are today more pipers and pipe bands in the United States and on the American continent generally than ever before; and who shall say that he has not felt a thrill when he has heard the sound of the pipes, the rhythmic roll of the drums, and seen the fluttering tartans and the swing of the kilt on the marching men.

It is therefore not difficult to understand why the Scot, particularly the Highland Scot, loves the bagpipes above all other instruments of music. The village piper may have played at his christening, and at the close of the long journey it is often to the sound of the pipes that his body is conveyed to its last resting place. Those who have heard 'The Flowers o' the Forest' or 'The Land o' the Leal' played at a Highland funeral can never find in their wanderings through the world any other funeral march, no matter how eminent the composer, that conveys the same feeling of sorrow tinged with consolation. The one tune is reminiscent of Flodden Field when Scotland's best and bravest were 'a' wid awa' ' like fair flowers blasted by the breath of winter, and the other strikes the note of mingled hope and mourning which makes the solemn ritual seem but the last step toward immortality.

No further proof is required of the versatility of the bagpipes than the fact that not only do they provide music for occasions such as these, but for those joyous events, the Highland gatherings which are held in all parts of Scotland in the fall of the year. It is then that the people of the straths and glens assemble in their thousands to see famous athletes display their prowess in putting the stone, tossing the caber, in running, leaping and dancing. There is no music for Highland dancing but the bagpipes, and never will be. No other music would do for 'Shean Trews,' 'Ghillie Callum,' or the Highland fling. The full rhythmic notes rise and fall with the graceful movements of the dancers, who dance just as they danced to the sound of the pipes in the distant East in the far-off centuries.

There are also piping contests at those Highland meetings, at which each competitor has to prove his skill in the playing of pibrochs, reels, and strathspeys. These contestants are as a rule the finest players to be found, and many of them are the family pipers of Highland lairds and chiefs whose ancestry goes back to tribal times.

There are not the proud traditions attaching to any other instrument of music in the world that there are to the bagpipes, and no people but the Scottish can claim any musical instrument today that is so truly national and at the same time universal.

There are many other reasons why every true Scot loves good bagpipe music, and why it has a fascination and a charm for him that cannot be withstood.

It is sometimes claimed, and with reason, that the violin is as much the Scottish national musical instrument as the bagpipes. Certainly, in the Lowland districts the fiddle holds sway at weddings and merrymakings, and some of Scotland's best composers of dance music have been skilful wielders of the bow. One of the last of these, known all the world over as the 'Strathspey King,' recently died, but while his violin and bow were features in the funeral cortège as they lay on the casket, it was a band of pipers that played the funeral march, and a lone piper who played 'Lochaber No More' at the grave side.

An Open Door to Locke

(*Continued from page 2*)

It seems a shame to take such a fine imaginative writer as William J. Locke so literally, even in such an extraneous matter as this. I had walked up from the main road far below by way of the Rue Favorite, which is only a quaint flower-bordered lane that runs precipitately up the side of the hill. All the while I was looking for arcades which were my only guide to the Locke villa. Then I came suddenly upon a simple gateway in a turn of the road, went into the lodge to inquire the way and found myself on the grounds of Les Arcades! But the villa was still far up above on the hillside and I found it necessary to negotiate a long flower-decked roadway with a double hairpin turn in it before I reached the terrace. I was fascinated by the buildings on the next estate which were all in the Moresque style, with a graceful minaret peeping over the tops of the eucalyptus trees and slyly overlooking the surrounding country like a Turkish spy.

There was no flourish or elaborate porte-cochère that a house of these proportions would have warranted and demanded in England. Just a simple stoop. The French butler helped me off with my overcoat in the large foyer-hall that was guarded by a fierce-looking English bulldog, in papier-mâché effigy. A whimsy of Mr. Locke's, I suppose.

* * *

THERE is something psychological in the place where a writer works, something that seems to bear its impress upon the work itself. E. Phillips Oppenheim's businesslike little workshop, for instance, gave me the inevitable impression of stress of work under a driving pressure that could and did turn out two novels and many articles a year; Blasco Ibañez's atelier, entered through a pair of velvet portieres, had a Latin flourish about it that one finds in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse;* I could feel *The Wind and the Rain* in Thomas Burke's gloomy little workroom up two flights of rickety stairs in Chandos Street, on the Strand.

And now here, in this sun-drenched corner room of a great white mansion with large windows giving sidewise upon a wide space recklessly strewn with flowers of exotic hue and penetrating fragrance of mimosa trees, for the moment like fountains of blooming gold, and waving palms pluming the vista like true emblems of Nature's royalty, I could understand better the evanescent charm of Locke. Looking up from his manuscript and directly out of the broad window before his desk, Mr. Locke can gaze straight across his broad lawn to the terrace balustrade and over that out upon an endless stretch of the blue Mediterranean. If his eyes roam for a moment to the right, they will be enchanted by the hills of L'Esterel half lost in the mist along the rambling peninsula that seems to have lost its way from the mainland and wandered knee-deep out into the sea.

Yes, there is a touch of all this mystic, wistful, whimsical, beautiful prospect in everything that Locke writes. Locke did not make this 'atmosphere,' nor do I think that the atmosphere altogether of itself made his work the delicate texture that it is, but I do think that he finds it almost temperamentally necessary to work in just such enchanting surroundings in order to invite inspiration and to entertain harmony.

* * *

'THE whimsical,' I told Mr. Locke with all this in mind, 'the sort of thing you do so exquisitely, I believe is almost an English monopoly. I can't think of a single one of our fiction writers who possesses it in any marked degree.'

'Oliver Wendell Holmes had it,' he suggested. 'So did Longfellow, in his prose. I used so to enjoy reading them both. As for today, I would like the literary touch in England and France and America to be lighter. There is a terrible tendency toward deadness. I try to keep pace with the contemporary trend, but it is no use. I am more interested in the doctrine—no, the practice—of spiritual gladness as opposed to depressing and material naturalism all the time. After all, there *is* beauty in the world! I can't look out of my window here without seeing it. And there is beauty in humanity, too. I can't go down the roadway without seeing that. In what I see of it, it holds more beauty than all other things. It is most truly beautiful right in the midst of poverty and suffering. Beauty demands fully as much a part in our life and literature as ugliness. I would like our younger writers to remember that.

'I find woman becoming more and more the intellectual companion of man. I don't think it necessarily the product or result of violent movements of the day. It is the fruit of the gradual process and progress of the centuries. The relations between the sexes have become much franker now that the old veils of convention have been lifted.'

* * *

On his desk lay a hand-written manuscript upon which I discerned the title of *The Flame.* I asked Mr. Locke if he minded answering a few questions about his methods of work. He laughed—a laugh of thorough enjoyment, I thought, but with restraint that was characteristic of everything he did.

'No, ask anything you like. And I will answer anything—I like.' He had me take an easier chair, while he sat down in his study chair after he had pushed the cigarets nearer. Then he sat up as though to be catechized, an amused expression on his pointed face, or rather a face that looks pointed because of a slight squint.

I asked first about the manuscript lying there.

'Please don't mention that as being the title. It is only tentative, you know.'

But now since it has appeared in book form as *Perella,* there seems no need for suppressing the matter.

He took a sheaf of pages out of the wire basket and handed them to me.

'This is one of my "first copies"—' It happened to be *The Beloved Vagabond.* The manuscript that I now held in my hand was worth a small fortune. I opened it and caressed a number of the finely written pages.

'I used to write as small as that.' He compared it with the manuscript he was now writing. The earlier one was twice as fine. I could see that he had the schoolmaster's eye of 'composition' in mind as to the appearance of the finished script. It was a beautiful piece of penmanship, reminiscent of the writings of the monks in the Middle Ages before printing was invented. 'But my eyes have troubled me a bit of late and my physician has ordered me to enlarge on my lettering.'

'Then you don't use a typewriter?' I ventured.

'Use a typewriter? Goodness, no! I couldn't think of it. It is quite beyond my imagination even. I neither think that way, nor work that way. Dictate!' He shook his head with a sigh at the thought of it. 'There are those who do, of course. Oppenheim does, I believe. There are even some who dictate to a machine, I have heard.' I thought he shivered as he spoke of it.

He continued about his manuscripts. 'Finally, after the first copy has been gone over thoroughly—you may see for yourself that there are many corrections.'

We thumbed over the pages together and I saw many that were like a Chinese puzzle because of the multitude of corrections that had been superimposed.

'And here is the final copy, or rather the first typewritten copy which my secretary has unraveled from that hand-written one. This, too, you will note, is in a highly corrective state.'

THERE were many pages quite rewritten, to judge from the number of corrections.

'From this copy, when thoroughly corrected, my secretary makes four copies: One for my British publisher, one for my American publisher, one for the films, and one for my personal use and record. Then I am through—for that book.'

'Personally, what do you consider literary success to be?' I asked.

'Well, personally, then,' he said, smiling, 'I don't despise large sales, as I understand some of my colleagues do. I feel that if a writer has the power to appeal to millions of fellow creatures—they may be only housemaids or typists!—then he must be gifted with some extraordinary something that everybody has not got. His methods may even be crude by comparison with those of certain other writers, but the essential point, it seems to me, lies in the fact that he has within him something that he succeeds in expressing that touches the heart and the imagination of great groups of people.

'Of course, so-called literary success, or literature itself, is a many-faceted thing. How can you compare Meredith with Charles Garvice? One received the Order of Merit, the other got the love of millions of people for his reward. And so it goes.'

The latter is true of Locke. I don't think he will be awarded the Nobel Prize for literary distinction, but there are a million people who would subscribe to a monument to the man who had so royally entertained them with *The Beloved Vagabond,* for instance.

The Most Storied Village

(*Continued from page 8*)

a map of the region made by a French soldier and now in the possession of William and Mary College. In addition to that, the place is haunted. No less a shade than that of Washington stalks through the upper corridor and every sixth of June a cold white hand presses the brow of whoever sleeps in the Judge's chamber, while almost any time that it is shadowy and moonlight the form of Elizabeth Byrd of Westover trips lightly over the stairs. In her novel *The Voice of the People,* Miss Glasgow makes this house the home of Judge Bassett.

There is a very elegant Bassett Hall in Williamsburg, with a fine garden in which were planted the first ailanthus trees in America. The owner was a nephew of Mrs. Custis, and on its veranda Tom Moore wrote his poem, 'To a Firefly.' Then there is Tazewell Hall, the home of Sir John Randolph, and the Peyton Randolph house, the Chief Justice Blair house, and more than a dozen others, all with the air of saying, 'Pause, look at us well. You will never see our like again unless you stay in Williamsburg.' And there is a white frame house, tall and thin like a match box set on end, as if some one had squeezed it together and forced the roof too high and made the dormer windows bulge out too far.

This is the home of the village bad man, the pirate Blackbeard, who flourished under Governor Spotswood. It must have been a strange sight to see him walking the muddy roads in his velvet coat and scarlet sash with pistols sticking out at all angles, his beard braided and tied behind his ears with ribbons, and everyone wishing him 'good morning' and looking askance when he had passed.

INDEED there must always have been a picturesque train in Williamsburg streets, the Royal Governor in his gilded coach from England, the burgesses with their satin smallclothes and silver buckles, the darkies, rejoicing in the splendor of their masters, and, haughtily indifferent to all, the Indian brave in paint and feathers. And there is a note of gayety in the motley society that is lacking in most provincial records. Here was erected the first theater in America, and Lewis Hallam, Sr., brought his company from London to play in it. The beautiful Sarah Hallam was so pleased with Williamsburg that she made it her home and opened a fashionable school for young ladies.

The *Virginia Gazette* of the period has an advertisement of a 'Play called the Merchant of Venice (written by Shakespeare) and a Farce called the Anatomist or Sham Doctor,' for which the ladies are requested to send their servants early to hold their places in the boxes, 'to avoid Trouble and Disappointment.' Then there is an account of a performance of Othello, at which 'the Emperor of the Cherokee Nation with his Empress and Son were the guests of the Governor.' The fighting with swords on the stage caused great excitement, and the Empress ordered her subjects to go and prevent bloodshed.

Almost equal to the pageantry of the stage must have been that which went in and out the doors of Bruton Parish Church. This is the oldest Episcopal church in use in America, designed and built by Governor Spotswood in 1715, and named from the English home of the Ludwells and the Berkeleys. It is of blue and red glazed brick, cruciform in shape, with a low tower in which is the principal entrance. It was the successor of the Jamestown church, and has fallen heir to many relics, among them the baptismal font, perhaps the very one from which Pocahontas was baptized, and the old communion set. There is a second set given during the reign of Queen Anne to William and Mary College, and a third presented by George III, bearing his initials.

On the parish register George Washington's name appears eleven times. Among the modern gifts are a Bible presented by President Wilson, another by King Edward VII which rests on a lectern given by President Roosevelt.

THE churchyard with its old brick wall, its stones with heraldic inscriptions, the tulip poplars festooned with ivy, the wild rose and honeysuckle, makes a lovely setting. Here lie buried royal governors, along with heroes from Yorktown. In a corner of the yard lie the daughters of Mrs. Custis, Washington's stepchildren, and there is more than one monument bearing such an inscription as, 'To Mammy Sarah, a devoted servant.'

Just beyond Bruton Parish Church is William and Mary College, serene in its beautiful campus. The main building, erected in 1694, is the oldest college structure in the country, and the only building authentically designed by Sir Christopher Wren. On one side is Brafferton, built as an Indian school in 1723, and on the other the President's house, erected by Louis XVI from his private funds because the French soldiers on their march to Yorktown accidentally set fire to the original.

Williamsburg has many public buildings of colonial days. Her tiny courthouse is justly considered one of the most harmonious in America. The first hospital for the insane was erected here and the original building is still in use, and there is an odd little house tucked off the Duke of Gloucester Street that served as Poor Debtors' Prison. But a contemporary tells us that it was not often used 'because the creditors were kind.' And there is the Powder Horn, a picturesque, octagonal structure where the patriots stored their ammunition.

And in the office of the village hotel, where a fire of soft coal burns brightly if the day is chilly, there is cheerful conversation and an atmosphere of not worrying about so commonplace a thing as the flight of time.

Townspeople still speak of Williamsburg as a city, for it was so of old and has a royal charter to prove it. Here come the mountaineer, the lumber buyer seeking Virginia pine, and the merchant interested in the price of oysters from the James. Figures from the rivers lend a vivid note to the native speech, as 'When you-all's sinking, we'll be floating,' and, through all, runs like a golden thread a love for the South and her traditions.

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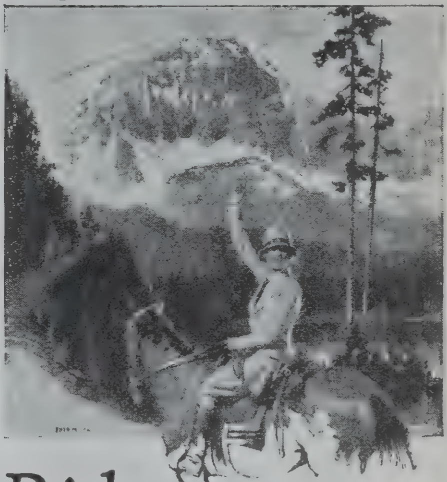

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By HENRI GALLAND

Translated by ANDREE PRATOUCY

AMONG the most primitive peoples, the pygmies, for instance, there is found a belief in a Supreme Being, a belief which is not, of course, the same with all tribes nor with all individuals. The assertion of shallow, searching travelers—who did no more than pass through the country of the blacks—according to whom those peoples do not believe in a Supreme Being—is utterly false; those who have lived among them, who have learned their language and studied their customs, will never assent to it.

Now, what is God for our African Negroes? I cannot report here all the titles he is given: here are the chief of them: the Master, the Creator, the Keeper, the Benefactor, the Powerful One, the Heavenly Ghost. God is sometimes identified with the light, the sky, the sun.

'Where is God?' I asked the 'Moussei.'

'We don't know,' they replied. 'Yet one of us saw him, a long time ago, riding from the east, going through space and disappearing in the west.'

It is worth noticing that, in the 'Moussei' language, God is called 'Yapouta,' and the sun 'Pouta.' The connection is obvious.

All the titles above-quoted distinctly set forth the belief in a Supreme Being.

Do the blacks conceive that Being as having a material shape? No; he is not supposed, either, to dwell in a face, a rock, a grotto, and he is not really worshiped in our sense of that word. He lives everywhere and nowhere, and is not troubled in the least with man's happiness or unhappiness. One day, as I was discussing that point with the old Boumba and asking him if he believed God interfered in some way or other in the affairs of this world, he answered:

'Why should you want God to be bothered with men? Am I bothered with the events that may occur in the life of rats and of ants?'

The blacks, accustomed to the utter disregard of their chief toward the weak, are not shocked by that indifference in their deity: that is why they never address any prayer to their god. Yet I have been present at the sacrifice of chickens and kids made to propitiate their god under certain conditions: when hunting or fishing, or when their fields were barren or their wives childless; but such sacrifices did not really constitute a worship, consisting in practices and ceremonies implying homage and reverence for God.

Laying aside that belief in a Supreme Being which seems to interest the black man very little let us see now what is the religion of the African Negro.

To begin with, does he think of death? He does, doubtless, for the soul lives on after death. But, as he does not know what he will become after his earthly life, he considers the present alone and one might almost feel tempted to say that it is nothing but pride that causes some of them to think of death: I am speaking here of those who enjoy a competency, and my statements must not be taken as being the rule in all cases.

I happened to find in the house of several chiefs whom I visited on my tours of inspection huge wooden coffers that occupied almost all the space in the huts of their owners.

'What do you want to do with this huge box?'

'That is my future coffin,' the man would reply. 'I want to have a magnificent burial with singing, dancing and drinking. Thus, those who will be present at my funeral will not forget me after my death. In the meanwhile, in the coffin that you see here, I heap up stuffs and blankets which will be used to wrap up my body when I die.'

One of those to whom I put the same question gave the same answer and added:

'That box you see there was once used by me as a prison. I had a wife whom I sent back to her family on account of her bad temper. One day when I had scolded her rather severely for her laziness—never did I have such a lazy wife—she abused me so grossly, going to the length of insulting my mother, which is with us, as you know, the greatest of all insults, that, out of patience, I shut her up in that box for a few hours. I heartily laughed at her powerless rage as I laugh at the fury of the panthers caught in a snare.'

He was rather cruelly facetious, that Negro.

Shall I say a few words about burials among black men? They have great importance, being connected with the belief in the after life of the soul.

Here the corpse is wrapped up in blankets, mats and pieces of cotton; the whole thing makes a cylinder six feet wide and six feet high, which is put in the hut over a hurdle under which a slow fire of green wood is kept burning constantly. The decomposition slowly takes place and the corpse emits a most repulsive odor, bravely borne by the dead man's wives who spend nights and days mourning over him while outside the wind is raging. When the desiccation is over and after due time, a whole month or more in some cases, the burial takes place. The corpse is so lavishly wrapped in blankets that he has to be driven to the pit in a small cart; else the body is rolled by means of levers.

Like all ceremonies that are out of the course

—Ewing Galloway Photo.

Horn tooters and drummers in the service of a tribal king, playing for a ceremonial.

of everyday life, burials give rise to wild dances and shameless drinking-bouts around the grave, on which a small tree is often planted in memory of the deceased.

Some of the wives and slaves of the dead man used to be buried alive in the grave until recently. That dreadful custom, which pointed to the persistence of organic needs after death, has disappeared almost everywhere since the white men have occupied the country.

In other places the corpse, completely covered with a red wood-powder paint, blended with palm oil, and wrapped in blankets, is sewn, when dry, into a huge puppet, shaped like a man, with eyes and mouth drawn on it.

The dead are buried either in their huts, which are then abandoned forever, or near them. In several districts cemeteries may be seen in the neighborhood of villages, in parts of the bush or of the forest reserved for that purpose. With certain tribes, the corpse is simply thrown in the bush and becomes a prey to wild beasts and birds. Sometimes it is buried in the middle of the village which looks like a large necropolis. Or again, the body is committed to the stream; or the head is cut off, emptied of its contents, painted red and put into a box topped by a small clay or wooden statue, which contains some of the nails, the hair and the skin of the deceased.

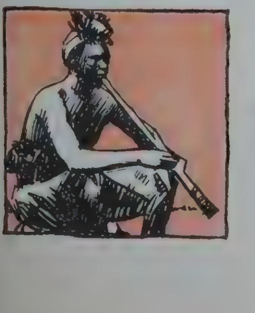
THE black man does not seek for an explanation of natural causes. For him everything, even death itself, is traceable to a mystic power which it is wise to propitiate, and the whole of his life is governed by that feeling.

But who is powerful enough to make the genii, the spirits, docile, and who will force them to obey the orders they are given? A special class of men enjoy that privilege: they are called the fetishers; sometimes also the sorcerers.

Some undertake to heal sores and light diseases. Their science rests upon the empiric method and they may be compared to our quack doctors. Others have a more thorough science. They are the 'men of science,' the 'conjurers.' Besides their therapeutics—sometimes applied with a skill that civilized people adopted long ago: massage, friction, clyster, dexterously done with a calabash and their powerful breath—they know how to cure snake bites, how to protect against thunder, to insure the success of a hunting or fishing expedition, provoke or avert rain and to discover diseases and their origin.

But the science of those 'men of science' is not limited to such practices that rank them above the ordinary 'surgeons.' They have also the power to compel the genii, the spirits, to take up their abode in the most divergent objects and to exercise their influence in them: small statues, pieces of wood or stone, heads of birds or of snakes, and similar objects . . . They are the allies of the occult powers; they know the deeper causes of things, of dreams, of diseases, of death.

One of them that I knew was said to have complete control of fire. I had often heard of his performance and I was able to witness it one day. When I arrived at his village I saw only a few old men bathing in the sun and smoking their pipes in meditation. Toward evening the man I was awaiting came and I inquired of him, before he entered his hut:



'Is it true that you are not afraid of fire? Could you prove it to me?'

'I am not afraid of fire and I can prove it to you if you offer me a good gift.'

I promised, and he took me at once into a kind of shed under which was a forge. He then heated to white heat a piece of iron on which he rubbed the sole of each of his feet five times; he also applied it to his calves. But for a slight whitish spot, the flesh was undamaged. No subterfuge had been possible, for I had closely watched the whole process.

'How do you possess such power,' I asked him. 'Could you apply that red-hot iron to any other part of your body?'

'No,' he replied, 'my feet and my legs alone are protected against fire. I received that power from my father, who gave it to me. Do not ask more.'

I did not insist, knowing that I should not get any further explanation. It is none the less certain that I witnessed that strange fact, devoid of all fraud. I leave to others the task of explaining it.

The profession of fetishers is very often hereditary; the fathers begin the initiation of their children as soon as they have outgrown their childhood.

There is another clan which the black man holds in deep abhorrence: the sorcerers.

To discover the sorcerer who kills his fellow creature, who 'eats his soul'—as the phrase runs among many African tribes—they take the advice of the fetisher; after a thousand spells and tricks of legerdemain he names so-and-so as being the author of the epidemics, of the diseases, of the theft, et cetera.

WITH many tribes, he who has been pointed out as being the sorcerer is slowly burned and his ashes are scattered to the winds. Sometimes he is simply thrown into water; or he is stoned to death and his body is left to the wild beasts and the birds of prey. In other places, the process is more formal and the sorcerer must justify himself by an ordeal, or in other words, by that 'judgment of God' which was so frequently resorted to in medieval justice. Those ordeals are very numerous and they solve the most serious, sometimes even the most futile offenses. I shall mention only the chief of them and those most often used on momentous occasions.

The accused will, for instance, prove his innocence by dipping his hand into a pan full of boiling oil or water. If it is undamaged when he withdraws it, he is innocent. Or else he will throw himself down from the top of a tall tree and his innocence will be proved if he is uninjured in his fall. Or again, he may apply a red-hot iron bar to any part of his body to which the fetisher may point.

But the most frequent ordeal is that of a poison especially used for that purpose which is produced by the maceration of the bark of a venomous tree reduced to a powder (*strychnos ikaya*), of the juice of a certain fruit or of the grain of a liana belonging to the variety called *strophantus*.

The administering of that poison ordeal takes place in public, on the market place of the village, to the beating of drums and the sound of all sonorous instruments produced for the occasion. The fetisher, wearing the most tawdry ornaments, his face painted red, his eyes surrounded by a white circle, presides over the ceremony. He whom he has accused of being a sorcerer drinks the poison in the presence of the assembly. Should he vomit it, he is said to be not guilty and he can demand indemnity from the fetisher. If he dies, he is most certainly guilty: he did 'eat the soul' of his fellow creature.

A woman of a certain village was charged with having caused the death of three infants, who perished one after the other. She strongly maintained she was innocent; but at the request of the fetisher, who had declared her to be guilty, she had to drink the poison. She died: and I heard that he who had poured out the drink for her was her own son, who felt sure that the poison would not harm his mother, whom he believed undeniably innocent.

When I asked him about it he replied, not at all ashamed:

'I have not been able to believe that my mother could be guilty of the death of the three children, and that is why, when giving her the red water to drink, I felt sure she would suffer no harm. But now, since the poison killed her, I cannot entertain any doubt; she is guilty and I do not want to hear about her any more.'

I knew that young man very well and, many a time, when going on my tours, I had talked with him about local problems.

HERE is another example. I knew five young men to whom I felt very much attached on account of their intelligence and application to study, whom I intrusted with the task of watching over the telegraph wires. They happened to lose a key that served to screw up the insulators around the telegraph poles. I notified them to find it without further delay. They went, the five of them, to the fetisher of a neighboring village; that fetisher revealed to them that the key had not been lost, but stolen by one of them, and that the ordeal by fire would discover the guilty one. None of them feeling himself to blame, they willingly submitted to the ordeal, which meant the applying to their legs the blade of a big sword, a blade seven inches wide and red-hot. They felt convinced that the thief alone would be burned. They all were burned, most dreadfully, as might be expected.

These two instances, in which the heroes are young men who had lived for a long time with the whites, who knew their manners and shared, as it were, their everyday life, prove how deep is the faith in ordeals with the African Negro.

The black man thus practises ordeals, but he does not attribute their effect to God: he simply explains them as the magical power they put in action, while in the ordeals of our Middle Ages God was believed to manifest himself; they were called 'judgments of God.'

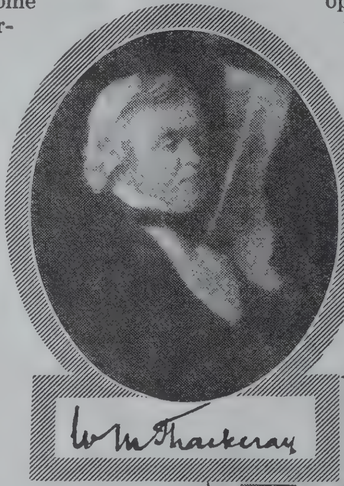
The number and the variety of amulets and talismans, and all the methods of divination through which the Negro seeks to protect himself against witchcraft and evil spells, serve to show how that prejudice haunts his mind.

No Greater Rogue *than* Barry Lyndon

The Amazing Verity *of* Thackeray's Portrayal

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

IT IS at least no serious exaggeration to say that in all literature there is no greater rogue than Thackeray's Barry Lyndon. Even though it is by but the narrowest margin, even though at times we may feel that that margin comes to the vanishing point, in our concluding measurement, we are compelled to acknowledge that he escapes the actually villainous. So he makes some appeal to our human interest and becomes possibly engaging. A man having regard for his reputation for integrity should not too carelessly acknowledge a positive liking for a social bandit and parasite of his sort. As a matter of reminiscent as well as of objective discovery, I have long known that it is possible to entertain a great fondness for some one to whom genuine approval must be denied. Verification of this truth is at the disposal of anyone who will take the trouble to join a group of friends candidly giving consideration to an absent member of the fellowship. I think I shall confess to a greater liking for Falstaff than for Lyndon, but it is the fat knight's unfailing good temper that fascinates me, along with the seemingly endless resources of his wit.



It is of the very essence of Lyndon's nature that he expounds and justifies his working creed with shameless frankness. The story is told in the first person. His opportunities for self-exploitation are therefore continuous, and they are never neglected. 'I had determined, as is proper with gentlemen,' he tells us, 'to consolidate my fortunes by marriage. In the course of our peregrinations, my uncle and I had made several attempts to carry this object into effect; but numerous disappointments had occurred, which are not worth mentioning, and had prevented me hitherto from making such a match as I thought was worthy of a man of my birth, abilities and personal appearance . . . Now it was settlements that were asked for; now it was my pedigree and title-deeds that were not satisfactory, though I had a plan and rent-roll of the Ballybarry estates, and the genealogy of the family up to King Brian Boru, or Barry, most handsomely designed on paper; now it was a young lady who was whisked off to a convent just as she was ready to fall into my arms.'

It is in pursuit of this policy of untrammeled self-interest that Captain Barry, an Irish adventurer with no title other than that of his own invention, becomes an English gentleman of rank bearing the name of Lyndon. The unfortunate lady who bestows upon him her fortune, herself, and her social distinctions is merely the loser in the transaction, as he is the winner. It is all in the game. The game itself is the gambler's game, the sport of gentlemen. A gentleman should win when it is possible. When he loses he can do nothing but smile and pay his gambler's debts. My Lady Lyndon has lost. At cards one loses through misapprehension of an opponent's designs. Her misfortune has come about in the same way. She can have no reason for complaint because he exercises his rights and picks up the winner's stakes.

It is part of the amazing verity of Thackeray's portrayal of Lyndon that even when he has himself finally lost he does not hold himself at fault. His faith in himself and in his gambler's creed remains unshaken to the last. During his decaying years in prison no less than when he was spending the money won from princes over the gaming table on fine clothes and splendid turnouts, he is lost in admiration of his own graces, his own exploits, his own courage, his own wit, his own charm, his own aplomb.

Sixteen Young Street, Kensington, where Thackeray lived from 1846 to 1853, and where 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' and 'Henry Esmond' were written.

Barry Lyndon is of the 18th Century. It was in that century, a little earlier, that Pope, I think, said,

> Worth makes the man, and want of it
> the fellow;
> The rest is all but leather and prunello.

None the less that was a day when the show of leather, with trappings of all kinds, caught the approving eye of every observer of the human cavalcade. Beau Brummel was part of that moving glitter of gold and swords and plumes and silk brocades and the flying scarfs of beautiful women. Lyndon assumes to despise him as an upstart. In that character he recognizes him as a rival and belittles him accordingly. His is the authentic voice of the pretender who deceives himself as he tries to deceive others. Its egotism is as unmistakable as the flame of a hollyhock banked in a bed of daisies.

There are two moods in which we watch the career of the successful adventurer and charlatan, the mood of admiring wonder and the mood of indignation. Success on the great scale is fascinating. We may disapprove of the methods by which it has been achieved and none the less yield to the lure. For our day, however, the difficulty with Barry Lyndon is that his triumphant progress, even at its height, is not in the great manner. It may be a clever thing to dine and wine on the lesser cleverness of opposing gamesters. To employ one's wits solely as an exercise in intellectual dexterity, to do that in the leisurely pleasure of play, and to have as a reward the joys of high living may be the guaranty of a masterful mentality. It is no longer the mark of a man of quality.

Again, to engage in the duel of sex, in that duel to be completely successful with a young widow, to have made more or less open preparation for such success with her husband still living, and then to bring the opposition to complete and abject submission, may be a thing worthy of a master of tactics or strategy in that sort. It is in the blood of the Englishman and of the American, as well as in that of the Irishman, to gamble, to put success or failure in something on the hazard, to fling down a gage to the destinies for the pure joy of it, and then to take the outcome with a gambler's nonchalance.

There are other great figures in Thackeray, and perhaps Becky Sharp, the woman adventurer who comes nearest to Lyndon, is a greater figure than he. In all probability she is better known.

The story of Sidney Carton in Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities* represents that novelist and his way of thinking, as Barry Lyndon did not represent Thackeray. The satirist gives a realistic report of human qualities that flourished notably in an atmosphere not that of his own day. Dickens, on the other hand, lets us see the enthusiasm with which the humanitarianism that the breath of his life had, affected the world about him. Sydney Carton is a flame that has caught fire from the generous sentimentalism that emotionally was the glory of Victorian England and intellectually was its genius of betrayal. Dickens as the outstanding embodiment of that spirit is to be loved, but he is not to be trusted. He tells the truth about the expansion of the spiritual aspirations of his time.

There may never again be so mighty an urge to the exaltation of the spirit of self-immolation as was engendered by the titanic forces of the French Revolution. The world has forsaken the ways of Sydney Carton as surely as it has forsaken the ways of Barry Lyndon.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Little choice in surnames is given the Chinese, there being but 100 all told.

Russian farmers shave only on the rarest occasions. Among the Old Believers, a large religious sect in Russia, a man who has sheared his beard is considered to have lost all chances of entering heaven.

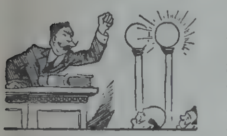
Soviet Russia, with a population of 165,000,000, is now the third most populous nation in the world.

A legend that the Ark of the Covenant is hidden in a temple in the wilds of Abyssinia is to be investigated by an expedition which left New York recently.

Ivan Chatowsky, age 145, and Olga Mariewa, age 131, of Moscow, the oldest couple in the world, are engaged to be married.

At one time the death penalty was prescribed for more than 100 different offenses in the United States.

The Corinth Canal was started by Nero about two thousand years ago. The project was abandoned, and resumed, centuries later, the canal being completed in 1893. It is four miles long and seventy feet wide.



The president of the German Reichstag has adopted a series of signal lights to curb parliamentary time wasters. The loquacious are warned five minutes before the expiration of their allotted time by a yellow light, and when the time is up by another light. If the legislator fails to stop his speech the speaker resorts to the use of a large hand bell.

As a preventive of colds, workers in Japanese rice fields wear stockings made of human hair.

Queen Elizabeth wore a gown of velvet embroidered in a pattern of eyes and ears, signifying that she saw everything and heard everything.

In several American cities motorcycle taxicabs are used.

Kitchen aprons, raincoats, bags for schoolbooks, beach slippers, radio covers and many other articles are made of waterproof paper.

An average of one hundred pounds of sugar is used annually by each person in the United States.

In the District of Columbia stray tacks, nails, and other small bits of metal are removed from bridle paths and roads by a roller equipped with magnets.

Mohammedans began the year on July 1, Athenians in June, Romans first in March and later in January, Macedonians in September, Persians on August 11, and the ancient Mexicans on February 23.

Thieves stole from a London physician's automobile eight test tubes filled with typhoid, anthrax and other deadly disease germs. They were recovered intact shortly afterward by police. The disappointed thief had thrown them among bushes in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The John Burroughs Memorial medal this year will be awarded to Ernest Thompson Seton for his recent work on animal life.

Japan's Department of Education has sanctioned a plan for the international Children's Friendship Association to solicit one yen (50 cents) from each child in kindergarten and school for the purchase of dolls to be sent to American children in return for their doll gifts to the Japanese.

A snail can stand a temperature of 120 degrees below zero.

Armor for horses in bullfights, advocated by animal lovers, was jeered by crowds in Madrid, where it was tried. The armor proved quite ineffectual, since four out of eight horses were killed. Spectators objected because they claimed it discouraged the bull and prolonged the fight.

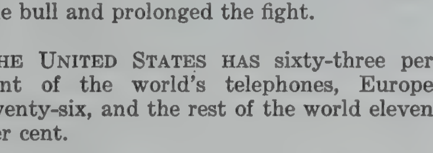
The United States has sixty-three per cent of the world's telephones, Europe twenty-six, and the rest of the world eleven per cent.

A motion picture studio in Shanghai is operated and controlled by Chinese who are American citizens.

American doughboys now carry a pack of but fifty-one pounds, the lightest in use by any army. Articles to be carried in the future by accompanying transportation made possible this reduction of twenty-eight pounds in the weight of the American infantryman's pack.

Two New Britain, Connecticut, elementary schools have been equipped with bath tubs for all pupils who fail to receive the necessary baths at home.

The principal parties to a recent wedding in Brondesbury, England, were Miss Merry and Mr. Christmas.



A trouble hunter for a telephone company in Lempster, New Hampshire, found a family wash hung on the telephone line. Each Monday morning the subscribers had reported poor service.

The origin of the word 'spooning' goes back nearly 500 years. In those days when a young man called on a girl for some time he would make known his marital intentions by giving her a 'love-spoon,' a handmade utensil with two bowls on a single stem.

Arlington, Illinois, a town of 700 persons, has neither a barber shop nor a beauty parlor.

Japanese women are engaged in a campaign to save a half-cent daily to aid in paying their country's foreign debt, said to be about $739,000,000 at the present time.

The homely man pays the largest barber shop checks, barbers say, because he goes in for mud packs, massages, scalp treatments, and so forth.

The United States Weather Bureau was established fifty-seven years ago. Although originally in charge of the Army Signal Corps, it was reorganized in 1891 under the Department of Agriculture. The first English weather bureau, the Meteorological Society of London, was formed in 1825.

A porcupine cork, to guard bottles containing poisons, has been devised. It is fitted with sharp glass spikes that bristle in every direction, warning the drinker of the bottle's contents.

White bands on Berlin policemen indicate that they speak a number of foreign languages, among them being French and English.

So many shillings are put in London gas meters that a coin shortage often exists until the meters can be cleared and the coins again put in circulation.

The world's largest book, a volume of maps presented to Charles II in 1660, measures 5 feet 10 inches by 3 feet 2 inches. It is preserved by the British Museum where it is moved about on a trolley.

The 'Schrippenkirche' of Berlin is, as its name implies, literally a 'church of the rolls.' Each Sunday morning at eight o'clock the doors of the church are thrown open to the homeless and destitute, a pot of soup and two rolls apiece always accompanying the sermon.

Lifting machines, constructed on the principle of the modern elevator, with pulleys, ropes and winding drums, are known to have been used as early as 236 B. C.

A recent survey of meat preferences, covering sixteen representative American cities, discloses the fact that two-thirds of the native white population puts beef first on its marketing list, with pork, lamb and veal next in order. Five per cent of this group ate no meat at all, the vegetarian tendency increasing as the standard of living rose.

The first of the more than 1,500,000 patents issued to date by the United States Patent Office at Washington was granted on July 31, 1790, to Samuel Hopkins, who had perfected a method for the manufacture of potash and pearlash.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the relation of knowledge to education.

* * *

The extent to which one nation depends upon another is strikingly set forth in an article by Dirk P. De Young. Many get the idea that this country with its vast resources could get along without having to import anything from abroad. But this is a fallacy. On the other hand, other nations would be severely handicapped without us. (p. 1)

* * *

One who owns a garden or has trees around the house is apt to wonder where the wild birds go when darkness falls and their singing and twittering have ceased. The birds disappear as if by magic and silence supervenes. Where do they go to sleep? S. F. Aaron elucidates this mystery. (p. 3)

* * *

'Grab 'em young' is rather a trite phrase but when used as a sports term it is peculiarly apt. To be proficient in anything it is good to start early. H. G. Salsinger shows how true this is of potential sports champions. (p. 5)

* * *

It would not be surprising if one of these days Spain were to become a republic, with the present King Alfonso as its first president. This may be the most logical sequence of the present dictatorship. Alfonso is popular, says Larry Rue, and there are difficulties in the way of the succession of his sons. (p. 6)

* * *

Romance and history go hand in hand in Williamsburg, Virginia. You cannot separate one from the other any more than you can detach Williamsburg from history or history from Williamsburg, which May B. Whiting calls the most storied village in America. (p. 8)

* * *

More of Ben Hur Lampman's delightful discourse on fishing. He discloses just where the fascinations of this recreation are found. (p. 12)

* * *

Short story writing has become a sort of national industry in which there is much wasted energy. Thomas L. Masson, an editor and writer of experience, explains how this waste might be largely eliminated. (p. 14)

* * *

Dorothy Sidney was another of those 17th Century ladies who in an age of license and levity maintained the characteristics of a true woman. She was a scion of the house to which belonged the hero of Zutphen, reference to whom was recently made in one of our articles by Hilaire Belloc. (p. 16)

* * *

Perhaps no instrument of music has furnished more sport for the Philistines than the Scottish bagpipes, but through it all the Scot remains loyal to the national instrument. Just why he does so is another story. (p. 24)

* * *

Equatorial Africa has its charlatans and quacks as well as more civilized parts of the earth. Henri Galland gives a weird picture of the jungle sorcerer and his methods of dealing with his victims. (p. 28)

* * *

Barry Lyndon is among Thackeray's male characters what Becky Sharp is among his females. They were both rogues. But rogues are often classed as heroes these days. (p. 30)

* * *

Here are some more opinions from our readers regarding our magazine and its contents:

Fort Smith, Arkansas.

I have read with interest and some surprise Howard White's article on Rudyard Kipling and his supposed grouch, and have wondered a little that Mr. White is so far out of touch with his subject as not to know that it was a daughter and not a son whom Kipling lost by death while living in the United States, in relation to whom he afterward wrote a very notable story, *Them;* totally unlike anything else of his except perhaps *The Brushwood Boy*, and like that only in its mysticism.

Mr. Kipling's son was killed in the early days of the war. Mr. Kipling was in a sense immersed in love for his children. His mind and soul have the supersensitiveness which genius shows.

Don't you think that before going to interview a subject, one should try to see that subject from many angles, to plumb if it may be his mind on many sides, and from a sympathetic standpoint? Otherwise I think the interviewer fails to convey in his article much except a trite and perhaps even a 'chatty' trend—that last fatal blow to any serious interview.

Then there is a thing which has always been clear to me, since first Mr. Kipling began 'opening up avenues' for me. That is that he does not think and reason. He is the medium of certain inspirations. Tennyson was the medium likewise of inspirations. So was Wordsworth, so was Coleridge. So have been all our real poets, and are today. I do not class Mr. Kipling with the most rapt seers the centuries have given us. But he is in himself 'a peculiar people,' so to speak. He is a rapt seer, though there are regions of repose which are not for him.

And I understand, too, that any Englishman likes privacy with a sort of passion which we conversational Americans do not understand. Do you recall Wordsworth in his later years and the follies that he did, being poet laureate?

MRS. CHARLOTTE R. TANSEY.

University of Mississippi.

Permit me to say that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is incomparably the best periodical I see and I have through our library access to practically all of them.

I congratulate you upon your ability to determine what is worth printing and your facility in getting this to the reader in such an interesting and authoritative way.

W. L. KENNON

Cleveland, Ohio.

I believe that you could displace a whole lot of useless news printing by devoting one page of your paper to current events, or to just what happened during the week—in a few lines for each important thing, and also a page of all the different large newspaper headlines of the country reproduced on the back of the paper. I believe that this would be just like a steam gauge on a boiler and would indicate many combinations.

A page of 'Headliners' of daily news would be especially interesting. For the persons who have not access to large libraries it would also show up with one stroke what our news printers consider the most important for people to read.

PAUL WILKES.

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BEN HUR LAMPMAN is known to a widely distributed public as a magazine writer. His poems, essays and nature studies possess a charm all their own. Mr. Lampman is a western newspaper editor.

THOMAS MASSON, as an editor of *Life* for many years, gained much experience as a judge of what magazines like to print. His hints in short story writing are valuable because they are practical and founded on experience.

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LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH is now in his twenty-sixth year as head of the department of English at Drake University, Iowa.

CHANGING CHINA

Where Centuries-Old Customs *Are Giving Way to* Modern Methods

The 'God of Destiny' stands just within the portals of the Pagoda. Before this god, grotesque of mien, adorned with golden cloth habiliments and rich trappings of gold and jewels, the Chinese youth pray for light and guidance along their future path.

The fortune teller is highly honored in the Chinese community. His is an ancient, honorable, well-nigh sacred art. This one, snapped in Pekin, is reading the future of an ancient fakir.

[Herbert Photos.]

The irrepressible good spirits of the Yankee under all conditions and in all climes have proved of incalculable value on many occasions. These two sailors apparently bring a note of cheer as they proceed down the street, possibly to the tune of 'The Road to Mandalay,' riding in their pedi-taxi (wheelbarrow) in Chefoo, China. The strains of American music are doubtless as unusual to Chinese ears as is Chinese music to ours, yet these bystanders seem to be amused and interested in the free concert. It is an instance that makes us hope that the world may yet learn we are 'brothers under the skin.' Even in the midst of turbulent times such as now engulf China, scenes such as this are common. The American bluejacket makes himself at home on all occasions and under all conditions.

A patriarchal priest imparting his knowledge to a little girl—a new institution for the Chinese, who previously considered the education of girls a waste of time.

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URBANA ILL

WHO is the Producer? He is not alone the man from whose hands comes the finished product. Behind that man are many others whom we do not so readily see. Vast coöperation is involved in production. The man who plans the work has strong claim to the honorable name of Producer. The man who 'turns it out' is the one whom modern opinion acclaims as the real creator, yet in the final analysis it is the *organization* that produces—the whole industrial process, from those who deal with the raw materials to those who give the finishing touches.

DEA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

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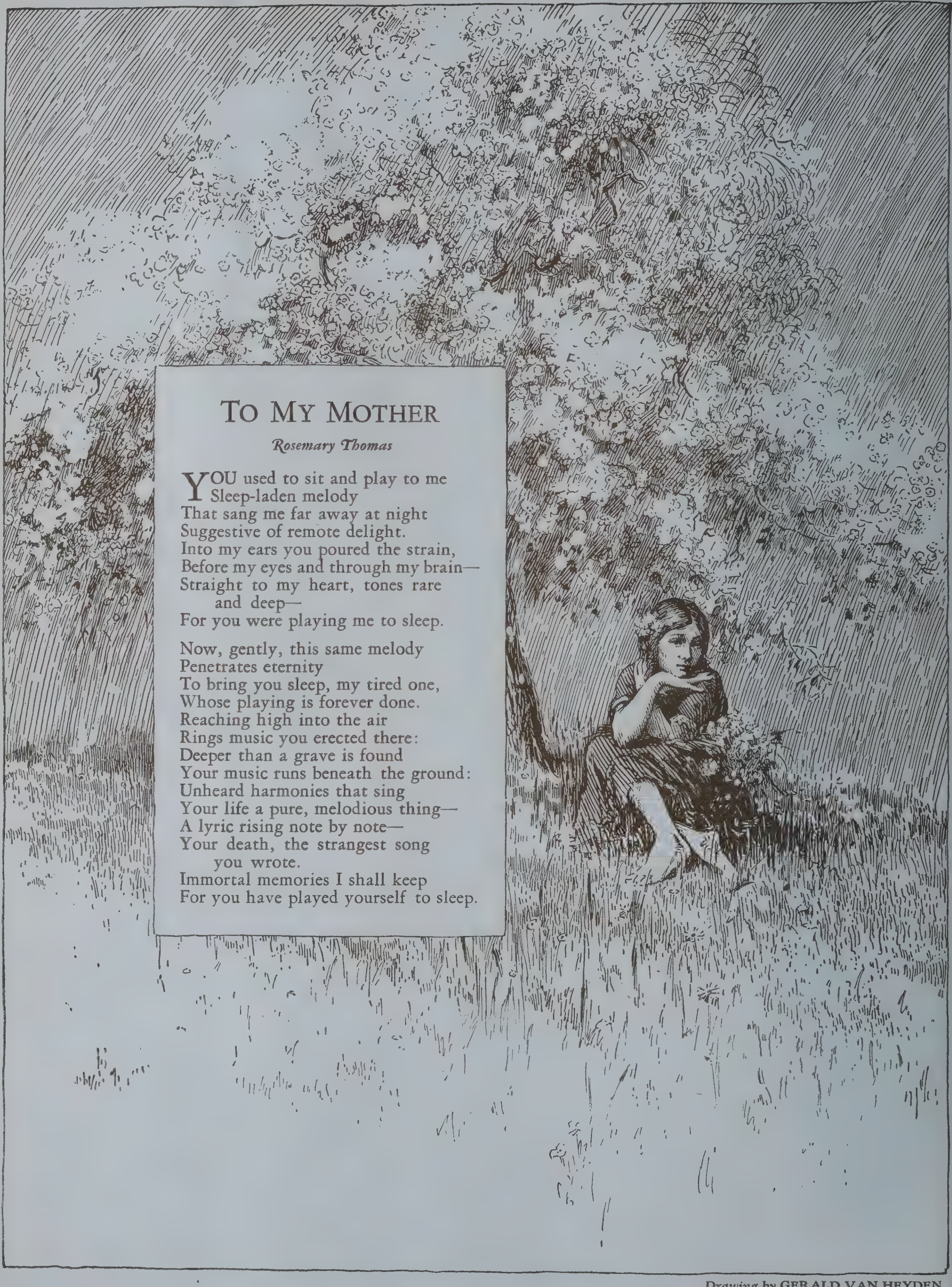
TO MY MOTHER

Rosemary Thomas

YOU used to sit and play to me
Sleep-laden melody
That sang me far away at night
Suggestive of remote delight.
Into my ears you poured the strain,
Before my eyes and through my brain—
Straight to my heart, tones rare
and deep—
For you were playing me to sleep.

Now, gently, this same melody
Penetrates eternity
To bring you sleep, my tired one,
Whose playing is forever done.
Reaching high into the air
Rings music you erected there:
Deeper than a grave is found
Your music runs beneath the ground:
Unheard harmonies that sing
Your life a pure, melodious thing—
A lyric rising note by note—
Your death, the strangest song
you wrote.
Immortal memories I shall keep
For you have played yourself to sleep.



Drawing by **GERALD VAN HEYDEN.**

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

MAY 14
1927

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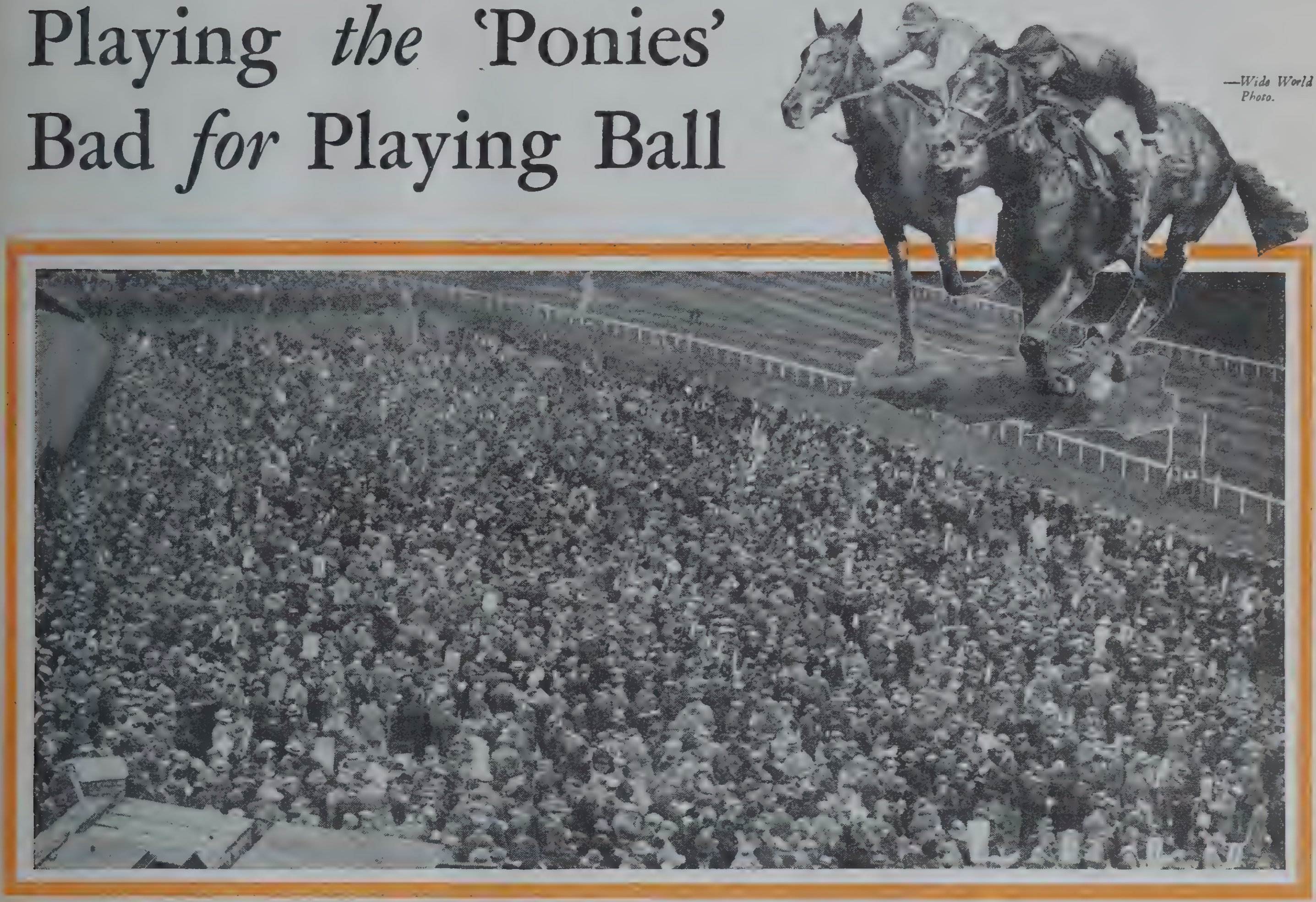
Playing *the* 'Ponies' Bad *for* Playing Ball



—Wide World Photo.

Part of a tremendous holiday crowd at a British race park. Insert—A close finish.

By JOHN D. ERWIN

THE recent baseball upheaval, wherein the charge was made by President Ban Johnson of the American League that betting on the races was so frequent with one team in his league that a bookmaker was kept at the ball park to receive the team's daily bets while the players were engaged in a league game, has focused attention on the extent to which baseball has become entangled with gambling on the races.

Baseball players, having a great deal of leisure and being rather well supplied with money during the playing season, probably furnish as large a percentage of players of the 'ponies' as any other profession, unless it be the stage.

Manager 'Bucky' Harris of the Washington American League team has announced that he will ask his players to pledge themselves to abstain from betting on the races during the league season. He is no moralist, but looks at the matter with the cold, calculating eye of an experienced business man, and knows that gambling lowers efficiency.

The prevalence of gambling on horses among big league ball players as revealed in the recent airing of the situation by Judge Landis and President Johnson, has served to direct public attention to the growth of race horse gambling among many classes of citizens.

The writer, who has made a survey of the situation in a limited territory which is believed to be typical of the country at large, finds that gambling on the races has unquestionably increased in recent years. The question has been asked of scores of persons connected with the sport and others not directly connected, but in a position to observe, whether gambling on the 'ponies' has become more general within the past decade. The answer is in the affirmative in every instance.

Probably gambling of every character, one of the primitive vices of the human race, has increased its votaries in the United States. However this may be, this inquiry covering several months has shown that gambling on horse racing has gone far beyond anything which the uninformed citizen might imagine in his wildest flights of fancy.

The investigation shows that every day a surprisingly large percentage of the population of the larger American cities wager on the outcome of races at the various race tracks; that the gambling is not confined to men, but includes women: clerks, stenographers, telephone operators, many of them of immature age; that one of the most useful of inventions, the telephone, is a big factor in the spread of gambling; and that municipal graft, formerly battening on the saloon traffic, has found the 'shaking down' of bookmakers and pool rooms its chief source of revenue.

The ramifications of race track gambling have widened out under modern conditions. A decade or two ago, the number of pool rooms where race returns were received was limited to one or two in each city, and an ordinary telegraph wire with a Morse operator at each end ticked out the results. The proprietors of pool rooms were frequently subjected to the danger of wire tapping, by which 'slickers' tapped the wires and gave false results, the fake winner being, of course, a long shot on which the wire tappers and their confederates had wagered heavily to win. They were frequently paid off and disappeared before the correct result was known.

The growth of long-distance telephone communication has changed all this. Today hundreds and perhaps thousands of pool rooms throughout the country receive their descriptions of the various races by telephone as they are run. The description is usually telephoned from a point just outside the track where, from a 'watch tower,' equipped with strong field glasses, a skilled observer announces the race description to scores of cities throughout the country. This holds true for every American race track belonging to the Jockey Club. There appears to be a universal rule against such telephone connections being permitted inside the race track inclosure.

A central 'service' company in each city connects up the various pool rooms by telephone so that each bookmaker who subscribes for 'service' receives a complete description of the race and is furnished the closing odds or 'ticker' on each race, so that the bettors or patrons may be paid off promptly at these distant points based on track odds. The revenue of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company from this source must be enormous in the course of a year, as a large number of telephone lines stretching across the continent are kept 'open' daily during racing hours for this business.

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DEY
WOULD YOU LIKE

—Keystone View Co.

A few of the bookmakers on a British course.

Old-timers testify that patronage at race tracks in the United States has doubled and trebled in twenty years. Moreover, the number of tracks has increased. While some have closed down, others have taken their places. At one time there was only one winter track on this continent, that being at New Orleans. Now there is winter racing at three Florida race courses and at two tracks just across the international boundary line at Juárez and Tia Juana, Mexico.

The race track draws its clientele from all classes of citizens. Once a horse player, always a horse player, is an old axiom, and experience indicates that there is more truth than fiction in it. To a lesser extent, this may be true of all gambling, but it is undeniable that to the average man or woman inoculated with the gambling 'bug,' the 'ponies' offer the most alluring form of speculation and have the most lasting hold.

From coast to coast, and even in the capital of the nation, pool rooms flourish. It was not so long ago—1921, to be exact—that a President of the United States and four members of his Cabinet wagered on the outcome of the Kentucky Derby and the Attorney-General of the United States carried the money from a Cabinet meeting to Louisville and placed it. It's true, this was merely a sporting proposition and the amount, not exceeding $100 for each individual concerned, was trifling as compared with the resources of the officials. The writer heard this story from the lips of one of those concerned and has no reason to doubt its authenticity. Andrew Jackson was a great lover of thoroughbred horses and would wager freely on his own horses when opportunity offered. These incidents are only worth mentioning as showing to what high places interest in horse races has reached.

However, horse racing in the United States is no longer regarded merely as a sport by a large portion of its votaries, but is a means of trying to 'earn' money, though a futile one. That it is a certain way of losing money for the public is proved by the number of bookmakers who make a comfortable living, and in many instances become rich. Most of these bookmakers start on a shoestring with practically no capital, investigation shows.

The evolution of the betting system is the most interesting phase of modern racing. The old-time bookmakers at the race tracks are being steadily supplanted by the *pari mutuel* machines, a French invention, by which the money bet is pooled and the profits divided pro rata among those holding winning tickets, after the state's cut is taken out.

Only a few race tracks, notably those of New York State, adhere to the old bookmaking system, where individual 'layers' take all the bets. It may be said in passing that the anti-race-track gambling law passed while Charles E. Hughes was governor of New York prohibits such gambling in whatever form, but this law is ignored so completely, with the connivance of the authorities, that thousands of patrons of the Empire State race tracks doubtless do not know such a statute exists.

Race track gambling, aside from its demoralizing effect on legitimate business, is perhaps the most corrupting influence in civic life since the open saloon was abolished, because it is a large source of revenue to local police officials in practically every city. Bookmaking is against the law everywhere, and yet open pool rooms prevail in most of the larger cities. In addition to the open pool rooms, thousands of small 'books' are made in cigar stores and other places which accommodate the 'ace' and 'deuce' bets—the one and two dollar bettors, who are naturally in a majority.

City detectives whose business it is to ferret out the gambling places find it profitable to extend a degree of 'protection' to the more important pool rooms, which are able to pay handsome fees to be left alone.

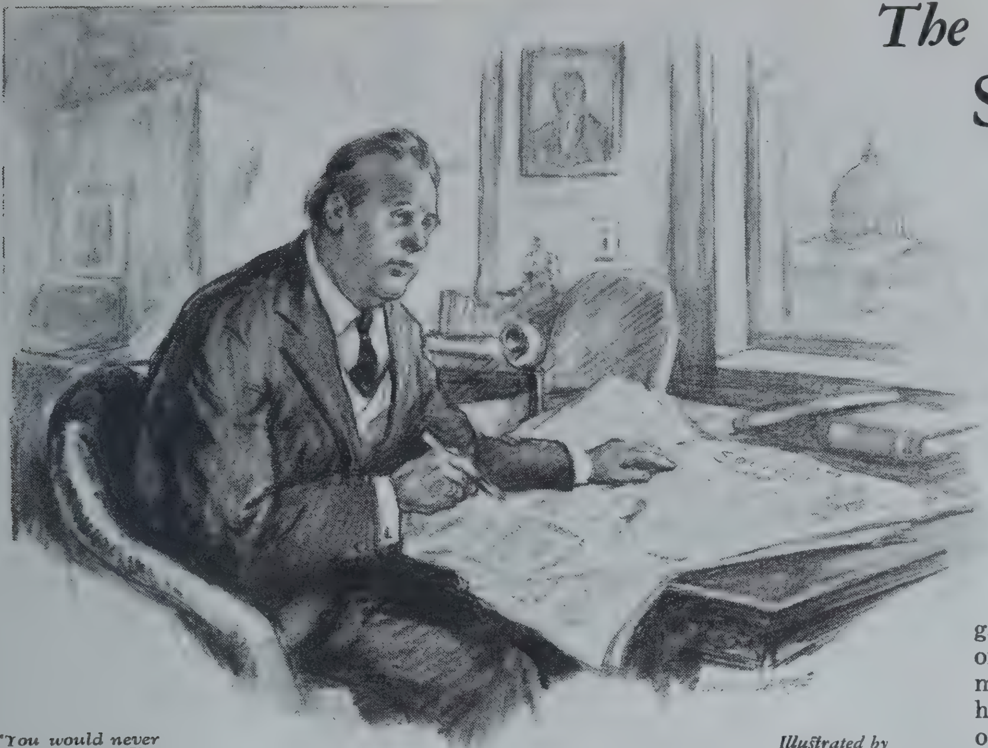
The amount of money changing hands daily as a result of the transactions at the various pool rooms in a metropolitan city runs into incredibly large figures. These figures would resemble a statement of bank clearings if they were reproduced.

The main objection to the business—for it is a business with thousands today—is that it is not a 'productive industry,' but encourages an army of idlers. 'The great army of unemployed' is the phrase

(*Continued on page 25*)

The Social Lobby in Washington

Being a Description *of How Important* Legislation *Is Influenced*



'You would never guess what I'm doing

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

By FRED C. KELLY

I ENTERED the office of a United States senator one morning to find him studying the society page of a Washington newspaper. Pencil in hand, he was carefully going over one inane little item after another, pausing occasionally to write down a name.

'You'd never guess what I'm doing,' was his greeting, as he looked up.

'Figuring your society friends' batting averages,' I suggested.

'Not exactly. I'm trying to find out the relationship between legislation and the social lobby. The society editor might have said this morning: "Mrs. Goitt, wife of an influential man interested in the passage of a certain bill now pending, was hostess last night to several senators opposed to that bill." '

'You can't influence United States senators with mere victuals can you?' I asked.

'Yes,' he replied, 'strange to say, you can. Of course they don't know they're being influenced. And it isn't the food so much as flattery that does the trick. Here are two or three names (and he read them aloud) that you would not ordinarily expect to see listed for a fashionable social affair. Each of these men and his wife probably think they were asked because of their personal charm. That is more agreeable and more soothing to their vanity than to know that they were asked in the hope that they will help to pass certain legislation.'

'But does a host or hostess actually think a senator will vote for a thing just because some one who has given him a good dinner asks him to?'

'No, but after a senator new to the ways of Washington has sat about an evening or two in the company of delightful folk having social and financial distinction, he is half ashamed to find that his views and theirs are not in accord. He thinks to himself: "These are wonderfully fine people and they don't agree with my views. Maybe I'm wrong."

'Of course,' continued my senator friend, 'the important thing isn't the impression made on the member of Congress, but the impression made on his wife. She will find herself thrown more and more, at both evening and afternoon affairs, with women whose husbands entertain certain views about important pieces of legislation. It isn't long until she begins to feel that if *her* husband doesn't lean the same way, he is being disloyal to their friends. She goes home and says to him: "You're *not* going to vote for the Smith-Jones bill. You know as well as I do that all the *best* people are opposed to it." '

During every important legislative situation the Washington social lobby works overtime. It was busy all through the battle over the unseating of Senator Newberry. A careful reading of the society columns might have shown that pro-Newberry folk were frequently entertaining the anti-Newberrys. It is worth the time of any student of current events to read the society columns and see how often he can put two and two together.

When Joe Tumulty was secretary to President Wilson, he always regarded Washington society pages as of far too great political importance to miss. A social paragraph often gave him his first inkling of what this person or that was up to.

When Judge William S. Kenyon was a senator from Iowa, he received a telephone call from a woman of great social prominence who asked him and his wife to be her guests at dinner. Kenyon thanked her for the invitation but said: 'I don't think I ever met you and I'm wondering why I'm thus honored.'

'I have something I want to talk to you about,' replied the social leader.

'Oh, well,' suggested Kenyon, 'just call at my office any morning and I'll be glad to talk with you.'

He was invited there no more.

As a practical joke, a well-known senator used to introduce occasionally a bill to sell a piece of Government property in the District of Columbia. This would lower the value of private property nearby belonging to a family of great social prestige. Every time such a bill was introduced this family was sure to give dinners and entertain a number of influential senators. The senator with the sense of humor used to introduce his bill—which he never even tried to have passed—and then amuse himself for a week or two reading the society columns.

The influence of the social lobby is only one of several kinds of influence constantly at work in Washington. About every third man one meets in Washington is using or seeking influence. This is as much a part of everyday life in the capital as motion pictures, radio or lipsticks. When men go astray it is due either to misusing their influence or being misled by the influence of others. Not all influence at work in Washington, however, is harmful. Much of it is simply a roundabout way of getting at things.

In most places if you wish to ask a man for a match, you simply go and ask him. But in Washington you first inquire who the man's friends are and arrange with one of them to sound him out and ascertain if he *has* a match. If A wishes to reach B he doesn't go direct but first sees C who is supposed to have influence with D and perhaps D may be persuaded to have a frank talk with B in behalf of A. Let even the humblest citizen be known to have been a near neighbor back home to a man now prominent and he is certain to have his influence sought. A man such as the late Jess Smith, known to be practically a roommate of the Attorney-General, would naturally have a following of grafters eager to make terms with him for championing questionable causes. I don't know whether Jess Smith ever took money for trying to influence Harry Daugherty. I don't know whether Daugherty would even have known of such dealings. But it is certain that had Smith been so disposed he *could* have done it.

Scores of honest enough men in Washington make their livings as professional influential citizens. Many of these are former members of Congress. Nearly every man who fails to be reëlected to Congress seems to dislike going back home to mingle with voters who defeated him. Wives or daughters who have come to dote on the social life of Washington likewise throw up their hands in annoyance and even consternation at the thought of returning home.

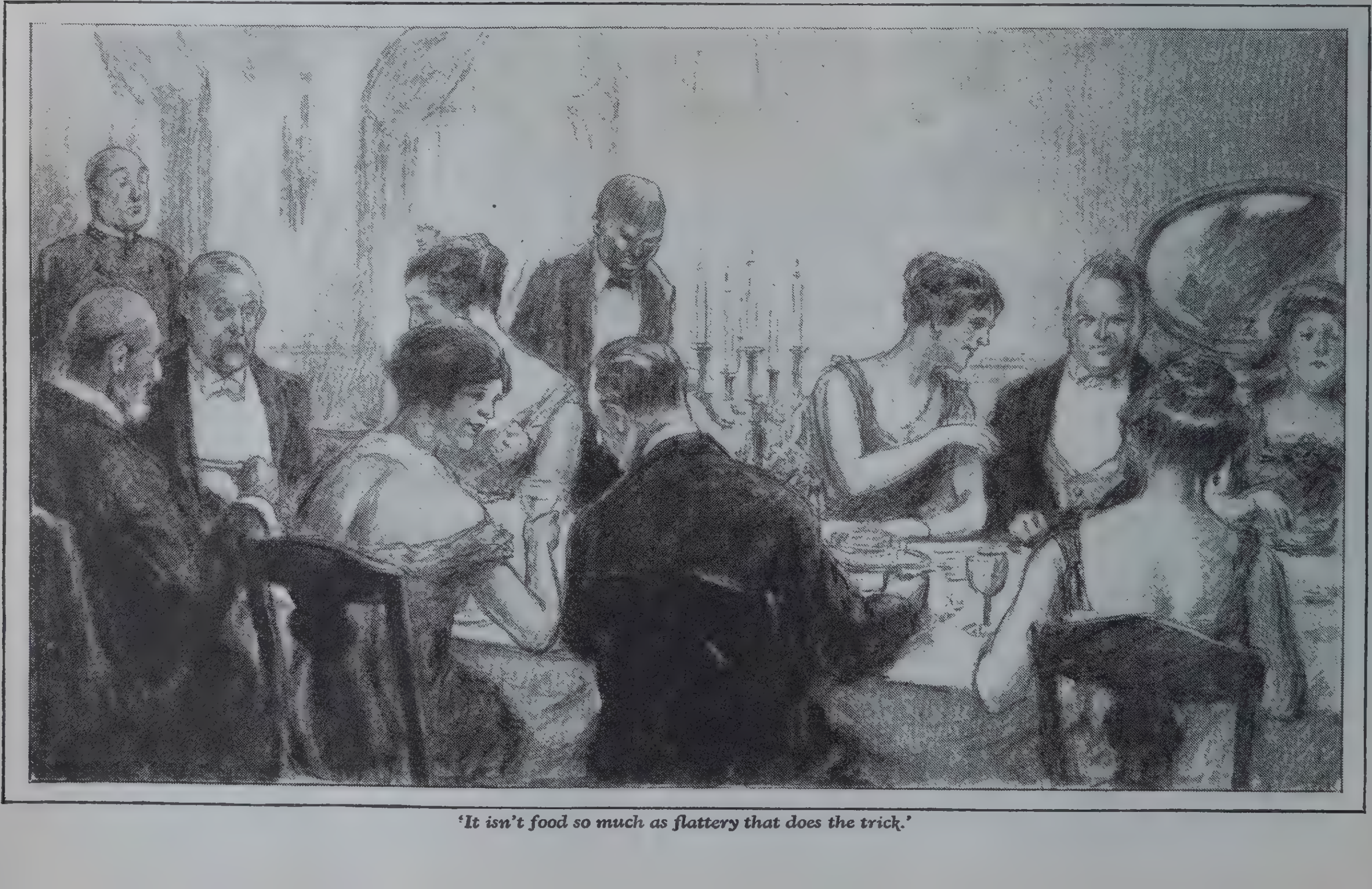
I often wonder what is the matter with the average town that an officeholder and his family *from* there should have such a strong aversion to it. Be that as it may, every year the population of former officeholders who have become permanent residents of the capital shows a substantial growth. Now, there is a limited range of business activities for such men. The conventional thing seems to be to open a law office. Since there are more lawyers in Washington, just as there are more realtors, more radio shops, and more grocery stores, than people actually need, one might wonder how all can make a living.

Just the other day I met a former Congressman, now a Washington lawyer, in the outer office of a member of the Cabinet. With him was a client who wished to have a talk with that Cabinet officer. By the merest chance I happened to learn that the client would have reached the inner office just as readily with no other introduction than his business card. But he imagined that by paying this lawyer a fee, he had bought needed influence. Mind you, he had no intention of doing anything improper. He simply assumed that a former Congressman who had known the Cabinet officer personally, meeting him occasionally at dinners, could get him by secretaries and other buffers more rapidly than he could do this himself, no matter how legitimate or urgent his errand. Frequently such assumption would be correct. Nevertheless the value of such influence is greatly exaggerated. Sometimes the employment of supposed influence only prejudices one's cause.

Occasionally one is able by exerting influence at just the right place to accomplish the seemingly impossible. The best example of this I can think of has to do with a well-known man of wealth and some dictaphone records. During the World War a young woman then living in Washington came under suspicion as a possible German agent. Intelligence officers placed dictaphones in her home and tapped her telephone wire to learn with whom she might be in communication. To the surprise of the investigators her most frequent visitor was a prominent man then holding an important dollar-a-year place in the Government. He did not meet her to impart Government secrets but to make love to her. However, being a man of extraordinary vanity, he spoke freely to her of important war preparations in which, he explained, his own clever part was by no means inconsequential. It was never proved that she was a German spy, but dictaphone records collected for several months showed beyond all doubt that here was a man who talked too freely about state secrets when in the presence of a pretty woman.

In due course the man learned of the existence of these records, including wax cylinders, which if they became public or if they fell into unfriendly hands would cause him much humiliation. A long newspaper account of the investigation that led to the taking of these records, and certain startling international consequences which followed, was once

(Continued on page 27)



'It isn't food so much as flattery that does the trick.'

Life on the Planet VENUS Possible

Scientist Says *the* Evening Star *May Be* Inhabited

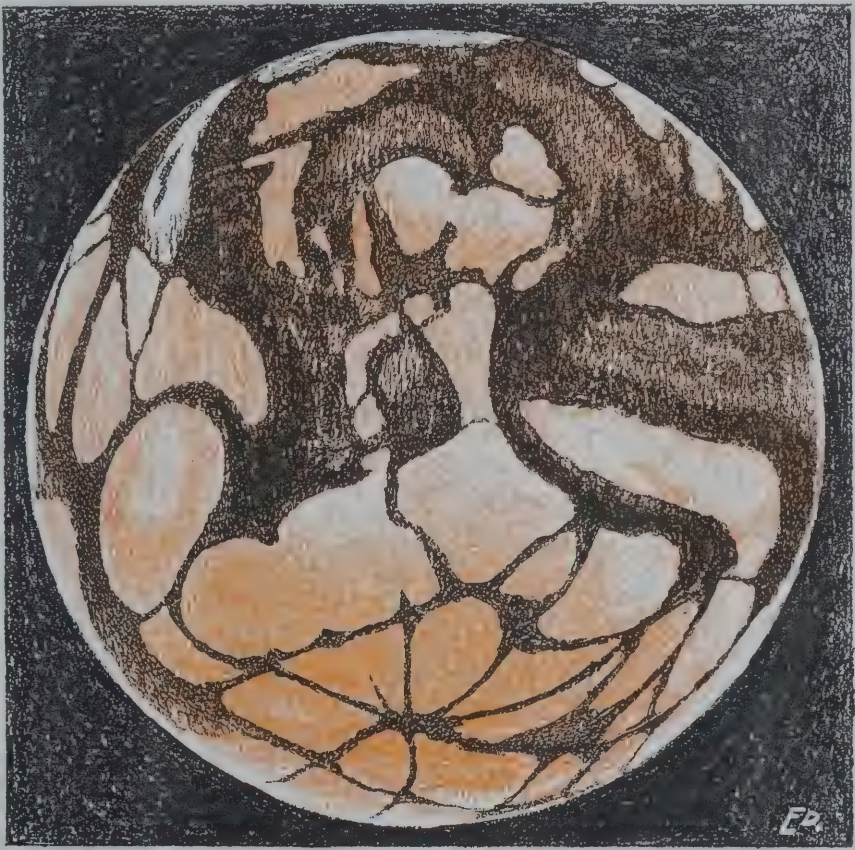
By **F. R. MOULTON,**
of the University of Chicago
As Told to J. V. NASH

Copyright, 1927, by F. R. MOULTON

EVER since the birth of modern astronomy, the question of life on other planets besides the earth has been a subject of popular discussion. As a rule, astronomers themselves have been so busy in working out problems on the basis of known natural laws that they have not been inclined to indulge in speculations regarding the nature of the life, if any, on other worlds than ours. Christian Huygens, an eminent Dutch scientist of the 17th Century, published some highly imaginative fancies concerning the inhabitants of other planets. But in modern times the subject has been largely left to the writers of fiction.

Nevertheless, the question of the habitability of our sister planets is a legitimate one for science to answer, in so far as it can on the basis of scientific knowledge.

The verdict of modern science with reference to the possibility of organic life on other planets than the earth, with the exception of Venus and Mars, is distinctly negative.



Amateur observers with moderately powered instruments may study the changing shapes and tints of the lineaments of Mars. Among the markings here shown are the elongated, very dark Sinus Sabens, with forked extremity, on the right, and on the left, Syrtis Major, wedge-shaped, with Hellas above it. The lighter regions, passing from red through orange to almost white, are vast deserts.

A glance at the following table will show the relation of the earth to the other planetary members of our solar system:

Planet	*Mean Diameter (Miles)*	*Mean Distance from Sun (Millions of Miles)*
Mercury	3,009	36.0
Venus	7,701	67.2
Earth	7,918	92.9
Mars	4,339	141.5
Jupiter	88,392	483.3
Saturn	74,163	886.0
Uranus	30,193	1,781.9
Neptune	34,823	2,791.6

The four larger planets seem quite certainly inhospitable to life. The material of which they are composed is not sufficiently condensed, and even if it were, the immense distance at which these planets circulate about the sun would not permit sufficient light and heat to reach them.

Mercury, on the other hand, is too close to the sun for comfort. Worse still, Mercury is believed to turn on its axis in exactly the same period as that in which it revolves about the sun, so that the same side is always turned to the sun. The temperature of that side is probably far above the boiling point, while the other side is plunged in eternal night at a temperature of from 200 to 300 degrees below freezing.

Venus is interesting as being of nearly the same size as the earth, but it is 25,000,000 miles nearer the sun. It is a bright planet, long familiar in the heavens as the morning or the evening star. Its surface, however, is covered by dense masses of cloud and dust, so that no permanent markings can be discerned through our telescopes, and its period of rotation on its axis is therefore unknown.

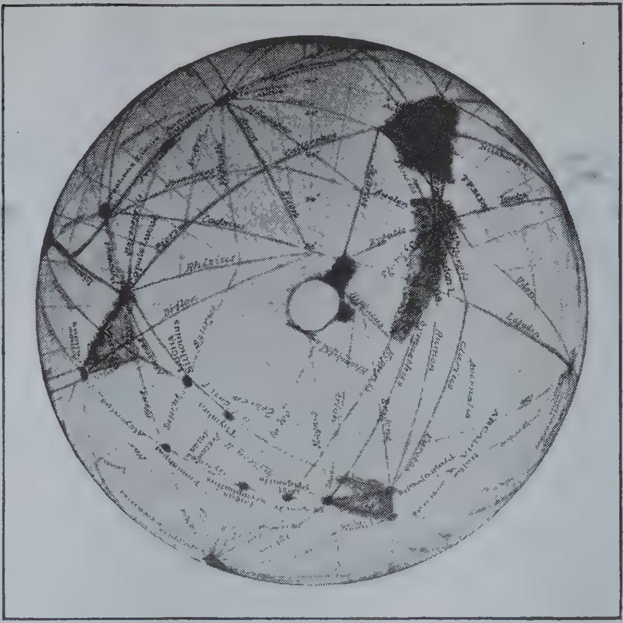
Besides these planets, there are a large number of planetoids. Between the earth and Mars we find the little planetoid Eros, with a diameter of only twenty miles, while between Mars and Jupiter the great planetoid Ceres, whose diameter is 480 miles, has its orbit.

Personally, I think that the chances of Venus being inhabited by a high form of life are very good. At the present time experiments are being made at Yerkes Observatory in taking photographs of the planet by means of infra-red rays. It is hoped that it will be possible to receive these rays through the cloud masses which obscure its surface from view with ordinary light, and to learn what lies beneath.

These infra-red rays are the extremely long light waves that lie outside the visible spectrum on the red end. They are the opposite of the ultra-violet rays at the other end of the spectrum. It was found during the war that in taking photographs from airplanes, those taken with red light were much better than those taken with blue. The ordinary photographic plate or film, of course, is most sensitive to the blue light. Blue light, however, is more scattered by dust and the atmosphere. The sun at noon is bluish-white, while at sunrise and sunset it is red, the reason being that the blue light is unable at such times to get through the greater layer of air to us.

We are looking forward with interest to the results of these experiments. As I have said, it is not improbable that Venus may be the home of a high form of life. The surface gravity is nearly the same as that on the earth. Since it is almost exactly the same size as the earth, it is sometimes called the 'earth's twin.' Obviously, because of its greater proximity to the sun, it receives much more light and heat than does the earth.

If the surface conditions on Venus are similar to those on the earth, its

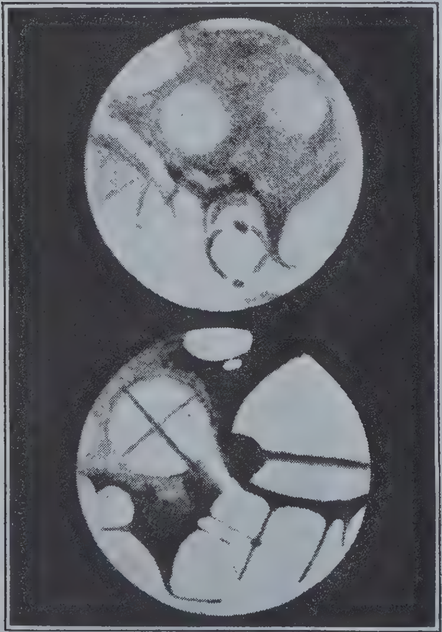


Map of Mars (North Polar view) prepared by Lowell, in which he charts the 'canals.'

mean temperature would be about 150 degrees. The difference in atmospheric conditions might vary that some fifty degrees. Of course, 150 degrees seems like an excessively high temperature, too high for the ordinary forms of life known to us to flourish. However, even on the earth there are certain algae that live in hot springs a little above the boiling point. Life has greater powers of adaptability than we imagine.

Mars, the ruddy planet, has long exercised a peculiar fascination upon the minds of men. It is much smaller than the earth, and about fifty millions of miles farther distant from the sun. A day on Mars is only a little longer than one on earth, but the Martian year is about twenty-three of our months, or nearly equal to two of our years. The surface gravity on Mars is only about one-third of that on our planet.

The surface of Mars appears on the whole to be much smoother than that of the earth. As seen through our telescopes, it is mostly of a dull brick-red color. Each of the poles, however, during its Martian winter is covered with a snow-white mantle. One of these supposed snowcaps—that on the Martian South Pole—has been much more fully observed than the other, owing to its being turned toward the earth when Mars and the earth are nearest. The polar cap extends with the approach of winter down from the Pole twenty-five to thirty-five degrees, and remains throughout the long Martian winter in its dazzling white brilliancy. Then, with the advent of spring, it slowly contracts, breaks up, and sometimes quite disappears in the late summer.



Some observers are convinced of the existence of peculiar 'canal' markings, while others fail completely to verify such lines. Drawings of Mars made in 1924 by two different experts. Above—by Schofield; Below—by Ellison.

Notwithstanding the comparatively small size of Mars and its great distance from the earth, ordinary telescopes give, under favorable conditions, a fairly good view of its surface. As long ago as 1666 two different observers—Hooke in England and Cassini in France—noticed dark streaks on the surface of Mars and made drawings of them. Since that time an immense amount of knowledge about our little neighbor has been accumulated by astronomers. For instance, about fifty years ago it was discovered that Mars has two moons, Phobos and Deimos. The former is only thirty-six miles in diameter, and the latter but ten miles. They spin round very close to the planet's surface, and complete their revolutions in periods of seven hours thirty-nine minutes, and thirty hours eighteen minutes, respectively. Our moon takes nearly thirty days to complete its revolution.

The subject of the so-called canals on Mars is highly controversial. In 1877 an Italian observer—Schiaparelli of Milan—believed that he had discovered certain peculiar markings on the surface of Mars, which he called *canali.* This word in Italian means merely *channels,* but it has been popularly translated as *canals.*

Some of our leading observers, using the largest modern telescopes, have failed to confirm the existence of any such markings as have been described by Schiaparelli and his later disciples. For instance, Antoniadi, a more recent observer in France, using the 32.75-inch Meudon refractor; the scientists at Lick Observatory with their 36-inch telescope; Barnard, with the 40-inch Yerkes telescope; and Hale, equipped with the tremendous 60-inch reflector of the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory in California, have utterly failed to perceive these extraordinary markings.

On the other hand, a number of observers whose statements are entitled to respect have become firmly convinced of the objective existence of the so-called canals. The chief advocate of the 'canal' theory in this country was the late Percival Lowell of Flagstaff, Arizona.

The markings which these observers report as existing on Mars consist of long, dark lines, crossing and recrossing the continental areas, many of them intersecting and forming intricate geometrical patterns. They are believed to develop and decline with the changes of the Martian seasons. It is assumed that they are long strips of vegetation, hundreds of miles in length and twenty or more miles wide, irrigated by lateral ditches from a large central canal.

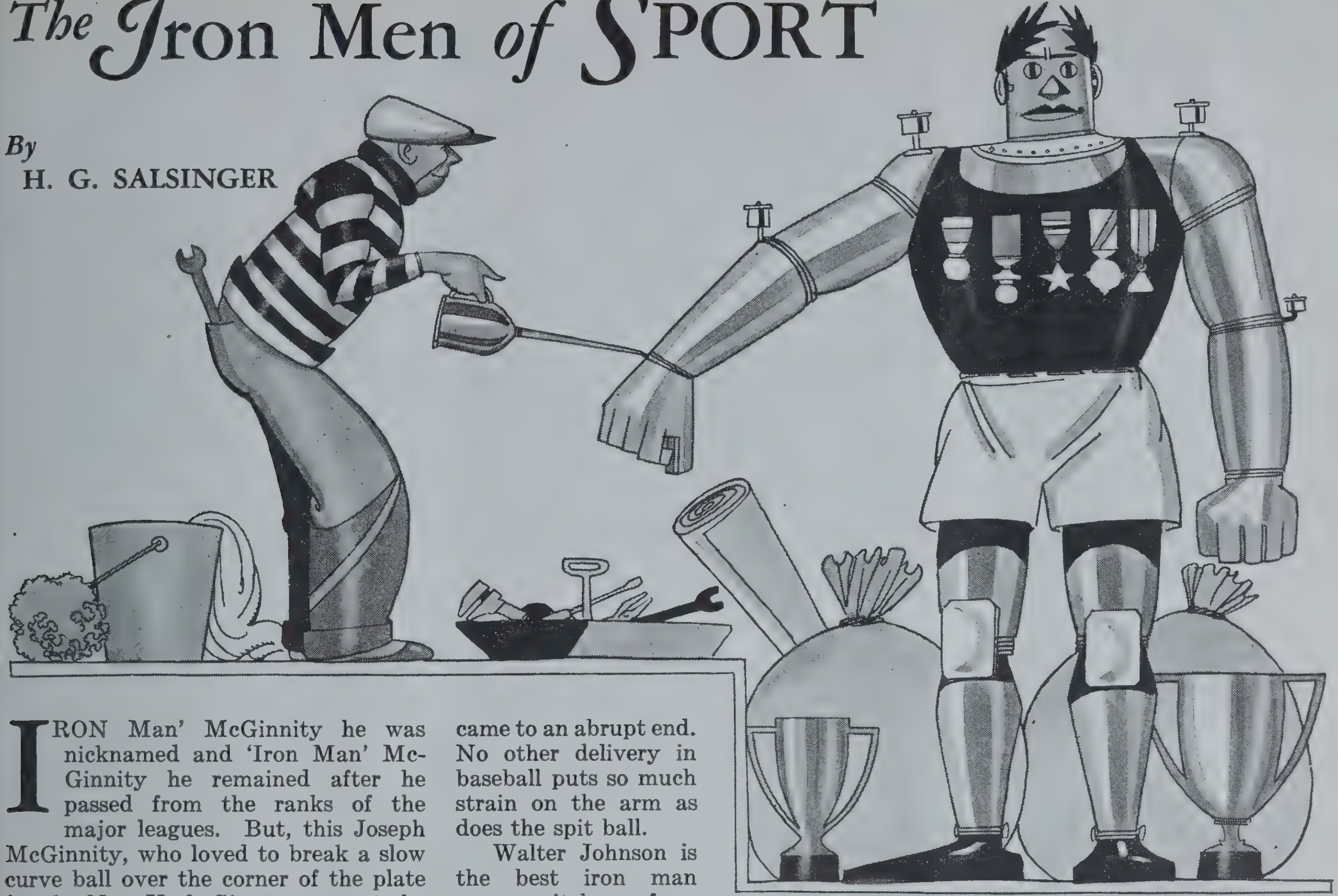
This elaborate system of irrigation—which, of course, presupposes highly intelligent beings on Mars—is explained as having been rendered necessary because of the scarcity of water on the planet. There being no seas or oceans on Mars, the chief source of water supply is in the polar snowcaps. When the snowcaps melt in summer, it is supposed that the water is conducted down through these channels to irrigate the parched soil of the planet. W. H. Pickering believes that the lines are long, narrow marshes fed by moist winds from the Martian poles.

Many astronomers maintain that these so-called (*Continued on page 27*)

The eternal snow of one polar region plainly is visible. The snow caps are the planet's chief source of water supply. Two views of Mars photographed with the 40-inch refractor of Yerkes Observatory.

The Iron Men of SPORT

By
H. G. SALSINGER



'IRON Man' McGinnity he was nicknamed and 'Iron Man' McGinnity he remained after he passed from the ranks of the major leagues. But, this Joseph McGinnity, who loved to break a slow curve ball over the corner of the plate for the New York Giants, was not the first iron man of baseball, nor was he the last. He simply happens to be the best-known. There are plenty of others in baseball and there are comparatively just as many in other sports.

McGinnity, a pitcher with considerable skill, was never so good as Charlie (Old Hoss) Radbourne who pitched for Providence several decades ago. In the season of 1884 Radbourne won sixty games. That same year, late in October, he beat New York three games in three days for the world championship. McGinnity never did so well as that, but neither did anybody else.

There was flourish and color to McGinnity and he was one of the idols of the Big Line. He left the majors but he did not quit pitching. He continued in his specialty of working both ends of double-headers, a self-assigned task that won him his nickname when he worked in the cause of the Giants. At the age of fifty-two McGinnity, pitching for a minor league team out West, won two games in a single afternoon.

'Big Ed' Walsh, probably the best of all spit-ball pitchers, was an iron man who came after McGinnity. He pitched for the Chicago White Sox and in 1908 he worked 464 innings, representing more than 51 complete games. He was in the bull pen or in the box almost every day of the season. He pitched his arm away and his career came to an abrupt end. No other delivery in baseball puts so much strain on the arm as does the spit ball.

Walter Johnson is the best iron man among pitchers of recent years. Johnson stands out because of the terrific speed he used. Ball players did not think that he could last more than five years but he has lasted four times that long, and in two decades of major league hurling Johnson has worked 784 games, an average of a fraction more than 39 a season. Perfect rhythm in pitching so reduced the strain on Johnson's physique that he has been able to last all these years.

Ty Cobb presents a similar case. In many ways he is the most remarkable player of all time. No other man ever played so strenuously as Cobb; he always threw his last ounce into his efforts. He never spared or saved himself. He gave no thought to economy of action or conservation of energy but he, too, lasted more than four times as long as they said he would. The prophets were ignorant of one thing and that was Cobb's ability to relax. He gave every ounce in each game but he took care to replenish the nerve cells and build up new muscular tissues before he started the next game. He made it a point to relax completely twelve hours between games.

Adrian C. Anson, the popular 'Cap' of Chicago's early baseball days, Sam Crawford, Denton (Cy) Young, Napoleon (Larry) Lajoie, John (Hans) Wagner, Tris Speaker, Babe Adams and others lasted as long or nearly as long as Cobb but none of them spent the nervous energy and physical strength that Cobb did. They all were relaxed much of the time on the ball field; Cobb never was.

Everett Scott, one of the great short fielders the American League has produced, played in more than 1,300 consecutive games and lays a claim to the 'iron man' title on this account. No other player ever went through 1,000 without a miss. George Pinckney played 577 in a row; Fred Luderus is credited with 533; Eddie Collins, 478; Sam Crawford, 472; George Burns of the Giants, 459; and Lave Cross, 447, but Scott played more than twice as many in succession as anybody else in the two big leagues.

Golf has its quota of iron men. Alexander (Sandy) Herd has engaged in competitive play for nearly forty seasons and last year, at the age of fifty-eight, he won the professional golfers' championship of Great Britain. Years ago he won the British Open. His greatest golfing fame lies in the fact that on seventeen different occasions he has sent his tee shot into the cup and he holds the world's record for holing out in one.

Alexander Smith, one of the few men who have won the United States Open two years in succession (he did it in 1905 and 1906), has been competing for more than thirty years and is America's iron man

(Continued on page 19)

Artistic Wonders *of the* GEM KINGDOM

By CHARLES B. BREWER

Photographs from specimens in the collection of
ARTHUR G. POHNDORF

AWAY back in the early history of Colorado, if that can be called 'away back,' there was a bartender in Denver with considerable wit and foresight. He amassed a fortune and became proprietor of one of the big newspapers of the West. Some accounted for his fortune from the fact that he had often been heard to say, 'When drinks are paid for, I toss the coin to the ceiling. If it sticks, it belongs to the house. If it comes down, it is mine.'

Those who know the facts recognize the remark as chaff and given out to prevent competition in what was a lucrative business among tourists who bought the odd specimens of gem formation which the barkeeper handled as a side line. He was a pioneer and blazed the trail for the many wonderful gem shops which add so much interest to the 'mining center of the West,' as Denver calls herself, to the flood of tourists on which much of Denver gains a livelihood.

Many men of fortune from the East make periodical trips to Denver to see what curiosities have been given up by the Rockies and have found their way to Denver's gem shops. In one of these, which reminds the visitor of fairyland, is found a collection of forty years. The proprietor becomes as enthusiastic as his most admiring customer when displaying his wonders. Inquiry as to the price of some of the gems displayed elicits the information, '*That* is not for sale.' Many of them are almost like his children to this lover of the beautiful. Whether or not for sale, he will display them to an interested visitor with an enthusiastic admiration as if he himself were seeing them for the first time. He told the writer of parting with many thousands of dollars' worth to a chance customer in a single morning, to be followed by telegraphic orders for thirty thousand dollars' worth to be shipped to an eastern city. Some that were importuned were not shipped. They were 'not for sale.'

Of the many rare and wonderful specimens which our collector has, none gets more attention than the moss agates, of which he never tires telling. The rarest specimens of these come from India and from Montana, near Billings. It takes an expert to discern them. Cowboys look for them after the heavy spring rains.

The knowledge of the expert collector is brought to bear in selecting the rarer ones, and away to the gem grinders of Europe they go, the selfsame 'aristocracy' at the little German village, Idar-on-the-Nahe, described in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of November 27, 1926. From Europe they come back to our collector with a polish and beauty that you or I cannot fail to recognize as the work of a master.

It is in grinding and polishing that nothing but the work of the more expert craftsman may be employed. For instance, he must know just how deep to grind to display most perfectly what is below the surface, but above all, he must know when to stop. Just a little too much and the picture, ages in forming, is ruined.

These 'pictures,' which are shown in the transparent moss agate, take forms of swamp growth, leaves of trees, and the most delicate ferns and flowers. Some are almost uncanny. Imitation has been attempted, but so perfect in grace and beauty are the originals that imitations are instantly recognized, even by the layman, when placed beside the originals.

If, as we are told, 'imitation is the sincerest form of flattery,' the ferns and flowers shown in the body of these minerals are rare tributes to the beauty of the plant kingdom. It is probable that all the forms are *not* the result of an attempt of Nature to imitate herself, but some, at least, are the original plant buried ages ago in soft material which time has turned to stone.

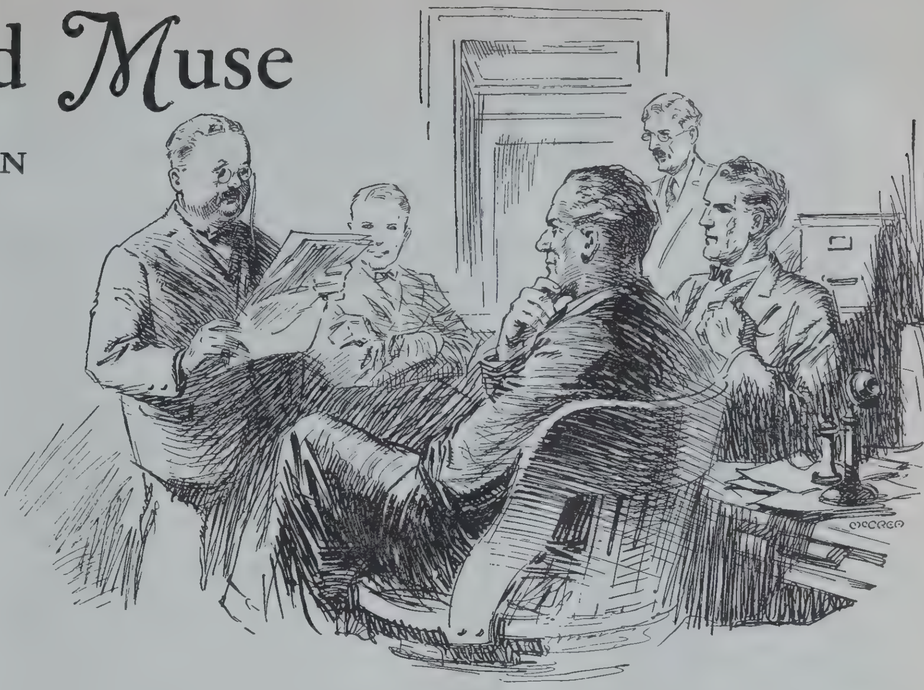
Views in Arizona's petrified forest, showing large portions of petrified trees lying about. Some of the trunks are six feet in diameter and more than 100 feet long.

(Continued on page 30)

The Kidnaped Muse

By BEN HUR LAMPMAN

Illustrated by
H. W. McCREA

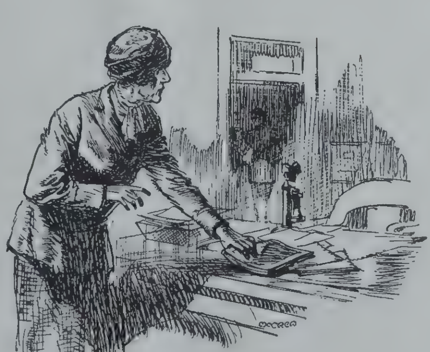


Almost the tears trembled in his voice as he read.

STRANGEST of all minor poets is the driven thief—the one who does not possess that wherewith the urge is fed, even in least degree, but who knows the torment of those who are urged to poetry. Oftentimes he is the furtive plagiarist, thieving a thought here, a figure there, a rhyme elsewhere, until his shabby counterfeit rings almost as the true coin to such as do not know the poets of yesteryear. But again, when his gifts are of so low an order that he cannot even imitate, nor rearrange the phrasing of another, he will not scruple to steal an entire poem and submit it as his own, trusting in antiquity to guard him. In this he does not reckon with that love of poetry, and that beloved communion with old poems, which is our English heritage. Invariably, usually by the editors, or in other event by readers, if the poem is printed, he is detected at his pilfering, and in the latter instance is held up to the scorn of men. So prevalent is this poetic larceny that a sound poem, a poem distinguished by fancy and glow, is, unless submitted by a well-known contributor, ordinarily regarded with bilious suspicion by editors of verse.

When the city was entreated to 'respond to its quota' for Near East relief—the occasion was a dire famine—some years ago, there shone with meteoric suddenness, and to a privileged few, a new bard with burning tongue. He was a pursy, prosy, wholly self-important little man in the service of a film distribution agency, and nobody ever had imagined that he walked with Keats and communed with Browning. The poem, as he offered it to the newspapers for publication, was his inspired tribute to humanity's cause. Almost the tears trembled in his voice as he read these recurrent lines to the dutifully attentive young gentlemen of the press:

Give me three grains of corn, Mother—
Only three grains of corn!



She had gone swiftly to the desk, and, clutching her treasure, she had fled.

'Mr. Blumph,' observed a reporter for a morning paper, 'we could use that stuff if it weren't for one thing.'

'Whazzat?' queried Mr. Blumph, with Napoleonic sharpness.

'Well,' said the reporter, 'this poem of yours, that you say you just dashed off, happens to be a dead-ringer for one my mother used to recite to me when I was a kid. It's a poem of the Irish famine, and while it might go very well for Near East relief, I rather believe it is now the berries.'

'Mean to tell me,' exclaimed Mr. Blumph, 'that I'm a—'

'Aw, come off,' said the reporter somewhat wearily. 'I've got the goods on you and I've a notion to make a story of it.'

Mr. Blumph caved, but in caving he evinced a rare genius for opportunism. He waved a fat, careless hand, and his face was creased with benevolence as he dismissed the matter.

'Go ahead!' agreed Mr. Blumph. 'See if I care. Why, say, that would be the best possible kind of publicity for me!'

But this vein of suspicion is by no means confined to editors alone. I recall a woman who came to the office one afternoon with a somewhat scrubby composition book jealously pressed beneath her arm. A woman getting on toward forty, with just a memory of comeliness to grace her, and with a frightened look in her eyes. Her dress gave evidence not of thrift alone, but of that necessity which drives on to thrift, and drives with a cruel whip. In the composition book, she said, were poems she had written at odd moments during several years. She was going away in the morning—back East. Would we look at them first, and choose such as we might wish to print? Would we look at them now? And because I could not hurt her, though a glance at the smudged pages was enough to tell that the muse had passed her by, I said that another editor had charge of the poetry—which happened at the time to be the truth. She could leave the book there on his desk. All in a flutter, hesitating, reconsidering, and at length consenting, she placed the precious freight where she was bidden, and was gone with one last tremulous charge that it be guarded, and a promise that she would return in the morning, before train time.

AN HOUR later, passing the desk, where the final arbiter of poetic destiny then was seated, I observed that the composition book was not there, and asked him idly if he had looked at the poems. He had not seen the book, he said. What book? Mine was a moment of terror, in which I visualized the sorrow, the tragic bereavement, which must visit the poet if her treasure had been lost. An exploration of the wastebasket, a thorough search of drawers, failed to disclose the composition book. Then I resigned myself to await, with dreadful impatience, the seemingly inevitable sorrow of the morning. I could see her flinch and grow pale. I imagined all too vividly her sobbings and her accusations. But with morning she did

(*Continued on page 23*)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Craftsman Remains

ONE of the common errors of this age is to assume that the craftsman is dead and that only the mechanic remains; that skill and originality have died with the 'handmade' age. A craftsman has been defined as 'an artisan, sometimes, an artist,' and the lexicographer's definition of an artist is: 'One who professes and practises an art in which imagination and taste preside over the execution, especially a fine art, as painting or sculpture.' Further he is defined as 'one who shows trained skill or rare taste in any art or occupation.' This last phrase hits the mark.

> *FROM the very earliest times machines of some sort have been in use. It took craftsmen to make and use machines then; it takes craftsmen to do it now. The hand and the brain and the eye have functioned together since man came upon earth. The 'handmade' age is still with us, only it has been refined and purified and advanced to such an extent that it stands on a much higher plane than when men used wooden plows and primitive potter's wheels. We value the things of the past because of their associations, and those of the present because they are the best. The craftsman is still with us.*

The old-time craftsman, whose productions are now displayed in antique shops, showed occasional trained skill but more often he showed little. Very few became masters. More frequently their skill was primitive and their taste poor. In these cases it is because their works have become rare and have certain associations that they are prized by modern collectors.

One class of collector sees the principal merit of antiques in the fact that they were 'handmade,' no matter how crudely. But they were not always literally 'handmade.' From the most remote times the potter had his wheel and the weaver his loom. Both were machines. The great change has been in the motive power that drives them. Anciently it was hand power, foot power, wind or water power; now it is steam or electricity, but wind and water are still basic elements in the production of mechanical energy.

Anciently the word 'machine' had a much broader significance than it has today. Once it was commonly applied to a coach or a cart, a ship or a boat. The term 'engine' was applied to devices for carrying on warfare as well as contrivances used in peaceful occupations.

Few people realize that machinery of some kind has been in use since the days when 'Adam dolve and Eve span.' What has happened through the centuries is that more and more machinery has been invented and more effective means of driving it have been discovered.

After all the oldest machine in existence is the human body. Its anatomy is machinery carried to perfection. One bone is accurately fitted into another and each part perfectly controlled. In the art of making things 'by hand' this human machine has to be operated just as any other piece of mechanism. In the strict sense of the term, there is no such thing as making things 'by hand' alone, for hand and mind are partners that under ordinary circumstances cannot be separated if effective work is to be done.

Neither historical precedent nor common sense justifies anyone in assuming that modern civilization will ever discard its useful contrivances and return to those of a more ancient date. If the industrialist of the present day should discard the means he possesses of producing things quickly, accurately and effectively for the purpose of going back to less efficient methods he would be rated as mentally deficient. As the needs of mankind have grown, the means of production have had to be increased and improved. We have seen that the use of machinery in making things is nothing new. There have been and ever will be new machines invented to make things still better and to distribute them more quickly.

It has been asserted that machine production kills the creative ability of the craftsman. This is illogical and absurd. The intelligent craftsman not only finds much to admire in the component parts of the machine he is operating but derives satisfaction from the perfection of the work it performs. He knows that it means better wages than those derived from the other methods and more leisure in which to indulge his creative faculties for his own pleasure and profit.

One man operates a machine in a factory and in his spare time at home makes 'oriental' rugs. Another carves period furniture. Yet another makes violins having quite the mellow tone of a former age. Still another paints good landscapes. It is better machinery that gives men the leisure to develop these avocations. It is better methods that allow them to follow handmade crafts in their spare time.

The human creative faculties are stimulated, not destroyed, by controlling the creations of ingenious minds. The craftsman is not dead. The obstacles to his continued progress are being overcome by the machine.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Control of the Air

NO PROBLEM now facing the American people is more vital than that of radiophone broadcasting control. In its potentialities the radio is unmatched. Its equal as a means of quick contact with vast numbers of people has never been devised. Its scope of influence is virtually unlimited. Its possibilities stagger the imagination. Even the Press is dwarfed into comparative insignificance by the prospects that unfold before the Radio. But because of certain physical limitations, radio broadcasting must necessarily be placed in the hands of a very few men. The number of broadcasters must be determined by the number of available wave lengths, else chaos such as has engulfed the air for the past year and a half will ensue. To meet the situation Congress has empowered the Radio Commission to cut the number of stations as it sees fit—an act which means the survival of approximately two hundred broadcasters, and the elimination of hundreds of others!

The power thus vested is almost without parallel in the history of the nation. The nearest approach to it would come should some unforeseen circumstance require the strict limiting of the country's newspapers. The Radio and the Press are alike potent in the dissemination of information and opinion—*Who should decide which of the existing 2,431 daily newspapers should live and which should die?* Who should decide between a Democratic and a Republican paper, between a conservative and a radical, between one owned by a Catholic and one owned by a Protestant? Who should decide which is usefully serving the community and which is not? The task would be stupendous if not impossible. Yet that is precisely what the five members of the Radio Commission are called upon to do with broadcasting stations.

It is almost impossible to overstate the difficulties presented. Great differences of opinion exist among stations on questions of religion, politics and economics. Discrimination is freely charged. Propaganda has crept into broadcasting; indications are that it will grow to untoward proportions unless checked. Censorship has already been attempted by several stations.

That some sort of regulation is necessary is apparent. Radio manufacturers, broadcasters and listeners all have demanded it. Britain has tried to solve the problem by government monopoly, but such a scheme would not be at all satisfactory here. And so the work of elimination and selection has been intrusted to five men—a work as delicate and vital as any undertaken in the past decade. The caution with which the radio commissioners are proceeding indicates that they fully realize the enormity of their task. Upon the type of stations licensed will depend the type of programs broadcast. These programs will have strategic bearing on the future.

A River of Sorrow

THE spectacle of a mighty river gone mad is one to appall and awe the nation. Death and destruction ride high on the flood waters of the Mississippi; disease and desolation follow close in their wake. Already the river has claimed half a thousand lives and has demolished half a billion dollars in property. The heart of the country is opened to the sufferers. Relief money is pouring toward the stricken districts. But relief money is not all that is needed. The problems of rescue, of salvage, of reconstruction are important; but after them—it should have come before—comes the matter of prevention. The tragedy of the Mississippi should never again be allowed to occur. The subsiding of the waters will end the crisis but it will not end the danger. The forests that once lined the upper reaches of the river are down. There is nothing to hold spring waters in check as these forests once did. The Mississippi will continue a menace to all those along its banks until man-made reservoirs are substituted for the former natural ones.

Gaily the Engineer

RAILROADS are reaching back into history in a spirited attempt to make themselves gay and attractive. From the days when strap rails, wood fuel and billowing smokestacks were common, they are plucking a token for the present. The oldest railroad in America is giving names to its new passenger engines—picturesque names that will vie with those of the Pullman cars it hauls. More than this, it is painting the engines a vivid olive green, with red and gold striping for esthetic effect. Another line is painting its locomotives a battleship gray. A western road is using a brilliant Venetian red, striped with gold.

All this, of course, smacks loudly of publicity. It is reminiscent of that story of a year ago, wherein one railway had equipped its locomotives with whistles whose dulcet notes rivaled those of the soft wood-winds of an orchestra. But even if it is publicity, it is *good* publicity. Anything that helps brighten up a dreary world is a boon to humankind. And nothing was quite so dreary as the railroad of another day, with its sooty engines, its grimy coaches and its cinder-smudged car windows.

Facing *the* Music

Footlight Flashes *From a* Former Actor

By WILL W. WHALEN

Illustrated by RUSSELL H. LEGGE

WHEN I stepped flat-footedly into my thirteenth year, I was the leading lady of a no-longer-remembered minstrel show, doing time in the sticks. Clever actresses like Marjorie Rambeau boast that they played Juliet when sixteen. I got a three-year start on all such queens.

Our minstrel had a screaming burlesque of the ill-starred lovers of Verona. I was the luckless daughter of the proud old Capulets. One of my very effective bits of business in the balcony scene was to wear a dust cap and empty a carpet sweeper down on Romeo's pate.

At that time I was a boy soprano with a voice that ranged two octaves, and I worked it to death. I've never been able to warble a respectable note since I closed as Juliet. My farewell appearance in that coveted rôle was certainly my swan song.

Of course, I was a very bad actress, and used to drive the manager of that decidedly stag troupe to froth in frenzy. I rarely put my wig on straight. Neither could I make my two cheeks match when I rouged with the rabbit's foot, and my carmined mouth was often like a sick tomato.

The manager, who was also our star, usually had two make-ups to worry about—mine as well as his own. One night before he repaired me, he said that my face looked upside down. Another time after he'd done me all over, I repaid his generosity by falling headlong, wig and rouge, into a big tub of water that the actors used in scrubbing themselves. As I emerged a worse mess than ever, he blared,

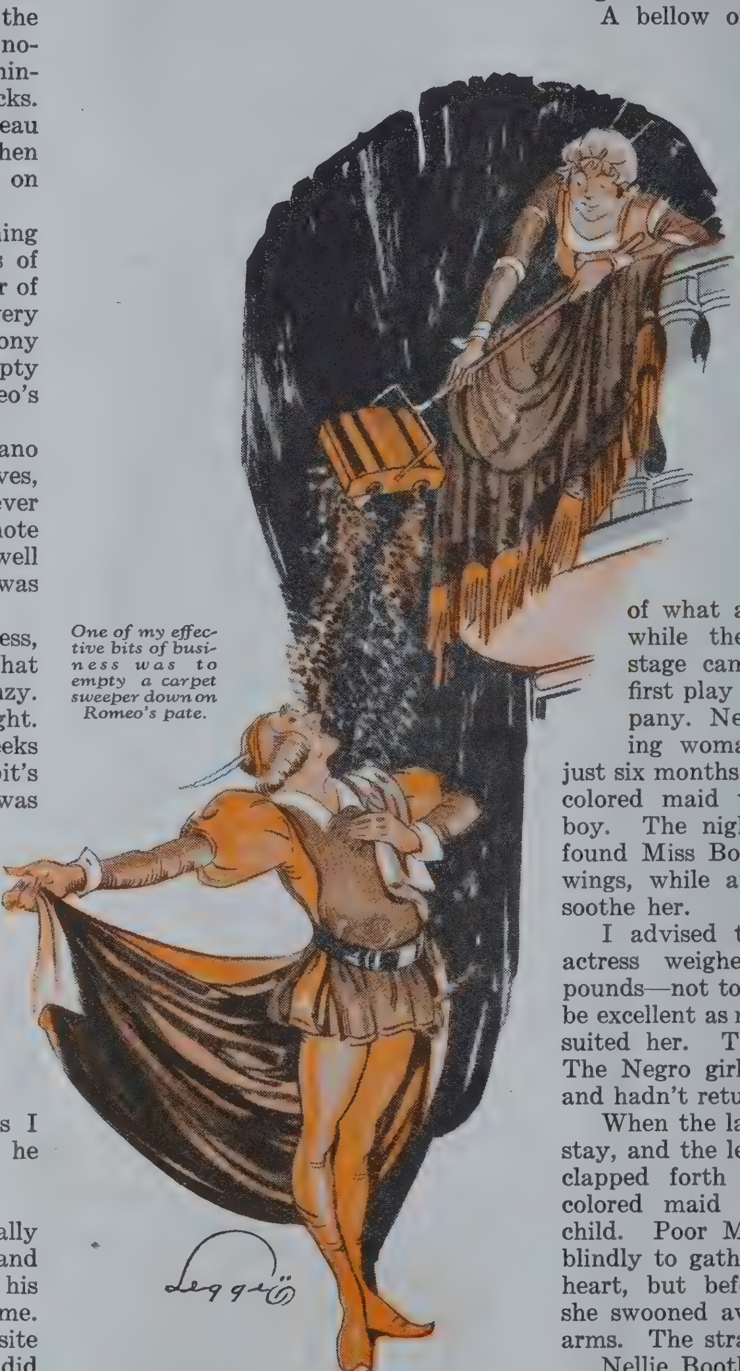
'Too bad you didn't drown!'

When in the after years I really made Shakespeare's acquaintance, and realized that I hadn't done right by his immortal Juliet, remorse swamped me.

The Romeo who played opposite me, or rather under me, for we did only the balcony scene, was a tried but untrue comedian of sixty-odd summers. In tights he was the funniest creation I ever beheld. He looked like Black Beauty when they trotted him off to the boneyard.

Romeo often got off in his lines, which put me in a ticklish position. When we were in decidedly 'wet' territory, that son of Thespis was wont to get thick of speech or even to mimic my Irish brogue.

One matinée in a fury at his floundering, I forgot myself.



One of my effective bits of business was to empty a carpet sweeper down on Romeo's pate.

'Watch what ye're sayin',' I shrilled, 'or I'll not only hit ye wit' the dust but the broom too!'

I swung the carpet sweeper down at Romeo hoping to wake him out of his semicoma. Alas, I aimed not wisely but too well. The sweeper biffed him on the head and knocked his cocky little cap with the rakish feather over the garden wall. Did that stir him? It did—so much so that he strutted haughtily off the stage, leaving a lorn, helpless Juliet standing agape, swinging her broom futilely, like the pendulum in grandfather's clock.

A bellow of laughter billowed up from down front. Even our poker-faced manager tittered. Of course, he pushed the insulted Romeo right back on to the stage.

I'd committed lese majesty and didn't know it. I found out at the end of that performance. I was wholly undressed, kneeling by the big tub with my ears full of suds when Romeo came upon his Juliet. He put me across his knee, and the smacks echoed louder than my screeches.

My earliest inkling of what actors may be suffering while they're working on the stage came when I put on my first play with a little stock company. Nellie Booth was the leading woman, and her baby was just six months old. She had a careless colored maid to take charge of the boy. The night my show opened, I found Miss Booth in hysterics in the wings, while another actress tried to soothe her.

I advised the little mother—that actress weighed exactly eighty-nine pounds—not to worry, as I knew she'd be excellent as my heroine: the part just suited her. Then I learned the truth. The Negro girl had gone joy-riding and hadn't returned since morning.

When the last curtain was down to stay, and the leading woman had been clapped forth again and again, the colored maid entered with the lost child. Poor Miss Booth groped over blindly to gather young Buster to her heart, but before reaching the child she swooned away into her husband's arms. The strain had been too great.

Nellie Booth's child was afterward kidnaped and she has never found him. She's still playing, but always with that ache in her heart. Last season she revived *Ten Nights in a Barroom.*

After a number of years, when next I met Miss Booth, her long golden hair was cropped close like a boy's. That was in the days before the popular lady's shingle. Her husband explained. His Albert Dwight players were doing *The Midnight Marriage.* The leading woman had met with an accident and couldn't walk. It was too late to get a capable substitute.

The theater was sold out for the evening performance, and the lessee insisted that the show go on. Mr. Dwight, quite desperate, begged for a half-hour's grace. It was given, while a motion picture was presented.

Nellie Booth had starred in *The Midnight Marriage* and was still up in the part. But she was confined to a sick bed in a nearby sanitorium. However, a racing motor brought her to the show, and she played splendidly. The next day she came down with brain fever. That's how she lost her hair.

Marion Barney was one of the finest stock actresses our country ever produced. She possessed such a memory that learning new rôles was child's play to her. Miss Barney was to open in summer stock in *Barbara Frietchie.* As she had had only one rehearsal, she was flurried, but she got by till near the end of the play.

SHE had to climb a ladder to reach Barbara's balcony and cry, 'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head!' Nervous, she slipped and fell to the stage. Her head struck a ring in a trapdoor, and she would probably have received a fractured skull or concussion of the brain except for the heavy wig she wore over her own abundant tresses. As it was she sustained a deep cut which bled profusely.

She was unconscious for about ten minutes, while the orchestra played the audience out of patience. Nobody knew whether that performance would ever be finished. But it was. Miss Barney revived and insisted on climbing the ladder again, though she shook from head to foot on every rung, and blood trickled down the back of her neck. But the audience knew nothing of her accident till later. She stayed at Johnstown in stock all that summer, suffering terribly with headaches, yet never missing a performance, and they had a new bill to stage every week. Not long after I heard she was prostrated in a hospital in New York City.

Miss Barney was rehearsing in Philadelphia when a curious accident occurred. The actress was to play the twin rôles in *Pilate's Daughter*. In the first act she appeared as Claudia, wife of Pontius Pilate. She was revealed tossing on her couch, dreaming of the strange Man who'd been brought before her husband for judgment. Ghostly figures haunted her dreams and warned about the Just Man. Miss Barney started up with a scream of horror, and there in the distance, seen plainly from her window, was the cross with the dying Christ hanging. Her cry of woe brought down the curtain. A gigantic crucifix with a life-size figure was used for that tableau. The corpus of that cross was gruesomely real. I noticed it lying on the stage. Every time I saw her pass that cross, she bowed her head reverently.

A STAGE carpenter noticed her and made it a point, whenever he neared the recumbent cross, to spit tobacco juice just as closely as possible without really blemishing the 'prop.' Miss Barney couldn't stand it and remonstrated with him. I really do think he was just teasing, and wanted her to notice him. He'd remarked that she was the most beautiful woman he ever saw. Of course, like a good actress, Marion Barney was superstitious. She shook a reproving finger at the annoying stage hand.

'Be careful! Something might happen to you! Mind!'

She was just about to go on when she heard that the carpenter, while high up in the flies, had lost his balance and fallen to the stage. He died at the very foot of the large crucifix.

That evening when she was sipping a cup of tea, she leaned anxiously across to Bartley Cushing, the director. 'Do you think,' she faltered, '—did I have anything to do with that poor man's death? Oh, how I repent what I said to him. I feel so guilty!'

The press agent thought for a time of using the 'blasphemer's' fall for publicity, but Miss Barney vetoed emphatically such a procedure.

I recall a small incident of her closing night in Philadelphia in *The New York Idea*. Her leading man was Wilson Melrose who was playing the divorced husband. She finds she can't go through with a second marriage, so she flies back to her first husband. The room she beholds exactly as she had left it long before—the chair she had kicked in her tantrum, still overturned; even her workbasket remaining upset on the floor.

In that performance some lines were interpolated that the playwright wouldn't have recognized. Everybody knows how actors josh one another at a closing. When Melrose picked up the fallen workbasket for Cynthia, a ball of silk rolled out and under the piano, which, of course, wasn't in the business. He made futile efforts to capture the ball, and gave a good imitation of a playful kitten.

Miss Barney shot him an awful look for his clowning. Her temper wasn't good in that moment. She was faced by an all-night ride to Johnstown, and maybe she nursed a presentiment she'd fall from a ladder. Melrose saw she was nettled and relished it. Everybody knew it was hard to ruffle Miss Barney. Like a pigeon, he looked archly up at her as he groped under the piano.

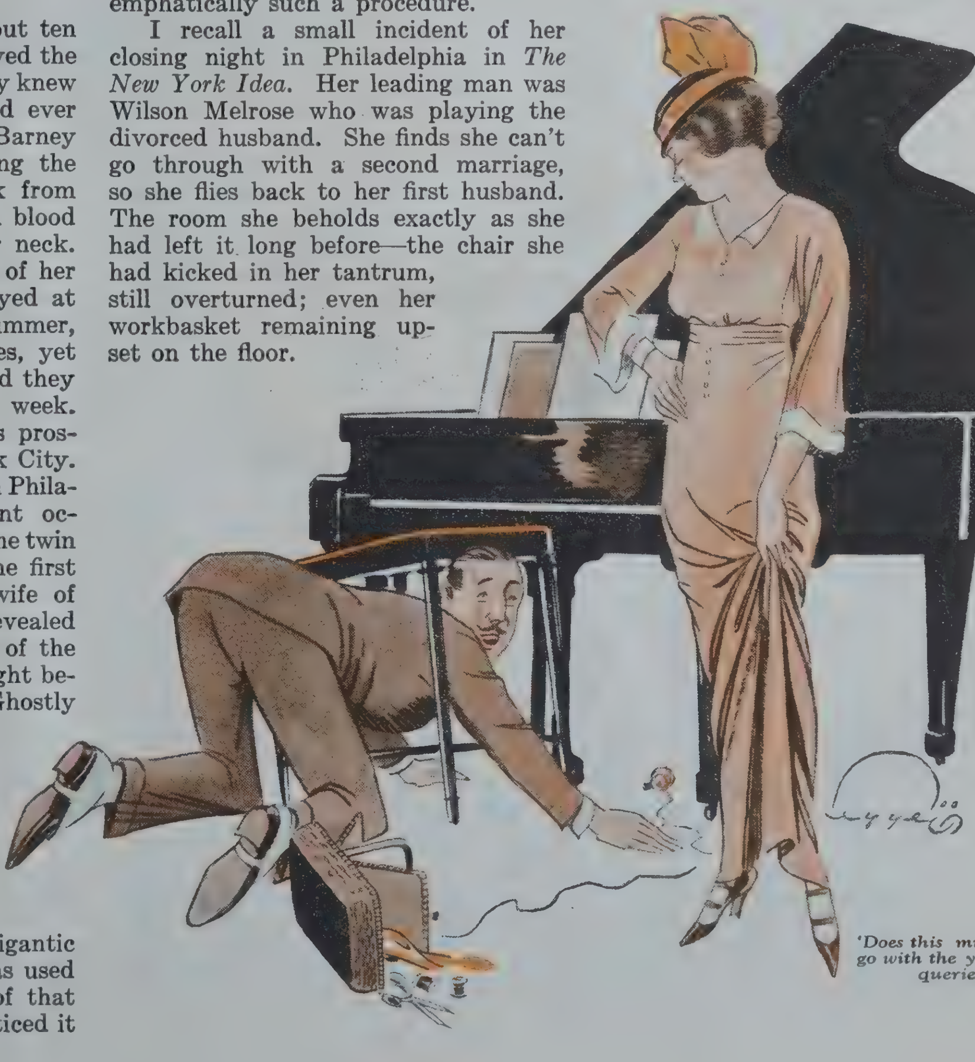
'Does this music box go with the yarn?' he queried, as his head whacked up against the stool.

'For heaven's sake,' shrilled the leading woman, 'break that string before I scream!'

When the pair parted that night—never to meet again—she slid her hand into his.

'Goodby, Wilson,' she said. 'Do be good and forget how catty I was tonight. I'm heartily ashamed of myself.'

(Continued on page 23)



'Does this music box go with the yarn?' he queried.

Thoreau *and* Burroughs

Some Contrasts in Character

By CLARA BARRUS

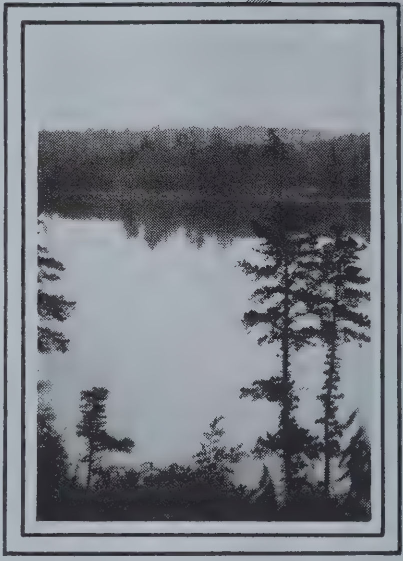
From the *Life and Letters of John Burroughs*

BOTH Thoreau and Burroughs obeyed the impulse to live close to Nature, and to interpret her, although Thoreau, especially, interpreted himself more than Nature. Both had keen perceptions. They were both profoundly influenced by Emerson, Thoreau chiefly by propinquity, Burroughs more through spiritual kinship. He seemed to feel more deeply the pull of Emerson's lofty thought.

Both were shy, unworldly, uncommercial; and they had a like craving for solitude, though Burroughs had need of comradeship as well. While he could have said, with Thoreau, that he was happiest the forenoons when nobody called, he could the better have concealed his disappointment when his solitude was invaded. Thoreau's persistent aim was to put the whole of Nature between himself and his fellows, while through Nature Burroughs unconsciously drew others to himself.

The unsocial (almost antisocial) instinct seems to have been inherent in Thoreau, while Burroughs was unsocial only by spells. Hawthorne's gentle sarcasm when, in commenting on Thoreau's retreat to his hermitage, he spoke of 'the beauty of *conspicuous* solitude,' was hardly justifiable, for there was probably no more posing in Thoreau's life at Walden than in Burroughs' at Slabsides. The experiment of Thoreau lasted only two years; with Burroughs it extended over a quarter of a century.

The motives that caused Burroughs to take to the woods were doubtless more complex than those which actuated Thoreau. To open trade with the Celestial Empire and to reduce life to its lowest terms were the avowed motives of Thoreau. Among those which actuated Burroughs was the need of more seclusion, more freedom from domestic routine, and closer contact with wild nature; while there also entered the farmer's desire to reclaim some especially productive swampland, as well as to provide a home for a homeless brother. Both Thoreau and Burroughs knew that the most precious things in life were to be had without money; and they were equally enamored of the simple life, though each chose his own brand of simplicity; just as each lived for ideal ends, however much their ideals differed.



Thoreau, who put the whole of Nature between himself and his fellows. Beneath, a view of Walden Pond.

Out of doors Burroughs was 'a willow in the wilderness,' but by his study fire he mused on what his saunterings had yielded.

Thoreau said he wanted to crow loud enough to wake his neighbors up; but imagine his consternation had his crowing brought them out to Walden! Much as he scorned them for following their avocations, how he would have railed at them had they come trespassing in his swamps and bogs! Since his every walk was a sort of crusade, of course no infidel might saunter in *his* holy land. One marvels that he suffered Spalding to pass through his own woods with no more molestation than the snickering in which he and the squirrels indulged at Spalding's fatuous belief in his own ownership.

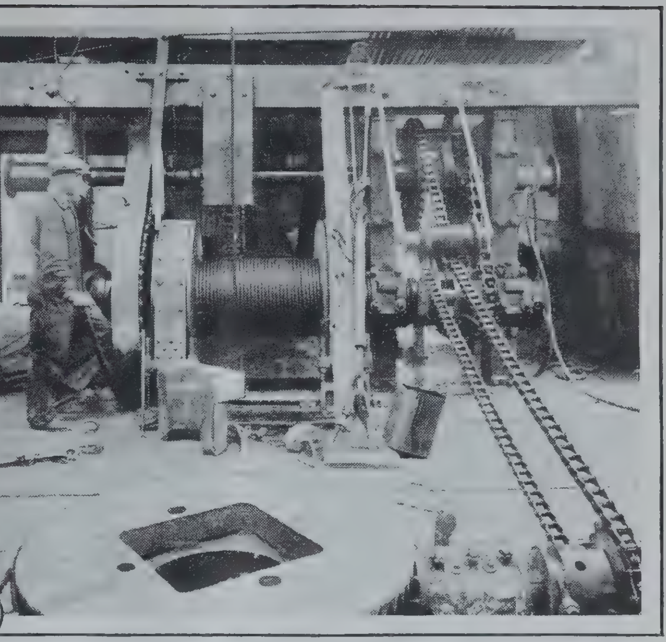
After spending a day with the selectmen of Concord, Thoreau felt inexpressibly begrimed; and confessed to having no more sympathy with his townsmen than with the mobs of India or China. When he did not speak of his neighbors as barbarians, or foreigners, or hornets, or hyenas, he still described them as narrow-minded and groveling, and thanked heaven he was not as they. He found the pigs in the streets of New York (1843) the most respectable part of the population; and as for the society of young women, it was 'the most unprofitable' he had ever tried.

Look at this picture, and then on that of the 'Man-not-afraid-of-company,' whose latchstring on the rustic door of Slabsides was always hanging out!

Burroughs said that Thoreau's only escapades were eloping with a mountain, or coquetting with Walden Pond; but had Burroughs (*Continued on page 20*)

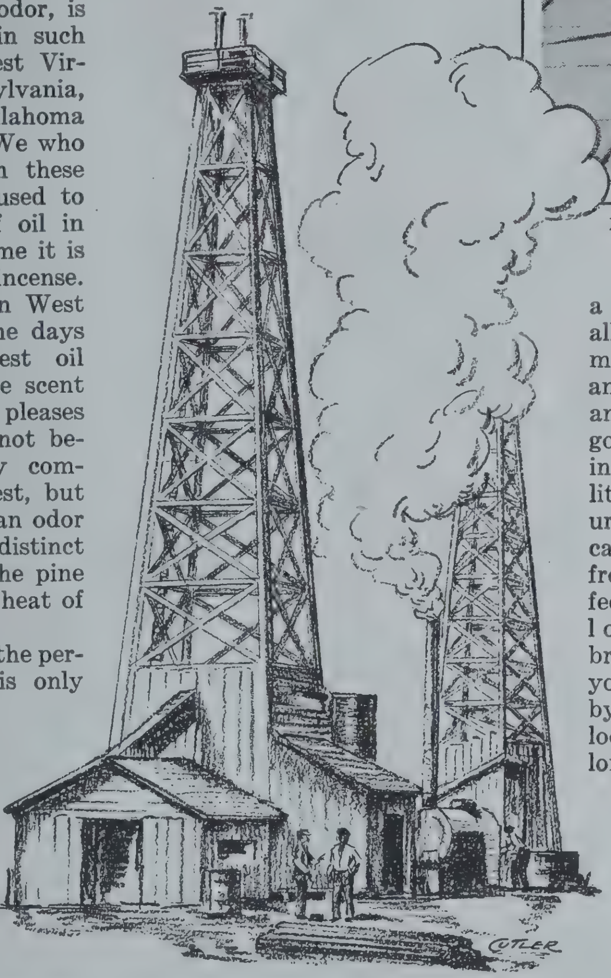
MEXICO— A Reservoir of OIL

By
WILLIAM
L.
STIDGER



Machinery in an oil derrick. The drill is revolved by connection with the chain, and is raised or lowered by the winch.

THE moment you cross into Mexico you are assailed with that peculiar smell of oil. Our American consciousness of oil, with its rich dark color, its deep, heavy odor, is well known in such places as West Virginia, Pennsylvania, California, Oklahoma and Texas. We who have lived in these sections are used to that smell of oil in the air. To me it is like some rich incense. I was born in West Virginia in the days of its greatest oil strike and the scent of oil in the air pleases my nostrils; not because of any commercial interest, but because it is an odor that becomes distinct like that of the pine woods in the heat of summer.



But while the perfume of oil is only local in the United States it hovers over the entire surface of the Mexican Republic. There are many reasons for this: One is that Mexico is a veritable pot of oil. Instead of gold and jewels at the foot of the rainbow in this adventurer's paradise there is a constantly gushing flow of oil.

Another reason why this atmosphere pervades the nation is that all of the railroad engines burn oil. This makes a cleaner journey and it is a pleasant contrast to the coal-burning engines from which cinders fly like hail.

Tampico, that tropical seaport of Mexico, runs black with oil; so much so, that if you are not careful where you step, you will return to your hotel with shoes covered with oil; and if you are not careful where you sit, you will come back with your trousers spotted with oil; and if you are not careful with whom you talk, you will come back with your soul saturated with oil.

This city is a bonanza, with all the excitement, romance and adventure of an old California gold camp. It is in the very air, literally and figuratively. You cannot get away from oil. You feel it, you swallow it, you breathe it, and you dream of it by night as you look out at the long line of great steel tanks holding fifty thousand barrels each, running for miles along the ocean front; looking like great mountains outlined against the moonlight as you cross the Mexican desert.

Some of the most spectacular and expensive fires in the world's history have been in Mexican oil fields. Oil men still talk with awe of July 4, 1908, when the famous old Dos Bocas well decided to celebrate our national holiday by an explosion that might have been heard far over the border.

This well was owned by the Aguila Company, a group of Mexican capitalists. It came in with a smash, a 100,000-barrel well. The tremendous gas pressure behind that 100,000 barrels of oil threw out the casing, wrecked the derricks, and tore a huge crater at the surface of the earth. It at once caught fire and burned continuously from July fourth to September first. When the gas pressure had blown out all the oil and the well began to spout salt water, the fire was extinguished. Not a gallon of oil was saved.

Mexico knew of its oil long before Columbus discovered America, but little was done with this rich gift of nature until about 1901. It was first discovered because of oil seeping through the surface of the earth. As far back as Montezuma's time it was used as incense by the priests and burned at the altars of the Aztecs.

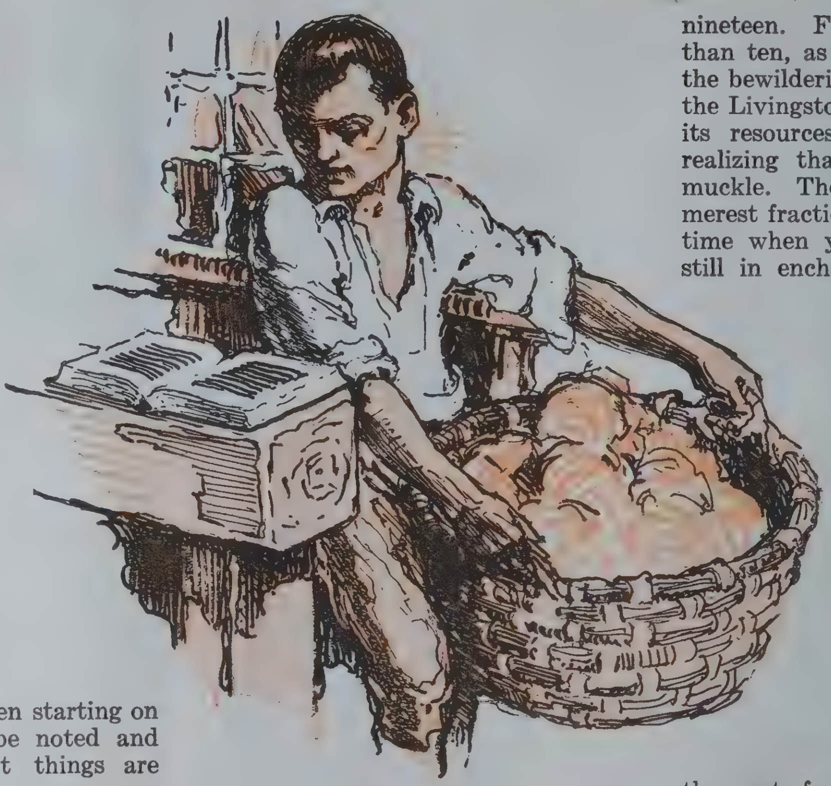
In 1901 the government granted liberal rights to outside enterprise and immediately American and English capital came in. The investors were like small boys who had discovered a rich, ripe blackberry patch and worked it for all it was worth, fearful, lest some other small boys should discover their find. This is one of the reasons why the average American knows so little about this rich oil sea in Mexico.

These early developing companies were granted patents exempting them from taxation on the oil when it went out refined, on wells that produced as high as five hundred barrels a day. They were also permitted to bring in their machinery, tools, pipe lines and other equipment duty free. Federal tax was not required for ten years.

With more than twenty pipe-line companies in Mexico, with a total daily pumping capacity of 1,200,000 barrels, Mexico might be said to be fairly dripping with oil. There is a total tankage of 26,000,000 barrels at tide water and these are always full.

Some people ask me how deep they have to go to strike oil in Mexico. I should say, commonly to a shallow depth, although some wells have to go deeper. Some wells get gushers at a depth of two thousand feet and others have to go deeper—as far down as five thousand.

LIVINGSTONE *of the* Lion-Heart



By CHARLES J. FINGER

Illustrated by PAUL HONORE

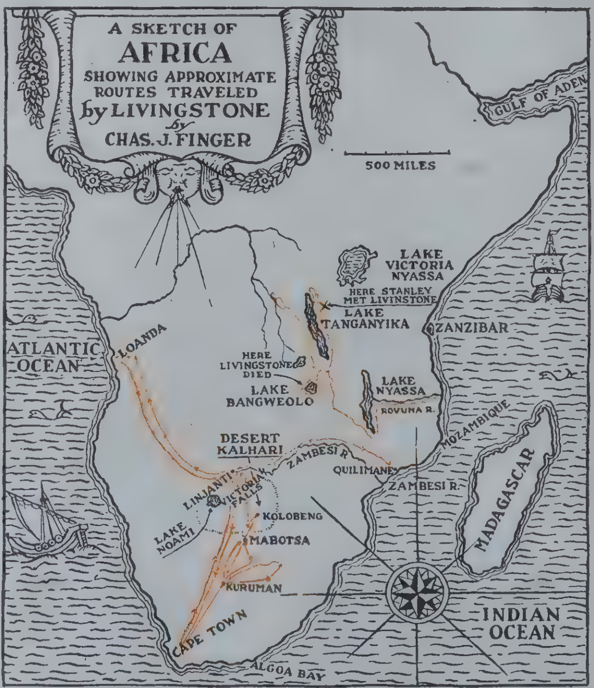
THIS is the true story of the world's undefeated long-distance champion walker, though his name is not in the sporting records and none of his walking was done in the sight of cheering crowds. It is also the tale of the world's most tremendous lone adventurer, who set out without elaborate equipment and without that *entourage* which, sometimes, those who have charge of the public trumpets and an eye upon private purses, seem to believe necessary. Indeed, this adventurer faced ten thousand miles with less fuss than many men make when starting on an auto trip, a fact to be noted and remembered if significant things are not to be missed.

The story begins in the year 1823, when the hero of it left school to go to work, just at that season of the year when winter hardens to frost. Which means, more particularly, that the boy, at the age of ten, had to be up out of bed, and lively, at five in the morning; had to dress and to eat his porridge by the light of a tallow candle, then race through cobbled streets while the day was gray, often in the teeth of a scowthering wind, to be at the Blantyre cotton factory when the six o'clock bell rang—and the wind that comes down the Clyde valley carries a shiver with it. As for the factory, it was a place of little comfort what with its heating system nothing more than a couple of open fireplaces, what with its indifferent lighting by high and narrow windows, and what with its bare brick walls and its steep and narrow stairways.

And there, from six in the morning to eight in the evening, taking his meals on the run, young David Livingstone was always at a jog trot, his arms full of material which had to be carried along a crowded floor, the boy twisting and turning to avoid bumping into machinery, climbing stairs to carry his load to a place at the farther end of the floor above. Then there was a carrying of another load to the lower floor. So the dull round went on, day in and day out, winter and summer, except for Sundays and an occasional Saturday's half holiday; went on steadily for nine years until David Livingstone the piecer became David Livingstone the spinner, at the age of nineteen. For the lad when no more than ten, as has been said, first faced the bewildering business of life because the Livingstone family had to husband its resources with meager economy, realizing that every mickle makes a muckle. Therefore leisure became the merest fraction of the child's day, at a time when youngsters of his age are still in enchanted glades. The child became a trudging wayfarer on the highways of life, with a burden to shoulder which would have crushed any but a stoic.

But young David was a hero. When he entered the factory, to read and to write and to cipher in fair fashion in the manner of a boy of ten was the extent of his book learning. Yet in ten years he achieved tremendously, without any external compulsion, and became what the most of us would call well equipped. His start was in this fashion. With part of his first week's wages he bought a secondhand copy of the *Rudiments of Latin*, and, with the permission of a friendly spinner, he propped the book on the end of a spinning jenny which had to be passed in the regular course a hundred times a day. As he went he read a sentence, digesting and memorizing while on his way with his load. Returning with his arms full he read another sentence as he ran.

Thus bit by bit he came to know a good deal of Latin, of botany, of medicine, of mathematics, of navigation, of geography, of literature and of history. He memorized poems and notable passages of prose. He stored himself tremendously, and out of that storehouse presently came order, for the youth built a philosophy of life, also a certain belief, which, he did not doubt, would promote the peace and the well-being of society. And the dominant thing with him grew to be self-discipline; working through intellect he achieved character. Also he dreamed nobly and his dream was of going to China as an independent missionary, free, beholden to none, paying his own way, meeting his own expenses, building with his own hands a school in which he might teach men to shape their lives upon the model of exalted ideals.



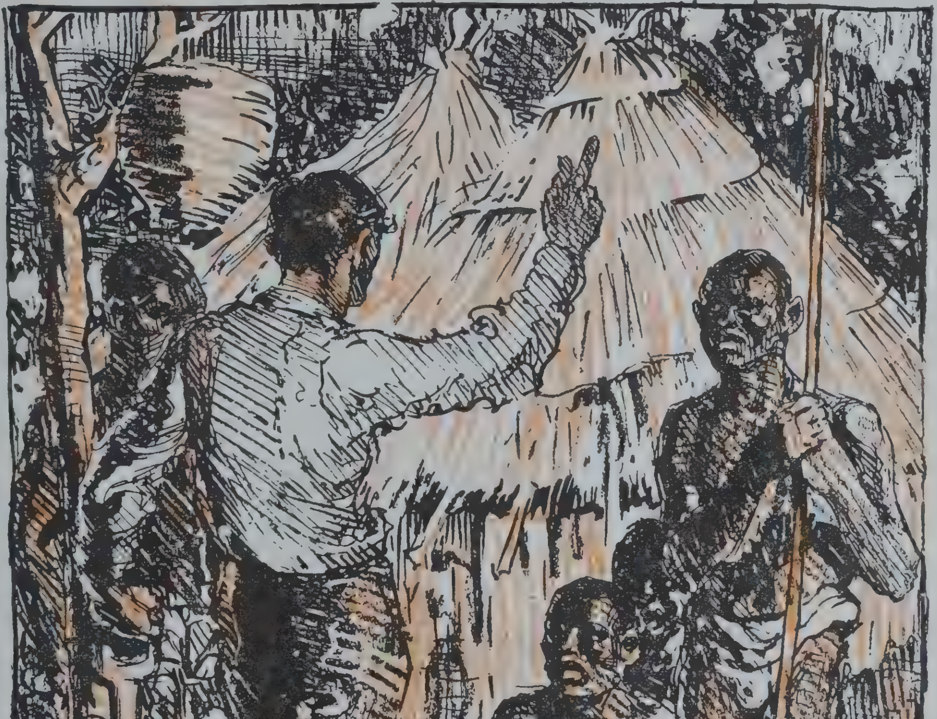
That men should live a religion was his belief. That men should have a goal, and march toward that goal was what he held to be a necessity. All of that and more he aimed to teach, and his pupils, he thought, would become disciples. He would be zealous for a religion, but not for a sect.

Doubtless he would have gone to China had it not been for those perils and diseases of society which break out in the form of war. For it was a time when buccaneer companies and financial plunderers were busy exploiting that land, and a dark cloud was looming which presently thundered into the storm of the opium war. In that trouble England was certainly guilty, her merchants having introduced poppy growing into China for opium making, with Chinese authorities forbidding the importation as detrimental to national health and well-being. Hence Englishmen found no favor in China. Livingstone turned his face to Africa, the more readily because a quicker road to enable him to do that which he wanted to do seemed open. That road was by way of the London Missionary Society which was sending promising men to field work. And, while the fiery-hearted Livingstone was full of a rare independence, an independence which caused him, referring to the Society's offered help, to write that 'it was not agreeable for one accustomed to work his own way to become in a measure dependent upon others,' yet the measure of intellectual freedom which they offered appealed to his nature. For the Society's aim and determination was 'to send neither Episcopacy, nor Presbyterianism, nor Independency, but the Gospel of Christ to the heathen,' and the declared intention to avoid sectarianism was very much to Livingstone's liking. So he went to London, passed his preliminary examination, then settled down to work with his customary energy. That was in September of 1838.

But not missionary preparation alone occupied him. There was medicine, too. Therefore he walked the hospitals, as the term has it, and, in November, 1840, presented himself before the examining board at Glasgow, came off with flying colors, and was duly qualified as a licentiate of faculty of physicians and surgeons. On the twentieth day of the same month he was back in London, taking his final examination as missionary, and, eighteen days later, when the ship *George* sailed for Algoa Bay, Africa, David Livingstone was aboard, dreaming splendid dreams of doing what no man had yet done.

And this was the cause of that dream. While he was in training in London, there came to the boarding house an old Scotch lion of an African missionary, one Robert Moffat. Moffat was a man rugged and clear-cut, not given to talk much about his doings, but tremendously interested in his work. He was the man who had tamed an Hottentot outlaw named Afrikaner, who had taught a wild people to work and utilize the land to its best advantage, who had stood against white oppression of the natives. Naturally, Livingstone sought speech with him; wanted to know what chance he had of doing effective work; what he should do to get full value out of his life. And the outspoken Moffat came out with hard facts, telling the truth with uncompromising straightforwardness.

There were, he said, altogether too many men calling themselves missionaries, who did little more than hang on the fringe of civilization. They were 'lily-white handed men' who sought soft jobs. They would not go forth into the wild lands. In a way they were parasites. He, himself, had ventured far inland in his day, but there were still unknown lands and unseen peoples. Standing on a mountain, he said he had 'seen the fires of a thousand villages' where white man had never set foot. He had heard of a great desert which civilized man had never seen, had been told of great lakes and rivers and forests; had heard tidings of tribes by the hundred. All of which sank deep into the heart of the listening young man who resolved as he heard. If no white man had seen those things, then he would be the first to see and to experience. He would pierce into the unknown; he would be the bearer of a message of good will to men and the establisher of a high and noble environment. He would give himself to the service of man, trying to redeem a whole people. Christianity with him would be something more than a hollow phrase. It would be a way of life. It should be the controlling thing in the domestic and the social life . . . Thus dreamed David Livingstone, the man who really and most earnestly believed in God. Nor is it possible to

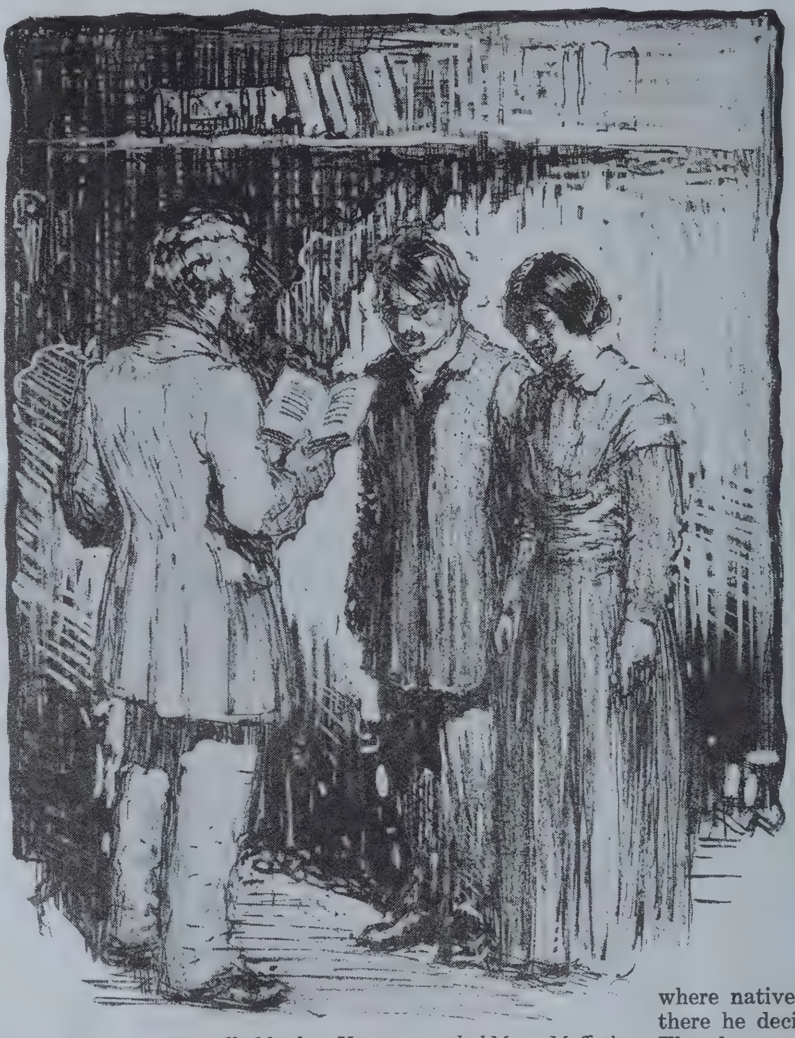

To him Christianity would be a way of life. It should be the controlling thing in the domestic and the social life.

let that belief lie in the background of things, because, as shall be seen, the man did wonderful things, with gentleness his armor and kindness his weapon, though nothing but manhood was in his composition.

After a voyage of five months the *George* dropped anchor at Cape Town and David Livingstone set foot in Africa. As 'just another missionary' he was received with equanimity as a mild-mannered young man of the usual pliability. According to custom he preached in the local church. But, after his sermon, something new and curious was in the air. It was no sheep-like man in the pulpit, but one who talked straight from the shoulder to the white settlers, a wiry youth with fire in him. He said things that bit deeply. He had thrown a bombshell into the camp when he denounced the white people for their advocacy of a gospel of good will toward men, when, in their own daily lives they seized upon the pettiest occasion of dispute—when their church was torn with faction—when they shamed and insulted their Christ by their actions while rendering him lip service—when they looked on unmoved at the spoliation of Africa.

Orthodox people who gravely talked the matter over had their doubts. There were those who denounced the young man as a disturber, as a dangerous character, as unsafe. Yet, he had done no more than to preach practical benevolence in his own way, though, years later, much he said was used to his hurt, as shall transpire. Also he was amazed at the stir his words made; more amazed at the accusation of heterodoxy launched at him. 'My theme,' he wrote, in a letter to a friend, 'was the necessity of adopting the benevolence of the Son of God as the governing principle of our conduct . . . . My way of putting this roused the indignation of those worthies, who seemed much more fearful of heterodoxy in sentiment than heterodoxy in practice . . . It is a house divided against itself . . . They do not deserve a good pastor, and I don't see anything for them but dissolution, and being remodeled.'

A month later he found the world a kinder and an easier place. For he was well away from cramped conventions, walking by the side of an ox wagon on a seven-hundred-mile journey to Kuruman, up-country, the outpost where Dr. Moffat lived. His journal reveals him as a light-hearted knight, radiant because of all that new out-of-door life, finding the world exquisite and fine, laughing at hardships, delighted at the hints of loveliness in vast plains and hills and forests, finding the Hottentots who were with him quite pleasant and refreshing companions. Life was a game to be played eagerly, and his only wonder was that all the seriousness he had expected to feel he did not feel. He had left civilization, but was full of a feeling of serenity and well-being, with every day full of enjoyment and delight. Whereas he had been led to believe that he would find himself rueful, and life solemn, and the way dreary.



He walked back to Kuruman, asked Mary, Moffat's eldest daughter, to be his wife, was married and took her to his Mabotsa home.

Arrived at Kuruman he was eager to get to work, keen to be on the trail of the unknown. A resident missionary spoke of rest after the seven-hundred-mile walk, but Livingstone was like an athlete in trim to whom rest was weariness. Besides, if he was to know the natives, he would have to live with them, know their thoughts, talk their tongue. So, heady with the wine of life, he started off for a swing into the Bakwain country, persuading the missionary to go with him. That swing, be it said, was in effect a walking tour about equal to an encircling of the State of Missouri, the final hundred and fifty miles back to Kuruman being done at extra rapid pace with each man carrying his own impedimenta, for their wagon had broken down.

But during the tour Livingstone won a name which made natives hopefully and gladly remember him. For he found medical practice in plenty; also he took a first step toward imposing his antislavery beliefs upon an unwilling world by way of rescuing a girl child of twelve from would-be traders. 'If fifty men had come they would not have got her,' he wrote.

Nor being again arrived at Kuruman could he rest. He was full of the true man's dissatisfaction with his own knowledge. He felt that he knew nothing of the ways of feeling, of acting, of thinking of the natives. Already he had discovered that all, or almost all, told him had been a medley of nonsense. He had discovered much for himself, and would discover further. So, leaving the white world, he went into native society at a place called Lepeloh, and there stayed for six months, trying to see things straight and getting away from muddled cross lights.

That period of probation ended, he went again into the Bakwain country to match himself against the rainmakers in a time of drought, setting a tribe to work to dig an irrigation canal and so bring water to exhausted soil. He knew nothing, he told them, of magic incantations, but much of the magic of the spade. And the natives heard, wondered a little, laughed, went to work. For it was not so much preaching that Livingstone set store by, as it was the giving of a wider and a clearer vision. It was not so much scolding and checking, as it was a teaching how to order life on peaceful and wiser lines. So there were many activities for the young man, activities among the Bakwains and the Bakas and the southern Makalolo; teaching, healing, training.

Presently he heard of a valley to the northeast, two hundred miles away, where natives from the north visited, and there he decided to make his first station. The place was Mabotsa, one hitherto unseen by white man. So that way he set his face, his days of apprenticeship being ended, and there he built a house and lived for three years among the Bakatla people.

One tremendous adventure befell him while there, for a lion leaped at him and mauled him, crunching the bone of his left upper arm into splinters, and so laming him permanently. Apart from the rare danger from wild animals, the countryside struck him as being as free from peril as Scotland, and certainly much safer than cities. Therefore he decided to make Africa his home. So he walked back to Kuruman, asked Mary, Moffat's eldest daughter, to be his wife, was married and took her to his Mabotsa home.

Presently came news of a strange people beyond a vast desert, news of a vast lake, of a mighty river. And with the news Livingstone, and Mary, too, became impatient of all that unreasonable content. To see rich and magnificent glories, to face new adventures in no timid way, to know tribes which had seen no white face, these were their dreams. On June 1, 1820, the expedition started on one of the world's tremendous adventures.

The Iron Men of Sport

(*Continued from page 7*)

of the links. He was the first golfer to land the United States Open title with a score of less than 300, finishing with 295 in 1905. He remains a dangerous competitor today.

Three of Great Britain's golfing greats are Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor and Jimmy Braid. Among them they have won sixteen open championships. Taylor won the title in 1894. He won four after that, his last victory coming in 1913. A span of nineteen years separated his first and his last victories.

There are other men in this country who have engaged in competitive golf over long periods of time. Findley S. Douglas and Bill Fownes are still going out after championships. They were among the first to compete in golf tournaments on this side.

While there is a strain in competitive golf it does not take nearly so much from the individual as most of the other sports and there are longer rests between tournaments where the player can fully recover.

The best racquets player today is Jock Soutar. He holds the world championship at both racquets and squash racquets. Both sports are among the most strenuous known, but Soutar, past forty and in competition for more than twenty-five years, still manages to beat off the younger and supposedly faster challengers. He remains supreme at both games.

Europeans are credited with outlasting their American rivals in track and field sports because they do not go at things so strenuously as do the Americans, but still, the United States can show at least two athletes to disprove this statement that we burn out quickly and fade rapidly. Matt McGrath, at the age of fifty, is still one of America's weight champions and made the All-America team last year. His fellow New Yorker, Patrick McDonald, two years Matt's junior, manages to retain a couple of track and field titles. These two Irish-Americans show no signs of cracking. For years they have stood off the challenges of younger giants from all over the country and they promise to go on indefinitely.

Paavo Nurmi, the Finn, is thirty-three; Edvin Wide, the Swede, is thirty-one; Dr. Otto Peltzer, the German, is twenty-nine. These three men are the outstanding runners of today and among them they hold nearly all the records for various distances from sprints to ten miles. But they must continue traveling for years more before they can be classed as iron men. They started late and they may be able to keep going much longer than the average American runner.

TENNIS has developed a number of iron men. William T. Tilden is the foremost among the American. Through seven strenuous seasons Tilden remained at the head of the sport, acknowledged as the No. 1 player of the world.

Boxing has produced a number of iron men, although there are few in the modern school. The late Harry Greb was an exception. Greb fought for years and he fought as often as the opportunity was given him, sometimes three and four matches in a single week. He kept in condition by boxing; he rarely trained.

Little Jimmy Wilde, greatest of all the flyweights and one of the most courageous men that ever lived, was a remarkable iron man. Wilde fought for nearly twenty years. Rarely weighing as much as 110 he took on opponents of all weights. He fought a few matches with heavyweights. Wilde would have fought a lion on request.

Johnny Dundee was to the lightweights what Harry Greb was to the middleweights. Dundee could never get enough bouts to please him. He would fight every night of the year. His record will show that he leads all men of his weight for the number of bouts engaged in. He, like Greb, was an extraordinary boxer. He was a hard man to hit. He took comparatively little punishment and was able to last a long time.

GOING farther back into boxing history one encounters a flock of iron men. John Lawrence Sullivan was probably the best among the heavyweights. Sullivan for years fought all comers. He knocked most of them out in from one to four rounds but not all his bouts were decided that quickly. It took Sullivan seventy-five rounds to beat Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Mississippi, in 1889. Imagine a boxer of today going seventy-five rounds!

Jim Jeffries was an iron man. He met some of the hardest hitters in history. They all cracked him on the chin but they could not hit him hard enough to send his head back. Bob Fitzsimmons used every blow he knew on Jeffries the night they fought at Coney Island. Jeffries took everything Fitzsimmons gave him and then knocked him out.

Fitzsimmons was somewhat of an iron man himself. He started a trifle late but he covered a great deal of territory when he got going and fought his last battle when well past fifty.

George (Kid) Lavigne, a lightweight, was one of the greatest iron men of all time. His fight with Joe Wolcott was the best ever staged in America. Wolcott, a welterweight, had agreed to knock out Lavigne, a 130-pounder, in fifteen rounds or forfeit the purse. Wolcott gave Lavigne the most terrific pounding a man ever took. Lavigne's eyes were closed, his ears were hanging by shreds, his body was covered with blood but he kept tearing in. At the close of the fourteenth round Wolcott returned to his corner and told his manager he wanted to quit. The manager forced him back into the ring. He covered through the fifteenth round, Lavigne chasing him over the ring.

Lavigne took the world title from Dick Burge, a great fighter who weighed 150 pounds the night he fought Lavigne. The American was told that he did not have to meet Burge because Burge was away over the lightweight limit.

'I don't care if he weighs a ton,' was Lavigne's answer, 'I wanna fight.' He knocked out Burge in fifteen rounds and brought the lightweight crown to the United States.

There have been more iron men in boxing, Joe Jeanette, Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast and others. They all belonged to schools that have passed. But in other sports the iron men remain.

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Thoreau and Burroughs

(*Continued from page 14*)

himself been under oath, he would doubtless have pleaded guilty to entangling alliance with more animated and charming children of Nature.

In his *Journal* the Hermit of Walden tells of his humiliation because a neighbor asked him to leave some handbills at a certain place in passing, which recalls, by contrast, an incident related with amusement, devoid of humiliation, by Mr. Burroughs: When walking along a country road in the suburbs of La Jolla, California, in 1920, he was hailed by an old woman sitting on her porch, and asked to take down her washing from the line, she being disabled He followed her instructions (Can't you see the twinkle in his eye?) and even stopped for a chat after having disposed of the basket and clothespins.

ALONE at Walden, Thoreau said, perversely, that he was no more lonely than the loons on the pond, the mulleins in the pasture, the south wind, or the north star. Perhaps not, though they had other loons and mulleins, other winds and stars, to hobnob with.

'Why should I be lonely?' he asked with bravado. 'Is not our planet in the Milky Way?'

Burroughs preferred more sublunary sources of milk supply—such as rural divinities on the nearby hills, while as for the milk of human kindness, he would not have relished that if transported from such a distance. He evidently did try, however, to emulate Thoreau's readiness to say 'no' when, bracing himself to refuse an invitation to the Pacific Coast, he asked, 'Why should I wander? I can see the constellations from my own doorstep.' Yet he could not stick to this, and a few days later was off to meet John Muir in the Petrified Forests!

While both men were strong in their local attachments, I fancy the feeling of Mr. Burroughs for his native place had more of yearning affection in it than had Thoreau's for Concord. Concord was a microcosm, and he doubtless clung to it rather as a field of intensive observation than as an object of affection. Finding 'so little' in Doctor Kane's *Arctic Explorations* 'that could not be observed in Concord,' how did he ever get so far away as the Maine Woods or Canada!

IN comparison, Mr. Burroughs traveled a good deal—twice to Europe, several times to Canada, through the South, and to the Pacific Coast. He also visited Jamaica, Cuba, Bermuda, Hawaii, and Alaska. (For an hour he was even in Asia.) Yet he declared himself as local as a turtle, and always left home reluctantly, though eager about new lands and the new face in them which Nature turned to him.

In practical life both men were handy and resourceful. Thoreau, especially, could turn his Yankee hand to everything—surveying, pencil making, fence building, carpenter work, papering, whitewashing, bricking up a fireplace, and so on; in fact, he said he had as many trades as he had fingers. Mr. Burroughs could help build his woodland cabin, his chimney, his fireplace; could make rustic furniture, raise superior garden truck, and run a vineyard successfully; and, pedestrian that he was, even learned to run an automobile in his seventy-sixth year!

They were alike in some of their 'unpaid occupations,' such as Thoreau enumerated—inspector of storms, surveyor of forest paths and all across-lot routes. Thoreau made the earth say 'beans' (and said a good deal about them himself); and Burroughs made it say 'grapes,' 'celery,' 'peas,' 'corn'; and he incidentally raised enough to supply a good many besides himself.

As for his grapes, he not only got them to market with the bloom on them (an aim which he realized with the fruit of other vines than grapevines), but he netted a tidy sum from them in the open market, and still found time to write engagingly of the birds that pecked his grapes, and of the 'divine soil' out of which they grew. Thoreau's concern, however, was with 'more celestial agriculture'; and when he did knuckle down to work for hire, he felt the money thus made was tainted.

Thoreau gave something of a Jack Horner twist—'See what a great boy am I!'—to his bath in the 'primal sanities'; but Burroughs went his way quietly, finding life sweetest close to the bone, as did Thoreau, yet willing that others should mingle in the haunts of men without making of that a bone of contention. He did not boast that he would not go round the corner to see the world blow up; he even suspected that he would enjoy the spectacle, if it had to be; but Thoreau's saying, that he would sooner see a snake cast its skin than to see a king crowned, is offset by Burroughs taking to the woods in search of spring flowers instead of attending Lincoln's second inauguration.

ALTHOUGH Burroughs was willing to concede to others the liberty he asked for himself, he was impatient with friends who lived at high pressure. He used to lament the untimely death of two of his friends, both editors, poets, and philanthropists—Richard Watson Gilder, and Francis Fisher Browne—who spent themselves so lavishly for causes near their hearts, keeping only shreds of time for their own creative work.

Thoreau was a sturdy sayer of 'no,' while Burroughs found it a word most difficult to articulate. One finds Thoreau stimulating, Burroughs nourishing; Thoreau exasperating, Burroughs conciliatory. The one challenges, the other convinces; the one deals in exaggerations, the other has profound respect for facts. Thoreau delights in overstating, merely to startle his reader; Burroughs makes one glad that things are as they are.

It is significant that Thoreau's favorite season was winter, and Burroughs', spring. Yet, with none of the former's stoicism, Burroughs welcomed winter, too; not, as did Thoreau, as something to be wrestled with, so much as for the shut-in feeling it gives—the better opportunity to get near oneself. Out of doors he was 'a willow in the wilderness,' but by his study fire he mused on what his saunterings had yielded, or looked into his heart and wrote.

'I confess I can't lay siege to Nature as Thoreau did,' Mr. Burroughs once said. 'He walked in all seasons, and at all times of day. Walking was his occupation, his religion. He gave the wood gods no rest, was before their shrines at all hours; and he could make the most out of nothing of any one I ever heard. He takes a page or two to tell of a leaf falling into a lake.'

PERHAPS largely because Burroughs refused to live strenuously, but rather stayed his haste and made delays he was able to round out his life to almost four and eighty years. Thoreau lived only a little past forty, though, of course, other factors enter here. One contrasts the work they left behind: twenty-seven books by Burroughs, two by Thoreau. For only *Walden* and the *Week on the Concord and Merrimac* were published in Thoreau's lifetime, the other volumes in his collected writings having been compiled from his *Journal* and letters.

Thoreau was ever on the trail of that which could never be found—his lost hound and horse, and turtle dove, and his elusive 'night warbler.' This bird of mystery (to Thoreau) was one that Burroughs knew by day as well as night. In his early manhood the bird had lured him through the deep woods with its call of *teacher*, TEACHER, TEACHER, TEACHER!—the little ovenbird. Many a time throughout the years he had reclined upon a mossy knoll in the hemlocks and watched this pretty walker of the woods. As an octogenarian he went eagerly every spring to seek its curiously wrought nest near a sequestered path on the way to Slabsides. He had precious associations with the bird, while Thoreau, frequenting its haunts year in and year out, knew it only as a wandering voice.

Perhaps the most striking difference between Thoreau and Burroughs was in their intimate human relations—the love of friends and family. Thoreau himself said he was 'too cold for human friendship'; that he would sooner open his door to a woodchuck than to a man; that he 'could stroke and kiss the very sward, it is so fair'; and that he could love and embrace the scrub oak more readily than he could a woman. In fact, he confessed to a positive yearning for one—a scrub oak. To his friends he enjoined: 'Stand off! Keep away! Let there be an unfathomable gulf between us—let there be wholesome hate!'

ALLOWING for exaggeration, one sees at least circumstantial evidence of his coldness here, as much, say, as the little sick girl had for believing that she had chicken pox because she found a feather in the bed. On the other hand, there is the testimony of Dr. Edward Emerson that Thoreau was neighborly and friendly; and of Ellery Channing that he was 'modest, mild, and kind.' It is possible, too, that we shall learn, in time, of warmer human attributes than the world has as yet ascribed to him.

The Highway of Romance

Through the Historic California Mother Lode

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

A prospector on the trail.

Left—An old view of San Andreas.

OLD roads and trails which men and equipment traveled to blaze the way for empires often link up the history of events in the dim past. Rome has its Appian Way, the Oregon Trail is coming into its own, the Old Spanish Trail of the south is assured, and now the State of California comes to the front with a plan to build the Mother Lode State Highway—the Highway of Romance. There is romance in the name and there will be romance in every mile of the road itself, for it will at last open to motor traffic the entire length of the most famous and interesting section of the Golden State—the land of the Argonauts of Forty-nine—the land of Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller.

This north-and-south highway will follow the path the early adventurers traveled along the golden Mother Lode, through a territory rich in historic associations and scenic beauty—a territory known the world over, but little visited because it has been so difficult to reach. The proposed road will stretch from Sonora to Auburn, a distance of more than one hundred miles. It will bring to the view of the traveler evidence of early mining when men eagerly searched the hills and draws, the benches and streams for the elusive yellow metal which meant wealth and independence to all who were fortunate enough to return to civilization with it. It will invade the haunts of 'Dungaree Jack,' Tuttleton, and Calaveras County where the school-teacher Bret Harte held forth.

—Martin Photo, Stockton, Calif.

Tuttletown, made famous by Bret Harte's stories.

The visitor will stumble on the scene of *Tennessee's Partner*, view Tennessee's cabin.

He will be reminded of the *Luck of Roaring Camp* and *Lone Star Mountain*.

He will find old-timers who will take delight in living again the stories of the bygone days when the 'diggins' were populated by 'ticket-of-leave' convicts from Australia, Mexican cutthroats from below the border, bad men from the frontiers of the Middle West, and gamblers from the East. Or perhaps he will run across some old prospector with his laden burro about to set out for the little-known desert country in search of 'color.'

He will tell breath-taking stories of nights alone on the desert, of the hardships encountered in the search for water, and of moments of triumph when he has made a small strike.

Back in the minds of these old desert rats linger the stories of lucky strikes much as that made by Lucky Baldwin. Each one hopes to find another Comstock or Homestake mine. There are even optimistic souls who speak of the day the old workings will 'come back'—and boom times result.

Not long ago word came from some remote point in California that two miners who were working in an old abandoned shaft had discovered the lost Mother Lode. No doubt they struck a bit of ore that had no bearing on the lost lode but which served to renew lost hope. Mining men have dreamed of rediscovering this mother lode which is known to bear silver and gold of almost inestimable value. Some gigantic volcanic upheaval seems to have buried the vein in the high Sierras. Geologists admit that a fault in the earth's crust is responsible for the disappearance of the lode and all agree that there is a possibility of its coming to light in the future. If such should prove the case there would be thousands of adventurous men swarming the valleys where hundreds came in forty-nine.

The Mother Lode was a remarkable depository. The average length of a lode is about seven miles. The Mother Lode was fully sixty miles in length with a maximum width of thirty feet of hard white quartz loaded with high-grade gold.

The Native Daughters of the Golden West have done much to relocate the many famous 'settings' of the scenes of Harte and Twain. One hundred places have been identified with the gold rush days, including Angel's Hotel, where Bret Harte found comfortable lodging and which is the scene of his story, *The Bell-Ringer of Angel's*. Also the log cabin at Sawmill Flat, where Bret Harte's *Three Partners* lived.

Bret Harte painted vivid pictures of the rough and uncouth side of the life of the gold camps; yet withal throughout his writings one can discern the strong element of goodness, even of tenderness. He could not have written otherwise as he strolled through the mighty Sierras, in close companionship with the forest giants, amid scenery that rivals anything of its kind in the world.

Here is a land the world nearly forgot. A land of solitude and emptiness but a land of exquisite beauty and animation.

This is the land through which the Mother Lode Highway will run, and California is to be congratulated on its action in preserving the scenes of the most strenuous activity recorded among men. It will prove a mecca for the tired tourist who crosses the continent, a place worth visiting. Such tourists eventually will leave more money in the valleys than was ever taken out in nuggets and dust. The visitor will find men like William R. Gillis, an old-time prospector who haunts the 'diggins' sitting outside Mark Twain's old cabin on Jackass Hill, a remnant of the thousands of hardy miners who swarmed through the valleys—one who typifies the miner represented in the song:

I had comrades then who loved me well,
A jovial saucy crew;
They were some hard cases I must confess,
But they all were brave and true;
Who would never flinch, whate'er the pinch,
Who never would fret nor whine,
But like good old bricks they stood the kicks
In the Days of Forty-nine.

* * *

And now my comrades all are gone,
Not one remains to toast;
They have left me here in my misery
Like some poor wandering ghost.
Oh, my heart is filled with the days of yore,
And oft do I repine
For the Days of Old, the Days of Gold,
And the Days of Forty-nine.

Coloma, Hangtown, Smith Flat, El Dorado, Grizzly Flat, Fair Play, Indian Diggings, Drytown! What a wealth of associations the old names bring up! Memories of those feverish gold-seeking days of forty-nine throng thick and fast. Amador City, Sutter Creek, Jimtown, Whisky Hill, Fiddletown and Poverty Flat. The haunts of the gold seekers still are marked by the names which the forty-niners whimsically accorded them in the old placer mining days. Many of these old-town names have a familiar sound. Some of them have grown into thriving towns since their first loss of population following the early gold rush. Others have changed names. Many of the streets and buildings of the uninhabited camps remain practically as they were in their hectic days—'ghost cities of the West.'

As early as 1690, Loyola Casallo mentions seeing placer gold in California; large nuggets were described (by Antonio Alcedo, 1786) in the 18th Century. Not later than 1841, gold was found on San Francisquito Creek, Ventura County, about forty-five miles from Los Angeles, and was 'washed' there by Mexicans on a modest scale. On January 19, 1848, James W. Marshall, an American from New Jersey, employed by the Swiss pioneer, John Sutter, in building a sawmill near Coloma, on the north fork of the American, picked up yellow metallic flakes in the mill race; the news spread in spite of efforts to suppress it, and in a few months the gold rush was on.

The first mining by Americans was crude, as it had been in Mexican days—'washing out' the auriferous gravels in the 'gold pan.' The first step in advance was the 'rocker,' employing two men, and foreshadowing a certain associative effort. Then came the 'Long Tom,' which made also for stability. Then came the sluice-box, a small wooden flume with wooden riffles on the bottom, behind which the gold sank and was saved, while the lighter sand and gravel were swept on by the swift current. Still later came hydraulic mining, dredging, and the present high stage of development.

No region in the entire West holds for the traveler such a storehouse of romance as the chain of towns and hamlets with their historic settings and scenic beauties. It is easy for the casual visitor to recreate in his imagination the old wild scenes described in the California of Mark Twain and Bret Harte. In those days the lot of the miner was a hard one, and as time went on and the gold became scarce it was a case of the survival of the fittest. The soft type of man, such as is now termed a 'white collar' man, was the first to succumb to the rigors of mining life. The men who remained with the gold became professional miners.

The Survival *of the* Unfittest

The Newer Salem Revives *the* Outlook *on* Life

By RALPH BYERS

IN OLD SALEM there was a time when certain suspects were dropped into ponds and subjected to sundry other 'tests' to prove or disprove their right to live.

In the newer Salem a member of the Oregon legislature some time ago introduced a measure to make perpetuation of life, at least with the sanction of the marriage sacrament, conditional upon the Binet mentality test or some other psychiatric or psychoanalytic divining rod for assaying the human mind. These tests never fail. Their inventors would, perhaps, tell you so themselves. If further proof were needed, there is the testimony of hundreds who are growing rich by applying these tests or by lecturing about them or selling lessons in mind measuring.

The mental examination, according to the legislative measure, must insure that applicants for marriage licenses have 'at least the mentality of a twelve-year-old child' before 'being allowed to propagate' in wedlock.

The contemplation of homes being presided over by minds less than twelve years old is not a pleasant one. But what about the 'sure cure' method of preventing the creation of such homes? Any high-school student will tell you that mathematics is the only exact science; that physics, despite apparatus that will weigh a mark on a calling card and measure a fraction of a wave length of light, has an error percentage in every experiment, and that experiments having still greater error percentages are those conducted on the human body by diet squad tests and other means.

If a physician will tell you that his diagnoses are infallible, do not embarrass him by asking to look at his card of membership in a reputable medical association.

But the mental plumb lines are infallible.

No, not all the psychologists will tell you that.

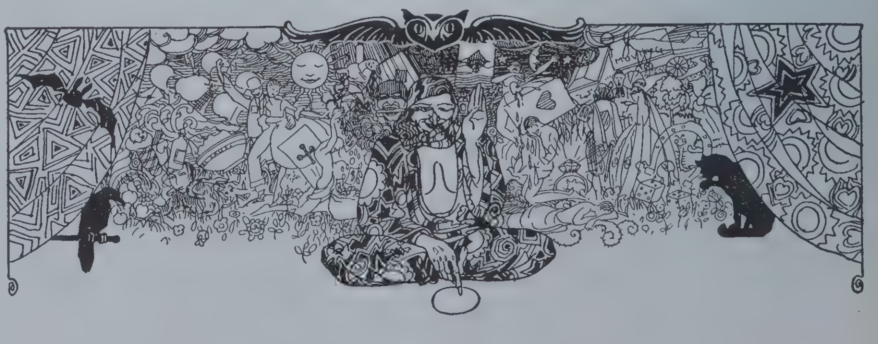
Go to almost any college and ask the head of the psychology department whether his is an exact science. It is safe to say that nearly every psychologist of the class which does not employ press agents will tell you that the tests proposed in the state house of Salem west, while less fallible than those of another century in Salem east, cannot be free from a margin of error, probably a wide margin. They may tell you that the seeming assumption by many that this valuable but often misused science is exact is due to its very inexactness; there is no absolute or approximately absolute tapeline by which to check up on the claims of the 'infallible' mind measurer.

But some one tells us that these 'mental age' examinations have been put to the acid test. Have you never heard a lecturer state that the tests were proved out by being applied to about 5,000,000 American soldiers in the World War, to make certain that all officers should be of the higher mental ages? But later, when Lieutenant Carl Wanderer was again subjected to mental-age tests, this time in the Cook County jail, it was declared that his mental birth anniversary cake should not have more than ten candles.

When prominent experts disagree so widely, what are we to expect when every county elects or appoints a mind measurer to assist the county clerk? Say nothing of the personal injustice to mental centenarian license applicants who might be rejected as being in the pinafore age. But are our courts so idle that they can afford to have their calendars clogged with appeal cases, with expert testimony declaring that Jedediah Higgins is a mental Methuselah instead of a yearling?

Maybe the marriage license tax of ten dollars or so proposed in other state legislatures is to provide for the extra judges that will be needed to hear appeals if the Salem idea becomes general. Once, in a certain country of the Americas, authorities tried to increase revenues by boosting marriage fees. They killed the goose. The only result was an increase in free unions.

Persons whose minds are so infantile that they should not be allowed to propagate should not be compelled to make the struggle for existence in competition with persons of sound minds. Neither should they whose bodies are so defective that they should not be permitted to bear young. Centuries ago the Christian church originated the idea of removing 'boarder cows' from the human herd by segregation in hospitals and sanitaria, in hospices and refuges. Few such institutions are nominally under the the cross today, but they are, nonetheless, institutions given to the world by Christianity. Probably they should be multiplied, to provide curative or at least alleviative treatment, and segregation, the only preventive of procreation. For legalized mayhem must be eliminated from the consideration of all who hold that the human body is the temple of God.



Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 13*)

'Bully boy, Marion!' he cried, lifting her hand and giving her a funny peck of a kiss on the wrist.

A melodrama of mine in its road tour reached York, Pennsylvania. Bertha Whitney, the character woman, was hit on the instep by a heavy piece of scenery, and nursed a very sore foot from York to Harrisburg. She played on despite her suffering. At Sunbury she couldn't appear, nor at Milton. When the play reached Shamokin, where I was living, Miss Whitney insisted that she'd go on that night if it killed her, as the play was limping badly minus her important rôle. Our melodrama, of course, couldn't boast an understudy.

'It's our playwright's town,' defended Miss Whitney. 'Naturally his friends will come to see his piece, so it mustn't be ragged. With me out of the cast, the other actors can't help missing cues.'

That melodrama had been given by a resident stock company as a tryout at Shamokin some months before, and ran for six performances, so nearly everybody was familiar with the piece. Miss Whitney played an old woman, and when she hobbled out, sagging crookedly on a crutch, the audience commented on the new 'comedy' she was introducing. She really was side-splittingly comical.

I reached the wings just at the close of the second act, and saw Miss Whitney leaning against a prop cupboard, tears splashing down her cheeks from the pain. I begged her to desist, but she was firmly stubborn.

'I'm crying because I'm so wooden in this part,' she laughed through her tears, shaking her crutch at me.

The show ended, Miss Whitney was carried to a hotel, and a surgeon pronounced her on the verge of blood poisoning. The doctor feared it might even be necessary to amputate her leg. At the close of a week she joined the company in Scranton.

That old melodrama groped its way to the early Hollywood. Elwood Horkheimer, of the Balboa Film Company, snatched it up for his tomboy star, Jackie Saunders, who was also his wife. The Balboa company wasn't any too flush, and the actors had to work time and overtime.

Miss Saunders fell ill with pleurisy, but out of devotion to her husband she kept on working. The last reels were merciless. She had to run on foot in tattered old shoes down a rocky mountainside to summon help in a riot scene—and she did! Her lovely face registered far more agony than that story called for.

Our picture was made in the days when movie fans would allow their stars to die on the screen. I believe Mary Pickford died in some of her very earliest releases. Who'd ever think now of letting Mary pass away in the celluloid! Other characters may come and go and perish, but the sweet, sweet heroine must live happy ever after.

Miss Saunders was shot and murdered in my tale. She told me afterward that while she was riding the horse down the mountainside, every jog of the old brute was a red-hot iron that seared her whole body. The dawn had to break on the eastern hills, and she must gallop out into the eternal blaze of that morning's sunrise.

She was wondering if she could hold on till that bullet would strike her between the shoulders. The real world was getting misty and vague before her eyes. Never did a woman so pray for the pitiful lead pellet to arrive to end her misery and the story. It came at long last—after her century of waiting, and Miss Saunders slid gratefully off the horse down into the thick grass. One part of the film had to be cut out. Her studio father, a very strong man, slipped his arm roughly under her shoulder blades, and Miss Saunders registered a scream of agony that was too terrible to behold. She sagged down weak and helpless—and the picture was finished.

The Kidnaped Muse

(*Continued from page 9*)

not come, nor yet with afternoon. And then I knew, and in the knowing learned the depth of the poetic heart. She had returned within an hour, perhaps within a few moments, had entered the office again, had gone swiftly to the desk, desperate and frightened, but resolute, and clutching her treasure she had fled. We were not to be trusted.

Several months ago there gained the inner office, by stratagems I did not learn, a tall and coltish youth, attired as a citizen of Vagabondia, whose high and drawling voice, not in the least unpleasing, gave me to know that he was J. Abraham LeClaire, that his mother had been an Hawaiian princess, and that he had the authentic gift of song. The shadowed livery of the burnished sun, toned to the warm hue of young madrona bark, was on his face. The tropic south was in his voice. And he spread before me, somewhat diffidently, various verses written on assorted scraps of paper in the round staggering hand of the fourth grade. He had a unique fondness, where the rhymes were alternate, of indenting the first and third lines instead of the second and fourth. It was touchingly manifest that spelling was to him of a phonetic simplicity, and that punctuation was one of the decorative arts. Yet there was music in his phrases, and a not misdirected groping for beauty and truth in his concepts. He was plainly a child of nature. He was quite evidently a vagrant. But he was a poet. All in all, he had not less than three dollars from me during the course of our various conferences, it being mutually agreed and understood that each half-dollar was merely a temporary loan until he 'got a job at sumpin.' He has drifted away, that cream-and-tan disciple of the tuneful art, into the vagueness which welcomes masterless men—but still I find myself remembering a single line from an otherwise quite useless and turgid poem on the glad New Year. The line is this:

A sage passes on, as to fable.

Had he filched it? I cannot think he did, neither do I believe he quite understood its import.

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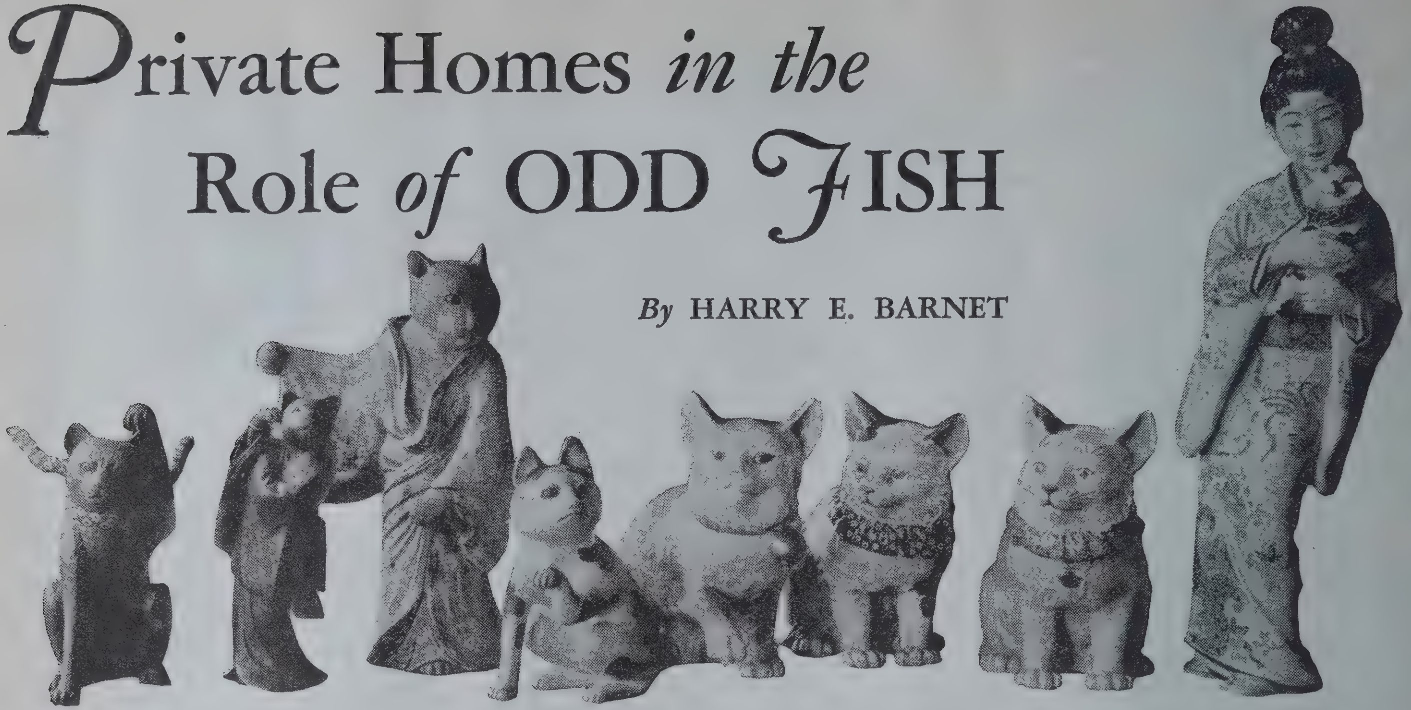
Private Homes *in the* Role *of* ODD FISH

By HARRY E. BARNET



From the Japanese collection. The two images on the right are satsuma, among the rarest and most expensive kinds of pottery. The girl figure, holding a cat image, is known as the 'Mother of the Collection.'

ROAMING the country in a leisurely way, the least risk you take is the chance of overlooking very many of its odd-fish homes. For they're everywhere; and they're nowhere like the light under a bushel. Either the look of them pulls your attention their way, or somebody performs the same office—generally, these homes are community prides.

But few of them, however, give you any inkling of their odd-fish character by what you see on the outside of them—architecture or environment, or occasional combinations of the two. If you're to see them at all in a noteworthy way, the overwhelming number of them must be pointed out as cynosures to you. Because, although now and then the character of a cynosure of this stripe is the consequence of an event which happened in it, for the most part these homes are odd fish as the result of sheltering curious things—mainly heirlooms and souvenirs.

A home in Marietta, Ohio, for example, is pointed out to you by reason of its being an unintentional museum of rarest Colonial art joinery. This home is almost overcrowded with heirloom furniture. It is the handiwork of immigrant artist cabinetmakers, who fashioned the pieces from cherry wood in the French settlement at Gallipolis, Ohio, during the callow days of that town.

As for collectors' treasures, you're unlikely to miss a home in Knoxville, Tennessee, because it is known far and wide as the repository of hundreds of big and little pitchers, which were used as containers by all manner of men at various periods during the past thirty centuries. So the list can be strung out at great length. But cutting it off short in favor of a vivid specific instance:

The Cincinnati home of James Albert Green shelters many hundreds of images of domestic cats. Probably in numbers, but undoubtedly in all other respects, this collection eclipses the few other groups of cat figures known to be in existence. They loom here, because in their location and arrangement, as well as in their meaning when taken as a whole, these cat figures set the home off as an eccentric, even among the best of odd-fish private homes.

For just as the overwhelming number of homes of the type make no outward shows of their character, so, also, for the benefit of casual visitors, but few of them make inward displays of it. The curious things they shelter seldom confront you in a body at the thresholds, and in a body stay by you during the entire course of your visit. Almost always they're hermit-like—off to themselves, in rooms unopened for everyday uses. But the first glimpse you get of the interior of Mr. Green's home is of the kit and kaboodle of these cat figures. And regardless of your errand there, they surround you from beginning to end of your stay.

The majority of the figures occupy specially constructed glass-front wall cases. These extend from floors to a height of about six feet in both the immense reception hall and the living room, which practically are unbroken space. Shelves in the cases are irregularly placed, because the images they support are of various lengths and heights. Many of the figures measure but a scant inch from nose tip to tail tip—for instance, a gold image that once decorated the hilt of a Japanese nobleman's sword. The little figures average the thickness of a lead pencil. Beginning with the wee ones, the images range in size to figures that bulk with a full-grown leopard.

Life-size figures of both kittens and cats are attached here and there to the walls and ceilings above the cases. These images appear to be dead-calmed in the midst of madcap scampers, as if your appearance startled them, and they stopped short to see what it is you're about. Yet, they're poised, as if satisfied of your friendliness and turned to resume their frolics. In the main, the look of these poised figures is the normal cat look. Monstrosities are scattered among them—gigantic figures, whose bodies and faces are distorted into types of hideosity that no one ever saw possessed by living cats. These awesome things cling to the smooth surfaces, malevolently watching you, as if awaiting their chances to drop upon your shoulders and there claw the flesh from your bones.

Finishing off the look of the collection, hollow images with glass eyes, and like images with empty sockets where eyes of some sort once were fixed, perch upon the tops of the wall cases, lurk in corners, and glare at you from other places you've no notion would harbor such spectacles. Tiny electric lights, which alternately glow and wink out, have been installed not only behind the glass eyes, but also just within the empty sockets.

THIS array at the very threshold, of course, is disconcerting, even if you know beforehand what to expect, and your first view of it is in broad daylight. But if unaware of what you're about to see you step into Mr. Green's home when darkness is on, and the tiny electric lights are winking, your introduction to the display amounts to an impressive adventure. And at any time your first thought is likely to be that this is a big spread of foolishness.

The adventure, however, is the outgrowth of no whim. There is substantial point to the arrangement. Either by their look the majority of curious things you see in odd-fish homes tell quaint stories, or they have stories connected with them. These stories are fragments from one or another of the many chapters of world history. For example, in a southern home that is unordinary because of its contents, there are among other things several pieces of ancient furniture, together with some glorious tapestries that were the settings in which an important European tragedy rose and fell. A story connected with a curious thing may be but a single sentence from a chapter, so to speak; again, it may be a brief paragraph. But it's a scarce odd-fish home, indeed, which contains enough curious things closely related to one another, whose combined stories make up the total of even the highest spots of any one chapter of world history. Few collectors pick a subject and keep at it, collecting only the things that are related to one another.

Practically all of the important paragraphs of the section of world history that cats have made are told, either by the look of the images in the Green collection, or by the stories connected with them. There you have the meaning of the collection. Naturally it's colorful and big. For cat history is colorful and voluminous —above all else, it is tinged with mystery. About the best that anyone can exactly say about the origin of the animals is that sometime they appeared from somewhere. Furthermore, in all of their actions cats are plain mysteries. So that they're a combination to conjure with—mysterious creatures who emerged from mystery. And cats apparently lost no time distributing themselves pretty generally over the earth, in all places thoroughly entangling themselves in every human affair. Through ages, everything that men thought and observed about cats they seemingly tried to illustrate with enduring materials. Images of the animals are well in the lead.

UPWARD of thirty-five years the Green collection has been in process of assembling. Attention has been directed to cat images and to nothing else. The figures have been rounded up from everywhere. From the innermost sacred spots of Tibetan temples, for instance. An almost priceless figure is of bronze, with overlaid harness of gold and silver. In the greatest Tibetan temple this figure guarded the feet of an imposing god from rats and mice, and it was abstracted from its place by soldiers of Colonel Younghusband's first expedition. Then, for other instances, there are figures from the shifting sands of vast deserts, from treasure houses of impoverished Japanese families, from studios of world-famous artists, as well as from English potteries.

With the exception of hardly more than a dozen toys, each image in the collection is an extreme. It was selected only because it tells a particular story in the completest way. All materials are there—among them, straw and coral, marble, ivory, crystal, silver, gold, jade, block tin, emeralds, common stone, rice paper and wood. Particularly, sun-baked mud. 'To respect the cat is the beginning of the esthetic sense,' are the words of a lover of cats. You see the expression of the beginning of the love of beauty among primitive men in a number of crudely formed, sun-baked clay figures, disinterred from ancient tombs, and uncovered elsewhere in the haunts of primitive men.

The location and arrangement of these images in Mr. Green's home show off to best advantage both the figures and the ideas of the men who fashioned them. You step from the present directly into the ancient, medieval and modern history of cats. There are no distractions. You actually live the world story of cats. Gleaming eyes, for example, always helped along the belief that cats turn preposterous tricks, both alone and in the company of wizards and witches. Many of the illuminated, hollow images express various phases of witchcraft. Glowing lights behind the eyes and in the empty sockets give the final touch of realism.

Monstrous figures show hideous Chinese beliefs about cats. The animals also have been called 'furred serpents.' This idea is illustrated by a life-size figure of European workmanship. The figure is carved from flawless white marble. The muscles seem eternally on the move beneath the sleek hide. Greenish-yellow eyes snakishly glare at you.

The pick of Japanese art in the form of cat images is in the Green collection. Mr. Green's mother was the first cat image collector in that country. She went there during an era of hard times. Newspapers in the large cities carried big feature stories under massive headlines describing the American woman who was buying cat figures, and she was offered her choice of the rarest bits.

For instance, there is a cat likeness made by the Banko potteries, which manufactures cups exclusively for the temple shrine 'tea ceremony.' This is the only figure of a cat ever made by the pottery. As the artist would chisel an image from marble, he worked this figure from clay at a particular degree of hardness and dryness. Each detail is carefully worked out, even to shaping the bones in the legs. The cat is sleeping. Evidently it had been playing with a ball, and dropped off to sleep, holding the ball in its hind leg, which projects a trifle from the body. Something inside the ball rattles—a remarkable thing, because the object must have been placed there when the clay was wet, and it did not adhere to the sides in the process of drying.

The majority of the images from Japan are in attitudes of either repose or salutation. Then the Japanese have many stories concerning cats, and these stories have been worked out in images. For instance, the tale of two kittens who loved their mistress with such intensity that they wanted to be like her in all ways. For that reason they donned kimonos.

Yes, indeed, poking around the country on the the hunt for odd-fish homes is a colorful pastime.

Fantastic cat images. Excepting the one on the right, which is Japanese, they are from English potteries.

Playing the 'Ponies' Bad for Playing Ball

(Continued from page 2)

applied to the regular race track patrons and it is extremely descriptive. Literally thousands compose the army of 'regulars' who are to be found at American race tracks each afternoon. Those experienced in the matter will readily testify that it takes an extremely unusual type of mind to be able to concentrate on any form of business and at the same time gamble on the races.

That owners of baseball clubs are beginning to recognize the detrimental effect of race horse gambling on their players is shown by some of the recent developments. One of the conditions which President Beardon sought to impose on the recent manager of his World Champion St. Louis National League club which may have had an effect in bringing about the transfer of Rogers Hornsby to the New York club was an 'anti-betting' clause in his contract. Now, 'Buck' Harris of the Washington club, backed by President Griffith, is imposing a similar inhibition upon his players, calling on them to abstain from betting during the playing season.

IT IS not a question of morals, but of efficiency. Manager John McGraw, of the New York Giants, has always been a devotee of racing. How he feels about his players wagering is not known, although McGraw is the type that demands that his men 'deliver the goods' and does not play detective to supervise their activities when not on the playing field.

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis' attitude toward players who play the races is well known. The recent developments are significant as indicating the changed attitude on the part of baseball people toward horse racing. Several years ago when the late Frank Farrell owned the New York Yankees, there was an insistence from many quarters that he get out of baseball because he was primarily a horseman. Mr. Farrell had extensive turf interests at that time and was a large bettor. This clamor as much as anything else was responsible for his selling out and retiring from baseball.

However, Charles A. Stoneham, one of the owners of the Giants, the New York National League club, is prominent as a turfman and there is no open protest, although it undoubtedly displeases Judge Landis. The question arises whether the magnates can fairly insist that their players refrain from gambling while the owners indulge their gambling proclivities at will. Some of the players are resentful over what they regard as a curtailment of their personal privileges.

Gambling among the national lawmakers at Washington has received a setback in recent years. Only a comparatively small number are race players. Poker was formerly the chief recreation of those Solons addicted to gambling, but the experience of several well-to-do congressmen who lost large sums during the period immediately after the World War, when the Boar's Nest and other places patronized by them flourished in Washington, put a damper on congressional gambling.

LIBERIA—*the* Negro Republic *of* West Africa

By ROBERT S. DEMMLER

—*Herbert Photo.*

—*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

Right—*A West African Negro smoking a pipe he has carved from a tree root to suit his own taste.* **Oval**—*Flapper member of a Negro tribe.*

IN THE whole vast continent of Africa, containing 11,500,000 square miles, one-fourth larger than North America, there are only two sections that are independent and free from the domination of a foreign country. These are Abyssinia near the east coast and the little Negro republic of Liberia, with 40,000 square miles, the size of Ohio, on the west coast.

Liberia, therefore, occupies in the international world of affairs an independent position, like the United States and the other powers. During the World War, Liberia declared war upon Germany and suffered thereby the bombardment of the French wireless station at Monrovia, the capital, and the sinking of a small government boat. Ninety-nine Germans were interned and later removed by a French cruiser and carried to French territory. All German property was taken over by the government, whereby some substantial brick buildings in Monrovia became government property and were put to government use.

Liberia is very jealous of her independence. Her officials are very wary of dealing with foreign governments and citizens lest Liberian rights be abridged and valuable concessions be granted with irreparable loss to the republic.

It is largely this extreme wariness on the part of the rulers of Liberia that is responsible for the almost totally primitive and undeveloped condition of the country. Early in the 19th Century an American colonization society sent over from America a shipload of freed slaves who settled on a bit of land now the site of Monrovia. Later more were sent and territory was acquired from the natives by barter. In 1847 the colony organized into a republic with a constitution modeled after that of the United States. England and other countries soon recognized the new government, but the United States, on account of southern prejudice, did not do so until Lincoln's Administration during the Civil War.

The constitution permits only a colored person to become a citizen and to hold real estate; hence much of the difficulty in securing the needed capital abroad to help in the development of the country.

The government's coat of arms bears the motto, 'The love of liberty brought us here.' The zeal of the early settlers resulted in building up at Monrovia a capital with a population of some 6,000. Broad streets were laid out and numerous large brick dwellings were erected, mostly of the style known in America as southern or colonial. Today, however, the streets of the capital are completely grown over with grass except where native rocks appear, and no vehicular traffic is visible. The arrival of ships at Monrovia is the main activity. The harbor, being obstructed with bad sand bars, is not a favored one and only a few lines touch at this port.

Strictly speaking, there is a very limited amount of vehicular traffic. It consists of three or four automobiles. The writer, with his two sisters, who were traveling with him, and the business manager of the local Lutheran mission, enjoyed a motor ride to a 2,000-acre rubber plantation thirteen miles from Monrovia over the only vehicular thoroughfare that the entire republic possesses. This road was just being extended, but with a branch road the total Liberian automobile road mileage would hardly amount to thirty miles. Horses cannot live in this climate, so wagons are of no account. No railroads exist in Liberia, so the only means of transport into the interior is the backs of the native carriers, except for several rivers navigable for a distance of about twenty miles from the coast.

The black native carriers do their work very well. They will carry a *kinja*, or load, up to sixty pounds, for days at a time, receiving in payment one to two shillings a day. Only English silver money is in circulation among the natives and no American money, contrary to the belief of many Americans. For the transport of persons, native carriers again do the work. The writer and party spent two weeks visiting the interior stations of the mission. A hammock slung on a pole carried by two natives was used to carry each traveler, ten carriers being assigned to each. They carried in pairs from fifteen minutes to one hour at a time. A mission station in the interior about 130 miles from the coast was reached in this way, the hammock carriers covering about twenty-five miles a day and receiving three to four shillings a day.

The paths on this trip were not roads nor even lanes, but for practically the whole interior trip were mere trails through the dense growth of trees, vines and bush that cover most of Liberia. These trails are not kept clear. In hundreds of places great fallen trees obstruct the way and dozens of streams must be crossed on loosely and badly built bridges of saplings, many of them weak and rotten. Or else the streams are crossed over trunks of trees thrown across them, so that one must often do a sort of tight-rope walking. One is constantly getting in and out of the hammock to get over a fallen tree on the path or to cross a stream.

Elephants and leopards abound in the interior. Frequently elephant trails were seen. A large elephant was killed near a village just before the arrival of the party and a leopard was killed the same day on the edge of the village. Monkeys are numerous and usually scamper to the tops of high trees at the approach of people. Snakes are scarce and none were seen, although pythons are known to be around.

The native tribes, of which there are seven or eight principal ones, have each their own language and form a population of about 1,500,000 who do not vote nor participate in the government, except that they are required to pay certain taxes. The rest of the Liberian population, numbering about 15,000 to 20,000, are Americo-Liberians who have come direct from the United States or are descended from the original settlers. This latter small group runs the government and is responsible for the condition of Liberia today. English is the official language.

The people of Monrovia and other coast towns dress like Europeans, but the native element generally wears little besides a loin cloth, which seems quite sufficient for the torrid, tropical climate of this land, lying in latitude only five to eight degrees north of the equator. Out of this large native population, who are a likable people, plenty of labor is available for supplying plantations of rubber, coffee, pineapples, and other products.

Life on Planet Venus

(Continued from page 6)

canals, in their highly elaborated form, are simply optical illusions, the human eye integrating into straight lines and geometrical patterns the numerous faint markings on the surface of Mars when they are looked at long and steadily. Psychological experiments with similarly marked objects held before the eyes slightly beyond the limits of distinct vision tend to confirm the illusion theory.

CERTAINLY it is significant that Antoniadi, as a result of an intensive study of the surface of Mars during the opposition of the planet in 1909, emphatically denied that the so-called canals have any objective existence. During the opposition last year intensive studies of Mars were made, particularly at the Flagstaff Observatory of its surface temperature, the observations indicating that in the tropical belt at least the noonday temperature is above freezing.

As for myself, I do not think that the so-called canals are waterways, nor do I believe that any markings on Mars are actually as regular as these are supposed to be. I believe that there are many markings on Mars and that the eyes of observers in some cases do integrate them into long, regular lines and geometrical patterns. I do not, of course, question the sincerity of other conclusions. The experiments at the Yerkes Observatory with the infra-red rays may throw some conclusive light on this disputed question.

As a matter of fact, it is quite probable that life—possibly of a high order—may exist on Mars. We must not, however, hastily assume that there are creatures anything like men on Mars. The physical conditions are so radically different from those on the earth that any creatures that may inhabit the planet would necessarily be of a different appearance. Life adapts itself to its environment everywhere or perishes.

What are some of the conditions to which life would have to adapt itself on Mars? I have already pointed out that the surface gravity is only about one-third that of the earth. A body, accordingly, would weigh much less on Mars than it would weigh on the earth. The atmosphere of Mars is very thin, and its water is scarce.

OWING to its immense distance from the sun, the amount of light and heat received by Mars per unit area is only about forty-three per cent of that received by the earth. If the atmospheric and surface conditions of Mars were similar to those on the earth, its mean temperature would be about thirty-nine degrees below zero. But in the equatorial regions during the long summers—the Martian year, you will recall, is practically twice as long as ours—the temperature rises above the freezing point.

This no doubt sounds pretty chilly, on the whole. But life is immensely adaptable. Creatures that once could live only in tropic heat on the earth have in the course of ages adapted themselves to survive in the cold of the Arctic regions.

Even though we grant that Mars may be inhabited, its highest intelligences may not only be utterly different from anything imaginable on the earth, but they may be either in a stage of progress which humanity left a million years ago, or in one to which mankind will not attain for a million years to come. In other words, our hypothetical Martians may be living in a Martian stone age, or they may have reached a Martian Utopia.

As Mars appears to be older physically than the earth, many thinkers have liked to believe that the Martians, if they exist, have already left far behind them the conditions under which humanity is now living on the earth, and that, as one writer suggests, 'our "elder brothers" may yet flash across space the solution of many of our problems.' But in the meantime it will be well for us not to bank too heavily on the prospect of Martian aid in our troubles.

The White Squaw

IN 1758, on the eve of her marriage, seventeen-year-old Mary Jemison was abducted by the Senecas. Her family, excepting two boys who hid away, were murdered, but Mary was made a member of the tribe, and married a brave. Early she became a widow, with a son. The white mountaineer to whom she had been betrothed sought her return, but refused to accept the half-breed child. In answer, she clasped her son to her bosom. Mary married Hiokatoo, a bad chief, who, however, was kind to his white wife. A son by this marriage in jealousy murdered the son of her first marriage. She lived with the Indians seventy-five years. She retained her white morals and her influence was felt throughout all the camps.

Statue of Mary Jemison at Buchanan Valley, Pennsylvania.

The story of Mary Jemison has been fully told in a book called *The Golden Squaw*, by Will W. Whalen.

The Social Lobby

(Continued from page 4)

about to be published in a leading New York newspaper. But the man chiefly concerned was influential enough to have this story suppressed shortly before the paper went to press. Fairly well-authenticated Washington gossip has been that he employed agents to obtain the dictaphone records regardless of cost. Yet his strenuous efforts to recover the records failed. One difficulty was that the agents trying to capture the records didn't know where they were. They had been turned over to the personal custody of a Cabinet officer and he had placed them in a steel safe, but not in his own office and he told no one the hiding place. Even if agents of the rich man had been willing to try blowing a Government safe, it was hardly wise to do this until they had a rough idea which safe to blow.

The time drew near for the Wilson Administration to leave office and the Man Who Had Talked Too Much was desperate. Those records would now pass into the custody of officeholders of a different political party than his own, and after that there was no knowing what use might be made of them. The man now sought important political influence. President Wilson was ill but a number of friends were able from time to time to see him. To one of the President's visitors the dictaphone victim went and sought aid. This man was willing to help. In due course he appeared at the office of a member of the President's Cabinet, gave him verbally a message which he said came from the President—that the President desired certain dictaphone records known to be in the custody of the Cabinet officer delivered to the caller to carry back to the President.

Now, the Cabinet officer was canny and cautious.

He courteously told the caller that inasmuch as the records had been regarded as of considerable importance, a mere verbal order from the President would not be sufficient to obtain them. He would be unwilling to let them go out of his possession except on a written order, and this, he added, must be not from Woodrow Wilson as a personal request, but it must be official, signed by him as *President*. Several weeks elapsed before that same caller again appeared at the office of the Cabinet member. The date of the call was significant—March 3, 1921, only a few hours before the expiration of the Wilson Administration. This time the caller had what seemed to be an official order from the President for the delivery to him of the dictaphone records. The man who had talked too freely to a beautiful woman was thus relieved from an unpleasant predicament. There is no reason to believe that any improper money influence was necessarily used here. Doubtless the main pressure exerted was that of friendship. The man chiefly interested would have been willing to pay well for the favor performed, but this was probably not necessary. One fact about the dictaphone records he may not have been aware of—was that at the time of the investigation of the supposed German spy, a duplicate set of the records was turned over to British intelligence officers. These were taken to England where they are said still to be in existence.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. Who were the Picts of early Scottish history? Has any of their language been preserved?

Answer. The Picts were an ancient people of the stone age (long barrow period) inhabiting the whole of Great Britain. They are supposed to have been Iberians, or, according to Sergi, long-headed Mediterraneans from Africa speaking Celtic. They were supplanted or incorporated by the succeeding Teutonic invasions in the primitive period of the English nation. It is pretty generally agreed by scholars that the southern Welsh, the Firbolgs of western Ireland and perhaps the short and dark remnants in Scotland represent survivals of the Picts. The language is not only extinct but it has left no literature and only scant traces in place names.

* * *

Q. Can you inform me as to how many American ships carry mail and how many clerks are used on each ship; the number used between cities in the United States and the number to foreign ports? What is the salary of such ship mail clerks?

A. Domestic: On June 30, 1926, there were 19 railway post offices maintained on steamships, employing 21 clerks with salaries ranging from $1,850 to $2,450 per annum, and 13 joint employes receiving from the Postal Service $300 or less per annum. There were 206 boat lines with 309 boats over which mails were being dispatched in closed pouches. Foreign: At the present time there are approximately 175 American vessels engaged in the handling of mails destined for delivery in foreign countries. Of this number 51 are fitted with sea post offices, employing 51 sea post clerks. Sea post clerks are of two classes: Class 1 clerks and substitutes receive an annual salary of $2,300, while Class 2 clerks are paid at the rate of $2,500 per annum.

* * *

Q. What are the requirements for membership to the Daughters of the American Revolution?

A. Any woman is eligible for membership in the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution who is not less than eighteen years of age and who is descended from a man or woman who, with unfailing loyalty to the cause of American independence, served as a sailor, or as a soldier or civil officer in one of the several Colonies or States, or in the United Colonies or States, or as a recognized patriot, or rendered material aid thereto; provided the applicant is personally acceptable to the Society.

* * *

Q. Is the Federal Tariff Commission in Washington constitutional?

A. The organic act establishing the Tariff Commission was passed September 8, 1916. The constitutionality of this act has never been in question. That act provided for the establishment of the commission, salaries, duties, et cetera. In the tariff act of 1922 the so-called flexible tariff provisions were embodied, giving the duty of investigating cost of production at home and abroad, and reporting to the President. The President is empowered to raise or lower the tariff upon the facts shown. This provision has recently been upheld by the Court of Customs Appeal as constitutional, and will probably be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States for ultimate decision.

* * *

Q. What became of Charles J. Guiteau who assassinated President James A. Garfield?

A. Charles J. Guiteau was convicted after a protracted trial in which the only defense offered was that of insanity, and was hanged in the jail at Washington on June 30, 1882.

* * *

Q. When did Abraham Lincoln's father die and where is he buried?

A. Thomas Lincoln died at Goose Nest Prairie, Cole County, Illinois, in 1851 at the age of 73 years. His grave, a mile and a half west of the town of Farmington, Illinois, is surmounted by an appropriate monument erected by his grandson, the Honorable Robert T. Lincoln.

* * *

Q. Why are residents of Indiana required to have a Kentucky nonresident's license to hunt ducks on the waters of the Ohio River between Kentucky and Indiana?

A. Because the portion of the Ohio River (between Kentucky and Indiana) is wholly within the State of Kentucky. The state line is the line of low-water mark on the Indiana side. The same is true concerning fishing on the river for the same reason.

* * *

Q. Who determined what damages should be paid by China to the several European powers after the Boxer uprising? What damages did the United States receive?

A. The Government of the United States took a leading part in determining the policy of retribution and reparation for the Boxer outrages. It regarded the Boxer Rebellion as an attack on the Chinese Government itself and repudiated the idea of dismembering the empire, holding to the idea that indemnity must be paid in money and not in surrender of territory and that punishment should be meted out by the Chinese Government and not by foreign tribunals. This policy finally won the consent of the powers and was presented to the Chinese Government in the note of December 22, 1900. Three of the leading culprits were 'graciously permitted to commit suicide,' three were degraded and banished; while dismissal and imprisonment were visited upon a number of officials whose names were furnished in lists of offenders drawn up by the foreign representatives. The indemnity was fixed, through the moderating influence of President McKinley, at $334,000,000 secured on the customs revenues and the salt tax. The share of the United States was fixed at $24,000,000; but when it was found that less than half of this sum would cover the losses sustained by our citizens and the costs of our troops in China, President Roosevelt in 1907 asked Congress to release China from the payment of the balance. China showed her appreciation by sending hundreds of her young men to be educated in our colleges and universities.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

* * *

Q. When does the bill signed by the President last June to increase the pensions of veterans and widows of the Civil War go into effect?

A. The bill approved July 3, 1926, provides that the pension or increase in the rate of pension therein provided for, as to all persons whose names are now on the pension roll, or who are now in receipt of a pension under existing law, shall commence at the rates therein provided on the fourth day of the next month after the approval of this act; and as to persons who are not now on the pension roll but who may be entitled to a pension under the provisions of this act, such pensions shall commence from the date of filing application therefor in the Bureau of Pensions after the approval of this act.

* * *

Q. Explain the statement that 'the Church throughout the Middle Ages was a government as well as an ecclesiastical organization.'

A. The Church of the Middle Ages maintained places of worship, conducted devotional exercises, and cultivated the religious life, but it was, in a way, a state. The king, unable to maintain order and protect the oppressed, called upon the Church to aid either by threats or persuasion; to see that contracts were kept, the wills of the dead carried out, and marriage obligations observed. It protected the widow and orphan, promoted education when few laymen could even read. To carry out this work the Church had an elaborate system of law and its own courts in which it tried cases now settled in our ordinary courts. The Church had its prisons where it might sentence for life serious offenders. The Church also had the organization of a state.

* * *

Q. Does an American woman who marries an alien ineligible to American citizenship lose her citizenship?

A. Yes. The law provides that 'any woman citizen who marries an alien ineligible to citizenship shall cease to be a citizen of the United States.'

With a Fire Department *of the* Northern Woods

Canoe Rangers *of* United States Forest Service Combat Destruction *Caused by* Careless Campers

By DONALD HOUGH

Wooden lookout tower in the Superior National Forest, Minnesota, reached after two days' journey by canoe.

A SIREN screeches, traffic stops. Other sirens, from all directions, all distances, scream their warnings. The weird chorus is followed by the roar of heavy motors, the rumble of ponderous apparatus, as the fire department equipment rushes through the halted traffic—masses of nickel and red steel, thundering through like an army of juggernauts.

The buildings tremble as the great trucks pass; the skyscrapers echo and reëcho the crash of the motors, the lurching rumble of the apparatus, the imperious, penetrating wail of the sirens.

Romantic? It must be, else every person on the street would not stop his business to watch this everyday occurrence. It is romantic, and it makes every man's pulse beat a little faster to see these tons of polished iron tear along. There is romance, too, in the fighting of the fire. The spectacular water towers, the rapid-fire orders, the wheeling of hose, the miraculous erection of long ladders, the smoke, the crowd, the policemen, the shouts—the rolling smoke and flaring billows of flame.

The canoe is to the Superior Forest what the cow pony was to the old West.

On the other hand, consider the calm contentment of the depths of the North Woods. Observe, for instance, one of those flowing roads of water, flanked by towering pines, which so silently moves through the aisles of the forest. The scene is so permeated with placid quiet—the sparkling water and the jagged spruce sky line, and even the blue sky itself, and the white clouds, make up a picture of such vast depth, such eternal calm, that the appearance of a canoe—such a frail thing in the face of the other works of man—breaks into the picture like the thrust of a knife.

Here it comes, leaving its V-shaped trail behind it; raising no dust, shaking no buildings, crying no warning; moving as silently as a phantom. As it draws closer you can see the brown faces of the woodsmen who are paddling it.

You are startled to see three other canoes come around the bend. Like the irst, they move silently toward you, past you, and into the vast waterway labyrinth beyond. Behind these come others. Perhaps a dozen dark-green canoes, paddled by two or three men and loaded to the gunwales with brown pack-sacks and red boxes, may pass before the cavalcade has reached an end.

On the bow and stern of each canoe are the letters, U. S. F. S. These are the canoes of the United States Forest Service. You have seen the fire department of the North Woods on the way to a fire.

The Superior National Forest, in northeastern Minnesota, is known as the Venice of America. It is the center of a region comprising nearly five million acres which is traversable almost entirely by canoe. It is a region of long, irregular, island-dotted lakes, short rivers, wandering channels. It is a land of pine trees and rock, and the moss-covered terraces of lava and glacial rock slip into water that is clear and cold. Here is a country in which the canoe is supreme. All transportation is based on the canoe as the standard vehicle.

The administration of the United States Forest Service in the Superior Forest is built around the canoe. During the past few years the detachable outboard motor has been used on the larger bodies of water near the Ely headquarters, and on the long water lanes along the international boundary which form the backbone of transportation, motor boats have been placed in service. But it is significant that the principal duties of both these modern means of transportation are in towing strings of canoes.

The forest rangers of this region use the canoes just as the cowboys of the old West used the cow ponies, and just as most folk nowadays use the motor car. They think, talk and work in terms of the canoe. The ranger on duty not only paddles his canoe, but carries it around rapids and between lakes. In fact, he is entirely dependent on it, and it is almost a part of his soul and body.

Of all the activities of these canoe rangers, combating forest fires is the most interesting.

Before you can put out a fire, you must find it. The fire detection system in the Superior Forest is based on the lookout tower. A dozen or so of these towers, usually made of wood and often taking advantage of tall pine trees, are placed in strategic positions throughout the forest. Most of these towers are reached only after arduous journey by canoe, and at nearly all of them is a ranger station, at which the lookout lives during his term of duty in the depths of the big preserve, and at which quantities of fire-fighting tools and other equipment are kept. In spite of their inaccessibility, most of these towers are connected with the headquarters of Ely by telephone. The wires are just single little strands of metal that are run through the woods, from tree to tree in most cases, and that leap rivers, cross bays and suffer unending casualties between falling trees and the antlers of moose.

The lookout man keeps constant watch from the top of the tower. A spiral of smoke seen through his binoculars—too large for a camp fire—and he takes a compass reading by sighting across his oriented map, and telephones it to headquarters.

The forest supervisor goes to his big map on which each tower is indicated by a piece of string, places the piece of string in the direction shown by the compass reading, and he has partly located the blaze. Before long another lookout calls in and gives his reading, the supervisor places the string denoting that lookout, and where the strings cross, there is the fire.

The next thing to do is to put the fire out. The supervisor looks over the water routes on the map, looks up data in his records to show in what kind of timber the fire is burning, locates the nearest tool caches (metal cylindrical boxes located at strategic points and filled with tools) and decides on the amount of equipment and the size of the crew needed.

In another book are listed the names of the able-bodied men available for duty in case of fire—citizens of Ely and of the surrounding territory—and he sends out a call for the number of men he needs. These men he places in charge of a few rangers, and at the head of the party is placed the ranger in whose district the fire is burning.

The fire department may arrive at the fire before night; perhaps they will come to it the next morning; again they may have to paddle two, three or four days before reaching it.

The fire itself may be of the most sordid variety, smoldering in peat, or creeping through the moss and eating into the vegetable mold—the mold that covers the roots of the trees, which are consumed with it. In fact, it is quite probable that from the time the work starts until the fire is out and it is time to return home, not a speck of real fire will have been seen. It burns along the ground just as the tobacco of a cigar or a pipe burns, smoldering along, glowing red when fanned by a breeze.

Fighting such fires becomes a drudgery of digging, blasting, water-carrying. The boots of the fighters dry up and break; their clothes become incrusted with mud; their faces resemble burnt cork. It is wet, muddy, hard work, and the men sleep whenever they can, with their boots on—and there are no cheering crowds.

Again, the fire may be roaring through the very tops of the trees, and then the most heroic methods are used. Such fires are usually fought after dark, when the wind has died down and the fire has climbed down out of the tree tops to sleep for the night. Even then the fire is not fought hand to hand. It is a matter of digging ditches, felling trees.

Sometimes the crew that has traveled so far finds the fire too large to handle. Of course, the lookouts on the towers are keeping a constant watch, and when the fire is seen to grow larger after the crew has arrived, they phone in for more men. When the fire gains, all the crew can do is to hover around, pouncing on it at the least signs of weakness, striking here and there at a vulnerable spot, until it has been confined to a small area and can be 'ditched out.'

Many summer vacationists and canoeists pass through the Superior Forest each season. Every once in a while they come to a charred, barren, desolate area—a region visited by fire.

Perhaps they pause in their paddling and look in surprise, for they are several days in the wilderness.

'How do you suppose a fire got way out here in the woods?' asks one of them.

'The funny part of it is,' replies his companion, 'how it ever went out without burning up the whole country.'

If they knew, perhaps they would be more careful with their camp fire that evening.

Wonders of the Gem Kingdom

(Continued from page 8)

This, however, is only an opinion. It is supported by the fact that actual leaves, or seemingly such, have been found in Colorado coal, and it is controverted by the fact that the same kind of formation exactly is sometimes found in petrified wood as may be seen in some of the illustrations. Braun in his *Mineral Kingdom*, published in 1912, dismisses the subject on page 279 with the scant attention of a single paragraph. He states that the formation may be caused by solution containing manganese infiltrating the crevices of the rock.

Max Baeur, another authority on gems, in his *Precious Stone Lure*, published in 1909, refers to the subject on page 622, but he likewise confines himself to a single reference which has even less to say than Braun, possibly due to the fact that the perfect specimens now available from Montana have not come to the attention of either of these authorities.

Above— *Reproduction of piece of Colorado sandstone, showing flower formation, strikingly resembling the glory of the peacock.*

Right and below— *Perfect 'pictures' in the form of flowers encased in Colorado sandstone. Their beauty is unapproached by imitations.*

Formations somewhat similar are also found in gold and copper. These, however, take forms more nearly resembling those seen in frost formation. There was one such specimen in the purest gold weighing sixty-five ounces. Silver samples come similar to the formations in the moss agate, though of course not transparent.

There was one magnificent specimen in silver which was so delicate in its crystalline make-up, and so highly prized by our genial collector, that he feared to expose it to the light necessary for a photograph. In one crevice of this wonderful specimen was a nest of maidenhair fern, most perfect in formation, which yet was only as long as a pen point and only half its width. So much did it resemble the growth around a cool mountain spring that one could almost hear the water trickling.

Some of the moss agate takes a magnificent richness of color. Formations resembling woodland scenes, and even picturing the sea with a glorious sky in the distance, may be recognized with little imagination.

Flower formations are also found in Colorado sandstone.

A shipment received from the petrified forest district just before Christmas contained the petrified shell life shown in another of the photographs. From these little doubt can be had that the original was an oyster, which would seemingly prove unquestionably that this region was once the bottom of the sea, as has been claimed.

From rare specimens of petrified wood our artistic collector is now having ground and polished, in the western German village previously referred to, gems which will be fashioned into milady's necklace, the first necklace from petrified wood which has ever been attempted as far as is known.

Fossil plants are preserved by two methods. They either become water-logged and buried in sediment ranging from mud to sand, are infiltered by some mineral solution, or are replaced molecularly by silicic acid, calcium carbonate or other mineral substance. Very fine muds preserve every detail with great exactness. Volcanic dust falling in water forms an admirable matrix.

The tree remains are prostrate and mostly broken. They are mostly of a type of tree now extinct, but somewhat resembling the Norfolk Island pine. They existed in Triassic time. They grew in the vicinity and after falling drifted down a water course, lodged in some eddy, and were finally deeply buried by sand and clay. Silica deposited by underground water gradually replaced the woody portions with stone. Some iron tinged the whole a beautiful brown, yellow and red. If thin slices of the petrified wood are placed under the microscope one can see the original cell structure of the wood. The trunks are in some instances six feet in diameter and more than one hundred feet long.

Referring to the stone from the petrified forest in Arizona in an official bulletin, Honorable Stephen Mather, director of National Park Service, states that in richness of coloring and in profusion they surpass any others of the kind in the world.

BRIEFLY TOLD

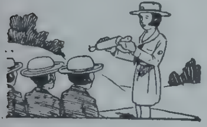
THE NAME OF A SMALL TOWN in Arizona is Total Wreck.

ONE OF THE SMALLEST BOOKS in existence is the 1838 edition of the *Bijou and London Almanack*. Measuring only three-quarters of an inch by five-eighths, and about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, it contains several portraits. Other small books are the *Mill*, the *Glasgow Midget New Testament* and *The Court of Flowers*. The latter, published in Holland in 1674, is but one-fourth the size of a postage stamp.

TO THE QUERY 'DO YOU prefer blonds?' only 37 out of 600 students at Emory University, Georgia, replied 'Yes.'

PRIVATELY OWNED VEHICLES in Japan may not be painted red, this color being reserved for the sole use of the imperial household.

LA PLATA, MISSOURI, A town of 1,800 inhabitants, claims the record for matrimonial longevity. A survey shows that twenty-five couples have celebrated golden wedding anniversaries, while four couples have been married sixty years or more.



A NEWLY ORGANIZED TROOP of Girl Scouts in Malden, Massachusetts, has selected the rolling-pin as its official insigne.

THE FAMOUS DIAMOND EXCHANGE of Paris now has a roof over its head for the first time since its beginning almost a century ago. Meetings have always been held on the boulevard, the traders adjourning to a café in bad weather. No membership fee was required, ownership of a single gem entitling one to a place on the Exchange.

TEN THOUSAND BOOKS AND more are published annually in America.

ACCIDENTALLY TOUCHING THE letter 'E' on a ten-dollar gold piece, a California banker was amazed to see the side bearing the spread eagle open, disclosing a tiny photograph of a modern woman. Beneath this picture was another, that of a lady of an earlier generation in puffed sleeves.

IN THE UNITED STATES THERE are 41 persons engaged in farming on each 1,000 acres. Italy has 246 persons, or six times as many, cultivating the same amount of land, Germany about 160, France 120, and England and Wales approximately 100 persons.

HUMAN BEINGS AND NEARLY all animals have but two eyelids. Birds and some reptiles, however, have three, two that move up and down and a third that moves from the inner corner over the eyeball.

EXPERIMENTS SHOW THAT the preference of fish for dark, shady sections of water is due to the fact that the sun's ultra-violet rays are harmful to them. All other creatures, however, show a favorable response to these rays.

ONE THOUSAND CUBIC FEET OF gas, states a gas company, will cook 18 meals for 6 persons, heat shaving water for 1,000 days, light 2 cigars a day for 500 years, roast enough coffee to make 2 cups daily for 70 years, bake 1,700 three-quarter-pound loaves of bread, boil 275 gallons of water, broil 7 three-pound steaks, barbecue ham for 1,750 sandwiches, and do the work of two hens in hatching eggs.

AN ORDER ON A LOCAL barber for a permanent wave was the prize won by Thomas Mooney at a New Jersey church social. Mr. Mooney is bald.

THE ANNUAL NUMBER OF divorces per 1,000 marriages in the United States, according to census statistics, was 35 in 1870, 81 in 1900 and 145 in 1924. Nevada has the highest rate—1,037 divorces a year and only 1,079 marriages; the lowest rate is in the District of Columbia where there are only 26 divorces annually per 100,000 of population.

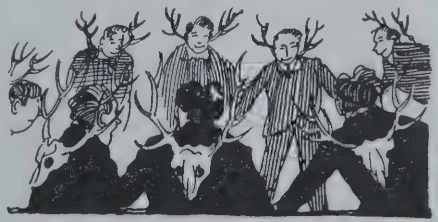
ORIGINALLY PURCHASED FOR $1,600, the 16-acre plot of land on which the White House at Washington stands is now appraised at $10,500,000.

AUTHORSHIP OF THE FAMOUS Civil War poem, 'The Vacant Chair,' is again in dispute, Worcester, Massachusetts, claiming that Henry S. Washburn of that city was the real author. Records on file in Worcester show that the poem was first published in the *Worcester Spy* in November, 1861, with the initials H. S. W. The author neglected to have it copyrighted and it was freely copied, finally catching the eye of a music publisher who made it one of the most popular of war-time songs.

A METER TO MEASURE the force of a swimmer's stroke has been invented.

FRENCH CHILDREN ARE compelled to grow up 'good' when given the right names, according to an old theory. Among the 'good' names are Albert, Alphonse, Pierre, Gustave, Charles, Paul, Henri, Louis, Jeanne, Agathe, Marie, Berthe, Claire, Anne or Therese.

INSTEAD OF IMPOSING A jail sentence on drivers for traffic violations, Berkeley, California, has adopted the plan of locking up the drivers' cars for a thirty-day period.



ONE OF THE OLDEST English folk dances is the Abbots Bromley Horn Dance, held annually in England for more than 400 years. The dancers, twelve in number, all men, wear deer skulls with antlers attached. Many believe the dance to be a survival of the Danish invasion, and the worship of Thor and Odin.

A RECENT CLAIM AGAINST a Connecticut insurance company was made by a father who said his ribs were broken by his daughter's embrace.

THAT WHEAT 4,000 YEARS old will grow has been proved by a New South Wales farmer, who obtained from Egypt some of the grain which had been buried with mummies. In due time after sowing, green blades appeared, grew to exceptional height and developed seven-eared wheat.

INDIA, WITH ONE-HALF the area of the United States, has a population three times as great.

ONE-THIRD OF THE YEAR consists either of Sunday or national holidays in Brazil, the exact number of working days being 245.

SOME CHINESE STILL hold spectacles in superstitious reverence and it is considered correct to remove them when greeting a social superior.

BY A UNANIMOUS VOTE OF the Texas legislature the mocking bird was recently adopted as the official song bird of that state.

THE ELGIN DISTRICT ASYLUM in Scotland has discontinued the use of the word 'pauper' in its records. It now refers to penniless lunatics as 'nonpaying patients.'

FRANCIS H. RICHARDS, seventy-six years old, of Stamford, Connecticut, is Thomas A. Edison's closest rival for the title of 'the world's most prolific inventor,' having nearly 1,000 patents to his credit. Mr. Edison has patented some 1,200 devices, Elihu Thompson 617, Charles E. Scribner 437, George Westinghouse 340, and Edward Weston 299.

FREQUENT WHIPPING OF children was advocated in 1850 by an author who declared it a healthful practice because it stimulated the blood and made the skin tingle.

ONE TON OF CORNCOBS, recently distilled at the University of Minnesota, produced .5843 cubic feet of combustible gas, 76.2 pounds of acetic acid, 24 pounds of wood alcohol, 140 pounds of wood tar and 622 pounds of charcoal.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAN, North Carolina claims, was Miles Darden, who lived in that state from 1789 to 1857. It is said he was seven feet six inches tall and weighed more than one thousand pounds. Despite his circus qualifications, he lived a quiet, uneventful life.

TWELVE HUNDRED BLIND persons, among them many players of note, earn their living as musicians in France. Eight organists of large Paris churches, including Notre Dame, are blind, while several composers and many small orchestra conductors likewise owe their musical education to the National Institution for the Young Blind.

NOTES · COMMENTS · CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses craftsmen past and present, and their work.

* * *

The cover design is by H. W. McCrea. It is a pleasing representation of a pioneering scene, the operation of one of those outdoor ovens in which the bread of a former generation was baked. Survivors of those days will tell you it was good bread.

* * *

On page 2 of the cover is a poem—'To My Mother'—by Rosemary Thomas with an artistic setting by Gerald Van Der Heyden.

* * *

One would think that 'playing the ponies' on the race course was a form of excitement confined to experts in horse flesh and sporting men generally. But betting on horse races is so widespread that it threatens to undermine the *morale* of the employes in public offices and affect the efficiency of sundry professional baseball teams. John D. Erwin's article shows that this form of gambling is common to all classes from congressmen to office sweepers. (p. 1)

* * *

Few persons realize that legislation is largely controlled by social legerdemain and good dinners. The flattery of society leaders and the gastronomic creations of their chefs are alleged to be potent factors in the laying down of the law to the nation's lawgivers at Washington. (p. 3)

* * *

Now it is the planet Venus that may be inhabited! Professor Moulton of the University of Chicago says so in an interview with J. V. Nash. From the fact that Venus is almost exactly the same size as the Earth it is known as the Earth's twin sister. But if there are people on Venus they must be able to stand far more heat than we do, for the planet is much nearer the sun. (p. 5)

* * *

In the history of athletics there have arisen from time to time men whose powers of endurance and resistance have enabled them to take punishment without flinching and to give it back with interest. Not only in pugilism but in all the more popular outdoor sports 'iron' men arise from time to time. H. G. Salsinger gives a striking review of these modern Samsons. (p. 7)

* * *

One of the classes of gems that is peculiarly American is that of the moss agates. Charles B. Brewer gives an account of these artistic wonders of nature. (p. 8)

* * *

Poetic justice is sometimes meted out to the plagiarists of poetry, but not always. Sometimes they get by with it—for a time—and revel in the refulgent rays of a Longfellow or a Tennyson. Ben Hur Lampman writes entertainingly of these exponents of the kidnaped muse. (p. 9)

* * *

The backstage portion of a theatrical performance and the comedy—sometimes tragedy—that surrounds the actors themselves, are the elements that give Will W. Whalen material for 'Facing the Music.' It is largely autobiographical and humor and pathos are judiciously blended. (p. 12)

* * *

Clara Barrus contributes another of her intimate monographs of John Burroughs and his associates. A contrast is drawn between Burroughs and Thoreau. It is an excellent psychological study of two men who while having much in common were in some things widely different. (p. 14)

* * *

Dr. Livingstone was one of the most intrepid pioneer missionaries in history. He belonged not to one nation but to the world. His outlook as a Christian was universal and the African black was his special charge. His name is honored by the Negro race on both hemispheres. Charles J. Finger tells the story of this illustrious Scotsman. (p. 16)

* * *

In a brief sketch of the California of the forty-niner, one follows the highway of romance associated with the names of Bret Harte and others whose names are linked with the early days of the Golden State. (p. 21)

* * *

There are some homes where all kinds of quaint and curious things seem to accumulate from nowhere and there are others that in themselves are queer, 'odd-fish' homes. Harry E. Barnet takes the reader into a region where these odd things predominate. (p. 24)

* * *

The epic of the firefighter of the wooded wilds will never be completed. As long as there is as much as one solitary tree to guard, the end of the work of the forestry department's men will not have been reached. Donald Hough knows these men and what they have done. (p. 29)

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JOHN D. ERWIN is Washington correspondent for a group of nationally known newspapers and a member of the press gallery.

FRED C. KELLY is a magazine writer and newspaperman of wide experience familiar with the intricacies of Washington press life. Incidentally he is a dog fancier and recently published a book entitled *You and Your Dog*.

FOREST RAY MOULTON, whose story of the planets has been written by J. V. Nash, has been professor of astronomy in the University of Chicago since 1912. He is the author of various mathematical and astronomical textbooks and has lectured extensively on the wonders of the heavens.

BEN HUR LAMPMAN has already become familiar to our readers as an entertaining writer on the outdoors.

WILL W. WHALEN is a nationally known novelist and writer on a variety of subjects. Among his recent novels are *The Girl From Mine Run*, *The Strike*, and *The Ex-Nun*. He has also written several plays and scenarios. Will Whalen was born in the mining region of Pennsylvania and in his younger days trod the boards of the professional stage.

CLARA BARRUS is an M. D. of Boston University and practised medicine in various parts of New York State. Dr. Barrus is literary executrix and official biographer of John Burroughs and the author of various works dealing with the great naturalist. Her home is at Woodchuck Lodge, Roxbury, New York.

CHARLES J. FINGER, from his literary workshop at Fayetteville, Arkansas, has sent out numerous books and stories that have attracted widespread attention. His *Romantic Rascals* and *The Voyage of the Victoria* are familiar to our readers, and his latest writings on the life of Livingstone are among his best.

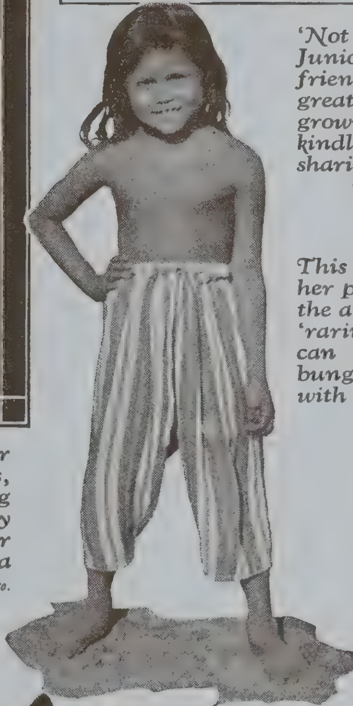
HARRY E. BARNET is a Cincinnati newspaperman of all-round experience. His contributions to magazines are frequently along untrodden byways essentially American.

DONALD HOUGH is a lover of the outdoors and picturesque portrayer of the romance and the joy of the mountains, the woodlands and the quiet, peaceful valleys.

Happiness—Thy Name Is Youth

This recent picture of Gerald Lascelles, younger son of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, shows what an adorable youngster the young blueblood is. He's a regular boy, unspoiled by the silver spoon, and as democratic and eager for play as any youth of his age. After all, a boy's a boy for a' that. —Herbert Photo.

'Not what we give but what we share—' and Junior instinctively observes this precept for friendship, not without results, for this great, shaggy fellow, terror of many a grown-up, shows nothing but gentleness and kindly interest for the little fellow who's sharing his last crust. Indeed, the lad quite insists on dog-friend's accepting it. —H. Armstrong Roberts.



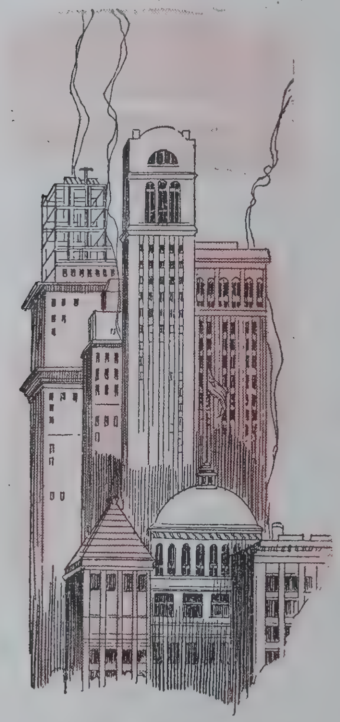
Left—

This Ceylonese tomboy, induced to pose for her picture, even deigns to look pleasant; but the attitude she strikes indicates that she is 'rarin' to go,' and it is a safe wager that she can go, untrammeled as she is by any bunglesome clothing. A winsome lass withal, with every sign of a healthy mind in a healthy body. —Ewing Galloway.

Fascinating pals, this cunning youngster and his intelligent, playful German police puppies are alike sufficiently amused and interested in 'the birdie' to forget themselves. —J. C. Allen.

Note from a Norwegian farm—The boy with a wheelbarrow today will be the man with a hoe tomorrow. —Ewing Galloway.

WORDS do well enough for programs, and for the frames of action; but fulfillment comes in deeds. We have indulged, as a people, a penchant for orators. But we have discovered that it is mostly the silent men who do things. The old story about using so much steam in a whistle that there is none left for the wheels, is more than humor—it is philosophy.



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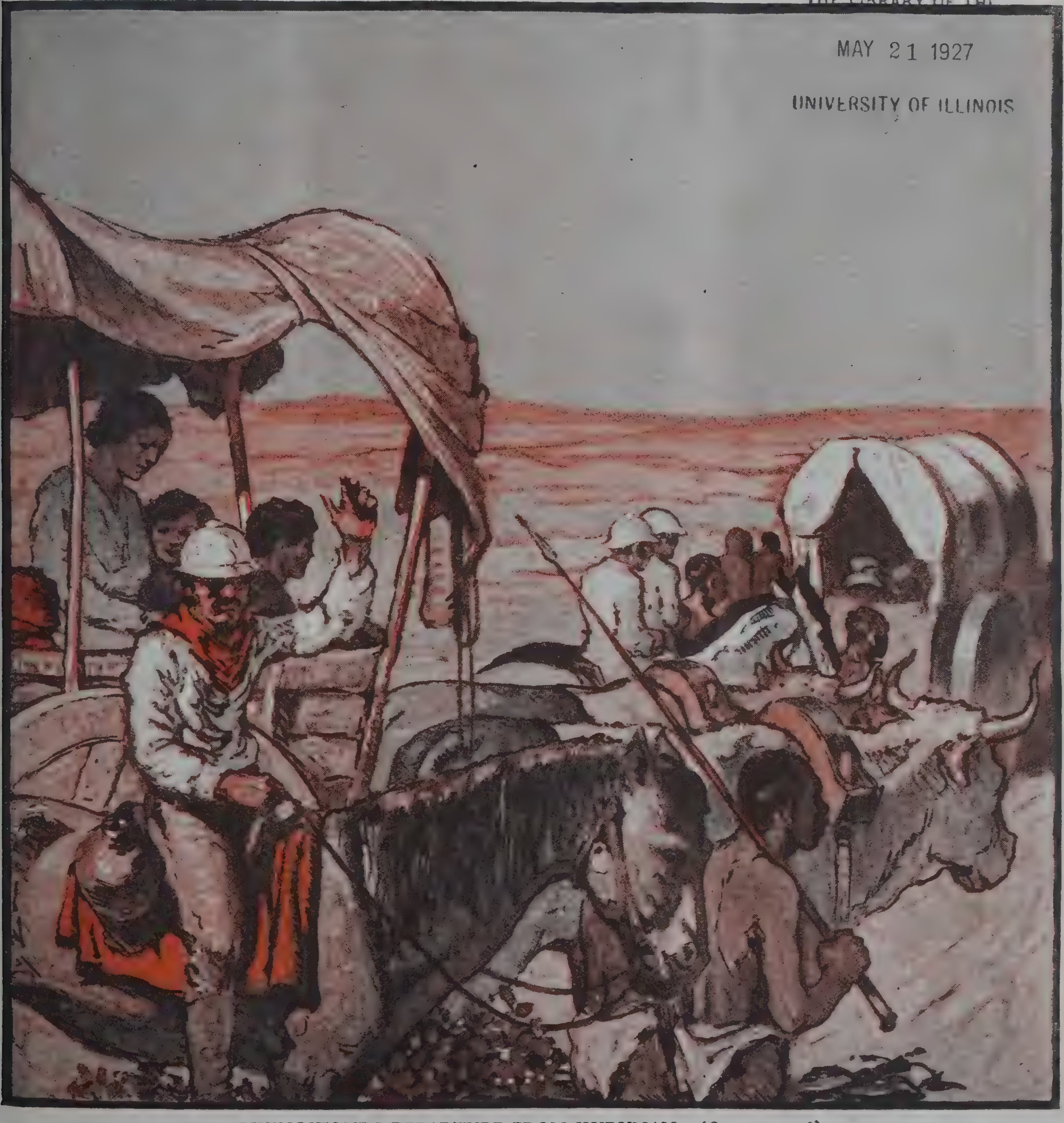
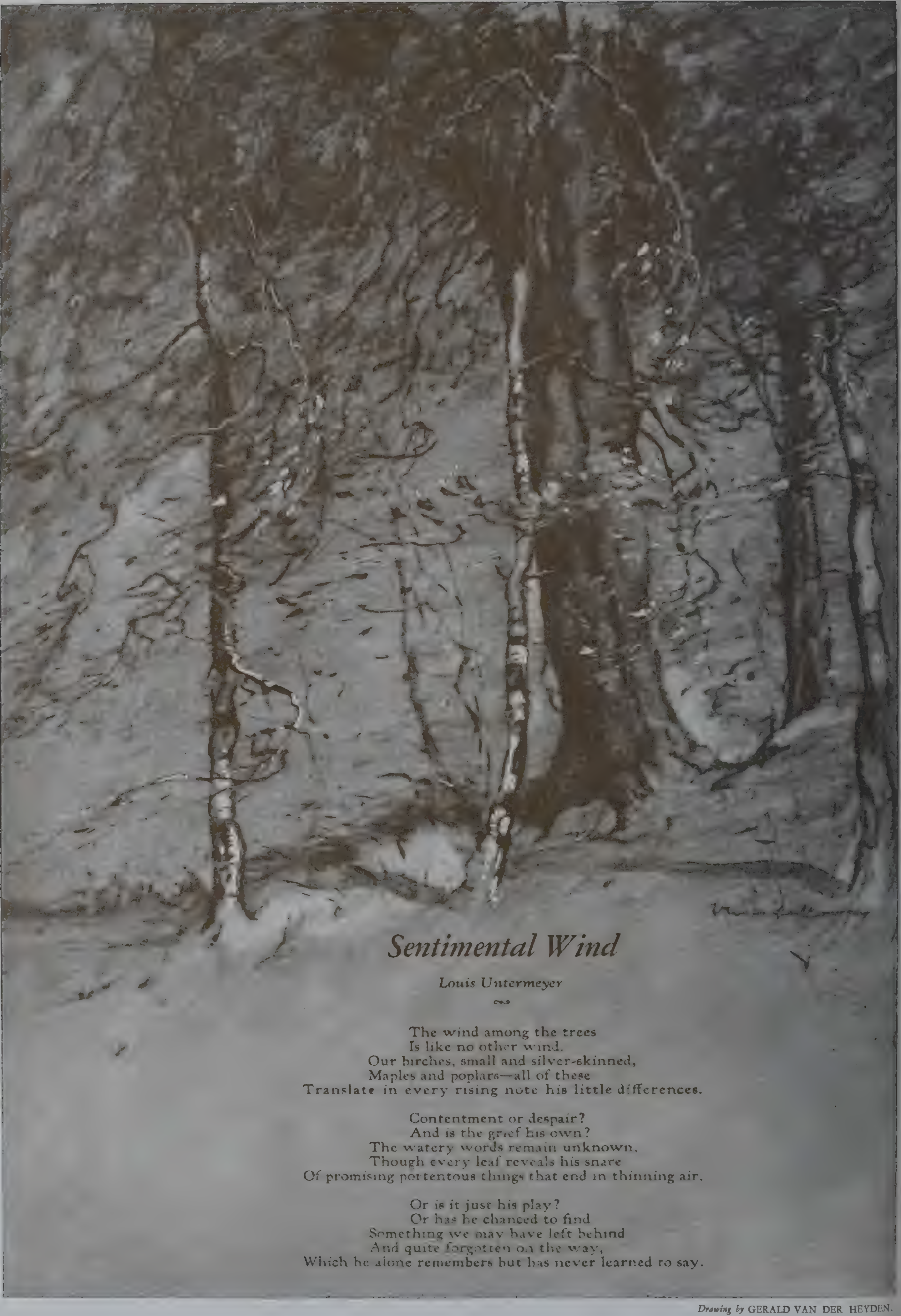


LIVINGSTONE'S DEPARTURE FROM KURUMAN. (*Story, page 16*)



Sentimental Wind

Louis Untermeyer

The wind among the trees
Is like no other wind.
Our birches, small and silver-skinned,
Maples and poplars—all of these
Translate in every rising note his little differences.

Contentment or despair?
And is the grief his own?
The watery words remain unknown,
Though every leaf reveals his snare
Of promising portentous things that end in thinning air.

Or is it just his play?
Or has he chanced to find
Something we may have left behind
And quite forgotten on the way,
Which he alone remembers but has never learned to say.

Drawing by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN.

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Shall the GOVERNMENT Go *Into the* Whisky Business?

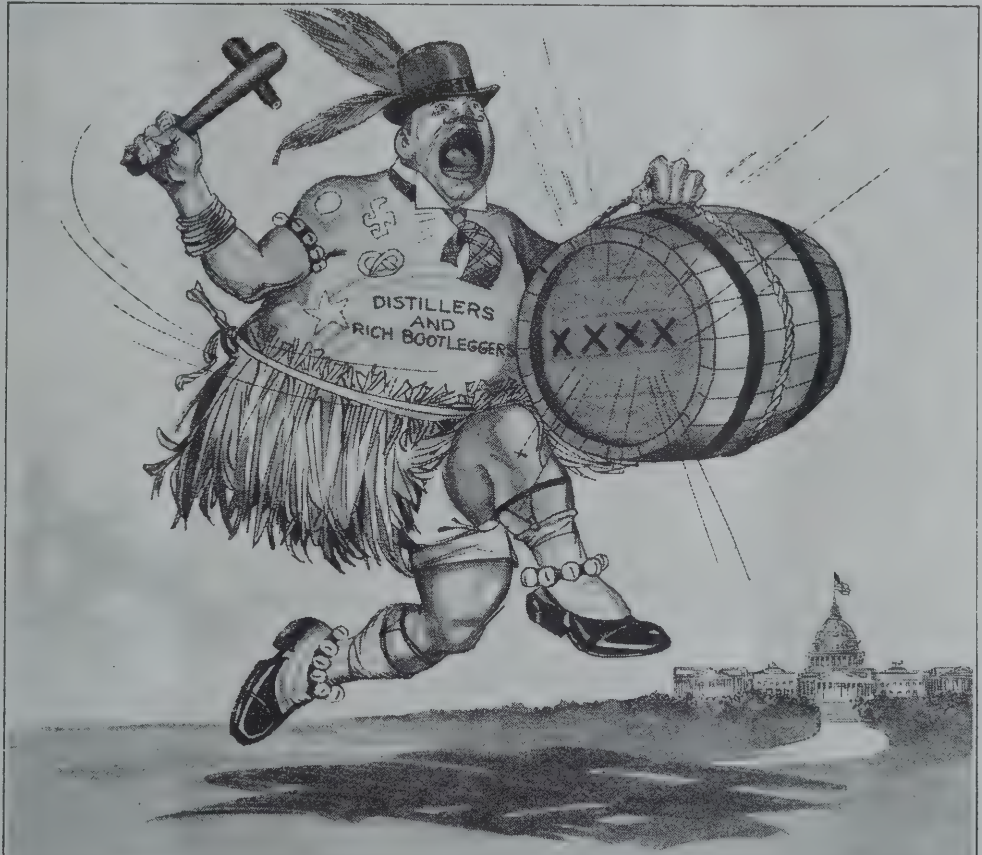
By
J. BART CAMPBELL

> 'The Fifth London Pharmacopoeia (1746), while it professed to condemn the old astrological and folk remedies, and while it drops human fat, spider webs, moss from human skulls, unicorns' horn, bone from the stag's head, and the like, still retained mithridate, theriac, crab's eyes, wood lice, pearls, bezoars, vipers, corals, etc.'—From the *Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences.* Vol. VI.

THIS was in medicine's 'dark ages,' before 'medicinal spirits' came to be rated by the medical practitioner and his less-enlightened patient as a cure-all, as a substitute, say, for 'theriac,' which medicine was compounded of twenty leaves of rue, one grain of salt, two nuts and two dried figs.

Recourse by the family doctor to leeches and other blood-letting tortures also antedated the belief that whisky, if permitted to flow unrestricted down the human throat and into the stomach, was a certain antidote for rattlesnake's venom.

Whisky was whisky then. True, in the 'good old days' it was adulterated, poisoned, 'doctored,' or 'cut,' by the saloonkeeper almost as frequently and as unscrupulously as it is 'treated' by the bootlegger today. But there was no widespread and systematic attempt in the 'good old days' to camouflage whisky, or its kindred intoxicants, brandy, rum and gin, as 'medicinal spirits.'



THE MEDICINE MAN.

Under the National Prohibition Act, the whisky traffic faces ultimate and inevitable bankruptcy, unless something is done to save it. A few months ago Brigadier General Lincoln C. Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of enforcing the Volstead Act, held important consultations with certain important personages.

From these consultations Mr. Andrews carried to Congress a bill for the establishment, under Treasury Department supervision, of a 'beneficent monopoly' (General Andrews' own term), to be financed partly by the issuance of gold notes bearing an interest rate of 5 per cent, and not to exceed an aggregate value of $35,000,000, which would be purchasable by the Secretary of the Treasury, on behalf of the United States Government, from a special fund of that amount appropriated by Congress; and partly by the issuance of stock up to an aggregate par value of $40,000,000; a price-fixing 'whisky trust' to engage, to the exclusion of all competition, in the purchasing, making, maturing, distributing and selling of distilled spirits for medicinal purposes.

Those consulted by General Andrews included Seton Porter, president of the Kentucky Distilleries & Warehouse Company, Samuel C. Miller, of the Frankfort Distillery Company, both of Louisville, Kentucky; John F. Pell, representing the Overholt Distributing Company, of Broad Ford, Pennsylvania; R. E. Wathen, R. E. Wathen & Company, Louisville, Kentucky; S. D. Peyser, Baltimore Distilling Company, Baltimore, Maryland; Frank B. Thompson, Glenmore Distilleries Company, Owensboro, Kentucky; D. K. Weiskopf, Joseph S. Finch & Company, Schenley, Pennsylvania; and Emil Schwarzhaupt, E. H. Taylor, Jr., & Sons, Frankfort, Kentucky.

General Andrews contended the measure would not only prevent lawless diversion of whisky to the bootlegger, and thereby lead to 'more efficient law enforcement,' but would insure an adequate supply of 'medicinal spirits' for the future requirements of the American people.

The bill was passed by the House after exhaustive hearings were held by the Committee on Ways and Means. During these hearings the scheme was bitterly attacked despite Andrews' efforts to defend it as 'sound legally and economically and morally.'

He acknowledged it was written after 'consultation with bankers and whisky owners,' but he argued that 'it honestly meets the requirements of the situation as seen from all angles . . . financial soundness, justice to the present owners, efficiency as regards law enforcement, freedom from prejudice or political bias.'

What would have been the fate of the bill can only be surmised, for it was lost in the filibuster that marked the closing days of the Senate. It will unquestionably be reintroduced in the next Congress. It may, however, not survive the criticism it has aroused already in quarters where the thought of the United States Government lending itself to the whisky traffic is not evoking enthusiasm.

In the judgment of one of the 'consultants'—S. C. Miller, of the Frankfort, Kentucky, distillery—the bill would necessarily result in higher whisky prices. As a matter of fact, whisky holders boosted the wholesale cost of whisky in anticipation of the bill becoming a law, Miller told the committee. Levi Cooke, a whisky lobbyist long familiar to Washington observers, estimated the bill would 'peg the price of whisky on old production somewhere around $40 a case,' but he warned the retail druggists that his 'neutral and indifferent opinion is they are headed for $60 a case whisky.'

IT DEVELOPED at the hearings that the physician who prescribes whisky often charges a patient $3 for the Government prescription, calling for one pint of whisky. The druggist charges an additional $3. Thus the usual retail price for 'prescription whisky' is $6 a pint, or $72 a case.

Through Eugene C. Brokmeyer, its spokesman before the committee, the National Association of Retail Druggists warned that enactment of the proposed law would 'double the cost of medicinal spirits to the retail druggists and to the consuming public,' and 'with the price of medicinal spirits prohibitive, except for the rich, the further diversion of alcohol to beverage purposes would be inevitable, compelling more restrictive legislation and burdensome administration against retail druggists who do not dispense medicinal spirits, as well as those who do.'

Brokmeyer, when questioned as to how many druggists 'cut,' or adulterate whisky, replied: 'It is not fair to the large class of druggists of the United States to stigmatize them because of what a small minority do, because two-thirds of the druggists do not handle whisky at all.'

THERE appeared before the committee one Michael F. Costello, who identified himself as a lawyer of Pawtucket, Rhode Island. As a self-acknowledged whisky speculator, Costello waxed enthusiastic about the bill. Said he:

'I came here to advise you that on April 26, 1918, I bought 100 barrels of Spring Mayfield whisky at $2.50 a gallon, representing an investment of $12,146.70. A couple of months prior thereto I bought 25 barrels of Elk Run at $1.95 a gallon, or $2,353.91. This original investment, together with insurance charges and interest I have paid, will come to about $23,000.

'What is the value today? Two years ago I was offered $11,000. Today, I would say an outside price would be probably $4,000. It stands me $23,000. This bill is the only opportunity the Government has given the little fellow to get out of the hole. I am not cry-babying about this. I hold there are thousands of little fellows who are in the same position as myself, and this is the only ray of hope the Government offers the little fellow, because if you do not pass this bill, these goods will not be worth a nickel . . . As I say, the little fellow's hope is this bill.'

In spite of the fact that he was one of the 'consultants,' S. C. Miller did not particularly favor General Andrews' bill.

'It is my fixed conviction, from a careful study of this bill,' he said, 'that it would have no practical effect in strengthening the enforcement of the prohibition laws. It would be a radical departure from the fixed principles of government, and its only beneficial effect, as I see it, would be to enrich numbers of persons at the expense of the purchasers and consumers of medicinal whisky. It would undoubtedly have the effect of tremendously increasing the cost of whisky to druggists, and as a necessary consequence of increasing the cost to the patient who purchased whisky on a doctor's prescription.'

'Burn it up,' was the blunt suggestion of Representative Ben Johnson, who being from Kentucky said he ought to know something of the whisky problem. 'The United States Government, out of the people's money, is to advance $35,000,000 without a five-cent piece being put up by this private corporation as security. Later in the bill a sinking fund is created with which to retire the gold notes. There is a provision made that the sinking fund may be used to buy whisky, thereby diverting it from the purpose for which it was created: To retire the gold notes; and those gold notes may never be retired, because at the option of the corporation, it can renew them ad infinitum, time without end.

'What whisky may this corporation buy, transport and sell? Whisky in bond, upon which the tax has not been paid; whisky in tax-paid warehouses; and whisky upon which the tax has been paid. Whisky which is neither in bond nor in a tax-paid warehouse may be bought, sold and transported. Therefore this corporation can buy, transport and sell illegal whisky, whisky from me, or you, or any other individual in the United States. It may buy, transport and sell moonshine whisky.

'When a rum runner is anchored a few miles from our coast, and cannot land his stuff, he can sell it to this corporation. No matter how poisonous it is this corporation can take it, and can redistill it or not, just as it sees fit. And there is not a drop of pure whisky coming into this country. I knew from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue as long as twenty years ago that ninety-five per cent of the whisky sold then in the United States was adulterated.'

THE plight of the poor Whisky Men was graphically described by General Andrews in his defense of the bill.

'These men who have carried the burden of hundreds of millions of dollars of investment, and the grief and the struggle during these years,' he declared, 'have done it looking forward to the day when they could get their money back. That day is almost here. The prices have gone up and up gradually, but from now on, with only a four-and-a-half-year supply in sight, they are about to reap their reward, and it is easy for them to do it. In fact, I have heard it whispered that the next raise would be $5 a case.'

Twenty-two of the forty-eight states forbid the sale of 'medicinal whisky.' And Dr. Charles Mayo, the eminent surgeon, as long as ten years ago, declared:

'Medicine has reached a period when alcohol is rarely employed as a drug, being displaced by better remedies. Alcohol's only place now is in the arts and sciences.'

Science's Work *in* 20th Century

By EDWARD E. SLOSSON

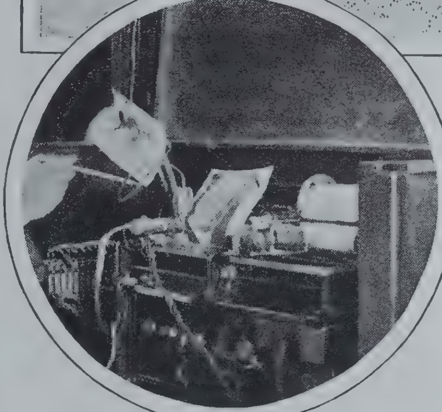
Director, Science Service, Washington, D. C.

MORE has been added to the sum of human knowledge in most of the sciences during the first quarter of the 20th Century than in any whole century previous, and, what is more important from the viewpoint of the historian, all the sciences were more quickly and extensively applied to daily life than ever before. For a scientific discovery figures for the first time in history, not when the idea flashes into someone's brain, or even when he publishes or patents it, but when it becomes an active factor in human affairs.

That Leonardo da Vinci sketched a flying machine in his secret diary as early as 1505 is of interest only to the antiquary and biographer. Aviation enters world history in 1914 when war for the first time was carried into third dimensions by airplanes.

We should give due honor to Abbot Mendel for his patient and pioneer work on crossing peas in the garden of his cloister at Brünn, yet Mendelism does not date from 1866, but rather after 1903, when Dr. Vries through his experiments on breeding evening primroses came to the same conclusion, and the principle of unit characteristics as the mechanism of heredity began to be applied in experimental evolution.

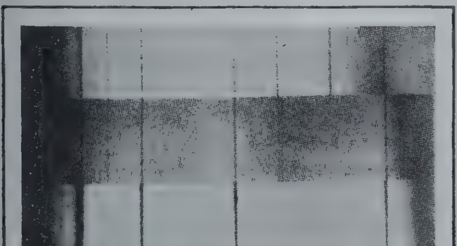
In former ages a scientific discovery would often be idle for many years or centuries before its utilization, but in our time this latent period of neglect has been materially reduced. Within a few months after Professor Röentgen in 1895 had noticed that the cathode rays of a vacuum tube would make an image on a photographic plate, the X-ray apparatus was used in hospitals all the world over for the examination of bones of the body.



—Wide World Photos.

Above—Photo received in New York City from London by wireless. English soldiers are shown guarding omnibuses to prevent damage by strikers.

Circle—Recent apparatus for sending photographs over long distances by wireless



Each band is the spectrum of a different star as photographed at Harvard Observatory.

Less than a hundred years ago Auguste Comte in his *Positive Philosophy* set a limit to the science of astronomy in these words:

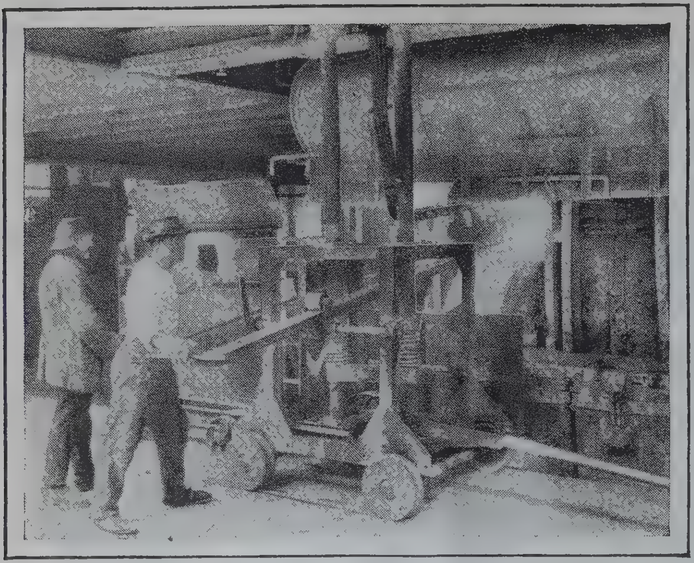
'We shall never be able to study the chemical composition of the celestial bodies . . . Our positive knowledge with regard to them will necessarily be limited to their geometrical and mechanical phenomena. It will be impossible, by any means, to include investigations of their physical, chemical and other properties.'

This rash venture of the positive philosopher into negative prophecy has been falsified, for stellar chemistry has proved not only ascertainable but practical. The astronomer of his time was able to determine the orbits of the planets of the solar system. The astronomer of the 20th Century is able to determine the orbits of the electrons in the atoms of the stars. In 1868 certain lines of the solar spectrum that did not correspond with any earthly element were ascribed by Sir Norman Lockyer to a hypothetical substance, 'helium.'

In 1895, Sir William Ramsay identified helium in a mineral. It is the lightest of gases, next to hydrogen, and since it is incombustible can be used with greater safety in balloons. A sufficient quantity of helium was collected from Texas gas wells near the end of the war to fill a dirigible, so this remote and supposedly impossible astronomical discovery might have proved a decisive factor in the international conflict.

The mobility of modern man is due to his tapping of subterranean stores of fossil fuel, coal and oil. His sudden accession of energy comes from the sunshine of the carboniferous era. The expansion of Europe is based upon the expansion of gases. The power of European nations which dominates the world in war and peace is the pressure of released molecules. This is the force that in war propels cannon balls and explodes shells, and in peace pushes the piston of the steam engine and the automobile.

The most convenient, compact, portable and powerful source of inanimate energy is petroleum. In fast steamers, and especially in naval vessels, where space and weight must be economized, oil has a vast advantage over coal, when burned under the boiler of a reciprocating engine or of the steam turbine invented by Sir Charles Parsons, and especially when employed for the explosive mixture of a Diesel engine.



—Ewing Galloway Photo.

Drawing carbide from an oven in a German plant. Nitrogen is added in a subsequent operation.

But Nature has been curiously capricious in the distribution of oil deposits. The leading countries of Western Europe are destitute of petroleum, and the coal fields, on which their industrial supremacy depends, are limited in extent and rapidly being consumed. Consequently all possible substitutes for fossil fuel as a source of energy are being considered. The water power of Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, France and northern Italy is being developed. In Italy subterranean steam is used to run dynamos. On the French coast wave motors are being installed. In Germany synthetic petroleum, wood alcohol and other organic compounds are made by combining coal and hydrogen. Various European inventors are trying to devise new ways of using the wind.

Man's acquisition of inanimate energy has given him increased command of heat and cold, 'Nature's two hands whereby she chiefly worketh,' as Bacon puts it. The laboratory has now a range of temperature reaching from twenty thousand degrees centigrade, which is more than three times as hot as the sun's surface, down to within less than one degree of absolute zero. All the once-called 'permanent gases' have been liquefied, and even frozen solid. And nowadays the shop lingers but little behind the laboratory.

Liquid carbon dioxide puts sparkle into the beverages of the soda fountain, and carbon dioxide snow keeps the express package cold and dry. Liquid ammonia keeps the refrigerator below the point where food will spoil. Liquid air removes from the vacuum tube all but one part in a thousand million of the gas that originally filled it. Air by being liquefied and allowed to evaporate is separated into its component gases, giving us oxygen for combustion or blasting, and nitrogen for farming or fighting.

Refrigeration on trains and steamers and in cold storage warehouses makes possible the unlimited transportation and indefinite preservation of perishables, such as fruits, flowers, milk, meat, eggs and vegetables. This has eliminated the local and seasonal segregation of foods, and has enabled one section of the globe to supplement the natural deficiencies of another.

In the 19th Century it was supposed that the food requirements of man and his stock were limited to fats, carbohydrates, proteins and salts of suitable sorts, but since then it has been found that certain other constituents in minute amount are essential for health, growth and fertility. Four or five of these 'vitamins' have been quite definitely identified, although not yet certainly isolated. They are chiefly to be found in green leaves, fruit and milk, so the addition of such ephemeral foods to the common dietary at all seasons through refrigeration and canning should perceptibly improve the public health.

Cheap food transportation has already had conspicuous effects on international relations. Great Britain gets half of her meat and four-fifths of her wheat from overseas. Foreign food is cheaper and it is impossible in any case to support her rapidly increasing population on home-grown produce.

In the 'tight little island' land has been going out of cultivation during the 20th Century. From 1899 to 1925 the land in corn crops (wheat, rye, oats, et cetera) shrank from 7,400,000 acres to 6,320,000, and in green crops (potatoes, turnips, et cetera) from 3,000,000 acres to 2,700,000. This system of absentee agriculture came near proving disastrous when the German U-boats were sinking ships faster than they could be constructed.

Although Nature has apparently shown partiality in her distribution of oil, coal and metals to the various nations, she has been strictly impartial in her allotment of one of the other essentials of civilization, nitrogen, for each country has a supply in exact proportion to its

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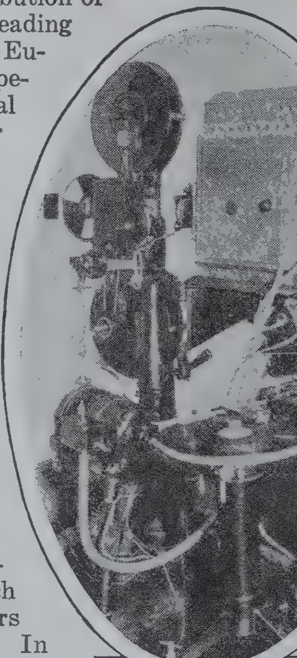
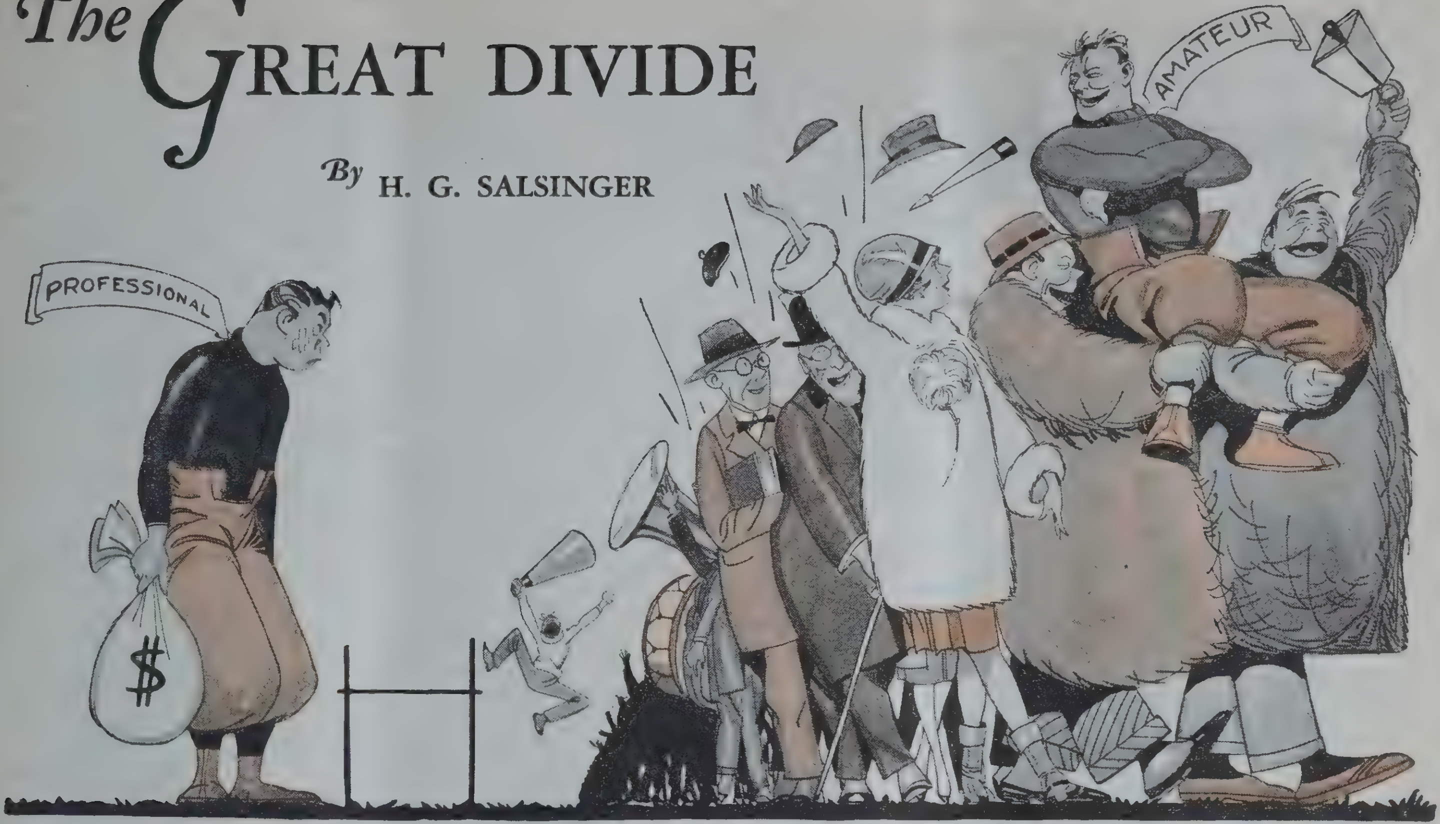


—Photos, Vitaphone Corporation of America.

Complicated devices required to record 'speaking motion pictures.' Oval—Record adjusted to operate in conjunction with regular motion-picture projection machine.

The GREAT DIVIDE

By H. G. SALSINGER



WHEN, in the autumn of 1926, a number of our leading tennis players deserted the amateur ranks and turned professional, and when it was hinted at the same time that a number of others of equal reputation intended doing the same thing, there developed a fear that within a short space of time everything in the way of sports presentation would be of a professional nature and that amateur sports would cease to exist.

This panicky state was needless. A little reflection and even the most agitated amateur enthusiast would see the impossibility of such a future. He would realize that there can never come a time when all sports worth while will be professional, for there are many sports that can never be successfully professionalized.

Among the numerous sports and pastimes that Americans indulge in, there are certain sports that are desirable only in the professional manner, others that are acceptable only as amateur affairs and still others that are attractive both as amateur and professional undertakings.

Consider tennis, since tennis has already been mentioned. C. C. Pyle, the man who promoted the tour of Suzanne Lenglen and the troupe of American players, had no intention of creating a large professional tennis field regardless of what was said about the Pyle intentions in the public prints. Pyle organized this tour because he realized that in Mlle Lenglen he not alone had the greatest woman player ever developed but one of the most remarkable 'gate cards' in sports. He realized that people who did not care a rap about tennis would pay money to look at the girl who has been one of the most discussed women of the world in the last decade. To 'bolster up the act' he engaged a number of leading American players. He signed Miss Mary K. Browne, Vincent Richards and a few others. He needed them for a two hours' entertainment. But, he knew at the same time that he could make but one tour through the United States. 'The show is good for once around, but no more,' said Pyle. Thus the man who introduced professional tennis to the United States knew better than anyone else that he could not make the sport stand up in a professional way. Some day that may come about but it is doubtful. Tennis promises to remain interesting only as long as the competition is limited to amateurs. In time we may have open tournaments where professionals and amateurs compete, but that time is a long way off.

Golf has its amateur and professional fields. The bulk of mechanical skill in competitive golf is with the professionals, but the bulk of public sentiment rests with the amateurs.

Amateurs and professionals meet in golf annually in the national open. Later in the season the amateurs have a tournament of their own and after that the professionals engage in a tournament where the amateurs are barred.

Compared with the professionals, the amateurs, as a whole, are pretty much lacking in skill. Pick the first twenty professionals and the first twenty amateurs of this country, pair them and let them engage in match play and we predict that the professionals will win at least seventeen of the twenty matches. But, while 15,000 people watched Bobby Jones and George Von Elm play the final match of the National Amateur Tournament at Baltusrol last September, only 3,000 saw Leo Diegel and Walter Hagen in the final match of the professional tournament at Salisbury a week later.

George Sargent, head of the Professional Golfers' Association, remarked that day: 'The American people let sentiment guide them in attending sports events. The chance to see a game presented in its highest possible form of mechanical skill is not an inducement. What attracts them to the box office is sentiment.'

AS AN illustration, let us take football. As a college sport football has brought tremendous gate receipts in the last five years with few colleges able to meet the demand for seats at any game with a formidable rival. The millions that have been poured into the athletic treasuries of the colleges focused the attention of the professional sports promoters on football, and they went to lavish proportions to present the game in a manner that would bring big returns. Professional football has failed to take hold. While two minor college teams will pack the stands, the promoters have discovered that two professional teams will draw only a few thousand spectators even if the line-ups are

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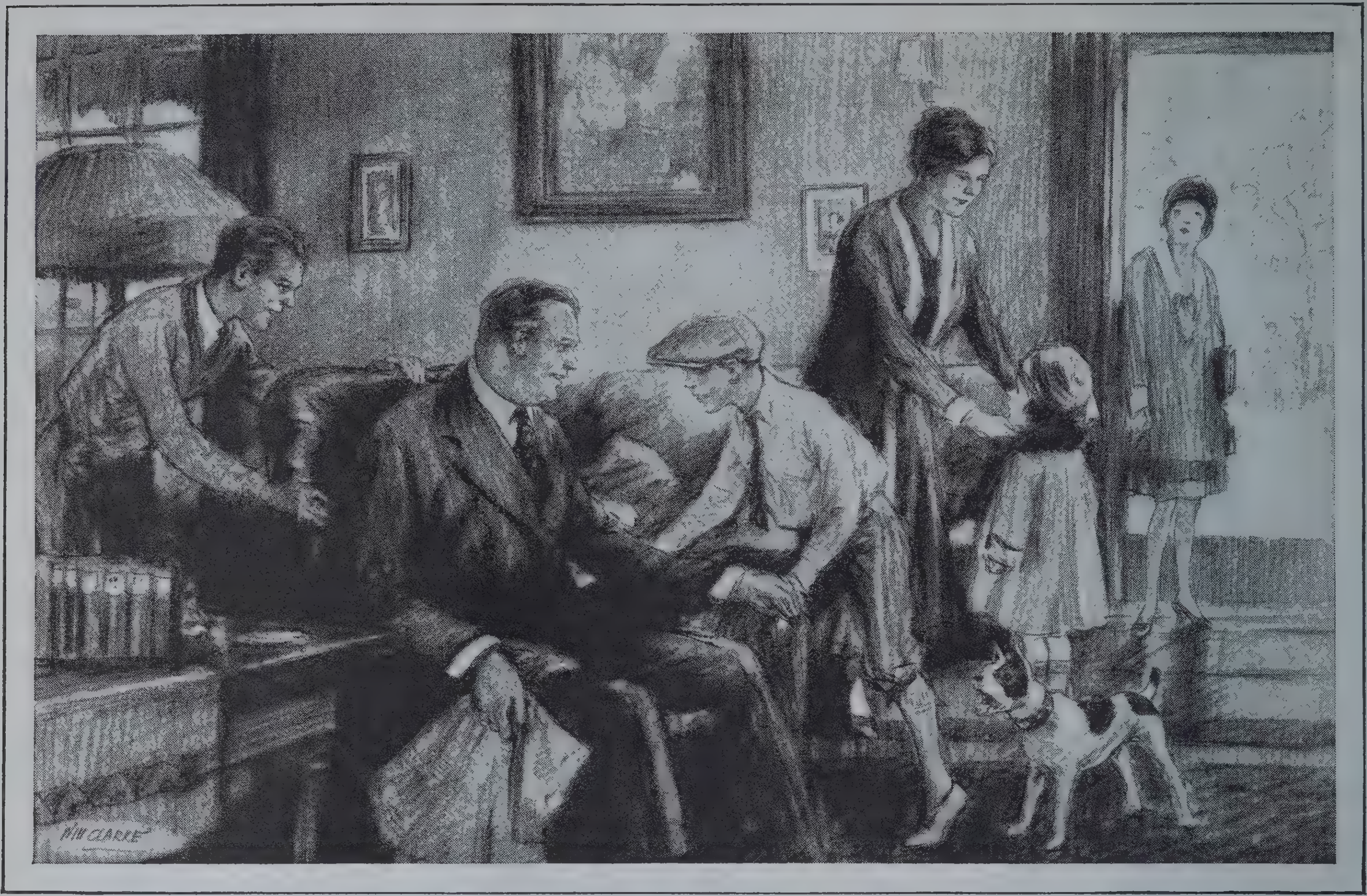


A good-natured upset and rumpus awakens adults for the day and impresses on them the value of succeeding calm.

What Price CHILDREN?

By VIOLET IRWIN
Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

WHEN it comes to the question of having children, sophisticated modernists say: 'Thanks, we have no desire to hand on the torch.' Beside them the vast majority—the naturally heedless, ready to let each day's evil-and-good take care of itself—stretches away into dim distance. While on the other side are the farther-sighted, deeply curious few who confessedly want a 'quiver full.'

In the very earliest days, while man still lived by hunting, not to have children was a peril. It meant nobody to feed the old folk when rheumatism cramped their limbs, and age-dimmed eyes wasted the arrow's flight. Later on, as late as the Victorian Era, a failure in family getting was a rarity and a reproach. Now it is a commonplace, and tomorrow it may be reckoned a virtue.

With the help of science we are breaking away from the consequences of our acts. But nothing has yet been found to defeat the inexorable law of compensation. For every difficulty removed from our manner of living we are losing, or have lost, bodily vigor. For every married couple who simplify their lives, physically and financially, by refusing the family incubus, society loses a measure of spiritual rejuvenation.

We seem to move through this advanced age in a maze of contradictions. Dr. Steinach and all the other wise heads busy on the secret of renewing youth command world advertising. The numbers of their adherents multiply. Optimistic souls travel thousands of miles to undergo their treatments. And yet it is this same priceless treasure that people cast away and forfeit when they tell you, with a shrug: 'Children are too much trouble.'

At one time marriage was the eureka of womanhood. It made all the difference. 'Old maid,' that devastating term of reproach pinned onto a woman in her small twenties, spelled the end of all hope. Being placarded a failure from the start is enough to turn anybody into a cucumber, and such was the general effect. The spinsters faded into nothingness, while their wedded sisters sailed triumphantly through life. Modern developments, however, go to prove it was not marriage but the almost inevitable family of those good old days that made the difference.

Anybody interested in their community now can name a dozen prominent unmarried women working among children in our libraries, crèches, hospitals or playgrounds, all blessed with dancing eyes and ready smiling lips akin to their young associates. No old maid about them. They are youthful in spirit because they are 'traveling with the young.'

On the other hand consider the middle-aged childless couple. Their minds and habits are prematurely set. They date like a twenty-year-old novel. The trouble is life becomes routine for the overcomfortable. It may be a routine of good food, fine clothes, agreeable friends, acceptable work and entertainments. Nevertheless it is the week's rut. All thinking people recognize the danger of routine and ruts. They are prison paths to the keen-minded. One of the least-appreciated benefits connected with our offspring is their knack of breaking up routine. They take us unawares. They jerk us out of best-laid plans. You may live formally. You may have a model home, competent nurses and governesses, and yet the ringing bark of croup at bedtime will work havoc with parental pleasures and the social code.

All real families are familiar with the ten-minute morning pandemonium preceding the boys' departure from home to school—any boys and any home! In the first chapter of *This Freedom* A. S. M. Hutchison did the scene to the king's taste. He pictured only one boy, however. The storm rages more militantly where there are two or more.

SUCH a volatile display may strike your set and meticulous mind as a daily calamity. If so you are wrong. That hasty high-pressure, good-tempered confusion of grabbing school bags, ducking for caps, seizing coats and scarfs—loud-voiced accusation, reproach, argument—is a tonic blast of fresh emotion ventilating the whole household.

All human beings ought to have a safety valve to blow off their feelings. What we need to avoid is stagnation. Physical exercise before breakfast, lying on your back and kicking your heels in the air, is recommended by our best doctors to keep the blood in circulation and the body fit. A good-natured upset and rumpus such as the children make awakens the adults for the day, stimulates their faculties, and impresses on them the value of the succeeding calm.

The freshness of childish minds can also intrude blessedly to lighten our minor tasks, which custom has made so humdrum. Two maids were one day doing up a bedroom while a child of three played about. As a pillow slip was being changed, some feathers fluttered to the floor. The little girl picked one up, examined it, and tendered it to her nurse, saying: 'Look at the leaf off of a bird.' That was a good line and it gave the girls a good laugh. It gave the mother a laugh when she heard it, and many a guest on whom it was inflicted as 'Pussy's latest.' Such a trifle! But remember, it is out of our appreciation of the small things that life gets a poignant flavor.

Children bring vitality roaring through our concerns. They teach us tolerance. If you have one you must accept the antics of the neighbor's ten. They induct us into odd, original views of our everyday world.

THESE are the three juvenile beatitudes which childless married people miss. A bachelor or spinster is often the bosom friend in some family circle. But the childless married couple are brought into contact with children surprisingly seldom. Except by their immediate relatives they are not invited to family parties. Their social world is careful to receive them with its smug and tidied smile. Babes are packed off to bed early when such neighbors come in for dinner or bridge. If the two factions chance to meet it is a formal encounter—a few polite speeches on either side. Nursery effervescence is bottled down—maybe bribed down. The rich enthusiasm provided to run the world through the next generation lies dormant.

How different the children's behavior in a sympathetic setting! Youth sparks out of them and is as catching as smallpox. Parents—that is real bred-in-the-bone, love-in-the-heart parents—gather it up subconsciously. A mother of five may have added a pound or two of avoirdupois. If she is raising them in a city her hair will have turned gray. Her clothes will be less costly than the childless woman's. But what of the essential person beyond these mere externals? Youth after all is a matter of mind rather than of the flesh. Test the warmth of her emotion, her spiritual resilience, her fund of humor, her breadth of interest.

And there are other gifts besides youth flowing from the younger generation. The faith of sons is precious. That blind adoration which the very young tender to their natural, but generally undeserving guardians, melts sentiment to tears and cynics to a smile.

HAVE you ever sat on a public beach—not the kind of resort patronized by review beauties and smart spenders, but a regular beach—and watched paterfamilias living up to the standard set him by his son? Willie believes that his dad can skip a stone farther and better than anybody else on earth—so daddy skips it. One, two, three, four dips—a whiz! Loud applause from the family. Daddy throws another and another. He begins to enjoy himself. He expands. All humanity shows a strong tendency to expand under admiration. There is nothing more tonic. If daddy happens to catch a stranger's eye on him, he may look a bit sheepish—because in truth they weren't such great shots. We hope therefore that he will not see, for daddy deserves his enjoyment. The desert of life offers us one little oasis where we may put ourselves over at a fancy valuation—that is in the heart of the young family.

When the child is older he sets us a mental as well as a physical standard. The growing boy as a critic makes columnists sit up and take notice. Here is a case. For weeks Johnnie had been excitedly anticipating a certain Indian motion picture. It was advertised as a romance of early times in the Fenimore Cooper vein, full of wild woods, heroics and mystery. Finally the great day arrived. Johnnie and his brother set out nervous from eagerness. Alas, spirits had slumped sadly ere their return! At dinner Uncle Henry, wishing to cheer the mood, asked heartily:

'Well, how did you like the show? Was it tiptop?'

'Naw!' answered John in a voice charged with emotion. 'It was awful—just awful! All the Indians were vaccinated.'

A fine point of period setting, overlooked by the producers, had spoiled the whole illusion for a ten-year-old spectator.

Keeping ahead of such an audience makes us put our best foot forward. There can be no slacking on the genuine-parent game. The youthful critics on the hearth jack their leaders up.

CERTAIN people who agree with all this still shake their heads. They do not want children because of ways and means. One of the principal factors working against the family today is the old dollar mark. There can be no denying that children are expensive. Having a family means giving—incessant giving—from the hour the mother begins giving her vitality to the last, final check the father pays out.

It is not only the giving of money, more or less simple according to how much the family coffers contain, but the devotion of time. You must spend time with your children if you are to get back any considerable return. And even the priceless gift of time is not enough. You must give yourself to your family—large slices of your sympathy, your enthusiasm, your constructive thought.

Children are severe critics, terrible judges. The older they grow, the more you have to give them. If you try to put them off with less than the best of yourself, they will soon tire of you and heartlessly desert you to join the 'gang.'

THERE is the money question. Circumstances differ so much between one family and another that arriving at the actual cost of a child seems hopeless. The 75 men in New York State who payed income tax on over a million dollars will find education infinitely more expensive than the 200,000 odd whose incomes were less than $3,000 for the year. Every decorative layer and artificial curlicue we engraft on life makes the upbringing of the next generation just so much more complex. Therein lies one of our chief difficulties today. Man is naturally an animal bent on procuring his food. Beyond this we have to teach the child all social rule and moral law that we want him to practise. Civilization is continuously adding to the burden of education.

The insurance companies are great compilers of statistics, and we may help ourselves to their results. One of them recently estimated something over $6,000 as the cost of maintaining a boy up to 18 years. The amount seems impossibly small for

(*Continued on page 19*)

Introduction *to a* Writer

A LETTER

Dear Charles Finger:

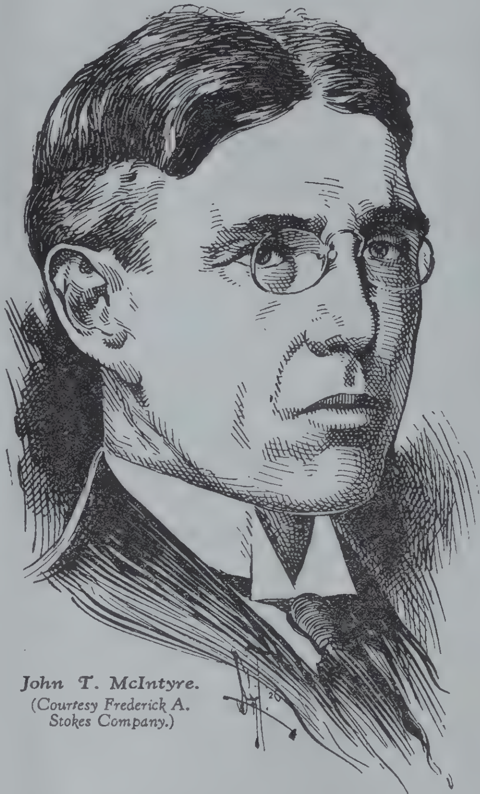
Here is a book that has impressed me greatly. Will you not evaluate it for me—analyze it? It is important to me to know why I was impressed by *Shot Towers,* and I think it is important to know how to estimate the promise of John T. McIntyre's gift, so that we may rightly gauge our expectations from him for the future.

THE EDITOR.

The Reply.

YOU want to know why McIntyre's *Shot Towers* has interested you, why you think it a worth-while book. And on my part when a man likes a thing and wonders why he does; and, what is more, says that he wonders and asks others to satisfy his curiosity, the whole business strikes me as being so extraordinary that it becomes challenging. So I sat down and read the book. Four hundred and fourteen pages of it there are, and never a yawn. But, mind you, this McIntyre does not stand alone, I would have you know. There are others, equally interesting to me. There's Barrie, for example—Barrie of *The Little Minister* and *Sentimental Tommy.* And there's Kathleen Norris. And there's Thackeray. And there's Washington Irving. And, oh, half a hundred others like McIntyre. That is, all of those mentioned have something in common. And all of them can interest without bringing out the paraphernalia of a murdered man in the library with a knife in his chest, a keen-eyed detective, a chart and buried treasure, passion torn to shreds. And all of them can picture, and do picture, that most interesting thing in life—a clean-living man, a man of courage and unselfishness, a man (or woman of course) with a heart turned to kindness and generosity and considerateness. I have McIntyre's Mrs. Carey in mind just now.

BUT, in McIntyre's book there are others portrayed with fidelity. And that's where the excellence of the book comes in. It's not in the plot. It's in the characterization. Any Hollywood expert could give you a swifter, a more stirring set of situations—more impossible, too, be it said. But, mark you, McIntyre does not go out of his way to invent situations of a sort that do not come into the ordinary experience of men. Most men, and the majority of women, do, actually and in all truth, lead lives of comparative blamelessness. We do not go through life slaying and burning and shooting. In the ordinary walks of life a man can go through ten or twenty active years without having once seen a man knocked down, and certainly without being forced to the necessity of knocking anyone else down; most assuredly always carrying himself in such mode that he is not knocked down.



John T. McIntyre.
(*Courtesy Frederick A. Stokes Company.*)

But, alas! to judge by our current literature, force is the cardinal activity in this, our present-day civilization. Also, in our modern fiction, both men and women would seem to live without working, their lives a succession of parties and talkings and ridings-about. But your McIntyre does actually tell you what his people do. His Douglas Burns, for example, goes about 'with pencils, and little rules, and note books, protruding from his waistcoat pocket.' Tom had 'a little clock that woke him in the mornings.' Mrs. Povey had a recipe for pickling walnuts, 'simmering them for five minutes and never letting them boil.' And 'Hicks used cold, small words: they told much . . . throwing light on things.'

I give those examples by way of showing something of the real artist in the novelist. He is like Morley Roberts. He is like Cunninghame Graham. That is, he depicts with striking realism. He pictures life and ordinary society as it is. He puts common everyday people on his pages as they are in real life. With little touches he shows us their habits, their prejudices, their motives, their ambitions. Not only do we hear their conversation, which is perfectly natural and characteristic, but we feel that their actions are caused by their natures, just as actions are caused by natures in real life. And, as in real life, the action of the story grows out of the conflict of character just as it does in real life. That is, the author's characters are not puppets who only move when the strings are pulled. Nor is the 'plot' a built-up thing as plots generally are, with the puppets pushed here and there, wooden and obstinate. For to try to build a convincing book by that method is about as idiotical a proceeding as it would be to say: 'Come. Let us sit down and play a game of chess, at the end of which the king shall be on such and such a square, the knight here, a pawn there, and a rook over there.' The impossibility of that is apparent.

YOU see, somehow in our fiction we have marched far and away from life as it is; and the so-called realists are altogether out of sight. We are as far from reality as were those poets, two hundred and more years ago, who persisted in drawing impossible pictures of shepherds and shepherdesses tending beribboned sheep in flower-spangled meadows, the while they sang and danced, or conversed in rhymed couplets. It took a Burns singing of a mountain daisy or of a field mouse to shake them into common sense. This McIntyre, and a few others, have that Burns gift of naturalness. They have cut a way out of the conventions.

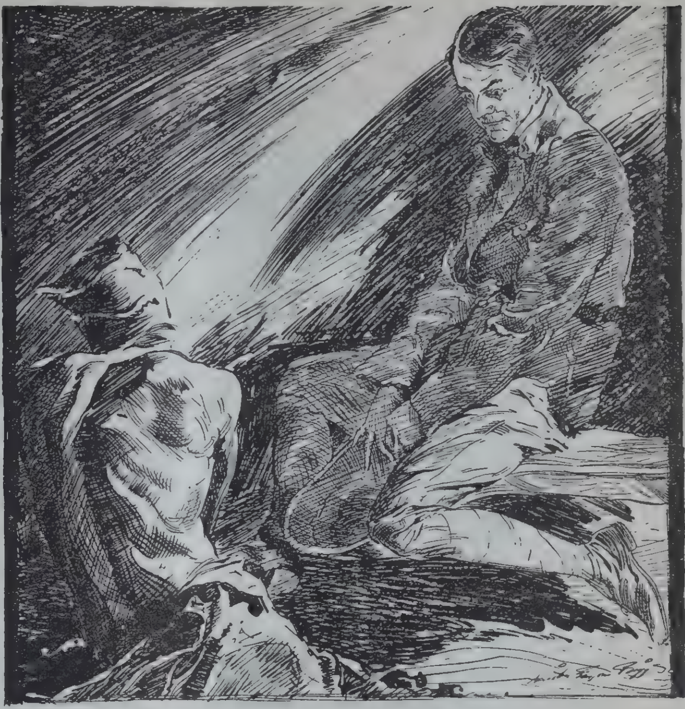
Say what you will, we are full of conventions in our literature and art. I ask you, if you disbelieve this, to show me a young man in your office with the build and make-up of the young man pictured on the clothing advertisements. I ask you to point out a stenographer with the impossible face of the girl on the magazine

(*Continued on page 28*)

How the Monkeys Avenged *Their* QUEEN

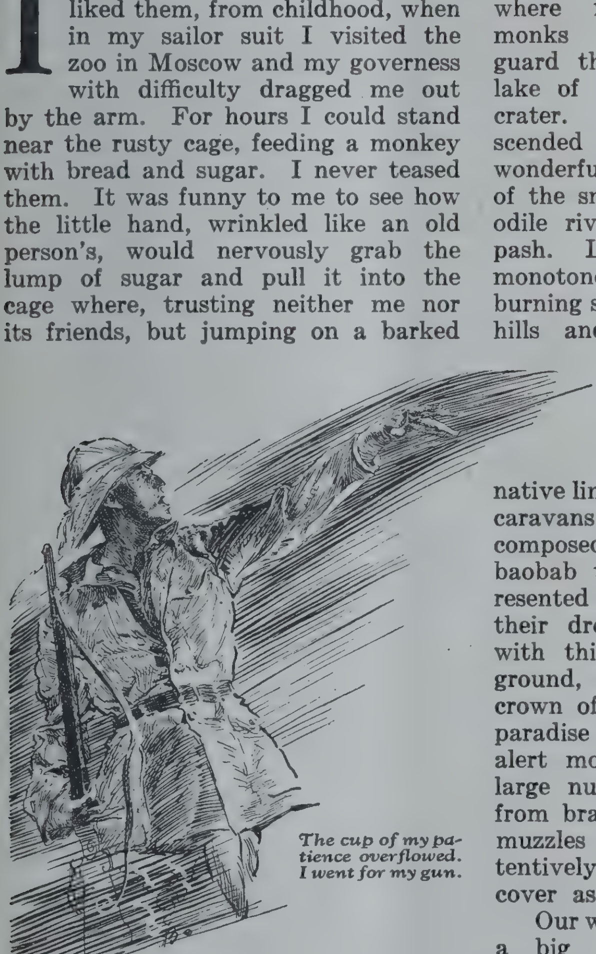
By PAVEL BOULIGIN

Illustrated by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS



'They have buried the dead queen and left a watchman.'

I LIKE monkeys. I have always liked them, from childhood, when in my sailor suit I visited the zoo in Moscow and my governess with difficulty dragged me out by the arm. For hours I could stand near the rusty cage, feeding a monkey with bread and sugar. I never teased them. It was funny to me to see how the little hand, wrinkled like an old person's, would nervously grab the lump of sugar and pull it into the cage where, trusting neither me nor its friends, but jumping on a barked tree branch in its cage, it would smack its lips and gnaw the sugar, hiding the pieces in its cheek for a future feast. I have also visited zoos in foreign countries.



The cup of my patience overflowed. I went for my gun.

So I always have liked monkeys, and for that reason the double murder which I am about to recount, and to which I was compelled by a hard life, presses on my conscience heavily. It happened as follows:

The tired and dusty caravan brought me and my suitcases to the 'Doubona' plantation in the heart of the country. We had traveled a five-day journey from Addis-Abeba, past the slides of the Fourry Mountains, around the Zukwala volcano where numerous monks live to guard the sacred lake of the dead crater. We descended into the wonderful valley of the small crocodile river, Aoupash. Long and monotonously we traveled under a burning sun along the rugged limestone hills and the ramifications of the 'Morocco' mountain range.

The mules trudged slowly with lowered heads along the hot footpaths mortared by a mixture of native lime with the grease of numerous caravans. Finally we entered a wood composed of a few hundred colossal baobab trees, each one of which represented a small grove in itself, as their drooping branches, intertwined with thick lianas, took root in the ground, all topped by the vigorous crown of the giant tree. This was a paradise for the multicolored birds and alert monkeys which were found in large numbers. Red lemurs jumped from branch to branch, their curious muzzles watching us attentively. They ran to cover as we approached.

Our way was crossed by a big monkey walking leisurely with back raised high, which only chattered with its teeth when the *ashkers* hallooed to it. She belonged to a large-sized species called in Abyssinia *jinjiro*. The Abyssinians treat monkeys well, but of course never lose an opportunity to tease and halloo at them.

They are on specially good terms with the *jinjiros*, which live in great numbers in the houses in Addis-Abeba.

I like the lemurs best for their diminutive size and red color and their funny gray whiskers. They are graceful, disposed to be confiding, naughty. But when I look on a strong, long-armed *jinjiro*, I always have a feeling of shame, whether for him or for myself I do not know.

Anyway, he is an evil travesty on humans, and an impressionable observer will always find in him the caricatured traits of himself or his friends.

The grove passed, we noticed the little Doubona River running between high rocky bluffs, the yellow straw roofs of the huts, the undulating line of coffee bushes. It was the plantation. In the morning, looking over my new place of work, I came out to a small field near the bank of the river, beyond which was a con-

(Continued on page 26)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Youth's New Responsibilities

FASHIONS change in ambitions as well as clothes. A few generations ago it was the ambition of every boy in the country to be President. That goal was stressed by adults and emphasized in schoolbooks; it reached its crux just about this time each year in the graduation addresses and graduation advice that soared from every school platform in the land. Nowadays, however, the urge to become President is less keen. Boys are realizing that there are other jobs to fill, that there is other work to do. The position of President has not become less important in their eyes, but the position of *worker* has become more important. In all its years of existence the United States has had only twenty-six Presidents, but it has had hundreds of thousands of workers. Many of these latter have performed tasks so momentous that they have changed the very channels of life, or have altered the thoughts of the nation.

> *YOUTH has one great element in its favor: It can live in the future! The world of tomorrow belongs to the young men of today, and they can begin shaping that world now. No age has ever presented the tremendous opportunities of the present, but along with these opportunities are proportionate responsibilities. With the changing wheel of ambition, boys no longer regard the talkative professions as more important than the manual. They realize that there are gigantic tasks to be done, and that these will be accomplished by doers rather than talkers. But first must come the lesser day-by-day tasks. On these will depend the greater tasks of the future.*

The most important work that faces any youth today is making the world a better place to live in. This does not mean that he must become a preachifier, or an agitator, or even a reformer, in the often accepted interpretation of that abused word. Nor does it mean that he must neglect his daily work in a search for some illusive thing which he can, perhaps, make better. It does mean that he can bend his mind and his efforts toward improving the task he is on, the methods of doing it and the results obtained. As he ascends from task to task he will be amazed at the value of the work he has done, and its effect on his fellow men. Every task well done, however small, contributes to the betterment of the world.

There are thousands of great tasks crying to be accomplished; there are millions of lesser ones. There is the Money Question. The youth who solves that will do more for the world than all the professional soldiers in existence, for he will have ended the chief cause of war. There is the matter of Housing. The youth who devises a method for building better homes quicker and at less cost will lead his people to a greater Promised Land than did Moses, for in spite of the pronouncements of statesmen, Utopia will finally come through the Home and not through any agency of international dickering. There is Agriculture. Some day someone will turn farmers from dependence to independence through mass production. He will show them that nothing is produced on this earth to be wasted, that scores of growing things now discarded as worthless can be transformed into marketable, profitable commodities, and that the raising of food may in time become secondary to these very articles. There is Transportation. Communication. Industry. Each has its tasks, great and small; tasks not alone for leaders but for helpers as well.

Probably *tasks* is too formidable a word. *Opportunities* would be better. Never before has there been an age so full of promise for youth, nor one so teeming with opportunities. Where one opportunity existed twenty years ago, a thousand do now. Yet these opportunities carry with them added responsibilities which must also be met. Heavier demands are made on youth than ever before; more young men hold responsible posts, or are performing important work. The drones dread these new demands and responsibilities, but for the workers they merely add zest and exhilaration to life.

The world is turning to Service as the solution for most of its ills. No longer is profit for the few considered the acme of endeavor. *What will bring the greatest good to the greatest number?*—that is the test. And it is being applied to all phases of human activity. It is the ideal which youth must hold before itself if it is to clear away existing barriers to progress.

Other things, too, must be borne in mind as youth carries forward the work of the world. The curious superstition that manual labor is degrading must be done away with. Young men of today are realizing that the *doer* is far more essential than the *talker*. Boys about to leave school for the serious business of life should remember this: The man who does things is vastly more important to the world than the clerk who merely keeps a record of others' achievements.

Youths have one tremendous advantage over their elders. They have the power of vision, not the drawback of retrospect. They bring fresh eyes and fresh minds to old tasks. They are not tied down by the traditions of the past. Neither are they slaves to the failures of others. Their concern is not so much with what *could not* be done, as with what *can be done* in the future. Twenty years from now the world will be theirs.

What they make of it will depend on what they make of themselves and the opportunities—or tasks—that are now before them.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Why Should *Women Help?*

IT IS an extraordinary statement that is attributed to Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, president of Vassar College, relative to the use of tobacco by students at that institution. 'Of course, if you visit the campus you will see girls smoking,' Dr. MacCracken is quoted as saying. 'I see no real objection to girls smoking anyway. Tobacco is one of the country's most important crops. The men can't smoke it all up. Why shouldn't the women help?'

This is most surprising, coming from the head of one of the nation's foremost educational institutions. Barley is an important crop in the Middle West; the men can't drink all the whisky that barley can produce; why shouldn't the women help? Opium is an important crop in China; the men can't smoke it all up; why shouldn't the women help?

If Dr. MacCracken was correctly quoted—and many of his friends will hope that he was not—his views are at variance with those of nearly every other outstanding educator in the country. Three years ago Irving Fisher, famous Yale University economist, wrote a series of three articles for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT after making an exhaustive study of tobacco. His conclusions are well worth recalling in connection with the present instance. He said: 'Tobacco is injurious to the human body. It injures the heart, it disturbs the blood pressure, it poisons the nerves, it hurts the eyes, it lessens resistance to alcohol, it reduces muscular power and accuracy, it impairs working efficiency, earning power and athletic power, it stunts the growth of the young, it probably shortens life, it probably reduces fertility, it probably reduces appreciably the vigor of the offspring of the heavy smoker. In short, tobacco acts as a narcotic poison, like opium and like alcohol, though usually in a less degree.'

With this the cost—why *should* women help?

Pan-Americanism

PAN-AMERICANISM is potentially one of the vital forces of the world. As nearly as it can be defined, it is the doctrine of universal friendship among nations of the Western Hemisphere. It is three-phased: political, commercial and cultural. In contrast to Europe, the two Americas have lived together with remarkable harmony and good will over a span of many years, a state of affairs all the more amazing in view of the diversity of races which make up the populations of the different countries. But, as in all such relationships, the matter of race is one for prime consideration. It is of particular moment at the present because of recent unfortunate developments.

Trade enters into all international relationships. The two-billion-dollar annual trade of South America looms high in the eyes of Europe. It is perhaps only natural, all things considered, that Spain should not be altogether friendly to Pan-Americanism. Embodied in the Monroe Doctrine more than a hundred years ago it substantially aided the Latin-American countries in their struggle for freedom, and under the guidance of Henry Clay and James G. Blaine the policy reached high peaks of international friendship. The Americas had their own Locarno long before Europe.

Episodes like that of Panama, however, and the present one in Nicaragua, furnish splendid fuel to those in Europe and Latin-America who wish to destroy this friendship. It is a comparatively easy matter to picture the United States as an imperialistic power, eager to gobble up the smaller nations of the two continents, and politicians are losing no time in publishing the present situation in that light. *El Sol*, influential Madrid daily, has editorials under such headings as, 'Spanish-America Defends Itself,' and prints stories about the opportunities afforded to boycott American goods. Other papers follow this lead. Suspicions are easily aroused. The prestige of Washington suffers proportionately.

Intervention by the United States in Nicaragua is to be regretted from many angles. Not the least of these is the damage done Pan-Americanism.

From the Smaller Towns

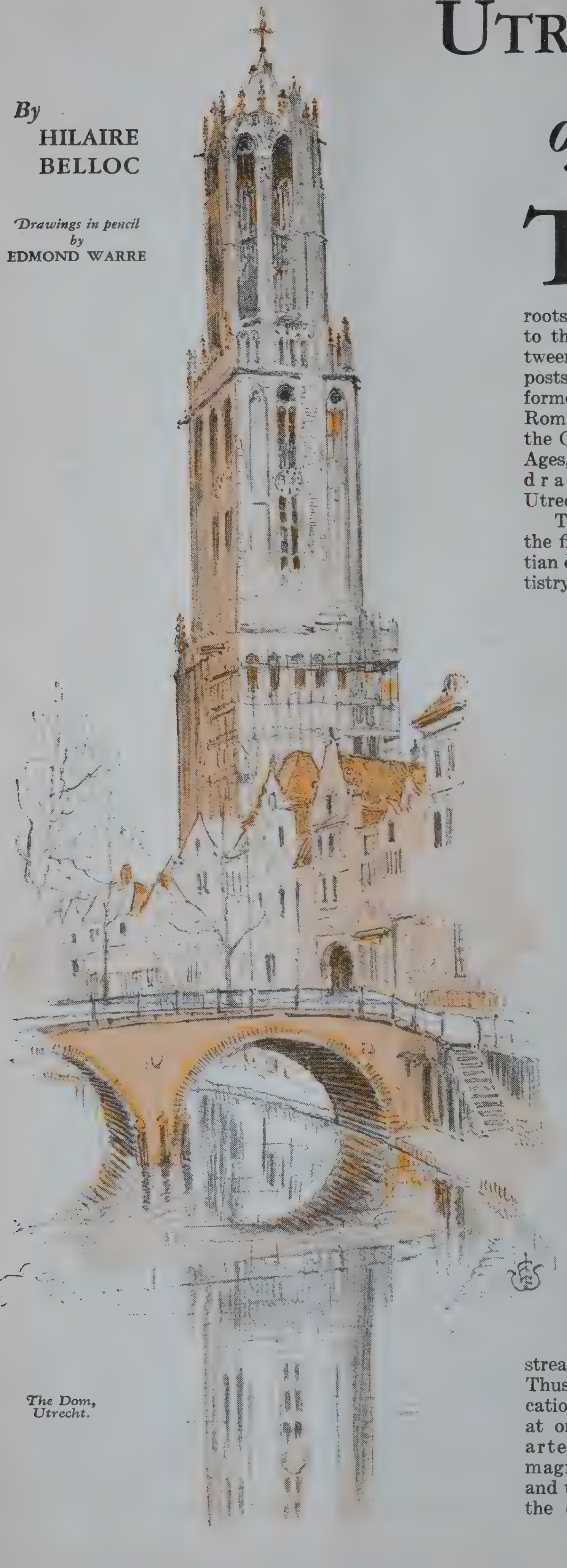
A MISTAKE many make is the belief that New York is the voice of the nation. It is not. Neither are the other large polyglot cities which have tremendous foreign populations and alien outlooks. For true American views, go to the farm or the small town. That is exactly what *The American City* has done in trying to determine prohibition sentiment throughout the country. Mayors in towns of 10,000 to 50,000 population in states which did not have state-wide prohibition before the 18th Amendment was passed have been asked for their 'impartial observations.' The summary of the replies so far received states: 'There is little echo of the condemnation often met with in the cities, but rather a wish for more efficient administration and control . . . Both in their actual answers and in the spirit in which they are written, the mayors in the smaller towns seem to want more prohibition, not less.'

That is testimony from the source. Prohibition has by no means proved perfect, especially in the enforcement which has taken place to date. But in its effect on home ownership, enlarged recreational facilities, the welfare and standard of living of the average family, it has more than justified itself.

UTRECHT—*the* Root of Holland

By
HILAIRE BELLOC

Drawings in pencil by
EDMOND WARRE


The Dom, Utrecht.

THE one spot in Holland where you go back to the very roots of the country, to the transition between the last outposts of the transformed and weakened Roman Empire and the Christian Middle Ages, is the Cathedral Square of Utrecht.

There it is that the first small Christian church and Baptistry was set up, in the midst of the fenland which Roman civilization had drained, but which had certainly half slipped back into barbarism and was still wholly pagan three hundred years after the bishoprics of Gaul had been fully established. So wild was the place still that this first church was swept away and the Christian origins had to be reëstablished more than a lifetime again later.

But the place was elect. It was a patch of firm land in the midst of all that fen, and it stood upon the bank of what was still in those days the main stream of the Rhine. Thus it had communication with what was at once the eastern artery of Charlemagne's dominion and the boundary of the old civilization. It was the last of that great series of posts which remain to us today and to which I think the economic circumstance of Europe will again give unity, in spite of the odd national differences and artificial frontiers of our time: the long chaplet of towns, Constance, Basle, Strassburg, Spires, Worms, Mayence, Coblenz, Bonn, Cologne—Utrecht was the last of these. Today one might say that the Rhine has left it, for the great flood of water was turned westward under the new name of the Waal and the direct flow of the great river to the North Sea trickled out through diminished channels.

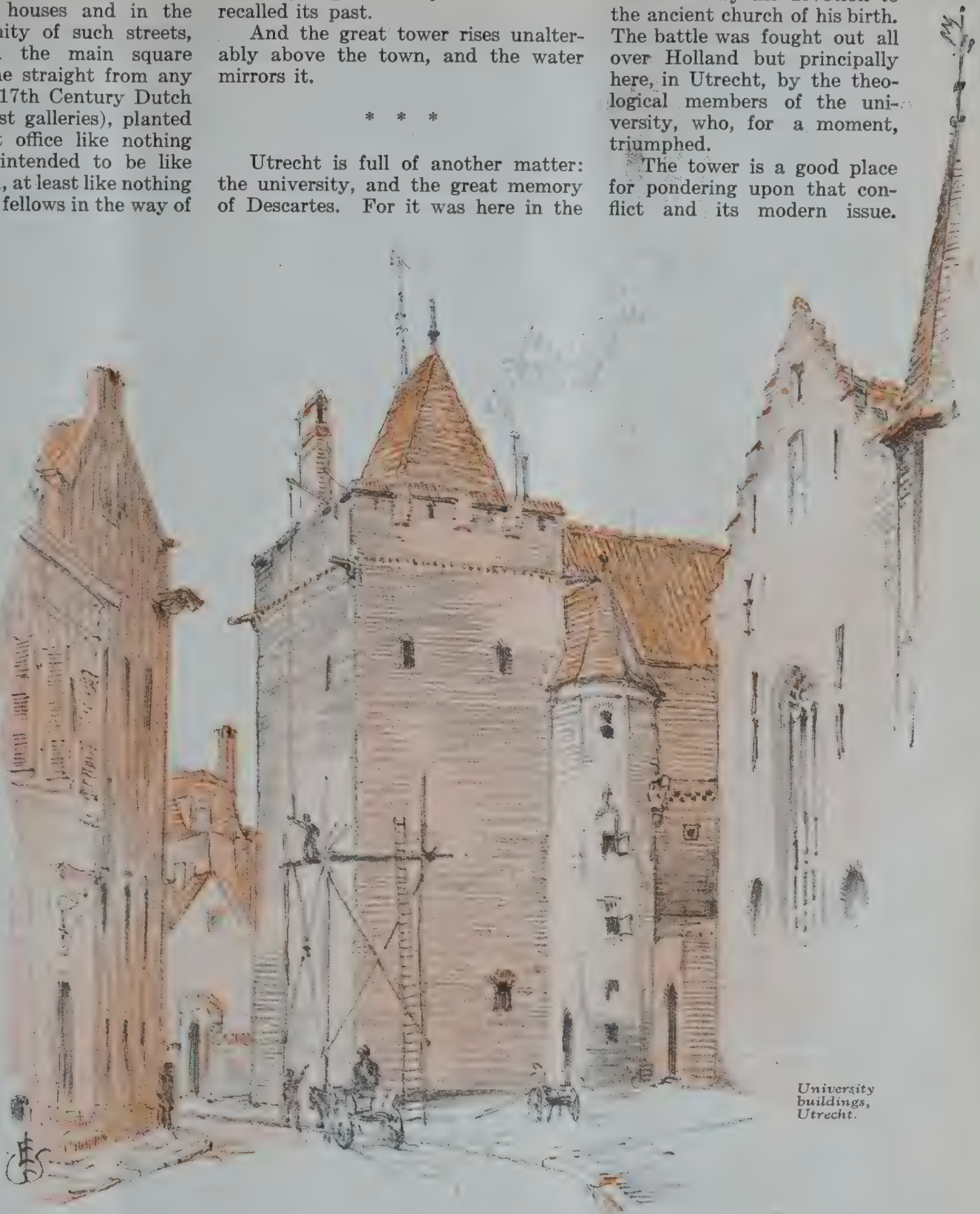
It is curious to note here in Utrecht the little Rhine flowing in a deep trench half the height of a house below the level of the town, a trench walled in with high stone quays, and in width less than the Avon at Stratford or the Thames at Eynsham: a ditch. The exiguity of that sluggish water is the more striking from the mass of the town above it and from the depth of the walled gulley in which it runs. One looks at it and remembers with difficulty that it is still the Rhine, and was once—not 2,000 years ago—the full majestic river, or at any rate the main one of its delta streams.

But if the character of the past has been lost so far as the river is concerned, and if by its deviation to the west, far above Utrecht, the Rhine has abandoned the town and left moderns puzzled upon its historical meaning, one monument magnificently emphasizes the sanctity of the spot, its antiquity, and its meaning to Western Christendom. That monument is the superb isolated belfry of the Cathedral.

It owes some part of its magnificence to accident and catastrophe. The high nave which joined it to the transept and choir fell down in a storm in the 17th Century and was never rebuilt. So the great and lovely shaft, by far the tallest of all those tall lowland pillars of stone, becomes a single thing, as though it had been built for one purpose; and one may say that it is in itself all Utrecht: the 'last crossing' (ultra-trajection) of the Rhine.

Men have kept Utrecht fairly itself even to these days. It still is in the main the national thing which one expects to discover, even after so considerable a lapse of years; but here also that violent contrast of something wholly unnational, the oddity from Berlin, has invaded it.

In the midst of those sedate and exact old Dutch houses and in the midst of the dignity of such streets, they have, upon the main square (which might come straight from any one of a hundred 17th Century Dutch pictures in our best galleries), planted down a new post office like nothing upon earth, and intended to be like nothing upon earth, at least like nothing on earth except its fellows in the way of modern German stations, hotels, government buildings, and monuments, which are of the same sort of like-nothing-upon-earth from the Adriatic to the Baltic and from the Rhineland to the Vistula. It is impossible to describe; it must be seen to be believed.



University buildings, Utrecht.

I wondered as I examined this monstrous thing from within and from without, and then turned to look again on the unique Dutch spirit of the old houses, what the next lifetime was going to do to these dear relics of a better past? Will the corruption be halted and will tradition return? Or shall we lose even the unique Dutch building and its line against the sky, and will the men of a century to come live bewildered in a chaos of architectural eccentricity, vulgarity and violence; without philosophy, without meaning, permanent only in fabric, shocking in every detail, and deliberately shocking. Will our posterity—or the Dutch—look upon the places in which they have to live and carry on their lives, see only a nightmare?

At any rate, nothing else in Utrecht struck this note. It was the one exception. For the rest, the quays, the outer lanes of water drawn from and returning to the little dwindled Rhine, the church, the market places, all were still of the land, sprung naturally from it and recalled its past.

And the great tower rises unalterably above the town, and the water mirrors it.

* * *

Utrecht is full of another matter: the university, and the great memory of Descartes. For it was here in the university, just after Descartes had begun that prodigious revelation in thought which was to produce all modern science, that his chief follower and pupil first taught the new method. It may be imagined what effect such a challenge produced in a body devoted to Calvin and the Reform! The days were those in which another university of the Reformation, Tubingen, could ignominiously expel Kepler for teaching the new astronomy. Indeed, the great increase of our acquaintance with nature, the most permanent fruit of the Renaissance, was odious to the new religious enthusiasm. Descartes further offended it by his devotion to the ancient church of his birth. The battle was fought out all over Holland but principally here, in Utrecht, by the theological members of the university, who, for a moment, triumphed.

The tower is a good place for pondering upon that conflict and its modern issue. The old spirit of that academy quite dead: the spirit of Descartes ruling the modern world, and that modern physical science of which he was the founder become its chief occupation. It is a good place for such a meditation because of its silence and abstraction and of the secluded, enshrined, way in which the little university buildings linger on under the shadow of the huge, fast-locked, apse of St. Martin's. They stand like something left high and dry by a flood: a memorial, isolated, of a great convulsion, now long forgotten, but showing its effects all around us to this day.

CHINA'S Wall *of* Superstition

How It Holds Back Progress *and* Fosters Poverty

By L. M. CRAMER

THERE are, according to tradition, three great bells in China whose purity and sweetness of tone was perfected by voluntary sacrifice of young girls, each of whom leaped into the caldron of molten bronze just before the bells were cast.

One of these bells hangs in Da Chung Ting (Big Bell Temple) in Nanking. The bell is eighteen feet high, and the sides are six inches thick. It was cast during the Ming dynasty, something over five hundred years ago, and its tone, even after the lapse of centuries, is still mellow and sweet.

According to the legendary story surrounding this bell, the father of three very beautiful daughters was summoned before one of the Ming emperors, and commanded to cast three of the finest bells ever made. The tone was to be deep and mellow, and each was to be of great size. Of course such a command was a great honor, provided the casting was successful. If the gods frowned, and the demands of a rather cantankerous old emperor were not satisfied, it meant that a little beheading party would visit the old bell-maker and demand the supreme sacrifice for his failure.

ALL the family gods were petitioned to lend their assistance on the dreaded day, but no favorable portent could be discerned on their straw and mud faces. Naturally the family of the bell-maker was worried.

But, brave of heart, the old bell-maker immediately began with the earthen mold into which to pour the molten metal. However, each time the metal was poured out, either the mold gave way and the metal ran to one mass, or when the mold was taken away, the bell cracked. At last, within a week of the time the bells were to be cast, the old bell-maker lost heart, for if the bells were not done on the day specified, and if they were not perfect, he knew he must forfeit his life.

Then it was that the three beautiful daughters had a vision. They were shown that unless they would throw themselves into the molten metal as it boiled in the caldron so that the bells should have one goddess apiece there would be no perfect-toned bell.

THE daughters begged their father to let them see the next bell molded, and he, all unsuspecting, consented. They watched, and at a signal agreed on they went to the edge of the great caldron and threw themselves in. The bells, when molded, were said to be the finest in all China.

Chinese history, real or legendary, is filled with recitals of sons and daughters who have sacrificed themselves so that their parents might live in peace and happiness.

What became of the other two bells no one seems to know. The one which hangs in Da Chung Ting is possibly the best-known bell in interior China.

In the upper part of the temple, which stands back of the bell tower, a shrine has been erected to the Three Sisters, and the story of their sacrifice has been immortalized in Lafcadio Hearn's book, *Chinese Ghosts.*

IN THIS shrine to the Three Sisters are life-size images of these storied heroines. The images, of wood painted to represent flesh, are said to be perfect likenesses of the three daughters of the old bell-maker. If so, they must have been very beautiful according to Chinese standards of beauty. They sit three in a row, back of a table on which is spread out toilet articles of a bygone day in China. No glass case separates them from you. If you are minded you can stretch out your hand, and touch theirs. Each is dressed in a very beautiful rich red satin coat and trousers, heavily embroidered in gold thread and soft-colored silks. Their hands rest on three richly embroidered red satin cushions placed on the table before them. The hair is real, and long, black and shiny. It is elaborately coiffured in the style of their day. Flowers and gold pins shine against it, and the fragrance of Oriental perfume softly envelops the maidens.

You view them and the reproduction of their sleeping room, which opens off the room in which they are displayed, and somehow it seems very real to you, this story of sacrifice in the long ago.

LITTLE intimate things supposed to have belonged to these sisters so many hundreds of years ago are scattered about the room—a tiny pair of shoes for a 'golden-lily foot' here, a bronze mirror there, and a thumbed and yellowed copy of some Chinese classic in another place.

You turn to go, and the keeper of the shrine, a bent old Taoist monk, approaches quietly and begs some money for hair oil. Twice a month, he tells you, when the moon is crescent and when the moon is full, the hair of the three sisters is taken down, oiled, and dressed again.

IN THE entrance room of the Three Sisters Temple is a great altar, with gods big and little. Around the sides other gods, row on row of them—five hundred or is it five thousand—sit smugly and look with uninterested eyes upon their subjects as they kotow before them, beseeching favors and blessings. On each side of the entrance to this room of gods there are piled, three-deep, great shiny black coffins. Four of these coffins are sealed; dead men rest within. Two are unsealed, great, massive black lacquered things placed in the temple, awaiting the death of the men who will eventually sleep in them.

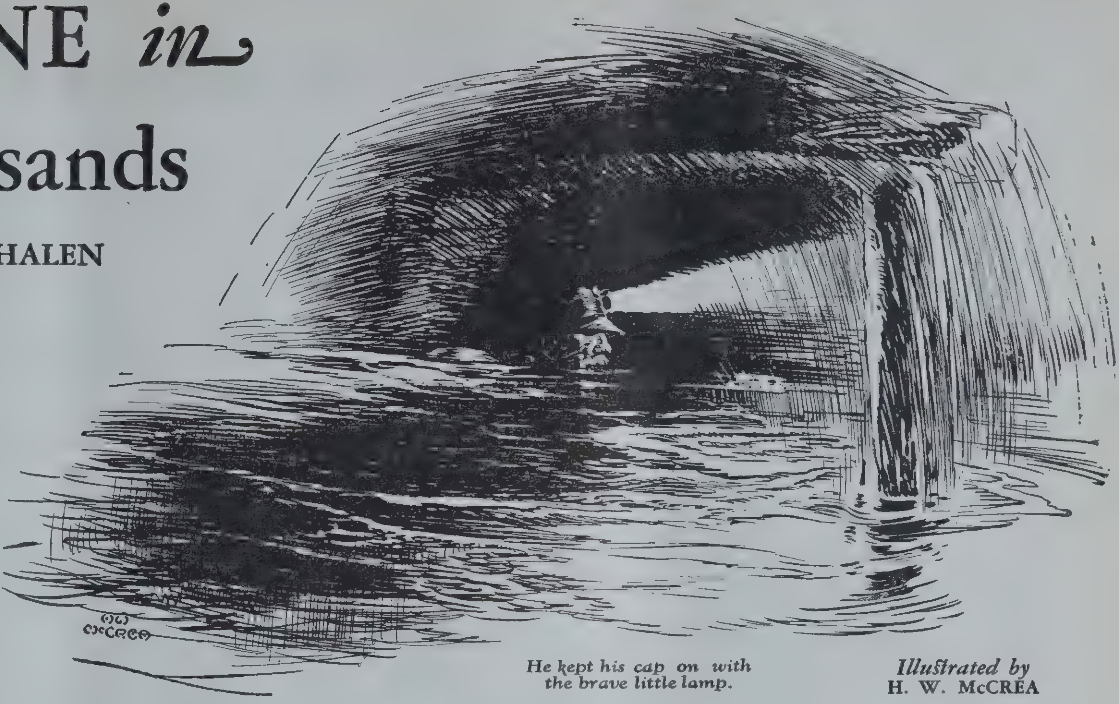
Superstition is at once the curse and the charm of China. That there is a charm, mysterious but all-pervading, in the superstitions of all classes of Chinese is a fact which the foreigner sooner or later must admit, though he may despise himself for doing so. Everywhere one comes in contact with it. The convoluted roofs of the temples, with their grinning and tortured devils; little grinning, grimacing figures of clay dancing over the doorways of homes, or perhaps it is pieces of looking-glass set in the masonry, that reflects in a distorted manner the image of the person about to enter into a home; the winding, multitudinous streets of a Chinese city; all these speak eloquently of a nation steeped in superstition of the weirdest kind. All this has a certain fascination for the foreigner in China.

BUT China is not alone affected by the superstitions that hold a nation enthralled and fearful. In the last analysis it is the world which suffers. Superstition has been the most potent force during the whole course of Chinese history in preventing the development of the nation, and in a measure the whole world has been adversely affected by it. The mineral resources of the country are exceedingly abundant and practically untouched. If they had been developed, these resources would have been the means, not only of enriching great masses of the native people who are now existing (one can't call it living) in the direst of poverty, but of relieving certain mineral needs of other nations.

(*Continued on page 28*)

Only ONE in Thousands

By WILL W. WHALEN



He kept his cap on with the brave little lamp.

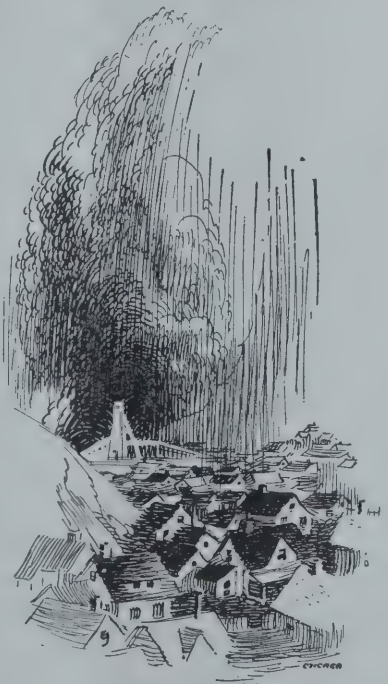
Illustrated by H. W. McCREA

WHEN you read the name of Locust Gap, if you picture a little town full of trees and flowers o' the May and silver brooks, you're off in your guess. Locust Gap is a mine village in Northumberland County, Pennsylvania. Its trees are scraggy, its mountains scarred with mine breaches, its creek black with the spew from the coal pits. About two thousand souls call it home.

Shortly after the long anthracite strike of 1902, the Locust Gap mine caught fire. My dad, known to everybody as 'Big Mike' Whalen, was then foreman. He was adored by his men, and when you've finished this article, you'll see why. He always had courage. He married at eighteen, and was a father at nineteen—of me. I wasn't the only olive branch by a long shot. Along came twelve more; only two girls in our crowd.

The Locust Gap mine was an old one, the timbers dry as punk. Some careless hand taking cotton out of his lamp, left it burning near a rotten prop in the gangway. He blithely went his way, and perhaps perished. The stiff breeze, circulated by a heavy overground fan which kept the mine pure-aired, swept the tiny flame along among the dried-out rubbish by the water ditch.

Big Mike was on the surface when the report came up that the mine was on fire. Fortunately it was late in the afternoon when nearly all of the men had quit work. What follows is all in the day's work to anthracite pitmen. Safety last is their slogan, and only the mine rats will run from buddies in underground disasters.



I can visualize hardened old miners guffawing when they read this yarn. 'Makin' a hero of Big Mike or any of us for doin' our duty!' Splash! Tobacco juice sprays the dust.

Big Mike hurried down into the pit to see that all of his laborers were safe. The fumes and smoke and gas were such at the bottom of the slope that every lamp promptly went out, and 'Mister Boss' and the four or five men he found had to grope in the Egyptian darkness. The heat was intense, and in the near distance sounded the roar of the advancing flames.

They couldn't locate the bell-wire to give the signal for hoisting. Blinded, suffocating as they were, they couldn't even grope their way to the 'delivery wagon.' All felt death was come in this horrible shape. They began to pray aloud in various tongues, though nearly all in one religion. There was no whining.

Big Mike, who was fresher than his fellows—he having just left the pure air above—managed somehow to lug and tumble one after another of the semi-conscious men into the car. He had only his touch to guide him. With him was my mother's youngest brother, Jack Thibaut.

Jack hoarsely whispered: 'Say, Mike, my Polish buddy ain't here. Wait a moment till I find him. He can't be far off. He was with me a minute ago.'

'Hurry for God's sake, Jack. Some of them men in the wagon are all in. None of us can stand this much longer.'

Some of the men lying sprawled inside the car were gasping and gurgling as if the fatal gas were poisoning their lives away. That was the last of poor young Jack.

'Jack, are you all right?' No answer, only the crackling of burning wood and coal. 'Jack, are you in the car?' cried Big Mike, his voice as thin as a child's.

Somebody among the prostrate men muttered. It sounded like a yes. Mister Boss put out fumbling fingers to the bell-wire. Clang! That was Jack's death knell, though it chimed life for the others. Big Mike only managed to tumble into the car as it started for the surface, when he lost consciousness. He and the little band of miners were just at the landing, and all dragged like dead men from the head of the slope, when the flames shot fifty feet into the air.

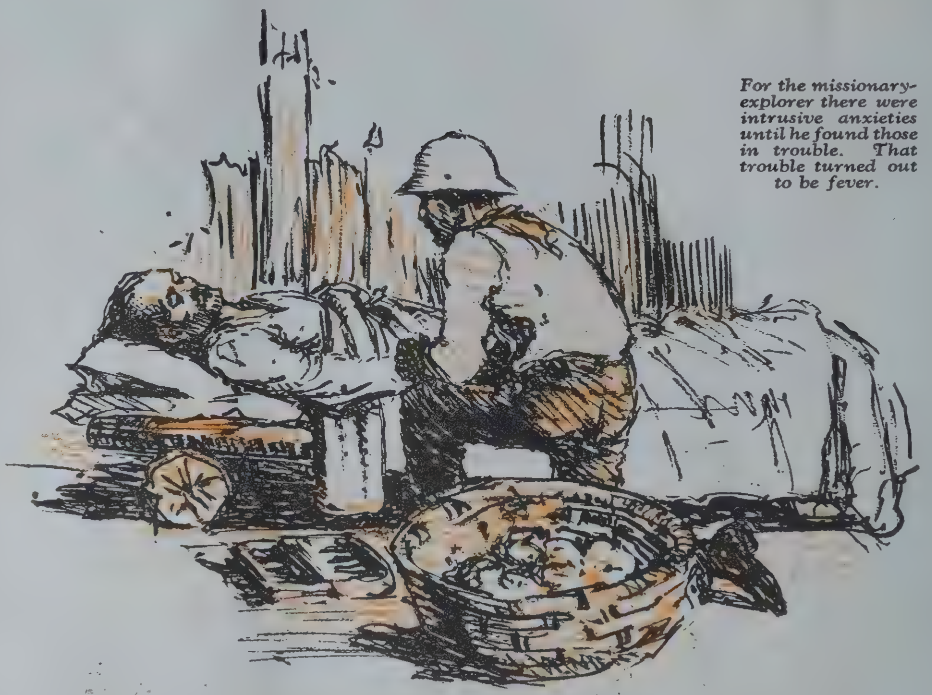
Big Mike was lugged home, and, like the others, stretched in bed.

We didn't miss Jack. He lived about five miles from us at Merriam, and at his home everybody thought he was at ours. It was not unusual for him to stay overnight with us. The fumes from that pit were so mephitic that the birds flying high in the air above fluttered and, stupefied, fell into the fiery volcano.

The fire raged on—'as if hell broke loose,' said a grim old miner. Only one thing to do: smother it with culm, the slimy refuse from the breaker. Tons upon tons were run down the mouth of the slope till it was hermetically sealed.

(Continued on page 28)

LIVINGSTONE *of the* Lion-Heart



For the missionary-explorer there were intrusive anxieties until he found those in trouble. That trouble turned out to be fever.

By CHARLES J. FINGER

Illustrated by
PAUL HONORE

SECHELE, the native chief, told Livingstone of a fair land and a good people beyond the desert, and when the explorer-missionary looked casually at the untraveled tract, it seemed no great task to cross the waste lands. But Sechele warned the white man, saying that it would be difficult for a native to cross, and almost impossible for a white man, especially when the party included a woman and children. For all the warning, Livingstone was unshaken, because the Kalahari Desert, like many other deserts, wears a fair face. And, speaking of deserts in general, they are not always the sandy stretches which the untraveled imagine. The Kalahari is especially deceptive, for it appears to be a well-grassed plain with numerous patches of bush land, with many tree clumps, and herds of deer, antelope, elephants and many small animals. Also, seen from heights, there appear to be river courses which are really ancient and dry water channels. In a good watermelon season only would the Bushmen try to cross the wide stretch.

But Livingstone, full of aims, aspirations and ideals, looking at all things in the light of his great purpose, holding himself to be the human agent of a divine will, saw no difficulty at all. With him, God and man were bound in one, and his general attitude became almost as fatalistic as that of Calvin. So he considered it no wonderful chance, but rather an ordained thing, that two wealthy English sportsmen, Murray and Oswell, turned up in the nick of time and joined the expedition.

Eighty oxen, twenty horses and twenty men, white and native, with Mrs. Livingstone and the children, formed the party. From June 1 to July 4, there were varied experiences: days of vivid life in a country thick with bloom; days of toil when the ox wagons labored through wallow land; other days when thirst stalked by their side; golden evenings and morning prospects; times when they passed through places which were like embowered gardens. In six weeks, out of the desert they fought a way north, headed for the reported land of the chief Sebituane, and so came to the river Tamunakle where there was no ford, but where was a chief not on good terms with Sebituane whom they sought, and who disputed their passage. But so earnest was Livingstone that he tried to make a raft, working waist-deep in water, to find, soon, that the wood was so worm-eaten that it sank with the least weight. There was nothing for it but to turn back to Kolobeng, with an expressed determination to try again the next year, when Oswell would bring up a boat from Cape Colony.

And the second trial followed, commencing April, 1850, when there were three small children in the Livingstone family. They crossed the desert again, but calamity, not their own, halted them. For a native told of a party of English hunters and explorers in distress, sixty miles off the course which Livingstone was holding. So, for the missionary-explorer there were intrusive anxieties until he found those in trouble, and that trouble turned out to be fever, one of the party, an artist, having already died. There were days of nursing then, and no sooner were the fever-stricken well than Livingstone's party was attacked by the disease, no one of them hale but Livingstone. Back then they turned to the desert, southward bound, and in the clean dry air the calamity they had feared was averted. For all these setbacks, the man was undaunted and a year later set off again, Oswell with him.

Again there were troubles in the desert, the children suffering terribly, but they came safely to the end of their pilgrimage and found the chief Sebituane 'the best specimen of a native chief I ever saw,' wrote Livingstone. And there in Sebituane's land Livingstone decided to settle; so, his wife and children made comfortable, he cast about the land, some hundred and fifty miles to the northeast, and discovered the Zambezi. But it was no place for growing children, and there were tremendous things to be done which only a man could do, so once again he faced south and, in time, arrived at Cape Town. On April 23, 1852, he bade farewell to his wife and children as they sailed for England, then turned his face north again. The time he had been in Africa was eleven years.

He had discovered the Zambezi, Lake Ngami, the river Tamunakle, many minor streams. He had charted a desert and penetrated to new lands. He had brought natives to reason and to ways of industry, and he had found a world well capable of improvement for the use of civilized man. But also he had seen a sad blot made by his own people. For, on his way south, he passed through a country in which the English were making war upon the very people who looked upon him as a friend, and his sympathies were not with his nation's representative, Governor General Cathcart. 'Who has benefited by this blood and treasure expended?' he asked. And when those filled with the lust of war retorted with words about making Africa safe for the whites, he pointed out what should have been apparent, that his little unprotected party had passed without trouble through the war center.

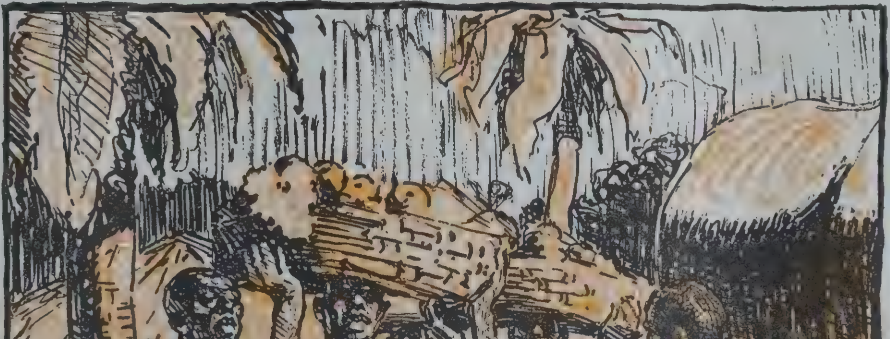
Because of his expressed views, he was an object of suspicion, a 'nigger-lover,' a little-Englander, and much more. There were some ready to cast doubts upon his loyalty to mission work, so much so that he found it a matter of difficulty to get arms and ammunition, or even oxen for his transport. Some there were who recalled his sermon, eleven years before, saying he was a man who carried a Sword of Separation. Others spoke of his ulterior motives in the way of self-enrichment, oblivious of the fact that his salary of $500 a year had been anticipated for a year and a half.

Nevertheless, in spite of all that grotesqueness and all those discouraging circumstances he started north again, with ten poor oxen dragging a heavy wagon which often broke down. There are signs enough that he was glad and grateful to seek the jungle, if his journals are carefully read, though Livingstone was never the man to complain. And when he heard that the Boers, resenting his championship of the natives, had burned his house and scattered his belongings, he accepted the disaster as a severing of a tie with the past.

By May, 1853, he was again in the country of the Makololo, where the people were ruled by Sebituane's son Sekeletu, the old chief having died. It was a people cheerful and high-hearted, ready enough in adapting themselves to new conditions, quick in apprehension, full of lively interest. And the Makololo took Livingstone's message of peace on earth very literally indeed. They hailed him as 'The Peace Bringer,' the man who would end war; who would establish order. Nor could they do enough for his comfort. In such surroundings, a man of less tough fiber might have settled down to a life of indolence. But no pleasant background could change the missionary-explorer's stern, businesslike, orderly and inquisitive temperament.

From his headquarters at Linyante, where he taught and preached, where he encouraged human activity and by example persuaded the Makololo to overcome difficulties—from the home he had made, he went on excursions, often on foot, sometimes on ox back. There were map making to be done, charts to be made, the message of good will and fellowship to be carried. And, more than all, there was a path to be found to the sea, if the Makololo were not forever to remain isolated. So, in the middle of November, 1853, with a few native followers whom he promised to see safely back to their home when his expedition was ended, he left on a westward march, bound for the Atlantic seacoast.

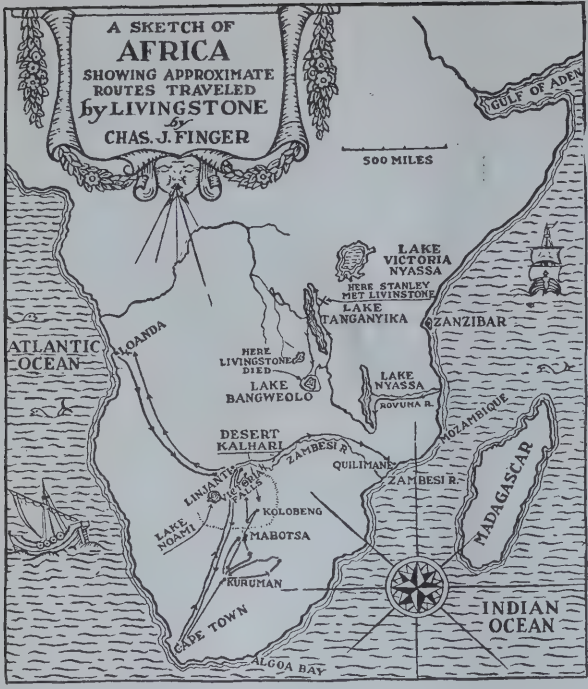
That journey did not end until the last day of May, 1854, when he reached Loanda. It was seven months of travel through fever-stricken swamps, through dense forests, sometimes in the midst of unfriendly people, often with insufficient food, nearly always with trouble and illness on the heels of the party. The marvel of it is that in the journals there are almost no painful reminiscences. One gathers what they suffered from a word here and another there—that Livingstone had his thirtieth or fortieth attack of fever on such a day—that he was unable properly to verify this or that because of dizziness or weakness from loss of blood—that he was 'reduced almost to a skeleton,' or that he had chronic dysentery. But neither he nor his men halted because of strife or sorrow, till at last the sea was gained and rest became possible. For living at Loanda was the English commissioner for the suppression of the slave trade, Mr. Gabriel, a man of fine frankness and understanding.



They hailed him as the Peace-Bringer and could not do enough for his comfort

During those weeks of invalid comfort, attempts were made to induce Livingstone to go to England in the *Forerunner* mail packet, both Mr. Gabriel and the officers of the ship persuading, holding that the missionary-explorer had already done enough for any two men. But Livingstone heard the trumpet call, and he had given his promise to see the natives safe back in their Linyante home. The most he would concede was that he would stay long enough to get his notes in order and send them to England for the use of the Royal Geographical Society; and that he did, the notes being a mass of manuscript of a quarter-million words. However, all that went down to the bottom of the sea, for the *Forerunner* was lost off Madeira, a total loss of ship and mails and fourteen lives, October 25, 1854.

News of the disaster came to Livingstone when he and his party were on their way to the jungle, but still near the fringes of half-civilization, at a place called Pungo Adongo. Whereupon Livingstone sat himself down then and there, reproduced his report from memory and scattered notes, sent the manuscript back to Mr. Gabriel for transmission to England, and, in easier frame of mind, turned east to Linyante, which he reached September 11, 1855; reached without having lost a man of his party, without having shed blood, without having incurred the enmity of any one of the thousands he met who saw their first white man when they saw him.



Eight weeks he stayed at Linyante, with Sekeletu, then, being satisfied that there was no practicable way to the place from the south because of the desert, nor from the west because of the swamps and mountains, he decided that he would try for a way eastward. For the Makololo, he thought, were a folk advanced to a fine and fruitful civilization of their own, and should be bound by common interests to a finer civilization to the end that they might march to a more complete life. It all seems extraordinary, that unfailing determination in the face of tremendous difficulties, but the spirit of the man was the spirit of those mailed knights who went forward to dubious battle against the infidel in the 12th Century.

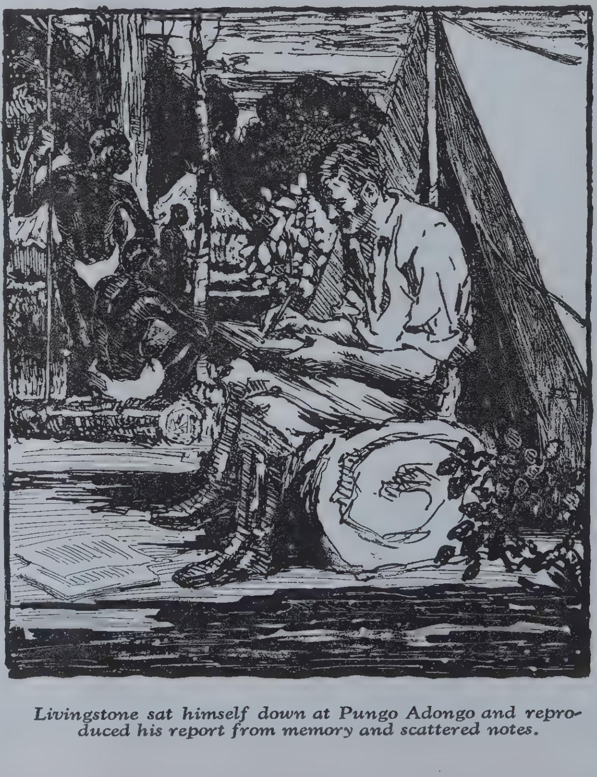
With new horizons, Livingstone had seen new visions: There was the slave trade, with white men crushing and demoralizing and degrading African races. That had to be destroyed. There was, too, commercial enterprise, not advancing always with clean hands, but burning, bombarding, shooting, destroying, subjugating the weak and the helpless. And, he held, civilization and religion should come with clean hand and clean conscience; Christianity and philanthropy and gentleness should be taught by moral agencies. For by moral agencies he made his way.

On May 20, 1857, Livingstone and his party reached the eastern coast of Africa, at Quilimane, having charted his course, marked new rivers and mountains on the map; having discovered the Zambezi Falls; having heard of new vast lakes and lands of which white man knew nothing. Presently, the British brig *Frolic* arrived, and Livingstone went on board and met his own people. And it comes with something of a shock to read that the lone explorer-missionary found himself at a loss to express himself in his own tongue! He had been in Africa for sixteen years, the greater part of that time speaking the languages of the natives with whom he had lived.

He had walked more than eleven thousand miles. He had gone safely through much which would have caused most men to collapse in despair, and yet he looked at what he had seen and done and experienced as nothing more than a preliminary to further travel.

As to his travels, let us suppose the map of Africa to be superimposed upon one of North America to the same scale, supposing also that his twistings and turnings are straightened out. His course, then, would be comparable to a walk from Galveston, Texas (supposing that to stand for his point of commencement, Algoa Bay), up to St. Joseph, Missouri. Then to St. Louis, and back to St. Joseph and to St. Louis again, once more returning to St. Joseph.

The desert trip would be somewhat the equivalent of three round trips taken between St. Joseph and Duluth, Minnesota, then would come the journey back to Galveston, from which point, let us say, he sent his wife and family away. After that there would be a roundabout and winding journey north to St. Joseph, then to Duluth, and on to Winnipeg, which may be supposed to stand for Linyante. From there, his course would have taken him to Seattle, and far beyond; then back to Winnipeg, and, after an eight-week stay, with minor trips, eastward to New York City. And for further travel in Africa his heart was aflame, though his age was forty-four.



Livingstone sat himself down at Pungo Adongo and reproduced his report from memory and scattered notes.

Science's Work in the 20th Century

(*Continued from page 4*)

area, namely, 34,000 tons an acre. But most nations make no use of this bounty of Nature; in fact, until the 20th Century our fields were dependent for their nitrogenous fertilizer on chance thunderbolts and the silent activity of soil bacteria. Europe had to draw upon the nitrate beds of Chile to revive her exhausted fields and replenish her arsenals with explosives. But in Norway where the waterfalls furnish free power, Birkeland and Eyde in 1903 contrived to control thunderbolts which united the nitrogen and oxygen of the air, and the compound dissolved in water became nitric acid.

In Germany ten years later, Fritz Haber found that the nitrogen from air could be made to combine with hydrogen from water by passing the gases at a pressure of two hundred atmospheres over iron oxide and similar catalysts. The resulting compound is ammonia, which is easily convertible to nitric acid or combined in ammonium salts. As soon as Haber had accomplished this synthesis the way was open for the warlords of Germany to start their troop trains for the French frontier, for they were now sure of a homemade supply of the nitrogen compounds essential for explosives.

By becoming independent of Chile Germany was enabled to violate with impunity the independence of Belgium. When the war was over the nitrogen fixation plants turned to the peaceful occupation of increasing the food supply by furnishing cheap fertilizer for the exhausted fields. Before the war Germany imported nitrates; now she exports them, and gets them cheaper than she used to for home use.

Shortly before the opening of the century Sir William Crookes pointed out that the supply of wheat, which was the staff of life to the leading nations of the world, was dependent upon the nitrate deposits, and that their civilization must soon cease to expand unless means were found to draw upon the free nitrogen of the atmosphere. This limitation is now removed, or rendered more remote, by the invention of the synthetic processes which at present take some 425,000 tons of nitrogen annually from the air and transform it into plant food.

The barriers of space and time that have hitherto kept peoples apart are being swept away by applied science. Events at a distance and in the past may be witnessed by the multitude here and now. Man has taught camphorated guncotton to show him pictures and consolidated carbolic acid to sing him songs. Caruso and Bernhardt are dead, yet they can still be seen and heard.

The expansion of telegraph and telephone has put all parts of the world into continuous intercommunication and this single scientific factor has altogether altered international relations. Electric waves, released from wires within the present century, travel in all directions with the speed of light, 186,000 miles a second, which is practically instantaneous for all mundane distances.

The vibrations that affect the human eye are now known to be but a small section of a continuous series that extends indefinitely in both directions, less than a single octave out of fifty-three octaves that have been mapped and measured, and in many cases utilized. When spread out in a series in order of their frequency of vibration, as a beam of sunlight is expanded into a spectrum, they range from one fifty-millionth of a millimeter X-rays on the one hand to radio waves ten miles long on the other. The X-rays and the somewhat shorter gamma rays given off by radium have found employment in medicine. Rays of still higher frequency and penetrating power have recently been reported as reaching the earth from some unknown cosmical source.

The ultra-violet rays, which lie just above the visible spectrum, are known to influence certain physiological processes, such as the deposition of lime in the bones, so they are now employed in the cure of rickets. The infra-red rays which lie just below the visible spectrum are perceptible to us in the form of heat. The longer wave lengths that lie beyond are little known and altogether unutilized until we come to those which have recently found employment in radio.

These invisible rays were not discovered by accident but deduced by mathematics. In 1867 the Englishman Clerk Maxwell demonstrated that the electromagnetic theory of light implied the possibility of producing waves of a similar sort but longer than could be seen by the eye. Twenty years later such waves were made and measured by the German Hertz. Ten years later the Italian Marconi used them in telegraphing to a ship ten miles offshore. By 1902 wireless telegrams were transmitted across the Atlantic. During the war the captains of a fleet could hold converse night or day. After the war broadcasting became a popular pastime and Londoners could dance to a jazz band playing in Pittsburgh. During the British coal strike of 1926 photographs of scenes in London streets were carried across the ocean on wireless waves and printed in the New York papers the same day.

(To be concluded in an early issue. This article will form a chapter in a volume, Twentieth Century Europe, *by Professor Preston W. Slosson of the University of Michigan. It is here printed by express permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.)*

What Price Children?

(Continued from page 7)

any class anywhere. But whether your children cost you $6,000 or $16,000 each, one alone is a poor investment.

The single little buds on the ancestral branches are usually sporadic adventures of he group we called 'the vast majority'—he type who never think things through. These people do not plan against having a amily, but when the first event is over numbers of them add up the bills and decide he experience is too costly to repeat. A mistake for all concerned.

I reiterate an only child is a poor experiment—it is almost a predicament. Not lone because isolation is hard on the child, s one frequently hears. Observation eaches that a single offspring is far too rying on the parents. An only child must be companioned by the adults of the family. Very few youngsters will play happily by themselves. It is claimed that Henrik Ibsen and other geniuses did so, but with the ordinary single child, life is a constant plaint of 'What'll I do now?' The average mind depends on its associates for amusement in its youth as it does in its maturity.

It is splendid to be able to give yourself to your children. But you must have time to get on with your own life also, or else you will soon have nothing to give. The steady companionship of childhood should be with other children.

When it comes to the question of cost, almost as much thought and trouble are necessary for one child as for a group. Somebody is on duty morning, noon and night tending the one—airing it in its pram, providing its meals, seeing it eats them—playing with the human doll. Your comings and your goings hinge on its development. Within five years the length and time of holidays will be dictated by school dates. Life must revolve upon the family pivot. So if you have one you might just as well face the situation, move into the suburbs, invest in a house with a nursery and playground, and raise a half-dozen. Let vitality riot round you.

Human beings have only two ways of filling time. They must be either working or playing, which is to say they are either earning money or spending money. The cost of an adult's play runs high. Your riding horse, your golf club, your games of bridge and poker, your theater tickets, your motion pictures, all cut into your bank account. Yet without them leisure would hang heavy on your hands. Why not make a hobby of your children—take them as an asset, not a burden, and spend your extra hours with them?

One can conceive of man surviving without labor in a wholesome world. But the conditions would not long be wholesome if he were denied his play. We need relaxation. We must have amusement. The young family is so well adapted to filling up their parents' Saturdays and Sundays, it seems as if they had been provided by an all-wise Providence for just that purpose.

And it is fun. If you are giving the kids a good time you are bound to enjoy them. Their great gift to us is taking us out of our business selves. Life is so vast and interesting to them, and they share enthusiasm nobly. The pun, the humorous unexpected twist, the trivial joke—too trivial to lighten grown-up talk—fan through their company like a fresh breeze.

Their point of view is far enough off the beaten track to have a big punch. We provide them with the material needs of existence. They give us back vitality.

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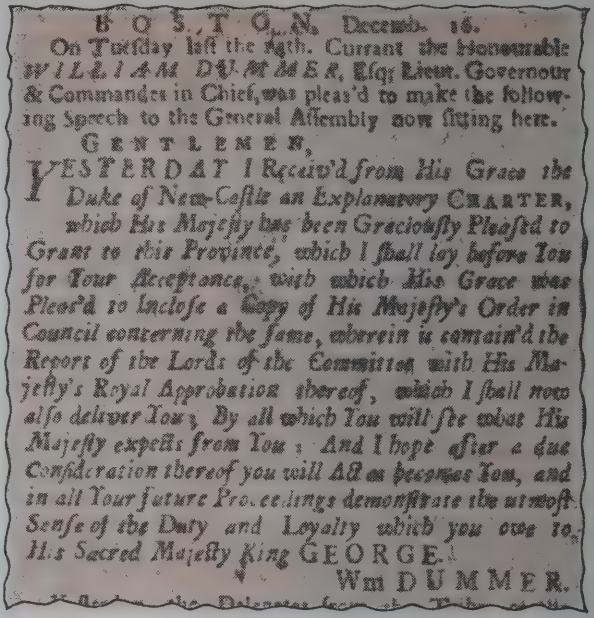
American Life of 200 Years Ago

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI



B O S T O N, Decemb. 16.

On Tueſday laſt the 14th. Currant the Honourable WILLIAM DUMMER, Eſq; Lieut. Governour & Commander in Chief, was pleas'd to make the following Speech to the General Aſſembly now ſitting here.

GENTLEMEN,

YESTERDAY I Receiv'd from His Grace the Duke of New-Caſtle an Explanatory CHARTER, which His Majeſty has been Graciouſly Pleaſed to Grant to this Province, which I ſhall lay before You for Your Acceptance, with which His Grace was Pleas'd to Incloſe a Copy of His Majeſty's Order in Council concerning the ſame, wherein is contain'd the Report of the Lords of the Committee with His Majeſty's Royal Approbation thereof, which I ſhall now alſo deliver You; By all which You will ſee what His Majeſty expects from You: And I hope after a due Conſideration thereof you will Act as becomes You, and in all Your future Proceedings demonſtrate the utmoſt Senſe of the Duty and Loyalty which you owe to His Sacred Majeſty King GEORGE.

Wm DUMMER.

Reproduction of reading matter in a Boston paper of 1725. Boston, Decemb. 16. On Tuesday last the 14th. Currant the Honorable William Dummer, Esq; Lieut. Governour & Commander in Chief, was pleas'd to make the following Speech to the General Assembly now sitting here. Gentlemen, Yesterday I Receiv'd from His Grace the Duke of New-Castle an Explanatory Charter, which His Majesty has been Graciously Pleased to Grant to this Province, which I shall lay before You for Your Acceptance, with which His Grace was Pleas'd to Inclose a Copy of His Majesty's Order in Council concerning the same, wherein is contain'd the Report of the Lords of the Committee with His Majesty's Royal Approbation thereof, which I shall now also deliver You; By all which You will see what His Majesty expects from You: And I hope after a due Consideration thereof you will Act as becomes You, and in all Your future Proceedings demonstrate the utmost Sense of the Duty and Loyalty which you owe to His Sacred Majesty King George. Wm Dummer.

THE newspaper reflects the life and interests of the community in which it appears. When the newspaper ceases to appeal, the circulation drops and finally the unrepresentative paper must suspend publication. Since the newspapers necessarily reflect the interests of a community, those of a bygone day constitute valuable historical material for a study of the life of the period in which the papers were issued.

Possibly it is not entirely fair to judge a community by its newspapers. Some of the current issues of our papers would give quite an inadequate idea of life in America. What picture of life today would be formed in A. D. 2125 from the files for 1925? It is fair to remark that bargain sales would receive undue prominence in any history based on these papers. The radio, the movie, and the cross-word puzzle would seem to be three major activities, and the woman's page would give rise to all sorts of suspicious deductions. However for 'the good old days' of 1725 we may assume that with the limited space at their disposal the more vital matters commonly received attention.

In the small city of today everybody that is anybody takes the local paper, largely to read the advertisements under 'Help wanted,' 'For sale,' and a few other innocent yet alluring titles. Here is found that Mrs. Jones has lost her maid (again!), and is seeking hopefully but not truthfully for a new one.

Two hundred years ago newspapers were not common in America. In Boston, even then a center of culture, two established newspapers were being published in 1725. The *Boston News Letter* began there in 1704 and the *New England Courant* appeared in 1723. In Philadelphia the *American Weekly Mercury*, published by Andrew Bradford, was then in its sixth year.

New York began to enjoy its first newspaper, the *New York Gazette*, on November 8, 1725, the date of the first issue. None of the issues of 1725 has been preserved and a single copy from 1725 would be worth hundreds of dollars, because of its rarity.

All America was long served, as far as service was given, by the newspapers of these three cities. It is interesting to note that for fifty years every postmaster of Boston published a newspaper, while in New York Andrew Bradford employed the postmaster, Richard Nicholls, to take subscriptions and advertisements for the *Gazette*.

The *Boston News Letter*, the first American paper, consisted of a single sheet of paper. The fifty-two issues of 1725, from January 7 to December 30, contain not as much printed matter as a single issue of the *New York Times* or the *Boston Transcript*. A survey of these fifty-two issues does give a view of the life in America in 1725 and of the things which were then considered vital.

The American newspapers, even in Boston, practically introduced newspapers to advertising. Approximately one-eighth of every issue in the *Boston News Letter* was devoted to advertising, while with the appearance of a daily paper in Philadelphia the relative amount of advertising was greatly increased. The advertising and shipping news constituted much the greater part of the domestic news of all America.

A typical announcement of the opening of school appeared in the issue of August 26 to September 2, 1725, and read as follows:

'On Monday next (God willing) Mr. Samuel Granger will begin his evening school, for Writing, Accompts, and the Mathematicks, such as would make any Proficiency therein, are desired to begin speedily, and they shall be dispatcht with all Possible Care and Expedition.'

The Lost and Found Column was represented in this same issue by the following:

'A Snuff-Box lately taken up, inquire of Mr. John Foster of Attleborough.'

One must suppose that it was a rather fine silver snuff box of the kind long popular in America.

It is rather sad to relate that more than one old Puritan was compelled to advertise 'My wife has left my bed and board.'

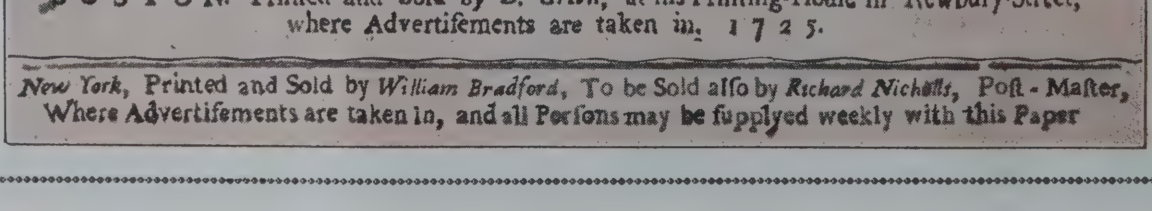
Foreign news occupied usually three columns out of the four, with American news included within half a column. The foreign dispatches may be termed such only by courtesy; the news even of England was three to four months old by the time it appeared in an American newspaper. English news comes first in amount and, of course, anything relating to the Colonies.

Legislation on the fur trade by New York excited the English and also touched French interests. In this conflict of authority one sees the beginning of the events which culminated in the War of the Revolution. The *News Letter* from January to May of 1725 featured a summary of a book upon the fur trade and the conflict between British and French, and between British and Colonial interests.

During 1725 a dozen notes were devoted to the 'Papists' and particularly the persecution of the Protestants in Poland. The Jesuits also were the subject of numerous but not flattering notes. Even local religious quarrels among Protestant sects received much attention.

The arrival of ships and their departure from Boston and New York harbors constituted for many years a large portion of the domestic news.

Two hundred years ago the Indians also furnished thrills for successful newspapers.



BOSTON: Printed and Sold by *B. Green*, at his Printing-Houſe in Newbury-Street,
where Advertiſements are taken in. 1725.

New York, Printed and Sold by *William Bradford*, To be Sold alſo by *Richard Nicholls*, Poſt-Maſter,
Where Advertiſements are taken in, and all Perſons may be ſupplyed weekly with this Paper

Publishers' trade marks printed at the bottom of two newspapers more than 200 years old.

Life Among *the* Natives of *the* Gorilla Country

By C. R. ASCHEMEIER

DURING my stay of more than two years in the French Congo collecting natural history specimens, principally gorillas and chimpanzees, for the Smithsonian Institution, I learned some very interesting facts about real savages or bushmen, as well as about the semicivilized peoples.

At Cape Lopez, French Congo, I learned of the clever ways the natives have of getting the better of a white man. I was inclined to deal easily with them at first, but after being imposed on several times, decided to be careful, and thereafter got along splendidly, save for a few exceptions.

Like many another man who has gone into the jungles of Africa, I found the bush native, living in original African ways, to be far more dependable than the semicivilized ones who attended the mission schools, and this fact is admitted even by the missionaries themselves. One of the most difficult problems is to get a number of good and reliable men to stand by white travelers on an expedition. Many will come with recommendations from previous employers, as they came to us at Cape Lopez; but the only practical procedure is to engage a number of them and then weed out the worst.

Natives of Senegal, in West Africa, who make polygamy a general practice. The inhabitants are mainly Moors, but Negroids form the bulk of the population. Circle—Senegalese woman and her baby.

Going from Cape Lopez to Omboue via a flat-bottomed, wood-burning river steamer, which obtained its fuel of slabs of wood at villages along the route, I was much impressed by the great number of birds of all descriptions, crocodiles, and monkeys, which could easily be seen as we passed along. At times the river was very narrow, and again it widened out, until finally we steamed into Lake N'kami, where I saw my first hippopotami. Our boat came upon them suddenly, taking them by surprise, but they soon disappeared.

Upon our arrival at Omboue, Fernan Vaz, the French administrator, did what he could to make us comfortable. This was the seat of the government for that district, and the military police were stationed there, most of them Senegalese. The N'kamis are greatly afraid of them. If a native does not pay his yearly tax of ten francs, a Senegalese soldier is sent to the village to see the chief, and usually the soldier takes either the tax or the native back with him, provided the latter does not have the chance to slip away to other parts.

I was invited by an English trader to accompany him on a trip from Omboue to Lake Anenghue, a distance of two days' travel by canoe, where he was to supervise the planting of coco trees and coffee. I accepted in the hope that it might prove a splendid opportunity to collect valuable specimens. About halfway across Lake N'kami, we were overtaken by an *ogoula* (tornado), which appeared suddenly and with little warning. The sky became overcast. There was a deathly stillness; and then came a terrific rush of wind.

Huge trees snapped like matches. The fierce gale threatened to capsize the boat, but the canoe, a large dugout, lived through it. While the storm lasted the natives were terror-stricken, and once we thought that some of them would jump overboard; but a few sharp commands brought them to their senses. Some dropped their oars and wailed during the storm. When the wind ceased they told us, in answer to our questioning, that they had been calling for their mothers. At another time of danger the natives behaved in the same way.

A native rarely mentions his mother but he always calls upon her name when he is in danger of any kind.

The characteristics of the five tribes whose acquaintance I made while in the French Congo (N'kamis, Akeles, Eschiras, N'govis, and Pangwes) are much alike. The Pangwes are more warlike and have the others pretty well cowed, but the soldiers at the post keep them from annoying the others to any great extent.

The author of this article in the costume he wore in the bush regions of the French Congo. The shoes were the last pair he had, and were wired to prevent their falling to pieces.

These tribes all seem to agree on one thing: Let the woman do the work. Long ago, when it was the custom of men to go to war, it was necessary for the women to look after the villages and plantations; but though there is little tribal warfare now, the women are still the drudges. Native women work on the plantations. The wives of the men who work for the white traders lead somewhat easier lives.

Superstition is rife among the natives. On one occasion we were greatly in need of fresh meat, and I spent two whole days in the bush, accompanied by two Pangwes, without getting a thing. It began to look as though we were going to have the same kind of luck on the third day. One of the natives, Donga Njago, thought he would try some 'fetish medicine' to break the spell, and when we came to a certain tree, Donga knelt down and scraped off some of the bark. Then he scratched his right arm until the blood flowed freely and applied the blood to the tree and the scrapings from the tree to his arm. As luck would have it, I shot an antelope that afternoon, and, of course, Donga contended that his 'sacrifice' had changed our luck.

Many interesting things happened during my stay at Anguanamo, on Lake N'govi, but one in particular made a lasting impression—the trial of two natives, a N'govi and a Pangwe. One morning while eating 'chop' (pidgin English for breakfast, dinner, and supper), I noticed quite a number of persons coming in canoes to the village where I was camped. Edembi, a tall and well-formed savage and big chief of the N'govis, acted mysteriously. Presently all got into canoes and paddled off. I could feel that something important was about to happen, but I kept on with my work. In about three hours they came back. As they beached their canoes and started for the village, I saw a lone native securely bound with chain from his neck to his waist, exactly as though he were wearing a coat of mail. The prisoner was led to a shed and locked to a post, where a heavy log was chained to his feet and neck.

I was told that the man had been arrested because he was suspected of being a leopard man (*anomi Njago*)—one who is supposed to disguise himself in the skin of a leopard and prowl about at night to take revenge on an enemy, carrying a sharp instrument which cuts like claws. Several people had lately been wounded and killed, and this poor devil had the misfortune to have suspicion pointed his way. A native woman who had spurned him happened to be one of those wounded, and this clinched the belief that he was guilty.

Edembi was greatly worried that night lest his prisoner should escape, and finally decided to put the chain around his neck and lock it, first throwing it over a rafter. I found the poor fellow nearly choked, and I asked Edembi to loosen the chain. He was willing enough but could not find the key. While they were searching for it, it was amusing to hear Edembi muttering in pidgin English: 'My gosh, what place dem key live!' and, 'Dem prisoner live or die for dem chain.' Finally he remembered that another chief had put the key around his neck on a string, so two strong men were dispatched in a canoe to fetch it. Presently they returned with the key, and Edembi loosened the chain.

The prisoner entertained no idea of escape, as it would have meant almost certain death from leopards, which at that time of the year were plentiful. (Aguanamo is a peninsula during the dry season, but during the rainy season it is an island and impossible of access to the leopards.)

On the morrow the trial commenced. People came to the village from miles around, and it looked as though they intended to make short work of the prisoner. I felt sure the man was innocent and said so. Edembi told me he would give the man a fair trial.

The Pangwes, who lived across the lake and who have the reputation of holding a grudge to the grave, came in large numbers, carrying flint guns and spears. Edembi assured me they were only bluffing, but I did not agree with him. He told me that they, too, had a prisoner they believed to be a 'leopard man,' and when they said they would produce their man the next day, the court was adjourned.

Both prisoners were taken a little distance from the village the following day when the trial was resumed. I asked Edembi why he held court away from his village, and he replied that he did not wish to disturb me; besides the Pangwes desired it. I felt sure something was wrong, and after a while I heard loud talking in their direction. Presently a native came and asked me to hurry out to Edembi, who informed me that the Pangwes had put their prisoner through 'the ordeal,' which consisted of applying a strong, poisonous solution to his eyes. If he were blinded by it, he was guilty; if not, he must be innocent.

The Pangwes expressed the wish that the N'govi man should be required to drink a cup of *mboondo*, a native poison made from the root of a certain small tree, and it was upon this point that Edembi sought my advice. I begged him not to try it. Things looked bad, and I vowed I would send for soldiers if they did not desist; so it was finally decided to send the prisoner to the post and let the administrator settle it.

The next day a boy about twelve years old was attacked by a leopard. A slave who accompanied him hacked away at the beast with a large knife and made it relinquish its hold, whereupon it slunk off into the bush, while the boy was brought to the village for my examination. A jagged hole in his neck told the story, and his back had also been terribly lacerated by the claws of the animal. I knelt over him, thinking I could, perhaps, sew up the gaping wounds, but I found he was beyond all hope. The little fellow looked up into my face and gasped the words 'Oh, master'—a term used by all natives in addressing a white man. He lingered until the next day, when he died.

It was then decided to try to get the leopard; so we built a house-trap and put a fowl in it. The trap fell at least five times that night, but missed. Finally a native killed the animal with his ancient cap gun—and thus the 'leopard-man' myth was dispelled.

Do SNAKES *Swallow* Their Young?

An Authority *Says* 'No' *and Gives* Reasons *for Doing So*

By RAYMOND L. DITMARS

A GOOD Word for Snakes' is the title of an article by John Edwin Hoag which appeared in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT some months ago. Mr. Hoag's article was mainly from material supplied by Willis A. Rowe, of San Fernando, California, who for over twenty years has studied the life scheme and habits of reptiles. In reply to his interviewer Mr. Rowe said that there was absolutely no scientific proof that blue racer snake chases small boys out of the woods; that the joint snake goes to pieces when struck, the pieces running in all directions and getting together again; that snakes swallow their young as a means of protecting them until they can be safely disgorged. On the publication of Mr. Hoag's article a number of letters were received by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT controverting Mr. Rowe's assertions, especially his disbelief in snakes swallowing their young. The letters were forwarded to Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of mammals and reptiles at the New York Zoölogical Park, and as a result Dr. Ditmars sent us the statement which forms this article.

I HAVE very intimately and sympathetically observed the habits of snakes for the past thirty-five years, and have noted the ways of wild specimens very closely. I have collected them in the temperate zones and the tropics, and thoroughly covered large areas of the United States, collecting thousands of specimens. During this time, I have noted many female snakes with young nearby, but have never seen any indication of the parent to protect them. All members of the family glided for safety at his or her own accord. These observations covered poisonous and harmless serpents of the kinds concerned in the stories of snakes swallowing their young. Incidentally, all young snakes are born (some hatch from eggs) fully able to feed and care for themselves, without any parental attention. Their presence near the mother, some time after birth, appears to be merely incidental.

Personally, I have never been inclined to believe that snakes swallow their young for protection. During the twenty-five years since the opening of the Reptile House at the New York Zoölogical Park, where many litters of snakes have been born, our keepers have never noted any indication of interest on the part of the parent snake. The story is old, and of course has some foundation. I think the supposition started from examination of freshly killed snakes which were about to produce litters of young. These sometimes crawl from the mutilated body of the parent and lead the slayer to believe the parent snake had previously swallowed her young. Several letters which have come to my attention bear this out. One of your own correspondents believes that snakes do swallow their young to protect them, and wrote as follows, to prove his contention: 'I have operated on garter snakes and taken the little ones out, each curled around a little ball of fat in the snake's stomach.' The 'little ball of fat' clearly explains the condition of an unborn snake—not in the stomach, but in the oviduct. Many other letters indicate this same condition—conjecture after examination of the bodies of those types of snakes which bring forth the young alive.

As to the glass 'snake' I would state that this is a limbless lizard with very serpentine form. Its tail is about one-third the entire length of the creature, and is very brittle. Here, it seems that Nature has provided a means of escape from its enemies. If the reptile is grasped by the tail, this member is voluntarily twisted from the body, and the creature glides away, leaving the vigorously wriggling tail behind, and upon this the interest of the intruder is centered. If the glass 'snake' is struck a blow with a stick, the tail is likely to break into several pieces. After the tail is cast, the creature slowly renews the appendage. It is fallacious to assert that the dismembered pieces will crawl together and form a reconstructed creature.

The Great Divide

(*Continued from page 5*)

jammed with men whose names are famous in football. Only a few professional clubs made money last year and several went flat broke. You cannot get up any booming sentiment for two football teams of paid players; in fact, none of the real elements that make college football attractive can be duplicated in the professional game. And, without these allurements, it is improbable that professional football will ever become a paying sport.

Boxing was acceptable only in professional form until recent years. With a number of faked bouts, however, and constant rumors of fakes that extend even to some championship events, professional boxing has lost many of its enthusiasts, but they have not abandoned boxing. They are turning to the amateurs who, while lacking the mechanical skill of the highly paid performers, still have the virtue of honest endeavor. Amateur boxing has grown steadily in favor and will become as popular as professional boxing if a thorough house cleaning does not take place soon.

A few of the leading track and field stars turned professional last year, but they have made no money at it. Track and field events cannot be made to pay when presented professionally. Years ago professional foot races were frequently held in this country but many of them were crooked. The public eventually discovered that it had been fooled and refused to attend any more. The only foot races held since then have been part of track and field programs and so-called Marathon events, now held in most cities once or twice a year. But all these are amateur affairs.

Basket ball is making a bid for success as a professional sport, but the results have not been satisfactory. For two years a proessional league has existed in the East and Middle West, but public response is acking except in two or three cities. It is questionable whether basket ball can ever be put over professionally. The game is much like football in its relation to the public. As a college and school sport it is ighly in favor and becoming more popular ach year but the popularity is due to sentimental relations. A game between two mediocre college or shop teams will pack a ymnasium, while a game between two ighly paid professional teams will often e played before a few hundred. Where here is a sentimental interest in competing eams the crowd is large, just as in football.

Hockey is successful both as an amateur and professional sport. Professional hockey has existed in Canada for more than twenty years, and flourished. It has been tried on an extensive scale in this country for two years with ever mounting success. In the meantime, more and more colleges are adopting the game. Hockey is one sport where both forms of presentation are highly entertaining. Sentiment will attract crowds to amateur games, but those same crowds will flock to the arenas to see the highly skilled professionals play.

Baseball remains chiefly a professional sport. In its presentation by college teams it is probably the least attractive of the collegiate sports, with the exception of a few colleges. In a semiprofessional form it is probably more interesting than in a strictly amateur form. Baseball became a professional entertainment almost from its start and it has always been accepted as such. In localities where there is a winning professional team, the amateurs do not draw.

Wrestling has made many attempts in the last two decades to return to popular favor, but never succeeded. It is doubtful whether wrestling will ever become popular in this country as a professional sport. It enlists a certain amount of interest as an amateur pastime but the history of professional wrestling in the United States has so many broad and black blotches that its comeback will require a long, long time if it ever does take place.

Polo will remain an amateur sport. To present polo in professional form would require so much money that no promoter would risk it. Also, several promoters would have to become interested. That is not probable. Even if it were, what about the players? None of our ranking polo stars would turn professional; that can be stated with absolute certainty. And, since no promoter would be willing to risk the many thousands necessary to put a team on the field and to build the field, professional polo will not be included in the American sports menu.

Rowing remains an amateur sport. One reason is that it is difficult to make money on a boat race. There is no 'gate,' and what money is made at a regatta goes to the railroad that owns the observation trains.

Bowling is almost wholly an amateur sport. There are some professional cracks who make money by touring the country and engaging in special matches, but more than 99 per cent of the bowling in the United States is done by amateurs.

What money is made in billiards comes in gate receipts at professional matches. In no sport is the professional so superior to the amateur as in billiards. The best of the amateurs would score few points against Hoppe, Horemans, Conti, Hagenlocher, Schaefer or Cochran.

Soccer, gaining rapidly in popularity on this side, is presented both as a professional and amateur sport. There are also a number of semiprofessional teams. It is a growing collegiate pastime and is now played in most of the public schools. It is a good game for the spectator and will continue to enlist support. Like hockey, it will appeal strongly in both forms.

Swimming and handball continue as amateur sports. The professionals in both these lines of athletic endeavor rarely compete. Their efforts are confined to developing others.

Baseball and boxing are our main professional sports. In all others the edge is with the amateur.

DEAD HOMES

By Katharine Marie Barton

ON a wind-demoned knoll, in
the winter sun

It stands, a rattling skeleton

Of a house. From its hollow
window-sockets,

From doorway, hearth, and chimney
pockets

Wraiths of old laughter stare
vacantly,

Mocking at life and love—and me.

Oh why do men not bury dead homes

Together with their chaptered tomes?

Nor leave them pointing their thin ghost-fingers

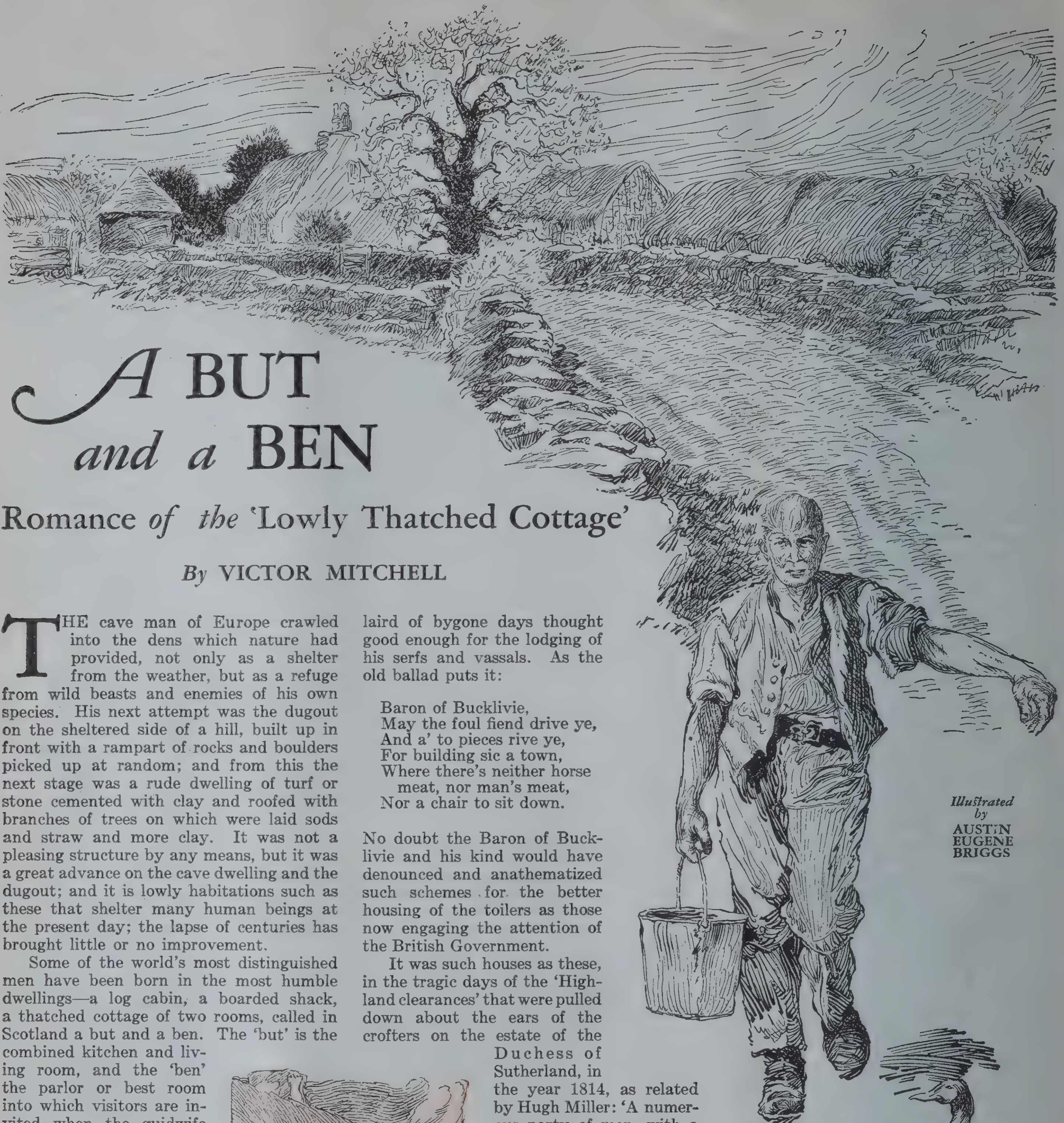
At gay young roofs where no joy lingers,

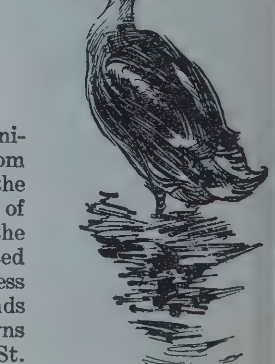
Taunting the shaken hearts that dwell

Brave-housed, within a gilded
shell.

I weep for homes thus
spectral, dead—

Homes whose white-
love soul is fled.





Illustrated by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

A BUT and a BEN

Romance of the 'Lowly Thatched Cottage'

By VICTOR MITCHELL

THE cave man of Europe crawled into the dens which nature had provided, not only as a shelter from the weather, but as a refuge from wild beasts and enemies of his own species. His next attempt was the dugout on the sheltered side of a hill, built up in front with a rampart of rocks and boulders picked up at random; and from this the next stage was a rude dwelling of turf or stone cemented with clay and roofed with branches of trees on which were laid sods and straw and more clay. It was not a pleasing structure by any means, but it was a great advance on the cave dwelling and the dugout; and it is lowly habitations such as these that shelter many human beings at the present day; the lapse of centuries has brought little or no improvement.

Some of the world's most distinguished men have been born in the most humble dwellings—a log cabin, a boarded shack, a thatched cottage of two rooms, called in Scotland a but and a ben. The 'but' is the combined kitchen and living room, and the 'ben' the parlor or best room into which visitors are invited when the guidwife says, 'Come awa ben the hoose.' It was in an 'auld clay biggin' ' such as this that Burns was cradled, and which he makes the scene of his 'Cottar's Saturday Night,' and it was under such a lowly roof that Ramsay Macdonald was born in the little town of Lossiemouth. The walls of some of these cottages are built of much the same materials as they were in the days of the immediate successors of the cave men; some may be a little better than the hut of a South Sea Islander, and others a little worse.

It was a 'clachan' made up of houses of this description that the Scottish baron or laird of bygone days thought good enough for the lodging of his serfs and vassals. As the old ballad puts it:

> Baron of Bucklivie,
> May the foul fiend drive ye,
> And a' to pieces rive ye,
> For building sic a town,
> Where there's neither horse
> meat, nor man's meat,
> Nor a chair to sit down.

No doubt the Baron of Bucklivie and his kind would have denounced and anathematized such schemes for the better housing of the toilers as those now engaging the attention of the British Government.

It was such houses as these, in the tragic days of the 'Highland clearances' that were pulled down about the ears of the crofters on the estate of the Duchess of Sutherland, in the year 1814, as related by Hugh Miller: 'A numerous party of men, with a factor at their head, entered the district and commenced pulling down the houses over the heads of the inhabitants. In an extensive tract of country not a human dwelling was left standing, and then, the more effectually to prevent their temporary erection, the destroyers set fire to the wreck. In one day were the people deprived of home and shelter, and left exposed to the elements.'

This black work of eviction had been going on in the Scottish Highlands for half a century. What became of those people? those humble outcasts from the but and the ben? Ask some of the most influential men in Winnipeg, Manitoba, descended from the settlers of the Red River; inquire of the descendants of the pioneers who wrested from the wilderness the now fertile lands near the present towns of London and St. Thomas in Ontario; seek them among the prosperous citizens of the United States today. The descendants of many who were driven from their native land under similar circumstances may also be found among the successful farmers and business men of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. They were herded out of the land to make room for sheep pastures and deer forests, and the ruins of their demolished dwellings are scattered over all the north of Scotland and the western isles, a clump of elder bushes or a solitary rowan tree still shielding the few remaining stones.

One would think that after all those years there would be very few of these primitive homes still standing; but this is not so. There is still the lone shieling in the misty isle of Skye and in the Hebrides, where hardy crofter fishermen eke out a scant living, and from time to time contribute to the stream of emigrants which is now steadily flowing across 'the big sea.' There is also the lone island of St. Kilda, Scotland's most distant outpost, standing far out into the Atlantic.

On St. Kilda there dwell a people who for the greater part of the year are entirely cut off from communication with the mainland, the only links with their fellow countrymen being an occasional steam trawler commissioned by the government to carry mails or provisions, or vagrant vessels trading for dried fish or homespun wool. The St. Kildans are few in number, and earn their living by fishing, bird catching, and raising a few sheep and fewer cattle. Their houses for the most part are built of turf and stones cemented with clay, just like those of primitive ages. Some have no chimney worthy of the name, the smoke from the fire of peat or driftwood escaping through an opening in the thatch. Although this kind of dwelling, and those of a similar nature in the Hebrides, in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and in the outlying parts of Sutherland, Caithness, and Ross, are perhaps the nearest approach to the abodes of prehistoric man that are to be found in the civilized world today, they shelter an intelligent, upright, and hardy people.

BUT it is not in the outlying districts of the Highlands alone that these strange habitations survive the march of improvement; they are to be found over all the northern part of the mainland of Scotland. They are, of course, in a more humble class than the substantially built stone and lime cottages with slated roofs which are allotted to the married farm workers. The tenants are, as a rule, day laborers—hedgers, ditchers, woodcutters, road menders. The cottages of the rural workers of the mainland are, however, of a better type than those of the crofter fishermen of the isles; more sanitary and better constructed.

The word 'overcrowding' at once occurs to the stranger, but there is less of this than such rude conditions would imply. In the daytime the bairns are all at school; out of school hours the most of their time is spent in moorland, wood, or field; and when the red sun is veiled by the purple hills, or vanishes in the glowing sea, the little ones are packed away for the night behind the 'hallan' or partition which shuts off the little closet at the rear of the cottage, or up in the loft where in the summer mornings the twittering of the swallows can be heard beneath the eaves.

The but and the ben are small; albeit they are kept scrupulously clean. The kitchen is the common living room. Here the family assembles in the long winter evenings; the father on his seat by the open hearth, the bairns at their lessons or engaged in some homely game. The picture may not be exactly that described by Burns in his famous epic of Scottish rural life, but the main features are the same. Attached to the cottage is a little plot of land—a kailyard and garden combined, gay with flowers in their due season: daffodils in April, primroses in May, and all the summer wealth of peonies, poppies, and sweetbrier. The thatched roof of the humble dwelling itself is a brilliant mosaic of emerald, olive, and russet moss, while here and there are shining patches of stonecrop in white and gold. From the reeking 'lum' the fragrance of the peat fire greets the nostrils like rustic incense and mingles with the heather-scented mountain air.

Nearly every cottage has its peat stack, neatly piled at the gable end, or sheltered by a rough shed built in the rear. This form of fuel (known as turf in Ireland) is dug from the boggy deposits known as peat mosses. These form an almost limitless source of fuel supply, and render the country people almost independent of strikes and coal famines. The tenant farmers usually get the privilege of cutting peats from the laird, and the cottars have their share. The peats are cut about the size of an ordinary building brick, and then dried in the sun in little piles. When dry they are carted from the moss and stacked ready for use. A peat fire has a genial glow that lasts for hours, and many a distinguished son of Scotland has laid the foundation of his success by studying by its light in the 'lang winter nichts.'

THERE are remote districts in Scotland, such as the Enzie and the Cabrach in the county of Banff, which are veritable lands of thatched cottages with buts and bens and peat fires. From the braes of Enzie and the bleak moorlands of the Cabrach, men have gone forth and made their mark in almost every part of the world.

It was among the braes of Enzie that many of the hunted Jacobites found refuge after 'the '45.' The general aspect of this part of Scotland today is much the same as it was centuries ago, and there are not many indications that it will change for centuries to come. It stands back from the busy highways, and as neither poets nor sages have sung its praises, tourists trouble it never. Should a stranger from this side the Atlantic turn aside from the beaten track, however, and explore those peaceful glens, he would doubtless wonder how such rude dwellings ever came to be built, how sturdy men and women can be reared in them, and how they are not pulled down and replaced by more modern structures. This is a question for the authorities to settle with the cottars themselves.

The problem of better housing for the working classes, which has become prominent in British domestic politics, is not confined to the providing of remedies for the overcrowded tenements of the cities, but will affect the rural districts as well. In spite of the primitive construction of those rural dwellings, however, they possess infinite advantages over the rookeries of the slums inasmuch as they are self-contained homes, surrounded by the pure air of heaven, and far removed from the pestilential influences of the overpopulated centers.

There are many parts of the country, such as those to which I have referred, where the people would not thank the housing reformer if he interfered with what may be called their ancestral homes, and the viewpoint of such simple folk can only be correctly ascertained by those who live among them. Not of hewn masonry or of squared timber, those homes of buts and bens were built by their forbears from the rough boulders laboriously gathered from the fields and waste places, and of turf and heath taken from the hillside, with a scanty supply of timber furnished by the factor or the estate forester. For these lowly thatched cottages they do not wish in exchange either pleasures or palaces, and they are as proud of them and their traditions as the baron is of his ancient castle and lineage.

IT MUST also be borne in mind that there are large tracts of country in the north and west of Scotland where there are no trees, and that ordinary building stone is also hard to procure. Therefore, the tillers of the soil who had to put up their own dwellings had perforce to avail themselves of the first material that came to hand, just as the pioneers of this continent cleared with the ax a space in the primeval forest and with the material thus procured built their log cabins and made their rude furniture. In like manner the removal of the scattered rocks and other obstructions from the Scottish wilds, and the draining of the marshy places where the peat deposits are, made the land arable, provided material both for building and fencing, and laid bare vast quantities of valuable fuel.

Many of the fences still in use on the farms in Scotland were built in this way, and are locally known as 'stane dykes.' These dykes are simply low walls built without mortar of any kind, but so skilfully constructed that some of them have lasted for many generations. Owing to the adoption of modern fencing methods with post and wire, these dykes of stone, with nature's embellishment of gold and silver mosses and vagrant wild flowers, are gradually disappearing, and with them one of the most picturesque and characteristic features of the landscape.

Travelers through French Canada may have observed in the center of some of the fields large and unsightly piles of stones, evidently gathered from the land to facilitate cultivation. The habitants had no use for these rocks, as they found abundance of material for building and fencing in the forests around. But stern necessity compelled the Scottish peasant to make the most of the scanty means that nature threw in his way, and unremitting industry enabled him to accomplish his end —the building of a home, although only a two-roomed cottage—a but and a ben —and the bringing up of a family in the fear of God and a true sense of its duty to all His creatures.

The 'wee thackit hooses' have served their time and are one by one giving place to finer homes. Bungalows with ornate eaves and French windows, environed by trimly clipped shrubs, may already be seen where once stood the cottages of the but and ben, with their little gardens of sweet herbs and clinging honeysuckle, with red-berried rowan trees at the gates 'to keep off the witches'; but whether they will shelter a better and happier people the future must show.

How the Monkeys Avenged Their Queen

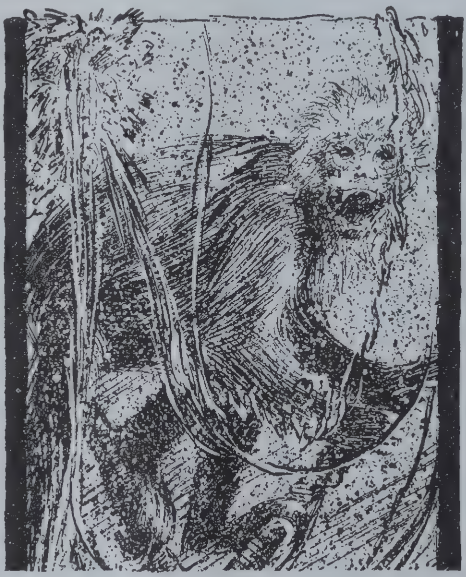
(Continued from page 9)

tinuous wall of prickly mimosas and an occasional strawberry tree. A few families of lemurs were playing in the field. As soon as they saw me they started to howl terribly; mothers dragging their young, yelling and screaming, rushed pell-mell over the river from stone to stone, slipping off, helping one another. And no wonder! Just to think—a *ferenge*—a European!

RETURNING from my trip of inspection, I came to the field again. All the monkeys were sitting on tree branches on the other bank, only one adult monkey remaining disdainfully close. I made an attempt to talk to him and took off my hat.

He proudly raised his tail and jumped to the next branch. I saw that he did not want to get acquainted. However, I decided to get acquainted with them more closely and came to the field every day regularly. My *ashkers* placed a round Abyssinian chair for me there under a large acacia tree and I would sit long watching the work in the field where my workmen plowed with the oxen, tilling the ground for fresh planting. Black, half-naked figures with shining, polished backs, hallooing and cracking their leather whips, laboriously freed the wooden plow stuck too deep in the earth for the buckling oxen to pull. To one side burned a pile of dry grass and prickly bushes removed from a place being cleared for plowing.

Blue, odoriferous smoke curled up. Women shouted to each other in high-pitched voices, clearing the coffee bushes of dry branches and gathering the ripe coffee berries into plaited baskets to be used for replanting. Work progressed rapidly.



Simultaneously from the tree branches, with splendid laziness, the red lemurs watched all this human vanity indifferently, half closing their eyes from the sunshine, searching each other's heads for insects, and stretching out to the burning sun and to the hands of willing friends either red backs or pale blue stomachs. They did not fear me any more, but would not enter into friendship in spite of all my attempts.

Then began the rainy period which lasts from the middle of June till September 26. I give the date exactly because the Abyssinians do, and I have noticed it also myself. September 26, the day of the *Moskale* (Holy Cross Day), celebrated in Addis-Abeba as a holiday with parade and ceremonial dances of their priests and monks around a long stick with a bunch of grass tied to the end of it, representing Christ's Cross—on this day the rainy season ends abruptly and the rush of work begins.

I had no time now to sit for hours in the field. The new coffee had to be planted, the old cultivated. Everything possible had to be done to get the best results, for on this depended my own advancement. Just at this time began the hostility of the monkeys toward me. They not only emptied my garden but destroyed the trees, tore away both branches and berries from the growing plants, taking along the little straw shelters that protected the young plants from the sun's rays, and even uprooting the plants themselves. It seemed as if the whole tribe were plotting to spoil my work, acting by concerted plan.

My patience exhausted, I decided on self-protection. This point was reached when before my very eyes a big lemur, heedless of the shouts of the workmen, pulled up a very fine, fresh young plant just starting to grow, and escaped to the river on three paws, holding it in the fourth. The lemur crossed the river, and feeling itself safe at home, sat on a branch, still holding the plant. Then after tearing off the leaves, smelling it, gaping and scratching its back, the animal threw it into the river as indifferently as if it had never been interested.

The cup of my patience overflowed—I went for my gun! On my return, the whole tribe was in the coffee plantation again. As soon as the lemurs saw the gun they rushed home yelping, except one who became entangled in the bushes. I shot and it fell. The *ashkers* brought the beast to me. It was a very big specimen—I had never seen the like. Its right ear had once been slightly cut and the lobe hung down in the same manner as that of the black coquette who adorns herself. The *ashkers* went into ecstasies and cried *shankala* (negro)!

Ordering the monkey to be hung up, tied under the arms, to a pole, and the pole to be planted between the rows of plants as a warning, I went home. I was sorry for the monkey, but what could I do?

Next morning I was told that the body of the monkey was gone from the pole. I went to see. It was true—the body was gone! Who had taken it? A leopard perhaps? Or a hyena? But there were no tracks, and besides the monkey was hung too high. The wild beasts could have taken it only in case the pole was down, but the pole stood upright as before. How the miracle? Well, Abatchanaka might know something about it. The old man thought a little, then said decidedly,

'The monkeys have taken and buried it.'

I went to the monkeys—they were not to be seen. I was glad, thinking they had been scared away. But my joy was groundless; they had simply moved to the cactus weeds seventy steps away. That night they made an attack on the plantation which was such a pogrom as plainly showed revenge.

One might think that they had had wild dancing there, so tramped and ruined were the plats. I came at them with my gun again. They were sitting on the broad leaves of cactus. Seeing me, they rushed to escape, but one of them, staying behind, jumped and hid behind the pulpy cactus leaves.

I SHOT it through the leaf and it fell dead into the midst of the bush. A boy, running to get the animal for me, brought back not one but two monkeys—the second being the half-decomposed corpse of the monkey killed before.

All the way home old Abatchanaka was morose and silent. Noticing that he wanted to say something but dared not, I brought him to my hut and gave him some liquor to drink. He drank and asked me for a tobacco chew. Putting the tobacco in his cheek as a monkey does sugar, he thought a while and said,

'It is bad, *getta* (master), you killed their *nechista* (queen) the first time and now you have killed their *zabania* (watchman).'

'What do you mean by "watchman"?' I asked.

'They had buried the dead monkey and left a watchman—that is why it could not escape. And now you have killed it. The first one was the queen, as shown by her peculiar ear, and the other was a watchman.' We were silent for some minutes.

'We must leave,' whispered Abatchanaka.

'Leave? What do you mean?' I asked.

'Yes, we should leave . . . because it will be worse.'

'What, do you think the monkeys will be revenged?'

'Oh no. The monkeys will leave—they will bury the queen and leave.'

'Well then, why will it be worse and who will cause the trouble?' I asked.

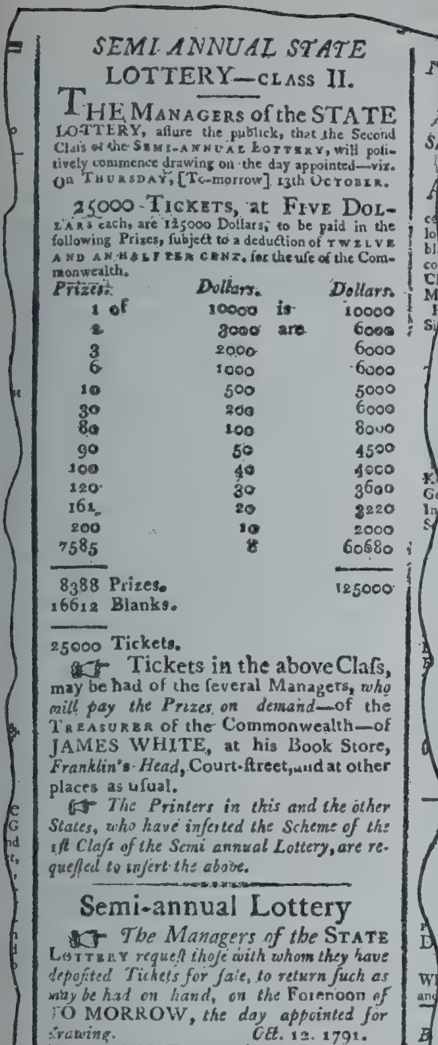
'Well, there will be something. You will see anyhow that you will leave.'

Abatchanaka would say nothing more and soon went away. The monkeys really left, and in a few weeks I was compelled to leave also—I became sick with the local malaria.

Not long ago a workman named Siboto came to me in Addis-Abeba from the plantation to ask my help in something. As I talked with him and mentioned the happenings of two years ago, he told me that the monkeys had returned soon after my leaving and the first thing they did was to tear up my whole plantation! Lemur revenge!

Rise *and* Fall *of* Lottery

A Form *of* Gambling *That* Governments Used When *the* Exchequer Was *at* Zero



SEMI-ANNUAL STATE
LOTTERY—CLASS II.

THE MANAGERS of the STATE LOTTERY, aſſure the publick, that the Second Claſs of the SEMI-ANNUAL LOTTERY, will poſitively commence drawing on the day appointed—viz. On THURSDAY, [To-morrow] 13th OCTOBER.

25000 TICKETS, at FIVE DOLLARS each, are 125000 Dollars, to be paid in the following Prizes, ſubject to a deduction of TWELVE AND AN HALF PER CENT. for the uſe of the Commonwealth.

Prizes.		*Dollars.*		*Dollars.*
1	of	10000	is	10000
2		3000	are	6000
3		2000		6000
6		1000		6000
10		500		5000
30		200		6000
80		100		8000
90		50		4500
100		40		4000
120		30		3600
161		20		3220
200		10		2000
7585		8		60680
8388 Prizes.				125000
16612 Blanks.				
25000 Tickets.				

☞ Tickets in the above Claſs, may be had of the ſeveral Managers, *who will pay the Prizes on demand*—of the TREASURER of the Commonwealth—of JAMES WHITE, at his Book Store, *Franklin's Head*, Court-ſtreet, and at other places as uſual.

☞ *The Printers in this and the other States, who have inſerted the Scheme of the 1ſt Claſs of the Semi annual Lottery, are requeſted to inſert the above.*

Semi-annual Lottery

☞ *The Managers of the* STATE LOTTERY *requeſt thoſe with whom they have depoſited Tickets for ſale, to return ſuch as may be had on hand, on the* Forenoon *of* TO MORROW, *the day appointed for drawing.* Oct. 12. 1791.

Reproduced from the Columbian Sentinel, Boston, October 12, 1791, advertising the Massachusetts State Lottery.

THE best things of life are often closely allied to the worst. Virtue and vice begin in the same way, in the very words themselves, and, in fact, often in the human impulses which are involved.

Certainly the desire to better one's condition in life is a laudable ambition, but precisely this proper desire in a mistaken application has given rise in human history to gambling in one form or another. This vice, analogous in its evil consequences and in its powerful grip on many individuals to strong drink, is to be traced in almost every period of human history. Strange to say, for many centuries gambling in the form of public lotteries was not only tolerated but employed by agencies devoted to human welfare. The church, the universities, and the state long combined in England and America to make lotteries attractive and to urge the purchase of tickets by the public, while on the Continent of Europe the lottery continues even to the present day.

In England the first public lottery was held in 1569, but the institution did not at first seize upon the public imagination. In 1612 the third English lottery was granted by 'The King's Majestie in speciall favor for the present plantation of English Colonies in Virginia.' The principal prize, 'foure thousand poundes in fayre plate,' was drawn by a London tailor. The proceeds of the lottery were used to support the Virginia Company. A ballad at the time ran as follows:

'LONDON'S LOTTERIE

With an encouragement to the furtherance thereof, for the good of Virginia, and the benefite of this our native Countrie; wishing good fortune to all that venture in the same.

To the Tune of Lusty Gallant

The Merchants of Virginia now,
Hath nobly tooke in hand,
The bravest golden Lottery,
that ere was in this Land.

. . . . .

A gallant House well furnisht foorth,
with Gold and Silver Plate,
There standes prepared with Prizes now
set foorth in greatest state.
To London, worthy Gentlemen,
goe venture there your chaunce:
Good lucke standes now in readinesse,
your fortunes to advance.'

and so on to a total of eleven verses.

In every lottery or raffle scheme the total of the prices of the tickets must exceed the total of the prizes proposed. The excess is devoted to the purposes of the lottery; this excess is a necessary loss to the buyers of the tickets.

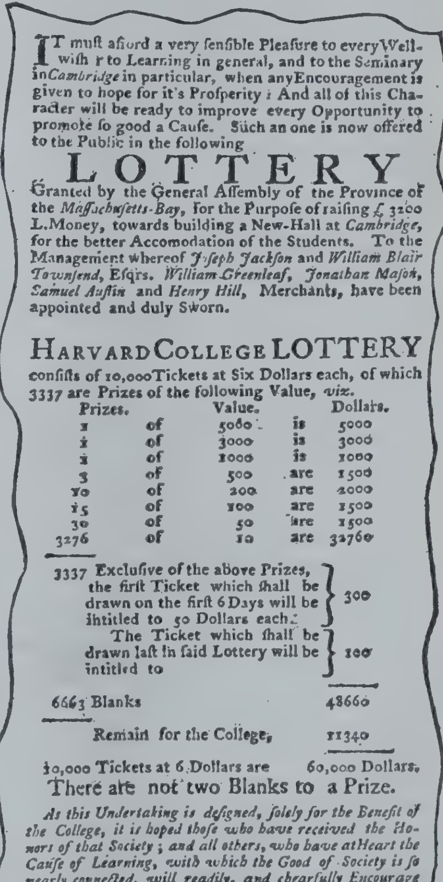
In England the lottery was used by the government quite frequently to provide public loans. In 1711 the state lottery provided for a loan of 1,500,000 pounds by the sale of 150,000 lottery tickets at 10 pounds each; the amount of the loan was repaid in prizes over a period of thirty-two years.

An interesting English lottery authorized by Parliament in 1753 was to be devoted to raising funds to buy the Sloane and Harleian collections, which formed the fine nucleus of the British Museum. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker (of the House of Commons) were designated as trustees. Whether this lottery was held is doubtful. However, lotteries were then immensely popular in England. One of the firms selling lottery tickets was called Richardson, Goodluck and Company. The fortunate individual with the name Goodluck was given a good salary to join the company.

An amusing story is told of an old English family, a father and two daughters, with a large estate, who, falling upon hard times, decided to sell the estate by a lottery. Corruption was not unknown even in those days, and these sellers arranged in some way to have the prize go to a young woman friend of the family. However, the young lady, on drawing the prize, immediately got married and demanded a title deed to the property. When this was refused the father and two daughters were sent to prison, where they died.

In America the early lotteries were eminently respectable institutions, participated in by the leading lights of New England and of New York and Philadelphia. One of the first New England lotteries was for the purpose of rebuilding Faneuil Hall, destroyed by fire in 1761. Only $1,200 was raised for this purpose by the sale of $12,000 worth of tickets, the rest being devoted to prizes. However, commonly a much larger percentage of the receipts was taken by the promoters.

Harvard College was granted a lottery in 1762 by the General Assembly of the Province of Massachusetts Bay for the purpose of building a new hall 'for the better accommodation of students.' With



IT muſt afford a very ſenſible Pleaſure to every Well-wiſher to Learning in general, and to the Seminary in *Cambridge* in particular, when any Encouragement is given to hope for it's Proſperity; And all of this Character will be ready to improve every Opportunity to promote ſo good a Cauſe. Such an one is now offered to the Public in the following

LOTTERY

Granted by the General Aſſembly of the Province of the *Maſſachuſetts-Bay*, for the Purpoſe of raiſing £ 3200 L.Money, towards building a New-Hall at *Cambridge*, for the better Accomodation of the Students. To the Management whereof *Joſeph Jackſon* and *William Blair Townſend*, Eſqrs. *William Greenleaf*, *Jonathan Maſon*, *Samuel Auſtin* and *Henry Hill*, Merchants, have been appointed and duly Sworn.

HARVARD COLLEGE LOTTERY

conſiſts of 10,000 Tickets at Six Dollars each, of which 3337 are Prizes of the following Value, *viz.*

Prizes.		Value.		Dollars.
1	of	5000	is	5000
1	of	3000	is	3000
1	of	1000	is	1000
3	of	500	are	1500
10	of	200	are	2000
15	of	100	are	1500
30	of	50	are	1500
3276	of	10	are	32760

3337 Excluſive of the above Prizes, the firſt Ticket which ſhall be drawn on the firſt 6 Days will be intitled to 50 Dollars each.	300
The Ticket which ſhall be drawn laſt in ſaid Lottery will be intitled to	100
6663 Blanks	48660
Remain for the College,	11340

10,000 Tickets at 6 Dollars are 60,000 Dollars.

There are not two Blanks to a Prize.

As this Undertaking is deſigned, ſolely for the Benefit of the College, it is hoped thoſe who have received the Honors of that Society; and all others, who have at Heart the Cauſe of Learning, with which the Good of Society is ſo nearly connected, will readily, and chearfully Encourage it, by becoming Adventurers.

Public and ſeaſonable Notice will be given of the Time and Place of drawing; and when finiſhed a Liſt of the Prizes will be publiſhed in Edes & Gill's Boſton Gazette, *and the Money will be paid to the Poſſeſſors of the Benefit Tickets, within 20 Days after a Publication of a Liſt of Prizes.*

Gold as well as Silver will be taken for the Tickets, and the Prizes will be paid off in like Manner. Prizes not demanded within 12 Months after they are drawn, will not be paid, but will be deemed as generouſly given for the Purpoſes aforeſaid, and will be applied accordingly.

Tickets are ready for Sale, at the Houſes of Jonathan Haſtings *and* Andrew Bordman, *Eſqrs. in* Cambridge, *and at the Houſes and Stores of the Managers in* Boſton.

The above Lottery is calculated more to the Advantage of the Adventurers, than perhaps any other ever yet offer'd to the Public on this Continent; when this is conſidered, together with the generous Deſign of it, the Managers cannot but flatter themſelves, that they ſhall be able to draw ſaid Lottery in a Few Months.

Advertisement of the Harvard College Lottery in the Boston Gazette and Country Journal, August 10, 1772.

the proceeds Stoughton Hall was built. The college itself invested $2,000 in tickets and drew the principal prize of $10,000; a suspicious circumstance, or possibly showing the benefits of higher education.

As late as 1811 tickets were being sold for another Harvard College lottery. Yale and Brown universities and Dartmouth College were other institutions of higher learning which took the same dubious means of raising money.

An Episcopal church lottery in Boston in 1800 is paralleled in Providence by a lottery 'granted by promoting Public Worship, and the advancement of Religion.' The proceeds of this lottery were to be devoted to finishing a 'House for Public Worship.' No denomination was immune from the attack, and so Congregationalist and Methodist and Episcopal churches were erected upon such doubtful foundations.

At the well-known Wayside Inn in Sudbury a lottery was drawn in 1760 'on Friday the thirtieth of May Instant at the House of Mr. William Bryant, Inholder in said Sudbury.' So runs the statement in the then current issues of the Boston *Gazette*.

The widespread approval and participation in the lotteries is indicated in the diary of the Father of His Country, George Washington. In December, 1769, Washington notes that he 'went in the evening to draw Col. Moore's Lottery.' In May, 1769, Washington entered as a part of his cash account, 'By cash paid Peyton Randolph, sesq. for my tenth of 100 tickets taken in Partnership . . . in Col. Byrd's Lottery, 50'; and a similar entry in June of 1770. Of a 'Mountain Road Lottery' dated 1768 tickets are preserved bearing Washington's signature.

On August 10, 1810, and frequently thereafter, *The National Intelligencer*, of Washington, published the advertisement of the Washington Monument lottery with 35,000 tickets at $10 each, 11,740 prizes totaling $350,000 but subject to a discount of fifteen per cent, for the monument. Philadelphia and Baltimore papers particularly repeated the advertisement.

In 1833 the lottery nuisance had become so great that it has been estimated that in the United States fifty millions of dollars annually were invested, so to speak, in the tickets. There was, of course, room for fraud entirely apart from the losses inherent in any lottery. In general, the lotteries were under Government supervision, being licensed like the sale of liquor.

The movement for the suppression of lotteries began almost with their inception. However, the final suppression in all the states was not effected until quite recent times, and that largely by closing the mails to such schemes. The Louisiana lottery was one of the last to disappear.

China's Wall of Superstition

(*Continued from page 14*)

There is a district in China known as 'The Valley of Peaceful Streams.' It is a beautiful spot and its name is pleasing to the ear, but its people eke out a miserable existence growing a very inferior quality of tea. Except for an age-old superstition these people might be living in luxury and contributing to the comfort of peoples of other nations.

That any tea can be grown on this soil is due to the constant care that is given it. But the land is rich in coal and iron. A foreign engineer, surveying in that valley a few years ago, reported that in one of the surrounding hills there was enough of the finest iron ore to supply the whole world for a thousand years, and still the region would not be exhausted. Since the report was made public, experts from all over the world have visited the locality, and all have declared that the seams of coal abounding there, if worked, would turn this poverty-stricken district into one of the most valuable of the world.

But these potential resources are undeveloped. Neither iron ore nor coal is mined. Superstition forbids it. The people believe that there are huge slimy dragons lying just under the earth's surface guarding these treasures and that any attempt to mine them would end in the destruction of the people of the entire region. To start mining operations would disturb the slumbers of the dragons and, filled with rage at such disturbance, they would hurl plagues and fearful calamities of every nature upon the unfortunate dwellers in 'The Valley of Peaceful Streams,' till the last man was destroyed. Keeping the dragon content means more to these simple people than wealth and comfort. Unseen terrors more potent than hunger, poverty and famine, have kept these mines unopened and the iron ore unsmelted.

China's entire history is one of revenge, and there are instances where a man has had to pay the penalty of the resentment of his enemies all through his life, and even after death.

Introduction to a Writer

(*Continued from page 8*)

covers. I ask you what you would do if some of the Sherwood Anderson Websters lived next door to you. I ask you to search the plains from El Paso to Sand Point, Idaho, and show me a Tom Mix cowboy. I assure you that you will be as exhausted in your search to satisfy me as you would be if you set forth to find a shepherd of the sort Master Fletcher pictured long ago—or a sailor who sings and dances a hornpipe whenever the captain's back is turned—or an Irishman in knee breeches who carries a shillelagh in a city street—or cultured gentlemen who spend their evenings in the underworld. For, I would have you observe, while some latter-day intelligentsia denounce that kind of type making, and are fast set against an exaggerated sentimental representation of goodness as untrue to human nature, they are by no means so alive to the fact that it is equally reprehensible to indulge in an exaggerated sentimental representation of universal badness in human nature. But what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, we are told, and gastronomists testify to the truth of the saying.

This McIntyre is one of those who gain strength because they get back to earth. That's one of his secrets. He does not dispense with the probabilities. I say, 'one of those,' because there are many, and some day I hope to have time and impulse to list them. Their reputations are ridiculously less than they should be, because they have no trumpeters to herald them; no publisher expecting a skyrocket career for their books to fill newspapers with gossip about their personality and habits. All that noise is reserved for the sensation novelist.

But the pendulum will swing, just as it swung to good sense after all that nonsense of the *Castle of Otranto* and *Melmoth's Wanderings*. It will swing as it swung from Zola to Stevenson. And I'm glad I read McIntyre, because it is always pleasant to meet a sane gentleman.

CHARLES J. FINGER.

One in Thousands

(*Continued from page 15*)

I can still see, always shall see, poor old grandmother walking back and forth, as every carload of slush was dumped into the pit with a thudding crash.

A year later the fire was pronounced out. The culm was being dug from the slope. Jack and his Polish buddy were not the only victims. There were, I think, three others. Had the fire occurred earlier in the day, the loss of life would have been frightful.

Big Mike found Jack, what was left of the boy. He knew the bones by the rusted and melted watch lying close.

The boss went searching for the other three lost miners. They had crawled up into a higher working where the flames didn't reach. There they suffered a lingering death. It took a long time to locate their refuge. To reach them, Big Mike had to swim through a gangway filled with water. He stripped to the buff, of course. He couldn't take any chance of losing strength by water-logged clothes and heavy boots. But he kept his cap on with the brave little lamp. There was scarcely more than a foot of space between the surface of that dirty black smelly mess and the top timbers.

There lay what had been three stalwart men. The youngest and weakest had died first. The other two had wrapped him in canvas in Egyptian mummy fashion, and that body was remarkably well preserved. In fact, it was waked for three days, and buried from the church. There was some writing with a finger on a dusty board, but the writing couldn't be deciphered. A little heap of small coals—I forget the number—as if one of the unlucky three had counted the days before death with those fragments.

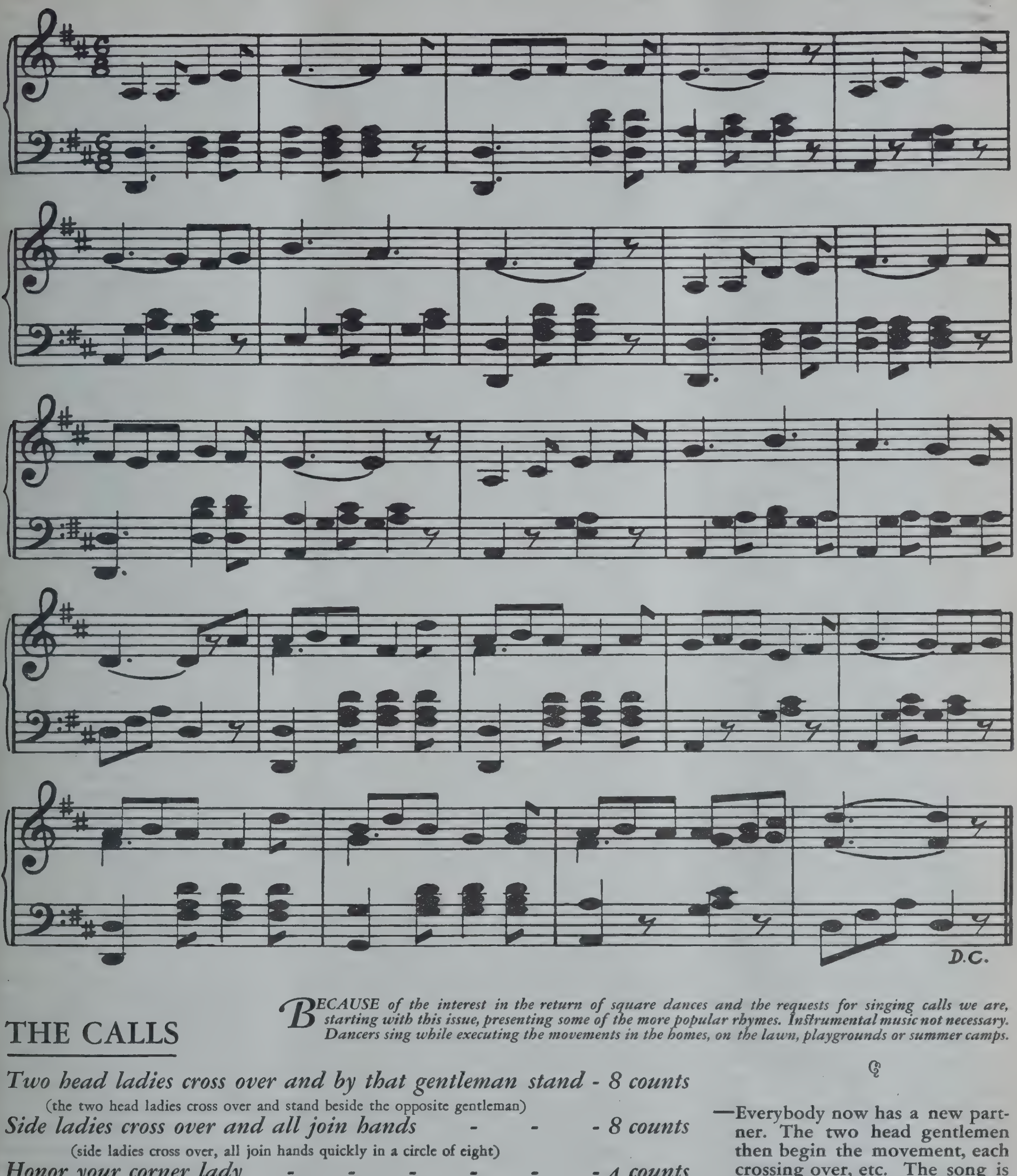
Big Mike and his assistants carried the bodies down to where the water lapped, foul as the River Styx, to get them to the bottom of the slope, whence they could be brought back to earth.

The bodies were brought out into the shuddering sunlight. The cries of anguished wives and mothers were too much for Big Mike. He staggered home.

It's just about twenty years since that terrible fire. Of course, it's not forgotten at Locust Gap. But Big Mike isn't considered unusual, neither is Jack. Dirty-faced heroes up there are as plentiful as blackberries. It's all in the day's work.

Jack gave his life for his buddy. The two were found close together, so close that they must have been in each other's arms. The flames devoured the better part of young Jack. No, the better part of Jack went marching on to immortality.

Life on the Ocean Wave



THE CALLS

BECAUSE of the interest in the return of square dances and the requests for singing calls we are, starting with this issue, presenting some of the more popular rhymes. Instrumental music not necessary. Dancers sing while executing the movements in the homes, on the lawn, playgrounds or summer camps.

Two head ladies cross over and by that gentleman stand - 8 counts

(the two head ladies cross over and stand beside the opposite gentleman)

Side ladies cross over and all join hands - - - 8 counts

(side ladies cross over, all join hands quickly in a circle of eight)

Honor your corner lady - - - - - - - 4 counts

(each gentleman turns and bows to corner lady)

Honor your partners all - - - - - - - 4 counts

(gentlemen turn and bow to partners)

Swing the corner lady - - - - - - 8 counts

and promenade the hall - - - - - 16 counts

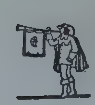
(each gentleman turns the lady at his left, ending by linking arms and promenading around the outside of the set, back to the gentleman's place.)

—Everybody now has a new partner. The two head gentlemen then begin the movement, each crossing over, etc. The song is continued until all promenade with their original partners.

NOTE: When the gentlemen cross over they have a new position in the set, and will return to that place each time, remaining until the call 'Gentlemen cross over' is again given.

The song should be played four times.

CAN YOU TELL ME?



Question. Kindly give me some information on Woodrow Wilson's trips to Europe to attend the Peace Conference.

Answer. President Wilson sailed on December 5, 1918, with Mrs. Wilson and a staff of several hundred experts on the transport *George Washington* convoyed across the Atlantic by the superdreadnought *Pennsylvania* and a squadron of destroyers. He landed at Brest on the thirteenth and spent a few weeks in a triumphal progress through France, Great Britain and Italy. Except for a brief visit home at the end of February, when he returned by way of Boston, he remained abroad until the completion and signing of the treaty on June 28, 1919.

* * *

Q. How many sons did Abraham Lincoln have, at what age did each die and did one of his sons see military service in the war of 1861-65?

A. Abraham Lincoln had four sons, Robert Todd, born 1843, died 1926; Edward Baker, born 1846, died in infancy; William Wallace, born 1850, died 1862; Thomas Lincoln, better known as Tad, born 1853, died 1871. Robert Todd Lincoln served on Grant's staff with the rank of captain.

* * *

Q. Did New York have a law against dueling at the time of the Alexander Hamilton-Aaron Burr duel?

A. The State of New York enacted a law to prevent dueling which was approved April 2, 1803. This was previous to the Hamilton-Burr duel which took place July 11, 1804.

* * *

Q. Does Doheny still retain the leases to the Naval Oil lands?

A. The Doheny leases to Naval Oil lands were found invalid by the Supreme Court of the United States and the whole transaction was declared to be 'tainted with corruption.' Thus while Mr. Doheny was acquitted by a jury of the criminal charges brought against him, by the decision of the Supreme Court the oil lands revert to the United States Government and the charge of corruption is reiterated.

* * *

Q. Do corporations pay a franchise tax to the United States Government?

A. There is no general Federal corporation act. Corporations are chartered under state acts, most states requiring a franchise tax.

* * *

Q. For how many years has the United States been involved in war?

A. The wars in which the United States has been involved as a nation or which were fought on American soil during Colonial times are as follows: King William's War, 1689-1697; Queen Anne's War, 1702-1713; King George's War, 1744-1748; French and Indian War, 1754-1760; Revolutionary War, April 19, 1775 to April 19, 1783; War of 1812, June 18, 1812 to January 8, 1815; Mexican War, April 25, 1846 to May 30, 1848; Civil War, April 15, 1861 to April 9, 1865; Spanish-American War, April 21, 1898 to August 10, 1898; World War, April 6, 1917 to November 11, 1918. Among the numerous Indian wars are the following: Pequot War, 1637; King Phillip War, 1675-76; Lovewell's War (Maine Indians), 1722-26; Pontiac's Conspiracy, 1763-64; Creek War, 1813-14; Seminole War, 1817-18, 1835-42; Black Hawk War, 1832; Rogue River (Oregon), 1853-1855; Sand Creek War, 1865-66; Modoc War, 1872; Sioux War, 1876.

* * *

Q. How many legal holidays are there which have been authorized by the United States Congress?

A. There are no national holidays in the United States although Congress has at various times designated special holidays. The principal legal holidays in all the states are as follows: January 1, New Year's Day (except in Arkansas and Missouri); February 22, Washington's Birthday; May 30, Decoration Day (except in Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Texas); July 4, Independence Day; September, Labor Day, first Monday; November, Election Day, first Tuesday or Tuesday after first Monday, in all states holding elections; also other days in which elections are held in the various states; November, Thanksgiving Day, usually the last Thursday; and December 25, Christmas Day.

* * *

Q. In what year was London Bridge built?

A. The first stone bridge across the Thames in London was completed in 1209; the present bridge about 100 feet farther up the river was built in 1825-1831.

* * *

Q. What was the Opium War between Great Britain and China?

A. In 1839 the Chinese Government tried to put a stop to the opium trade, carried on with great profit by English merchants, and informed the British Government that the traffic would have to be given up. As a result there was war between the two countries, commencing in 1840. The British with their modern means of warfare easily defeated the Chinese and forced them, in the Treaty of Nanking, 1842, to pay a heavy indemnity, to cede to the British the island of Hongkong, which lies at the mouth of the Canton River, and to open to foreign commerce, the same as Canton, the ports of Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo and Shanghai.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Q. How does the percentage of American youth receiving higher education today compare with the percentage that received higher education in earlier periods of our history?

A. In 1876 there were 72 students receiving higher education for every 100,000 population; in 1896, there were 123; in 1906, 162; in 1916, 245; and today practically 460 for every 100,000 population. The total number of strictly college students in 1924 was 664,266.

* * *

Q. Who is the present Pope, when and by whom was he elected, in what city does he reside and what is his residence called?

A. The present Pope is Pius XI, elected in 1922 by the Sacred College of Cardinals. His residence at Rome is called the Vatican.

* * *

Q. Did Colonel Fielding Lewis, brother-in-law of George Washington, have any sons, brothers or nephews who served in the Revolutionary War?

A. Colonel Lewis had a son, Fielding, and a brother, Lawrence, who served in the Revolutionary War.

* * *

Q. To whom does the United States owe the $19,500,000,000 of its public debt?

A. The public debt on March 31 was $19,008,196,451. This money was raised by the sale of various types of securities which were all sold within the United States. The money is now owed to the holders of these securities.

* * *

Q. What is the procedure to reduce the number of congressmen to one-quarter of their present number?

A. Congress could pass a reapportionment act, either reducing or increasing the size of Congress, giving due regard to the constitutional provisions of representation according to population.

* * *

Q. Whom did Admiral Farragut choose to cut the cable under the Mississippi River during the Civil War?

A. The boom formed of cypress logs and linked together with immense chains was cut in a very daring manner by two gunboats, the *Itasca* and the *Pinola*, commanded by Captains Caldwell and Crosby.

* * *

Q. What constitutes a 'commonwealth' as applied to certain individual states of the United States?

A. Owing to the semi-independent position of the states of the American Union the term 'commonwealth' is of frequent application to the various members of the Federal Government, which itself is spoken of as the National or Federal Commonwealth, in contradistinction to its constituent autonomies. In four of the states, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Kentucky, the term 'commonwealth' is included in the official titles of these states.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Experiments with electric-light traps are to be made in New York State to lure to destruction the female codling moth before she has opportunity to deposit her eggs in apple blossoms.

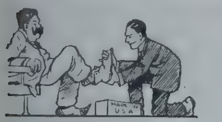
According to a real estate authority, during the past thirty years the individual private dwelling has rapidly disappeared from New York City.

There is a sundial in Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, of polyhedral type, each face indicating the sun time in some distant city.

The famous Stradivarius made about one thousand violins, half of which were lost or destroyed. Of the five hundred still in existence, about one-third are in the United States, the others being scattered over the rest of the world.

'The Clubman's Bible,' as the new directory of club members is dubbed in New York City, has just been issued showing more than 40,000 names of men and women in the active membership of forty-five leading clubs in the metropolitan district.

The largest basket in existence was recently exhibited at the Brooklyn Museum. It was a California acorn basket. After the dimensions of railroad tunnels had been ascertained, it was sent on an open flat car across the continent.



The average German foot is too thick to wear the American-made shoe.

At an exhibition of Napoleon relics in New York is a tendon taken from the Emperor's body and preserved by Abbé Vignali, Napoleon's chaplain. Locks of Napoleon's hair and pairs of his famous white breeches are also on view.

The value of automobiles owned in New York State is placed at $563,000,000, while that of livestock is appraised at only $250,000,000.

'If I go down into your country I will level your great city to the ground,' wrote the Macedonian King Philip to the Spartans, called Lacons because they inhabited that part of Greece known as Laconia. The reply delivered to Philip contained only one word: 'If!' Today when a person speaks briefly and to the point we say that he is 'laconic.'

A jet black cat rode the trucks of a Union Pacific passenger train from Ogden, Utah, to Chicago.

In order that the guardians of the law may be real he-men the city council of a Pennsylvania town has decreed that they must take a cold bath every morning, sleep with the bedroom windows open, go through daily-dozen exercises, and brush their teeth twice daily.

According to the Reverend Dr. F. B. Short of New York, pastor of a Methodist church for thirty-five years, blond babies usually cry, brunets smile and bald-headed ones look blank while being baptized.

Slavery has recently been abolished in the state of Kalat, Baluchistan, a dependency of India, where it has been a part of the social scheme since the Sixth Century B. C.

When the wife of the sheriff of Marshall County, Alabama, transferred three prisoners from the county jail to a hospital while she tidied up their cells, they made their escape from a window on the third floor, using a rope made of blankets and anchored to an operating table.

There are nearly 700 varieties of plants on the Hawaiian Islands that are found nowhere else in the world.

Fishermen on the north Pacific Coast have established a new industry in obtaining pearl essence from the scales of herring, sardines and shad. The substance extracted from waste fish is known as guan, and is used in the manufacture of artificial pearls.

Native erring husbands in Central Africa are fed a lizard porridge by their wives, who have a firm belief in the efficacy of this remedy because of the homing instinct.

The use of the shell of fresh-water clams in button making is causing the species to vanish.

Hotels in Italy have abolished the practice of tipping of employes by guests, and add 10 per cent to the bill in lieu of a fee.

The full name of the Crown Prince of Belgium is His Royal Highness Prince Leopold Philippe Charles Albert Meinrad Hubertus Marie Miguel, Prince of Belgium, Duke of Brabant. That of the Prince of Wales is Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David.

A young veterinary surgeon has opened a beauty shop for dogs in Paris, having a staff of doctors, dentists, surgeons, hairdressers and beauty specialists.

An agile Ceylonese can climb a ninety-foot Areca palm in ten seconds.

Almost 150 uses have been found for peanuts.

England claims one of the world's most unusual shops—a baby restaurant in London where, between noon and 1 o'clock, a two-course dinner is served for a penny to youngsters under five.

Oysters and clams contain about 200 times as much iodine as beefsteak.

Although South America has over twice the area of the United States and 65,000,000 population, she produces less than one-third the amount of the average wheat crop of this country.

In wealth per capita, Canada is surpassed only by Great Britain and the United States.

The most famous queen bee of all time was valued at one thousand dollars, her daughter selling for three hundred dollars.

The Philippine Islands include 7,083 islands with a total area of some 114,400 square miles.

Bathtubs as an accident cause are more than twice as deadly as stepladders, according to a recent annual analysis made by an Illinois insurance company.

The German Postoffice Department, in addition to carrying mail, serves as a bill collector, banker, and subscription agent for newspapers, magazines and books. Not satisfied with these multiple activities, it also operates sight-seeing and regular passenger buses in regions where other transportation is inadequate.

Umbrellas as a mark of elegance rather than a protection against sun or rain have been adopted by natives of French West Africa, according to the governor. Every native aspires to own at least one umbrella.

The ear of a person never changes during life and as a means of identification is as sure as fingerprints, according to United States immigration officials, who recently admitted a Chinese woman to this country after identifying her ear with that in a photograph taken in her childhood.

The lines of 'Silver Threads Among the Gold,' a song which made thousands of dollars for music publishers, were sold by Eben E. Rexford, the author, for $3. Rexford was 18 years old when he wrote the verses.

The United States uses two-fifths of all the wood consumed in the world.

The first iron bridge in the world spans the River Severn in England. Built in 1778, it was called Iron Bridge.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States reports that the year would not be long enough to include all the 'special weeks' if they fell consecutively. In addition to approximately 100 'special weeks,' there is a wide variety of 'special days,' giving every member of the family, many articles of food and miscellaneous activities a place in the calendar.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses opportunities that lie before youth.

* * *

The cover design is by Paul Honoré. It represents Dr. Livingstone on one of his historic treks into the African wilderness, illustrating the second of a series of articles on the great missionary-explorer which appears in this number.

* * *

On page 2 of the cover is a poem—'Sentimental Wind'—by Louis Untermeyer, with an appropriate setting by Gerald Van der Heyden. Louis Untermeyer as a poet and prose writer is a contributor to the leading national magazines. He is an occasional lecturer at Yale, Princeton, and other universities.

* * *

Government control of the manufacture of 'medicinal' whisky in the United States is a matter which is at present under consideration. It appears that the stocks of 'medicinal' liquor are running low and J. Bart Campbell, the Washington correspondent for an influential circle of newspapers, discusses the ethical aspect of the Government going into the whisky business in a prohibition country. (p. 1)

* * *

A review of what science has done in the 20th Century forms a fascinating story. It will be a chapter in a volume by Professor Preston W. Slosson of the University of Michigan, and is written by his father, Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, author and editor, of Washington, D. C. (p. 3)

* * *

In 'The Great Divide' H. G. Salsinger gives an incisive analysis of professional versus amateur sport. As a sports editor and sports writer of note, his opinion on this matter is worth digesting. (p. 5)

* * *

Violet Irwin discusses the matter of children, how much they cost us and what they give us in return. Violet Irwin is a Canadian and the author of some notable stories of the northern wilds, including *The Shaman's Revenge* and *Kak, the Copper Eskimo*. (p. 6)

* * *

Charles J. Finger introduces our readers to John T. McIntyre and tells them just why and how he read *Shot Towers*, 'four hundred and fourteen pages of it, and never a yawn.' Barrie, Thackeray, Kathleen Norris and Washington Irving caused the same reaction, Mr. Finger tells us. In them all he found something in common. This delightful review is on page 8. Mr. Finger's second installment of *Livingstone of the Lion-Heart* also appears in this issue. It is a thrilling tale of faith and heroism. (p. 16)

* * *

Pavel Bouligin, a former officer of the Russian Imperial Army, sought sanctuary in Abyssinia after the Red revolution. He contributes a story—'How the Monkeys Avenged Their Queen'—which is reminiscent of Kipling's jungle tales. (p. 9)

* * *

Hilaire Belloc's series of stories about Holland introduce one into quaint byways of European history and folklore. (p. 12)

* * *

The part that superstition has played in shaping China's destiny is well brought out in an article by L. M. Cramer. (p. 14)

* * *

In his short story, 'Only One in Thousands,' Will W. Whalen writes of a town in the mining region of Pennsylvania where his youth was spent. The characters he describes are real. Of the episodes he introduces he was an eyewitness. The result is an appealing tale. (p. 15)

* * *

What American life was like 200 years ago, as gleaned from contemporary newspapers, gives a vivid picture of the conditions under which our forefathers lived. Professor Louis C. Karpinski, of the University of Michigan, tells the story. (p. 20)

* * *

C. R. Aschemeier has traveled extensively in various outlying parts of the world collecting specimens for the Smithsonian Institution and other scientific organizations. The French Congo and the Amazon Valley have been his special spheres of exploration. (p. 21)

* * *

In a recent issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT the statement was made that: 'The Santa Fe put in a branch line from Panhandle (Texas) and Panhandle dwindled to nothing as rapidly as Borger grew. In two months Panhandle, also an oil boom town, lost 7,000 of its population and it is now among the deserted villages.'

We are informed by W. R. Arnold, secretary of the Panhandle Chamber of Commerce, that such is not the case. Mr. Arnold states that there was 'quite a large influx of oil field workers in 1926' but that Panhandle did not cater to that particular class of citizenship. We are told that Panhandle has a water system covering the entire city. That Panhandle has more street paving than 'both the other cities referred to, neither of them having had any at the time of the writing of this article.' We are led to believe that Panhandle is located in the midst of oil fields but depends on rich agricultural lands for its mainstay.

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The following are extracts from a letter sent to us by the principal of Bryan Street High School, Dallas, Texas, in reference to an article entitled 'Average—as the Goal of Education,' by Putnam Phillips, which appeared in our issue of January 22:

Dallas, Texas.

I was glad to get the point of view given by Mr. Putnam Phillips in a recent issue and to have each faculty member get it.

I most deeply regret the lack of consideration shown by the teacher or principal in charge of the particular school attended by his boy. It hurts my professional pride to think we take so unkindly to criticism that is intended to be constructive. The only mitigating circumstance I can offer as a reason, rather than as an excuse, is the probable fact that neither the teacher nor the principal was responsible for the system of grading. Each may have felt a hesitancy in defending something which was imposed from higher administrative sources. But nothing can excuse the lack of a reply.

The school people have made a great stride in the right direction when they send home a record of 'actual achievement.' They should go another step by telling what the achievement 'actually' is. I mean by that a detailed account of 'jobs' done. By 'done' I mean *Mastered.*

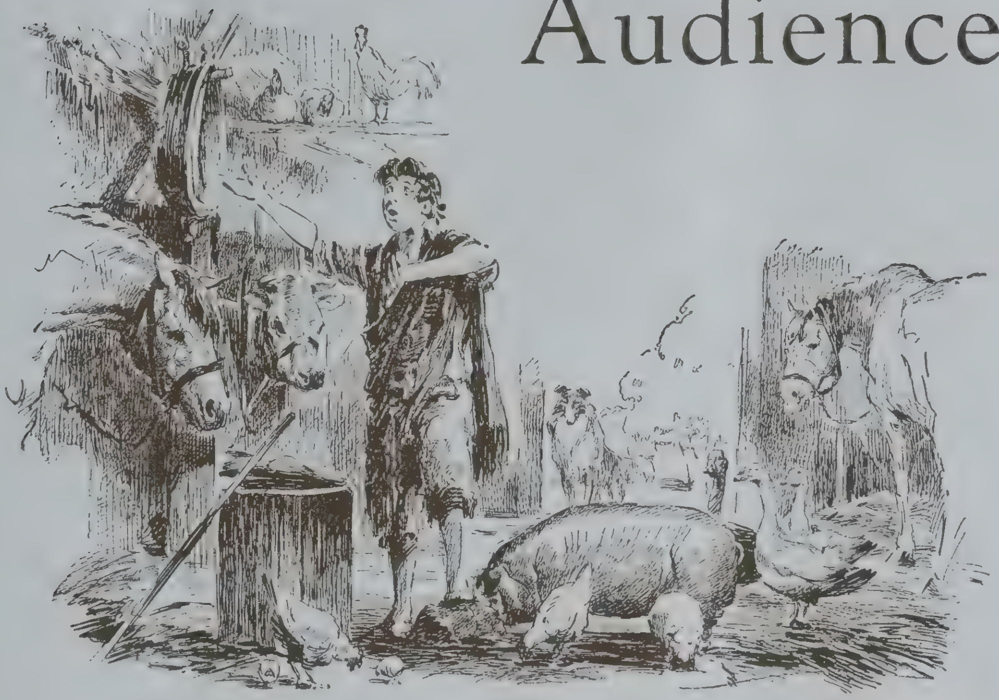
The facts are probably as far removed from an achievement record as were the old reports. Grades, in that school, are probably based upon a subjective estimate formed by the teacher. The educators in charge of that system have not probably reduced the units of subject matter to a size wholly comprehensible to the child. It is even doubtful whether the teachers themselves know what they are expected or required to do.

The schools can learn from industry in matters of standardization. We are still actually trying to build a large and beautiful building with only a beautiful 'elevation.' We have not attended to the details of our job. There are, to revert to the figure of the building, a hundred details we need to blueprint. Then we might be able to figure unit costs and to offer tests of strength of materials.

That part of the article which dealt with habits is another faltering step in the right direction. We may stress knowledge at the expense of habits, attitudes and ideals. Some of the specific habits listed may be of doubtful value. But the fact that the teacher is herself conscious of these habits and that the child is made conscious of them is a valuable fact.

LEONARD POWER.

The BARN Audience



Drawing by
J. C. GRAHAM

JOHNNIE JONES has earned his title to the scholar's right of way, and will speak a message vital when arrives Commencement Day. He must practise elocution, talking like a four-horse team, when he'd take up evolution or some other mighty theme. At his useful, verbal capers, in the house his loved ones balk, for his dad would read the papers and his mother wants to talk. And his brother and his sister, to the radio inclined, view with scorn the language twister with *Beyond the Alps* in mind. So he seeks the barn and thunders like a new Demosthenes of the marvels and the wonders that a youth of learning sees. As he reaches up to tackle topics which should shake the earth, peradventure hens will cackle, but they mean no caustic mirth. There is nothing mean in critters which don't have the gift of speech; not a note of theirs embitters those who'd argue, teach or preach. It may be the nags will whinny when this Johnnie Jones is done, but no comments cheap and tinny will they make to spoil his fun. And the cattle may be lowing, and the cheerful ducks may quack, while the orator is going through his subject, there and back; and the roosters may be singing *Yankee Doodle* and repeat, and the porkers may be bringing wreaths of corncobs to his feet. Johnnie Jones, the world before you has no audience so kind; human listeners will score you when you rise to speak your mind. Therefore make the welkin rattle, search your soul amid the hay, while the horses, hens and cattle take in everything you say!—WALT MASON.

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IT IS most unfortunate that we are so strongly under the impression that to do a piece of work and not get the credit for it is little less than a calamity. This habit of making the work secondary and the recognition primary is unfair to the work. It encourages a peculiar kind of ambition which is neither lovely nor productive. By doing the thing for which you may get no credit, you are building certain qualities which cannot be hidden.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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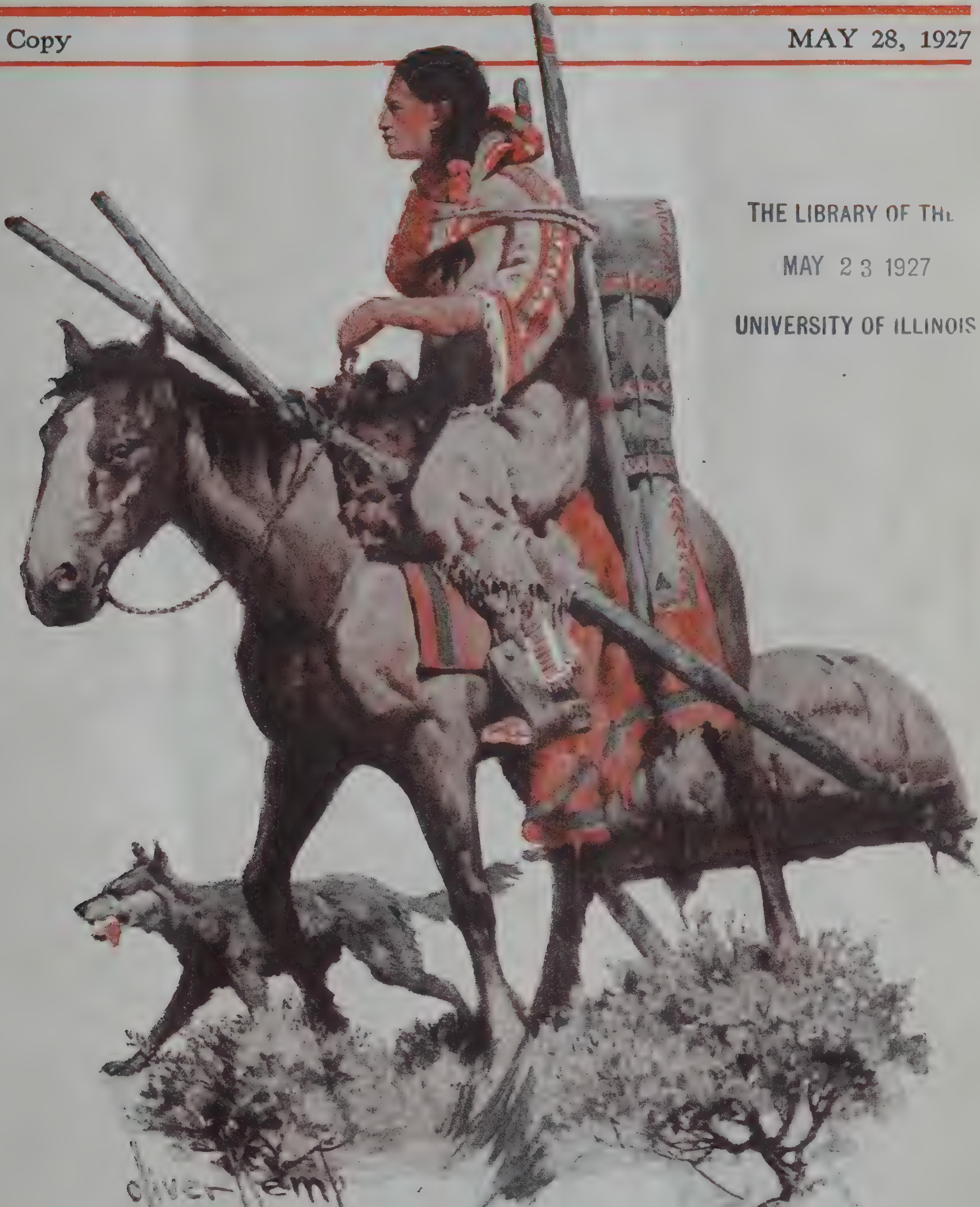
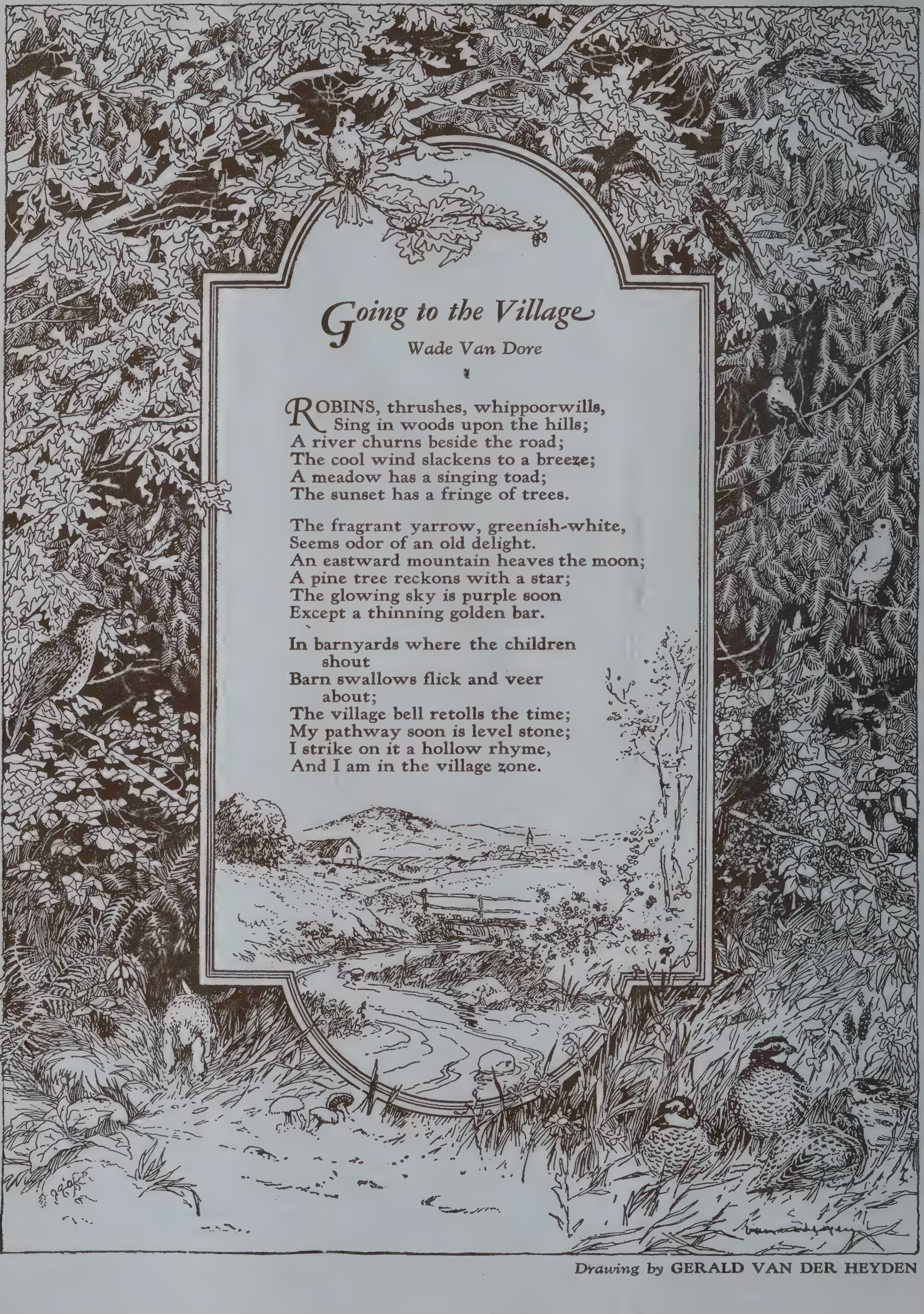


CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



Going to the Village

Wade Van Dore

ROBINS, thrushes, whippoorwills,
Sing in woods upon the hills;
A river churns beside the road;
The cool wind slackens to a breeze;
A meadow has a singing toad;
The sunset has a fringe of trees.

The fragrant yarrow, greenish-white,
Seems odor of an old delight.
An eastward mountain heaves the moon;
A pine tree reckons with a star;
The glowing sky is purple soon
Except a thinning golden bar.

In barnyards where the children
shout
Barn swallows flick and veer
about;
The village bell retolls the time;
My pathway soon is level stone;
I strike on it a hollow rhyme,
And I am in the village zone.

Drawing by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Volume 27
Number 32

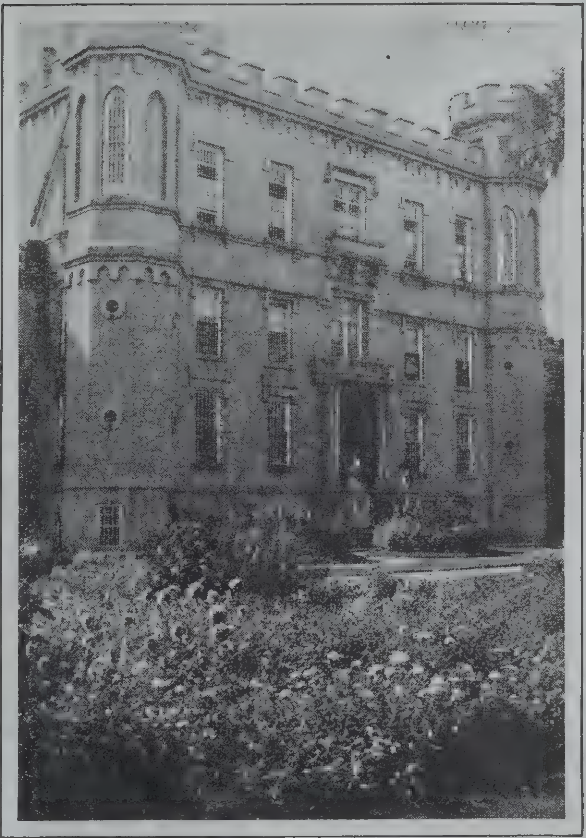
Why Wisconsin *Does Not* Hang Men

By FRED L. HOLMES

A CARD nailed to the door of a little shack standing on the outskirts of Milwaukee advised the postman to redirect all mail received in the future for Michael J. Harris to his new address at the state penitentiary at Waupun, Wisconsin. The lifer had given up his parole and voluntarily returned to prison. He himself had written the notice.

Harris is not an assumed name. Neither is the event which occurred last autumn in Milwaukee imaginary. But such a singular action at once attracted the attention of the public. What sort of man was it who would give up his restrained freedom to return to prison bars? Had he lost his reason? Why such strange conduct? His employer could not answer the questions. The man was punctual, industrious, saving, and possessed good health.

These replies only deepened the mystery. The prison records told more. Harris was a murderer. Back in 1884 in a fit of rage while intoxicated he had killed a man. He had been sent to prison for life. Had there been capital punishment in Wisconsin he would have answered for his crime on the scaffold, but the state on its admission into the Union in 1848 had rather surprised the world by abolishing the execution of criminals.



Entrance to Wisconsin prison at Waupun. Here an attempt is made to reform men.

For thirty-two years Harris labored behind steel bars. He was a model prisoner. Then the board of control sent him out on a parole. In ten years he had made good. He was thrifty. He had acquired no bad habits. He had no evil companions. People no longer shunned him. He was a man.

One day he was missing from his tasks. An investigation revealed that he had gone back to prison. Now it is known that in all these years there had been one ambition in his heart. He was sixty-four years of age. He felt that he had atoned for his crime; prison had reformed him. He returned to the penitentiary to make an appeal to the governor for a pardon—that he might die outside the prison a 'free citizen.' The hope of the murderer was liberty for body and soul.

Oscar Lee, warden of the Wisconsin prison, looks upon the conduct of Michael J. Harris as illustrative of the Wisconsin idea of punishment. For every man and woman who has committed a crime, there is hope—conditioned upon reformation.

'Those who are opposed to capital punishment, and the people of Wisconsin are opposed to it, find in the action of Harris an exemplification of the idea of why the state does not execute criminals convicted of the most heinous crimes,' declared the warden. 'Wisconsin believes in the reformation of criminals. It discards the theory that revenge shall be the motive for penalty. Because capital punishment is steeped with the age-old and barbarous customs of revenge, Wisconsin abhors it.'

Wisconsin is one of seven states where capital punishment is prohibited. It no longer prevails in Arizona, Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, North Dakota, Rhode Island, and Wisconsin. In Washington, Colorado, Iowa, Oregon and Missouri it was abolished for a few years, but the legislature has voted its restoration. In Michigan the only crime punishable by death is treason.

Wisconsin abolished capital punishment at the time of the formation of its constitution. In the nearly eighty years of Wisconsin history there has never been a real public demand for a return to capital punishment. Three reasons are offered by judges, prison wardens and governors for its omission:

(1) Cases are handled with dispatch in the courts, and few legal technicalities are allowed to interfere.

(2) Wisconsin has the lowest homicide rate of any of the Mississippi Valley states.

(3) A history of the lives of prisoners who would probably have been executed in capital punishment states discloses a reformation record. Of 142 lifers pardoned and paroled, four broke parole, but there is no record showing that any one had violated any law which resulted in arrest.

Where justice is swift there is seldom complaint about the law or crimes. Justice Walter C. Owen of the Wisconsin Supreme Court believes that the speed with which criminal cases are handled accounts largely for the low homicide rate. He spoke from thirty years' experience as a lawyer, city attorney, state legislator, attorney-general of the state and Supreme Court justice for ten years.

'That there is a persistent increase of crime throughout the country is generally conceded,' declared Justice Owen. 'Various reasons therefor are suggested. Not infrequently courts

OSCAR LEE,
Warden of Wisconsin prison.

are blamed for their lax administration of the criminal law. Such charges, however, are made impetuously and without much consideration.

'It should never be forgotten that those charged with crime are entitled to trial by jury, and that the verdict of the jury upon the question of guilt is final and conclusive upon the court. Where juries free those charged with crime no blame can be attached to the courts, because courts are utterly powerless to disturb or interfere with such a verdict. A verdict of not guilty in a criminal case effectually ends the case and sets the accused free.

'Wisconsin has few if any sensational criminal trials, such as crowd the columns of the metropolitan press. It is not difficult to trace the reason for this to the attitude of the courts of Wisconsin and their methods of handling criminal trials. That attitude and method does not develop the professional criminal lawyer. In order that the criminal lawyer thrive, he must be able to take advantage of petty technicalities which not only tend to delay and protract the trial, but which sometimes result in an actual discharge of the criminal. Because such tactics do not obtain results in the courts of this state, the criminal law affords neither an inviting nor profitable field for the criminal lawyer, and we have not developed his type. There is no lawyer in the State of Wisconsin who has acquired the reputation of a profound criminal lawyer, and I doubt if there are many who covet such a reputation. The technicalities which characterized criminal trials at the common law are gradually fading from the jurisprudence of this state, and it is becoming increasingly difficult for the criminal to escape by reason of such technicalities.

'Appeals in criminal cases to the Supreme Court are not numerous. One reason is that such cases are not reversed for mere technical error. They are reversed only when error has affected the substantial rights of the accused. Between the years 1913 and 1918, there were only five criminal cases reversed by the Supreme Court of this state.

'On the whole, there is no foundation whatever for a charge that the administration of criminal law in the State of Wisconsin is not reasonably swift. This is especially true when the record of this state is compared with that of other states of the Union. Milwaukee County is the most populous county of the state and gives rise to more crime than any other county of the state. In that county a court has been established and endowed with exclusive criminal jurisdiction. In this court all charged with serious crime in that county are tried. That court is fully up with its calendar at all times, and accused persons, therefore, are not lying in jail awaiting trial. This is true throughout the state. It is exceptional when a murder case is not disposed of within six months after the commission of the crime.

'In Dane County a murder case was tried, disposed of, the accused found guilty and lodged in the state's prison within thirty days after the commission of the crime.

'During the present year, a fugitive kidnaper was apprehended on the streets of Madison, returned to the county in which the crime was committed, and delivered to the prison authorities within the week.

Of course he pleaded guilty, but such a procedure was dictated by reason of the futility of resorting to the practices of the professional criminal lawyer in the courts of this state.

'A bank in Shorewood was robbed; a portion of the gang were apprehended and landed in the state's prison within a week after the robbery.

'Within a week after the Commercial Exchange Bank of Kenosha had been robbed, two men who took part in the daylight holdup were preparing for their journey to the state's prison to begin serving terms of from five to fifteen years.

WALTER C. OWEN,
Wisconsin Supreme Court Justice.

'Two bankers in Lancaster were charged with wrecking their bank. They were arrested, and within three months from the closing of the bank one had entered upon the service of his sentence at Waupun. With reference to the other, this ceremony did not occur for about six and one-half months.

'In Madison, one J. had filed charges against two police officers. There was bad blood between J. and the police officers. The fire and police commission did not bring the charges to a hearing. J. shot one of the police officers. His attorney gave a public interview in which he prophesied that J. would be tried in the courts in less time than it took the fire and police commission to determine the charges filed by J. against the police officers. The prophecy came true. Within three and one-half months after the shooting J. was in prison.

'The records of this state are replete with instances of just as speedy justice, while no glaring example of inordinate delay in the trial of criminal cases is revealed. There is little ground for the suggestion that the administration of the criminal law in the courts of Wisconsin is responsible for increase of crime in Wisconsin.

'We come now to the question of whether the courts of this state are subject to the second criticism, in that they unduly regard precedents and technicalities.

That the courts of our country inherited such a tradition from the common law courts, may at once be conceded and in the early jurisprudence of our state instances may be cited in abundance where it would seem that the technicalities of the law were exalted above the merits of the case, resulting in much delay in the administration of justice and great hardship and expense upon the litigants.

'Long since, however, the courts of this state awakened to a realization of the absurdity, let alone the injustice, involved in the traditions coming down from the courts of the common law, and I say with confidence that in the present day neither technicality, tradition nor precedent stands between a litigant and justice.'

Over a ten-year period, 1912 to 1921, Wisconsin had the lowest homicide rate in the north central division of states. The ten-year average for Wisconsin was 2.3; Minnesota, 3.4; Michigan, 4; Kansas, 6.6; Indiana, 5.4; Ohio, 7.1;

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The Manipulation *of the* PESETA

How It Affects *the* Welfare *of* Spain

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

AMONG the many problems of European currency, the rise of the Spanish peseta from thirteen cents to seventeen cents offers a fruitful field for study and reflection.

In the first place, Spain is a country with a large adverse trade balance. In the year 1924 the imports of Spain totaled in value some five hundred millions of dollars, while the exports amounted to only three hundred millions. This situation has materially improved due largely to a great decrease in the importations. The figures now available indicate that for 1926 the total importations exceeded the exportations by about one hundred million dollars, representing however a value one-third of the total of all goods exported. Among the imports tobacco has fallen off most sharply, accounting for the major part of the drop in imports.

—Ewing Galloway Photo.

—Publishers' Photo Service.

Oval—Spanish peasant woman on her way to market to sell onions raised in her own truck garden. Right—Primitive modes of transportation seen in a street of Burgos, Spain.

Spain had a floating debt of some four billion pesetas which was recently consolidated in the form of bonds at long term. This gave rise in the Spanish newspapers to many suggestions that the government planned to put the peseta on a gold basis. However this rumor appears to be entirely unfounded. The consolidation of the floating debt at this time must be regarded as a fine piece of high finance by Primo de Rivera. There is in Spain and outside of Spain a widespread confidence in Spain's financial condition, but this confidence goes beyond what is justified by any close scrutiny of economic and political conditions.

The unfavorable trade balance is by no means the most disturbing feature in the Spanish situation.

Spanish soldiers photographed at the garrison, Seville.

—Ewing Galloway Photo.

A country which lives under a dictator is like a man sitting on a powder keg when the fuse has already been lighted. In the nature of the case dictatorship is a temporary expedient.

Upon many of the railway trains a secret service man, in civilian dress but with a concealed badge, comes to examine not only the foreigner's passport but equally the identity card of the native. If there is to be an outbreak, the Premier is making it as difficult as possible for any such movement to get a start.

The danger of a revolution within Spain is accompanied by the equally great danger that the rich province of Catalonia, with Barcelona, will secede to form a separate state. For many years this has been a dream of the Catalonians and present conditions may seem favorable for some overt act.

The consolidation of the floating debt came almost simultaneously with a statement that the Spanish budget had been balanced. However, at the time of writing the publication of this balanced budget has not been made. The expensive military operations of the past year proved a tremendous drain upon the Spanish treasury.

Spain has today probably a greater proportion of economically nonproducing adults than any other country in Europe. Only the great natural resources of this wonderful land permit the present appearance of prosperity. There would appear to be more priests and nuns than in any other European country, so that the

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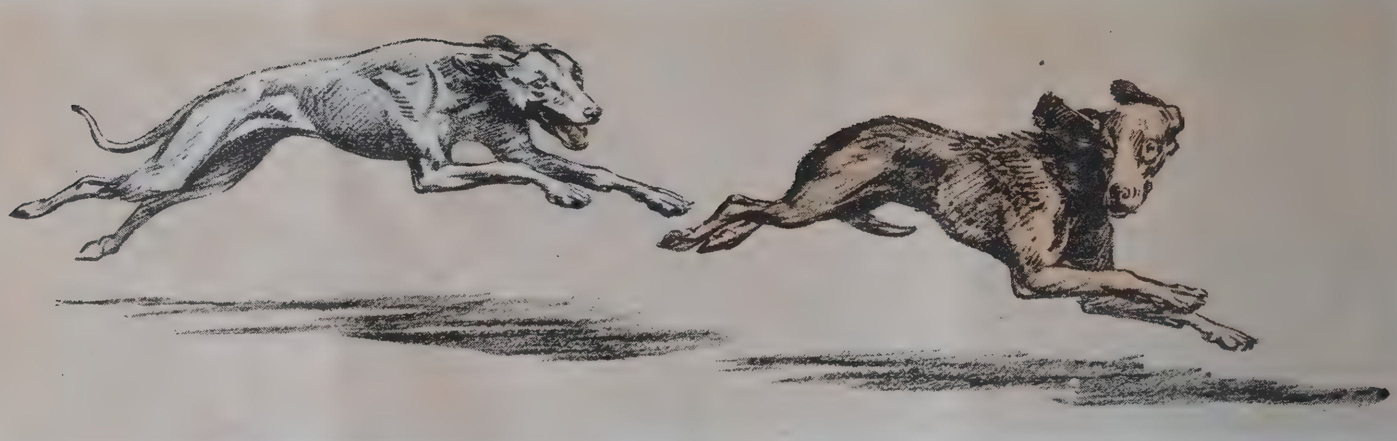


When two young dogs chase each other in play, the one that runs away always keeps his tail tucked inward.

Understanding Your DOG

By FRED C. KELLY

ONE night as I sat before an open fire in a woodland cabin, faces of old friends floated before me. It so happened that, because of my mood, all these faces were of dogs. Every dog I had ever owned—and I can scarcely recall when I *didn't* have a dog—passed in review. Many of these had dwelt in a friendly old whitewashed barn where I used to have a trapeze in the haymow and give 'shows' on Saturday afternoons. How vivid was the face of the first dog I had ever owned!

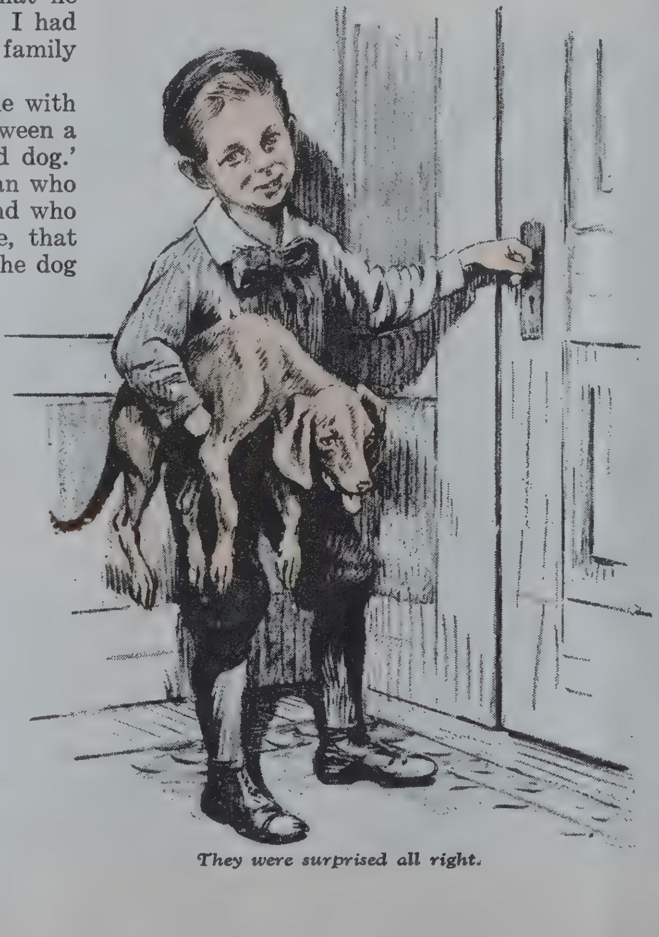
His calm, inscrutable features formed themselves before me and I recalled, as distinctly as if the transaction had occurred only a week before, that he had cost me fifty cents—money I had earned by cutting grass for the family across the street.

Star was the name that came with him. He was a sort of cross between a common 'rat terrier' and 'hound dog.' I bought him from a colored man who had a great many other dogs and who decided, though with reluctance, that he could spare this one. With the dog under my arm, I trudged home, thinking what a surprise it would be to my parents to learn that I had a fine, intelligent dog bought out of my own private funds.

They were surprised all right, though not in the way I had expected. My father looked at the prize, sniffed contemptuously, and said, 'Don't you ever bring that dog into the house.'

Tenderly I carried the little dog out to the barn, where I made him comfortable in the haymow. He howled all that night. No one could blame him; he was homesick and lonely for the other dogs with whom he had slept at the colored man's place. But the noise so vexed my father that I had a tearful time next day before I succeeded, with my mother's coöperation, in getting permission to keep the pup on trial another night. The next night, after my mother had kissed me good-night, I got up, sneaked down the back-stairs, and went to the barn, where I kept the little dog company, lest he should again howl and be sent away in the morning.

He was allowed to stay, and became a successful rat dog. I thought well of him and we had a fine understanding of each other's moods. He was not a beautiful dog, and you would not find any record of him or his kin in the offices of the American Kennel Club, but he suited me.



They were surprised all right.

Neither my father nor mother would admit that the dog had even average merit. The neighbors used to make unkind, depreciating remarks about him, too; and when one day he was run over and killed by a big lumber wagon, I feared that no one would offer sympathy. The accident was my first glimpse of tragedy. A few minutes before, the dog had been romping merrily, just as interested as I in a little fishing excursion we were planning. Then the cruel wheels crushed the life out of his little body; he would come bounding to meet me no more. The once-vibrant tail gave a last faint flicker and then was stilled forever. Believing I must bear my grief alone, I dragged myself up to the haymow, where for an hour I wept bitterly. The worst of it was that for once I felt that I could not go even to my mother for sympathy.

True she had come to my rescue when my father was going to send the dog away, but she had consistently refused to be identified with my pet. Scarcely a day had gone by that she had not jokingly murmured a wish that my pet might soon meet some violent end—a natural end would do as well, so long as the dog was out of the way and would not come around tracking up the front steps. I wrongly feared that she would be pleased over the dog's sudden death.

After I had gained control over my emotions I began preparations for the little dog's funeral—a funeral at which I seemed destined to be the sole mourner. I got an old pine soap box that had been kicking around the barn, wrapped the dog in an old piece of carpet I found on the back porch, and placed the lifeless form in the box. Then I laid the box on my little toy express wagon and began my sad trudge toward the gravel pit over beyond the pasture lot, a quarter of a mile away. I feared there would be complaint if I attempted to hold the interment in the back yard.

Just as I was disappearing through the side gate, my mother happened to come out into the yard, and learned that the dog was no more.

'You're not going to bury the little fellow in that old, dirty carpet, are you?' she asked, reproachfully, as she caressed my capless head.

SHE went into the house and returned a moment or two later with a piece of clean cotton sheeting and bade me wrap the dog in that while she gathered a few flowers to place in the cold-looking box. Furthermore, she told me there was no reason why the little dog could not be laid away in the back yard where he had loved to romp.

I dug a hole near the back fence and there we buried him. And as I threw the earth back on top of the box both of us cried, my mother even as I did. She said she was sorry she had joked about the poor little fellow the way she had. We made a tearful compact that thenceforth she would love every dog that I loved. And she always did. We had eleven more dogs before I grew out of 'knee pants' and nearly all died untimely deaths. In what follows the aim is to make people appreciate their dogs more by understanding them better.

* * *

We so-called human beings often ask one another: 'Why do you suppose a dog wags his tail when he's glad to see his master?'

My little boy inquires further: 'Does Badger (our old dog) wag without thinking about it, or does he say to himself: "Well, I guess I'll wag my tail a while"?'

That is a sensible question, and the answer may clear up a lot of things that dogs' human associates have wondered over.

To begin with, we two-legged folk must understand that dogs get most of their traits from savage ancestors—wolves, jackals, and the like, and possibly from Australian dingoes.

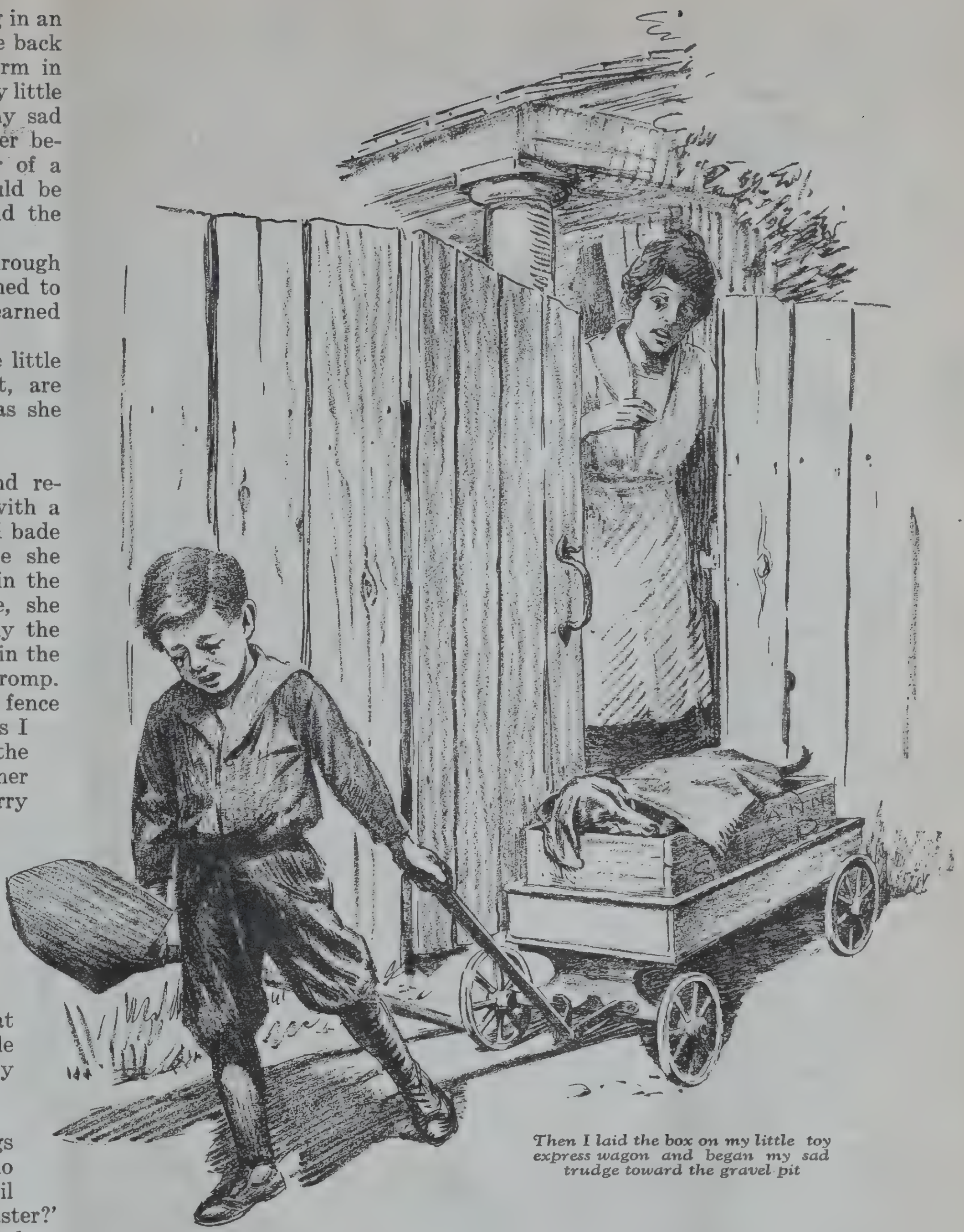
A few naturalists doubt that dogs are descended from wolves or jackals, but hold that they are sprung from a strictly canine species now extinct. However, the wolf and jackal theory is plausible enough to answer our present purposes.

In their wild state, dogs had to work in packs, because the food problem was often serious, and they had to attack larger animals than it would have been possible for any one individually to kill if he had gone on his own hook, after the manner of a cat. A cat when hunting does not mew to other cats. Neither does a cat ordinarily answer to the mew of another cat, because a cat has never learned to coöperate and does not expect to give or receive help.

Many of us could probably take lessons from primitive dogs in recognizing the advantage of subordinating self for the common good. Dogs must have been smarter than certain other animals, even in the beginning, or else they wouldn't have had sense enough to see the gain in coöperation. Darwin once observed that capacity for association indicates a corresponding capacity for still more development. No wonder that most of us prefer dogs to cats.

To work together effectively, those wild forebears of our own dogs had to have a system of signals. They didn't appoint a committee on signals and get these up at once, but evolved them gradually as their needs demanded. Most important of these was their bark, to call the rest of the pack together. Whenever one caught a scent of game, a few loud barks brought other dogs that might be interested. Even though certain members of the pack weren't on any too friendly terms with some of the others, they had sense enough to know that it was to their self-interest to work in harmony and unity until the game had been overtaken and captured. After that, if they wished to stop coöperating and fight over the dividing of the game, just as humans do after war, it didn't matter much.

Dogs of a pack agreed on the kind of bark that meant (Continued on page 21)

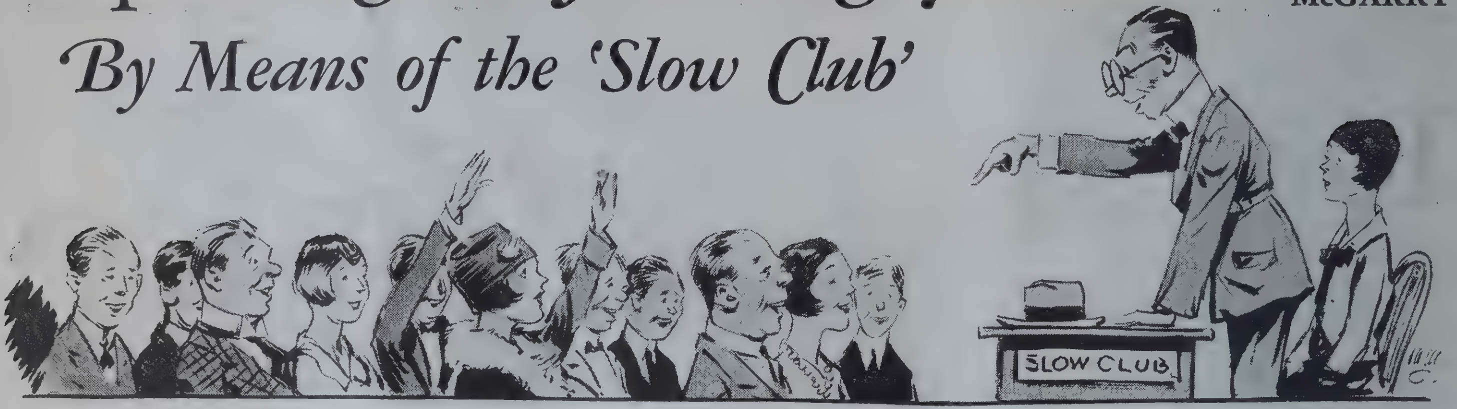


Then I laid the box on my little toy express wagon and began my sad trudge toward the gravel pit

Exploding *the* Jazz Bogey

By Means of the 'Slow Club'

By WILLIAM A. McGARRY



A PET topic of certain professional reformers during the past few years has been the prediction that civilization is going down to destruction in a riot of jazz and gin. Given a more or less colored version of a jazz party among young people, many an impassioned speaker has proved to his own satisfaction that the American home is in jeopardy, and that law and order are about to surrender to anarchy and vice.

Heretofore the great majority of Americans has been content to smile at this menace as something which existed chiefly in the imaginations of persons who are paid to be gloomy. But now the young people apparently have tired of being targets. They are taking things into their own hands. Without making any direct attack, they have succeeded in proving rather conclusively that the home was never in any danger and that the so-called wildness of youth was largely a myth.

The vehicle of this revelation is the Slow Club. It was started in Philadelphia last November by a group of young people as a consequence of letters written to a newspaper. None of these young people had any axes to grind, and it is probable that not one had the slightest idea that a national movement had been launched. At this writing, however, the Slow Club idea has taken root in Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Louis and other cities as far west as the Pacific Coast. In Philadelphia it has reached nearly one hundred thousand young men and women. And this has been done without the slightest vestige of direction or guidance from professional organizers.

Perhaps this explains why the distinguished citizens who consider it their duty to interpret every new social development have had so little to say about the Slow Club. In Philadelphia its growth has failed to elicit any of the usual comment. Yet its program—if it can be called that—is in direct opposition to jazz, wild parties, gin and all the other evils that were supposed to be undermining the morals of the country. It is a program of sane, sensible amusement, but in it the young people have made it clear that they want to be let alone.

In the opinion of outsiders who have been in close touch with the movement since the outset, this also reveals what young people have been compelled to suffer in recent years in the way of synthetic leadership. Apparently the hue and cry about the decadence of youth was not altogether without purpose. The moment it was discovered that some people would take this sort of thing seriously, a new trade developed. The demand for practitioners of this trade became so great—as a result of all the publicity about young people going to the dogs—that schools of 'leadership' were started in all parts of the country, and every community has been flooded with graduate leaders who have learned how to be dynamic in ten lessons.

Boys and girls just out of high school have been confronted with these professional reformers at every turn. They have had the alternative of being harangued about the evils commonly associated with jazz, or wearing themselves out in the jazz dance halls. As a matter of fact it is now being thought that a great deal of the demand for the kind of entertainment that is classified as wild came about as a result of the free advertising given it by the reformers. They talked about it so much that the young people became curious.

The Slow Club marks a definite turning away from professional entertainment of this character, but it also indicates that the extent of the youthful patronage was greatly exaggerated. At the same time the movement has served notice on the viewers-with-alarm that they are no longer wanted. This is manifest not only by the absence of outside leadership wherever the club has found root, but also by the failures of the movement. In several cities ambitious professional leaders tried to take over the organization, and wherever they succeeded the membership dwindled and disappeared.

Meantime the organization has established thirty-one chapters with nearly two hundred separate groups in its home city. These groups are formed of boys and girls with similar inclinations, and they include everything from dancing to dramatics and from hiking and horseback riding to poetry circles. Some highly amusing times are had at the dramatic meetings when young people present plays written and staged by themselves on a week's notice. There are also dancing

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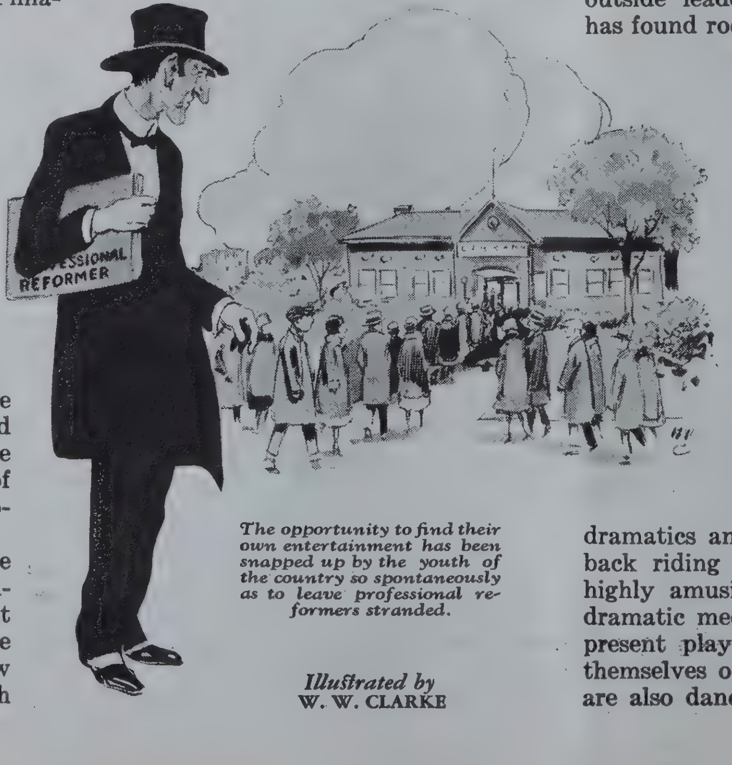


The opportunity to find their own entertainment has been snapped up by the youth of the country so spontaneously as to leave professional reformers stranded.

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

He Made a Man's Game *out of* Tennis

By H. G. SALSINGER

REGARDLESS of the success or failure of William Tatem Tilden 2d, on the tennis courts of Europe and the United States this year, he is certain to rank as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all time.

Tilden is more than a player in the superlative sense; he is the father of tennis as it is now played; he revolutionized the game.

For six years he was the ranking No. 1 among the players of the world and then came the two tragic defeats of 1926. In midwinter he lost the indoor singles championship and last September the outdoor singles title slipped from his grasp. René Lacoste, the phlegmatic Frenchman, won both championships that Tilden had successfully defended over a long span of strenuous competitive seasons.

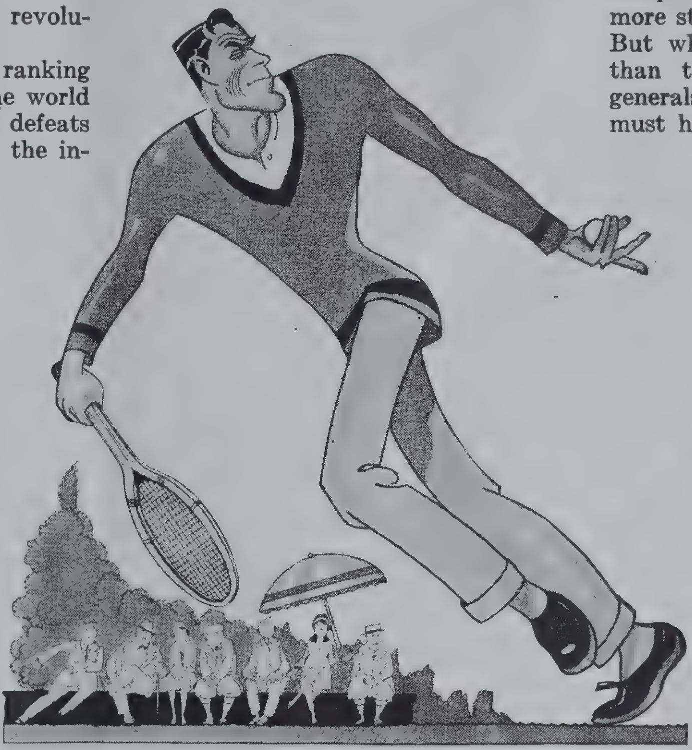
Tilden is now planning the battle of his career. He intends to win back the crowns that have been carried overseas. Whether or not he is successful depends upon a jumping kneecap.

Tilden's defeats last season were not, as is popularly supposed, the result of advancing age. Tilden is now thirty-four. He began playing at the age of five. It took him twenty-one years to win the national singles championship. He accomplished this by beating the dynamic lightweight of the courts, William M. Johnston of California. He successfully defended the title for six years and then succumbed.

His first defeat, for the indoor title, may be attributed to lack of condition. He had not trained, nor practised. He was engaged in stage work and he weighed less than 150 pounds, more than twenty pounds under his normal weight, when he took the courts to defend his crown. But no such reason can be assigned for his defeat at Forest Hills last September. He was in condition then. He had practised hard. He was beaten because of his injured knee. The kneecap suddenly gave way and Tilden limped through the match, almost helpless.

He believes he is perfectly sound again. That is doubtful. Physicians say the trouble may recur at any time when Tilden is forced to make a sharp and sudden twist. If the injury has mended then Tilden is almost certain to return to the top this year; if it has not mended then it is doubtful if Tilden ever will return to the No. 1 position among the players of the two hemispheres.

Regardless of what happens Tilden will be an immortal of the game. Also, he will remain as one of the unusual personalities of sport, a man brilliant and lonesome, a world figure moody and often melancholy, detested by some and intimate with none, a man who thrives upon friction and who frequently stood as the stormy petrel of his chosen sport.



It was Maurice McLoughlin, the sorrel-topped comet from California, who lifted tennis from the bonbon classification to a major sport. Until McLoughlin stormed through the top ranks of tennis with his smashing service and his overhead or side-volley kill shots, the game was regarded as a powder-puff pastime. McLoughlin crushed this prejudice and tennis began rising in favor. Then came Tilden. He could do all that McLoughlin did and a lot more. Tilden hits a ball harder than any man that ever played the game. But Tilden's play was not confined to smashing strokes. He developed a bewildering change of pace, a stroke lob, half-volley passing shots, all manner of over, under and lateral spin and generalship. He made of tennis a game of speed, dexterity, skill, science and test of stamina. He discovered many things that had never been suspected. He completely revolutionized the game and the popularity of tennis dates from the time that Tilden came into power.

Mechanically, no other man could compare with Tilden in skill. He had more strokes and he had more science. But what made him so much better than the rest of the field was his generalship. 'To succeed in tennis you must have a chess brain,' Tilden told me years ago. 'Like a chess player you must think, not of the immediate stroke, but of the stroke to follow and the one after that. You must, by placing the ball, prepare the opportunity for a scoring shot.'

Tilden on the tennis courts always reminded me of Hagen in golf, Hoppe in billiards or, to turn to the arts, Paderewski at the piano or Kreisler at the violin. He has the touch. His style is the ultimate finesse in play, the last word in physical subtlety. He tutored himself to control his nerves. He studied grip, footwork, court maneuvers, angles of play and methods. He never had a teacher; all he ever accomplished in tennis was the result of self-tutoring. It took him twenty-one years of intensive work, but when he won the United States championship the first time he did it with a game that was mechanically perfect. He learned how to save energy. He never wasted a motion. He would play men bigger and stronger, men of marked physical power. At the end of a match they would be exhausted while Tilden left the courts physically fresh. He realized early in his career that he did not have the strength and stamina that most of his rivals carry so he learned how he could do his best with the least expenditure of physical and nervous energy. He developed shots and accuracy. He learned how to keep his opponents on the defensive. When Tilden puts over his smashing kill shot he puts on full power a fraction of a second before the face of the racquet meets the ball. He times this stroke perfectly. He uses it just often enough to maintain a mental hazard in his opponent; it is likely to be delivered at any moment. He uses every stroke known to tennis

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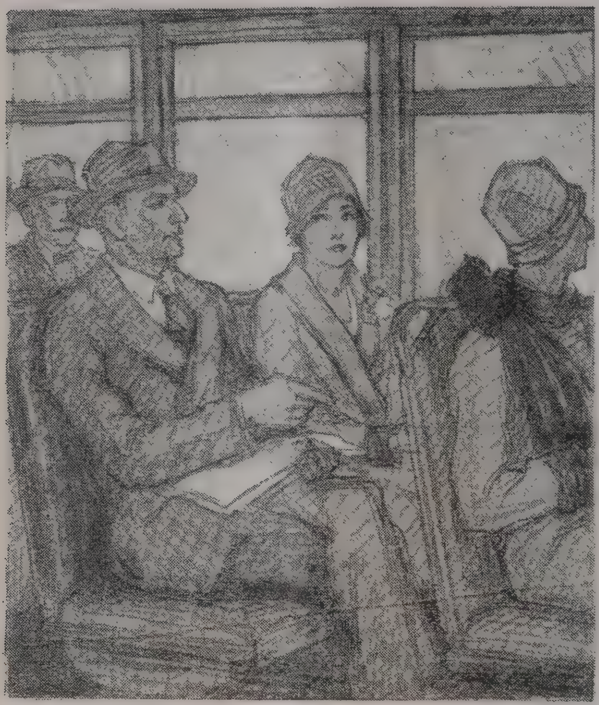
CHATTY Strangers

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH



Whatever their motives, these consumers of time and disturbers of leisure have much to answer for.

WHO are the people who persist in talking to their unwilling neighbors in trains, buses and all other opportune places? Are they thoughtless persecutors just enamored of the sound of their own voices?—matches that must strike on every sort of box? Or is their conduct deliberate, and due to their being so overcharged with the milk of human kindness that they think it their duty to distribute their conversational favors on every possible occasion?

Maybe so, but it is also conceivable that they are unfortunates to whom no one they *know* will listen and, therefore, they are driven to put their trust in the ears of strangers. These chance meetings may be their only opportunities for talking like rivers.

I prefer to accept this explanation. If I must suffer, at least let my sufferings contribute to someone else's self-indulgence. Dreadful thought that these chatterers may be misguided altruists, immolating themselves on the altar of good fellowship! The boredom they inflict may be the result of a New Year's resolution to scatter their favors on strangers—being their form of philanthropy. Thus they may be martyrs instead of hedonists, tying themselves as well as their victims to the stake! Whatever their motives, these consumers of time and disturbers of leisure have much to answer for.

How dreadful it is, when you are comfortably established in a corner seat, with the prospect of a journey precisely long enough to permit of your finishing the admirable novel open on your knee, and you discern in the eye of your vis-à-vis a horrid sort of twinkle, the signal of gathering speech. He uncrosses his knees, clears his throat. Paralyzed you wait, knowing your impending doom. Nothing but brutally bad manners could save you now.

You are caught like a rat in a trap. Sure enough, the floodgates are opened: and there, with lowered book you have to sit nodding your head and listening to your own 'Yes, yes yes, Um, um-m, quite, quite,' and other fatuous murmurs of attention. He tells you all his views on politics, spiritualism, and the state of the church, or—which is far more bearable—all about his in-laws, his dead parents and his exceptional children.

A great many of his sentences begin with 'I always remember,' and you begin to wish you had been born a deaf-mute.

There are also occasions when unacquainted fellow travelers share a taste for talk: many moods in which one welcomes friendly strangers. All that is needed is a little telepathy—sufficient sensitiveness to know whether your neighbors are inclined for silence or courting conversation. Failing this, might not a little flag, like that on a taxicab, be a good idea? One to be worn *down* when you are mentally occupied—engaged in your own thoughts, or in a book—and invitingly *up* when you wish to signal your readiness to enter into conversation. Such a flag would be a smart addition to the plain felt hats so much the vogue and, when you had finished your novel with half an hour to spare, it would often be well worth while to raise your flag'

Nebraska Had *a* Singing Mouse

By B. H. L.

NOW and again one reads in the newspapers some story of a singing mouse. There is a tendency to thrust tongue in cheek and wag one's head dubiously. But a learned professor of the University of Nebraska signed an article in the *Journal of Mammalogy*, in which he vouched for the authenticity of at least one such report. These are high credentials.

It is regretted that the singing mouse of Nebraska sings no longer. During an attempt at capture it was cruelly if unintentionally slain, and the Melba of the mice people thus was silenced.

There is no mention of singing mice in any fairy or folk tale. And this is rather a queer oversight on the part of the original raconteurs, for literal accounts of singing mice are venerable and widespread. More often than otherwise these stories concern house mice, and the house mouse of America, it should be noted, is a descendant of European house mice. The singing mouse of Nebraska was of the house variety.

BUT the gift of song is not peculiar to the house mouse. There have been, in this country, reports of singing deer mice, or white-footed mice. Indeed, only the most confirmed skeptic would refuse to believe, in the face of the testimony, that here and there is a mouse that was born to sing.

Do such mice realize that they are singing, or is it possible that they are consciously trying to make melody? Perhaps the answer to this question was lost when the Nebraska mouse perished so sadly. Accounts of the so-called singing describe it as a somewhat wheezy whistling, and this has led scoffers to assume that the musical mouse is merely suffering from an advanced stage of asthma. The true believers indignantly reject this explanation, for, so they say, the offering is quite evidently musical. They deny that an asthmatic mouse could achieve by mere chance so happy a result. And it should not be forgotten that the sedate and reliable *Journal of Mammalogy* published, most seriously, the story of the Nebraska mouse.

Possibly science will require some time in which to read this riddle, but there really is no excuse for the spinners of fairy tales and bedtime stories. What a hero of pleasant fantasy the singing mouse would be!

He Died *on a* CANAL BOAT

A Tale *of* France

Told by an American

By KATHARINE CHAPMAN

Illustrated by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

HE DIED on a canal boat in the Seine near Paris. That which preceded his going caused our interest and held it.

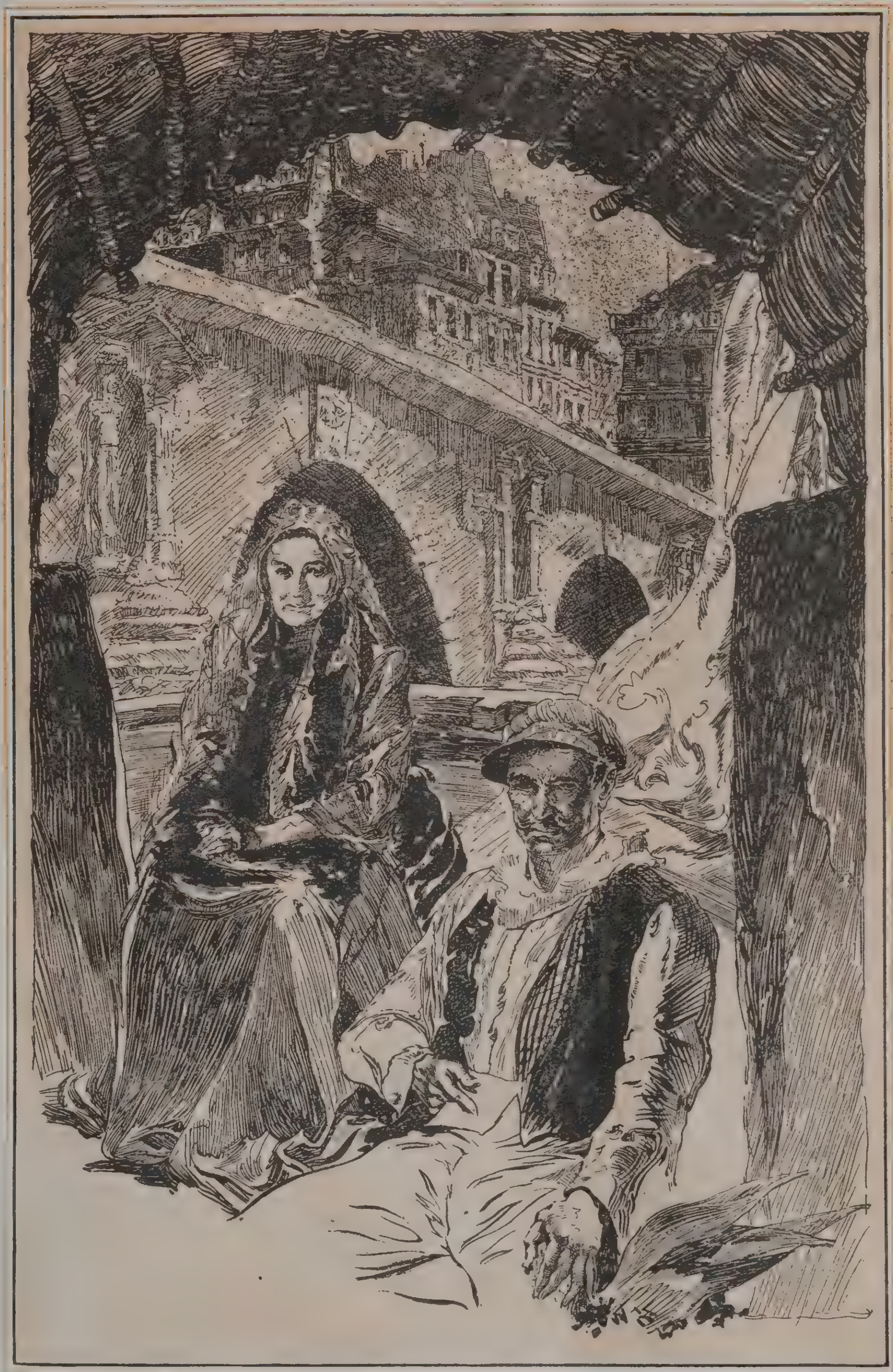
Our home, a big stone villa, faces Quai d'Asnières, a suburb of Paris so close it flirts with the Eiffel Tower. Our garden gates open upon a wide clay path under interlacing branches of chestnut and sycamore. Then a road, a dusty, lumpy road, and about twenty feet of promenade, sparse grass, trees and a deep indentation: here the Seine flows.

On the Seine life is different. Hundreds of families live in boats anchored by chains to trees year in, year out, paying a government tax of fifty francs annually (about two dollars). Stand on any bridge (prenez Pont de Clichy): there they lie, gray sparrows seeking shelter under the mud bank—drab life, hand to mouth, no schooling for the children.

In season men stand and fish, drink red wine, puff at tobacco and appear contented. I have never seen a fish caught.

A canal boat was anchored close to the shore adjoining our home. For six months vaguely we watched its little life drama. The man left for work in the gravel bed some five blocks distant; the woman opened the scuppers, scrubbed the deck, walked the plank to dry land and marketed: and with the falling shadows they both were sitting in two straight chairs on the clean scrubbed deck, watching the river. At their side a rubber plant waved to and fro in a green bucket.

One day in April my husband was called to Berlin. His train was to leave at five in the evening. At luncheon we started on hearing our dog, which was lying in the sun on the stone entrance, howl. Long he cried, lustily, his eyes rolling in agony. Our cook is Irish. She immediately announced a death in our family or nearby. We pretended not to believe her, but gloom actually attacked us all. At two o'clock the canal-boat wife came to our gate with a large black-bordered invitation to a funeral. Her husband had died at 12:15, the exact time our dog had howled.



They were sitting on the clean scrubbed deck.

Incidentally my husband, who is an advertising man, remarked he would use that printer forevermore, the 'first quick-printing job' he had ever witnessed in this sunny France.

At two o'clock I called upon the canal boat. Low gray clouds slid above the Seine, and the plank bridge creaked and swung in the sprightly breeze.

'Madame, je regrette, car je désire faire tout mon possible pour vous aider,' I told her.

She stood gaunt, raw-eyed, in the slanting doorway.

'You may help,' she said.

It seems he had been ill for several weeks. They had only his daily pay, fifteen francs. They saved very little and the work was seasonal due to the floods. Springtime floods the Seine so that canal boats cannot pass beneath the bridges and the gravel pits vanish beneath the water. She had fed him during his sickness

(*Continued on page 26*)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Finding a Career

EVERYWHERE there are men who think they can do something else much better than their present work. It is customary to make light of such men and to doubt that they would be any better in another job than in their present one; but, grant for the sake of discussion that their view is the true one, and what is the answer? Simply this: Either they must themselves act on their faith in themselves and find the other thing which they think they can do better; or they must do so well the thing they are now doing that with this accumulated experience their desire for something different will command confidence and respect in those who may be able to help them make the change. It all comes back to the job.

> *THERE is a suggestion about finding a career, and finding success. How does one know that the career he seeks and the success he desires is not in the job he has? How does he know he cannot make it a career, and turn it into success? There is a field for invention. There is a chance to serve humanity down to the last working day of Time. Every new idea brings new jobs. Every time a job is improved, it breeds more of them, and by its influence makes better the jobs around it.*

The job is the barometer of the man. No matter what it is, one can always tell how much of industry, judgment and carefulness a man brings to his work by watching how he does what he is doing.

It is natural for a man who is alive in his mind and vigorous in his ambition to desire a job that is fit for him. But does he ever stop to think of this: What is to hinder any job being made fit for any man?

There is not so much difference between men as we sometimes think. We like to classify men by race or intelligence or business success, and thus reach the conclusion that there are 'superior' and 'inferior' people. But any man who knows his own heart and his fellow men knows there is scarcely any fundamental difference between human beings. The most highly cultivated man in the world and the most unfortunate mortal have a likeness to each other that is astonishing. This ought to keep us more balanced in our judgments of our fellow men.

One of the reasons the man who is engaged in handwork wants some other kind of work is this: he fancies that somehow handwork is a little lower than headwork. That formerly was the theory, but it isn't so any longer. The handworker has at last come into his own, and even measured by the financial rewards he is on a higher plane than many a so-called 'headworker.'

All the arts engage the hand. The balanced work ration includes both head and hand. When the creative hand is denied its place in the world's work, life becomes unbalanced.

But perhaps there is another and deeper reason why men sometimes grow discontented and seek a change: they want a career, and the job they have may not seem to promise a career. Again the question comes: Could that job be made so as to afford a man his career?

It is not work that men object to, but the element of drudgery in work. We must drive out drudgery wherever we find it and set men physically free. Invention is doing this in some degree now. We have succeeded to a very great extent in relieving men of the heavier and more onerous jobs that used to sap their strength, but there are other changes that have to be made in the system.

Here is the point: If invention must do these things for the job, why not search for the invention?

Your job is your field. If you say you are too good for your present job, have you ever given any thought to methods by which your present job could be made good enough, or even too good, for you?

You say you want a job on which you can look forward to a life's career: Have you ever studied your own job from the standpoint of making it a worthy life career? You know, if these things are to be done, somebody must do them.

Then, if someone is destined to do these things, why not you? Who knows the job better than you do? It is quite possible that men do not always find their career in the first job they get, nor always in the second. But this much is true: Every job is destined to become in some sense some man's career, and if that is true it ought to be so adjusted as to make a worthy career for him.

There is no worldly success greater than leaving more jobs and better jobs where we found few jobs and less desirable ones. The trend of progress will never be toward a decrease in the number or quality of jobs, but toward an increase.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

American Lives and Property

WHERE are American lives and property in greater danger—in Nicaragua or along the Mississippi River? Hundreds of persons have been killed and millions of dollars in property destroyed in the Mississippi Valley; not one American life has been lost, nor one American dollar seized in the Central American republic. Yet by some strange quirk of government, funds are available to rush Marines to the aid of Americans in Nicaragua, but no funds are available for the relief of the Mississippi Valley sufferers.

The fault is not with the Administration. Everything that could be done under the law has been done. But, strangely enough, the United States Government which is rightly jealous for the protection of American citizens abroad fails to afford that same protection at home.

Not Responsible

AMONG the explanations given the public for the lack of desire on the part of a very few collegians to continue this uncertain existence, we should include that of diminished resistance to indulgence. Self-control and self-denial must be practised occasionally if they are to be on hand when needed; and should be begun early if they are to be sufficiently developed by college.

Like many another mania, the craving to shuffle off these earthly habiliments is one which could gain no encouragement in a well-ordered mind. Hence, a good grade in the subject of self-restraint, and in the ability to repress mistaken suggestions, might be a worthy adjunct to a *magna cum laude*.

But the cultivation of this element of character must start long before the young man or woman arrives at college. And it is unfair to blame any lack of moral stamina on higher education.

Sentiment and Sentimentality

QUITE recently a man was brought before a London magistrate for 'begging.' His offense was that he had regaled the citizens rendering various old melodies on the tin whistle, afterward soliciting coppers for his performance. The 'bobby' on the beat, zealous for the letter of the law and presumably carried away by the modern craze for jazz, promptly ran the wandering minstrel in. But the magistrate was of a different mind. He requested the 'prisoner' to give a specimen of his art in court, and accordingly the down-and-outer played 'Love's Old Sweet Song.' He was promptly discharged. The judicial mind was melted by the strains of the old lyric.

Not so long ago a would-be comic writer furnished a page to a popular American magazine making fun of such old favorites as 'Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt' and 'Ever of Thee I Am Fondly Dreaming.' Too much sentiment is not good in a practical age; but sentiment is much to be preferred to sentimentality.

One thing that is wanted in the world today is the inspiration of great songs which will rouse the people from the paralyzing effect of the modern doggerel that masquerades as sentiment.

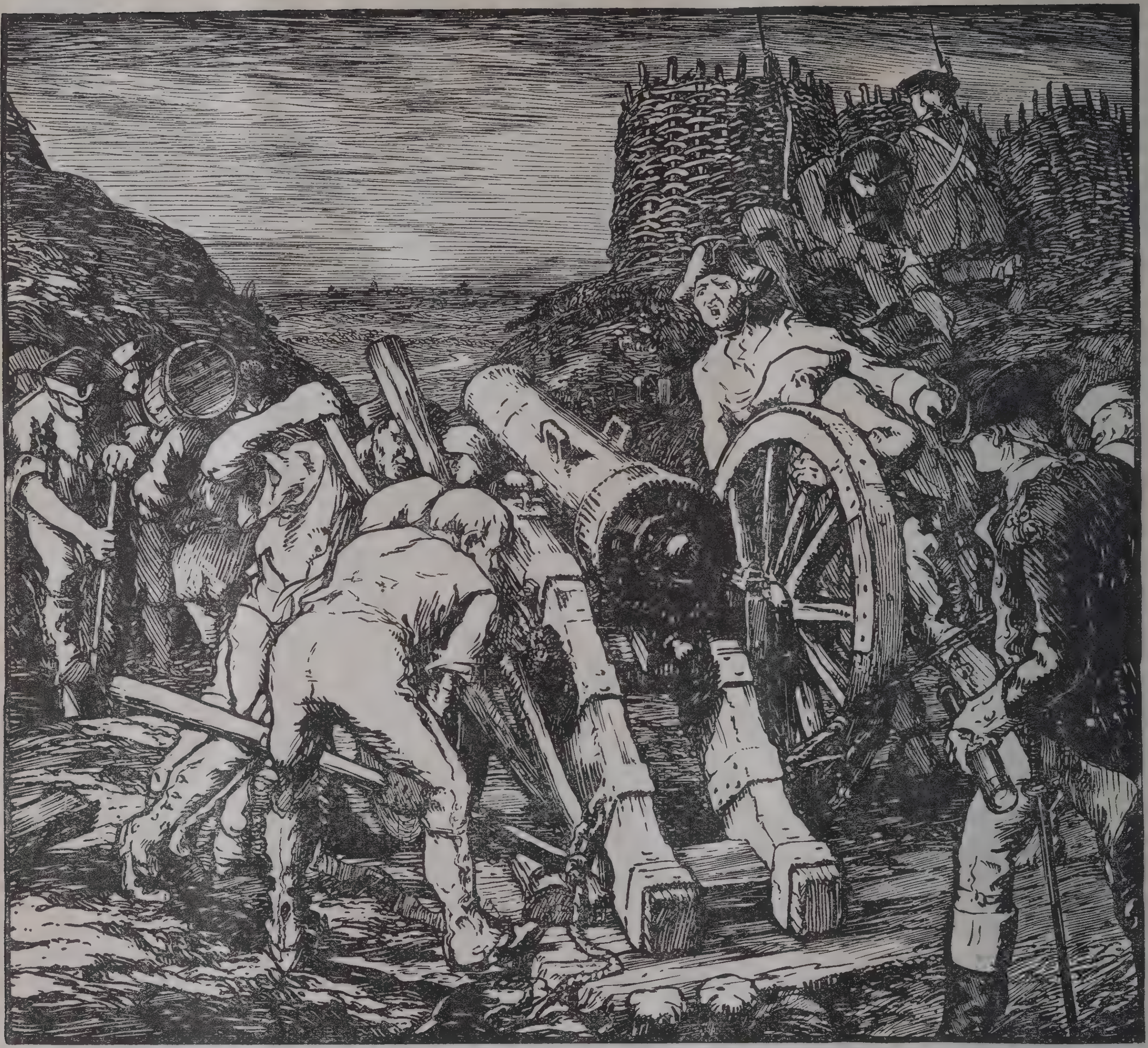
Bugs Against Bugs

THE most serious invasion faced by the American farmer and fruit grower is an insect invasion. Once only the potato bug and boll weevil were to be feared. Now other insect enemies have come, pests that do more damage in the United States and Canada than in the countries whence they originated. The explanation is that in their home lands their numbers are kept in check by natural enemies which are not found here. Agriculture is now engaged in a desperate struggle with the Japanese beetle and the European corn borer. Strangely enough the bugs are being fought by bugs. A new industry has resulted. Raising insects to kill off other insects is becoming increasingly important. Entire laboratories are turned into bug nurseries where rows upon rows of well-ventilated trays house hundreds of varieties of insects. These are reared carefully and then released in a large confined space containing the 'enemy.' If they rout and kill the injurious insects they are raised in large numbers, to be released in the open fields. One of the strange features of man's civilization is this use against each other of lower forms of life to aid human life.

Gray-Snyder Verdict

THE Gray-Snyder verdict is important for one reason only: It relegates that revolting case, temporarily at least, to the back pages of the newspapers. There was little that was noteworthy about the case unless, possibly, its utter sordidness could be considered noteworthy. The facts of guilt were plain from the first few days of investigation. Nothing new remained to be elicited. Yet newspapers of the country went to amazing and unequaled lengths in pandering to the morbidity of a certain type of their readers.

The jurors are to be congratulated, not upon their verdict, which was little more than their obvious duty, but upon their behavior after that verdict had been rendered. Under the leadership of their foreman, by occupation a press agent, they entered into an agreement *not* to discuss the happenings within the jury room—and they abided by that agreement in spite of every effort to make them talk. Their stand is a refreshing incident in a case marked otherwise by its complete offensiveness.



He had his great siege train safely within the capes off Yorktown before Clinton or the British Admiral heard about it.

When American Independence *Was Won*

British Official Letters Shed Light *on the* Surrender *of* Yorktown

By RANDOLPH ADAMS

Drawings by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

THE surrender of the British General Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, October 19, 1781, ended the American Revolution and clinched American Independence. Whenever a nation loses a great and important war, the generals who are at fault always spend a large portion of the rest of their lives writing books to explain why they lost.

This year marks the one hundred and fiftieth year of the Declaration of the Independence of the United States. In the next few years there will be a lot of anniversaries of the conflicts of the Revolution, and a great deal of history that was concealed or ignored immediately after the Revolution will now be brought to light. In all this, no collection of documents promises more material than the Papers of the British Headquarters which have just come to the University of Michigan, after remaining buried this century and a half in the house of the last commander in chief of the British armies in the Revolution, Sir Henry Clinton.

From those papers is coming the true explanation of that astonishing event, the surrender of the British army at Yorktown, which effectively concluded the war in favor of the United States. The year of 1780 had been a disastrous one for the Americans. Not only had a large American army been surrounded and captured with the city of Charleston, South Carolina, not only had the Continental currency declined rapidly in value, not only had the states been unusually lax in performing their obligations to support General Washington's worn-out army, but one of the bravest and most dependable generals of the American army had turned traitor and gone over to the British promising to take with him thousands of American soldiers and the great American fortress and supply dump at West Point. The merest chance had prevented his carrying out his plan in full—but he himself did get away.

THE Americans had expected great things from the coming of the French army and fleet in 1779, but in two years the French had done practically nothing. They had made one effort to drive the British from Rhode Island, in which they had failed, and another to drive the British from Savannah, Georgia, which also had failed. The year 1781 opened dismally for the American cause. Seldom had there seemed less chance of ultimately winning independence and driving the British from the shores of the United States. Yet when the year ended, the war was over with a glorious victory for the American cause.

The year 1781 began with the French in occupation of Providence, Rhode Island, where they had a huge supply of heavy guns and ammunition with which they were doing nothing. General Washington was striving desperately to hold his troops together, scattered as they were in the Hudson River Valley above New York. On the other hand, the city of New York was occupied by the British Commander in Chief, Sir Henry Clinton, with a strong garrison and a practically impregnable position. Another British army under Lord Cornwallis had been marching at will through the Carolinas and Virginia for more than a year, devastating the country, defeating the inadequately supported American armies which were sent against him. Without the coöperation of the French, Washington could not move against both. Moreover the inactivity and lack of success of the French in 1779 and 1780 did not promise anything very much.

YET in the summer of 1781, Washington executed a remarkable maneuver—and won a decisive victory; both of which mark him as one of the great generals of all times. The plan was simple enough, but on paper seemed impossible of execution. He conferred with Count Rochambeau, the French commander in chief. The two commanders agreed to join their forces, make a detour completely around New York, effect the long march through New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, and block Cornwallis and his legions into Yorktown, Virginia.

But the difficulties were immense. What was to prevent the superior British naval forces going to Yorktown, picking Cornwallis up and taking him safely back to New York? How could the French siege guns be moved all the way from Rhode Island to Virginia by water, when the British fleet held the seas between and had New York as a naval base? And, above all, what was to prevent Sir Henry Clinton attacking Washington as the French and American troops tried to sneak around New York, or pursuing them into Virginia and attacking them in the rear as they closed upon Cornwallis?

Yet none of these things happened and what historians have always wanted to know are first, *why the British fleet allowed the French fleet to bring up the siege guns;* second, *why the British did not break up the French blockade and rescue Cornwallis by sea,* and third, *why Clinton lay in New York all the summer of 1781 and was still in New York in that October of 1781, when Lord Cornwallis had surrendered his entire army to the Americans.*

With the coming of the Clinton Papers to the United States, these questions can now be answered.

IT APPEARS from Clinton's own letters that it was September before he realized that Washington meant to encircle New York and hurry off to attack Cornwallis in Virginia. Even then, he appears to have been most doubtful as to what was going on. This fatal uncertainty held him in New York until it was too late to succor Cornwallis.

The letters show that Clinton was obsessed with three ideas. The first one was the British superiority on the sea against which no French fleet could prevail. This convinced him Cornwallis could get away by sea. The second was that the French had left all their heavy artillery in Rhode Island and that meant, of course, that they could not batter Cornwallis to pieces in Yorktown. The third idea was that Washington really did not intend to attack Yorktown, but that he was going to attack New York.

The Washington letter referred to in this article shows the kind of thing that influenced Clinton to stay in New York. This letter dated the thirty-first of May, and in it Washington informs the Marquis de Lafayette that the American Commander and Rochambeau contemplated an attack on Clinton in New York. *The letter never reached Lafayette, as it was intercepted by the British and brought into the British headquarters.* What else could Clinton think, but that an action against New York was under way? Moreover, on this same thirty-first of May, Washington wrote similar letters to several other persons and at least three of these letters, all saying the same thing, were seized by the British and are today among the headquarters papers.

WHEN Clinton had read the same thing three times, he probably began to believe it. Anyway he acted on it. Further, in the same letters, Washington intimated that the French had left their heavy artillery in Rhode Island. This, read three times, reassured Clinton that Cornwallis was in no real danger of an assault of any consequence. The Americans might block the land side of Yorktown, but without the heavy guns they could not attack. The lack of heavy artillery had handicapped the American armies many times in the Revolution and no one knew this better than Clinton.

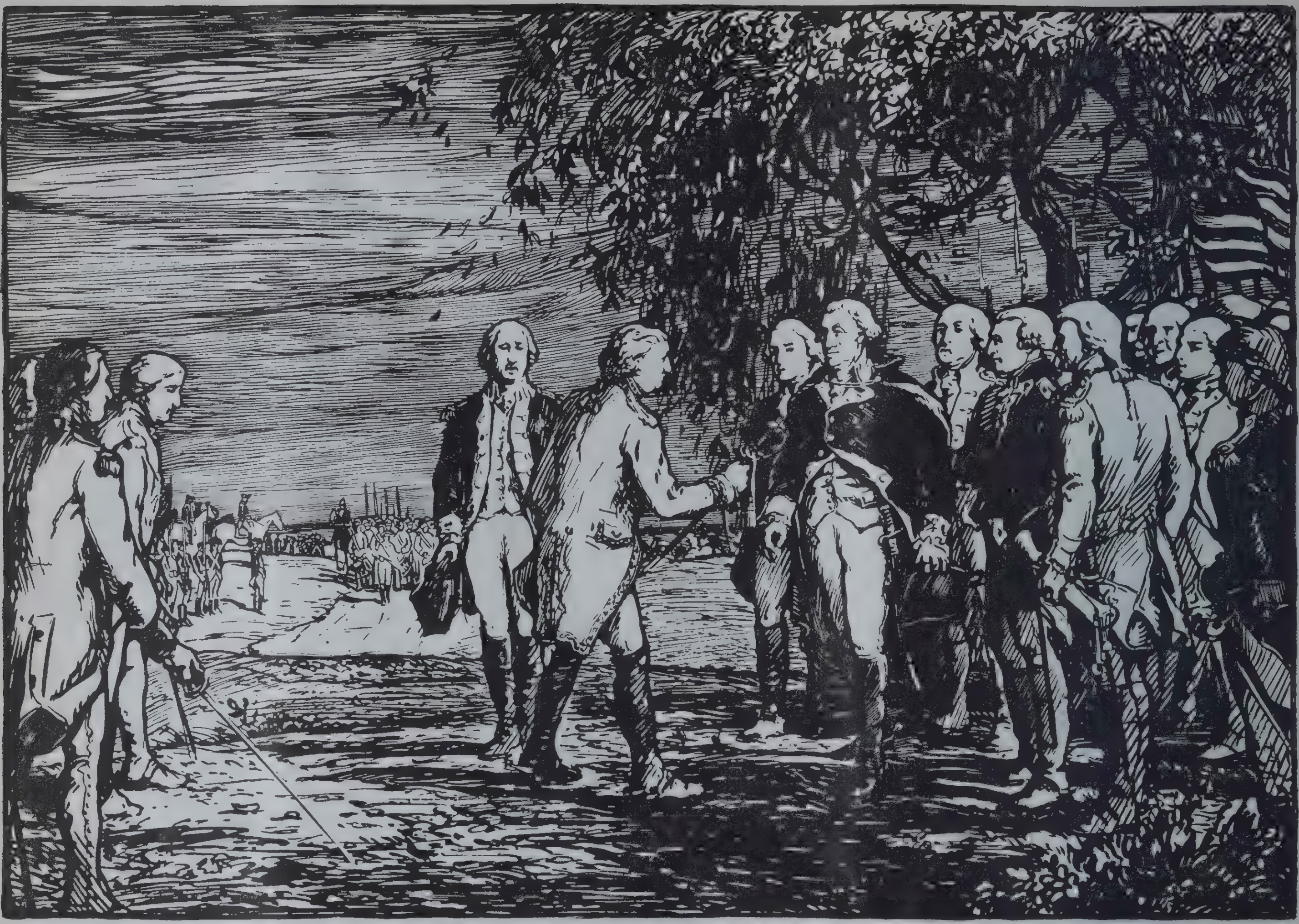
No wonder he felt quite comfortable about leaving Cornwallis in Virginia. Whether these letters of Washington were a deliberate ruse to mislead Clinton is only one of the puzzles historians will have to resolve. Certainly they had that effect.

But all this does not explain why the British, once they learned they had been fooled, did not at once put their fleets to sea, and drive the French fleet away from the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. The truth was that a French fleet under De Grasse had come up from the West Indies with many more war vessels than the English had calculated upon. In addition, the French had not really left their guns in Rhode Island. Count de Barras, the French naval commander at Newport, had seen Count Rochambeau march the French army off across Connecticut to join Washington above New York, and then had swiftly embarked the French guns on his boats and headed with all speed for Chesapeake Bay. He had his great siege train safely within the capes off Yorktown before Clinton or the British Admiral heard about it.

NO PAPERS in the great collection which has now come to Michigan are more fascinating than those which reveal the consternation which reigned at the British headquarters when it was discovered that Washington had got completely away, was on his way to the South and well out of reach, and that, in addition, the heavy French guns were battering away at Lord Cornwallis' earthworks around Yorktown.

Unfortunately for the British, their naval hero, Admiral Rodney, was not where he was most needed—in command of the British fleet in New York harbor. Instead, the fleet off Sandy Hook was under the command of the more timid Admiral Thomas Graves.

Now Admiral Graves did make an effort to relieve Cornwallis. He rushed



'I have been forced to give up the posts at York and Gloucester, and to surrender the troops under my command, as prisoners of war.'

his fleet to Chesapeake Bay and attacked the combined French fleets of De Grasse and De Barras. But he was unable to effect anything. The battle between the French and British vessels off the capes on that August morning of 1781 reminds one of the great naval fight off Jutland in the recent World War.

Both were technically drawn battles. But as in the case of the Jutland battle, the fact that the Germans could not get out and had to run home afterward shows they were really defeated, so in the battle off Chesapeake Bay, the fact that the British could not get in to aid Cornwallis and had to run back to their base at New York makes the battle a virtual French victory.

At that point everything depended on Graves refitting his vessels in New York, and rushing back with Clinton's army to attack the French again before Washington and Rochambeau closed in. Why did not Graves move back in time?

That is the critical question of the whole Yorktown campaign.

The Clinton Papers contain a fascinating series of letters written by Graves from his flagship off Sandy Hook to Sir Henry Clinton, a few miles away in New York, throughout the months of September and October, 1781.

The historian of the future can trace in this correspondence the whole story. Clinton from his headquarters in lower Manhattan Island wrote frantically to the slow-witted admiral out in the bay, begging him to speed his preparations to embark the army of relief. Graves replied, day after day, with all manner of excuses why he could not hurry.

First Graves complained that his ships had been so badly battered by the French in the recent fight that they could not get to sea. The next day would find him explaining that he had suddenly discovered the bottoms of the ships were too full to stand out to sea.

A few days later would be more excuses. The powder supply in the naval arsenal at New York was empty. Could Sir Henry lend him some of the army powder? Then again he suggested that Clinton might want to march overland to relieve Cornwallis—which Clinton had already explained he could not. Several times Admiral Graves repeated the statement that he thought the French fleet in the Chesapeake far too strong for the British fleet to attack, which is not usually the language of a British admiral. All this went on for weeks. Dates for sailing were made and then postponed; they were made again and then changed again.

All this time Cornwallis was drawing closer within his works at Yorktown and the deadly French siege guns were getting in their work. Yorktown was being battered to pieces and finally the French and American troops made a night assault in which they captured the two British redoubts which practically commanded the inner lines of the British fortification.

The culmination of the affair is history. Before he could get to the relief of Cornwallis, Clinton received the dismal news that Cornwallis had been obliged to surrender. On October 20, Lord Cornwallis wrote to his commander in chief:

'Sir, I have the mortification to inform your Excellency that I have been forced to give up the posts at York and Gloucester, and to surrender the troops under my command, by capitulation on the 19th inst., as prisoners of war to the combined forces of America and France.' Then follow ten pages of details relating to the triumph of the French and American armies.

The independence of the United States was virtually won with this announcement.

Science's Work *in* 20th Century

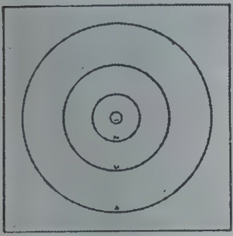
By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director, Science Service, Washington, D. C.

PART II

Bacilli as observed through the microscope: Left—pneumoniae, magnified 800 times; center—tuberculosis, magnified 1,000 times; second half, branching form; right—typhosis, ordinary form, magnified 1,000 times; second half, flagellate form, magnified 1,500 times. Observation by means of microscope affords physicians a potent means of suppressing disease.

THE most ambitious attempt at synthesis in science and the most revolutionary idea of the century is the theory of relativity advanced by Albert Einstein in a restricted form in 1905 and in an expanded form including gravitation in 1915. This theory brings time and space together and sets up a sort of inseparable four-dimensional framework in which events may be placed as points. It obliterates the barrier between matter and energy by furnishing a formula for their transformation.



An atom is a planetary system within itself. Here are shown the orbits of electrons around the nucleus of a hydrogen atom.

Gravitation had come to be recognized as an inseparable property of matter; in fact one of its defining properties. Then came Einstein, ruthlessly robbing matter of its two most intimate and essential properties, gravitation and inertia, and reducing matter to a subordinate position in connection with a most immaterial concept—energy.[*]

For Newton's hypothetical and anthropomorphic 'force' of gravitation Einstein would substitute a kind of kink in space around a material particle which causes a deflection of the path of another particle or a ray of light passing close to the former. The deflection of light was verified by observations of the position of the stars about the sun at time of eclipse.

The first quarter of the 20th Century has contributed two other novel and fundamental conceptions to physical science, the quantum theory of energy and the electrical theory of the atom. The quantum theory, which we owe primarily to Planck, shows that radiant energy, such as a ray of light, is absorbed and emitted not continuously, as had been supposed, but in certain units which depend upon the frequency of vibration of the ray. This fits in admirably with the modern conception of a complex atom and explains the position of the thousands of lines of the visible and invisible spectrum.

From the viewpoint of the 19th Century the atoms of any element were identical, impenetrable, indivisible and imperishable. They were as much alike as manufactured articles and the properties of an element were determined by its atomic weight.

But the classical conception of an immutable atom was exploded by the discovery of radioactive elements by Pierre and Madame Curie in Paris. It was ultimately found that the heaviest of all the atoms, uranium, was decomposing slowly into another heavy metal, radium, which likewise breaks up spontaneously into a series of still less stable forms, giving off the light gas, helium, and finally resulting in inert lead. J. J. Thomson of Cambridge proved the presence in the atom of 'electrons,' so minute that it would require 1,840 to equal the lightest of the atoms, hydrogen.

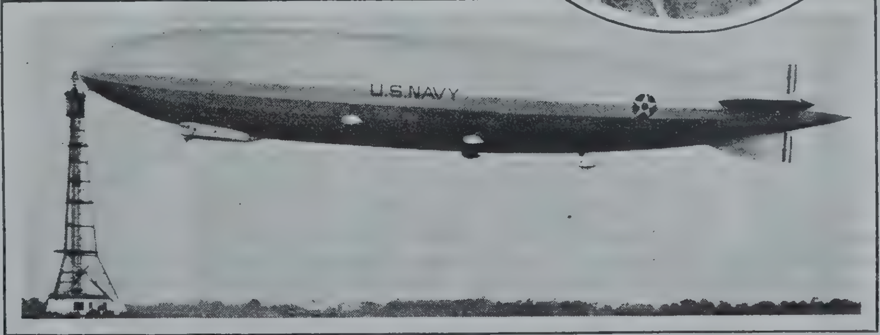
Ernest Rutherford of Manchester considered the weight of the atom as concentrated into a minute central nucleus, positively charged. Niels Bohr, a Dane working in Manchester, devised a complete theory of atomic structure, which pictures the atom as a sort of solar system in which the sun is represented by the nucleus and the planets by from one to ninety-two electrons revolving around it at high speeds in certain fixed orbits. When an electron jumps from a larger to a smaller orbit energy is given off in the form of energy of a certain wave length, according to Planck's law. Moseley, a young Englishman who fell at Gallipoli, showed that all the elements could be arranged according to the number of their planetary electrons. All of the ninety-two niches provided in this scheme have now been filled by elements found, except two or three.

So we now know, contrary to previous opinion, that the atoms are complex and that certain elements can be transmuted into others, although the dream of the alchemist of making gold cheaply is still unattainable. An element may exist in several forms having different atomic weights but the same chemical properties (isotropes). Conversely two elements may have the same atomic weight but different chemical properties (isobars).

The Twentieth might be characterized as the synthetic century in contrast with the analytic 19th Century. The organic chemist has made some 250,000 compounds of carbon with hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen or other elements, and he is adding some three thousand to the list every year. Comparatively few of these are to be found in nature.

Twentieth-century science has been engaged in filling the gaps in our knowledge of nature. Botany and zoölogy have merged in biology, and chemistry and

(Continued on page 22)



In 1924 the last of the Zeppelins sailed from Lake Constance to Lakehurst, New Jersey, and became the property of the United States Government. Her name was changed from 'ZR-3' to 'Los Angeles.' Above—Thousands of such bottles are required to fill the huge bag of a dirigible.

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[*] Heyl: *Fundamental Concepts of Science.*

LIVINGSTONE of the Lion-Heart

By CHARLES J. FINGER

Illustrated by PAUL HONORE

LIVINGSTONE in England was like a caged lion—impatient of what seemed to him an idle waste of time, impatient with those who wanted to look upon him as a curiosity, hardly understanding the affection and sympathy with which people regarded him. To be sure his hours were full, what with writing and lecturing and seeing and being seen; what with cities thrusting honors upon him in the shape of freedoms, what with Oxford and Cambridge and Edinburgh universities offering degrees; what with rulers and princes and statesmen seeking him—yet the explorer could not help but feel that the only real energy and usefulness and activity for him lay in Africa.

Sometimes the days of rest which were forced upon him by his friends seemed to him very much like selfish pleasure. At last to his stout-hearted friend Sir Roderick Murchison, he wrote: 'Farewell to public spouting forever. I am dead tired of it,' and thereupon turned his face south again, after seeing his younger children well established; for Mary his wife, and their eldest son Oswell were to go with him. Action went swift on the heels of decision.

On March 10, 1859, they sailed, and in May they reached the east coast of Africa at Sierra Leone. But this time the former cotton spinner was the duly accredited representative of the British sovereign, appointed consul for the east coast of Africa. He had a steam launch at his service, and with his party there were a botanist, a mining geologist, and an assistant, besides natives to help. But mark the wording of the instructions Livingstone gave his party.

The members of it were advised to remember that before all things there had to be order, first, last, and all the time. They were to bear in mind that what counted was 'the moral influence which might be exercised on the minds of the natives by a well-regulated and orderly household of Europeans, setting an example of consistent moral conduct, treating the people with kindness, teaching them to make experiments in agriculture, relieving their wants, explaining the more simple arts, imparting to them religious instruction as far as they are capable of receiving it, and inculcating peace and good will.' None of that *Bombastes Furioso*, you see, which proceeds from lesser men whose chief idea is to stand as a figure of heroic proportions. Sixteen years of experience had left him with the firm conviction that the fellowship and brotherhood of man was no mere counsel of perfection, but a sound practical ideal. Peace was a possibility if one carried peace in his heart and mind, if one strove for peace.

Mrs. Livingstone and Oswell were not able to go into the wilds up the Zambezi, which river Livingstone had decided to explore, and so were left with the Moffats in the hope that the woman might regain her health. The steam launch, the *Ma Robert*, was fitted together, and, on its trial river voyage was renamed *The Asthmatic*. That was because it turned out to be noisy, and slow, and a wasteful consumer of fuel, besides being a thing needing constant patching. Indeed, it transpired after a time that the boat had been furnished by a sort of profiteer whose words of good will and patriotism and empire building were as a cloak to cover the nakedness of bare spoliation.

Those were days in which the strain and worry of a little Portuguese war were fresh in the minds of the natives, but the Livingstone party avoided all the stupidities of conflict. They explored the Zambezi, saw enough to convince them that the river was navigable up to Victoria Falls and almost to the Makololo country, laid indeed a course which later was to make easy the way of those who settled Rhodesia. They discovered and charted Lake Shirwa, found and ascended the River Shire, discovered Lake Nyassa, entered a country full of beauty and high possibility which Livingstone dreamed of colonizing. Livingstone was happiest when he organized his party for a march into the interior to Sekeletu's country, which they reached to be greeted with extravagant joy by the natives. Monare, as they called Livingstone, had come again to increase happiness. Monare would protect them from the slave trader. So the Makololo rejoiced beyond measure, receiving the whole party as men receive kings, then led Livingstone to the place where he had left a wagon and provisions years before, in 1853. Not a thing had been touched or tampered with, the only damage being that done by the white ants, which had destroyed the wheels. Among the Makololo Livingstone rested, as far as the man knew what rest was. He taught, preached, doctored, and labored incessantly, the natives conducting themselves the while like the finest-tempered people in the world, so that Livingstone felt that his efforts had, indeed, brought forth fruit abundantly.

By January 31, 1861, Livingstone was back on the east coast in time to meet the *Pioneer*, from England, which bore Bishop Mackenzie and his staff, the nucleus of a mission to be established upcountry at Magomero, a spot chosen by Livingstone. That first Central African mission ended in disaster because of complications growing out of a brush with slave traders, the bishop meeting his death by exhaustion and fever. It was the first death of its kind connected directly with Livingstone's penetration of Africa, and, had the explorer's advice been followed, with whites taking no part whatever in native quarrels, but holding themselves aloof on a higher plane, the disaster might not have occurred. For it was an affair which Livingstone would have handled differently, and in the manner of others of similar nature.

Hardly had Livingstone recovered from the shock when another blow struck him, for his wife was stricken with fever and died. He was no man, however, to make an idol of grief and despair, and what had been beautiful in companionship was laid away in memory. His duty lay in doing what he could to abolish the slave trade; 'the running sore of the world,' he called it, and his dream was to discover navigable rivers, so that British gunboats might cruise about the inland lakes to protect the natives. For the slave trade was growing apace. The traders encouraged native wars—took defeated villages into slavery—fired forests—turned flourishing lands into deserts.

But all that Livingstone intended to do, and all that he planned, came to a sudden stop. For out from England came a message from those in power, recalling him and his party. Rightly interpreted it meant that there were diplomacies at work, that Portugal had made representations to Britain, by which Livingstone was put in the light of a disturber to Portuguese commerce; and as consul, Livingstone was the representative of his government and no longer free to go and to come as his conscience and sense of duty dictated.

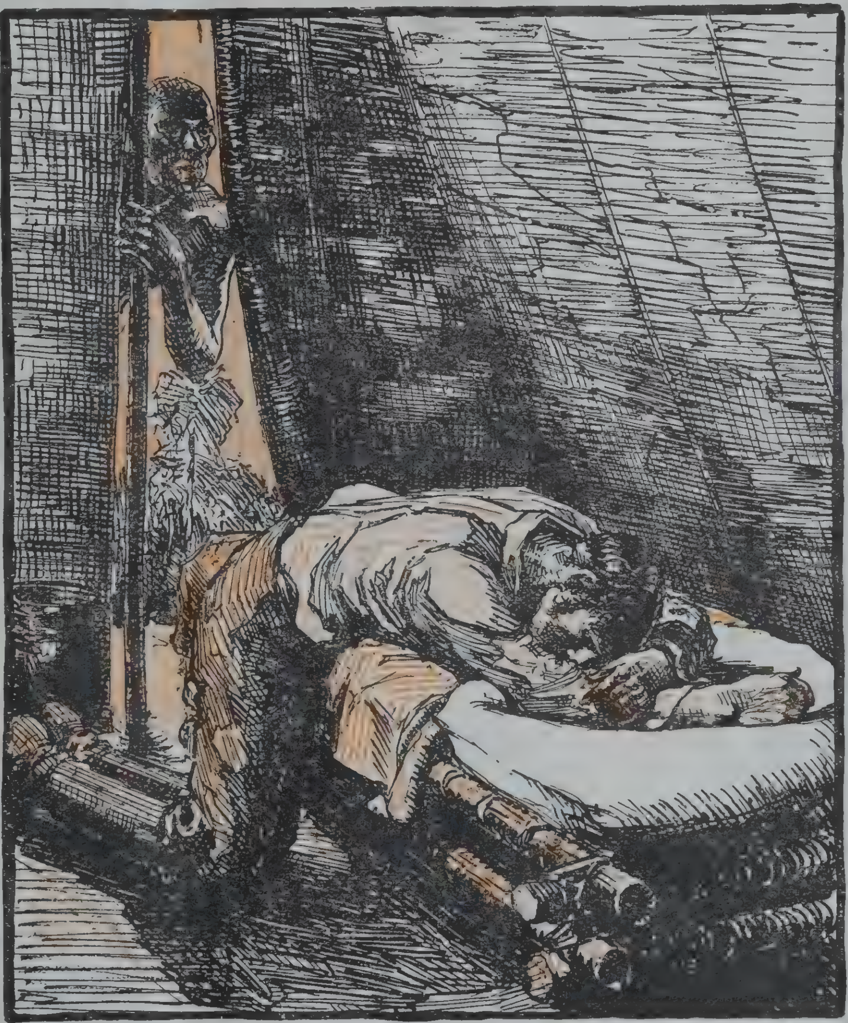
He was ready enough to obey, and did obey, but his chief immediate material concern lay in one of his possessions, the little steam launch *Lady Nyassa* with which he had replaced *The Asthmatic* for river and lake travel. If he sold it on the coast, it would, of necessity, eventually pass to Portuguese slave traders, and that was something he would not dream of. Sooner he would sink the ship in the Indian Ocean. The only remaining market was in India, at Bombay, twenty-five hundred miles across the sea, a tremendous voyage for a river craft, especially without captain or competent crew. So if it was to be taken there, he himself would have to take it . . . Well, and why not? An ocean voyage could be no more difficult than a jungle expedition, and his navigation could be turned to account. Again decision followed the idea, and without any more ado he enlisted three chance English sailors, seven adult natives and two native boys, promoted himself to the posts of captain and pilot, and set sail with fourteen tons of coal on board. He arrived safely on June 13, 1864, docked the little ship and paid off his men. 'The vessel was so small that no one noticed our arrival,' he wrote in his diary.

On July 31, 1864, he was in London, unexpected and unannounced, and all bronzed and travel stained knocked at Sir Roderick Murchison's door. His amazed friend wanted the world to know of the arrival—wanted trumpets and banners for the hero—did, indeed, then and there drag him willy-nilly to a reception of diplomats being held that day by Lord Palmerston. After that the news flew from John O'Groats to Land's End. All the froth and ripple of murders, and society scandals, and famous trials, and Garibaldi, and the first train to enter London; all the flurry of Spain's rupture with Peru, the fights between Protestant and Catholic in Belfast, the trouble in the United States, the doings of the conspirator Grego in France—these and a hundred other things were forgotten because of the unassuming Scot who had done wonders and held lightly what he had done.

There were all sorts of festivities and invitations arranged, but, with it all, Livingstone seemed to take as much pains to avoid publicity as most men take to gain it. He wanted to talk straight from the shoulder to the august House of Commons; and did, telling them things about Africa and its possibilities of which they were ignorant. And he wanted to, and did, set down in book form what he had seen and done. And he wanted to, and did, talk to schoolboys instead of vast assemblies, his last talk being to the school in Scotland which his son Oswell attended. 'Fear your God and work hard, boys,' were his last spoken words in the land of his birth, then he began to set his house in order for a return to Africa.

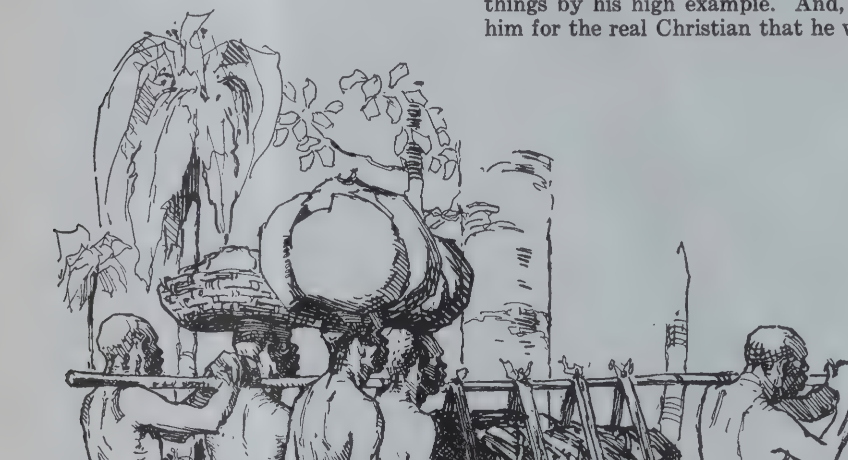
His government, which could find millions for wars in Africa, and in India, and in China, and in Russia, appointed him consul *without pay*. To show its further gratitude, it granted him a gift of 500 pounds! It had no money for the peaceful establishment of order. Fortunately the Geographical Society was able to duplicate the government's gift, and a private individual gave as much as the total given by the government and the society. So Livingstone, rich in fervor, set forth; reached Bombay in September, 1865, sold his little ship for less than half what it had cost him in repairs, and landed on the shores of the African river Rovuma in the month of March, 1866. And he was happy again when, with a party of three dozen men, a few mules, a few donkeys and camels, he faced the land of darkness and mystery. For there lay his duty, there lived the people to whom, to rescue from debasing and degrading conditions, he had given his life. And there also lay that greatest of tasks, to acquaint his own people with the nature of the tyranny exercised by the offscourings of civilization upon those capable of love and loyalty; those he had tested and tried, to find them simple and kind and full of willing fellowship.

But already the effects of the slave traders' activities were heavy upon the land. The dark sins of Europe had touched the primitive people. Some of


'Come to Bwana. I am afraid he is dead.'

Livingstone's party had known the slave market, the cruelties of those who live on the outskirts of civilization, the little meannesses and lyings and deceits of those who measured all things by a price. And, in the jungle, those in whose veins the poison ran were lazy and thriftless. They wasted, they pilfered, they maltreated the animals, so that all too soon the explorer's train became thinned.

The hard blow came when his medicine chest was stolen. There was desertion, too, and some of the party returned to the coast with a story of Livingstone's death at the hands of the natives. But Livingstone pushed on with a faithful five, often so weak with hunger and fever that he could make no more than five miles a day but still resolved to struggle on in feebleness rather than to collapse in despair. Yet he did giant's work, charting and map-making, piercing new lands, establishing order, planting the seeds of fellowship with the natives—a man loving and loved, and so finding among the despised and rejected ones fine qualities and fine possibilities.



The task was to deliver the white man to his own people, and by their efforts the bones of the old Lion-heart found a final resting place in Westminster Abbey.

Thus he found the Ubungu tribe 'a tribe of gentlemen, universally polite, governed they are and very well.' As for his geographical aims, they were, in his own words, 'to make a complete work of the exploration of the sources of the Nile,' and 'to discover any evidence of the great Moses having visited these parts spellbound me.'

Then came the meeting with Stanley, at Ujiji; Livingstone worn and frail, but determined to persevere, Stanley with his elaborate train of dependents, silver service, champagne, tents and what not. But Livingstone was not lost, nor was he to be persuaded to go to England. So the two parted in time, Stanley to return to England after learning a lesson in the proper treatment of natives, Livingstone and his five faithful natives turning to new and unknown lands. It was the beginning of the last march for the man 'with soul stich't to the stars,' that twenty-fifth day of August, 1872. It ended on the last day of April, 1873.

The place was Ilala on the shore of Lake Bangweolo. One of his followers went into the little tent and found Livingstone on his knees, his face buried in the pillows. 'Come to Bwana. I am afraid he is dead,' he said to his companion, Mujwara.

So the faithful five buried his heart, then roughly embalmed the body. But there was more to be done, a task fearful and tremendous. That task was to deliver the white man to his own people, and although the journey took nine months, they did what they set out to do and by their efforts the bones of the old Lion-heart found a final resting place in Westminster Abbey.

For in those five years of companionship the five had come to know something of the temper and texture of the man. They had known patient endurances and splendid acts. They had been nerved to tremendous things by his high example. And, knowing him for the real Christian that he was, they were nerved by his spirit to one of the mightiest deeds it has fallen to the lot of man to do.

No single African explorer has ever done so much for Africa as Livingstone during his thirty years' work. His travels covered one-third of the continent, extending from the Cape to near the Equator, and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. In all the countries through which he traveled his memory is cherished by the native tribes who, almost without exception, treated Livingstone as a superior being; his treatment of them was always tender, gentle and gentlemanly. By the Arab slavers whom he opposed he was also greatly admired, and was by them styled 'the great doctor.'

Why Wisconsin Does Not Hang

(*Continued from page 2*)

Missouri, 9.6 and Illinois, 7.8. The first four states did not have capital punishment during this period while the last four did.

Probably the Wisconsin method of handling convicts has had much to do with checking crime. Governors have been extremely cautious in exercising the power to pardon 'life termers.' Often the lifer's sentence is commuted, when the facts warrant it, but seldom has a prisoner been given pardon consideration unless his record at the penitentiary showed exemplary conduct. Usually a man sentenced for life must first make good on parole which may not come until he has served sixteen years and three months.

What has happened to life convicts since the organization of the prison in 1852 is revealed in the following table:

Murder, first degree	390
Murder, second degree	11
Desertion	1
Rape	5
Kidnaping	1
Accessory before fact of murder, first degree	1
Total	409
Discharged on governor's pardon and commutation	116
Writ of habeas corpus	5
Order Secretary of War	1
Remanded for new trial	29
Order of Supreme Court	4
Removed to hospitals for insane	49
Died	83
Committed suicide	6
Escaped	2
Paroled by state board of control	26
	321
Remaining in prison June 30, 1926	88
Total	409

There has been a marked increase in the number of new murder cases appearing before the courts during 1925. There were 31 new cases before the courts in 1925, as compared with 20 new cases of homicides for the year 1924. This increase is also noticeable in the report of the bureau of vital statistics for the two years. Forty-nine cases were reported to that bureau in 1924 as compared with 63 in 1925.

That the Wisconsin prison system is successful the records furnish abundant evidence. That Wisconsin has a much lower rate of prison population than her neighboring states is shown by the following tables, compiled by Warden Lee, the figures for which are based on a hundred thousand population.

Michigan	120
Indiana	97
Ohio	92.9
Illinois	91.4
Minnesota	89
Iowa	79.1
Wisconsin	59.5

But the national crime wave has not shaken the faith of Wisconsin in the present punishment system. There has not even been a suggestion of change in the legislature. All efforts are directed to strengthening the sentence plan and perfecting the parole law. During the past twenty years Wisconsin has had four prison wardens. The two serving the longest have spent many hours during the years searching the hearts of the men who were given life sentences to the penitentiary.

'I have never found a murderer who could remember that he had given any thought of the punishment he would receive before he committed the crime,' declared Henry Town, warden for twenty years.

'I have talked with murderers in other prisons and I have spent time interviewing wardens at our national conventions.

'No one has ever told me of a case in even a capital punishment state where the murderer considered or even thought of the penalty which would be meted out for the crime he was committing.

'If punishment is not so efficacious as to deter others it is not fundamental. When there was a death penalty in England for stealing, the pickpockets plied their trade through the crowd at public hangings.

'Revenge and fundamental punishment are antagonistic to each other. The one strikes blindly at the life of the offender. The other is based on the theory of deterrence, retribution and reformation.'

Oscar Lee, the present Wisconsin penitentiary warden, believes that juries are more willing to convict where there is no capital punishment and thinks this fact, correlated with the speedy trials in Wisconsin, has kept down the homicide rate.

'In three-fourths of the states that have capital punishment the jury has the alternative of sending a convict to prison for life,' declared Warden Lee. 'This is but an admission that juries will not inflict the death penalty if it can be avoided.

IF CAPITAL punishment is more of a deterrent for crime than life sentence, why make the infliction of the penalty as humane as possible? Why hold the execution in the dead of night in the presence of only a few representatives of the press and state?

'Why not hold it in the open so that those who gather may realize how terrible it all is? Why?—because capital punishment is no longer considered as a crime deterrent.

'The things which deter crime in Wisconsin are speedy trials of criminals; the courts freeing themselves from the technical shackles which would aid criminals and not protect the average citizen; the refusal to parole until a long time has been served and there is every evidence of reformation; a close guardianship of the man on parole; a strict revoking of the parole for any violation and the reluctance of the governor to pardon until reformation is certain.

'Since the organization of the Wisconsin prison in 1852, one hundred sixteen lifers have been discharged or had their sentences commuted by direction of governors and twenty-six have been paroled by the state board of control.

'The records at the Wisconsin prison do not show that any of these men ever came again into conflict with the law. Four violated their parole in minor particulars. These slight infractions, however, had nothing to do with any violation of the law.

'Far more effective is the life sentence. New York has electrocuted criminals for years but there was never a greater panic among the New York crooks than last July when the Baumes Law sending forth offenders for felonies to prison for life became effective. In a single day thirty-four noted criminals rushed to court to plead guilty before the rigors of the life sentence law became effective, and the New York police report that many of the most notorious crooks have gone to Chicago to operate in a state where the state hangs for murder.

'I think the life sentence for murderers and habitual criminals and strict prison discipline will do more to break the crime wave than all else.'

The Manipulation of the Peseta

(*Continued from page 3*)

Spanish souls would seem to be well provided for. An intelligent Spaniard remarked that the Spaniard seemed too much concerned with assurance for the hereafter.

On the other hand, the American seems concerned to have comfortable living conditions now, and pays life insurance to provide the continuance of such conditions for his family.

There are numerous beggars in Spain. Their support falls squarely upon the productive class.

Back of all the difficulties under which Spain is laboring is the fundamental question of education. At the present moment more than 60 per cent of the population is illiterate.

There is not today in the peninsula provision for schools for one-half of the children. In spite of this fact there are even now more churches under construction and repair than there are schools.

Until Spain makes far more complete provision for education there will be no solid basis of prosperity. The Spanish child is, in general, quick, alert and naturally intelligent.

It would seem to be a far cry from the fluctuation of the peseta to the education of the bright-eyed boy that roams the Spanish streets, but the two things are connected: when education is improved the other condition will also be remedied.

At the present time the fluctuation of the peseta suits the convenience of native and foreign manipulators who profit by the fluctuations. The Spanish press indicates that the recent rise has been of serious import to Spanish manufacturers.

At the same time the press indicates that Dutch and Spanish bankers have speculated upon the rise of the peseta.

This survey does not pretend to explain the recent rise of the peseta. This problem has baffled the ingenuity of experts who have given many years to the study of such questions.

However, the survey does indicate that the rise has been, in some measure, a gigantic manipulation, not at all concerned with the fundamental economic prosperity of Spain.

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Missionary *Life With* Alaska Gold Hunters

DR. S. HALL YOUNG is the superintendent of Presbyterian missions for the entire territory of Alaska and the founder of the first American Protestant church there, to which he gave nearly forty years of unstinted labor. He first went there in 1878; he is still in active service with his eightieth birthday but a few months ahead. Alaskans have told me that Dr. Young is the best known and probably the most beloved man in their country.

He kept his path as a missionary when those about him went wild seeking earth's hidden riches. During his service he has traveled more than 15,000 miles by canoe; other thousands he has carried his pack, and added thousands he has gone by dog teams. His crossing and crisscrossing the country have totaled more than 200,000 miles. When he went to Alaska he was an invalid. Life insurance companies refused him a policy. He has lived the hardest life; scaled the steepest trails; cooked his own food for months and slept on ice-frozen earth. He is as slender and straight as a Mohican; as lithe today as a college athlete.

'When I first went to Alaska,' said Dr. Young in the course of an interview, 'all of the old savage customs were in full use. Carved totem poles decorated some of the houses, especially those of the chiefs. The medicine man carried on his incantations. Women were burned for witchcraft. There were no courts, no magistrates, no sheriffs or police, and no way of punishing a crime. In those travels I occasionally found white men who had sunk to a lower savagery than the Indians. One had been graduated at Harvard and turned to degradation. The remark of John Muir, my friend and naturalist, upon discovering such a situation has always remained with me. He said you "could lift a stone to a mountain height, but let it fall and it will sink the deeper into the mud."

'Against Indian degradation and superstition the fight has been won. Savagery has been done away with. The medicine man soon lost his power over natives when his bushy hair was cropped. Schools have gone up.

'I, myself, have founded upward of twenty churches and started a score of missions.

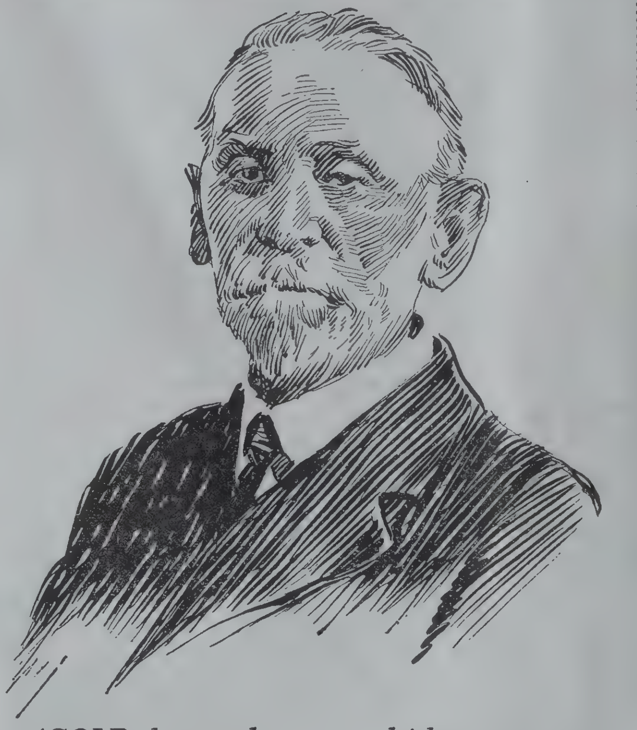
When I left Alaska in 1888, not to return until the gold rush was on, I felt that it was lifting itself from chaos.'

'Not counting your own service to Alaska, name some of the men who through the years of the territory have done the most to make the true Alaska known to the world and whose labors have aided to make the country what it is today?'

Dr. Young did not hesitate in making his answer.

'First on the list I would place John Muir. His books and discoveries in Alaska gave the public a clear statement of the country. Gold could not swerve him from his work as a scientist. I remember that on a trip with him in 1879, after I first came to Alaska, we had visited together the Indian tribes to carry to them the message of redemption. It was on that voyage Muir discovered the glacier which bears his name. This trip with him will always remain one of my greatest experiences.

'On our return from these discoveries we camped at the site of what is now Juneau, the capital of Alaska, and no dream of the millions of gold that were to be taken from those mountains disturbed us. If we had known, I do not think we would have halted a day or staked a claim. Our treasuries were richer than gold and securely laid up in the vaults of our memories.



'GOLD has a lure to which remoteness lends enchantment. I have mushed on the three great and on a dozen smaller stampedes into Alaska, and I can think of no other experience that I could desire before life's end than to go on another. But if the Alaska gold finds had been made in New York, Pennsylvania, or some other state, it would have caused no such wild excitement. Because the Klondike was far away, it seemed a great venture to men; distance stirred the imagination—called them. And they went.'

'Second, I would place the service of Dr. A. L. Lindsley of Portland who interviewed General Howard and others and aroused the people to the need of missionaries in Alaska.

'Third would come the work of Sheldon Jackson, who was appointed commissioner of education from the bureau of education, and who founded schools all over the territory.

'The greatest man politically, and one who has done the best work in getting a civil government for Alaska, was Judge James Wickersham. He was elected for four consecutive terms as delegate to Congress and he was easily the ablest judge that we ever had. He straightened out the McKenzie plot for the looting of Alaska.

'Bishop Peter B. Rowe, of the Episcopal church, and I have been chasing each other for nearly thirty years over Alaska. Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, his lieutenant, discoverer and explorer, has contributed four volumes that are charming and valuable books. He too has rendered a good work.'

'What does Alaska need most of all?' I asked.

'The wiping out of bureaucracy and the enactment of such laws by Congress as would give us full and complete territorial government and the loosening up of the conservation and mining laws in such a way as to enable the prospector, the farmer, and the capitalist to go in there and develop the country.

'It has been demonstrated that Alaska has more gold, more copper, and more coal, than perhaps any other part of the United States. It has great riches in silver, lead and marble. Alaska is very inefficiently prospected as yet. I look for another gold stampede at any time. And we must not forget the oil. But the first resource of Alaska is the fisheries, and to conserve the fish is the first duty.

'If oil is struck, there will be a big rush. When this will be, I cannot forecast, but of this I am certain, that there will be in the near future an immense and steady increase of farmers, coal miners, and fishermen in Alaska.'

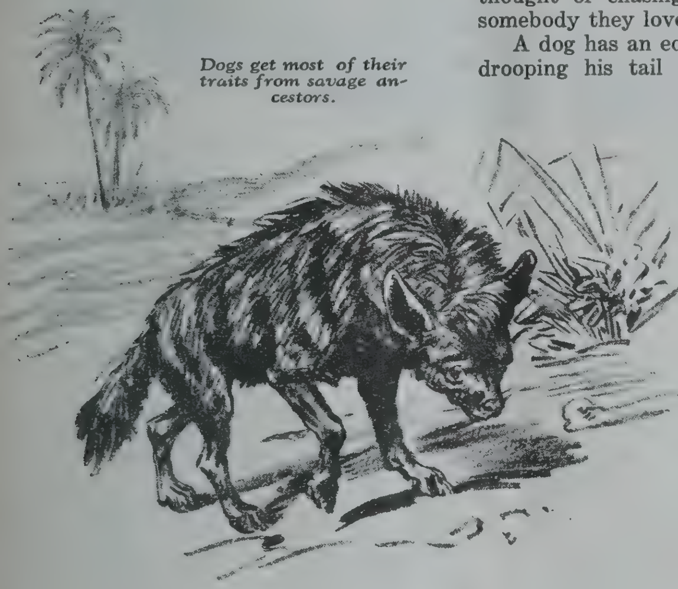
Dr. Young makes his home with his daughter in Juneau. He is planning great things for the Eskimo, and believes that the fuller establishment of missions among them will help in their enlightenment. To accomplish this work will be the ambition of his life's end.

'I have a longing to go on another gold stampede, cross the silvery trail of snow behind the dog teams; work with the seekers for riches in their days of want and darkness and find joy in the physical achievement.'

Understanding Your Dog

(*Continued from page 5*)

to get together and help. Even today any average dog has several kinds of barks for different occasions—probably more different kinds than his human associates realize. There is the bark of fear, of excitement, hatred, doubt, and joy. Being capable of nearly every human emotion—love, jealousy, hope, courage, timidity, and many more—he probably can give voice to every one. But few of us have our ears finely enough tuned always to distinguish one from another.



Dogs get most of their traits from savage ancestors.

But the bark wasn't the dog's only signal. There were times when a bark would have scared the game away before the whole pack could arrive on the trail. It was necessary, then, to have a silent signal. For this a dog's tail was a handy contrivance. I suppose that's what the tail was really made for—to wave information to other dogs approaching from the rear and help get better coöperation.

When close on the scent of game, a wise dog wags his tail as rapidly as possible. He doesn't give much thought to this—doesn't have to; he simply follows his instincts, inherited from early kinsfolk. Hounds seem to make an especial point of this tail-wagging when chasing something. As the scent of the trail grows more promising, they not only wag their tails but carry them as high as possible. If a dog's tail happens to be white at the end, then the signal is all the more noticeable.

I suppose somebody is saying now: 'Yes, but what's all this got to do with a dog wagging his tail when glad to see his master?'

The point is that dogs first got into the habit of wagging their tails when on the chase. In the old days—even yet, for that matter—the chase was the most fun they had. It meant the sport of matching wits with other animals, getting exhilarating exercise, and, best of all, hope of a good dinner at the end.

While many modern dogs still pursue game for the game itself, many more do so for the fun of the chase rather than for the game. This is shown in the fact that the most eager foxhounds often show not the slightest interest in the fox once it has been captured. At any rate, dogs early got tail-wagging identified with something pleasant. This idea became so deeply implanted in their little doggie minds that now they wag their tails when joyful, no matter what about, whether it is the thought of chasing a rabbit or of seeing somebody they love.

A dog has an equally natural reason for drooping his tail between his legs when scared. When anything frightens him he doesn't say to himself: 'Gosh, this is scary; guess I'll pull down my tail.' He does it without thinking about it. But for hundreds of years his ancestors were pursued by all sorts of wild beasts and, as the tail was the first thing a pursuing animal might grab for, dogs thought it a good idea to tuck a tail as much out of reach as possible. Of course, dogs may have been utterly wrong in assuming that a pursuing animal might grab them by the tail.

Darwin says: 'Even a very slight degree of fear is invariably shown by the tail being tucked in between the legs. This tucking in of the tail is accompanied by the ears being drawn backward; but they are not pressed closely to the head, as in snarling, and they are not lowered, as when a dog is pleased or affectionate. When two young dogs chase each other in play, the one that runs away always keeps his tail tucked inward. So it is when a dog, in the highest spirits, careers like a mad creature round and round his master in circles, or in figures of eight. He then acts as if another dog were chasing him.

'This curious kind of play, which must be familiar to everyone who has attended to dogs, is particularly apt to be excited after the animal has been a little startled or frightened, as by his master suddenly jumping out on him in the dusk. In this case, as well as when two young dogs are chasing each other in play, it appears as if the one that runs away is afraid of the other catching him by the tail; but as far as I can find out, dogs rarely catch each other in this manner. I asked a gentleman who had kept foxhounds all his life, and he applied to other sportsmen, whether they had ever seen hounds thus seize a fox; but they never had.'

Has anyone ever heard of one animal capturing another in that way?

Nearly all dogs, I believe, draw their ears back when fighting or when feeling savage, and puppies, even in play, do this. Doubtless this habit grew out of the necessity to protect the ears from being torn in combat. Cats, when fighting, put back their ears in the same way; so do horses.

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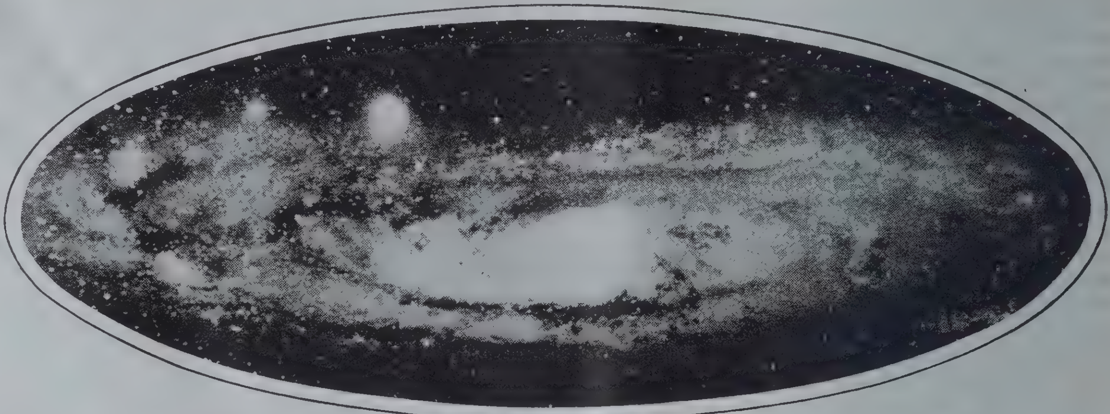
Science's Work in 20th Century

(Continued from page 15)

physics have coalesced, except in the curriculum. The study of colloids and conductivity is giving an explanation of many vital processes. The line between the animate and inanimate has been drawn so thin that there is now discussion whether certain minute entities, such as the viruses of various plant and animal diseases that pass through the pores of porcelain filters, and the bacteriophages that prey on microbes, are living creatures or chemical compounds. Eggs of sea urchins and frogs have been artificially fertilized by acids or pin pricks. A fragment of a chick's heart has been grown for a dozen years on glass.

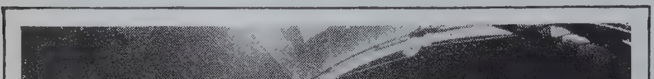


This great spiral nebula in the constellation of Andromeda, faintly visible to the unaided eye as a patch of light, has been shown to be a galaxy of stars similar to that comprising the Milky Way. It is so distant that it takes 900,000 years for its light to reach us.

Biology bids fair to become as effective a factor in future history as the physical sciences have been in the last hundred years. The actual observation by means of the microscope of the mechanism of the union and fission of cells, the counting of the chromosomes and the mapping of the genes in them, the experimental and statistical study of inheritance, these have opened for our generation an opportunity for the firm foundation of a science of heredity, which is already being applied to the improvement of plants and animals, and may eventually be employed in the eugenics of the human race, or at least to prevent its degeneration.

The discovery of the chemical control of the physiological processes of the body by the secretion of the ductless glands, the hormones, 'messengers,' circulating in the blood, has placed in the hands of physicians a new and potent means of correcting pathological conditions. Goiter and cretinism are found to be due to disorders of the thyroid gland of the neck and may be cured by doses of thyroxin, the lacking secretion, or of salts of iodine, its essential ingredient.

Diabetes, as Banting discovered in 1921, may be corrected by insulin, an extract of the pancreas, which eliminates the surplus sugar from the blood. Adrenalin, which was isolated by Takamine in 1901 and later made synthetically by Friedmann, acts as a heart stimulant and at the same time checks the digestive process and flow of blood in the capillaries. The secretion of this hormone from the adrenal glands is increased by fear or anger, and whether the frightened animal decides upon flight or fight, he is aided by the access of energy and prevention of bleeding from wounds. The balance of the hormones in the body determines growth in stature and feature, the emotional reactions, the character and temperament, the energy or sluggishness of the individual, and the sexual impulses.



This hundred-inch telescope, the world's largest, at Mt. Wilson Observatory, has made possible the observation of most distant objects in the sky.

In countries where enlightened public health measures are in force a baby born in 1925 has an average expectation of life several years longer than if he had been born in 1900. Most of this gain has been made in the suppression of infectious and infantile diseases. The discovery of the cause and carrier of various infections has enabled larger masses of men to congregate in cities and in armies with comparative safety. Typhoid fever, which infected 90 per cent of the American soldiers in the war with Spain of 1898 and caused 85 per cent of the deaths, was largely eliminated in the Great War by inoculation. Another common cause of fatalities in modern warfare, tetanus or lockjaw, was counteracted by serum. The wounded showed an amazing rate of recovery, thanks to antiseptic surgery.

The Panama Canal, which Cortes suggested, which Humboldt planned, which Goethe prophesied would be accomplished by the United States, and which De Lesseps attempted, became first a possibility when Gorgas showed that the mosquito was not only a pest but a pestilence, a carrier of malaria. Yellow fever, also due to mosquitoes, has been eliminated from southern ports where it previously prevailed. Epidemics of cholera, typhus and plague can now be prevented. Diphtheria and scarlet fever can be cured. The heavy toll of tuberculosis is being reduced. But cancer remains unconquered and influenza rages unchecked.

The technical advances in chemistry have been so great as to preclude enumeration. The electrical furnace has given the chemist the power to separate or combine many elements at will. Aluminum, magnesium and their alloys have come into common use as light metals. The union of carbon and silicon gives us an abrasive, carborundum. The combination of carbon and calcium when added to water produces acetylene gas, which may be used for lighting and heating, or serve as a starting point for many organic compounds.

The addition to iron of such elements as manganese, tungsten, nickel, chromium or vanadium gives numerous new kinds of steel from which we get vessels that resist corrosion, tools that retain their temper at high speeds, armor plates that are proof against projectiles, rails that withstand wear, and other novel and useful appliances. Glass dishes can be used for cooking. The electrolytic purification of copper has extended the range of telephone and power lines. The simple separation of salt by the electrical current into its elements, sodium and chlorine, has given us at once two purifying agencies, an alkali for soap and an antiseptic for drinking water.

By the addition of hydrogen, vegetable oils, such as those of the palm and cottonseed, have been converted into solid fats, suitable for soap making, or as substitutes for lard and butter. A synthetic fiber, rayon or viscose, spun from wood pulp, has been added to the four that have served for fabrics from the remotest times, cotton, silk, linen and wool. One of the oldest of dyes is the indigo of ancient India. A German chemical company worked out, after seventeen years of research and the expenditure of five million dollars, a synthetic process for making the dye artificially and by 1914 was manufacturing eight million pounds, which would require a million acres of land to grow in plant form. Like most of the aniline dyes this was a German monopoly before the war but now more indigo is made in the United States than was then made in Germany. Coal tar, once a waste product, has become the source of numerous dyes, perfumes and drugs which have in various ways added to the pleasure and the length of life.

Formerly the physician had to depend upon the chance of finding some accidental by-product of plant or animal life, which might happen to have some desired physiological effect. Now the chemist makes him medicines to order, new compounds not found in nature, which will attack a particular parasite without harming its host. Consequently the modern surgeon has many means by which he can sterilize a wound, produce general or local anesthesia, check or stimulate the flow of blood, retard or accelerate the knitting of bones.

In the industrial and medical progress of the 20th Century we must in many instances recognize the impetus of the Great War. For it is only in such emergencies that science has a free hand to show what it can do. The struggle for life stimulated all nations to feverish activity, and while feverish activity is not the most economical kind it is more effective than inactivity. Aviation in particular advanced more rapidly in these four years than probably it would have in forty of peace time, owing to lavishness of expenditure and recklessness of risking life.

AT THE opening of the century Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin was engaged in the construction of dirigible airships with the ardent support of the German Government and people. Before 1914 regular air services had been established which had covered a total distance of over 100,000 miles and carried 34,228 passengers without injury. So at the outbreak of their war the Germans had the advantage of all their opponents in lighter-than-air machines with her six Zeppelins and six other airships. But the Zeppelins were a disappointment in warfare in spite of their portentous appearance. They did indeed enable the Germans to bombard London repeatedly, but the city was not seriously damaged nor the inhabitants seriously frightened.

In 1924 the last of the Zeppelins, the 126th constructed by the works, sailed from Lake Constance and parked in Lakehurst, New Jersey, a continuous flight of 5,060 miles, where she became the property of the United States Government and her name was changed from *ZR-3* to *Los Angeles*.

The heavier-than-air machines from the first proved invaluable for scouting and rapidly developed into formidable fighting arms. The rivalry was keen between the belligerents who vied with one another in the power and speed of their planes and in the courage and skill of their aviators. After the war the knowledge and proficiency so acquired was turned toward peaceful purposes.

In 1919 a regular airline was started between Paris and London, and by July 1, 1925, seventy-two thousand persons had been carried over the Channel, which had first been crossed in an airplane by Blériot in 1909. The French and German commercial lines have developed rapidly of late and in 1925 both made nearly twelve thousand trips. In 1924 airmen of the American Army flew around the world in twenty-two days, covering 27,514 miles in 351 hours and 11 minutes of actual flying time; and this only sixteen years after Orville Wright at Fort Myers and Wilbur Wright at Le Mans had accomplished the unprecedented feat of remaining for an hour in the air.

THE oldest of the sciences, astronomy, has displayed most youthful vigor in the young century. Our knowledge of the universe has expanded vastly in both space and time. Stars which have hitherto been mere points in space have now been weighed and measured. It is possible in many cases to determine the rate and direction of their motion and their life history, past and future. Betelgeuse is found to be a gaseous sphere 215,000,000 miles in diameter; Antares, 400,000,000 miles. Outside the circle of the Milky Way to which our sun belongs there are other galaxies, island universes, such as the great spiral nebula of Andromeda, composed of millions of suns so distant that their light takes nearly a million years to reach us and is then so faint as to be scarcely discernible to the naked eye.

To each star can be assigned a total length of life of the order of a hundred million million years followed by darkness and possibly ultimate total extinction: to our sun we can assign a past life of about seven million million years.—Jeans, in *Nineteenth Century*, December, 1925.

The geologists have had an extension of time in which to account for the development of the various forms of life by the slower processes of evolution, for calculation of the rate of transformation of uranium into lead in the oldest rocks puts the date of their deposition back to 1,000 or 1,600 million years.

Such an immense extension of the expectation of life for our world gives us greater grounds for hope that we may have time to perfect our social system before we become Eskimos.

(This article will form a chapter in a volume, Twentieth Century Europe, *by Professor Preston W. Slosson of the University of Michigan. It is here printed by express permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.)*

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Youthful Prodigies

A PRETTY theory has been built up with a view to proving that the world progresses and that this is the day of youthful prodigies. So much has been made of the fact that Samuel Rzeschewski was a brilliant chess expert at the age of nine; that Helen Wills did marvels in the tennis court before she had reached her seventeenth year; that Tommy Hitchcock stood at the head of the world's polo players when he had barely completed his majority; that twenty-year-old Bobby Jones was master of golf; that Helen Wainwright was swimming amateur champion at sixteen; that Joe Moore, the skating wonder, was no more than twenty; that the twenty-one-year-old billiard player, Jake Schaefer, had broken all kinds of records; that Glenn Hartranft held the shot-putting record at nineteen; that Bobby Walthour was a seventeen-year-old cyclist wonder; that Pancho Villa at seventeen was a boxer of first-class merit; that Aileen Riggin held a diving record at seventeen, and that Young Fator, the clever jockey, was only eighteen years old.

Which is all very well, but broad generalizations are apt to be misleading and, adopting the same line of argument as the theorizers, we might 'prove' by instances that in the olden golden days there were intellectual giants, and lacking them we are living in a degenerate day. For instance, Pope wrote his *Ode to Solitude* at the age of twelve and his *Pastorals* at sixteen. Thomas Moore translated his *Anacreon* at thirteen. Meyerbeer and Mozart played the piano at five. Vernet drew and painted at the age of four and was famous at twenty. Dante wrote a sonnet to Beatrice when nine. Tasso was a poet at ten. Mirandola could read Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldean and Arabic before he was fifteen. Goethe wrote a story in seven languages at the age of ten. Lope de Vega composed his first poems when he was twelve. Victor Hugo wrote his *Irtamene* at fifteen. Byron published his *Hours of Idleness* at eighteen. Fénelon lectured at Paris before a learned audience at fifteen. Christopher Wren invented an astronomical instrument at thirteen. Handel composed his first mass at the same age and at nineteen was opera director at Hamburg. The painter Raphael was famous at fourteen. Mozart gave concerts before European kings at the age of seven. Beethoven had composed three sonatas at thirteen. Bacon planned his *Novum Organum* when fifteen and Weber was no more than fourteen when his opera, *Das Waldmadchen,* was produced. Or one could point to the young Wigglesworth, or the more recent instance of John Fiske who, at the age of seven, was reading Rollin, Josephus, Goldsmith's *Greece* and Caesar's *Commentaries;* at eleven had read Livy, Cicero, Ovid, Catullus, Juvenal, Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, Sallust and Suetonius; had mastered German, Spanish, French, Italian, Portuguese, Hebrew and Sanscrit; who taught himself to play the piano at fifteen; who at eleven filled a quarto blank book of sixty pages with a chronological table written from memory of events between 1000 B.C. and A.D. 1820.

He Made a Man's Game Out of Tennis

(*Continued from page 7*)

and he so mixes them that they produce the greatest possible strategic advantage. Every time he hits a ball the stroke has a definite purpose. He is generally two strokes ahead of his opponent.

He was born with a sense of the dramatic. It became, at times, a passion with him. He never forgot it. It gripped him in the face of large tennis crowds and in his hardest struggles. He would create dramatic situations for his own enjoyment. Often, in matches of importance, Tilden worked the score to a point where his opponent stood on the brink of victory and then Tilden, glorying in the moment of theatrical suspense, would turn loose tennis of a brilliance beyond any contemporary, and win. He reveled in matches where he faced defeat and would contrive to bring the situation to a point where he did face it. Whereupon Tilden would proceed to win the match in the most sensational manner possible.

Among his most dramatic matches, and all the championship matches that Tilden ever engaged in were rather vivid with drama, was his 1925 meeting with René Lacoste. The Frenchman won the first set 6 to 3. He took the second, 12 to 10. In the third, Lacoste was three times within a single point of winning the game, set and match, but each time Tilden, with a brilliant maneuver, returned the game to deuce. Tilden finally won 8 to 6, and then he proceeded to create more dramatic situations in the fourth game. This he won by the score of 7 to 5, squaring the match. Lacoste, strength spent, had little resistance to offer in the fifth and deciding game. Tilden won 6 to 2. His lust for drama had been satisfied, for the time being.

There were many matches of this type through his career. He liked the game for the thrill he got out of it and he proceeded always to make the thrills. He loved a hostile crowd and frequently was accused of purposely creating an air of hostility. He loved to show startling flashes of speed in his play, smash over Wagnerian service aces and prolong the rallies until spectators sat breathlessly by. It was only natural that a man with this passion for theatricals should turn to the stage. Tilden did. He appeared in two plays on Broadway. Both were failures. It is said that his entire savings were lost in the ventures.

There was little praise for him as an actor. No reputable credit could see a future for him. This did not dismay Tilden.

'It took me twenty-one years to become a tennis player and I'll become an actor if it takes me twenty-one years more,' he remarked when advised to stick to tennis and drop his attempts at acting.

He was always a man with a helping hand for the novices. It was his desire, since the day he reached the top, to help others get there. He coached many boys and he gave free advice to all who sought it. 'No one ever helped me when I was trying to learn and I know how hard it is. Now that I know something about the game I want to do for others what others would not do for me,' is the reason he gave when asked why he was so generous in tutoring aspirants.

Few of his matches ever showed love sets. He believed in giving others a chance. He never tried to 'annihilate' an opponent and the weaker the opponent the more consideration he got from Tilden. He knew what it meant to an aspiring youngster to win two or three games from Tilden. He generally saw to it that the youngster won them. He knew the value of confidence and sought to create it in others.

A Suburb of SERVICE

By FREDERICK HOUSE

Each home has individuality; but the spirit that makes the community different is the essence of united enterprise.

—*Photo, A. M. Vinje.*

Charles E. Brown, Wisconsin archeologist.

NAKOMA isn't even a village. It's only a suburb that has acquired an individuality through no contrariness of its own. It admits that it did hope to be different from others. In the beginning it tailored the landscape of its highways on a wide, flaring pattern so as not to appear like the narrow, cramped fashion plates of other cities. It wanted freedom for movement. Then there was developed an old-fashioned spirit of community morale. Friendship village neighborliness got into the lives of the people.

When the first families came to live on these farm acres at the city outskirts thirteen years ago, they talked about desiring to name their colony of homes by some word that would be more than a geographical designation. They sought to christen it with a title that would be distinctive; that would at once be recognized as characteristic of the place.

There was living among them at the time a man who was steeped in Indian lore. When he wasn't out searching for some new legends of the disappearing tribes, he was known among his neighbors as Charles E. Brown. He was the custodian of the museum of the State Historical Society in the city next door. They asked him for a suggestion. He answered:

'Call it Nakoma,' he finally announced. 'That's a good Indian name. As these first wilderness inhabitants had their corn hills where our garden spots are now located, they should be remembered.'

'Has the word any meaning?'

'Nakoma in the Chippewa tongue signifies: "We will stand together!"' responded the archeologist.

'Good enough,' chorused the community. 'We will have to stand together if we are going to be different from the tribes of people beyond our borders.'

Nakoma is a suburb of Madison, the capital of Wisconsin. Hills mark the landscape of the country about. Lakes are interspersed. The state capitol stands on one elevation of ground. It is Madison's hub to a wheel of street spokes named after the signers of the national Constitution.

The University of Wisconsin crests another hill, resplendent in its grandeur. Nakoma sits on the third with its feet in a sheen of water.

Nakoma did not follow the custom of naming roads and corners after people prominent in local or national history. Again it was different. When the highways and avenues were platted, they called them 'trails' and 'ways.' They were descriptive, imaginative names, such as 'Manitou Way,' 'Seminole Highway,' 'Agawa Path,' 'Waban Hill,' 'Mandan Crescent,' and others.

When the grocery store was started, the people called it the 'Trading Post.' The name stuck. The owner hung up the sign in the form of a hide nailed to a post for curing—symbolic of the fur-trade centers a century ago.

About the only place of activity that kept its world-known appellation was the 'golf course.' The Nakomaites could find no Indian name for such a modern game.

Residents refer to the suburb as 'the reservation.' Homes are called 'wigwams, tipis or hogans.' There are no fashionable street signs. The names of the 'trails' are painted on canoe-like backgrounds of large rocks.

The suburb was laid out by O. C. Simonds, Chicago, landscape architect, and Professor L. S. Smith, city-planning expert of the University of Wisconsin. Peculiar situations and advantages that only experts could discern were utilized.

Business places were restricted to a certain locality. Other requirements were imposed to insure attractive as well as useful business homes. Residential lots are of a certain size and individual subdividing is prohibited. The community garment has been fashioned in advance of the building.

There is a wholesome lesson for all people in what this community and others like it are doing.

Nakoma is an example of improvement. It has been striving for no special honors.

It has found encouragement for its ideals because the things its residents have developed are old ideas, rejuvenated. It has been attempting to live a life of real neighborliness and community service. Just that and nothing more.

If there was a sick person in the suburb, the people came to extend aid. If there was a need for some improvement, the men and women gathered around their council fire and made plans to accomplish it. If there was to be fun or frolic, the whole community joined. If there is one lesson which this community can offer to others, it is that the individual spirit must blend itself into the expanding, developing community morale.

Initiative is a great thing in community life.

Half a dozen leaders can launch improvements and direct a service that the bulk of people could not do although they

It tailored the landscape of its highways on a wide, flaring pattern.

appreciate them when once they exist. Into Nakoma there came to live some of the men trained as scientists in the Forest Products Laboratory, an experimental institution of the Federal Government located in Madison. Some members of the university faculty moved in hoping it would remain a place where their children no longer need play in the street. Business men came. There were enough natural leaders of men for several communities of its size.

They went in for service. They got the benefits of city life without the noise of its street and the smoke of its air. A water system was installed; gas mains and electric lines from the city were extended. It seems that the boosters got hold of every new idea and the knockers never once got an audience.

'One of the principal reasons why the community has been able to preserve this high morale has been the numerous social affairs which its leading men and women have organized,' declared Mr. Brown. 'These have consisted of house parties, picnics, camps and council fires and numerous other kinds of entertainment.

'These have served to keep every member of the community contented and happy. If there were any neighborhood misunderstandings they were soon forgotten. If the war hatchet ever was taken up it was soon buried again. Even occasional quarrels over bus service, water rates and similar public matters have been patched up easily.

'New members of the community as they arrived were quickly made acquainted with the community history and traditions, and were soon absorbed into the neighborhood fabric. They became active working units in its life almost before they realized it.

'Some of the farmer folk of the school district were inclined at first to regard these "city aristocrats" with suspicion and some dislike. Since the building of the fine Nakoma school, where the children of the district and the community meet daily and where district parties are held frequently, this feeling has disappeared entirely. Every year a district entertainment committee consisting of members of both types of resident is appointed and plans for the monthly entertainments are made. There are lectures, concerts, mixers, plays, and other kinds of amusements. Young and old attend these, and all mingle for a common good time.'

In summer the parties and picnics multiply. Cliques are not permitted. Often in the evening near the park woods, opposite the trading post, the families gather, light the council fires and sing Indian songs around the large 'spirit stone' which has an Indian pictograph representing an upraised hand. Everything is done to preserve the Indian traditions.

Sports are not neglected. Baseball games are held on the 'Seminole Highway baseball ground.' In winter there is skating, skiing, bobbing and tobogganing.

Old landmarks of the community are preserved. The two Indian mounds of the neighborhood are as sacredly guarded as the cemeteries of the whites. Fifty years ago, when the farmers drove to Madison, they stopped at an old red-brick inn, located near the flowing well, just at the edge of the present Nakoma. 'Plow Inn' has recently been restored. It is now the home of a little red-cheeked great-great granddaughter of Meliscent Barrett, the girl who made the first bullets to be fired in the Revolutionary War.

Books and traditions have brought the story of the love affair between the British officer and Meliscent Barrett down to the present generation. The little schoolgirl knows the historic episode by heart. Her great-great grandmother was sixteen years of age when the Revolutionary War broke. She was in love with a British officer stationed at Concord. When it became apparent that there would be a fight, the farmers took down the old muskets used in hunting. The officer was shocked to learn that such antique methods in shooting were to be used.

'If you are really going to shoot,' he is quoted as saying to Meliscent, 'for heaven's sake, don't use those barbarous old muskets. At least be humane—let me show you how to make bullets that will end human life mercifully.'

As the story goes Meliscent was busy for the next few days making bullets and when the first shots were fired at the Red Coats, they carried the lead that had been molded by Meliscent. After the war, the British officer was mustered out in England and returned to marry his sweetheart. Their descendants built the old 'Plow Inn' in 1836 and the property still remains in the family. Meliscent Barrett Board, the little Nakoma schoolgirl, is the present-day representative.

The shadow of one man falls across the pages of the story. While he has attempted from the first to play a minor rôle, Charles R. Brown, the archeologist, has been the candle light of the community. He is widely known as an enthusiast and an authority on Indian matters. His head is a veritable encyclopedia of miscellaneous information. He has a great faculty of inspiring others along the lines in which he is interested. Consequently he binds his friends closely to him. He has been leading.

As a result this little community of two hundred families has a moral to teach. It is the lesson of community spirit; community get-together; and community leadership.

On a Canal Boat

(Continued from page 9)

and starved herself. There remained for food two potatoes and one-half litre de farine. There was no money for the funeral, or at most far too little.

She left her sister by him in the tiny underdeck salon and we went together to the church. It was arranged that the priest would officiate, six boys sing, and while the incense and holy water were dispensed, the bells would toll six times. The coffin was selected and the maître des cérémonies engaged.

That night I sat at home. A spring storm lashed our Paris. Rain poured down, winds rattled the chimney pots and found cracks to whiz through.

The clang of our bell.

We answered it.

Madame of the canal boat was there. She asked me to come and sit with the dead until midnight.

We crossed the plank bridge—it fairly collapsed. The Seine was rough and angry. The sky a sullen mass. Rain beat down.

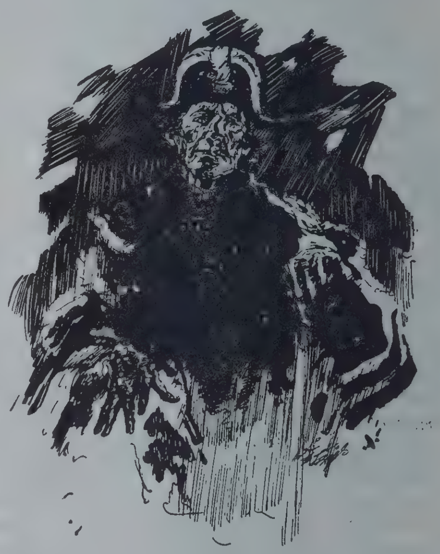
The French poor bury their dead with eyes open. And so he lay through the long hours of the night—the boat rocking in the cross current of wave and flow. I dreaded to call her, she needed rest so much. At dawn she came in.

There remained one hundred francs of the money my husband had allotted me to help them. As tactfully as possible I asked would she prefer food or flowers.

She promptly said flowers, explaining that the relatives were too poor to give much.

I was busy the following morning but found time to tell the Asnières florist I would pay one hundred francs for a floral wreath and to do his best. One expects little for four dollars.

At eleven our gate bell clanged. Through the window I saw many people. The wreath had arrived. It was ten feet tall, first a great sheaf of calla lilies, a six-foot horseshoe of pansies mounted on an everlasting bead standard, and across the horseshoe blazed a turquoise ribbon band embroidered in gold:



'Souvenir de Famille.'

By one o'clock, properly clothed in all black, I entered the boat. There were few mourners. Chiefly the gravel pit workers, suitably draped in black crêpe. The maître des cérémonies led the procession from the bank of the Seine, pompous in uniform, cocked hat and staff. We followed behind the one-horse-drawn hearse to the church.

All you who have lived here have witnessed it, but the first funeral is a shock. There is an element of musical comedy in the proceedings. The maître des cérémonies addresses his mourners. He thumps his great gold-headed staff on the floor. One thump—we rise; three thumps—we kneel; two thumps—we stand. The priest offers his words of consolation. The cherubs in long black robes chant cheerfully, and as we pass the coffin the incense rises in a fragrant cloud and the holy water passes first to the coffin and then to us. Four thumps—and we line up, according to nearness of relationship or friendship to the dead or to importance socially, behind the hearse for the long march, always on foot, to the cemetery.

It stormed during the ceremony and after. Miles we walked behind him on the dirt road and laid him to rest.

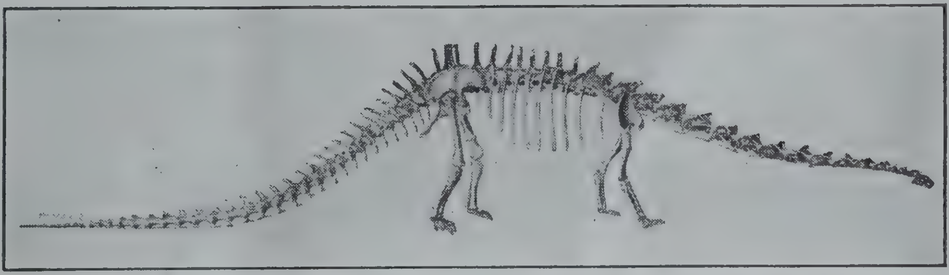
It is five months now. She takes boarders on the canal boat; and many a day we go together to place an inexpensive sprig of flowers on his—as yet—unmarked grave.

Our Own Prehistoric Monsters

By VIOLET K. LIBBY

EUROPEAN folklore is full of stories of dragons and serpents, terrible and half-mythical beasts whose fame has come down to us through the ages, but we have actual proof that there existed here on this continent reptiles far bigger and more awe-inspiring than any legendary monster.

Saint George could have encountered no more ferocious dragon than the three-horned Triceratops, and Saint Leonard's serpent, even in the wildest legend, never was so large as the one-hundred-foot dinosaurs that roamed about this continent.



Reconstructed prehistoric monster that roamed about this continent when time was young.

We know that they actually existed, for hundreds of their bones have been found, so well preserved that it is possible to reconstruct the giant skeletons just as they must have been ages ago. A few miles from where the Victory Highway threads its way across the State of Utah is a small tract of land, about eighty acres in all, which contains the largest deposit of dinosaurian remains in the world. It has been set aside as a permanent possession of the nation under the name of the Dinosaur National Monument, and a movement is now on foot to chisel out the remains of some of these prehistoric reptiles against the rock so that visitors to the quarry can see them just as they have lain for millions of years.

'Millions' is the right word, for scientists say that it was at least twelve to fifteen million years ago, long before the Rockies were born, that these great ungainly monsters roamed through the forests which then covered the land. The quarry, which lies up in the Uinta basin in the northeast corner of Utah, not far from Jensen, is a veritable Noah's Ark of every kind of animal of this period, and it is thought that they actually were deposited here by some great flood or similar cataclysm.

Where the great barren wastes, the 'bad lands,' of Utah, North Dakota, Montana and Wyoming, now stretch for miles there was once luxurious tropical vegetation, watered by huge rivers which have long since disappeared. Here in the swampy marshes lived the great dinosaurs, or 'terrible lizards,' feeding on the succulent river plants and grasses, for except the few who preyed on their neighbors they were not carnivorous.

The quarry is a veritable Noah's Ark for every kind of animal of this period.

Where the fossils now lie a river once flowed, and it is thought, judged from the geological formation of the quarry which lies on a sharp ridge between two gulches, that it was a sand bar blocking the stream. Apparently there came a terrible flood or catastrophe of some sort which destroyed hundreds of the monsters. Their bodies were washed down the river and caught in the sand bar, where they became imbedded and were soon covered up by layer after layer of deposit as it came down the stream. In this way they were protected from the air and were preserved, most of them being covered before the ligamentary attachments had time to decompose, so that the bones lie in almost perfect formation. A few of the larger specimens which would naturally have taken longer to cover have been shifted a little, but the theory is borne out by the fact that when any dislocation has taken place it is always in the upper bones of the carcass, the lower side being still in position.

It is even possible to trace the course of the current of that old river that flowed here perhaps fifteen million years ago, for in every case where the bones have shifted they will invariably be found to the east of the main part of the skeleton, showing that the drift must have been from west to east.

The formations in which the fossils are found became tilted up during the centuries and now lie at an angle of sixty degrees.

They aggregate a thickness of about three miles and represent the deposits of millions of years. Stratum after stratum in every color and shade lies exposed to view and can be easily traced, so that not only can one see the skeletons of the animals which walked here millions of years ago but one can trace the changes which have taken place on the surface of the earth century by century right up to the present time.

It was in 1909 that scientists studying the curious geological formations here noticed bones sticking out of one of the strata, and Professor Earl Douglass discovered the dinosaur deposit. It is an almost inexhaustible treasure trove of prehistoric skeletons.

The work of quarrying the bones is terribly hard, back-breaking labor, for in most cases the specimens have to be chiseled by hand out of the solid sandstone, as blasting would destroy the fossils. Then the skeleton has to be bandaged in plaster of paris to preserve it on the way to the museum, and since the work of freeing it from the stone in which it is imbedded is the task of months or even years, it has to be shipped with heavy masses of stone attached.

These huge masses have to be handled by the most primitive methods, lowered over precipitous slopes to the mule wagons, and then hauled 150 miles across the roughest of country and over a range of mountains 9,000 feet above sea level to the nearest railway station, from which all supplies have also to be carried to the quarry. All this work has to be done with the thermometer at 120 in the shade—and there is no shade in the quarry!

Added to this, the paleontologists at one time ran the risk of considerable hostility from nearby Indians, who firmly believed that it was the bones of their ancestors that were being dug out.

All in all, it is no easy matter to pry out a dinosaur from his stony bed, and deposit him in a museum at the other end of the country.

Now that so many fine specimens have been placed on exhibition, it is planned to take no more from the quarry for the present. Two or three of the fossils are to be partly excised without being removed, so that they will stand out in relief against the sandstone just as they are lying, and tourists passing up and down the modern transcontinental highway a few miles distant can make a side trip that will take them from the twentieth century clear back for fifteen million years.

Exploding the Jazz Bogey

(*Continued from page 6*)

groups—but the dancing is for entertainment and not for show. The keynote to the Slow Club movement is to be found in the universal statement that the Charleston and similar modern dances are ignored because they are much too tiring.

None of this may sound very exciting to the outsider, but the fact is that the opportunity to find their own entertainment has been snapped up by the youth of the country so spontaneously as to leave the professional reformers stranded. The history of the organization's growth everywhere has been a repetition of what happened at the Haddington Library near Philadelphia. A boy who signed his name 'Dusty' wrote the following letter to a local newspaper:

'I would like to know how the young fellow stands socially in these so-called wild days. I am one who is passing in looks, athletically inclined, and said to have a pleasing personality, and have plenty of boy friends but few of the fairer sex. Because I can't dance, and although I dress well, I can't be extremely collegiate, nor talk nonsense as some so-called popular fellows do; but does this say I am "dead" or "slow"? If this is true is that why I have so few girl friends? I wish your readers would enlighten me.'

Within a few days this had brought a reply from a girl who signed herself 'Rose Marie.'

'Let me say to Dusty,' she wrote, 'who is considered "too slow," I consider your sentiments to be very sensible. I'll tell you how the average fellow, such as you describe, stands in my opinion. He is some one to be admired, and that is really saying a great deal in what you term these "wild days." Wouldn't it be lovely if we could start a club of just such persons—those who do not go to extremes in anything? What shall we call it?'

The reader who is never lonesome may be inclined at first to laugh at these naïve communications—but they started something. A flood of letters from just the same sort of young people followed, echoing the same sentiments. Then Louis Marchei, a seventeen-year-old high school boy, went to the librarian of the Haddington Library and got permission to use the auditorium for a meeting of young people who might be interested in trying to form a club along the lines suggested. It was his idea that not more than ten or a dozen boys and girls would be present.

A letter announcing the date of the meeting was published in the newspaper—in agate type on one of the back pages devoted to correspondence, where the casual reader would never see it. There was no other advertisement or announcement of the meeting. *More than four hundred boys and girls made their appearance!* The librarian turned them into the auditorium, offered to help if called for, and went back to her books.

The name of the club, according to charter members who were present at this first meeting, was adopted by acclamation. Officers were elected, and the plan of dividing into groups was also adopted, but otherwise the Slow Club decided right at the start to get along with a minimum of organization. (The method of naming a committee to carry out a proposal from the floor is for the chairman to ask those who are interested to raise their hands. Those who respond become the committee.)

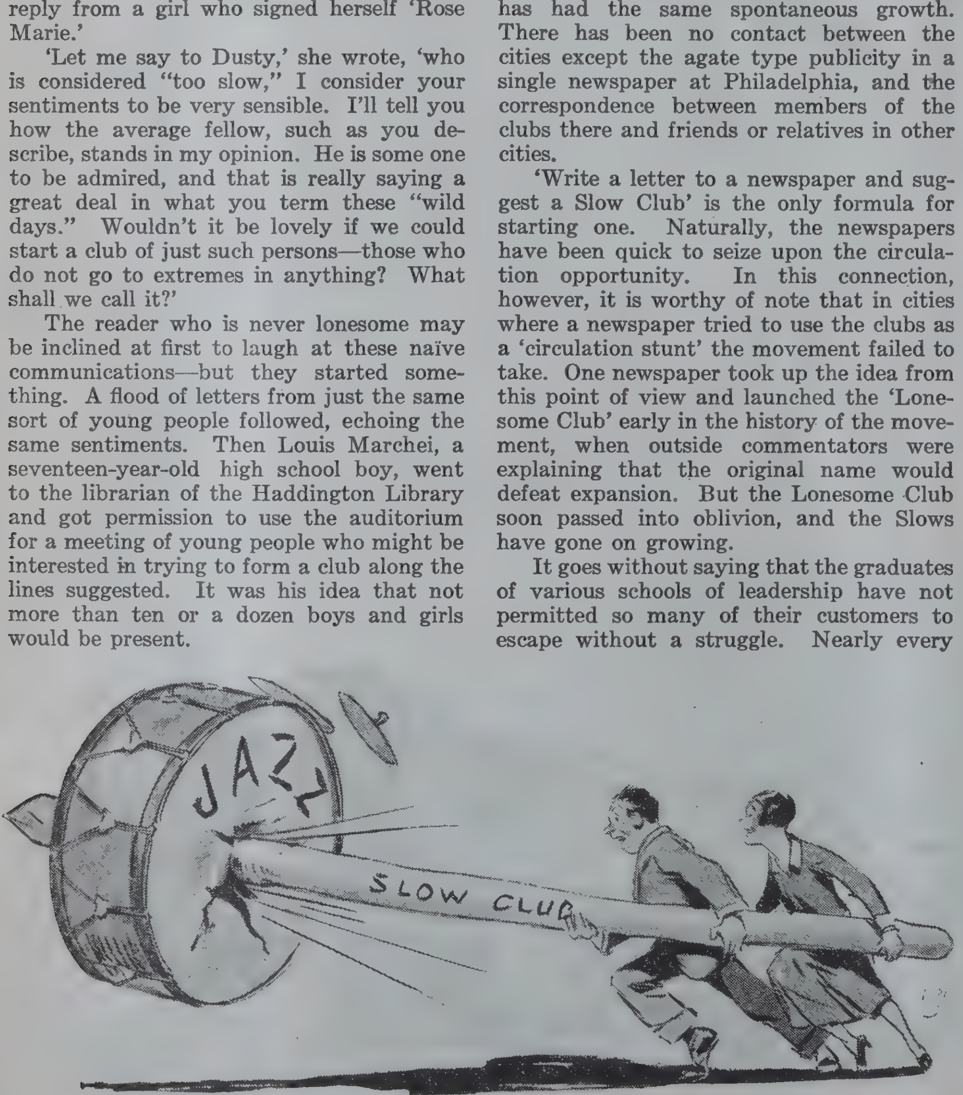
The Slow Club has an active membership of more than 30,000 in Philadelphia, and a list of more than 80,000 who have attended meetings. It has spread to older age groups—the intermediates, between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age, and the social club for older people. In Chicago and Cleveland and Buffalo it has the same loose-knit organization, and it has had the same spontaneous growth. There has been no contact between the cities except the agate type publicity in a single newspaper at Philadelphia, and the correspondence between members of the clubs there and friends or relatives in other cities.

'Write a letter to a newspaper and suggest a Slow Club' is the only formula for starting one. Naturally, the newspapers have been quick to seize upon the circulation opportunity. In this connection, however, it is worthy of note that in cities where a newspaper tried to use the clubs as a 'circulation stunt' the movement failed to take. One newspaper took up the idea from this point of view and launched the 'Lonesome Club' early in the history of the movement, when outside commentators were explaining that the original name would defeat expansion. But the Lonesome Club soon passed into oblivion, and the Slows have gone on growing.

It goes without saying that the graduates of various schools of leadership have not permitted so many of their customers to escape without a struggle. Nearly every meeting of a Slow Club chapter brings out at least one promoter with a bright idea for getting into the organization at a fat salary, or taking it over completely. When the Slows can find no other method, however, their plan of dividing into activity groups always defeats such efforts. Again and again a self-appointed 'leader' has found the membership drifting away from his harangue. On several occasions the chairman of a Slow meeting has suggested that all who are interested in the suggested program of the speaker follow him into an adjoining room—and nobody has followed!

Ordinarily any new movement of young people is marked by plenty of comment from older people who consider themselves leaders of community thought. But in Philadelphia at least the Slows have enjoyed a sepulchral silence from this source. This does not mean that the 'leaders' have formed no opinions. Speaking not for publication, they are more gloomy over the Slow Club than they were over jazz. They see in it an attempt to evade responsibility for existing institutions, whatever that may mean. They are fearful that without professional guidance the young people will soon tire of the constructive, educational and recreational programs and go back to jazz.

The Slows have a simple system of bookkeeping. A committee is named to find out what a program will cost, and a pro rata charge is made. There is no treasury and hence no bookkeeping is necessary.

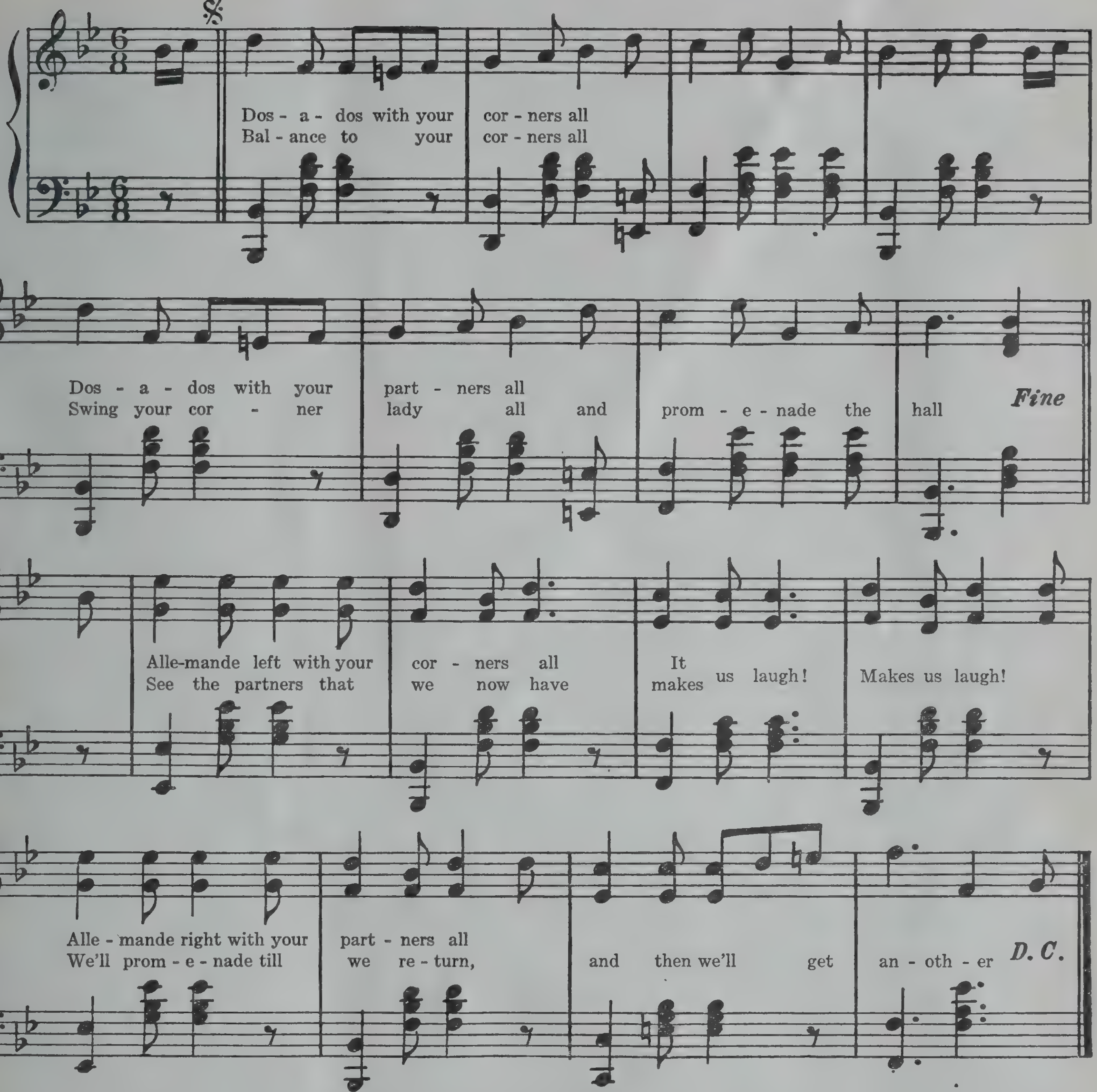


Portmanteau Words

Notes and Queries gives interesting instances of words of the 'portmanteau' variety. There are certain principles underlying one system of word coinage that seem to be prevalent on both sides of the Atlantic. An instance in the first chapter of Jane Austen's *Emma* reads '. . . because it began to mizzle, he darted away . . . ' Immediately 'drizzle' and 'mist' come to mind; a 'portmanteau' word surely. Webster defines 'mizzle': 'to rain in very fine drops, drizzle'; 'mist, fine rain, drizzle.' But the *New English Dictionary* derived the noun from M. Du. *mysel*, 'dew,' and the verb as cognate with Dutch dial. *miezelen*, W. Flem. *mizzelen*, *mijzelen*, L.G. *miseln*, *museln*, etc., giving references for the verb as early as 1483, and 1490 for the noun. 'Mizzle' is, then, clearly not a 'portmanteau' word. For some years past the Indianapolis *News* has carried on a campaign against 'smog.' This is a combination of the two words 'fog' and 'smoke.' Smog isn't all smoke and it isn't all fog. It's both and much of it is derived from burning bituminous coal. The English call dabbling in Florida real estate 'Floridabbling.' Many of our trade names are nothing more than portmanteau words. Take for instance the word 'Nabisco' which is a blending of National Biscuit Company. 'Crudol' from 'crude oil'; 'Socony' from Standard Oil Company of New York. No doubt 'Floridabble' will die out with the deflation down that way. But 'mizzle' will no doubt become an established word, as in fact it has become, being listed in the dictionaries. When it will become obsolete, however, is another question.

Captain Jenks

Quadrille Movement


Dos - a - dos with your cor - ners all
Bal - ance to your cor - ners all
Dos - a - dos with your part - ners all
Swing your cor - ner lady all and prom - e - nade the hall
Fine
Alle-mande left with your cor - ners all
See the partners that we now have
It makes us laugh! Makes us laugh!
Alle - mande right with your part - ners all
We'll prom - e - nade till we re - turn, and then we'll get an - oth - er
D. C.

THE dance may be performed in the ballroom, on the playground, in summer camps, or on the lawn.

INSTRUMENTAL music is not necessary as it can be sung by the dancers. The words fit both the music and the movements of the dance. Learn the words of the song first.

THE DANCE

Dos-a-dos with your corners all - - 8 counts

Dos-a-dos with your partners all - - 8 counts

Allemande left with your corners all - 8 counts

(Each gentleman turn the lady on his left, each with the left hand.)

Allemande right with your partners all - 8 counts

(Gentleman turn own partner, each with the right hand.)

Balance to your corners all - - - 8 counts

(Gentleman turn, face lady on the left and all balance.)

Swing your corner lady all, and promenade around the hall - - - - 24 counts

(Each gentleman will link arms with the corner lady and promenade once around the outside of the set singing:

See the partners that we now have,
It makes us laugh!
Makes us laugh!
We'll promenade till we return,
And then we'll get another.

NOTE.—Each dancer now has a new partner. Begin dos-a-dos again and continue until all are back with their original partners.

Definitions

DOS-A-DOS: Lady and gentleman forward, passing to the left, then around each other, back to back, returning to place without turning around.

ALLEMANDE LEFT: Gentleman turn lady at his left each with the left hand. Allemande right, turn partner, each with the right hand.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. What position did Daniel Lamont hold in our Government during President Cleveland's administration?

Answer. Daniel Lamont was private secretary to the President of the United States, 1885-89; Secretary of War, 1893-97.

* * *

Q. What are the names of all the battleships in the United States and which are the largest?

A. The battleships are as follows: *West Virginia, Colorado, Maryland, California, Tennessee, New Mexico, Idaho, Mississippi, Arizona, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma, Nevada, New York, Texas, Arkansas, Wyoming, Florida, Utah. The Utah, New York,* and *Wyoming* are now being reconditioned. The first five named are the same size and are the largest. The *West Virginia, Colorado* and *Maryland* carry 16-inch guns, while the *California* and *Tennessee* carry 14-inch guns.

* * *

Q. When was the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution adopted and how many states had adopted prohibition before it went into effect?

A. The Eighteenth Amendment was proposed to the legislatures of the several states by the 65th Congress, December 18, 1917; and on January 29, 1919, the United States Secretary of State proclaimed its adoption by 36 states and declared it in effect on January 16, 1920. At the time the Eighteenth Amendment became effective, 33 states had laws prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes.

* * *

Q. When was Negro slavery abolished in Spain and her colonies, Brazil, Cuba, England and her colonies, and the United States?

A. Slavery was abolished in Spain and colonies in 1820; in Brazil, 1888; in Cuba, gradual abolition, 1880, definite abolition, 1886, equal status of blacks and whites being established in 1893; in England and colonies in 1811; in the United States, 1865.

* * *

Q. What per cent of our congressmen and senators are lawyers and how long has this per cent been maintained?

A. It is difficult to classify members of Congress according to occupation or profession. Most of the so-called lawyers have been engaged in other activities such as farming, banking, manufacturing, newspaper publication, real estate, et cetera. The following classification of the members in the second session of the 69th Congress, just closed, cannot therefore be called a rigid classification: Senate: lawyers, 61; former public officials, 3; business men, 7; explorer-author, 1; banking, insurance and manufacturing, 7; engaged in some form of newspaper work or publishing, 6; well-driller, 1; farming and livestock, 5; dentists, 1; physicians, 1; educators, 2; not classified, 1. In the House, lawyers, 241; former public officials, 28; those engaged in some form of education, 23; civil or mining engineers, 4; farming and stock raising, 11; those engaged in some form of newspaper work or publication, 22; business men, et cetera, 15; women, 3; manufacturing and banking, 15; insurance and real estate, 13; contractors, 5; locomotive engineer, 1; physicians, 5; dentists, 1; tree surgery, 1; paper maker, 1; theater, 2; ministers, 3; water transportation, 1; vacant, 1; no classification, 39.

* * *

Q. What is the Nobel Prize?

A. The Swedish scientist, Alfred B. Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, died in 1896, bequeathing his fortune, estimated at $9,000,000, to the founding of a fund the interest of which should yearly be distributed to those who had contributed most to the benefit of mankind. The board of directors of the Nobel Foundation consists exclusively of Swedes who must reside in Stockholm. The value of each prize is on an average of $35,000.

* * *

Q. Who were the signers of the Declaration of Independence?

A. The signers of the Declaration of Independence were John Adams, Samuel Adams, Josiah Bartlett, Carter Braxton, Charles Carroll, Samuel Chase, Abraham Clark, George Clymer, William Ellery, William Floyd, Benjamin Franklin, Elbridge Gerry, Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, John Hancock, Benjamin Harrison, John Hart, Joseph Hewes, Thomas Heyward, Jr., William Hooper, Stephen Hopkins, Francis Hopkinson, Samuel Huntington, Thomas Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Francis Lewis, Philip Livingston, Thomas Lynch, Jr., Thomas McKean, Arthur Middleton, Lewis Morris, Robert Morris, John Morton, Thomas Nelson, Jr., William Paca, Robert Treat Paine, John Penn, George Read, Caesar Rodney, George Ross, Benjamin Rush, Edward Rutledge, Roger Sherman, James Smith, Richard Stockton, Thomas Stone, George Taylor, Matthew Thornton, George Walton, William Whipple, William Williams, James Wilson, John Witherspoon, Oliver Wolcott, and George Wythe.

* * *

Q. How many children did Queen Victoria of England have, what were their names, what positions did they fill, and which daughter was the mother of the present Queen of Spain?

A. Queen Victoria was the mother of nine children. Albert Edward Prince of Wales, became King Edward VII of England. The other children were: Alfred Duke of Edinburgh, later Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; Arthur Duke of Connaught; Leopold Duke of Albany; Victoria, princess royal, married the Crown Prince of Prussia, and became Empress Frederick of Germany; Alice, who became Grand Duchess of Hesse; Helena, who became Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein; Louise Marchioness of Lorne, later Duchess of Argyll; and Beatrice, who became Princess Henry of Battenberg. Leopold, Alice and Alfred died during the life of the Queen, while thirty-one grandchildren and thirty-seven great-grandchildren survived her death. Princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenburg, daughter of Princess Beatrice, married May 31, 1906, Alfonso XIII of Spain; Princess Alice (Alexandra Feodorovna), daughter of Princess Alice, married Nicholas II, Czar of Russia; Princess Marie, daughter of Prince Alfred, married, 1893, Ferdinand Crown Prince of Rumania, and is now Queen Marie of Rumania. Princess Victoria, sister of Queen Marie, married the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, the present heir to the Russian throne. They have three children, Grand Duke Vladimir, Princesses Marie and Kira. Princess Marie married the Duke of Leiningen, who at this writing ends this succession.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

* * *

Q. What states have a property or tax-paying qualification for suffrage?

A. The property and tax-paying qualifications for suffrage vary in different states as follows:

Poll tax—Alabama, Arkansas, Florida (with certain exemptions), Massachusetts, Mississippi, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia.

Property requirements—Alabama, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina.

Tax-paying requirements—Pennsylvania (payment of a state or county tax within two years), South Carolina, New Hampshire.

Delinquent taxpayers disqualified—Georgia, Mississippi.

Untaxed Indians disqualified—Maine, New Mexico, Washington.

Paupers disqualified—Alabama (convicted vagrants and tramps), Delaware, Louisiana (inmates of charitable institutions except soldiers' homes), Maine, Massachusetts, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oklahoma (persons kept in poorhouses except Federal and Confederate soldiers), Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia.

* * *

Q. What is the approximate number of men who arrived in France in November, 1917, in the American Expeditionary Forces?

A. The total number of Army personnel arriving in the American Expeditionary Forces in November, 1917, was 35,778.

* * *

Q. What is the death rate in the United States? In Illinois? In New Zealand?

A. The death rate in the United States in 1925 was 11.8 per 1,000 population; in Illinois 11.5. In New Zealand in 1924 the death rate was 8.29.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Nine hundred years ago a bachelor prior of Dunmow, Essex, England, offered a flitch, or side, of bacon to any couple married for a year and a day who could swear that they had neither quarreled nor wished themselves unwed. The custom is continued at the village of Dunmow.

Britain's debt to the United States, if paid all at one time in gold, would weigh 6,700 tons.

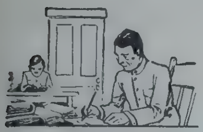
Lily, an eleven-month-old dog owned by H. S. Ames of Los Angeles, has four ears.

The Russian Government made coins of platinum in 1828.

One of the largest fidelity bond companies asserts that there has been an increase of 59 per cent in dishonesty among bonded workers.

Installation expense of a telephone in Tokio and Yokohama is 1,500 yen, nearly $750.

Postage stamps, before being perforated, were cut apart with a sharp instrument such as a knife or scissors. In 1853 the British Government bought the patent for perforation of stamps from a man named Archer, paying him $20,000.



A recent order of the French war department requires all officers of the general staff to be stenographers in order to transcribe secret orders and documents that should not be seen by secretaries.

Attorneys for one of the parties to a recent divorce suit in Hastings, Nebraska, had to interrupt their client before she finished answering a question put to her. Up to the point of interruption, her answer contained 4,800 words, with no indication that it was about to be concluded.

Wool cloth contains about 25 threads down and 25 across to the inch, so that a square yard is composed of 1,800 threads, each a yard long. Linen and cotton goods have 80 to 100 threads each way to the inch. Thus a single handkerchief may contain 2,400 strands each 15 inches long, or 1,000 yards of cotton thread. A shirt represents about three miles of thread.

National wealth of the United States has mounted to 355 billion dollars, the National Industrial Conference Board estimates. This amount, which is equivalent to $3,000 for every man, woman and child in the country, represents an increase of 90.7 per cent since 1912.

Out of nearly 25,000 bills and resolutions introduced during the 69th Congress, only 998 became laws. So many of these are of a private or local character that not more than two hundred will affect the nation as a whole.

A kiss, because it causes such palpitation of the heart, shortens human life three minutes, students of Western State College in Colorado have discovered. Thus 480 kisses would eliminate a full day from one's life, 3,360 kisses one week and 175,200 an entire year.

To show their appreciation of American relief work, Persian refugees have sent to this country a rug which contains 10,000,000 knots tied by hand.

Seaweed is the ideal food, according to the head of the botany department of the University of Minnesota, and may be served as salad, a stew or in soup.

Rice constitutes the principal food in the diet of at least one-third of the world's inhabitants.

Malory's Morte Arthure, printed in 1477, was the first story published in the English language in book form.

Snails' ashes and honey, ground rams' horns and mud, and bread dough and milk were listed among the beauty preparations of Roman women in ancient days.

The raccoon is sometimes known as the 'wash bear,' because he washes his food before eating it.

Cicero's tomb in Formia, Italy, has been transformed into a stable for mules.

The northernmost hospital is at Point Hope, Alaska, within the Arctic Circle.

A fish known as the stargazer has eyes on the top of its head.

An entire herd of antlered elk is said to be dying in the Olympic Forest Reserve of Washington because of attacks by the tiny but deadly wood ticks.

The new Turkish Government has forbidden the ancient Anatolian custom in which the male guests beat the bridegroom.

The city of Rome was once offered at auction by the Praetorian Guard after the murder of the Emperor Pertinax.

Fearing that the birds would become a menace to crops, Australian officials sent a party of armed men, with orders to shoot to kill, in search of several English sparrows reported to have escaped from the steamer *Carinthia*.

Some butterflies feign death when in danger.

Robert bell, a Philadelphia typesetter, printed a law book in 1771 that is still in use in the library in Livermore, California.

Francis X. Rummelhart of Riverside, Iowa, has more than 200 descendants including 8 children, 59 grandchildren, 131 great-grandchildren and 10 great-great-grandchildren.

The eyes of some dragon flies have between six thousand and seven thousand facets or lenses and those of a small butterfly between five and six thousand.

Washington has a training school for pigeons. There are some three hundred birds enrolled and they are taught speed and endurance with the aid of airplanes.

The Chaldeans are believed to have been the first people to use the sundial as a means of telling time.

To prevent motor car accidents in Constantinople, dumb persons must wear red ribbons around their hats, deaf persons yellow ribbons, and blind persons white ribbons.

According to Dr. Alfred P. Haake of New York, the average person has only eleven minutes actual sleep a night.

The British consul general at Seoul reports that American sewing machines are found in the humblest cottages of the most remote Korean villages.

Not more than seventy-five years ago a New England city passed an ordinance making it unlawful to use a bathtub without the advice of a doctor.

According to Dr. P. P. von Weimarn of the Imperial Research Institute at Osaka, old silk stockings and clothing can be turned into new silk of a better quality than the original.

The women in the mountains of southern Serbia have trimmed their hair with sheep shears in a 'childish bob' since antiquity.

The 14,000 elevators on Manhattan Island are estimated to carry more than 9,600,000 passengers daily. Total fatalities last year numbered thirty-five, of whom eleven were operators.

In New York City the old elevated railways will become a thing of the past in a few more years, their functions being taken over by new subways. It is expected that the Sixth Avenue line will be the first to go, it having become a serious menace to traffic and pedestrians.

Woodpeckers are natural enemies of the European corn borer.

The first beet sugar was put on the market about 1769 in Austria.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses finding a career.

* * *

The cover design is by Oliver Kemp. It represents the primitive transportation employed by the Indian until comparatively recent times.

* * *

'Going to the Village' is a poem by Wade Van Dore on page 2 of cover. Van Dore is a Michigan man whose work is attracting the attention of bookmen. His verses contain the true vein of poesy. Gerald Van Der Heyden supplies an artistic border.

* * *

Wisconsin does not hang men neither does it electrocute them. It has other methods of making men respect the law than by putting some of their number off the earth. It has other means of punishment and they are more swift and sure. Wisconsin has found that a trial in time saves nine. Fred L. Holmes of Madison, editor of various publications and head of an important news service, tells the story of Wisconsin's methods of dealing with criminals. (p. 1)

* * *

Professor Louis C. Karpinski of Ann Arbor, Michigan, has for some months been traveling in Europe and has visited, among other places, Spain. Economic, industrial and social conditions in the land of palaces, paintings and bullfights are picturesquely sketched, and among other happenings, the manipulation of the peseta. (p. 3)

* * *

Just why your dog does certain things that make dogs distinct from other domestic animals, and just why he has become the kind of dog that he is, is a subject that Fred C. Kelly has treated as only a dog lover can. As a magazine writer and Washington correspondent Mr. Kelly has contributed articles on a great variety of themes, but he has done nothing that is more appealing than this dog story. (p. 4)

* * *

Some of our readers may have already heard of the Slow Club. The Slow Club movement from small beginnings has spread from Philadelphia to several other of our larger cities. It is youth's protest against the implication that young men and young women are all jazz mad. William McGarry, a Philadelphia free lance contributor to various newspapers and magazines, tells just how the Slow Club originated and what it represents. (p. 7)

* * *

Tilden, more than any other man, has been the means of making a real man's game of tennis. Not but what men played tennis long before. Like golf, it was the sport of kings centuries ago, but Tilden has brought it into line with the best of modern sports. H. G. Salsinger, whose attraction as a sports writer is already well known to our readers, gives a fine review of the present status of the game. (p. 7)

* * *

As a satirist Lady Cynthia Asquith, daughter-in-law of the celebrated Margot Tennant, excels, and she understands the technique of writing better than the Countess of Oxford. Her discourse on chatty strangers is delightful. (p. 8)

* * *

Katherine Chapman, a lady who has recently returned from a long visit to France, gives a real story of the humble folk in that country. It is a cameo of canal boat life, with a pathetic finish. (p. 9)

* * *

What was the deciding factor in the winning of the war for American Independence? The surrender of the British at Yorktown is generally recognized as such. Just what led up to the surrender is a deeply fascinating tale which has been made possible by the examination of some contemporary documents belonging to the British, recently acquired by the University of Michigan. Professor Randolph Adams, custodian of the William L. Clements Library of American History at this university, shows how American Independence was won. (p. 12)

* * *

Dr. Edwin E. Slosson gives his second installment of the chapter on the achievements of science in the 20th Century, which he is contributing to a volume by his son, Professor Preston W. Slosson of the University of Michigan. (p. 15)

* * *

The third and last portion of the story of Livingstone of the Lion-Heart is a thrilling epic of heroism and devotion. Charles J. Finger, whose tales of adventure and accomplishment are familiar to our readers, shows how the missionary-explorer overcame obstacles not by force but by precept and example. (p. 16)

* * *

The lure of gold did not die with the story of the forty-niners. Gold rushes have since occurred periodically on other parts of the continent. A devoted missionary worked throughout the Alaska gold rush of thirty years ago and his experiences are graphically recalled. (p. 20)

* * *

A modern city suburb that preserves ancient traditions is Nakoma, Wisconsin, the founding of which is interestingly related. (p. 25)

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Violet K. Libby

Huntington, West Virginia.

I congratulate THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT on its fair, fearless, and truthful way of discussing all matters and public questions, educational, political, economical, et cetera. It is truly a chronicler of neglected truth, and I hope it never wavers or loses the courage to speak the truth fairly and fearlessly.

I also congratulate THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT on its having been a magazine with little or no advertising until recently and I for one would like to see it go back to the policy of absolutely no advertising in its columns.

I think it would improve the magazine for those who keep their copies and bind them if the pages were numbered consecutively throughout a whole volume instead of the pages of each issue being numbered independently of the volume, or numbering both the issue page and the volume page would probably be still better.

FRED E. BRAMMER, M. D.

Wichita, Kansas.

I like your journal because it deals with many questions which are odd and unusual, but at the same time important. I do not agree with all you publish, by any means, but it makes me *think* when I read it.

There is one thing which I wish you would consider, and that is, graveyards. Rather an uninviting subject, isn't it? But let me explain.

I am *a traveling saleman* and as I ride through the country in buses and interurbans, I see many old and abandoned cemeteries which are a blot on the landscape. Certainly they must depress the value of the surrounding real estate. Old and broken tombstones, blackened by age, falling down, and with illegible inscriptions on them, certainly are an eyesore.

Now I'm not in favor of 'passing a law' about it. But why not have some competent authority write an article on this subject dealing with it from a preventive standpoint at least?

If we can do nothing about what has already happened we might at least prevent its repetition. I myself would rather have no tombstone at all, than one which must eventually become a thing of horror to behold.

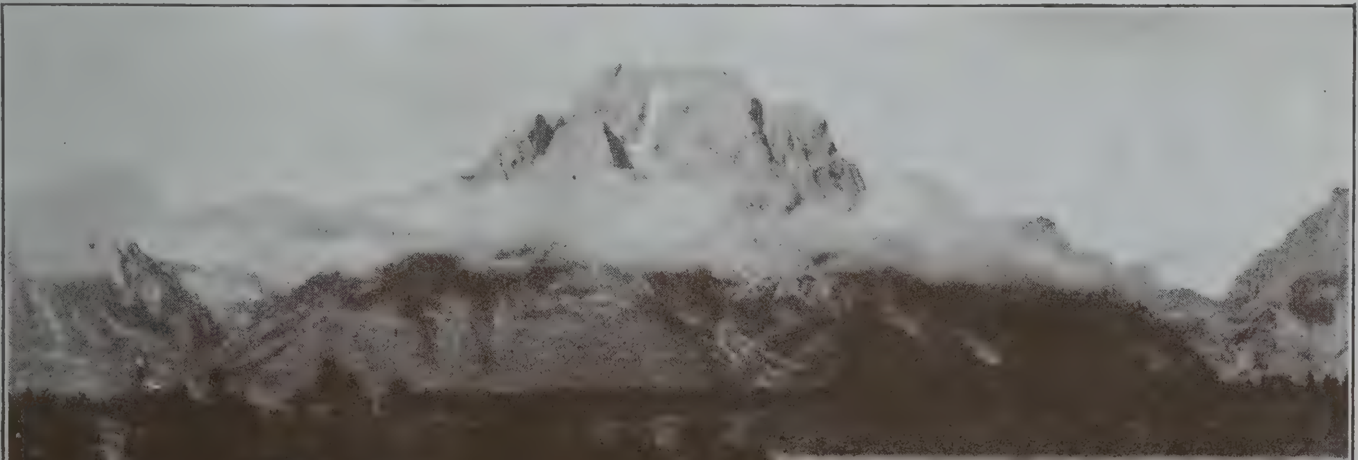
One suggestion might be: How can a person of moderate means mark his grave so that it will not eventually become an object of disgust?

GUY HAYTHORN.

Mountains Fascinate Nature Lovers

Lake O'Hara, in the Canadian Rockies, rival of Lake Louise in the grandeur of its Alpine scenery, seems Nature's device for mirroring Cathedral Mountain. —H. Armstrong Roberts.

The vastness of Nature and the insignificance of man give food for contemplation when a climber reaches a ledge and takes time to recover his breath and survey the view from such a perch as this in Zion Canyon, overlooking West River. The curious rock formations on which ages have carved their records lure geologists to attempt the dizzy climb. —H. Armstrong Roberts



Mount Moran is also favored by Nature in having a mirror-like lake to reflect its compelling beauty—a lake whose shore enhances the interest of the 'mirror' by its frame-like appearance. This mountain is one of the 'Three Tetons,' in the American Rockies, and towers 12,100 feet above the Jackson Hole country. —Courtesy, Northern Pacific Railway.

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LIFE at bottom is not competitive ☙ It is only in its unnatural states that cruel and ruinous competition steps in ☙ The earth produces enough to give decent sustenance to every one ☙ It is possible for labor, production, distribution and reward to be so organized as to make it certain that those who contribute to the social whole shall receive their individual share

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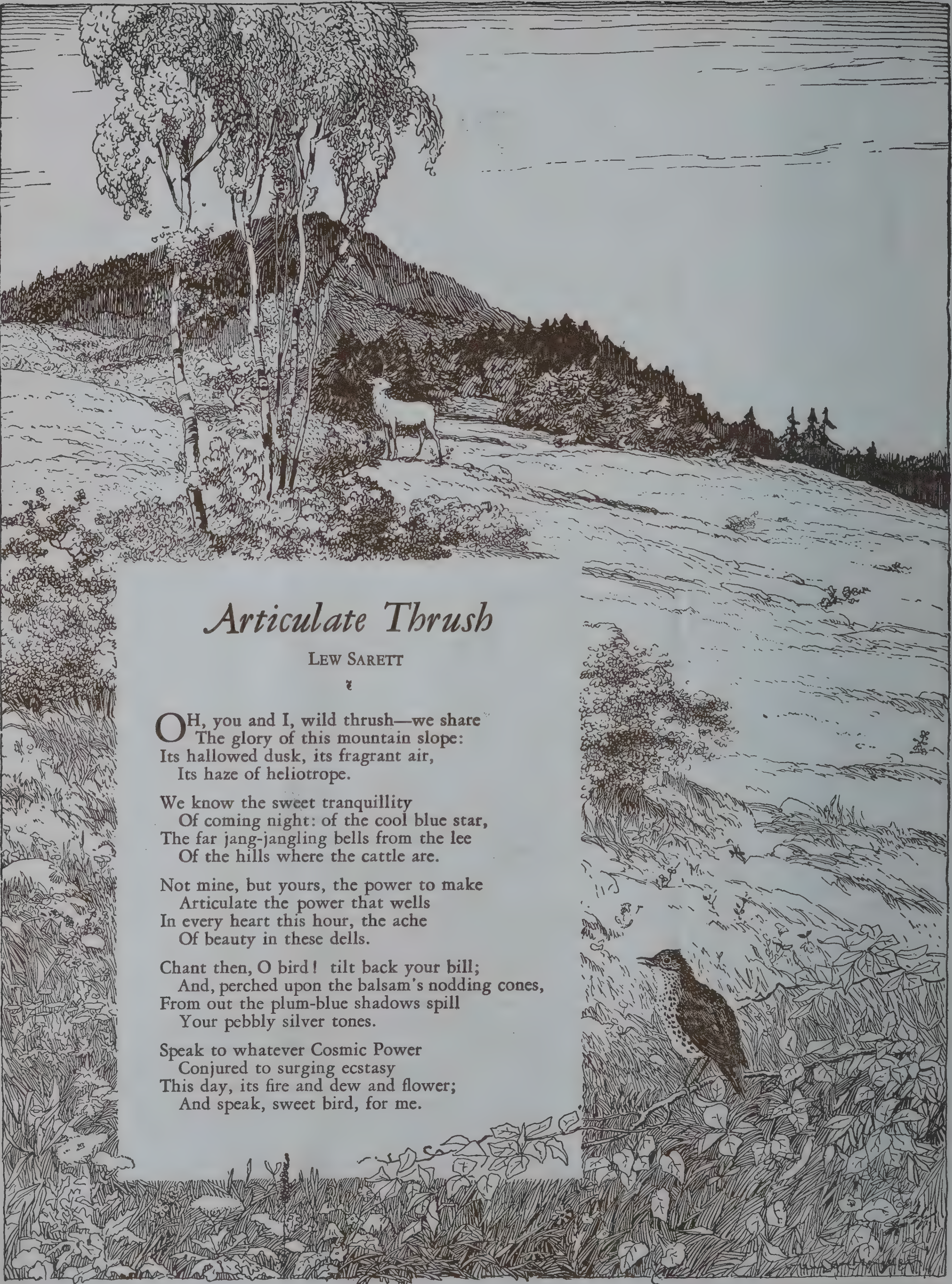

Articulate Thrush

LEW SARETT

OH, you and I, wild thrush—we share
  The glory of this mountain slope:
Its hallowed dusk, its fragrant air,
  Its haze of heliotrope.

We know the sweet tranquillity
  Of coming night: of the cool blue star,
The far jang-jangling bells from the lee
  Of the hills where the cattle are.

Not mine, but yours, the power to make
  Articulate the power that wells
In every heart this hour, the ache
  Of beauty in these dells.

Chant then, O bird! tilt back your bill;
  And, perched upon the balsam's nodding cones,
From out the plum-blue shadows spill
  Your pebbly silver tones.

Speak to whatever Cosmic Power
  Conjured to surging ecstasy
This day, its fire and dew and flower;
  And speak, sweet bird, for me.

Drawing by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

JUNE 4
1927

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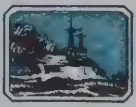


CONQUEST *by* PROPAGANDA *in* CHINA

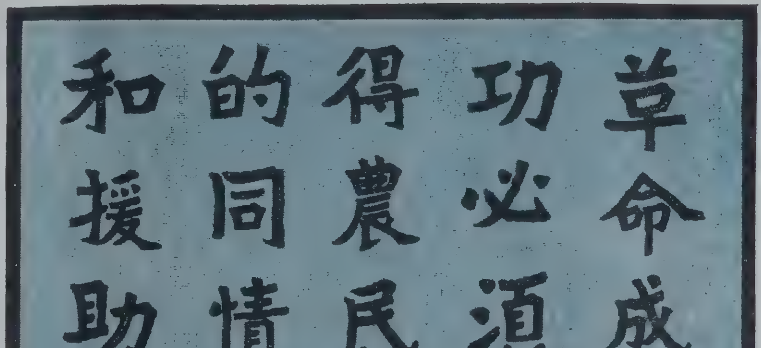
By STANLEY HIGH

The Work *of the* Kuomintang *in* Furthering Revolution

CHINA'S conquest by the Kuomintang is proceeding, less by force of arms than of propaganda. In the Yangtze Valley, where I have been traveling for the past two weeks, town after town has fallen into the hands of the Nationalists. For these 'captures' posters have proved more effective than machine guns. There has been plenty of the science of barrage and assault. But for heavy guns and infantry, the Kuomintang has used clouds of leaflets and oratory squads. So extensive a war has probably never been waged with so little actual bloodshed.

By this I do not mean to minimize either the troops of the Kuomintang or their fighting ability. For three days, now, I have been coming down the Yangtze from Hankow aboard a Japanese steamer. Fore and aft, topside and below decks our boat has been packed with hundreds of Nationalist soldiers. Their guns are stacked at intervals in the passageway outside my cabin. Ammunition belts, well-filled, are hung along the rails. More important than guns or ammunition, there are heaped-up piles of Chinese umbrellas.

I have examined a good many articles in this arsenal. The rifles, most of them, are made in China, although there are some of Russian and Japanese make. They would hardly be acceptable for the armies of Great Britain or the United States, but, from all accounts, they have served to work considerable destruction in a number of engagements.

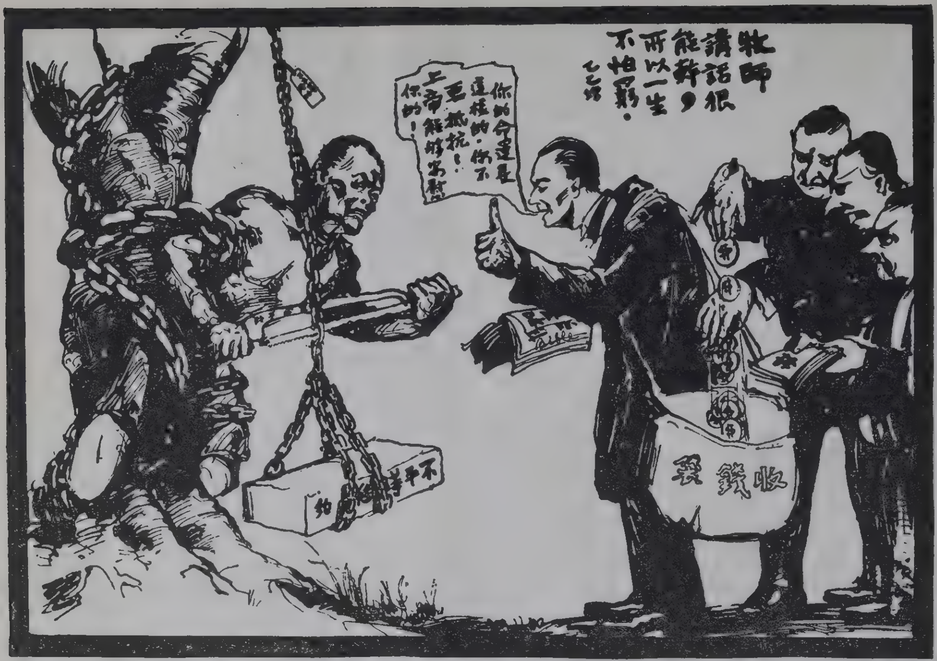

革命成功必須得農民的同情和援助！
國民革命軍總司令部政治部印

'The success of the Nationalist Revolution depends upon the sympathy and assistance of the farmers.'

At Hankow, for example, the American consul general told me of the thirty-eight days' battle for the city of Wuchang which lies just across the river. There was little of propaganda and a great deal of real fighting along genuinely modern lines. Day and night the bombardment continued until the huge city wall was demolished and the defending army of Wu Pei-fu was cut to pieces. Similarly, at the capture of Nanchang, the capital city of Kiangsi province, General Chiang Kai-shek, commander in chief of the Nationalists, was obliged to call upon his reserves and send them, for several days, against the machine gun fire of the northerners before the city fell.

Today, as we approached the city of Nanking we steamed directly across the war zone. For several hours we could hear incessant rifle fire ashore, and tonight, lying at anchor near the city, there is a steady drone of bombardment off to the west where the troops of General Chiang are advancing to the railroad.

But these engagements are unfortunate exceptions to the general rule. They are the result, on most occasions, of unexpected and wholly un-Chinese stubbornness in the attitude of some northern general. At Nanchang, in all likelihood, propaganda could


牧師講話很能幹，所以一生不怕窮。
你的命運是這樣的，你不要抵抗！上帝能夠安慰你的！！
收錢袋
不平等條約

'Revolutionary News' in this picture represents China cutting itself loose from unequal treaties while the preachers, appropriating the money they need, advise the Chinaman not to resist, that God is able to comfort him.

have carried the city had not the commanding general been a bitter rival of Chiang Kai-shek. To surrender without a fight to his personal enemy meant a loss of 'face' from which there could be no recovery. Leaflets, therefore, were ignored and more devastating ammunition called into use. Kiukiang, the largest city in Kiangsi province, was occupied without loss of life. Chinkiang, which was occupied by the Nationalists, was taken without firing a single shot, the soldiers who did not join the south being given ample time to slip across the river in commandeered boats.

There is more than a little skill in this propaganda conquest of the Nationalists. Every division of troops has its political corps, usually under the direction of and largely enlisted from the student classes. This corps always goes into action before the army itself advances. Soldiers, a few hundred or, perhaps, a thousand of them, are given several days' intensive training. The purposes of the Kuomintang and the promises which it holds out to the people are thoroughly memorized. There is some drill in the tactics of propaganda.

Then, this preparation completed, the chosen soldiers discard their uniforms and put on coolie clothes. They are 'staked' with a very small sum of money. And singly, or in groups of two and three, they slip out of the lines at night and with burdens of one sort or another, as beggars or traveling workmen, they wander off into the country that the Nationalists propose to capture. They hire out as farm laborers or work in roadside inns. In the towns they pull rickshas, carry water—do any sort of coolie work that offers itself.

This work, although it supplies them with rice, is made a secondary matter. The propagandists talk incessantly—as only Chinese can talk—with their fellow coolies. In the inns they start quiet discussions of the Kuomintang. They tell the farmers of the emancipation which the Nationalists have pledged and of the millennium that has come in Nationalist territory. Day by day they make converts and, once sure of them, enlist their aid.

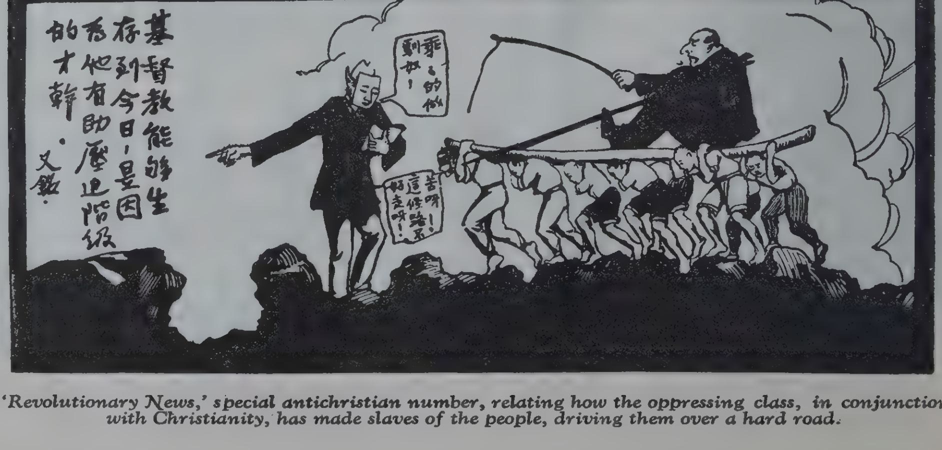
There is more than a little peril in all of this, more, probably, than with the actual fighting units. The northerners, in their treatment of suspected sympathizers with the Kuomintang, are indescribably ruthless. The account of the list of beheadings that always precedes an evacuation by northern troops in most any of the Yangtze Valley cities rivals the bloodiest tales of the French Revolution. Numbers of these soldier-propagandists, therefore, never report again to their army units.

But the work that they do is effective. When the army itself finally advances the work of conquest is well along. Opposition of a serious sort, as I have already indicated, is very infrequent. In almost every section where the Nationalists have advanced the populace, more or less *en masse*, enthusiastically welcomed their coming. And, strangely enough, the welcome to the Nationalists by the 'enemy' army is usually only a little less enthusiastic.

That explains the fact that the Kuomintang has few prisoners on its hands. The troops who would be captured, in a normal war, are, in this China conflict, actually converted. Instead of being disarmed and sent into prison camps, surrendered soldiers are allowed to keep their guns. They are incorporated within the army of the Kuomintang and their pay goes on as usual—perhaps even more regularly than usual.

When Foochow, the capital of Fukien, was taken by the Nationalists, the opposing army went over, officers and men, to the invaders. For a time, in Foochow, there were several of these transformed northern soldiers for every bona fide member of the Kuomintang army.

In the recent fighting near Wuhu, above Nanking, two thousand northerners, one day, marched into the southern lines and surrendered. They were a likely looking lot from one of the best of the northern units. Instead, therefore, of treating these men as prisoners of war, they were (*Continued on page 27*)


革命画報
中央軍事政治學校政治部出版｜反基督教特刊｜十五年十二月廿五日出版
基督教能夠生存到今日，是因爲他有助壓迫階級的才幹。文鈺
乖乖的做馴奴！
苦呀！這條路不好走呀！

'Revolutionary News,' special antichristian number, relating how the oppressing class, in conjunction with Christianity, has made slaves of the people, driving them over a hard road.

For Those Who Don't Like POETRY

An Introduction *to* Bits *of* Outstanding Verse

By THOMAS L. MASSON

ONE of my DEARBORN INDEPENDENT readers has asked me about Strickland W. Gillilan, whose verses 'Off Agin, On Agin, Gone Agin Finnigin' made him so well known. It must have been twenty years ago that, by accident, I picked these verses out of my office mail one day and published them in *Life*. Gillilan is what is termed a one-poem man; for, although he has since written many others, he seems to be better known as the author of 'Finnigin.'

It may interest you to know who, in this country, are the other one-poem men. The list, as published by Burton E. Stevenson in his book *Famous Single Poems* (Harcourt), is as follows:

John Luckey McCreery
'There Is No Death.'
Alexander Macgregor Rose
'Hoch! Der Kaiser.'
Clement Clarke Moore
'A Visit From St. Nicholas.'
Lizzie York Case
'There Is No Unbelief.'
Ernest Lawrence Thayer
'Casey at the Bat.'
Arabella Eugenia Smith and Ben King
'If I Should Die Tonight.'
John Burroughs
'Waiting.'
Thomas Dunn English
'Ben Bolt.'
John Whitaker Watson
'Beautiful Snow.'
William Allen Butler
'Nothing to Wear.'
Ella Wheeler Wilcox
'Solitude.'
Elizabeth Akers
'Rock Me to Sleep.'
Sarah Doudney
'The Lesson of the Water-Mill.'
Homer Greene
'What My Lover Said.'
Young E. Allison
'Derelict.'

Recently, sitting in his comfortable apartment on Madison Avenue, New York, I discoursed upon poetry with Arthur Guiterman, and he then told me a story about our own Robert Frost, undoubtedly one of the best of our serious American poets. While at Amherst, Frost had written a poem about apples, and, in revising it, wished to make sure that he had made no error in his natural history. An agricultural college being nearby, it was suggested that he send the manuscript of his poem to the authorities there, for their possible correction. They returned it a few days later with the statement that his pomology was quite accurate, but his poetry was awful!

Guiterman—whom I consider the best writer of light and philosophical verse in America—showed me a new book of his (*I Sing the Pioneer*), most of the contents of which I had read in the original manuscript, which gave me occasion to ask him if he thought people read poetry generally, and why it is that, even at the worst, poetry is now being read so much more than it was up to 1920.

Pen-and-ink impression by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

He replied in effect, that almost everybody seemed to have a favorite poem they loved and remembered and called my attention to the query and answer departments in a number of periodicals, where people are constantly asking for forgotten lines, or for copies of old poems. I myself, for example, know a number of persons who carry about with them clippings or typed copies of such poems as Kipling's 'If.' When I was a boy I learned by heart a number of poems—such as Bryant's 'Thanatopsis,' many of Shakespeare's passages, Longfellow's 'Hiawatha' in part, and later on many of Kipling's, and that much recited but always beautiful one of Henley's 'Invictus.' The recollection of these poems has helped me through many a dark passage.

And yet, in spite of all this, among the two thousand or more persons I know, I really am acquainted with but very few who read poetry or seem to care much for it, and among these I know no women. This makes me wonder if women really care for poetry, or if I may be so unfortunate as not to know those women who do care.

It is a well-known fact, often commented upon, that Charles Darwin, in his advanced age, lamented that he had entirely lost his taste for poetry, attributing this to his research tendency, his laboratory training.

One of our most prominent—certainly one of our best-known—and most cordially disliked critics, Henry L. Mencken, has declared his aversion to verse:

'It is my contention,' he has written, 'that all poetry (forgetting for the moment its possible merit as mere sound) may be resolved into either the one or the other of those frightful imbecilities—that its essential character lies in its bold flouting of what every reflective adult knows to be the real truth . . . I have never heard of any truly first-rate man who got any satisfaction out of it . . . As for the human being incapable of writing passable verse—he simply does not exist . . . The poet, first introducing himself into a bomb-proof, achieves strophes declaring that he is free from all such weakness—that he is deliberately seeking a rendezvous with death.'

This quotation is taken from William Salisbury's article on Mencken, and the last line evidently refers to the poem 'A Rendezvous With Death,' by an American poet Alan Seeger, one of the most frequently quoted poems of the war. Alan Seeger was killed in battle shortly after he wrote this poem.

Some of Mr. Mencken's kind-hearted friends and critics have taken a fiendish delight in quoting from his own early book of poems, entitled *Ventures in Verse*, which is now so carefully guarded by officials of the New York Library, the story being that Mr. Mencken has made attempts to get it away from them. One of the verses in this book (cited as the horrible example of a critic's attempts at the thing he criticizes) reads as follows:

> The light that lies in Dolly's eyes,
> Is son and moon and stars to me.
> It dims the splendor of the skies—
> The light that lies in Dolly's eyes—
> And me-ward shining testifies
> That Dolly's mine, fore'er to be.
> The light that shines in Dolly's eyes
> Is son and moon and stars to me!

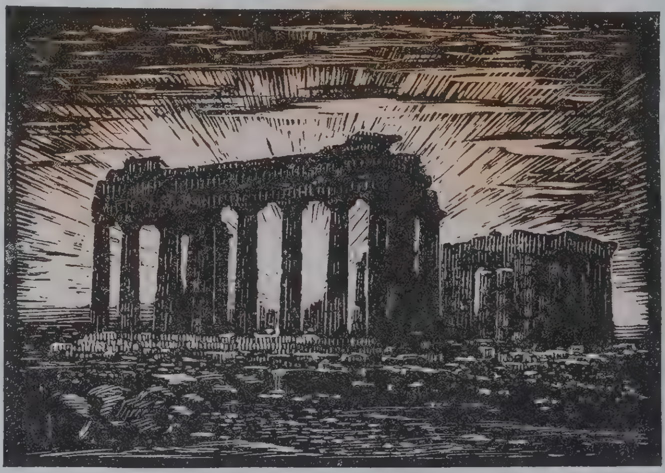
I do not think that even the most ardent admirer of Mr. Mencken would be able to swallow the word 'me-ward.' This shows us that all critics should be careful to see that their own productions are effectually sequestered: which reminds me of what one of our most prominent painters said the other night—that in this country the great majority of our art critics are those who have failed as artists.

Are you a lover of poetry? If so, I wish you might read a little volume entitled *The Art of Poetry* by William Paton Ker (Oxford). It is a great help to a real glimpse—more than a glimpse—into the poet's mind. Professor Ker, who writes in a prose medium so delightful, draws aside the curtain, and reveals to us how the thing is done. After reading his book, read John Bailey's *Walt Whitman*, also a very small book (Macmillan) which will show you how Walt emerged as a true world poet, in spite of lack of scholarship—the thing that is now so commonly called 'background.'

But I am advising you to read, not Walt Whitman's kind of poetry—as great as I believe it to be, for it is not easy reading and in many cases it is not pleasant reading—but to read Longfellow and Emerson and indeed Whittier. Both Longfellow and Whittier have been dismissed by the highbrows with mild contempt but I cannot agree with them. We must remember that all true poetry represents a certain mood, and, as the mood varies, according to chronology and environment, we have the lyric, the pastoral, the narrative poetry.

Longfellow was essentially a singer. No poet of ours comes closer to the pioneer American spirit in its mingling of Man and Nature. Longfellow's ear held music. There is no better American poet to read. Tennyson doubtless displayed a more finished art, but we must not forget the difference between them in environment or background. Certainly no one could have better expressed, in light flowing measures, the sound of laughing waters than Longfellow, the hurry of pioneer feet, the gladness and the outward sense of freedom.

I have lately been rereading Emerson's poetry which, during the past few years, has been coming into its own. Some of it is very great (read 'The World-Soul,' 'The Snow Storm,' 'Monadnoc'), but I cannot feel that it shows Emerson at his best, as do his essays. There is a sense in which everyone writes poetry, but so few achieve it.



Pen-and-ink impression by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

Poetry must have one, or all, of three things: Passion, music, the mystic sense. Then again, the technique of verse is its demon. By this I mean that each word must be set so into the life of the poem that no other word is possible. For example, read a slight volume of immortal verse by A. E. Housman, *A Shropshire Lad*—perfect in its quality and technique, the beauty of which can be felt only through that meditation around the lines which is given only to real lovers of poetry.

And here let me lead you into a secret—not, I hasten to say, in any superior manner, but as one who loves and wishes others to love with him, and as one who believes in the *simple*, those things that children love. It is this: that scarcely an influence in our lives can become any more powerful than the reading of poetry; but also, that this is not easy.

Real poetry, read in the right way—and this is of the utmost importance to understand—introduces into our minds, which are too often weighted with mechanical facts, a kind of interior splendor, the effect of which can scarcely be overestimated. And, strange as it may seem, all this makes it the more difficult to read. The reason is that correct poetry reading requires an initial effort: we have to go out to meet it; it never comes to us unbidden, except, possibly when it is distressingly obvious.

There are, indeed, times when I love the most obvious poetry (Kipling's 'If,' for instance) but after all, as one advances, the poetry of allegory gives the most profound responses. I found, and indeed it is still the rule, that the best poetry is that to which I incline the most—that which I feel the most. Oftentimes, a remote couplet in a far corner of a newspaper will stir me to great internal emotions.

Generally young people who have a romantic turn of mind, if there still be any of them left, revel in Tennyson's *Idylls.* As between Tennyson and Browning there is, of course, no real comparison. Tennyson has music, Browning depth. One can read Tennyson's 'Lady of Shalott' once and catch its cadences, be thrilled by its harmonies; but when one first reads Browning's 'Grammarian's Funeral' one has to reach constantly for the deeper meaning. That is why those who are literal-minded and fed up on the obvious so often become discouraged reading great poetry. We are submerged in easy reading.

In a celebrated essay, Edgar Allan Poe has analyzed the psychology of poetry reading and declares that the mind is incapable of *holding* the intensity of a long poem; that is, the mind opens and shuts and it is only possible for it to take in the full sweep of poetic images at intervals. In reading long poems, therefore, we should take frequent rests. We should linger over them, lay the book down, and not proceed until we are again receptive.

Personally, I find that this principle is true. Thus, for me, the poems of Li Po, the greatest poet of China, are supreme. These poems have been beautifully translated into English by a young Japanese student, Shiegeyoshi-Obata, a lover of Li Po it goes without saying. I know of no book of poems which is more fascinating. I keep it constantly by my bedside. All the poems in it are short, many of them four lines. For example, here is one of a series of *The Women of Yueh:*

> She, a Tung-yang girl, stands barefoot
> on the Bank,
> He, a boatman of Kuei-chi, is in his boat.
> The moon has not set;
> They look at each other—broken-hearted.

I am quite willing to confess, however, that the haunting beauty of Li Po's lines do not appeal to everyone. Occasionally I have lent my book to friends only to have them return it with lackluster eye.

If you are unaccustomed to reading poetry, and attempt for the first time to read it in earnest, you may discover a curious thing: that, while it is hard to get into it, once you are fairly in, it will frequently carry you off your feet. You will then

(Continued on page 23)

Lights *and* Shadows *of* SPAIN

A Land *of* Great Contrasts *and* Changing Conditions

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

SPAIN is a land of striking contrasts. Even Nature has endowed it with physical features of wide divergence. On the one hand, one has the eternal snows of the Sierra Nevada, that most picturesque range of mountains in the southwestern part of Spain; and on the other, he has the broad plains of Andalusia, and the sunny seashores, practically always warm at noonday. Mountain, hill and plain, all are found in Spain, and the varied topographical features seem to have occasioned a wide divergence in other respects.

Wealth and poverty are both all too apparent in the Iberian Peninsula and frequently side by side. In the city of Seville one arrives at the wonderful palace of the Duke of Berwick and Alba, by narrow thoroughfares. Within the palace walls are five spacious patios or garden courts, with a profusion of flowers and trees; oranges and palms, ferns and climbing roses, fine begonias and geraniums, ornament the gardens and the walls. The palace is rich in the finest architectural work of the Moors and the Renaissance, with furnishings and paintings of priceless value. Almost at the gate of the palace the one-room dwelling of one of the extremely poor contains a rough pallet and a few of the rudest cooking utensils.

Among the finest boulevards of modern cities are those to be found in Barcelona and Madrid. Some of the narrowest streets in the world are also to be found in these same cities. In Spain the new boulevards of gleaming cement have usually a central parkway, bordered with trees, separating the roadways for vehicles on each side, with bordering sidewalks on both sides; but the narrow alleys are paved with cobblestones, thick with mud or dust according to the season, and commonly have no trace of a sidewalk.

The advent of the automobile has compelled the civic authorities in the larger cities to make these streets in part one-way streets, with indicating arrows on every corner, and to close many of them to traffic. This is accomplished frequently by placing posts at the ends of the street. On such a thoroughfare the pedestrian may have to retreat into a convenient doorway to permit the baker seated on his burro to pass.

—Ewing Galloway Photo.

End of a street near the dock, Vigo, Spain.

American automobiles have won a commanding place in Spain, practically three-fourths of all the cars being American-made. In particular one sees the finest specimens of luxurious auto coaches. Huge automobile trucks are also seen, but not in such numbers.

Opposed to the automobile for passenger conveyance one sees the tiny burro, so small that often one feels the rider could more easily carry the burro than the burro carry him. The use of the burro-pack as a substitute for the truck is common. Further, much of the transportation of heavy objects is still accomplished by human labor. A particularly picturesque type of transport is that of great baskets of bread, cakes, or laundry, some of which are carried upon the heads of individuals.

The cathedrals of Seville and Cordova are second in size only to St. Peter's in Rome. In grandeur they rank with the finest in the world.

Spain has hundreds of chapels of the style known as baroque, in which there is a profusion of gold ornamentation. It is striking indeed that in almost every instance the caretakers are clothed in distinct contrast to the ornamentation of the chapel. Rarely does one see a chapel that does not have its attendant beggars in rags.

The cathedral at Seville enjoys the possession of the library of Ferdinand Columbus, son of Christopher. Ferdinand was an ardent book lover and book collector, purchasing in every European market of his day. Within this library are preserved many of the treasures of early printing, particularly those showing Spanish achievements in learning centuries ago.

Today, within the very shadow of the cathedral, sits a scribe who makes his livelihood by writing letters for his fellow townsmen who never learned the art. There were, as we passed, a father and a mother evidently dictating a letter to their son far away, the letter being written with great flourishes by the scribe. Over twenty per cent of the population of Spain cannot read nor write.

Upon the streets of the Spanish cities the dress presents similar contrasts between the new and the old. Arm in arm the tourist may see two *senoritas*, one with the high comb supporting a black lace mantilla which is worn only on special days of the year, and the other with a French hat and fur coat of recent vogue. Luxurious shawls and the heavy black wool shawls are common, and at the same time the fashionable European coats.

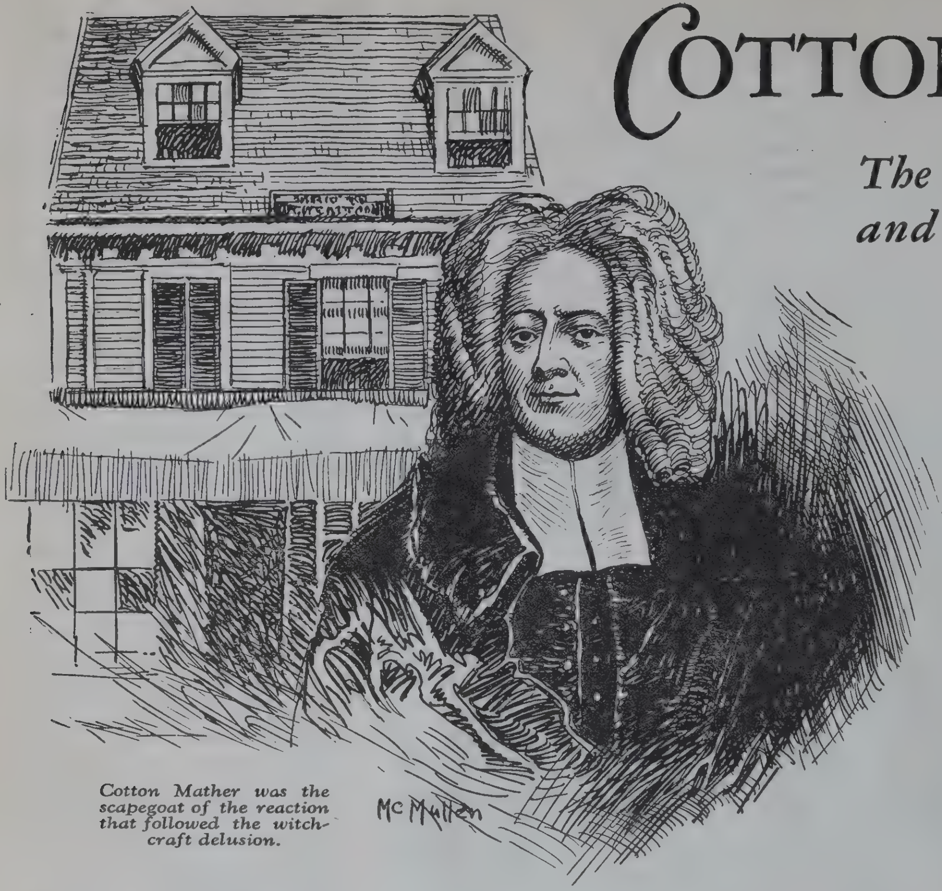
Even in cold weather the workingmen are seen in their cotton blouses and trousers, with a wide sash, usually, however, wearing a heavy muffler brought up over the mouth. The man of the city wears strictly European clothes except that older men continue to use the large flowing dark-blue capes lined with red.

Women wear high-heeled shoes, varying little from the shoes worn by their Parisian sisters. Indeed, a feature of American dress which occasions notice on the streets is the low-heeled shoe worn by American women who travel. Men's shoes *(Continued on page 22)*

COTTON MATHER

The Worst-Hated Puritan—*and the* Least Understood

By
WILLIAM E. BARTON



Cotton Mather was the scapegoat of the reaction that followed the witchcraft delusion.

IT WILL soon be two centuries since the death on February 12, 1728, of the man whose name calls forth more of anathema than any other of even the Puritans. What flippant newspaper paragrapher does not know him as a bigot, a hypocrite and the chief villain in the witchcraft persecutions? If he had been forgotten, it might be a question whether it were worth while to recall him to mind as his bicentenary approaches; but as he is already a familiar figure in flippant remark, we may as well ask ourselves what kind of man he was whom they bore to the family tomb on Copp's Hill in Boston well nigh two hundred years ago, and whose name even then had come to be spoken with reproach by many.

Boston was thirty-three years old when Cotton Mather was born. His own father, the Reverend Dr. Increase Mather, had been born in Dorchester, a suburb then and a part of Boston now. His mother, Maria Cotton, was also born on this side of the water. His two grandfathers, the Reverend Dr. Samuel Mather, a graduate of Brasenose College, Oxford, and the Reverend Dr. John Cotton, of the First Church of Boston, were of the ablest Colonial ministers. No wonder when Cotton Mather was graduated from Harvard the president descanted in Latin on the two great names he had inherited.

Cotton Mather entered Harvard at the age of twelve. He had the usual preparation for college, and besides 'had conversed with Tully, Terence, Ovid and Virgil.' He had 'gone through the Greek Testament, and entered Socrates and Homer.' Also he had begun Hebrew Grammar, and had written many Latin exercises and philosophical disquisitions, being yet in his thirteenth year. He took his bachelor's degree when he was halfway between sixteen and seventeen, and then took his master's degree and studied medicine.

Apparently there was nothing that he did not study. In his active years when preaching, writing and conducting innumerable activities he added Spanish to the languages he had learned.

PERHAPS he would have been a wiser man had he learned less. His mind was a mass of knowledge, some of it not well assorted. His writings are overloaded with learning of many sorts. But if one were to say this and leave the matter, he would be most unjust. Heterogeneous as was Mather's erudition, it was amazing in its volume and range.

Of course, he entered the ministry. He became assistant to his father, the Reverend Dr. Increase Mather, the potent pastor of the Second Church of Boston. The church stood in North Square near where the sight-seeing buses stop to point out the home of Paul Revere; and the old Mather house itself still stands in Hanover Street.

It was a troublous time in the Bay Colony. The long peace with the Indians had broken down in King Philip's War which occurred 1675-1677 while Cotton Mather was in college. It was a cruel war. On one side the torch flamed and the scalping knife ran red, and on the other the rifle bullet sought revenge in what became practically a war of extermination.

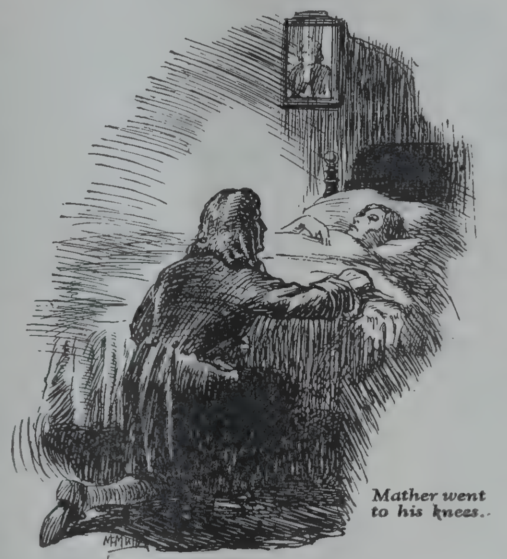
To Cotton Mather and his contemporaries this war had its ready explanation. Satan, angered at the missionary work of John Eliot and the Mayhews which had made Christians of many savages, was rising to reclaim his lost dominion. The war was not only savage; it was demoniacal.

THEY were superstitious, those old Puritans—of course they were; and a fitting reply to any one who makes much of that fact might be, 'So were your ancestors,' wherever they happened to live at that time. The Puritans were as superstitious as the rest of the world two and a half centuries ago. A war which seemed to them to threaten the very life of the settlements by the massacre of all the white inhabitants and which led even some of the praying Indians to dig up the hatchet against the men who had educated and befriended them, they thought to be plainly the work of Satan. But Cotton Mather had nothing to do with the war; he was a boy in school. He came out as the fires of massacre and revenge were dying down.

He emerged in time for trouble of another sort. The New England Colonies had been founded by stock companies under corporate powers of royal charter. They never contemplated giving a vote to any but stockholders, and the stockholders had to be members of the church. The colonists did not forbid non-church members to come to New England, but they did not let them vote.

But now that the period of settlement was past, and the dangers of Indian wars were pretty well over, increasing numbers of people wanted to migrate to New England for commercial reasons.

Among these was an increasing proportion of members of the Church of England. Now the Episcopal Church represented in Puritan thought everything that they had left England to get away from. They did not forbid Episcopalians to come to Boston, but they did not want them in control. No one can very well blame them who knows what had happened in England.



Mather went to his knees.

But the government of England was tied up with the forms and ceremonies of the Episcopal Church, and in time it came about that a royal representative came over and at one fell swoop did two terrible things: he took away the royal charter and he set up worship according to the forms of the Episcopal Church. That gentleman was Edmund Andros. He and his associate Randolph were well hated in Boston, and not without reason. The date when the charter was taken away was May 21, 1686. Cotton Mather was then twenty-three years old, and his father's associate in the pastorate of the Second Church.

As is well known, the popular thing to say is that the Puritans wanted religious liberty for themselves and denied it to everyone else. That is all the greater lie for being partly true, and this is a good place to tell just what the Mathers and their associates did try to do in the way of religious freedom.

As far as their government was concerned, they were definitely a religious corporation, with voting privileges restricted to those who had a share in the hazard and a sympathy with the enterprise. This involved, as they thought, of necessity, church membership.

THEY did not intend to establish a sect. They gave their churches no name at the beginning. When they had to assume a name they called themselves Congregational, because the congregation governed by the vote of all adult male members. The church meeting and the town meeting were governed by the same voting body. They had no creed for their churches, but a covenant. The Scrooby Church in England, mother of the Church of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, 'shook off the antichristian yoke of bondage and, as the Lord's free people, joined themselves with a church estate, by a covenant of the Lord, to walk together in Christian love, whatever it should cost them, the Lord assisting them.'

Cotton Mather in his day was insistent that no creed tests should be imposed to divide Christians from one another. He would receive gladly, and did receive, members of the Church of England with no new creed tests. He would 'make the terms of communion coextensive with those of salvation.' If a man was a Christian, he was fit for church membership. But if his Christianity was of a sort that held him aloof from any share in the labor and peril and sacrifice of the colony, he ought not to vote, though he was welcome to stay as long as he behaved himself.

That was the theory. There were inconsistencies in practice, and there was some bigotry. But Cotton Mather sought to be the foe of bigots.

In the introduction in 1702 to his *Magnalia,* his greatest work, omitting some names no longer remembered which he cites as examples of what he does not like, he says:

'The spirit of one who falls foul with fury and reproach on all who differ from him; the spirit of those hot-headed, passionate bigots from whom 'tis enough if you be of a religion contrary to them to be defamed, condemned and pursued with a thousand calumnies, I thank heaven I hate it with all my heart.'

NO one can truthfully deny that this represented Cotton Mather's ideal; no one can claim that he always lived up to it. A hater of bigotry, he himself had some of it, and he is unjustly remembered as the prince of all bigots.

As Cotton Mather looked back upon his sinful youth, he was able to remember as chief among his transgressions that one Sunday he whittled, and, what was worse, whittled behind the door. No one has accused him of any worse transgression in his youth. He confesses to youthful lusts, which he bewails and of which he repented in days of fasting and prayer; but no one has accused him of an impure life. He was three times married.

His first wife, Abigail Philips, whom he married May 4, 1686, died December 1, 1702. Speedily 'a gentlewoman' sought to comfort him and went as far as to propose to him. He sought instead to convert her, a hazardous undertaking, but he came through successfully; and though he rejected her and married as his second wife Mrs. Elizabeth Hubbard, August 18, 1703, thus greatly grieving the 'gentlewoman' and her mother, the young woman took occasion to write a letter that was made public with her consent, saying that his treatment of her had been most honorable and worthy. When his second wife died, no gentlewoman proposed to him; he proposed to one who courteously but firmly refused him. He then married as his third wife a woman of parts, who, however, was periodically insane and whose outbursts of fury nearly drove him wild. He cannot have been a comfortable husband, with his fastings and his prodigious labors, but an affectionate husband he certainly was, and a playful, companionable and considerate father.

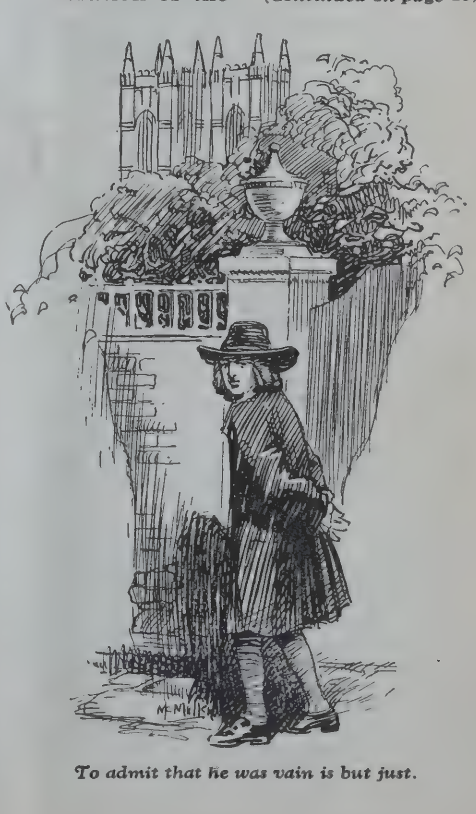
His first son, Increase, caused him much sorrow, and finally was lost at sea. His younger son, Samuel, followed his father in the ministry, carried on a great tradition and perpetuated for a fourth generation the memory of the 'Mather dynasty.' Several children died, three of them and their mother of measles.

So much for his family life.

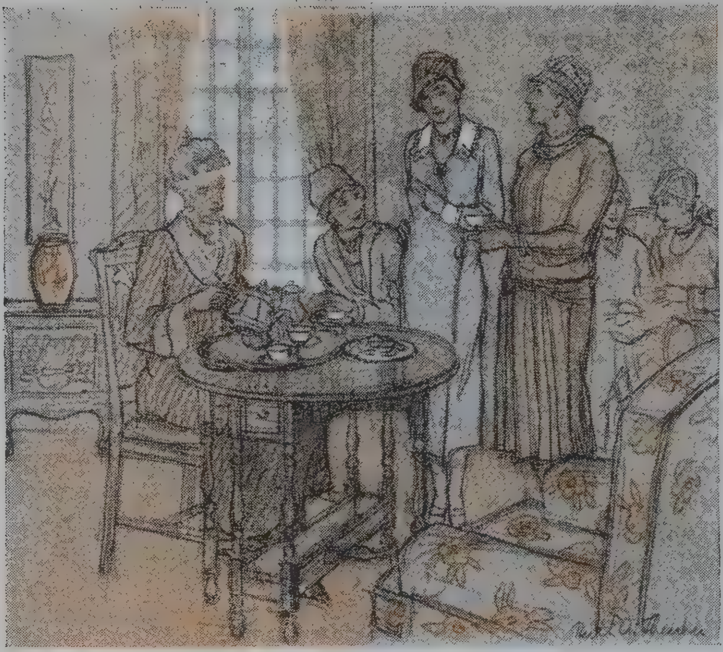
Cotton Mather began as his father's assistant, and their labors were fruitful. Some touching memorials of their teamwork remain. One day Increase Mather preached in the morning on 'The Duty of Parents to Pray for Their Children.' In the afternoon Cotton preached on 'The Duty of Children Whose Parents Have Prayed for Them.' The two sermons were published in one tiny volume, which I own in the original form.

BUT the loss of the charter sent Increase Mather to London. He was the most influential citizen of Boston and he went to secure if possible a restoration of the

(Continued on page 26)



To admit that he was vain is but just.



There are still many old ladies, who—like spiders in webs—sit from four to six.

The DECAY of CALLING

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

IN THE country, the practice of paying formal calls still persists. Indeed, motor cars have appallingly extended the radius for this exacting form of social duty.

In London, however, the custom is well nigh obsolete. 'For this relief, much thanks.'

No doubt, visiting cards still snow heavily down on embassies—every bride has her new name and address printed on one of these little pieces of pasteboard, and the names of débutante daughters are added on to those of their mothers.

And of course there are still many old ladies who—like spiders in webs—daily sit from four to six eagerly waiting for callers, and no doubt the supply meets the demand.

I suppose, on any very central house, people are likely to 'drop in' to tea unexpectedly, but, for the most part, the new-fashioned do not invade one another's drawing-rooms without previously making an appointment. As for the *carte de digestion!* How the young stare when we tell them it used to be considered a breach of good manners not to call on the hostess of your last night's dinner!

Surely this is an improvement. Our lives are too full—too much of a mosaic—for ambushes, however pleasant, to be welcomed! Our plans must be laid, and we cannot conveniently spare half-hours destined for letter writing or prearranged talk to the demands of unexpected friends. Far better arrange an appointment by telephone than risk being an inconvenience.

For my own part, I seldom have the nerve to spring my presence on others without giving warning. However great the mutual affection, there must be many occasions when they are busy or tired, and disinclined for any form of interview. How can one ever be sure that one's admission be not due to his having forgotten to secure his 'Englishman's castle' by the white lie of 'Not at home'?

Unfortunately even that precaution is far from infallible. The best-trained servants are too apt to use their indiscretion and make certain exceptions. Very hard do they find it not to open the door to your relations or to clergymen.

OFTEN and often have I been let down by this fatal discrimination. How awful it can be to be caught—like a rat in a trap—in one's very own sanctum! There is no escape. The desire to leap from the window must be suppressed, and a welcoming smile conscripted. Memories of such emotions throng round me whenever I ring a front door bell uninvited!

Once, when paying a duty call on a stranger, I had the misfortune to come round the screen too soon. It was a grim experience. I heard my name, and saw aghast gesticulation and a face of blank dismay—the features of which were then laboriously forced into a sickly smile of perfunctory welcome.

Can you wonder that my social nerve was shattered, and that, thenceforth, I determined to be more called against than calling?

White Robins and Albinism

By B. H. L.

SOMEBODY is forever reporting a white robin from this or that section of the country. It follows that white robins, although by no means numerous, are not especially rare, and from this it may fairly be deduced that albinism is quite a fad or failing—as you choose to regard it—of the robin clan. Nature for her own reasons has denied the white robin the pigmentation which turns the breast feathers red in other robins, the back a neat olive-gray, and the bold head a fine conventional black. But there seems to be a dearth of reports of complete albinism in robins, for the true albino would have pink eyes, and no such albino robin has been announced. It is possible, however, that there are white robins so equipped, and that they have escaped close observation for the reason that observers do not wish to kill robins, be they white or another color. Robins with splotches of white in their feathering, and even with a white band about the neck, have often been seen. These doubtless boast albino robins in their lineage.

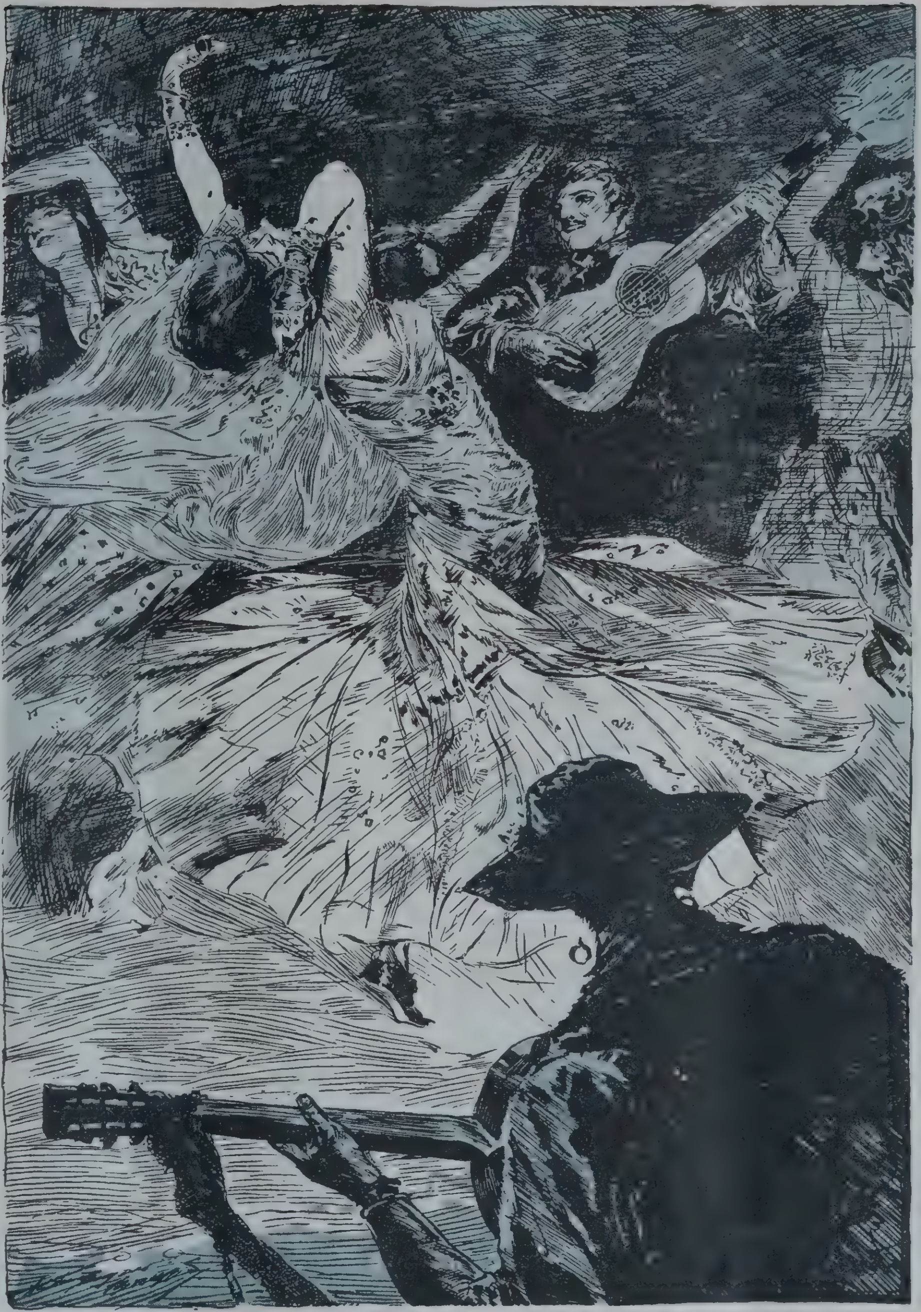
A white robin is always an event, comparable to a white deer, or a white crow. If nature fails to follow her patterns, those immemorial designs that men have learned in every detail, people are curious as children to observe the strange results. Our interest in albino creatures is of this sort.

In true albinism the tissues, in some inexplicable manner, lack the virtue of secreting those pigments which color the skin, hair, feathers or eyes—these last, through this deficiency, invariably being of a pinkish hue supplied by the unmasked blood vessels. Partial albinism is more commonly discovered in species that have not undergone culture by man. Thus the white robin is seldom, if ever, a perfect albino, nor is the white deer—whereas the white rabbit, the result of careful selective breeding, is nearly always a true albino. There is a record in Oregon of a white crow, spotless in all its plumage, and possessed of pink eyes.

Who has forgotten the story of the huntsman that molded a silver bullet wherewith to shoot the enchanted white stag? It was a fairy tale, but it gave evidence of the awe with which albinism was once regarded. Nowadays we have done with fairy tales, at least of that kind. On Grand Island, a game refuge in Lake Superior, is a herd of partial and pure albino deer—the result of breeding from specimens originally taken by capture.

The Last Dance of Lolita

By
KATHARINE CHAPMAN



She was all movement, all fire, and George never took his somber eyes from her face.

IT CAN'T be written, that is, there aren't words to express its uncanny and beautiful quality, but perhaps you are imaginative.

Lolita danced at Villa Rosa. Her hair was seemingly blacker than black, her skin a marble mask, and only when she danced one found her alive. Someone said her husband had been killed in the bull ring three years before; someone said it still hurt. This is how we came to know her.

In February my husband went to Barcelona on business. I accompanied him. We left Paris on a rainy, raw day. My last instructions were for more coal for the house and woolens for our child. Boarding the train at five in the evening, we arrived the following day at one o'clock in a new world of sun and warmth.

If you are a Spanish wife of good station you seldom see anything of night life. But if you are a fortunate American wife it is considered proper, although it is extremely unusual that your husband should want you to go with him at night to theaters and dance places.

That first night was my husband's birthday and we were invited to dinner and later to a night place where, we were told, real Andalusians would dance and sing. We were assured there would be no tourists but the real breath of Spanish life unspoiled by contact with the jazz age.

After the business day had passed we dressed for dinner. The dining hour is nine o'clock. By that time we were ravenous. Food is a serious matter in Spain, but not in the gay epicurean way of France. No, they select their food just as carefully, but it comes in larger quantities and there is little conversation until each course is cleared away. There are long intervals between plates, much wine sipping, and the meal takes about two hours.

It was about eleven when we left the orchestra room of the Ritz where we had lingered over our coffee. Vastly amusing this, to watch the extremely smart officers of the various arms of the service, several of whom maintain suites there the year around, entertain their *senoritas* in the true Spanish fashion, chaperons for each girl, chairs far apart—just delicate words and soft glances, with the ever-watchful *duenas* mentally appraising each suitor with a calculating eye.

At eleven there seemed to be nothing further to do. Too late it was for the theater and too early for a night club, our host told us. Night clubs open at two in the morning and close at nine o'clock. Men frequently go to work directly from them, and sleep is nothing to worry about if the heart is glad. We left the hotel and took a walk. Down the *Ramblas de Cataluna* we walked three abreast and stopped at a night stall. Here for one peseta, fifteen cents, they filled my hands with jasmine flowers, starry petals of snow white and perfume that make one dream things that stir and hurt.

There was coffee again to be drunk on the pavement about a wicker table, while dozens of men passed and begged for the privilege of shining the *senor's* boots. Nowhere in Europe is the shoe shine so perfect. In France one never has one, in England it is a matter for the housemaid or houseman, but in Spain it is part of

(Continued on page 24)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Law of Success

SUCCESS is each man finding the work he can do best, doing it to his highest satisfaction, and getting the proof of his service in a suitable reward. If he is the kind of man who has still greater visions of service he must get enough money to fulfill his service. There is no harm in large sums of money if they are kept at work opening up lines of opportunity and service. The only harmful money is the money which lies idle, or is used to block progress.

> *SUCCESS is each man finding the work he can do best and doing it to his highest satisfaction. The proof of his service comes in a suitable reward. But to attain success there must be concentration. One must not be turned aside from the road to success by apparent difficulties. There must be courage and endurance. One must pass over hard places taking the rough with the smooth, for no man wins success without paying for it, and no man fails without good reason. The law of success is no respecter of persons. There is no favoritism. It gives all a chance. But there must be confidence in one's plan and knowledge to carry it out.*

But there are certain lines of service whose success does not require money for their enlargement, and therefore money is not the sign of their worth. Take a successful surgeon, for example. His skill is his capital. He will make money, of course, and he deserves to make it. But often he will do service that makes him no money and it will be highly successful service, because it accomplishes its object.

But in the industrial line it is indispensable that financial success be won; else there is no way to keep going, there is no way to open up new lines and create new jobs for men, there is no way of paying better wages and so contributing to the general welfare.

In every success, whether it be professional or industrial, the same qualities are necessary. And these cannot be imitated. They must be real. They must live in the man himself and grow out of his nature. Few of them are of natural growth, however. They must be developed, trained, kept under discipline. No man wins success without paying for it. No man fails without good reason.

The law of success is no respecter of persons. If a man whom we feel to be bad turns out to be a success it is because he has fulfilled the law of success. If a man whom we feel to be a very good man is a failure, it is because he has failed to fulfill the law of success.

There is no favoritism. The law of success is a fair law. It gives all a chance. It doesn't choose the extraordinary and favor him. Most successful men you meet are really ordinary men who have applied themselves to one thing and paid the price to win.

And the law of failure is just as fair. We dislike to think this sometimes, but unless it also is true, there is nothing but confusion, no guideposts to direct us. We know there are failures just as we know there are successes. Honest men fail and dishonest men fail. Hard-hearted men fail, and kind, humane men fail. Why?

To find the reason we must examine failure as carefully as we examine success. And, as in the case of success, the truth is not on the surface. There is always a good reason, one which impresses us as entirely fair when we understand it.

There is no success without application. This means concentration of mind, labor of hand and brain, and a complete surrender of one's powers to what one wishes to do. There must be confidence in one's plan, not because it is one's own plan, but because, after surveying the whole field, the needs of the people, the fitness of the service one intends to give, one knows that he is on the right track.

There must be courage. Unless you have tried to do something for yourself, you have no idea how often your courage will be tested, how often you will stare bleak failure full in the face, how many almost crushing obstacles will arise to fall on you and block the way.

Then you must have knowledge. The least difference in knowledge between you and another man may spell his success and your failure. Guessing does not go. Trusting to luck is folly. Going it blind is taking a chance that may prove disastrous. You must *KNOW*, and this, of course, means that you must be a sincere searcher all the time. Yes, even when you have become what the world calls a success. For the world moves swiftly, and it is as bad not to keep up with it as never to have caught up with it.

So long as you have the qualities necessary for success, it is to be won, even if you have other qualities which alone would spell failure. You may have a character which is perfect in every other respect, and yet if you lack the qualities necessary to success you will never win it.

Success, then, is a matter of certain qualities coming into play. But you cannot imitate a quality. You must create it, develop it. If you are fooled into thinking that hardness and dishonesty are qualities of success you will find yourself mistaken. You must develop other characteristics if you would be successful.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

He Flew Toward the Dawn

THE spirit of civilization was appreciably lifted toward new hope and inspired with fuller confidence in the future the day it flashed around the globe that Captain Charles Lindbergh, single-handed and alone, had flown from New York to Paris.

The courage of his conception and the stamina of his performance mark him as one of the advance guard of that new generation which even now is catching the torch of progress and running forward with it at greater speed than the most adventurous of the present mature generation had dared to dream.

Such a combination of vision, courage and endurance is so compelling that it welded the world together into a unity of admiration.

This American-born Viking of the skies repeats in a later century what his distant forbears accomplished on the seas. They sailed toward the sunset, but he flew toward the dawn.

In his flight to meet the rising sun, he reduced the hours of darkness, the which is a parable for the whole human race.

Perhaps there has been no single achievement in our history that has won so absolute a unanimity of heartfelt approval as has Lindbergh's feat.

We are impelled to make one protest. Let the poor taste that coined the sobriquet 'The Flyin' Fool' be now and for all time repudiated. There is not a single instance of foolhardiness in this boy's career. He is a serious-minded mechanic, soldier and aviator who knows in great precision exactly what he is doing. Coupled with it all is the unspoiled modesty of cleanly youth.

He had his machine, his course, himself and all the contingencies of the matter mathematically reduced and related. Luck had next to nothing to do with the success of the venture—it was most carefully planned and skilfully managed.

To call a mind of this caliber 'The Flyin' Fool' indicates a strange lack of insight on the part of the group that coined it.

However, this protest is probably unnecessary: the nickname hasn't a chance to stick.

Lindbergh has his day in history.

He has justified the splendid public spirit of St. Louis and he has given all his countrymen a 'leg up' into a new atmosphere, out of a dull and monotonous time. His name is written high among the heroes of the air.

It is fervently hoped his achievement may jar our Government to greater activity in the development of aerial transport and defense.

In this youth our country has a foretaste of 'the flying generation' which is coming upon the earth.

Lindbergh's behavior in France has made him ambassador extraordinary of American common sense, which the French people will rightly interpret. Experienced diplomats have never excelled him in good taste and have fallen far below him in sincerity, modesty and natural charm. No better representative of the United States could be abroad at this time. He has created an international spirit compacted of good will without alloy.

Politics—Then Relief

ONE of the saddest phases of the whole Mississippi River disaster is the injection of politics into the tragedy. Relief is cruelly needed. A half-million people are homeless, scores are dead, property damage mounts into the millions. Existing agencies are barely able to cope with present emergencies; reconstruction and rehabilitation form a problem as yet too gigantic to be undertaken. Yet into such a situation as this the cheapest kind of politics has been thrust. If relief is to be forthcoming from official sources, then political capital must be made. This group must get the credit, or that group must not. Government dollars must be turned into party votes at the next election.

Once again the unhappy truth is forced home that the American people have little faith in their Congress. In spite of the vital need for action, sentiment is but lukewarm for a special session. Bickerings over the mere proposal give indication of what the session itself might be. One stanch party newspaper even suggests the immediate seating of Vare and Smith as the price to be paid if a special session is called. That the season would be given over chiefly to futile talk and costly jockeying is agreed by nearly everyone. Meanwhile the Mississippi Valley sufferers are camped in open fields or in refugee camps, waiting for the mad waters of the river to subside.

Getting Something for Nothing

IT HAS been estimated that approximately one billion dollars are annually taken out of the pockets of the American public by unscrupulous swindlers and promoters of wildcat schemes. They trade on that firmly ingrained delusion so common to thousands of citizens, that it is possible to get something for nothing or next to nothing.

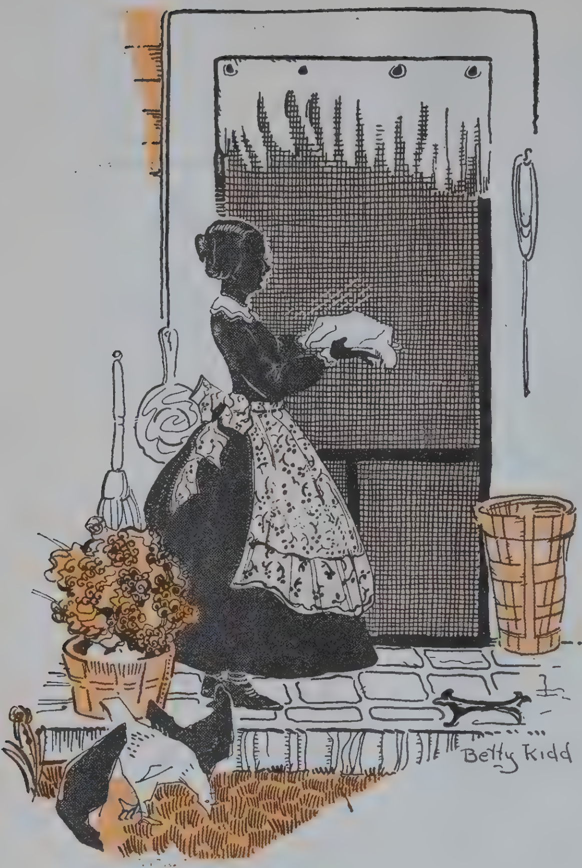
Aesop's time-honored fable of the dog who lost its bone in an effort to snap at the shadow seems to have lost its application or to have been allowed to drop into obscurity. There are people who are chasing shadows and losing sight of their substance.

Day by day new schemes are being devised for extracting hard cash from the bank accounts of the frugal-minded who wish to better themselves. When will the people learn that honest industry is the surest road to independence? Getting something for nothing is against all natural laws and against the promptings of common sense.

The Neighborhoods That Were

By CHARLES D. CAMERON

Illustrated by
BETTY JANE KIDD



OLD Anselm Thorne, with black silk hat high and shining like his ancient ideals, claimed all the children in the block, though none was really his. He had never known the solemn joy of seeing the mystery of a new life beginning under his roof, and then watching it grow into a human flower or into a union of weed and flower like the field daisy. But he was the Father of the Neighborhood.

Does anyone today remember a president when he was a lad at school, or playing truant from school? Anselm Thorne could remember the Neighborhood when it was only a Street. To that street, to that line of road with a sidewalk on one side only, he had come with his young wife. They planted a tree and a clematis, and waited.

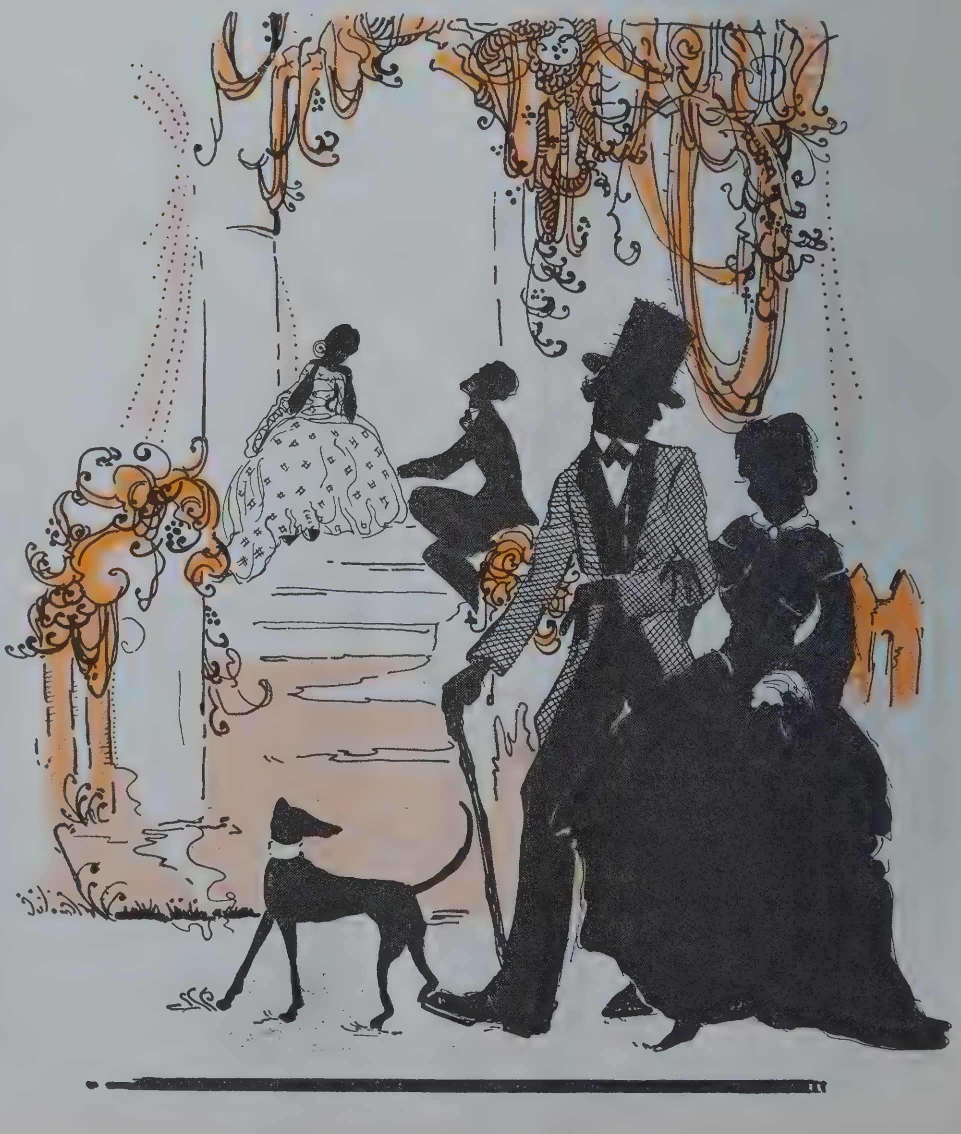
On an April morning a pillar of dust, slow-moving, was seen far down the road. House-movers were coming, with a house. A windlass was set up in the road, and to the bar horses were hitched. The cable reached back to the house, which was pulled along on rollers. The horse was driven around and around the windlass, and the rope was wound round the bar. Thus the house was pulled along, and men were continually running back to readjust the rollers the house had passed over. Thus a new habitation was brought to stand on the same street as the home of Anselm Thorne.

The bridegroom and the bride—we came, in later years, to know the bride as old Mrs. Waverley—were welcomed to the street by Mr. and Mrs. Thorne. On the evening of the day they moved into their transplanted cottage, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne invited them to supper. Did the Thornes know the Waverleys? They did not, until they became neighbors. But now they were neighbors, and that was introduction. To the Father of the Neighborhood, the coming of the Waverleys was as if his children were learning to talk.

On many a happy morning Anselm Thorne stood under his tree, or on his porch with the clematis, and saw new changes in the dull road. The Street was becoming a Neighborhood. He did not own it. He owned nothing on earth but his little home and lot. He did not own the Street, but the Neighborhood was his.

He could see Mrs. Westlake slipping into Mrs. Edgerley's kitchen, without knocking, to borrow a cup of sugar. He knew that they had set up a custom, those two, so that on the day when one of them baked bread, she took in a loaf to the other. The Street was gone! The Neighborhood had come! And Anselm Thorne, with his big heart and his little love of gossip, was glad.

When the time came for our arrival in the world, as children, and our appearance on the street as ball-players and window-breakers, the Neighborhood was established. It seemed to us



Betty Jane Kidd

as if it had always been there. It seemed to old Anselm Thorne, even, that it would always be there.

But while Anselm Thorne and others dreamed of this—the wand of a transforming change was waved over all the neighborhoods of the world. The neighborhoods that were—loosely linked but individual oases on the great desert of city life—faded away into mere avenues, and once again the Neighborhood, the foster child of Anselm Thorne, became a mere street.

Today we have no neighborhoods of the old order: not in New York or New Orleans, not in Portland, Maine, or Portland, Oregon, not in Chicago, London, Berlin, Moscow, Pekin, or Calcutta. In every city a centrifugal force hurls entire families from their old homes to new villas or castles or cottages on the outer boundaries. And a centripetal force compresses the lives of thousands of bachelors, spinsters, lone couples, and a few others, in colossal apartments within the central squares of the town.

TO Anselm Thorne and his neighbors, to Mrs. Thorne and her neighbors, all the life of the street was one life. The arrival of a new family was one kind of sensation. The departure of a settled family was another subject of news. According to the nature of neighbors, there was kindness or unkindness in their treatment of one another—there was charitableness or spleen in their gossip. But there was not isolation, and insulation, and aloofness—

The Neighborhood was a little oasis of common life, where living creatures dwelled together: a cluster of palm trees which might now and then hide a lion but would shelter a gazelle. The Street, which was there before the Neighborhood, and which remains, now that the Neighborhood is gone, is the desert itself. The towering apartment house rises from the side of the road like a New Mexico mountainside burrowed by cave dwellers. It has the population of a score of neighborhoods, but there are not two real neighbors in all the chain of mountainous galleries.

HERE we record social revolution, actual, and not a dream, mightier in its changes than any planned by the reddest radicals. Friendship, indeed, is not dead, but it is reorganized—it operates no more on a corner grocery scale but linked in a chain system by telephone calling lists. We have the old neighborhoods no more, and yet, three-fourths of the friendships now existing in America had their roots in some ancient neighborhood life, and are children of the Anselm Thornes of the past. The telephone calling lists, in some families, reaching from vast palaces of apartments on golden heights to nestling bungalows on outlying lakes, are remnants of the old Neighborhood, fragments of the households which Mrs. Thorne visited.

BUT while those who have lived in neighborhoods may now cling to the fragments, it is not the less true that the social revolution is complete, and the neighborhoods are no more. We do not know who moves in or moves out. When we do not know that people are here, or are not, we naturally do not know what happens in their lives. Every man's house was his castle, and still is—and each has its little moat of silence about it, and its raised drawbridge of indifference.

If any man would be sure of the great change in city life, the revolution of house-to-house living, let him go back to any place where a neighborhood once stood—and he will find only a street. He may see a grand example of this in London, where the old names of the old streets of the city remain, but where the whole of the ancient municipality is given up to week-day business, and on Sundays dozes in a siesta of silence. Old Paris *voisinages*, old Vienna *Nachbarschaften*, are gone as well, and where a man about to remove once inquired about his new neighbors, he is now content to give instruction concerning one vine and one fig tree.

Betty Jane Kidd

Wild.

Explaining Your Dog's Behavior

By FRED C. KELLY

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

Domestic.

FOLKS who like dogs often wonder: How did dogs, originally wild, become so tame. The obvious answer, interesting as it is to dog owners, should be far more important to dogs themselves. For if they understood what had happened to their ancestors, they might feel that it would behoove them when young to show the best disposition possible. Many kennel owners when weeding out puppies save only those that show the most agreeable traits. In that way they breed a more and more companionable strain.

It was probably by just such a process of elimination that dogs gradually became tame. When cave men first began to make pets of litters of wolf or jackal puppies, they got rid of the more surly ones and kept only those that were fairly sweet-natured.

When the more even-tempered puppies grew up and had families of their own, there was less and less chance, with each generation, of puppies having ugly dispositions. As this weeding out continued, finally it became unusual for a puppy not to be reasonably gentle and obedient.

While the early relations between mankind and dogs must have grown up in consequence of hunters bringing home motherless litters of wild puppies, there was probably contact in another way. Our early ancestors who lived in caves and rude shelters were doubtless not any too fastidious and devoted little time to tidying up their premises. When they had picked the meat from a bone, they didn't put it into a garbage can but tossed it out the front door. This must have attracted other animals. A few were so objectionable that they had to be chased away or killed. But dogs and men presumably got used to each other and discovered that association might have mutual benefits. Dogs were glad to pick up waste food that might otherwise decay and become offensive. Slovenly though men were, they probably liked to see the dooryard cleaned up.

Undoubtedly dogs proved of great advantage in another way. When other food supplies ran low, they could be eaten, as in certain parts of the world they still are. Here was where the least fit were likely to be eliminated. The man who wanted a dog to help him in pursuit of game did not kill for food his best hunting dog. Likewise, if he used dogs to help draw a sledge, he kept the most able-bodied. Even if he cared for his dog only as a household pet, he would retain the most intelligent and affectionate. Thus several distinct types were built up. In the selective process those breeds of dogs that guard sheep have undergone a complete transformation. Instead of killing sheep, as they would do if they followed their original instincts, they zealously protect them from being killed by others. And just why is it that a dog which might attack sheep is willing to guard them? But the line of demarcation between a sheep-*herding* dog and a sheep-*killing* dog is not wide. Proper training is sometimes all that prevents a dog from crossing the line.

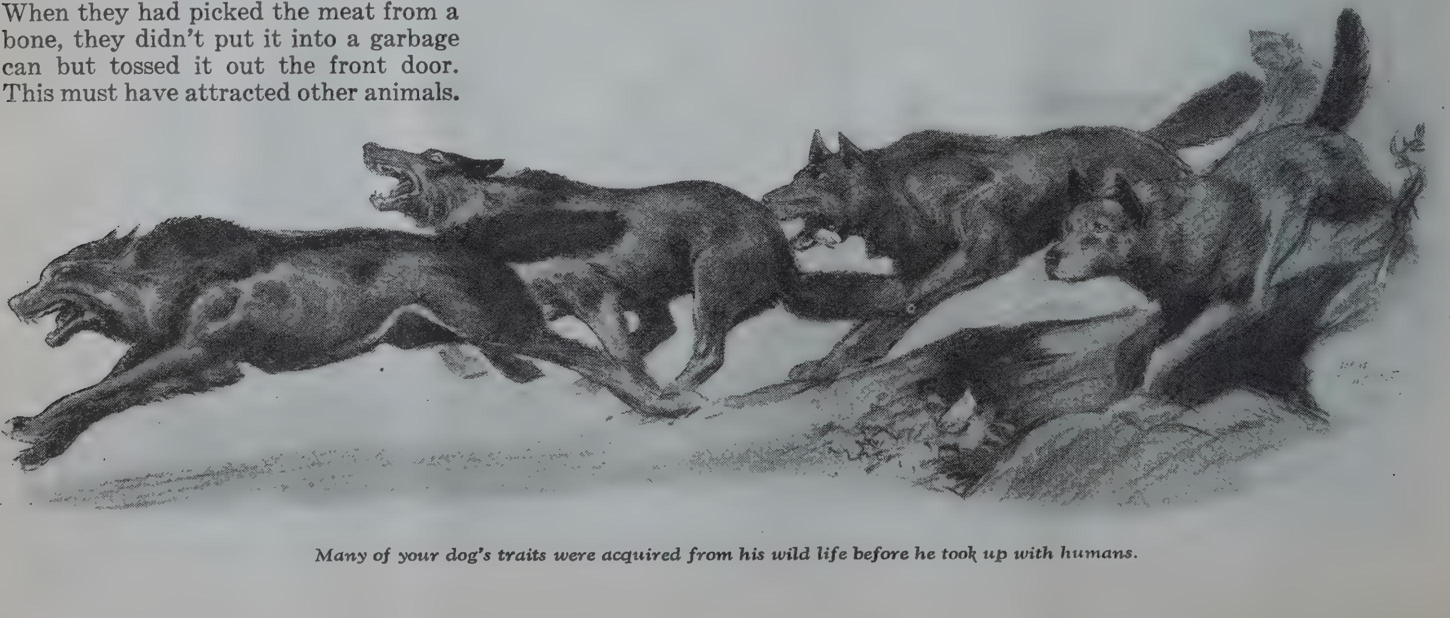
Your own dog, then, is a result of inherited instincts, selective breeding and training. Many of its traits were acquired from the necessities of its wild life with the pack long before it first took up with us humans.

One of the main things that help to make dogs so popular with mankind is their obedience and willingness to learn household rules.

Their earliest kinfolk *had* to learn to pay heed to the older and more experienced members of the pack and to follow their lead; otherwise they all might have starved. Without thinking much about it, a dog accepts orders from its human boss, whoever he happens to be, just as it would from some wise old dog leader. Indeed, it will go still further in taking orders from a man than from an experienced dog leader.

Maeterlinck says that the dog is the only creature that has found its god. The dog's god is its master. True, a dog probably thinks of its master just as an extra-smart dog who walks on its hind legs. Since a dog's mind is the only one a dog knows anything about, it is obliged to think of a man leader in terms of dog. Thus it happens that a dog never likes to have even its master come around and bother it when it is eating. The dog knows that other dogs would like to have its bone and that it must fight to uphold its rights in its own property.

Keepers in zoölogical gardens say that jackals turn around several times and scratch their bedding with their forepaws exactly as dogs, but that



Many of your dog's traits were acquired from his wild life before he took up with humans.

wolves, supposed ancestors of modern dogs, do *not* do so.

Possibly the explanation is that dogs have descended from both jackals and wolves but inherited this trait only from jackals. The latter probably lived in places where it was necessary to tramp down their bedding, while wolves usually make their dens among rocks where no such act would have been necessary.

It has been noted, too, that smaller dogs are more likely than larger ones to roll in carrion or other filth. The explanation may lie in the fact that smaller dogs probably descended from jackals and this habit of rolling in evil-smelling matter is reliably declared to be a jackal rather than a wolf trait.

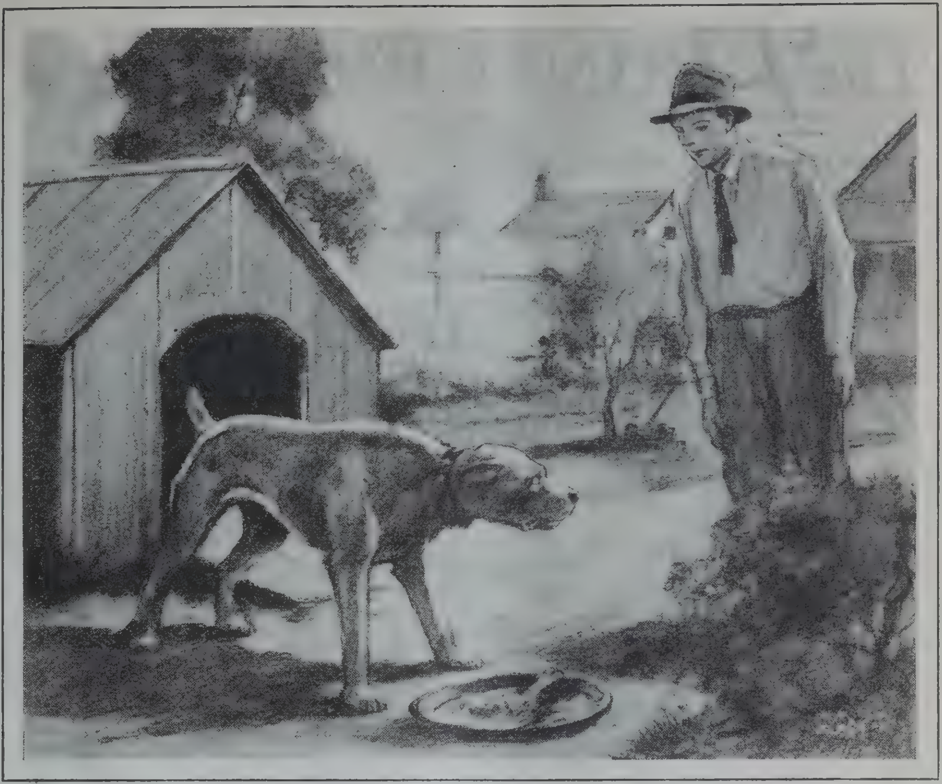
In this connection, Darwin observes that 'dogs roll in carrion and yet do not eat it, while wolves will eat carrion and will not roll in it.' He also says: 'When a piece of dog biscuit is offered to a terrier of mine who is not hungry, she first tosses it about as if it were a rat or other prey. She will then repeatedly roll on it, precisely as if it were a piece of carrion, and then eat it. It would appear that an imaginary relish has to be given this tasty morsel, and to effect this, the dog acts in its habitual manner as if the biscuit were a live animal or smelled like carrion.'

My friend, Walter Lingo, proprietor of the Oorang Kennels, who sells many thousands of dogs every year, believes that this habit of rolling in filth comes to dogs at periodical times and is Nature's way of ridding the skin of irritations or parasites. This seems plausible, in a way. At least, I know if I were an insect and a dog rolled in a dead animal, I should immediately move elsewhere.

Still, though I try to be liberal-minded, I cannot entirely catch the point of view of a dog in its desire to perfume itself with decaying matter. I frankly regard such practice as a social handicap. Yet it is, of course, all in the point of view.

Among Eskimos and other human races many prefer decomposed fish to that which is fresh. Such things are relative. Those of us who can tolerate the odor or taste of onions are perhaps regarded as equally depraved by those who are more fastidious. W. H. Hudson, the naturalist, in his charming book, *A Hind in Richmond Park*, tells of Hindus who could not tolerate the smell of Caucasians because they were meat eaters.

Stefansson, Arctic explorer, observed that a pup fed on tainted meat for six months could not be induced to eat fresh meat; neither would pups fed on fresh meat like to touch tainted meat. In either event a dog would starve for a week before accepting a change of diet. Stefansson also noted, by the way, that the more variety of food dogs had been used to—scraps from the table, and such—the more readily they would eat almost any kind of food offered. In this respect, he found, they were like men. The better-bred man who had had opportunity for tasting a variety of food did not object to a change.



A dog thinks of man in terms of dog—thus he never likes to have his master come around when he is eating.

Why does a dog often lift up his voice in a song-like howl when his master keeps tapping the same key on a piano or sings a prolonged, shrill note?

A common explanation is that the dog's ears are so sensitive to sound that a shrill or prolonged note is painful. Yet this can hardly be true because my dogs seem to enjoy singing in this way. I usually howl merrily in the bathroom while shaving, under the delusion that I am singing, and my dogs often come to join me on the high notes. They don't appear to be in pain or distress, make no move to escape, and actually seem to delight in these little informal recitals. I can make them start 'singing' by giving certain notes so faintly that they're scarcely audible. It can't be that these notes are painful. Perhaps they remind the dogs of shrill tones that *did* hurt their ears. But why do they hunt me up when I start to sing and evidently take such pleasure in the concert?

Why are puppies so playful? Professor Groos, in his work on *The Play of Animals*, says: 'The play of young animals has its origin in the fact that certain important instincts appear at a time when the animal does not seriously need them. Its utility consists in the practice and exercise it affords for some of the more important duties of life. Animals cannot be said to play because they are young and frolicsome, but rather they have a period of youth in order to play; for only by so doing can they supplement the insufficient hereditary endowment with individual experience, in view of the coming tasks of life.'

Lloyd Morgan, famous British naturalist, adds: 'In young animals such play is, after all, the serious business of their time of life. Its import for their future welfare can scarcely be overestimated. The way in which a kitten pats a cork or ball, making it roll and then pouncing upon it, is a characteristic example of animal play.'

Darwin, in one of his books, discusses what he calls the *principle of antithesis*, and in this way explains many dog traits or habits which have *not* come from ancestral use or necessity. In brief, this principle is simply that if a dog performs one set of actions, owing to definite and logical reasons, he may in an opposite frame of mind exhibit totally opposite actions which are and have always been completely useless.

As Darwin suggests: 'A dog suddenly discovers that a man he is approaching is not a stranger, but his master; and let it be observed how completely and instantaneously his whole bearing is reversed. Instead of walking upright, the body sinks downward or even crouches, and is thrown into flexuous movements; his tail, instead of being held stiff and upright, is lowered and wagged from side to side; his hair

(Continued on page 25)

The PRINCE Who Wore a Red Feather

Photos by Frank Scott Clark.

King and Queen Vallantyne, Prince Val, Princess Marguerite.

By JOSEPH MEADON

SCENE I

THE living room of the home of Robert Tate. It is an average home, with the boy, Val, sitting at the table playing with some little toy soldiers. He will make one figure represent a king—another a queen.

Vallantyne's father and mother are sitting in chairs to his right. The father will be, with back partly toward the audience, smoking a pipe while looking at the boy playing. The mother will probably be reading or sewing.

The entire setting should be toward stage right that it may be removed quickly when it changes to the second scene.

There should be a reading lamp somewhere near the father, that he may be able to read fairy story to the boy when lights are dimmed on the stage.

The first scene should be done in 'One' and in curtains, that curtains may be hoisted or drawn quickly when everything is 'blacked out' as the magician works the miracle of changing the toy soldiers into real soldiers. The transition takes but about twenty seconds because Scene II is already set.

Sir Gamble, who fails to win the Princess and loses his life.

SCENE II

This is a semi-open court at King Vallantyne's palace. A blue cyclorama, properly lighted, will give distance. A raised terrace at stage rear, with fountain nicely decorated, with flowers, bushes and trees around. The light must come up very gradually on Scene II, which will reveal King Vallantyne and Queen Vallantyne in their seats on the terrace.

As the light is coming up the orchestra will be playing a march, as the army enters and goes through a few evolutions—the General reporting to King Vallantyne.

Sir Jason, another unfortunate knight.

THE CHARACTERS

Father; Mother; Son; King Vallantyne; Queen Vallantyne; Prince Vallantyne; King Brombo, of Dimland; Princess Marguerite, daughter of King Brombo; Magician, Dr. Knowitall; Sir Gamble, an Adventurous Knight; Sir Jason, a Wandering Marine; Scounder, King Brombo's Chief Executioner; 'Helter,' a Ferocious Lion; 'Skelter,' a More Ferocious Lion; The Queen's Scrubwoman.

KING VALLANTYNE'S ARMY

General Horatio Buster, Colonel Longand, Major Shortofit, Captain Hamand (carry swords); Private Eggs (carries musket).

SCENE I

TIME: *Six o'clock p. m., October 10, 1926.*

PLACE: *The living room of Robert Tate.*

SCENE II

TIME: *October 10, 1573.*

PLACE: *The open court of King Vallantyne's castle at Flowerdale.*

VAL: Call out the Guard—the King's coming.

(Val trumpets with his hand and parades the four little wooden soldiers on the table. Another little toy acts as a King. He makes the toy king walk past the soldiers. Val salutes the King.)

VAL: Where's the Queen? Queens are always with the Kings. *(He hunts through toys in a box on table and finds a little toy woman.)* Here she is. A broken nose, but Dad can fix that some day.

(He lifts up the toy's dress and says—) You'd be all right for a queen, except you've only got one leg. Dad, will you make a left leg for the Queen?

FATHER: Sure!

VAL: Now we'll have a parade. Rat-a-tat-tat, rat-a-tat-tat.

(Val hums a march and he draws the toy soldiers across the table before the toy king. Lights begin to dim a little. Orchestra plays softly.)

VAL: Gee! I wish they were real soldiers.

(Val's head begins to droop in sleep. Light is getting dimmer, except a little

mellow spot from above on Val and a reading lamp near his father.)

MOTHER: I guess he'll keep busy with his toys while I get supper.

FATHER: Sure he will.

MOTHER: I'll call you when supper's ready. (*Exits right.*)

(*Father picks up magazine and looks it over while music is playing softly. Looks at it a few moments, then looks at the boy.*)

FATHER: Listen to this, Val. It's a fairy story about some kings.

(*Father reads for about two minutes, then goes to boy.*)

FATHER: Why, the little fellow's asleep. Guess I won't disturb him until supper's ready. (*Turns off switch on reading lamp, exits stage right.*)

(*Light is now dimmed until there is only the mellow light on Val.*)

(*Enter quietly from stage left the Magician—a pale green spot picks him up—who is dressed in black, with black gloves, red shoes and cap, with a long red feather in cap. Lights brighten slowly. He should be wearing tights and 16th Century shoes, somewhat after the make-up of Mephisto, but with a kindly face instead of a sinister one.*)

(*Magician makes sure no one is eavesdropping, then quietly steps to the table, picks up one of the little toy soldiers and chuckles.*)

MAGICIAN: So little Val wishes they were real, eh? Isn't that just like a boy? Well, well (*and he laughs amusedly*); he little knows that I can make toy soldiers into real soldiers. (*Val has raised his head and is quietly listening to, and watching, the Magician.*)

VAL: Can you?

MAGICIAN: (*Turning quickly, apprehensively*) Who's that?

VAL: Me.

MAGICIAN: Oh, it's you, Val. (*The Magician laughs merrily.*) Let me introduce myself. I am the Magician of the Dream World, sometimes known as 'Doctor Knowitall.' (*He bows gracefully and quite formally.*)

VAL: You said you can make my toy soldiers real?

MAGICIAN: I am able to do that very thing.

VAL: So's they can talk?

MAGICIAN: Yes.

VAL: And walk?

MAGICIAN: Yes.

VAL: And fight?—like real soldiers?

MAGICIAN: Yes.

VAL: But these are such teeny-weeny things! (*holding up a toy*) Can you make them grow, big, big, big? (*showing with his hands*)

MAGICIAN: Yes.

VAL: All right—do it.

MAGICIAN: Oh, but you've forgotten something.

VAL: What?

MAGICIAN: Ah! Ah! (*smiling and wagging a forefinger at Val*)

VAL: I know.

MAGICIAN: What?

VAL: 'If you please,' sir.

MAGICIAN: Good. That's it. Now I will tell you how I do it.
Close your eyes; count ten slowly—just like this—1—2—3—4—5—6—

VAL: Oh, wait, wait a minute! I must have a king.

MAGICIAN: That's all right. One king.

VAL: And a queen.

MAGICIAN: Very good—one king, one queen.

VAL: And a prince and an army, and they must all be able to talk and walk and be big like real people.

MAGICIAN: All right—an order for one king, one queen, one prince and an army that can talk, and walk, and be big like real people.

VAL: Oh, you're wonderful (*somewhat awestruck*).

MAGICIAN: Get ready now. All set. Count.

VAL: (*Closes his eyes, bows his head; he counts.*) 1—2—3—4—5—6— Oh, sir, I forgot something.

MAGICIAN: What is it, Val? We must hurry.

VAL: My father must be the king.

MAGICIAN: Very good.

VAL: And my mother must be the queen.

MAGICIAN: It shall be so.

VAL: And I must be grown up and be the prince with a red feather in my cap; and a brave prince who is looking for a beautiful princess.

MAGICIAN: If—

VAL: If you please.

MAGICIAN: It shall be so. Now, are you ready? Count!

VAL: (*Counts*) 1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—9—10.

(*The lights have been fading to black darkness on the stage. The Magician makes an electrical contact at stage left, and the sparks fly with his wand as he recites. Drum roll and crash covers removal of setting.*)

MAGICIAN: Come, come! Here are my orders for a king, a queen and a prince; soldiers, soldiers, soldiers—that can walk and talk and fight—an army, lions and lords and knights (*and he laughs as the sparks fly*).

(*The tramp of feet and low music is heard in distance. The Magician vanishes as the stage is in complete darkness. The scrim is raised. Light comes up gradually and reveals the king and queen seated in chairs at stage right.*) (*The voice of the Magician can be heard offstage in the semidarkness.*)

MAGICIAN: Ha! ha! ha! they're coming, they're coming—kings, queens, soldiers, everything—ha! ha! ha!

(*The music and the tramping of the four soldiers, preceded by the general, gets louder, until they ultimately file on the stage and go through a few evolutions, keeping time to the music.*)

(*To the King*): Your Majesty, you sent for the army. It is here.

KING: I thank you, General. I shall take a look at it.

COLONEL: 'Shun! (*The soldiers snap to attention.*)

(*The King walks around and eyes them carefully.*)

KING: Very good, very good, General. (*Then he goes to the General, looks him all over just as he did the soldiers, but is startled to note dust on the General's shoes.*)

There's dust on your shoes, General. You know how we punish a man for having dirty shoes.

GENERAL: (*The General is terrified.*)

The man who cuts off heads; 'Scounder' is his name.

Yes, yes, Your Majesty, but spare me this time, spare me.

(He falls to his knees.)

(The Queen comes fluttering down.)

Queen: Oh, Milord, Milord, don't cut off his head this time. Please, please don't.

King: I'll let you off this time, but the next time, well—

General: Thanks, Your Majesty.

(The General tries to get to his feet but he can't—The Queen goes to the help of the General and the Queen, in helping, herself falls.)

King: Some one must help the Queen.

General: Let me see how this should be done.

(General looks in his manual.)

King: Look under 'Raising a Queen.'

General: Oh, yes, here it is—'When a Queen falls, she must be raised with great care.' *(Reading from the manual.)*

King: This time, the army may help the Queen to her feet.

(The army tries to raise the Queen to her feet but struggles in vain.)

King: That's fine, but let me do it—I think it can be done quite easily without all this red tape.

(The King graciously extends his hand to the Queen and she rises lightly to her feet. The Queen bows to the King and King and Queen dance a few measures of a minuet. The King gallantly seats her and then seats himself.)

King: General! You will please present my compliments and cordial greetings, and convey this congratulatory message to the army. It is a fine, upstanding, loyal, sincere body of men. I want them to know that the nation is proud of them; and that I, voicing the sentiments and good will of our people, am grateful to them for their guardianship and for their unselfish patriotism!

(General snaps a salute and takes paper from the King.)

General: Colonel! *(The Colonel advances to the General.)* Accept my compliments with the command that you deliver this message to the army. At once, sir.

(The Colonel salutes.)

Colonel: Major! *(The Major advances and salutes.)* *(The Colonel takes a quick glance at the paper.)* Read this to the army.

(The Colonel gives the Major a glimpse of it—just a flash. It's enough for the Major, however.)

Major: Yes, sir. Captain! *(The Captain advances. He doesn't salute.)* Tell the army—tell 'em—they're GREAT—now and then!

Captain: 'Ten-SHUN, Army! Head up, there—head up! You humpbacked slouch—where's yer CHEST? Pull in that CHIN—or I'll—STAND UP! —You're no gorilla. Get them heels together—heels, man—HEELS! . . . There; that's better; now you almost look like a man. 'You're all right'—the Major told me to tell you.—But —you don't deserve it!

Private Eggs: Thank you. Long live The King! *(So soon as Private Eggs says 'Long,' the General, Colonel, Major, Captain and the Private raise swords to the salute.)*

(And while they are at the salute, the orchestra strikes up the march that takes the army, including officers, off the stage—except the private who remains on guard.)

Queen: I wonder where Prince Val can be? My heart is sad, Milord. He has been gone since the first gentle rain of spring christened the apple blossoms in yonder orchard.

King: And now it's October.

Queen: Milord, I do fear for our son, Prince Val.

King: He is a Vallantyne. He will keep his word. No son worthy of his father's name breaks his promise. He must, however, first slay the ferocious lions that have terrified the people. The General offered him the help of the army, but Val said he'd rather do it alone—that there was less danger that way.

Queen: But, Milord, the King and Princess Marguerite of Dimland are coming here today and expect to meet Prince Val.

King: Yes, and others.

Queen: What do you mean?

King: Little Mother, I'll tell you. King Brombo of far off Dimland is a fierce, cruel man. He is not pleasant of feature. He has a sword-cut across his face I gave him in one of our wars many years ago. He begged mercy and I gave it. He now has a daughter—just nineteen—a sweet girl, one of earth's jewels. Flowers nod their heads and the birds sing when Princess Marguerite passes by. Kings, Princes, Nobles, Knights and Soldiers, all flock to King Brombo's palace to seek the hand of Marguerite. None have succeeded.

More Kings—more dirt to be cleaned up.

The King of Dimland insists upon certain tests. If a man fails he is the King's prisoner and the King may then cut off the head of the man who failed, or make him a slave—or do with him what he wishes. King Brombo will hold one of these tests at our castle today. Possibly you may think, little Mother, our own son, Prince Val, has sought the hand of Marguerite and failed and paid for it dearly. Val wouldn't fail.

Queen: And yet, Milord—but suppose, suppose that—

King: *(Interrupting)* If one hair of his head has been harmed it will not go well for Brombo. I shall question King Brombo when he comes.

(There is some knocking and angry voices at stage left.)

(The General enters out of breath and quite excited.)

General: Your Majesty, King Brombo is thundering at the gates, and he seems to be quite angry over something.

King: Admit him and bid him welcome.

(General salutes and exits left.)

King: Come, my Queen! We must greet our kingly neighbor as befits royalty.

(They exit stage right to put on their robes of state.)

(A scene between the Scrubwoman and the soldiers.)

(Enter old woman with broom.)

Woman: More Kings—more dirt to be cleaned up. *(She sweeps.)* Now it's King Brombo that's coming! They all make needless work.

Private Eggs: Old woman; they'll cut out your tongue if you talk that way.

Woman: Ugh! Will they, indeed!

Private Eggs: Yes; or chop off your head.

Woman: And what else will they do to this old woman?

Private Eggs: It's all according to whether they cut out your tongue or chop off your head.

Woman: And which do you think will be best?

Private Eggs: Cut off your head.

Woman: And who'll do all the cutting?

Private Eggs: *(Drawing himself up to his full height and looking quite pompous.)* Why, the King's Army.

Woman: Look! Look! *(She points to the King's army and laughs, long, loudly—hilariously.)*

Private Eggs: Careful, woman; or there'll be no cutting—I'll blow it off! *(He raises gun.)*

Woman: Pouff—to you and your popgun! *(She strikes Private Eggs with broom and he falls. She stands over him.)* Pouff! Pouff!

Private Eggs: Ah, woman; don't be so mean. *(He sits up.)* There's no need for you to be so rough, is there?

Woman: Rough? You whimpering baby. You were going to blow off my head. *(She stabs at him with broom.)* Pouff!

Private Eggs: Lady—be careful; you might hurt me! *(Wheedlingly.)*

Woman: Pouff! Pouff! *(Threatening with broom.)*

Private Eggs: *(Mischievously—and there's a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eyes. He sits up.)* That's naughty—you're almost spitting at me! A nice lady like you shouldn't do that. Now, you're sorry—aren't you? . . . Yes—I can see you are very sorry.

Woman: Me, sorry?

Private Eggs: Yes, there's a kindly look in your eye—and—you'd rather help than hurt me. Now, give me your hand. *(She extends her hands and helps to pull Private Eggs to his feet.)*

Woman: *(Looking at him intently, then joyously.)* Why—it's Tom! *(They come together with a bang, and she almost carries him off his feet.)*

Private Eggs: Mother! *(They embrace.)*

Woman: *(Surveying Tom smilingly and proudly.)* I didn't know you in that soldier's uniform.

Private Eggs: It's fifteen years since they took me away, mother—and—you, you're working too hard. *(He surveys his mother.)* You're getting thin! *(She is an exceedingly fat woman.)*

Woman: I'm all right. But Tom, you're getting quite fat. *(She pulls his coat tight which indicates that Tom is still very spare.)* And what a handsome, dashing, brave looking soldier you make!

Private Eggs: Of course.

Woman: I'll tell you a secret, Tom; I was afraid of you. That's why I hit you so quickly.

PRIVATE EGGS: You didn't hurt, mother. It reminded me of old times.

WOMAN: *You* ought to be the King—you're handsome enough.

PRIVATE EGGS: That's right.
And, *you're* good enough to be the Queen.
(Orchestra strikes up a grand march or grotesque minuet and Private Eggs conducts the make-believe Queen to the seat of Queen Vallantyne. He graciously bows to her and then seats himself with a bang. They smile upon each other approvingly. 'King' Private Eggs clears his throat as he is about to make an eloquent speech.)

PRIVATE EGGS: General, you will please present my compliments and cordial greetings, and convey this congratulatory message to the army. It is a fine, upstanding, loyal, sincere body of men. I want them to know that—
(As soon as the trumpet is heard Private Eggs, in alarm, rushes to pick up his musket, and the pseudo-Queen is all out of breath and quite in a fluster trying to retrieve her broom. She picks it up and exits hurriedly on stage right.
Private Eggs takes his position and stands at attention as the music plays and the soldiers march on.)
(Trumpet sounds. A march is played and the soldiers march on with the General at their head. They take a couple of turns around the stage and line up to receive the visiting King. However, before King Brombo enters King Val and his Queen reenter and take their places seated.)
(Brombo is a swaggering, self-confident King.)

BROMBO: Well, well, King Val; how do you do? And, oh *(quite graciously as he bows to the Queen)*—pardon, Your Majesty—I am happy to live a few hours under the sunshine of your presence.

KING VAL: *(Rising as King Brombo enters)* We are overjoyed, Your Majesty, that you have journeyed safely to our castle.
Won't you be seated?

QUEEN: Where's the Princess Marguerite?

BROMBO: She's here, awaiting my command, and your pleasure, for her presence.

KING VAL: May we not greet her—now?

BROMBO: Oh, there's lots of time. The Princess can wait until we examine the two young men—probably unfortunate—who are willing to try the tests in an endeavor to win her hand.

QUEEN: Oh!

KING: And your journey, was it pleasant?

BROMBO: Very pleasant, so soon as I left my own country. You see, in my country there are two great big lions, roaring, killing and tearing everything to pieces. No man, woman or child is safe. My army got afraid and hurried back home when the lions roared. I couldn't run as fast as the army so I decided to keep right on going on my journey with the Princess Marguerite and my head executioner.

QUEEN: Executioner?

BROMBO: Oh, yes; that's the man who cuts off heads for me. His name is 'Scounder.' He's a nice fellow. You'll like him. I always take him along with me. You see, when I listen to the young men who try to win the Princess and they fail—well, we make short work of them—usually.

KING: Did a young man about twenty years of age, and with a red feather in his cap, try to win the Princess?

BROMBO: Sure.

QUEEN: *(Excitedly)* Oh, Milord! Milord! can it be? Can it be?

BROMBO: Sure. Lots of young fellows with red feathers have tried. The last one with a red feather, we cut off his—

KING: Was he a prince, and—fair?

BROMBO: No. He was short and fat and dark.

QUEEN: Thank goodness.
(King Val registers relief.)

BROMBO: Would you like to see how we do it?

KING: Are these suitors here?

BROMBO: Two of them. One we met just outside the garden gate. He held it open for the Princess and forgot all about me. The gate swung back and hit me right there *(pointing to stomach)*. *(Savagely)* It will go hard with that young man if he fails in the test. We'll start. Scounder! Scounder!! Scounder!!!
(Scounder enters. He's a black man and grins horribly. He wears black tights and carries a very large sword.)

BROMBO: Are the young men ready?

SCOUNDER: Ugh!

BROMBO: Is your sword sharp?

SCOUNDER: Ugh! Ugh!

BROMBO: Good. All right. Go and get the brave—but unfortunate—young men.

SCOUNDER: Ugh! *(And he smiles knowingly. He draws his fingers across his throat and makes a guttural noise.)*

BROMBO: Will the General escort the Princess Marguerite to our presence?
(The General snaps a salute).

COLONEL: 'Shun! *(General exits with army to music.)*

BROMBO: It's lots of fun, King Val. You should have seen the last execution—I mean, examination. One of the tests was that the Knight must put both of his feet in one shoe and walk across a cobblestone courtyard. He failed, of course. Scounder wanted, as a penalty for failure, to clip off a bit of his left ear, but I said 'No.' The young fellow had made us laugh so much in trying to walk across the court—well—I was satisfied.
(Trumpet sounds, and the army reenters.)
(General enters with Marguerite a few moments later; to a grand march. The Princess bows to the assembled royalty.)

BROMBO: Milord and Lady, this is Princess Marguerite, daughter of Brombo—that's me—King of Dimland, Emperor of Blackland, and a Defender of the Sacred Eagle and Guardian of the Caves of the noisy North, South, East and West Winds. *(Marguerite kneels.)*

KING: Rise, Princess. We are most happy to greet you. Your father has made the kingdom of Dimland famous. We can, after seeing the Princess Marguerite, well understand why your palace has become the goal of so many brave, young, adventurous Knights.

PRINCESS: Your Majesty is indeed kind.

QUEEN: Come hither, my dear. *(The Queen takes her by the hand and seats her at their feet to the Queen's left.)*
Have there been many handsome young men, Knights and Nobles, who have sought your hand?

PRINCESS: Many, Your Majesty.

QUEEN: Has there not been one, even one—whom you would choose?

PRINCESS: Not one, Your Majesty, so far.

QUEEN: Was there, among them, a handsome, fair young Prince, with a bright red feather in his cap; one who has said he will rid your country, and ours, of the two wild, fierce lions that frighten the people and make them stay at home after dark?

PRINCESS: I have heard of him, Your Majesty. I have not seen him. Once I was told he was in the forest near our castle and that he had caught the lions. Father sent his army for the Red Feather Prince to reward him for his bravery, but the army was frightened as soon as they entered the forest when they heard the lions roar, and came back home in a hurry. They made the excuse that it was getting dark and going to rain.

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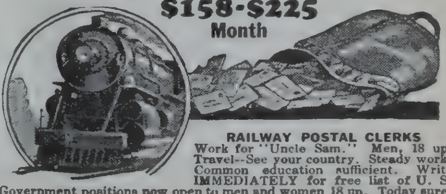

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Queen: When they heard the lions roar? (*Apprehensively to King Val*) Is it possible they killed Prince Val?

Princess: I pray not, Your Majesty. He must be a brave man to fight the lions alone. I often wish the Prince with the red feather in his cap would come to our castle.

Brombo: Scounder! Scounder! I say! (*Scounder enters stage left.*)

Scounder: Ugh!

Brombo: Where are the Knights who seek the Princess' hand?

Scounder: Ugh, ugh!

Brombo: No!

Scounder: Ugh!

Brombo: You don't say so!

Scounder: Ugh!

Brombo: What did you do after that?

Scounder: Ugh, ugh!

Brombo: That's fine. I compliment you. You may have two suppers tonight instead of one. I don't know what I'd do without your skilled help, Scounder. Now, bring in the Knights.
(*Scounder exits left.*)

King: I beseech Your Majesty if any of these brave young Knights fail in the test today that you be merciful to them.

Queen: Aye—Milord—I also pray that if he wear a red feather in his cap you forgive him, if he, unhappily, should fail.

Brombo: But, Queen; I don't like red feathers! I usually make it harder for all who wear red feathers! Everybody knows I don't like red feathers! They gall me; they provoke me—they vex me! Red feathers—they—they—they—annoy me!

Queen: (*To King Val*) Is he suggesting red feathers displease him?

King: I think that's the drift of his remarks.

Queen: Ask him.

King: Sh-h-h-h! Let him go on.

Queen: Let's make sure—ask him.

King: Are you intimating you dislike red feathers?

Brombo: I hate them!

Queen: Oh, please, PLEASE, King Brombo, don't be so cross. It makes us so unhappy. Let me explain. I have a son —(*Smilingly, as the Queen indicates King Vallantyne also*)—WE have a son —who wears a bright red feather in his cap so you mustn't get sick nor angry; nor vexed; provoked nor sore, when you meet him . . . You see, my son—OUR son—doesn't like men who grow funny little black whiskers and have scars from sword-cuts across their faces. . . . He gets that from his father, I suppose. Quite an admirable aversion, King Brombo—don't you think?

Brombo: Why—then er—er—er—I—er—

Queen: There—I was sure you'd understand. So, I beg of you, King Brombo, to be merciful.

Brombo: Well, you see, Scounder is so wise he knows when these boys fail; and Scounder sometimes is so swift with his sword, I haven't time to change my mind.

King: Today, as my guest, King Brombo will give the commands and the commands shall be just. Scounder, your executioner, shall act only on your orders. Be careful, King Brombo.
(*Scounder enters with the two Knights. The Knights bow to the Kings. Scounder is gleeful and feels the edge of his sword.*)

Brombo: Welcome, gallant sirs. May I inquire your names?

Sir Gamble: Your Majesty, I am Gamble, Knight of the Fiery Circle, conqueror of the fire-breathing Dragons of Amerzee.

Brombo: And you, Sir Knight?

Sir Jason: I, Your Majesty, am Sir Jason, a ship's captain. Sometimes a soldier, sometimes commanding a thousand slaves at the galleys, and sometimes a regiment of fighting soldiers on land.

Brombo: Ah—ah! Fire and water, eh? Well, Sir Knights, I think it proper to tell you that if you insist upon trying to win the hand of the Princess Marguerite you must submit to a test. Do you know that?

Knights: I do.

Brombo: And do you also know that your lives are in danger if you fail to correctly answer the questions; and that I may—or rather, Scounder may—clip your ears, snip off a bit of your nose, or cut off your heads entirely? (*Scounder exhibits great glee.*)

Knights: I do.

Brombo: And are you willing to risk all of these dangerous things—even your heads—for a fair lady?

Knights: I am.

Brombo: Good. Then we'll commence. Now there are five questions I shall put to each of you. Here's the first one, Sir Gamble.
(*Sir Gamble takes a step forward.*)
'Why do you wish to win the heart and the hand of the Princess Marguerite?'

Sir Gamble: Because the Princess Marguerite (*bowing to her*) is the loveliest lady in the land.

Brombo: That's very good, very good. Now, answer this. 'How wet is water?'

Sir Gamble: Very wet.

Brombo: (*King Brombo laughs hilariously*) Oh, good—good, good! Splendid answer. (*Dubiously*) I wonder if it is the proper answer? Where's our Wise Man?

King: If you didn't bring your own Wise Man I will lend you mine.

Brombo: Thank you. I remember now, our Wise Man ran away from the lions with the army.
(*'Knowitall' appears immediately at stage left carrying a very large book under his arm. 'Knowitall' is the same character as the Magician in the first scene.*)

King Brombo laughs hilariously.

Knowitall: Your Majesty—you were going to call me.

King: Yes, Knowitall, King Brombo wishes you to give some answers to a few of his wise questions.

Brombo: How did he know you were going to call him?

King: Doctor Knowitall knows everything.

Brombo: I want to know—'How wet is water?'

Knowitall: (*Opens book—turns over pages and turns them back. Finally snaps the book closed and addresses Brombo.*) Your Majesty, there is no answer to such a question. Water is water. The degree of wetness can only describe some object affected by it.

Brombo: Then, Sir Knight, I accept your answer. You are not so learned, but you are more alert than our wise friend. Now for question No. 3.
'Did you ever kill a lion before breakfast, Sir Gamble?'

Sir Gamble: Your Majesty, I never look for lions except after breakfast. By that time the lion has also breakfasted so that he will not be inclined to eat me for his breakfast.
(*King Brombo laughs hilariously.*)

Brombo: Fine! Fine! I'll call that a correct answer. Now answer this one:
'How many stars are there in the heavens?'

Sir Gamble: Why—why—why—I don't know.

Brombo: (*Savagely*) What! You don't know! (*Brombo laughs savagely.*) Then that's bad for you, for off comes your— (*Then Brombo notes the menace from King Val who has risen from his seat with a stamp of his foot. He softens and says*): You, you are very unfortunate, Sir Knight. I feel sorry for you. Scounder will take care of you.
(*Scounder advances, looks in the Knight's face, grins.*)

Scounder: Ugh! (*The knight turns and exits stage right, with Scounder following.*)

Brombo: Too bad, too bad. He was a likely fellow. Ah well, we must go on. Now, Sir Jason, are you ready?

Sir Jason: I am ready, Your Majesty.

Brombo: Very good. Here's the first question— 'Are you a brave man?'

Sir Jason: It is not proper for me to praise myself.

Brombo: Is that a good answer, Dr. Knowitall?

Knowitall: (*Without looking in the book*) The answer is perfect, Your Majesty.

Brombo: Is that so? Then answer me this—
'What is the bravest thing you have ever attempted?'

Sir Jason: To win the fair Princess by answering your questions.

Brombo: Is he impertinent, Professor Knowitall? Is he getting impertinent?

Knowitall: It is a proper answer.

Brombo: All right, we'll go on—
'Have you ever been afraid?'

Sir Jason: Not very often, but I should be now as I stand before you.

Brombo: (*Swelling up with pride. His vanity is tickled and he looks from one to the other for approval.*) You've saved your head, young man, at least for the moment. That's a very good answer—don't you think so, Professor Knowitall?

Knowitall: Undoubtedly—if it satisfies Your Majesty.

Brombo: And, are you afraid of me as you stand there? (*Smilingly*)

Sir Jason: I am not! (*Brombo's face clouds.*)
(*A lion roars savagely offstage. The roaring is fierce and loud.*)

Brombo: What's that? Did you hear anything, King Val?

(King Brombo turns apprehensively and shows fear as he asks the question.)

KING: No, I heard nothing unusual.

BROMBO: *(Relieved)* I am glad. *(Savagely)* Now, young man, answer this question—'Who is the loveliest lady in the land?'

SIR JASON: *(Bowing to the Princess)* The Princess Marguerite.

BROMBO: That's very nice. *(Reflectively)* I wish I had a son as gracious, and bold, as you. That's four correct answers to four of the questions. There's only one question left. *(Lions roar again loud and long.)*

BROMBO: *(Fearfully and tremblingly afraid, to King Val)* That's a lion—I know it is—and they're angry, and maybe hungry. I don't like lions; don't like lions at all!

KING: I heard it that time; but maybe it's only the wind. A thunderstorm may be coming up.

BROMBO: Do you think so? I hope it's that. I certainly don't like lions—especially when they roar.

Listen *(Brombo imposes silence. There is a long, silent pause without any sound and then King Brombo turns to King Val.)* I guess you're right. It must have been the wind.

(King Brombo regains his devil-may-care attitude.)

Now, young fellow; this is the fifth and last question; so, be careful—

'How many roars are there in a lion?'

SIR JASON: I don't know. No one knows. It is a foolish question.

BROMBO: *(Angrily)* Sir, you'll pay for this impertinence. Scounder!

(Scounder enters stage left.)

SCOUNDER: Ugh!

(King Brombo significantly motions to Sir Jason. Scounder goes to him—the Knight turns and they both exit stage right.) *(Just as they exit there's a heavy knocking at the door and much roaring of lions. King Brombo is terror-stricken. Everybody is apprehensive. There's more loud knocking and roaring, and then in briskly walks Prince Val with a very bright red feather in his cap and with two big inquisitive lions just preceding him.)*

BROMBO: It's the lions! the lions! Kill 'em—kill 'em— *(Turning to King Val)* Make the army kill 'em!

GENERAL: *(Waving sword)* Charge!

(The army gets ready to charge and takes a step or two toward the lions, but the lions growl and prepare to attack the army. The army runs away, exiting; one man falls and the others rescue him.)

BROMBO: SCOUNDER! *(Agonizingly.)*

(Scounder rushes in from stage right with big sword uplifted.)

Look! Lions! Lions! Kill 'em!

(Scounder rushes for them but suddenly stops. The lions play with him. Scounder's legs tremble tremendously. He registers fear, uttering guttural sounds; he drops his sword and runs with the lions at his heel. Prince Val calls to them before they get off the stage and they come to his heel.)

PRINCE VAL: Helter! Skelter! How dare you! Now go—and bring the army back here. Be off! Wait *(Lions stop)*—and bring Scounder, also.

(The lions turn heads and nod approval of the order to Prince Val and scamper off stage right.)

QUEEN: *(Loudly)* The red feather! It's Val—oh, my boy; my boy! I didn't know you, Val; I didn't know you! *(She rushes to him and embraces him. He kneels. Mother resumes seat after son arises.)*

KING: Rise, Prince Vallantyne. We do indeed rejoice and we are made very happy by your safe return. But is it right for you to so rudely, and so noisily, come before us with such strange companions? For this offense, my son, you should beg that we forgive you, that we might ask that you also be excused by our illustrious guest, His Majesty King Brombo, and the Princess Marguerite.

PRINCE VAL: I have indeed been rude and I humbly beg that you forgive a son who has learned there is no place like home.

BROMBO: *(Walks over to and examines the Prince minutely. He takes hold of the red feather in the Prince's cap. Is puzzled. He walks back. He then motions Dr. Knowitall to come to him. Mysteriously)* Can I trust you?

KNOWITALL: Absolutely.

BROMBO: There'll not be a word to *(looking over shoulder)*—to anybody?

KNOWITALL: Not a word.

BROMBO: *(King Brombo plucks the feather from Dr. Knowitall's cap and thrusts it before Knowitall's nose, demanding)* What's the color of that feather?

KNOWITALL: Why—it's red!

BROMBO: *(Startled)* Is that so! Are you quite sure?

KNOWITALL: Quite sure. Why?

BROMBO: *(Quite confidentially)* Is it a RED feather that young fellow's wearing?

KNOWITALL: You mean the Prince? *(Turning to look at the Prince.)*

BROMBO: Yes.

KNOWITALL: *(Again turning around and looking at the Prince)*

It's red—of course! You must be color blin—

BROMBO: Sh-h-h-h—Not so loud! The Queen said something about the Red Feather Prince not liking black whiskers, didn't she?

KNOWITALL: Yes, indeed!

BROMBO: *(Brombo strokes his whiskers.)* Are mine very black? *(Brombo raises and sticks out his chin towards Dr. Knowitall.)*

KNOWITALL: They are very black. *(In loud whisper.)*

BROMBO: And he's got lions with him, too! . . . Don't tell the Prince my whiskers are black.

KNOWITALL: Not a word. *(Knowitall returns to post.)*

(King Brombo feels his whiskers, then he feels the sword-cut across his cheek. He reflects aloud. He takes a side-glance at the Prince.)

BROMBO: He doesn't like black whiskers, and hates men with sword-cuts across their faces, eh? Gosh!—Gosh!—Gosh!—I'll have to get out of this mess—somehow. *(Worriedly.)*

(And then quite sprightly—feigning magnanimity—as he turns around to address King Val) A likely lad, a likely lad. Forgive him, King Val. I do—if he can keep the lions quiet.

KING: Be it so. *(And with a smile)* You are twice welcome, Prince Val, for this, also, is your birthday.

PRINCE VAL: May I, Your Majesty, tell of my adventures and give some reason for my long absence?

BROMBO: Can you keep those lions from eating me—and other people?

PRINCE VAL: Yes, Your Majesty—if—*(and Prince Val hesitates)*.

BROMBO: 'If' what?

PRINCE VAL: If I am not interrupted.

BROMBO: Then go ahead; right away, quickly.

KING: Proceed, my son. *(Calmly and good-naturedly)*

PRINCE VAL: You well know, Milord, I left home vowing I would not return until I had killed the two lions that were devastating the land. After many weary months I caught up with them in the forest of Darkness. I rushed upon them with my sword but they did not move. I found they were very sick and weak. They had eaten something that did not quite agree with them. I learned they had just had a fight with King Brombo's army and had eaten most of it. The army

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was much too sweet for them—just like too much candy for a man or boy. Well, I took care of them, persuaded them to eat some spinach and herbs and vegetables at dinner time, so that they were soon strong and happy and frisky again. Then 'Helter' and 'Skelter'—those are the names of the lions—and I became good friends, and now they go wherever I go and do only that which I wish them to do.

(*Trumpet sounds. March is played by orchestra. The two Knights, followed by Scounder, march in, keeping step to the music, each in characteristic manner—not imitating the soldiers. Then follows the army, and then the lions standing upright, who imitate the soldiers, leaning far backward. Each takes his accustomed place, except the Knights who will proceed to, and stand upon, the terrace behind the Queen and Princess. Scounder stands behind the seat of King Brombo.*)

(*The lions are doing things good lions should not do.*)

Prince: Helter! Stop that! (*Prince slaps Helter on snout*)
You mustn't bite your nails!
And you, Skelter!—I'm ashamed of you—use your handkerchief. (*Slaps Skelter on nose and then dabs him with his own kerchief.*)
(*When slapped the lions shake heads vigorously and jump backward.*)
(*Helter laughs at Skelter.*)
(*The lions have a little scrap and Helter is slapped by the Prince.*)
(*Skelter laughs at Helter—it will be mostly a body laugh. Helter shakes fist at Skelter and Skelter responds in kind. The Prince again addresses King Val.*)
Then I learned that King Brombo had started on a journey with the Princess Marguerite to visit you, Milord. I heard that many Knights had tried and failed to win the Princess. I now see the Princess before me. Rumor sayeth the Princess is pretty.—(*addressing King Brombo*)—The rumor is false, Your Majesty!
(*Brombo sputters tremendously. His face clouds and everybody is startled.*)
The Princess is most beautiful. (*The Prince bows. Lions look at the Princess and vigorously nod heads.*)

Brombo: (*With a great sigh of relief*) Ah!

Prince Val: Milord, I now ask your approval, and the permission of King Brombo, that I may try to win this fair lady.

King: I would deny you nothing that is good, my son, yet the most cherished of heart's desires ofttimes are companioned with dangers.

Brombo: Why deny the lad? Let him try his luck. (*Addressing Prince Val.*) Will you submit to the tests?

Queen: No, no, no, Val; they may cut off your—

Prince Val: I am not afraid. I have heard about the cruel conditions. I'll risk them.

Brombo: (*Somewhat apprehensively*) I would rather not expose the son of my friend King Val, to such dangers. (*Rather whiningly*) I cannot remove the conditions—it is the law of the land that Scounder is to get you if you fail. (*Very firmly*) No, Prince Val; I insist you do not try.

Prince Val: I crave your forgiveness, King Brombo, yet I insist upon the test being made at once. I am ready.

Brombo: But I don't want you to do it.

Prince Val: You cannot refuse me the test. It is the law of your land.

Brombo: What is the law, Professor Knowitall? Must I obey this boy?
(*Professor Knowitall looks in the book and reads.*)

Knowitall: The book says—'Neither Kings, Queens, Regents, nor Princes may refuse any man the right to try to win the lady of his choice; and if it be proved that any King, Queen, Regent or Prince refuses any person the chance to submit to the tests, said King, Queen, Regent or Prince shall immediately be beheaded.'

Brombo: Whew! Now I'm in a nice fix. If I refuse you I'll have to go right home to get my head cut off. If, on the other hand, you try and fail in the test and Scounder gets you, as the law says he will, your father will cut off my head; and if you don't fail, I shall lose my daughter. I ask you—isn't that a nice fix to be in?
(*King Brombo is perplexed and he mumbles, to himself. At last he says*)—Well—it can't be helped. The law says I must. Are you ready?

Prince Val: I am ready, Your Majesty.

Brombo: Here's the first question.
(*The lions whisper together, nod heads, and point toward King Brombo, and get in attack position.*)
(*The lions move one step nearer to Brombo at each question, as if they were crawling along the ground ready to spring upon him. Brombo of course is apprehensive.*)
'What am I thinking?'

Prince Val: You are wondering what can be in the minds of the lions.

Brombo: (*Laughs a little hysterically*) That's right, that's right.
Now, here's the next one (*The lions move a step closer*): 'What is the Princess Marguerite thinking?'

Prince Val: The Princess is hoping I may succeed, Your Majesty.

Brombo: Is that true, Marguerite?

Princess: Oh, YES—Your Majesty.

Brombo: (*With a sigh of relief*) Ah! Now for the third one—
'How many trees are there in all the forests of Dimland?'

Prince Val: Seventy-three million, three hundred sixty-two thousand, four hundred eleven—and one sapling.

Brombo: Whew! (*Almost whistles it.*) Is that correct, Professor Knowitall? Look in the book—quickly.

Knowitall: (*Looking in the book*) The book doesn't say.

Brombo: Then he knows more than you and the book. A really wonderful lad—wonderful.
Now, Prince Val—
'What am I thinking?'
(*The lions have gone a step closer.*)

Prince Val: You are thinking the lions are getting pretty close.

Brombo: (*To King Val*) Your son is an extraordinary boy. He is truly a mind reader. That's just exactly what I was thinking.
Now, Sir, this is the last question—
(*King Brombo pauses and sighs as he notices the lions have taken another decided shuffle toward him.*)
'Who is the loveliest lady in the world?'

Prince Val: Oh! That's easy. Why,—the loveliest lady in the world is—my mother. (*And Prince Val has taken off his cap with a flourish and kneels toward the Queen just where he stands.*)

Brombo: (*Loudly*) You win!
(*Lions nod approval and relax threatening attitude toward King Brombo. Queen Vallantyne seems to be softly weeping—maybe for joy—in her kerchief.*)

King Val: (*Walks toward Prince Val*) You have made your mother very happy, my son. I am proud of you. (*The King bows to Princess Marguerite, and the Princess advances.*)
Your hope is fulfilled, Princess; Valantyne has succeeded.
Marguerite, Vallantyne; remember this: Wholesomeness of heart is far more precious than either beauty or valor. It proffers to woman a beauty and a grace age destroyeth not nor diminisheth; and, even tho' he be in the evening of his days, it endoweth a man with the fearlessness of youth! . . . Remember that.

Prince Val: (*Whispers to the Princess as his father is walking back. The Princess looks at him quickly, smiles, nods head, and then looks down bashfully as the Prince addresses King Vallantyne.*)
Marguerite and I would like to be excused.

King: If—

Prince Val: 'If' what?

King: Have you forgotten?

Prince Val: It's strange—I don't seem to remember—

Dr. Knowitall: Yes, you do; my Prince.

Prince Val: Oh—yes—of course. I'm sorry—'If you please.'

King: That's it—'If you please.'
(*Orchestra starts grotesque dance for the lions.*)

The Lions: (*Dance.*)

Brombo: (*After the lions have been dancing about a minute*) That's a good idea—let's all celebrate!
(*King Brombo takes the Queen, Prince Val takes the Princess, Scounder takes one of the lions, Dr. Knowitall the other lion—and others choose their partners. King Val looks on amusedly. Curtain descends quickly while the merry dance is on.*)

CURTAIN

Shadows of Spain

(*Continued from page 5*)

show greater divergence since the working classes in Spain commonly wear canvas shoes, bound upon the foot with cloth strings. Basket-work shoes are also seen, held on with leather thongs, quite like the ancient Roman sandals which trod these streets two thousand years ago.

Modern machinery is rapidly making its way into Spain, yet today the laundry work even in the largest cities is frequently done at the bank of a river or in large earthen bowls upon the roof of the house.

By the flowing water of the stream the washerwoman kneels in a little board device, or on a rug, and patiently scrubs and pounds and rinses the clothes. Surprising enough it is to see that the clothes become white with this simple treatment and apparatus. On the roof great jars, like those of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, hold the water used in washing. Here again the process yields satisfactory results. The noonday southern sun doubtless contributes greatly to the efficacy of the process.

In some of the small villages or very humble communities, water is still a precious commodity. At the village well Rachel fills her earthenware pitcher, model A. D. 850 or earlier, while conversing with the driver of an auto, model 1927.

In Spain one is always conscious that he is living both in the past and in the present. He mounts the tower in Cordova of a Moorish mosque, now a Christian cathedral, and toward the top, before seeing the ancient bells, he finds modern breeds of chickens kept by the guardians of the tower. He beholds a medieval picture or a finely carved statue of the Christ illuminated by an incandescent bulb. He passes in a modern automobile alongside an ancient Roman aqueduct on his way to view one of the wonderful Moorish palaces.

The Bridge of the Romans is lighted with electric lights and is used equally by burro and by auto. Before many more decades have passed the modern will be only too triumphant and will do away with many of the picturesque features of the Spain of today.

For Those Who Don't Like Poetry

(*Continued from page 4*)

begin to wonder why you have so neglected it before. If, by good luck, you read the kind of poetry which appeals to you, you will be thrilled and fascinated, and the more moving lines will sink into your memory; nay, into your soul. You will wish to repeat them to every friend you meet, and you will wonder why so many people in the world, seemingly intelligent, are so oblivious to so much beauty.

Alas! Memory is a fickle guardian, especially in a world of telephones, jazz, radio and siren horns. And among poetry readers, poetry backsliders are numerous enough. Days, very likely weeks, go by before you are stung by remorse into a renewal of this first poetic love. And even now you are a reluctant lover. Only the chance stimulus of some accidental remark, or the possibility of coming across an article like this, stirs you into a decision. And then the question rises: *What poetry shall I read?*

I can only tell you what I think, what I believe in, what my experience leads me to proclaim. Among Americans I like some of Whittier's poems very much, and a re-reading of them convinces me that there is a mystic quality in them well worth while. I like Poe's 'Annabel Lee' almost more than any other of his, much more than the 'Raven'— a shoddy piece of high-sounding images, verging on the nonsensical. I like William Cullen Bryant, Longfellow, Whitman ('Song of Myself,' 'O Captain! My Captain'), and I like especially that fine poem of William Herbert Carruth's 'Each in His Own Tongue':

Some call it evolution,
And others call it God.

The best way to read poetry is as a child reads fairy stories—over and over again. And as for children, I think no single cultural influence so valuable as that of teaching them to learn single poems by heart. I am glad that this practice is in force in our schools, even if too little so. Among writers who try to perfect their art, it is a well-known rule that the study and writing of poetry is of great value in the formation of style. At the same time, there are so many different kinds of poetry and so many different kinds of poets, it is most difficult to give any specific instructions.

In every generation there are highbrow and lowbrow poets. The lowbrows are very popular and make money. The highbrows are exclusive and—unless they are supported—frequently die in poverty; as for example in the case of George Sterling, who killed himself not so long ago in San Francisco, proclaimed one of the world's great poets, one of that small company of 'free' spirits who refuse to compromise. And of these there are, in Great Britain, Keats, Shelley, Francis Thompson, Blake, not to mention others; in Scotland, Burns; in America, Whitman, possibly Poe, and possibly at present a few unknown souls, struggling to keep themselves mortally alive, to be known only to the uncertain future—as they say George Sterling will be known. (His best book is said to be *Beyond the Breakers.*)

In the previous generation the three most popular lowbrow poets were undoubtedly Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Will Carleton and James Whitcomb Riley. Of this trio, I should say that Riley will survive longest, his children's poems being very fine. In the present generation the poems of Robert Service (born in England) are examples of the obvious, having a wide popularity. For many years he has derived from his writing a large income; this is also true to a somewhat lesser degree of Walt Mason, whose poems were once extolled by W. D. Howells. But as a popular lowbrow poet of the present time, it is probably true that no one has the broad vogue enjoyed by Eddie Guest, who was incubated in a newspaper office and understands the people.

Since W. D. Howells wrote, free verse has gradually gained a definite place in our literature, and now we have cubist, futurist, imagist, and vorticist poets galore. In America the late Amy Lowell was the high-priestess of the free verse school. Perhaps her best volume, dealing with the general subject of free verse, is *Recent Tendencies in Modern American Poetry.* She, however, was a close student of Keats, that master of rhythm and cadence, and just before her death issued his life in two large volumes.

Let me now repeat, in conclusion, that whatever your business or profession, no matter what you do, or are, I know of no more valuable and indeed severely practical asset than the constant reading and re-reading of poetry. For myself, my favorites are Wordsworth, Blake, Shelley, Keats, and Kipling, and in English anthologies, Palgrave's *Treasury* and the Oxford books of *English and Mystical Verse.*

In America, besides those already mentioned, there are many beautiful poems constantly being written. Contemporaneously, I like Edna St. Vincent Millay, William Rose Benet, Don Marquis, and the anthologies of Untermeyer and Braithwaite. Harriet Monroe of Chicago, editor of poetry, is an earnest woman who has encouraged a number of American poets; some of them, however, I am bound to record, very poor ones.

I asked Arthur Guiterman what was his favorite short poem. And inasmuch as, by a singular coincidence, it chanced to be my own favorite, I give it here. It is Percy Bysshe Shelley's:

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

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The Last Dance of Lolita

(*Continued from page 9*)

everyone's day, and has to be indulged in three or four times, for Spain is a dusty country. Boots glisten like freshly polished silver in the dim light. How many times our men offered their feet to the knee of an old Spanish *limpiabotas* I can't say, but eventually two o'clock arrived.

The night was warm, the sky a deep blue, star-studded, and the perfume of hundreds of tuberoses, jasmine and hyacinths hung heavy over the *Rambla*. We walked to our little café, for the streets thrilled us. One does not sleep in Spain at night if he is a 'young buck' or a man earning money. In fact, if one has money enough to last a week, one spends it, and knows that Providence will provide when that is finished. And this in spite of the ancient Spanish proverb, 'The night is for sleep and the day for rest.'

At the far end of the cobbled *Rambla* a tiny crooked street lighted by a dim, dirty oil lamp marked our turning; there was no room for a vehicle—a street for three persons to walk through only. We walked single file through the center with a wary eye for any night man who might be very hungry, and we kept a nervous eye on upper windows, for sometimes refuse is thrown out into the street and left until the city department is moved to clean it away. In saying this one feels he leaves an impression that Barcelona is not clean, but no matter what descends from the windows, it is cleared away daily and the sunny climate sterilizes the rough stones on the little streets so thoroughly that dirt and odor are seldom to be found.

Before a low stone building we stopped. One stoops to enter the door, three steps down on much-worn treads of wood. Here was a bar with a decrepit, sad-faced Spaniard polishing glasses. Through the swinging doors came the sound of an orchestra, surely a large one, playing the *pasadoble* '*Granero*.'

'Tum-tum-tum, hum-hum-hum, click, click.'

Soft, fast notes blurred into a caress of little slurs, with that wailing, primitive sound about it all that suggests a person sighing.

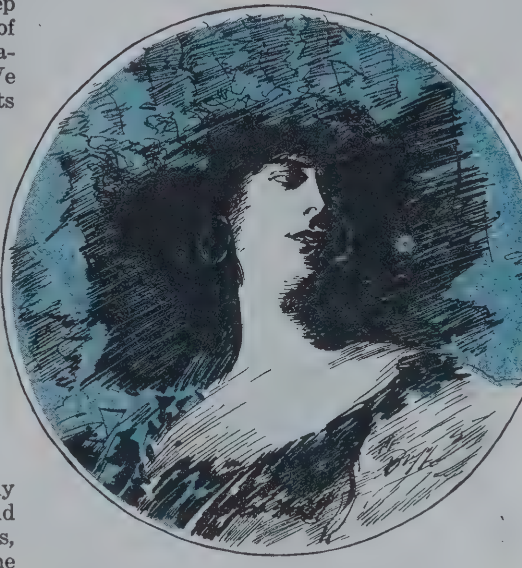
We found a table. The room was small but long, the floor made of pine boards which were splintered and there were several deep impressions, marks of many feet.

We ordered a bottle of *Mananzilla* and sat down to sip it and eat a plate—no, a *plato*—of almonds salted with their skins on and a deep, burnt brown. How that flavor lingers! There is no other country in Europe where one receives them like that.

Shortly there was a little stir. About six tables were occupied, chiefly by well-dressed Spanish men. At the far end the orchestra, composed of very young men, played violently and there through the doorway we had entered came the dancing girls.

For the most part they were large, almost fat. They were dark and colorful; their skirts dusted the floor and two of them wore trains—antiquated six-foot affairs of ruffles that dragged and were a bit dirty.

They stood in a line across the floor, then swayed and broke into a harsh throaty Andalusian song. Their voices were like a peacock's crossed with a jackass', but the melody was haunting—faintly reminiscent of the Orient; and with each clatter of the cymbals they struck an attitude, arms up, torso inflexed or arms akimbo and knees bent. They ended on a high, badly placed note and the music stopped.



You will never know her wonderful beauty or her soulful self.

Then they scattered and sought the tables.

We here saw Lolita for the first time. She came walking sturdily to our table. She did not look at the men at all, but made me a gracious curtsy and smiled in a childish, generous fashion.

'*Buenas noches*,' she said softly. 'The *senorita* is happy, she has jasmine.' It was not understood, but our host interpreted. I told her I spoke no Spanish, but French, and she answered in French, '*Bon, c'est facile aussi.*'

We offered her wine. She let the waiter pour it and begging our grace and pardon passed it on to the violinist, and ate hurriedly of the plate of almonds.

Her dress was so charming. The skirt had hundreds of tiny ruffles of cheap silk, white; her bodice was tight to show proudly her robust breast, and a tiny but exquisitely embroidered red shawl was worn kerchief fashion down the back and pinned with the two ends in front. Then she asked us if we cared to have her dance for us alone. She said she was very sad that night, and if we wished she would call George and he would accompany her. You will never know her wonderful beauty or soulful self. Of course we accepted. George—do you know him? He was fully six feet two, and slender but brawny. One ear was the proverbial cauliflower. He had suffered severely from smallpox. He was dressed as an American except for yards of black sash in place of a vest. He never smiled, but strummed a guitar and stamped two high heels. My husband said that he was the best guitar player in the world, and he called to his friends: 'Do you hear that, *amigos?*'

Lolita was dignified. She rose slowly at George's advance. Everyone was very still in the little hall. They knew her apparently. The other girls huddled together on common kitchen chairs, several clasping their hands and watching her breathlessly. The orchestra stood up and smiled. The bartender appeared, cloth and glass in hand.

Her lips said: '*Entra la Muerte.*'

She raised two perfect hands. Clap, she swayed, she shrugged her hips, she said a few words deep in her throat, then clicked her tiny shoes. She moved scarcely two feet but was vividly alive. She was all movement, all fire, and George never took his somber eyes from her face. A wail and it was finished. I took her hand. We loved her.

It was daylight when we left Villa Rosa—just eight in the morning. The night had gone swifter than our thirtieth year, and left a deeper impression.

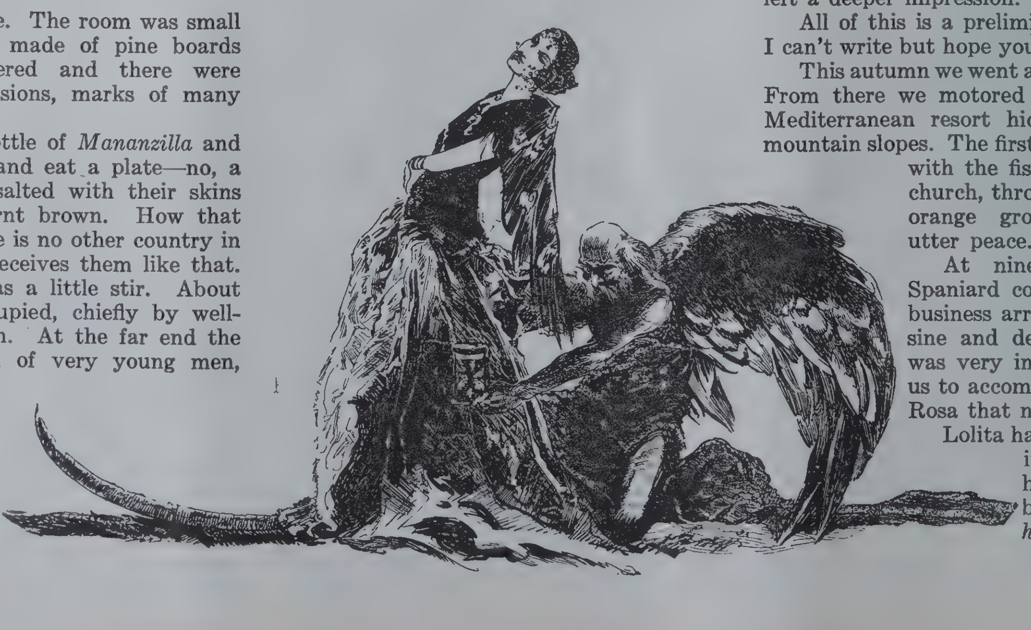
All of this is a preliminary to the thing I can't write but hope you can see.

This autumn we went again to Barcelona. From there we motored to Sitges, a tiny Mediterranean resort hidden among four mountain slopes. The first day we wandered with the fisher population to church, through the palm and orange groves, and found utter peace.

At nine that night a Spaniard connected with our business arrived in his limousine and demanded us. He was very intense and begged us to accompany him to Villa Rosa that night.

Lolita had died that morning; this was to be her funeral celebration, and *she had liked me.*

Fogs seldom rise



in Barcelona, land of fresh, dry air. But that night it hung heavy as a pall. We made barely ten miles an hour through the mountain passes, driving through herds of goats and sheep with their weary shepherds into the yellow blurred lights of Barcelona. The air pierced one through. Providentially I had worn my best evening gown. Who knows what the spirit of the departed tells us?

Down the narrow cobble street again we passed. It was two in the morning. Here the door. On it hung a great spray of tuberoses and jasmine and a scarlet ribbon. We entered.

THE bartender was there. He was not polishing glasses; instead he stood cloth in hand gazing into nothing. His arm was hidden elbow to shoulder in black crêpe.

We opened the swinging door into the dance hall. There hung about the place an air of the unusual. What did we see?

In the center of the dance floor stood a black coffin, and in it, more gracious and happier than in life, lay Lolita. She was dressed in her favorite dancing dress of white and scarlet, and in her arms crossed on her breast was a large crucifix.

Our table was five feet from the coffin.

We were the first to arrive. In our uneasiness we realized that at her side were standing the orchestra with black crêpe bands, red eyes, and their instruments. Surely they could not play.

Then the people—how they came! The swinging door never stopped creaking. There were hundreds, literally hundreds. They filled the tables, they squatted upon the pine platform of the orchestra. Half an hour passed. We were breathless and time was nothing. That hidden something had stirred us through and through.

The swinging doors opened again. It was the bartender. He announced in Spanish—now I understood it—he wished everyone to drink a toast to the dead. Solemnly the waiters passed among us, table after table; bottles were opened—the glasses. We followed the others and poured glasses full. The wine sparkled.

Clash! The orchestra played *'Yo He Nacido Sevillana.'* Not a dirge, mind you, but spirited and fiery.

The swinging door again. The dancing girls were there in their best and brightest dresses, their faces a bit white like casts of marble with delicate chiseled mouths. They lined up and danced. How they danced! I have never seen such fire, such clicking of heels, such flirting of skirts and dropping and rising of hips. *'El Capote de Paseo,' 'Cruz de Mayo,' 'Bombita,'* we shall never forget.

THERE were no lights but the eight tall tapers burning at the ends of the coffin. Slowly they circled her, and on their breast they had painted a red cross.

It was George who came to us through the smoke of many cigars to ask timidly if he might speak.

'She liked the *senora*,' he said, 'I want to tell you.'

He sat with us; his guitar on his knees like a loved child, his eyes blurred with tears.

'She owned most of the stock of the house Villa Rosa. She was good, oh, so good. She did not love any of us more than the other.

'When her husband was killed by the bulls she came here. One knew at once her beauty. We are all gypsies at heart. She worked very hard. Her money bought shares here. In two years she became proprietor. Her ear was kindly for sorrow and harsh for laziness. She ruled us, and we knew why—through love.

'Always she had a pain in her heart. We called it her dead love. We did not know.

'On this Sunday morning she was whiter than your jasmine flowers, *senora*, and she called us about her after the guests had gone and begged us to remember that life was a period of suffering, but suffering led to peace and rest. Shortly we called the doctor. Yes, she suffered. The priest blessed her for her good work and she smiled and told us to dance for her tonight in our best fashion to guide her happily to God.'

Bless George, bless them all; Lujertha, the half-Russian and half-Spanish girl who was always desiring a new set of teeth (her beloved husband had knocked them out); Carmelita who was jealous of the other one's grace—how they sobbed and danced!

Wine, dust from the pine floor, the bartender sobbing and clapping his hands, the orchestra white-faced yet gay, the dancers trying to show that they had studied and tried to equal Lolita's daring—all was for Lolita.

They stopped. A fox trot started up . . . Yes we danced, all circling the coffin.

When morning came and searched the little cellar of Villa Rosa through the sub-windows, we said a prayer and went out hand in hand, silently . . . going past the brilliant smile on the face of Lolita.

Explaining Your Dog's Behavior

(*Continued from page 15*)

instantly becomes smooth; his ears are depressed and drawn backward, but not closely to the head; his lips hang loosely. Not one of the above movements, so clearly expressive of affection, are of the least direct service to the animal. They are explicable, as far as I can see, solely from being in complete opposition or antithesis to the attitude and movements which, from intelligible causes, are assumed when a dog intends to fight.'

Everyone who has had a dog must have noticed this contrast when the animal changes from a gay to a dejected mood. When old Badger sees a prospect of taking a walk, every muscle in his body becomes tense and he dashes wildly about the house, barking and upsetting furniture, but the minute I say, 'Can't go this time,' he is the picture of dejection; his head droops, his ears and tail relax, his tail no longer wags—even his eyes look forlorn.

I have often been interested in observing that perplexity in a dog gives it an air of dejection, with similar physical manifestations. If two good friends call it in opposite directions, the dog's tail droops and it looks unhappy over being compelled to make a difficult decision. Could this have arisen from the fact that it was extremely dangerous for a dog in its wild state to have to stop and decide on which of two routes to follow?

Why do dogs show affection by licking the hands or face of their master? Also by licking other dogs, or even friendly cats? Here again we cannot do better than consult our friend, Darwin. He remarks:

'This habit probably originated in the females carefully licking their puppies—the dearest object of their love—for the sake of cleansing them. They also often give their puppies, after a short absence, a few cursory licks apparently from affection. Thus the habit will have become associated with the emotion of love, however it may afterward be aroused. It is now so firmly inherited or innate, that it is transmitted equally to both sexes.

THE same principle,' Darwin goes on, 'probably explains why dogs, when feeling affectionate, like rubbing against their masters and being rubbed or patted by them, for from the nursing of their puppies, contact with a beloved object has become firmly associated in their minds with the emotion of love.

'The feeling of affection of a dog toward his master is combined with a strong sense of submission, which is akin to fear. Hence dogs not only lower their bodies and crouch a little as they approach their masters but sometimes throw themselves on the ground with their bellies upward. This is a movement as completely opposite as is possible to show of resistance.'

Part of a dog's natural instincts are what have been termed 'deferred instincts.' Lloyd Morgan gives as an example of this the fact that a puppy thrown into the water may, after floundering about, finally drown, but a dog a year old, though it has never been in the water, is able to swim.

Dogs, like human beings, often show prejudice against breeds that they're not used to seeing. We instinctively dislike to see foreigners, particularly those of different color, or with radically different customs from our own, move into our neighborhood. Short-haired dogs may resent the sight of long-haired dogs. Yet if they are thrown together they soon forget all about such differences. Even dogs and cats get along amicably enough after they've grown used to each other.

This reference to dogs and cats brings to mind an essential difference between them in their attitude toward mankind. A dog loves its master more than its home and doesn't care where the home is so long as its master is in it; but a cat seems to love its home more than the people with whom it is associated. A cat dotes on creature comforts and is almost like the woman who marries a man for whom she cares little, in order to have economic security.

GIVE the cat food and shelter and it will tolerate you, but your intimacy can go only so far. The cat lets you know that, except for what you provide, it would as soon live its own life. A dog, on the other hand, craves affection. Without love its life is incomplete. Once having had loving companionship, it is miserable without it. If sent to new environment away from old friends, the dog at once begins to seek new intimates. This isn't fickleness; it is intelligence.

I know of no more pathetic sight than that of a forlorn little cur trying to make friends with a stranger on the street. He picks out somebody he would like to have for his master and looks up at him wistfully, evidently saying: 'Oh, I know I'm not in your class, but if I only *could* be your little dog, how grateful and how faithful I'd be.'

Cotton Mather

(*Continued from page 7*)

charter. He was in London nearly three years, and did not wholly succeed. But he obtained a measure of relief for the colony. Probably no other man could have done better and few could have done as well.

The absence of his father brought Cotton Mather to the fore as a leader in the spiritual and political life of Boston. He was still young and he had the town at his feet. To admit that he was vain is but just; but what young man of his generation had more to be vain about?

He was but thirty years of age when the witchcraft delusion took hold of Salem, and in an evil hour he became involved in that trouble. Of course he believed in witchcraft; virtually everyone did. It was a crime according to civil law on both sides of the ocean. People were hanged, and even burned, for witchcraft in England, Scotland and Ireland generations after the executions in New England. There had been a few executions in the New England colonies, and at least two on shipboard under Virginia law.

IN 1692 in Salem, a number of young girls at the age of puberty showed hysterical symptoms which perhaps we do not yet wholly understand, and they accused certain elderly people, mostly women, of having bewitched them. Their minister, the Reverend Samuel Parrish, did not handle the matter wisely; nor does he appear in the records of the time as a wise or lovable man.

When Cotton Mather first came in touch with this matter through some similar symptoms among a group of Boston girls, he took the girls to his home, had them properly fed, gave them good advice, and apparently wrought a cure of their disorder. When he was called into counsel in Salem, his first advice was in the way of caution. Witchcraft was a capital offense. Only such evidence should be admitted as would suffice if the defendant were accused of murder. Both Cotton Mather and his father protested against 'spectral evidence,' which was the admitted form.

But Cotton Mather cannot be wholly cleared of responsibility in the witchcraft matter. And he went to Salem to witness one group of hangings—a thing he might far better not have done. For he was drawn into argument, and he attempted to justify the hangings.

It is always to be remembered, and is usually forgotten, that there were no witch burnings in Salem or anywhere else in the American colonies. Nineteen people were hanged, and one who refused to testify died by compression. The total number of people who have died in America, under judicial process, accused of witchcraft, is small. I have compiled what I suppose is a complete list and may sometime write an article about witchcraft, but this is not such an article.

People love a scapegoat, and Cotton Mather was the scapegoat of the reaction that followed the witchcraft delusion. Most people who know his name know this about him, or think they do, that he burned witches at Salem.

The power of the Mathers began to wane. Increase Mather was president of Harvard as well as pastor of Second Church. There was dissatisfaction because he lived in Boston and not in Cambridge. He would not give up preaching to fifteen hundred people for the sake of having a residence among forty or fifty boys. So he resigned his presidency of Harvard. Cotton would willingly have succeeded him but, though more than one opportunity occurred, he was not elected.

Cotton Mather kept a diary, and in it on May 26, 1721, he made a record that saved more lives than any similar writing in America:

> The grievous Calamity of Small-pox has now entered the Town. The practice of conveying and suffering the Small pox by Inoculation has never been used in America, nor indeed in the Nation [that is, of England]. But how many lives might be saved if it were practised. I will consul our Physicians, and lay the matter before them.

He did so, and they rejected his advice. Only one listened, Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch. He thought there might be something in it, and became a convert to the idea.

Smallpox has become merely a name since Cotton Mather said his word and did his deed, and that deed was about the bravest act ever done since Abraham laid his son on the altar. Smallpox raged in Boston all summer and fall, and it seemed the town would be depopulated. The doctors were timid; educated people treated Mather's suggestion with scorn and the vulgar threatened him with assassination.

Then Cotton Mather took his beloved son Samuel and inoculated him. The town went mad with rage, and, what was worse, Samuel had a bad case. It seemed he would die. Mather went to his knees, and opening his Bible read, 'Go thy way; thy son liveth.' Assured that the message was from God, he bravely faced all opposition. From that hour Samuel began to mend.

THEN came the rush for inoculation, and in one week the number of requests for prayers put up in Boston churches fell. There had been 315 one week and 322 the next, and the very week following the inoculation they dropped to 180, and then to less and less.

But Cotton Mather had ceased to be popular in Boston. His father died, and he was left with sad memories and a crazy wife and a town less and less inclined to follow his direction. Harvard disappointed him. He began to think favorably of a little school beginning at New Haven. On January 2, 1717, he had written in his diary:

> What shall I do for the welfare of the Colledge at New-Haven? I am inclinable to write unto a wealthy East-India merchantman at London, who may be disposed on several accounts, to do for that society and Colony.

Accordingly he wrote to Elihu Yale, a rich and childless man, saying:

> If what is forming at New-Haven might bear the name of Yale College it would be better than a name of sons and daughters. And your munificence might easily obtain for you such a commemoration.

The money came, and the name was given and remains. Cotton Mather named it.

He hoped Yale would be a better school than Harvard, and especially that its board of governors would be a wiser lot than those that had slighted him. He wrote to Governor Saltonstall:

> When the servants of God meet at commencement, I make no doubt that under the influences and encouragement of your honour, they will make it an opportunity to deliberate upon projections to serve the great interests of education and so of religion; and not permit an interview of your best men to evaporate such a senseless, useless, noisy impertenency as it uses with us at Cambridge.

As the victim of many trustee meetings, I say amen. 'To evaporate a senseless, useless, noisy impertenency!' What a description! To how many pretentious conferences would those words apply!

There is not time nor room to speak of his books, except to say that he wrote them by the ream. The number of them and the variety of them is amazing. And they are not so stupid as might be supposed. The vocabulary is vast, and the ingenuity of argument and even the play of humor is worthy of mention.

HE DIED at the age of sixty-five. Had he died one day sooner, his birthday and the day of his death would have been the same. He had a notable funeral, and high tribute was paid to his erudition, his courage, his zeal for righteousness.

But there were those who said his learning was heterogeneous and ill assorted; that his vanity was unendurable, and that he was a crafty, superstitious and insincere bigot. Speaking of the method that was employed to discredit him, he had said:

> The way of Banter, and Scoffing, and Ridicule, is a more effective way to discourage all Goodness, and put it out of countenance than fire and faggot. No Cruelties are so Insupportable to Humanity as Cruel Mockings.

Open opposition he knew how to meet, but ridicule and innuendo cut him to the heart. He was aware that he did not always accept with meekness the scorn of his critics. He prayed to God for more of patience and gentleness in dealing with those who hated him, but I am afraid the prayer was never wholly answered.

In his diary he records:

> In my Remarks on the Folly and Baseness continually expressed by our Absurd and Wicked People, I do not always preserve that Meekness of Wisdom which should adorn the doctrine of God, my Saviour. I will ask Wisdom of God for the cure of this Distemper.

The world at large will spend little time revising its estimate of this man. The judgment of shallow ignorance is adequate for most people. If the bicentenary of his death is noticed, a few cheap flings at him as the burner of witches will satisfy the popular demand. But at least it can do no harm for us to know this measure of the truth about him. As for judging him, who of us is wise enough to do that? Fortunately, that is not our responsibility

Conquest by Propaganda in China

(Continued from page 2)

promptly shipped off to Canton to attend the Nationalist military school there, after which they will be sent to the front, this time with the Kuomintang.

Once a territory is occupied by the military, however, the leaflet barrage is laid down. City walls and buildings and store fronts, every available display space, in a Kuomintang city, are plastered with the luridly illustrated posters of the new régime. In the early days of the present war a good many of these posters were direct from Moscow. Although the printing, as a rule, was in Chinese, the illustrations showed Cossack and Czarist troops and Russian peasants and workmen. During the last three months, however, Chinese artists and the official presses in Canton have produced posters more completely adapted to China.

There is propaganda on every conceivable subject from Christian mission schools—haled as 'Imperialist centers'—to the price of rice, said to be soaring because of 'antirevolutionary influences.'

Along one rather representative street I had a Chinese interpret the various banners and placards and inscriptions that had been posted. The series began with an appeal to the laborers:

'Workmen! Do not labor more than eight hours a day. It is your duty to spend the rest of the time working for the revolution!'

Then the women were appealed to:

'Chinese women! Unite! Organize! Only thus will you be freed from the age-long slavery to which you have been subjected in the home!'

Foreign servants, popularly said to be 'the running dogs of the Imperialists,' came in for some attention:

'All those employed by foreigners! You must join the union. A meeting will soon be called to determine whether you go on strike or ask for higher wages or do both. You must join the union!'

In addition to these rather specific appeals and announcements, there was a great variety of more general declarations. Photographs of Dr. Sun Yat-sen were frequent and there were extracts from his speeches posted every few yards. Among the slogans which appeared as principles of the Kuomintang were these:

'Racial Determination.'

'Stand Together Though We Fail a Thousand Times.'

'Be Patient and You Will Be Revenged.'

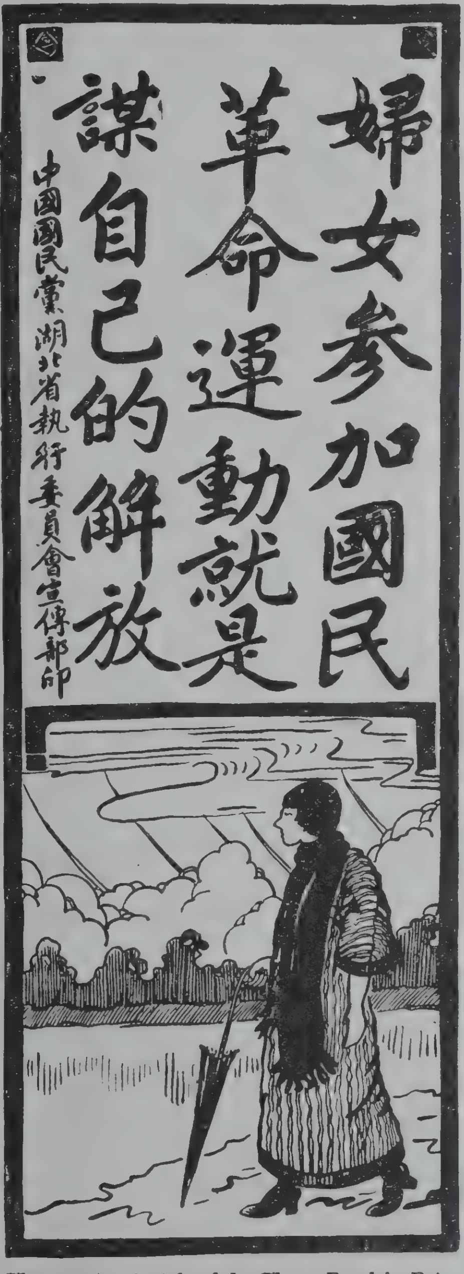
Most frequent of all, however, are the posters which attack Great Britain as 'the incarnation of imperialism.' The translation of one of these, supplied to me by a British consul, indicates something of the bitterness with which this campaign is carried on. It reads:

'Since the Opium War, China has been oppressed by imperialistic capitalists for nearly one hundred years. They have made great profit out of China. And none have equaled, for cunning and villainy, the tyrants of the ocean, the imperialists of Great Britain.

'At this moment British imperialism is forced to change its mode of invasion. It, therefore, makes public a new policy toward China in very pleasant sounding words. It says: "We must not interfere with China." "We must reconsider the unequal treaties." All of this is in order to calm the revolutionary storm in China.

'In reality, the British are uniting the imperialists of all countries to oppress China. Together they are arming to perpetuate the imperialistic invasion of China.

'People! Rise! Rise! Rise! Together we must attack the battle line of the Imperialists.'


婦女参加國民
革命運動就是
謀自己的解放
中國國民黨湖北省執行委員會宣傳部印

The second principle of the Three People's Principles is the right of the people for suffrage, initiative and referendum and recall.

A vast majority of the propaganda, unquestionably, is of this extreme and incendiary type. The Soviets may be thanked for this. The fact that they have been relied upon to supply the technique for this campaign has given them an extraordinary opportunity to further, under the guise of nationalism, their own purposes in China.

In this connection two further facts need to be borne in mind. So far as the Chinese themselves are concerned this oratory-poster onslaught is discriminating. I have found not the slightest indication among intelligent Nationalists of antiforeignism in the Boxer meaning of that word. The antiforeign phase of the situation is, undoubtedly, a Soviet-sponsored development. I heard of one anti-Imperialist poster in Hankow which, with some reference to Nicaragua, included the United States. Not China, but the Communist labor agitators were said to be responsible for this inclusion of America.

It is obvious, of course, that Great Britain can hardly be made, as is now being attempted, to bear the sins of imperialism for the whole Occident. And it is not at all certain but that, the anti-British campaign having accomplished some of its purposes, further attacks may be launched against other powers. If Russians rather than Chinese dictate conditions such a result is rather likely to come.

Again, it is evident that the Nationalists, after they have occupied a territory for some time, begin to tone down their propaganda. This is easier because the strongest Communist leaders remain rather close behind the advancing armies. In their wake, very often, there come more reasonable spokesmen for Nationalist China.

In certain sections of the occupied country which I have visited, anti-Imperialist posters are giving way to others which advocate war upon illiteracy; the abolition of child marriages; the unbinding of the feet of women; and a variety of other constructive measures.

Thus General Chiang Kai-shek, leader of the moderate wing of the Kuomintang, placarded a city he occupied recently with posters advocating, among other things, 'the establishment of a clean and pure government'; 'the prohibition of planting, transporting and smoking of opium'; 'the enfranchisement of women.'

Even among the British residents with whom I have talked there is an evident hope that these educational and reformative measures may occupy more of the attention of the Kuomintang.

'We can bear with the general condemnation of Great Britain,' one Englishman told me, 'if we find that something more constructive is to follow it.'

Just what the final fruit of this propaganda conquest will be cannot, at present, be prophesied. Soviet propaganda unquestionably bore fruit at Nanking. It is possible that the aftermath of this poster attack may be, in the end, more serious than the aftermath of a bloodier military struggle. That issue is one which will be determined by the extent of Russian influence and that influence will have to be curbed by the Chinese themselves. The optimists, moreover, and those who best know China, seem to agree that there is a basis of common sense among the Chinese people which will, finally, be strong enough to force moderation. both in posters and in policies.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'In a recent article in your magazine,' observed the ***Naturalist,*** 'the chipmunk is classed as a "hibernating" animal, while the raccoon, which is a typical one, is not mentioned. An invariable rule requires that the hibernating mammal shall prepare itself by storing energy fuel in its body in the form of fat. A groundhog or a coon stores the energy of a winter's food and fuel supply upon its body, a single carcass often rendering a gallon of oil.

'Perhaps, after all, this idea of a winter's sleep is a myth. I have brought many of these reputed sound sleepers forth from their beds at all seasons, and never yet found one not ready to defend itself. Another argument opposed to the theory is that these sound sleepers are not able to make an all-winter truce with their arch enemy, the flea, which is the bane of their existence.

'Once while standing under a beech tree in midwinter, I heard a low purring sound near my feet. After it was repeated a few times, I got the exact location and recognized the cause. Cats and dogs have a habit of setting one of their hind feet in motion to alleviate a fleabite on the throat. So do these little rodents, the chipmunks. The sound produced is slight but unmistakable. To verify the cause, however, I removed the snow and dug into the earth to a depth of eight inches and exposed a chipmunk's winter store of several pints of shucked beechnuts.

'It is true that the chipmunk lives under cover; it is probably true that he keeps his stomach daily supplied from his store of oleaginous food; that his winter occupation is largely a daily flea hunt; that his finely insulated nest is the living room of his house. In regard to the true hibernating animals, a coon in a cold shell of a tree, a woodchuck that gets his bed wet with winter rains, and, no doubt, the bear, in badly insulated quarters, uses up his store of fat before his scheduled time for coming out. In that case he must hunt food or starve. A sleep with an empty stomach and no fat is the sleep that knows no waking.'

* * *

The ***Literary Critic*** spoke of what is called This New Freedom, with the present generation generally assuming that some stupendous moral explosion of a social nature has taken place, and that manners and customs today are poles apart from manners and customs of fifty years ago. Whereas he held that as things social are, so also they were. To dip into any old writer is to discover pictures of society very much as it is today. For the matter of that, to look at the books of reminiscence published in our own time is to catch a vision of social life as it is with all its follies and extravagances and sillinesses. Horace Wyndham writes of luridities in the 1900's and of Celebrated Society Causes in Mayfair; Bob Davis tells of the sporting crowd of a past generation; Don C. Seitz and Walt McDougall reveal a New York not so different from the New York of today except that there is more of it; Felstead and Sergeant and the Earl of Birkenhead bring out books telling of fakes and frauds and rascals and rogues; Lady Asquith reveals personalities. And these have, all and more, an immense vogue. Meanwhile, today as in the past, there is no end of men and women of good faith and serious purpose and persevering industry. Each generation has its rekindlers of the torch of faith and knowledge. Every period had, and has, and will continue to have, men of power and insight who cast genuine thoughts in perfect mould. There are deniers and scoffers as there always have been. But also there are, as there always have been, those who are builders and not destroyers, those whose moral teaching is wholesome and invigorating. Things don't change.

* * *

'Probably no recent discussion of an economic problem has drawn more public attention, mostly commendatory, than has Charles Johnson Post's "Plea for Scientific Taxation," in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT recently,' said the ***Financial Expert.*** 'And yet the subject treated is unimportant in comparison with that of Henry Laket on the burden interest imposes. While I thoroughly favor the contentions of Mr. Post and Mr. Laket, I cannot blind myself to the errors of their argument, nor will I give either subject precedence over Money Reform, since this would remedy both of the other political ills.

'So far as our present manner of taxation is concerned, its ultimate result is exactly what it would be were the land tax in effect, except in the case of unimproved land. The landlord and the merchant really pay no tax; it is passed on to the man who has no one to pass it to. Mr. Laket erred because he figured the borrower subject to a heavier interest than is prescribed in the bond, just because his payments enable the lender to secure interest on interest. His error failed to recognize in interest paid merely added capital for new loans. But these thoughts are merely incidental to what I started to say. To those who have been stirred by Mr. Post's appeal I want to point the way as I see it to economic justice.

'Interest is the greatest tax upon production and labor, and it invariably finds its way to those foundations of civilization. The tribute of treasure levied in feudal times was small in comparison with that levied by the Money Power. Can any sane man give a reason for this tribute? Money may be a medium of exchange within a limited circle without sanction of law, but no money can be a legal tender that is not so designated by law. The people, through Congress, form the only power that can vitalize a piece of paper, a piece of metal or a bar of gold into a currency that is a legal equivalent for money, and which a creditor must accept in satisfaction of a debt. Our entire money system rests upon "the faith and credit of the nation," and that credit is good to the highest taxing limit. If every dollar of currency in circulation were of direct Treasury issue, there would be no public debt, hence no interest to pay. By a reasonable system of loans to states on bonds bearing no interest, all public taxation for usury would be cut out, and the money lender would find his wares cheapened.

'We boast of a Christian civilization, yet dodge the cost of public works by leaving it for future generations to pay. We dodge, but we do not escape, for the interest cost of a 5 per cent bond would pay the same bond without interest in 20 years, and no longer-term bonds should be issued. The United States has work enough for every citizen for years to come. The purchasing power to which Mr. Post refers is not money, but muscle.'

* * *

'A British subject full-blown, sturdy and fit for emigration, is an asset,' declared the ***Overseas Visitor.*** 'It has cost his country a tidy sum to feed him during his unproductive age, to clothe him, to educate him. He has a lot of productive energy wrapped up in him. How can Britain get him away from the congested tight little islands without losing her investment in him?

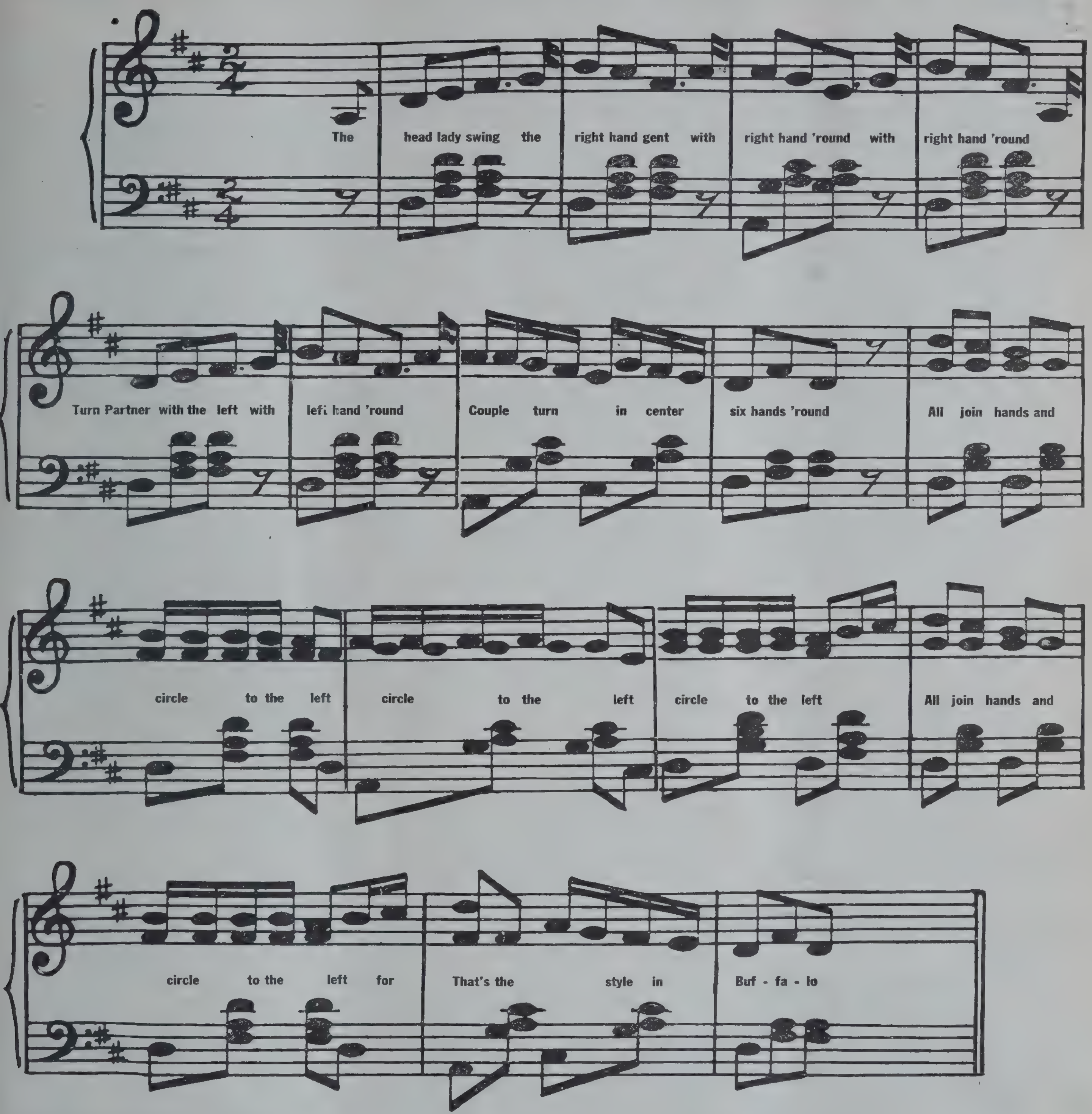
'Well, there are the dominions of the Empire. They need men. Government appropriations are set aside for the purpose of guiding and helping young Britishers to get to the dominions and get started there. Any part of the Empire can become a part of the movement and secure immigrants if it will coöperate. Australia, New Zealand and Canada want farmers for their new lands. Applicants must fit, must know their tasks.

'At last regions of immigration are exercising that priceless opportunity of selecting the individuals that shall come to them, that shall contribute to their making, that shall father the generations that are to follow. To be sure, they are thinking chiefly of the wheat crops they will produce and little of the crops of babies. Yet the wheat crop will be exported and consumed and the babies and their babies will be nothing less than the nations of the future.

'How different from the emigrant problem of Great Britain is that of France. The Frenchman's psychology does not fit him for stretching his legs in waste places as does that of the Britisher. He cannot be induced even to make a permanent home in those French colonies of Morocco, Algiers and Tunis. He will go out there for a few years, but this only as an interlude to his life in his beloved France. There have been remarkably few French emigrants even to the United States. The French are not an emigrating nation.

'And besides, France has no men to spare. There are half a million fewer people in France today than there were a decade ago. France wants immigrants. She offers inducements to Poles to come down and work in her mines. She bids in the labor markets of Italy for workers in her steel mills and for farm hands to cultivate her productive soil. She smiles alluringly to the Spanish over the Pyrenees, enticing them to settle on the French side. Yet she uses discretion in issuing invitations, for she does not want the newcomers to disturb the status of the native worker. The tide of migration is toward France and not away from it.'

The Buffalo Girl


The head lady swing the right hand gent with right hand 'round with right hand 'round
Turn Partner with the left with left hand 'round Couple turn in center six hands 'round All join hands and
circle to the left circle to the left circle to the left All join hands and
circle to the left for That's the style in Buf - fa - lo

INSTRUMENTAL music is not necessary. Dancers sing the song while going through the changes.

The words fit both the music and the movements of the dance.

Can be used in the ballroom, in the home, on the lawn, playground, or at summer camps.

THE SONG or CALLS

The head lady swing the right hand gent with right hand 'round, with right hand 'round . . . 16 counts

(No. 1 lady turns the gentleman on her right each with the right hand, using 16 short steps, or a step to every word.)

Turn partner with the left with left hand 'round, couple turn in the center swing six hands 'round 16 counts

(No. 1 lady turns her own partner, each using the left hand. The couple then immediately form in the circle and swing while the dancers join hands and circle around them.)

The dancers sing the last eight measures while moving in a circle. The next lady on the right then begins and continues, until all four ladies have gone through the movement.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question: Is a man who was born and raised in Ohio and who joined the Canadian army and fought through the World War under the British flag, and who returned to Ohio upon being discharged, entitled to any bonus or other contributions from the United States Government?

Answer. An American who fought in the Canadian army and who is now living in the United States may not get adjusted compensation from the United States, but he may receive treatment from the American Veterans' Bureau, and the Veterans' Bureau will look to the Canadian Government for reimbursement. He must look to the Canadian Government for any other bonus or compensation.

* * *

Q. How many farms are there in the United States and what is the average return per farm?

A. There were 6,372,000 farms in the United States in 1925; the average income available for capital, labor and management in 1925-26 was $879; deducting an interest allowance on net capital investment per farm of $231 leaves an average reward for labor and management of $648.

* * *

Q. How many automobiles are there in the United States and how many in other countries?

A. At the end of 1926 there were 19,465,676 passenger cars and 2,876,781 trucks, making a total of 22,342,457 cars in the United States. Other countries at the end of 1926 show as follows: Great Britain, 984,368; France, 90,000; Canada, 820,222; Australia, 361,602; Germany, 318,300; Argentina, 222,610; Italy, 105,000; Belgium, 130,000; New Zealand 123,334; Brazil, 110,741; India, 100,000.

* * *

Q. Which of the states prohibit marriages between whites and persons of Negro descent?

A. The following states prohibit such marriages: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia and West Virginia.

* * *

Q. In the settlement between the United States and France, did France pay for the extensive construction work, such as the building of docks, and so forth, which was carried on in that country and completed by the United States forces?

A. The 'Bulk Sales Agreement' with France was dated August 1, 1919. All of the buildings, docks, warehouses, railroads, and so forth, constructed from April 6, 1918, up to the date of the agreement, were included in that agreement, under the terms of which France undertook to pay the United States $400,000,000.

Q. What was the total cost of the Civil War to the Government and what would the cost have been had the slaves been purchased outright at the start of the war?

A. Rhodes judges $4,750,000,000 to be a fair estimate of what the war cost the North whereas $3,000,000,000 would have been generous purchase money for the 4,000,000 slaves before the war began.

* * *

Q. How long a lease has this country on the Panama Canal Zone?

A. Under the treaty ratified February 23, 1904, the Republic of Panama grants to the United States in perpetuity the use, occupation and control of a zone of land ten miles in width extending five miles on each side of the canal, with the proviso, however, that the cities of Panama and Colon are not within the grant.

* * *

Q. How many bank failures were there in 1924, 1925 and 1926? How many of those failing were national and how many state banks?

A.	*National*	*State**	*Private*
June 30, 1924	138	746	31
June 30, 1925	102	421	19
June 30, 1926	77	470	26

*This number includes all classes of banks under state supervision, other than private banks.

* * *

Q. When was the airship Shenandoah *wrecked and how many lives were lost in the wreck?*

A. The *Shenandoah* was destroyed in a violent squall near Ava, Ohio, September 3, 1925. The Captain, Lieutenant Commander Zachary Lansdowne and thirteen of the crew lost their lives.

* * *

Q. Can you give me the particulars of the Battle of Lake Erie in the War of 1812?

A. Perry's improvised fleet created by capture, purchase and construction consisted of six vessels which in tonnage, metal and men outranked the British when the British fleet, moved by lack of provisions, attacked him. The victory which he won September 10, 1813, was fraught with immense political and military consequences.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Q. When and by whom was the present-day calendar established?

A. The present calendar was established in 1582 by Pope Gregory XIII but was not adopted in England or America until 1751.

* * *

Q. What are the salaries of the Federal judges and have they been increased recently?

A. The salaries of the Federal judges were increased by the act of December 13, 1926, which took effect January 1, 1927. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court receives $20,500 per annum and each associate justice, $20,000 per annum. All circuit judges receive $12,500 per annum and all district judges, $10,000.

* * *

Q. What were the principal imports of the United States for 1926 and the leading countries of their origin?

A. The six principal imports were as follows (values in thousands of dollars):

1. Rubber, crude, total	505,818
British East Indies	262,356
United Kingdom	33,536
2. Silk, raw, total	392,760
Japan	328,903
China	50,118
3. Coffee, total	322,746
Brazil	199,663
Colombia	74,279
4. Sugar cane, total	232,530
Cuba	198,895
Philippine Islands	29,606
5. Standard newsprint	123,982
Canada	111,924
6. Furs, undressed, total	107,250
United Kingdom	21,851
Canada	11,927
Australia	11,829

* * *

Q. What were the principal exports of the United States for 1926 and their leading countries of destination?

A. The six principal exports were (values in thousands of dollars):

1. Cotton, raw, total	814,429
Germany	175,114
United Kingdom	208,358
Japan	107,860
France	95,581
Cotton Cloth, total	74,598
2. Petroleum Products	494,917
United Kingdom	119,456
France	59,597
Australia	20,968
3. Automobiles and trucks, excluding electric (total)	223,561
Australia	44,329
Argentina	19,165
Canada	24,365
4. Wheat, grain, total	201,739
United Kingdom	55,215
Canada	37,566
Netherlands	21,759
Wheat, flour, total	83,133
5. Coal, bituminous, total	155,839
Canada	52,203
6. Leaf tobacco, total	136,675
United Kingdom	67,333
China	20,547

BRIEFLY TOLD

The average expenditure of Yale undergraduates is estimated at $1,800 for each of the four years in college.

The shark industry has been developed to a point where little of the fish is wasted. The liver, which is 96 per cent oil, is used in soap mixing, the flesh and the dorsal and tail fins are used as food, and the hide is made into leather.

Trained elephants amused Roman audiences of the First Century.

An experiment has been undertaken at the cemetery of San José in Spain for the installation of tiny telephones in each casket. These are to be connected to an alarm bell in the porter's lodge, thus providing against the possibility of anyone being buried alive.

The hearing apparatus of an insect is often located in the legs.

A workman engaged in tearing down the Southern Pacific Station at Oakland, California, discovered, when he attempted to kick an old tin can, that it contained 400 five-dollar gold pieces. The most recent date on any coin was 1886.

The Phantom Pool of Kenfig, the largest fresh-water lake in South Wales, has moved nearly half a mile toward Kenfig Hill in the last ten years. At this rate it will take less than forty years for it to reach the nearest village.

The Shwe Dagon Pagoda, located at Rangoon and gold-plated from top to bottom, is the largest in Burma. It cost $5,000,000 and covers ten to fifteen acres.

Because of the prevailing superstition regarding the number 13, all No. 13 berths on sleeping cars of an English railway will be No. 14-A.

If a human being could jump with agility in proportion to a grasshopper he could clear the Flatiron Building, in New York City.

In Sakai, Japan, 'the city of the little birds,' two-thirds of all the householders keep canaries, finches, Java sparrows, skylarks, and other singers. Some of the feathered pets are valued as high as $2,500 a pair.

In Juneau, Alaska, there are nine single men to every single woman.

A Chicago department store has established a silence room, fitted with steamer chairs and *chaises longues*, for its exhausted women patrons.

Because of the inequality of their strides lost persons invariably walk in circles; a straight course is impossible to anyone without guiding landmarks.

The French midinettes, or working girls, derive their name from *midi* (noon), because at midday they emerge by thousands from the shops and factories.

Chinese soldiers, looting an American mission, found some interesting white chests which they smashed open with their rifle butts. The chests proved to be hives of honey bees.

Chemicals may be manufactured from peach stones if the experiments of a Pennsylvania scientist prove successful.

So numerous have been the demands on Minneapolis firemen to come to the rescue of foolish cats that have climbed poles and high trees and refused to come down that the firemen have called a halt and will rescue no more from precarious positions.

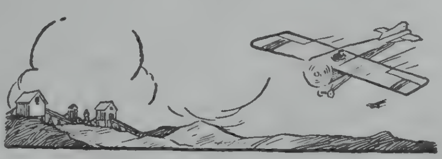
More copper has been produced in the world in the past 20 years than in almost 7,000 years previously.

A 22-story Chicago office building just completed is unusual in that the 21 upper stories extend westward 10 feet farther than the ground floor. The explanation is this: Originally a cow pasture, the property when sold carried a deed providing for a 10-foot runway along its west end for the convenience of the former owner's cow. Failing to break the clause, lawyers refer to the $2,000,000 building as a monument to a cow.

Rheims Cathedral has been architecturally restored and resumed religious service on Ascension Day, May 26.

A London school, started primarily to teach languages, now finds most of its pupils among American tourists who are anxious to acquire an English accent within a short time. A close second in popularity is a course in 'curing' accents.

White House news indicates only four official dishes have been broken since 1918.



In Canada airplanes are being used to transfer dynamite to the mining areas.

A cyclone recently destroyed Tamatave, a Madagascar port, and it may never be rebuilt, for more than one hundred cyclones have swept this city during the last century and tidal waves are frequent.

Records of the United States Weather Bureau show that the highest temperature officially known in this country was 121 degrees at Boise, Idaho, in the summer of 1871. Havre, Montana, registered the coldest known temperature of 57 degrees below zero in 1916.

Pine, oak and spruce are the trees most subject to lightning stroke, while beech is nearly immune, according to a European survey. In the American West, 72 per cent of the trees hit are western yellow pine and Douglas fir.

China had what seems to have been a serious influenza epidemic in 1641.

Portland cement, an artificial product, is so named because of its color resemblance to stone obtained from the Isle of Portland on the coast of Dorset, England.

Damson plums originated in the city of Damascus before 600 B. C.

London watchmakers have discovered that hand-clapping puts wrist watches out of order. Announcement to this effect brought such a sudden decrease in theater and music hall applause that actors began to wonder why audiences no longer applauded, although they continued to laugh as uproariously as ever.

There are wild deer in more than fifty of the sixty-seven counties of Pennsylvania.

A prospective native bridegroom in Madagascar must stand before a spearman who throws a sharp-pointed shaft at him. He must evince no fear but must catch the weapon between his arm and his side.

More than 150,000 people in Wales do not speak English.

All paper money, says a report from the United States Treasury office, has the same weight. Since it takes 20½ dollar bills to weigh the same as one standard silver dollar (412.5 grains), the weight of any bill is 20.12 plus grains.

The average height of a Japanese man at twenty years is a trifle over five feet three inches.

Substitution of potatoes for rice as the main article of diet in Japan is being urged by economists as a solution to that country's food problem which is daily becoming more acute due to increased population without a corresponding increase in the amount of cultivated land.

Crocodile meat is liked by African natives, but most white travelers find it inedible.

A world record in weight-lifting is claimed by Corporal Will Attenborough of the British Royal Horse Guards, who recently raised 415¾ pounds with his left hand.

Some 200 years ago men who were training to become naval officers were given quarters amidships on the lower deck. From this comes our term 'midshipmen' for cadets.

NOTES · COMMENTS · CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the Law of Success.

* * *

On page 2 of the cover is a poem, 'Articulate Thrush,' by Lew Sarett, author, lecturer and poet of the picturesque and beautiful in nature. Among his books of poems are *Many, Many Moons* and *Slow Smoke*.

* * *

A bright light is cast on the methods used in the Nationalist offensive in China by Stanley High's article received by recent mail direct from Shanghai. Stanley High was a member of the Methodist Mission to China in 1919 and is now in that country in connection with the foreign mission work of the church. He has been close to the vortex of civil and antiforeign strife, and we reproduce some posters sent home by him which vividly show one of the principal means by which the Nationalists are making conquests. (p. 1)

* * *

Thomas Masson, as editor of *Life* for many years and more recently contributor to most of the leading magazines, knows a lot about the reading public's taste in poetry, and about the alleged poetry that some people eagerly swallow because though they don't understand it they fear they will miss something. One-poem poets are also discussed; and even people who don't like poetry will find something here to interest them. (p. 3)

* * *

Americans find so many outlandish things in Spain that it is for them a long series of surprises. It is a land of powerful contrasts; a strange mixture of the medieval and the modern. Professor Karpinski, of the University of Michigan, has been for some time visiting this country of castles and cathedrals. He has forwarded some vivid and colorful notes of Spanish life and customs, particularly sunny Andalusia. (p. 5)

* * *

Cotton Mather, most hated and most misunderstood of Puritans, is the figure around which Dr. Barton, Lincoln's biographer, writes a fascinating story. Cotton Mather was a man who puzzled his contemporaries and perplexed modern writers. Dr. Barton presents an excellent analysis of the man. He goes into the motives and incidents which led up to his much-maligned actions, and incidentally uncovers much vital American history and buried romance. (p. 6)

* * *

'The Decay of Calling' is undoubtedly one of the most piquant things written by Lady Cynthia Asquith, that talented daughter-in-law of the Earl and Countess of Oxford, whose contributions are now becoming familiar to the readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. Just why the haphazard afternoon call, once so common, is now disappearing Lady Cynthia entertainingly explains. One gathers that the world of women is getting too busy with other activities to be able to attend four o'clock tea drinking with its consequent gossip. (p. 8)

* * *

One may travel all over Europe and see little else but the interiors of hotels and a flying landscape less tangible than a movie film that exceeds the speed limit. But Katharine Chapman, who accompanied her husband on a business trip to the Old World, saw far more than this. She studied the lives of the people, especially the humble folk in the cities, and having got their viewpoint has been able to realistically write about it. This is how we have 'The Last Dance of Lolita,' a back-street tragedy of Barcelona, one of Spain's industrial centers. (p. 9)

* * *

How do the neighborhoods grow? They grow with the people. No, that is not quite right; the people grow with the neighborhoods. But even that does not sound correct; they grow with each other. That's it. Charles Cameron, a newspaper man and magazine writer of experience, embodies his observations of this in the form of homely philosophy. (p. 12)

* * *

Why does a dog wag its tail? Why does it bark? Why does it do all those funny things that dogs and only dogs do? Fred C. Kelly, in another of his canine conversations, explains all this and in anecdotal vein gives some really fine dog stories. Fred Kelly is a regular contributor to the principal magazines of the country, and *You and Your Dog* is one of his latest and best books. You will understand your dog's behavior better after reading this one of the series now appearing in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. (p. 14)

* * *

'The Prince Who Wore a Red Feather' is a play, mainly for children, but with a distinct appeal to grown-ups. There are lions to slay and fair maidens to rescue and win, and all the paraphernalia of the days of old when knights were bold and barons extremely bad, to say nothing about kings. The play is by Joseph Meadon, a Detroit business man who takes a practical interest in the amateur stage. (p. 16)

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Joseph Meadon

Casper, Wyoming.

Last summer you published an article about the Montana homesteaders driving slowly over the prairies, the rattlesnakes curled along the roadsides and the homesteaders in the last stages of gloom, with their heads hanging on their breasts—nothing to relieve the monotony but the sagebrush, et cetera. It was certainly some picture. Dante might have written it, Rodin might have carved it or Doré might have painted it. No ray of hope there. All the optimists were dead that day.

But the saddest part of the story is that it does not represent homesteading in the great and wonderful West *with justice*. Because some people have made a failure of homesteading does not necessarily condemn homesteading! There are failures in the cities too. I am a homesteader, but I used to work in New York City, and I know there are disgusted and discouraged people there too, and their fresh air and sky and rent cost them more than they do out here.

When I think of my neighbors and their homesteads, how little they had when they took up their places, and what a prosperous, contented community we have now, I think it is a shame to print such an article and perhaps prevent people from coming West and homesteading and perhaps realizing their lifelong ambition of a home and land of their own, cows and chickens and horses and gardens.

Nine years ago we had only our shacks on the prairies, no coal houses, no fences, no barns, no nothing. A shack of thin boards, a pile of our own wonderful *free* lignite coal under an old tarp, some 'down' wood from the timber, and a water barrel. Now everyone has three- and four-room houses, granaries, coal houses, garages with cars in them, windmills, wells, trees started, et cetera. Then we got our mail once a week—now we get it three times. The nearest store was forty-one miles away; now we have a store right in the neighborhood. Some have radios, some have power washing machines, some have lighting systems, all have three 'squares' a day.

How much better off the industrious homesteader is out here on land of his own, with free logs for houses, free wood for fuel, free lignite coal and free fence posts, than back East on rented land!

Your discouraged homesteaders should have hung on a while longer. In Kansas today the richest farmers are those who did not have the money to get away in the 'grasshopper' years. The Pilgrims, too, had a hard time when they 'came west.' But they did not get back on the *Mayflower* with their heads hanging on their breasts and give up. They were not made of the stuff that populates our city slums. I. S. NEWELL.

Los Angeles, California.

I am surprised at the rapid strides THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has made. I confess I did not prophesy such a future for it at the time of its inception. From a haphazard reader I have become an ardent habitual one.

Your manner of handling articles in an unbiased way particularly appeals to me. The interests are so varied that some article between the covers is bound to appeal to the reader whether he be peasant or king.

R. L. REID.

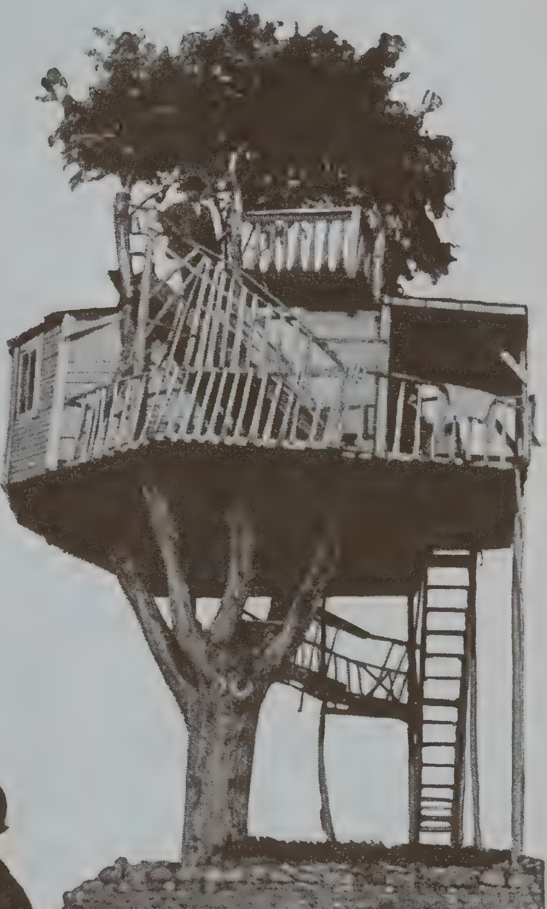
CURIOUS BITS of LIFE Caught by the Camera

—Herbert Photo.

Signals from 'Grace Darling' Lighthouse, on desolate Farne Island, off the Northumberland Coast, England, enabled the crew of a relief boat to reach the island in the face of storm and heavy seas. The lighthouse had been isolated for more than a month.

—International Newsreel Photo.

Windmills have a fascination for their picturesqueness, but a novel lure has attracted throngs to this, the world's largest windmill, more than 200 feet high, in San Francisco. Daredevils, as here shown, perched themselves on the giant wings and flew around.—After the bucking broncho, the windmill?



—Herbert Photo

'Far from the madding crowd,' this treetop house, in Sawtelle, California, assures privacy to its owner and builder, a Civil War veteran eighty-six years of age, who claims he built it in one week of actual working time. He has made this his home for a number of years, and it is counted among the most curious human dwellings in the world.

—International Newsreel Photo.

Snakes hold no horror for this little London maid, as she demonstrates to her playmates. Her father has for years handled and trained poison snakes.

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URBANA ILL

THERE has been a great falling off in the 'Success philosophy' which preached that Success consisted of getting your bread and butter by dickering instead of by producing ❦ Any kind of success that would put us all in offices and leave none of us on the farm or in the shop would be rash ❦ We must cease the injustice of thinking that the men who remain in agriculture, mechanics and manual labor, remain there because they haven't the ability to get out!

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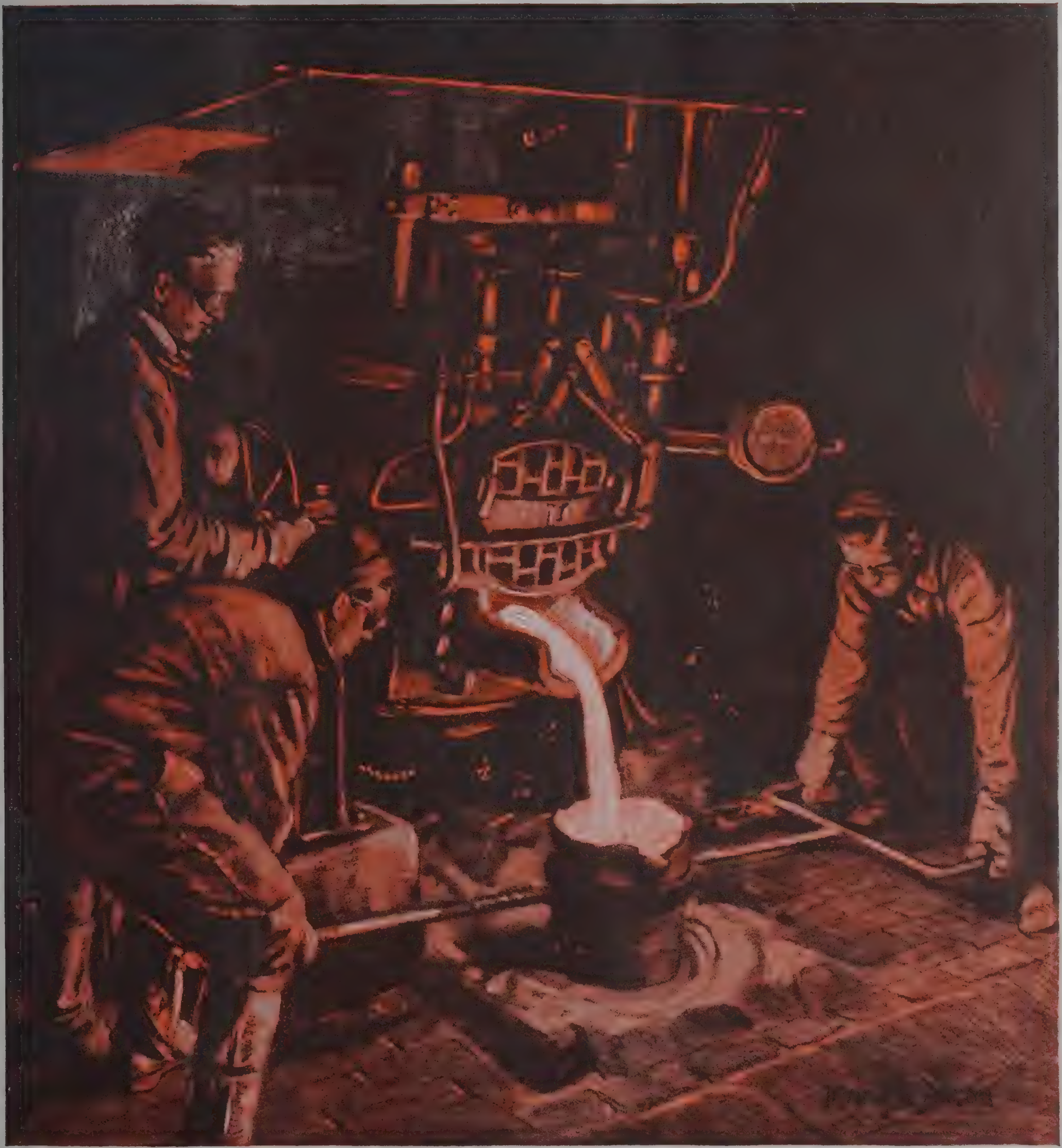
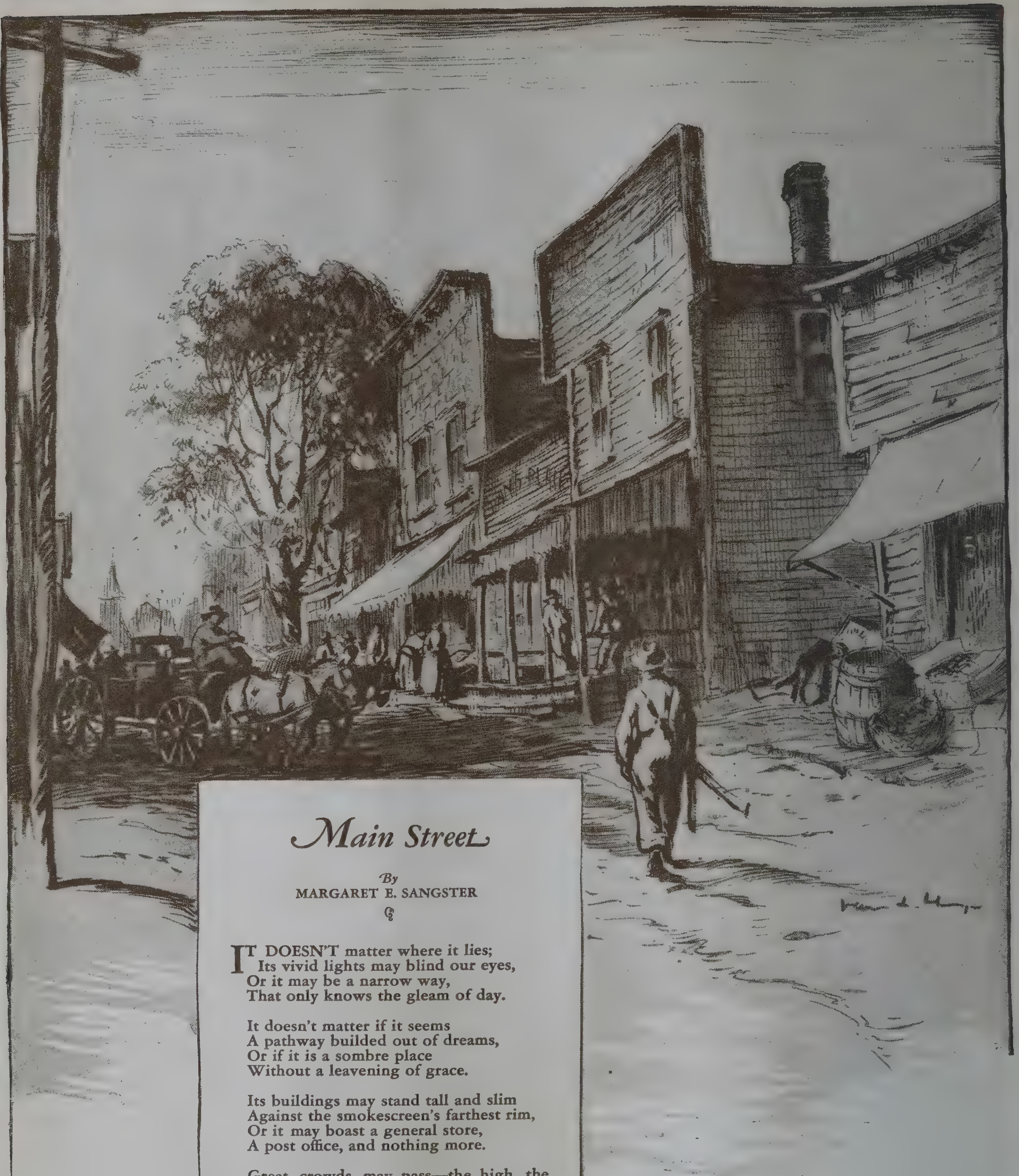


TEACHING BOYS TO DO AS WELL AS TO KNOW. (see page 1.)



Main Street

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT DOESN'T matter where it lies;
Its vivid lights may blind our eyes,
Or it may be a narrow way,
That only knows the gleam of day.

It doesn't matter if it seems
A pathway builded out of dreams,
Or if it is a sombre place
Without a leavening of grace.

Its buildings may stand tall and slim
Against the smokescreen's farthest rim,
Or it may boast a general store,
A post office, and nothing more.

Great crowds may pass—the high, the lowly—
Or just one person, moving slowly,
May wander by wee, meager shops,
Toward the dim verge where Main Street stops.

But—be its pavements white or brown,
Be it in village, city, town—
The place of which we are a part
Owns Main Street as its pulsing heart!

Drawing by
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

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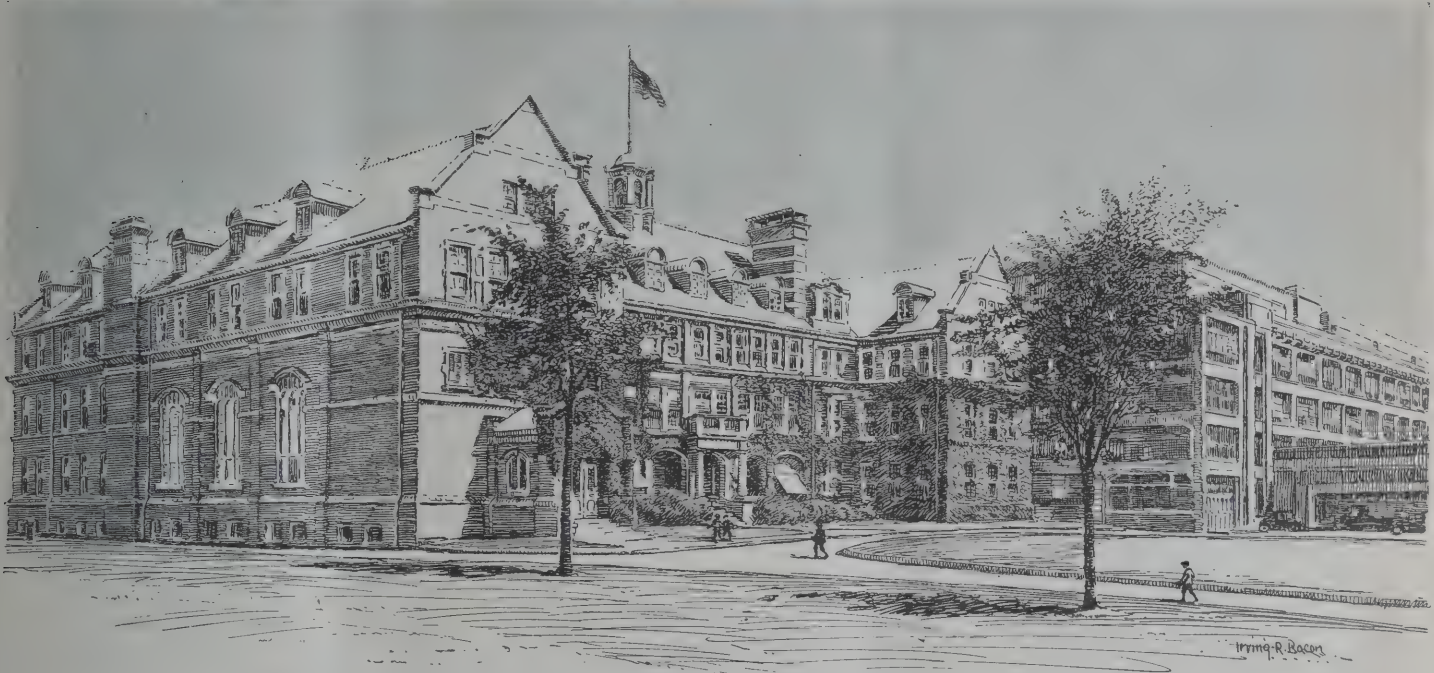


Part of the Henry Ford Trade School, academic building in the foreground.

Teaching Boys *to* Do *as Well as to* Know

A Description *of the* Henry Ford Trade School *Where* Knowledge *Is Put to* Work

By PIERCE CUMINGS

EDUCATION is the fitting of a person for life. It is not merely the assimilation of words. Neither is it the parrot-like acquiring of theories. Fundamentally, it is training in how to use the faculties with which a person is born and the knowledge which he may obtain.

Paper does not and cannot take the place of practice. Theory cannot take the place of fact. Hypothesis cannot take the place of action. An educated man is one who can *do* things as well as *know* things. He cannot count himself educated unless he can make effective use of what he knows.

The digestion of dictionaries has too long been mistaken for learning. A book may contain all the knowledge in the world and still be useless if no one opens it. A man may possess all the learning of the human race and still be useless if he does not make practical application of that learning. True education enables a man to accomplish things. When education fails in that it fails in everything. Nowhere on earth is there anyone so pitiful—or so futile—as the 'educated' man who cannot make his own way in the world.

Yet schools have been educating people away from life. They have stressed the *knowing* and neglected the *doing.*

The greatest single flaw in modern formal education is the neglect of the hand in favor of the head. *Pupils are told how others do things, but they are not asked to do these things themselves.* They hear of work in the abstract; they may even see it. But they do not do it. Their ears and their eyes and their tongues are employed. Their hands are left idle.

Yet the hand is considered by many the most important of all implements of the mind. It is the chief pathway to the brain. It conveys more impressions to and more expressions from the brain than all other agencies combined. It has been estimated by competent educators that 90 per cent of all elements of education are communicated to the brain by the hand. It is the symbol of usefulness and the instrument of usefulness. The turning of virtually all acquired information to practical purpose must come through the hand. Contact and action are attributes of the hand; these, and accuracy, initiative, judgment, ability, effort, ingenuity, discipline.

Students making quantitative analysis of metals poured in foundry at Henry Ford Trade School.

Modern education has a tendency to withdraw youth from life until twenty years or more have passed. These years are devoted to talk—to discussions of what others have done. Work seems distant and unreal. It is something to be talked about, but not undertaken. Then, at the end of the twenty years, the boy is plunged abruptly into the world. He learns for the first time that the person who can do things is rated high above the one who can only talk about them.

The remedy for all this must lie in coördination of hand and head in the schooling of youth. Energy must be added to education. Work cannot be found in books. It is found only in experience. And work comes through the hand. *Books can tell a pupil how others have worked, but his own hands tell him how he himself has worked.*

This article is not a plea for manual training. It is not even a defense of much that passes for technical training. It is merely a description (brief, and therefore inadequate) of one school where the coördination of hand and head has been attempted with justifiable results—a school where pupils read *how* a thing is done and *why* it is done and *then do it.*

The Henry Ford Trade School is fortunate. It has an industry for a textbook and a steel mill for a laboratory. It has instructors who have done what they teach. It has definite aim (which, sadly enough, many schools lack). It is equipped to produce useful articles, not playthings to be discarded. It has classrooms for theory and shop rooms for practice—and theory and practice go hand in hand in the instruction of the pupils.

What a boy learns in the classroom has direct bearing on what he learns in the shop. What he learns in the shop fills out what he learns in class. The one is explanation, the other demonstration. And the demonstrating is done by the boy himself. He learns a thing by *doing* it, not by hearing others tell of it. The school is intended for youths less fortunate than their fellows, not to 'help' them in the sense of the professional philanthropists, but to help them help themselves. Its purpose is not to establish records. It is not a school of picked youths, if by 'picked' one means selected for especial brilliance. The boys are selected for their own needs, not the needs of the school. Orphans make up 10 per cent of the school's enrollment. Forty-five per cent are widows' sons. Fully 80 per cent contribute to the support of themselves, or of others at home.

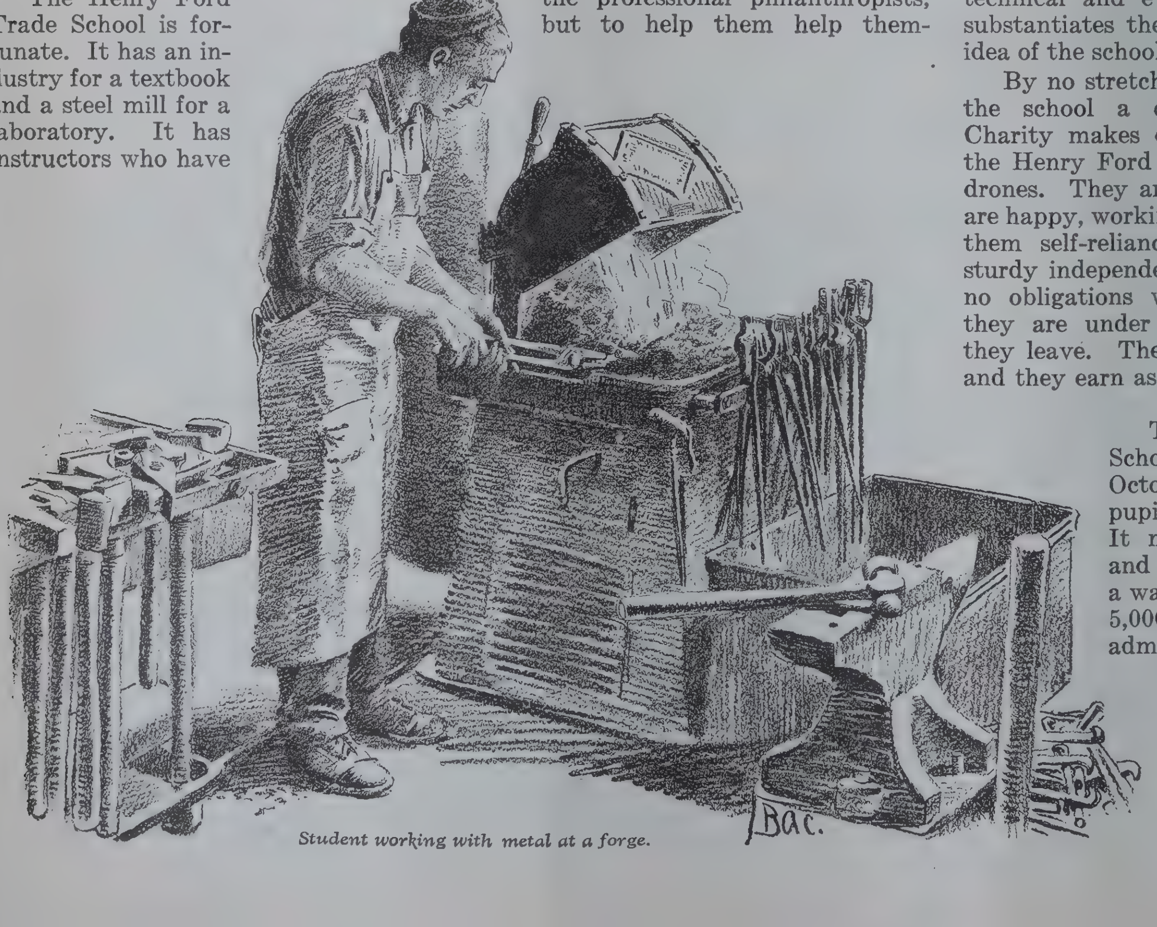
The boys are neither remarkably brilliant nor markedly dull. Taken as a whole they average pretty close to the type of boys found in other schools of similar age range. Yet they progress at a rate much faster than that of other schools. Their aptitude not only along mechanical lines but in the higher technical and even cultural branches substantiates the belief that the basic idea of the school is sound.

By no stretch of the imagination is the school a charitable institution. Charity makes drones. The boys at the Henry Ford Trade School are not drones. They are workers. And they are happy, working. The school teaches them self-reliance. It teaches them sturdy independence. They are under no obligations when they come and they are under no obligations when they leave. They work as they learn and they earn as they learn.

The Henry Ford Trade School was established in October, 1916, with six pupils and one instructor. It now has 1,700 pupils and 125 instructors, with a waiting list of more than 5,000 local boys eager for admittance. At the time the school was founded, three cardinal principles were laid down. They were:

Each boy to be

(*Continued on page 25*)



Student working with metal at a forge.

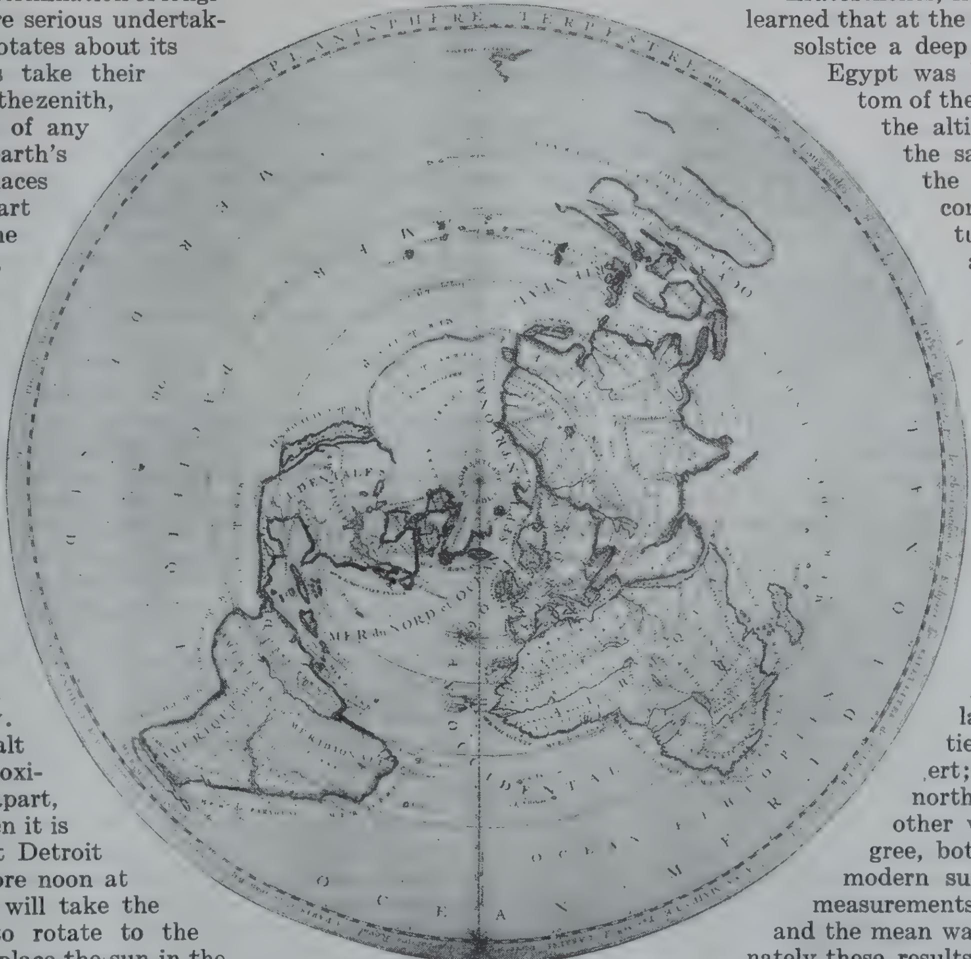
First Scientific Map *of the* World

Made in Paris *by the* Astronomer Cassini *in* 1696 *Recently Found in the* William L. Clements Library *at* Ann Arbor

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE present map of the world is the product of explorers, astronomers, geographers, and mathematicians. The explorers long before the time of Columbus had penetrated far into Asia and Africa. However, the instruments for observation of latitude and longitude which they had were so crude that the earliest maps give many absurdities.

The latitude of any given place in the Northern Hemisphere, the distance north of the Equator, is quite easily obtained by the observation of the angle of elevation of the sun when it is over the Equator. In consequence, the latitudes on the early maps are quite correctly given.



However, the determination of longitude is a much more serious undertaking. As the earth rotates about its axis different stars take their place successively in the zenith, or direct overhead, of any given point on the earth's surface. If two places are 30 degrees apart in longitude on the earth, east to west, it will take two hours or one-twelfth of one day for the same star to pass from the zenith of the one place to the zenith of the place 30 degrees farther west. This star could be taken as the sun but as the sun is so large accurate determination of the zenith position offers difficulty.

Detroit and Salt Lake City are approximately 30 degrees apart, east to west. When it is noon by the sun at Detroit it is two hours before noon at Salt Lake City; it will take the earth two hours to rotate to the position which will place the sun in the meridian directly over Salt Lake City.

At the present time, with clocks and the wireless, longitude observations are comparatively easy. The observer in Detroit wires to the observer in Salt Lake City the exact moment at which a given star is in the zenith of Detroit. The observer in Salt Lake City notes the time and then again notes the time when the same star is in his zenith. The difference will give the longitude difference between the two places. For every hour of time there is a difference of fifteen degrees in longitude and for every minute in time a difference of fifteen minutes of longitude.

The difficulty in the early days was that there were no accurate clocks and further to find some event which could be observed *at the same time* in two places. For this purpose the eclipses of the moon served. This method was explained about 200 years B. C. by the great Greek astronomer Hipparchus and continued in use until the time of Columbus and even later.

The first great map-maker of antiquity was Ptolemy (A. D. 150), a student of mathematics and astronomy and his geography continued in active use until after A. D. 1600. His map of the world here shown gives approximately correct latitudes but the extraordinary error in longitude is shown by the fact that the Mediterranean Sea which is 42 degrees long, east to west, was placed by Ptolemy as 62 degrees in length, an excess of 50 per cent. This error continued to appear on other world maps up to A. D. 1650.

This longitude difficulty is tied up intimately with the measurement of a degree upon the earth's surface, a problem which agitated the world for two thousand years and more. The Greeks and the Arabs made some progress in the solution of the problem.

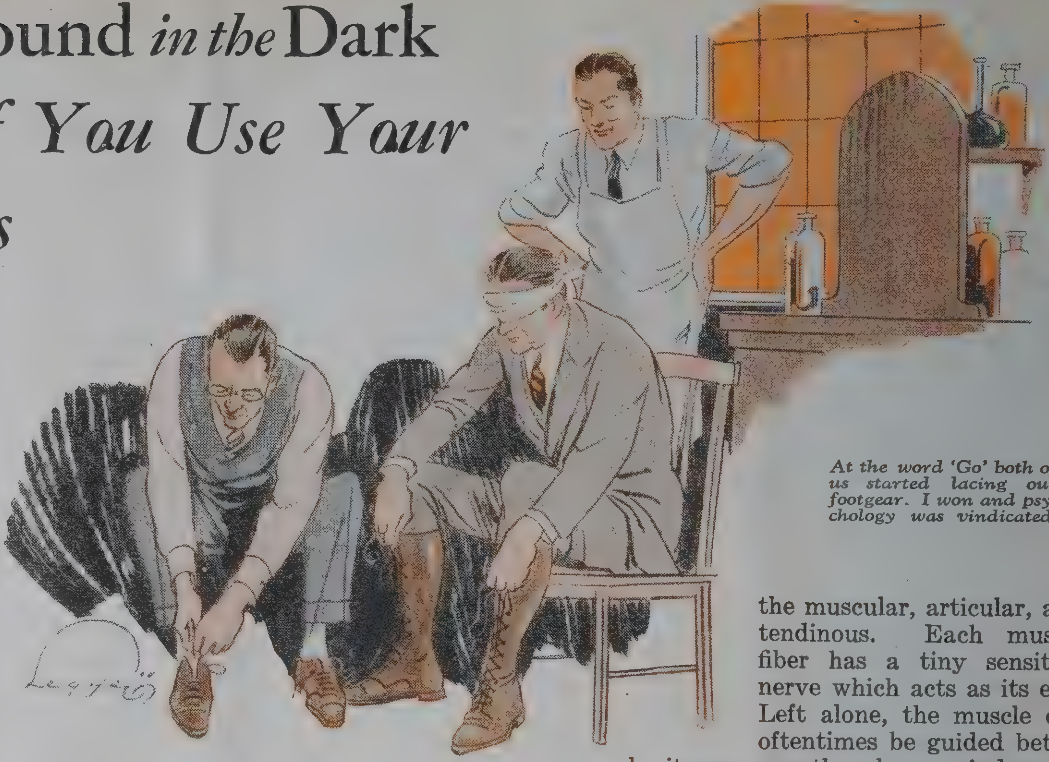
Eratosthenes, friend of Archimedes, learned that at the time of the summer solstice a deep well in Assouan in Egypt was lighted to the bottom of the well. By observing the altitude of the sun at the same time this gave the difference (1/50 of complete circle) in latitude between Alexandria, where Eratosthenes taught, and Assouan. From travelers the distance in miles (or stadia) was found (5,040 stadia) and the two measurements gave 252,000 stadia as the circumference of the earth, that is, 50 times 5,040 stadia.

The Arabs, about A. D. 800, sent two large surveying parties out into the desert; one party went north one degree and the other went south one degree, both using chains like modern surveyors. The two measurements agreed quite closely and the mean was taken. Unfortunately these results were not correctly applied to the maps. However, the Arabs reduced the length of the Mediterranean to 51½ degrees, a result which did not appear in Europe until A. D. 1600.

In the time of Columbus the error in longitude made Asia seem much nearer across

(*Continued on page 22*)

Getting Around *in the* Dark Is Easy! *If You Use Your Muscle Eyes*



At the word 'Go' both of us started lacing our footgear. I won and psychology was vindicated.

By DONALD A. LAIRD

Illustrated by RUSSELL H. LEGGE

DON'T pity the blind man. He should make you feel sorry for yourself.

Students are from Missouri; so I had to show a group of them to justify that statement. For some reason I have the local reputation of being an 'efficiency bug.' So when snow became deep and I plowed through the drifts to the laboratory in knee-high leather boots I was the object of good-natured jibes.

'What,' exclaimed Hoitsma. 'You aren't wasting time every morning by lacing all that cowhide.'

'No, he isn't,' put in Martino. 'He sleeps with 'em on!'

I had to defend myself.

Hoitsma unlaced his low shoes; I unlaced mine. Then I was blindfolded. At the word 'Go' both of us started lacing our footgear. I won and psychology was vindicated.

My high boots had hooks. The strings of a shoe were manipulated by one hand so that with a single motion two hooks were strung. Both hands worked together, one on the left shoe, one on the right. Hoitsma was handicapped by his shoes having eyelets.

Not only did psychology beat Hoitsma, but in the excitement of depending on his eyes he overlooked one eyelet, and got the string through another eyelet twice.

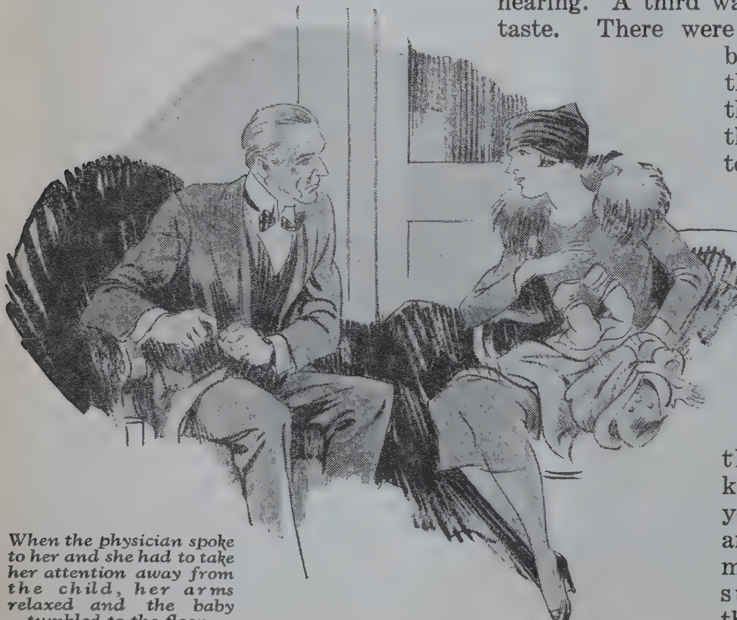
'Where did you learn that?' was the chorus.

'From a blind man.'

The hands had been freed from their bondage to the eyes. In fact, they have their own eyes, thousands of them, which are much better to guide the muscles than the eye on each side of our nose.

You recall the picture of the five kittens—perhaps you have it in your house. One kitten was smelling a bowl of roses, illustrating the sense of smell. Another listened to a bee, illustrating hearing. A third was drinking milk—taste. There were just five kittens because it was thought there were that many senses, the other two being touch and sight.

We now know that there are nearer fifteen senses, probably more. This does not include horse sense. In lacing my shoes blindfolded I depended upon three senses unknown until a few years ago. They are the senses which make the blind do such wonderful things. They are the muscular, articular, and tendinous. Each muscle fiber has a tiny sensitive nerve which acts as its eye. Left alone, the muscle can oftentimes be guided better by its own eyes than by our judgment.



When the physician spoke to her and she had to take her attention away from the child, her arms relaxed and the baby tumbled to the floor.

We can run up a dark stairs without any trouble—until we begin to use our judgment. As soon as we try to exercise reason rather than allow the muscle to use its own good sense our feet stumble and we furtively try to take another tread after we have reached the top of the stairs, sometimes with painful consequences.

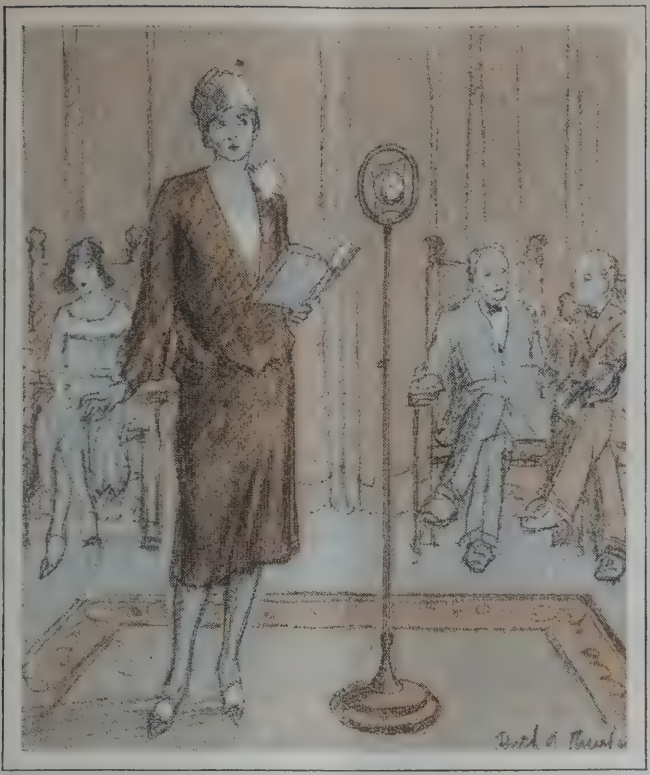
It was disease which first brought scientists' attention to these three senses which guide muscles. A young woman with a small babe in her arms went to a London hospital on account of some ailment. She carefully watched the bundle of life in her arms. When the physician spoke to her and she had to take her attention away from the child her arms relaxed and the baby tumbled to the floor. Something had happened to her muscle sense so that she could not tell where her arms were without looking at them.

Some paralyses with a shuffling gait are caused by the eyes of the leg muscles becoming blinded so that they can no longer guide their movements unaided. So the feet are dragged along, but not because the muscles have lost strength.

A rough-and-ready test to find if the eyes of the muscles are up to par is to hold the arms above the head, with the eyes closed. If this is done in front of a mirror the arms should be the same height when the eyes are opened into the mirror.

If one arm is lower than the other, as sometimes happens, the muscle eyes in that one are not working up to par. This can be tested with the arms in different positions.

For operating complicated machinery the muscle eyes should be perfect, because it is not possible to watch everything with the sense of sight.



The natural tendency is to read your words hastily, furtively.

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

BROADCASTING

Illustrated by RUTH A. THURBER

I HAD a new experience the other day. I broadcasted. So fresh was I to the wonders of wireless that hitherto I had never even listened in. In childhood I was constantly told not to speak until I was spoken to, and that I should broadcast before I listened in seemed a violent infraction of a natural rule.

How little capacity we have for anticipating our own feelings! Owing to self-ignorance, we perpetually sentence ourselves to unnecessary sufferings. Blithely we place ourselves in the most painful positions.

'Would you like to broadcast?'

'Yes, why not? What a good idea!'

The hour is fixed. The day comes. Up you get without any sense of impending doom. It is not until you are walking down Savoy Hill that you are actually seized with trepidation. That dreadful sinking feeling familiar to those who wait in examination halls and consulting rooms now assails you.

Why on earth are you thus thrusting yourself on the public? What are your qualifications? Why gratuitously expose yourself to ridicule? Are not life's unavoidable embarrassments sufficient, that you should sign your own sentence condemning yourself to shyness? But there is no way out now. You are billed as an item in the afternoon's program. The ordeal must be faced.

Squinting into a minute hand mirror, nervously you straighten your hat and stroke your hair. With a pang you remember that titivation is of no avail. Your appearance is of no consequence. It would make no difference though you had mumps or a beard or were dressed in the clothes of yesteryear. For you, the human being—that intricate piece of work—has been reduced to only one of the five senses.

Man has become one vast organ of hearing. You visualize a huge hostile ear pricked to listen to your own inadequate voice. By the way, how is your voice? 'Hello! Hello! Hello!' you say to yourself as a test. Husky? Yes, decidedly your voice is husky. As you step into the lift, you insert a lozenge too hastily. Down it slips and you choke. Choking makes you realize that your throat is definitely sore. Of course, it would be sore today. Just your luck! Why weren't your tonsils extracted in your childhood? . . . You are most kindly received. You feel like a shorn lamb to whom the winds are tempered.

Instructions are whispered to you as you flop into a chair in the torture chamber—a beautiful 'vasty hall' like a ballroom before the guests are met. In five minutes—three hundred seconds—as soon as that self-possessed woman has discharged her ammunition of three songs—you are to place yourself just behind that modest apparatus of mystery, and begin.

You become quite dazed with nervousness. What is about to happen to you? Is it an operation you are going to have? No such luck! No anesthetic for you! Where's your book? Left in the waiting room! You tiptoe away for it and, fumbling, find your place. Oh, why are you going to read something written by yourself? It makes it so much worse. What a dreadful double shyness! Your own voice reading your own composition! Far easier to make the best of somebody else's words. The natural tendency is to read your own words hastily, furtively, hoping they will be inaudible, slurring over the more ambitious phrases as though they were not quite nice. To read your own writing with apparent appreciation, to stress your own points, would surely seem fatuous. Yet to give sentences a fair chance, the reader must read as though he considered them good. No note of apology must creep into his voice. I felt like a sensitive waiter proffering a dish he knows to be badly cooked.

Now it was time. I was in for it. Was my very breathing already audible in a thousand homes? Horrible possibilities surged in my imagination. Suppose I were to sneeze, hiccup or giggle. Perhaps I should read far too quickly, and finish in five minutes, leaving a gap in the afternoon's entertainment. Or might I take too long and throw out the whole schedule of time? I heard my name announced.

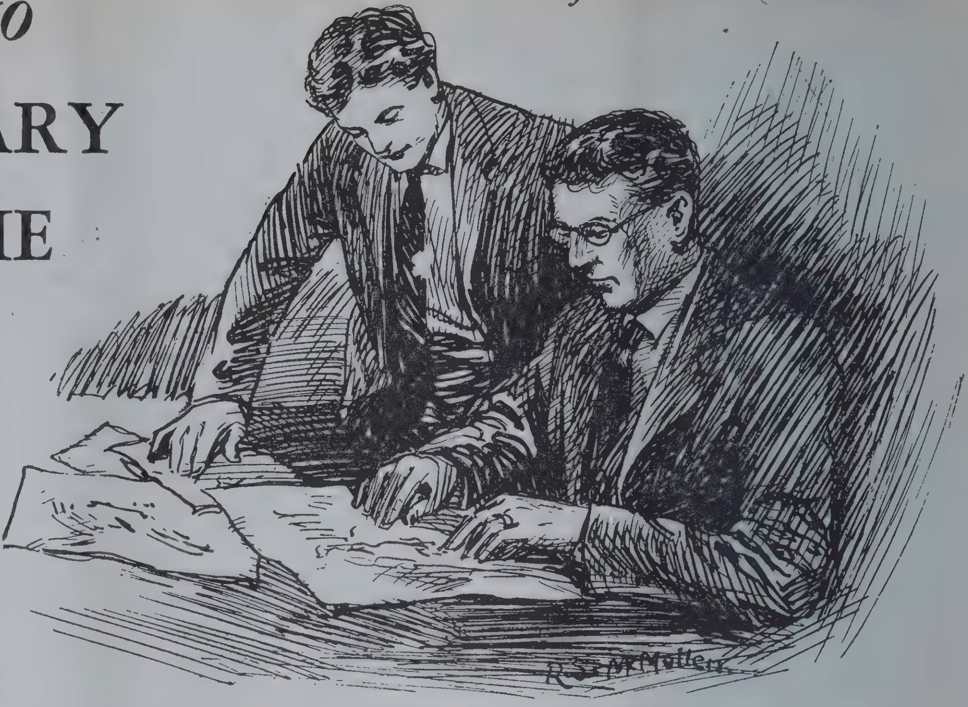
I would have clenched my teeth. But how clench the teeth through which the voice must issue loud and clear? Loud? No, they told you not to speak loud. 'In quite your normal voice, please.' What is your normal voice? You have no idea. You feel inclined either to whisper or shout. You try to visualize your audience. You can't. Aye, there's the rub. You are, as it were, shooting in the dark. There is no one to stimulate you: nothing to rise to. Are millions now listening, listening for you? Maybe; but maybe also there is no one. Best ignore your invisible audience and just read aloud to the kind man who announced your name. Yes, just imagine yourself reading for his benefit. Think of him as a grateful invalid whose weak eyes forbid him to read to himself.

YOU give the order to your voice. Unfamiliar, far-away sounds quaver on to the air. The book shakes in your hands. You are off. It is as though you were walking uphill. Your throat is dry and there never seems enough breath to reach the end of your sentence. But it's not so bad as you expected. Nothing ever is. You have no Pentecostal experience. You don't read especially well. You neither distinguish nor disgrace yourself. You just get through and, thank goodness, you have used up the right amount of time. Exactly ten minutes have passed. You are out of the trap. 'Thank you, goodby.'

What a strange experience broadcasting must be to any artist accustomed to the quick response of a crowded theater. As she sings into silence, how mournfully must she miss the stimulating currents of appreciation, the evident attention, the loud applause! How can her enormous invisible audience attempt to make this loss up to her? Delayed testimony is better than none. So please write the next day and say how much you enjoyed her performance.

Breaking *Into* the LITERARY GAME

By THOMAS L. MASSON



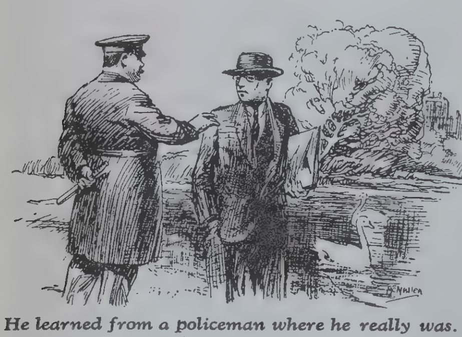
A young lad—an artist—spread some pencil sketches on my desk.

IT MUST have been fully thirty years ago that Ellis Parker Butler, author of *Pigs Is Pigs*, came into my office in New York one day and asked me to cash a check for $150. He was from Kansas City. He explained to me that he wanted to break into the literary game, and someone had suggested to him that as the literary editor of *Life* I was the man to see.

Even during those days I had had a long and extensive experience with literary borrowers, but this young fellow coming out of the West looked like a genuine product of the soil, and I readily gave him the money, particularly as the check he presented was a draft on a New York bank.

He explained to me that he had a girl 'back there' and he purposed to marry her as soon as possible—after he had made his fortune as a writer. He had $150 in cold cash as a starter and asked me how far he could make it go. He was entirely alone and had never been East before.

I told him to get on a surface car going north and not to get off until he saw green. Unfortunately I had entirely overlooked Central Park. He obeyed my advice literally and when he saw green, got off in the park and wandered about among the swans, until he learned from a policeman where he was. Being afflicted with native intelligence, he surmised that a New York editor never got things right and that I probably meant farther on. So he got on another car, and rode and rode until he came to 180th Street. There was green there then. He got off, went to the nearest drug store and made inquiries about a boarding place. They gave him an address; he settled down there and started in to write. He didn't succeed at first. For several years he submerged himself in a trade paper, acquiring valuable business experience and also a writing technique. He had a great sense of humor and a capacity for industry. The *Pigs Is Pigs* idea, as a short joke, had originally been printed in *Punch*. Butler seized upon it and gave it its proper setting in an American story of great natural humor.



He learned from a policeman where he really was.

Meanwhile, he had married the girl and was raising a family. He went to Paris on the proceeds of his book (a new edition of which by the way has just been issued—the latest after twenty years) and lived there for a year. But he couldn't write in Paris. And so he came back, and hundreds of thousands of readers now know who he is and delight in his work.

During the last thirty years I have had under observation hundreds of lads and lassies who have attempted to break into the literary game, and I can almost always tell whether they are going to succeed or not in one interview. But in case anyone wants to know, I hasten to say in my own defense that I am much too busy to read long amateur manuscripts from strangers or to sit on any set of eggs furnished by budding geniuses. All I can do is to point the road to success and to show why failure is more or less inevitable. All I can do is to round up here the elements both of failure and success, and let you think it out for yourself; remembering, and indeed emphasizing, that there is as much bunk about the literary game as about any other game.

In strong contrast to the case of my friend Ellis Parker Butler is the case of a young man I now have under observation. Without giving his name, I mention him as a typical case of what I term maladjustment to environment.

This young man is an Englishman, twenty-five years old, an Oxford man. He had had a severance of friendly relationship with his father, a wealthy British subject, this boy being his only son. The boy told me, during the second interview I had with him, that so far as he could judge, American fathers understood their sons better than 'at home.'

I asked him just what he meant by that.

'Well,' he replied, 'we don't get on together. I never had a word with my governor. We simply didn't talk. He sent me about a good deal, but he ridiculed me when I was not present, and that wasn't cricket. He might send me a remittance and he might not.'

This boy was born of literary antecedents. His uncle is one of the most distinguished novelists of the immediate past generations—a 'household word.' He had traveled about a great deal—the Orient, Europe generally, and so on.

Here he was in New York, with a fine education, with letters of introduction to publishers and editors, all of whom smiled flickeringly upon him and told him to 'drop in' later and maybe they could do something for him. There is nothing of the highbrow about him, but he cannot adjust himself to his environment for many years. Meanwhile, he will struggle along, gradually finding himself. If it took Ellis Parker Butler years to adjust himself, to acquire his technique, and he a native, it is obvious how much harder it is for an outsider.

It is the psychic gift to become a part of one's racial atmosphere, united with the power to express it, that makes the writer.

And, as an asset, it is the ability to be casual that counts. You must work like fury intensively, and at the same time keep well on the surface of things. People will read what you write when you hit off your own feelings toward your world by touches, as if you were playing a harp, thus awakening in them corresponding emotions. This business must be casual, it must carry a smile with it.

Another case: During the war a young lad, with a bright handsome countenance suggestive of the Celtic, called at my office. He had been in battle, and was now on a furlough. His name was Percy Crosby, and he was an artist, or thought he was.

From a side pocket, he drew a bunch of soft paper, and spread the pencil sketches on my desk.

These sketches had been made in No Man's Land. Lying on the ground, with the detonations of shot and shell around him, while waiting to move, he had amused himself with these fancies—human beings in action.

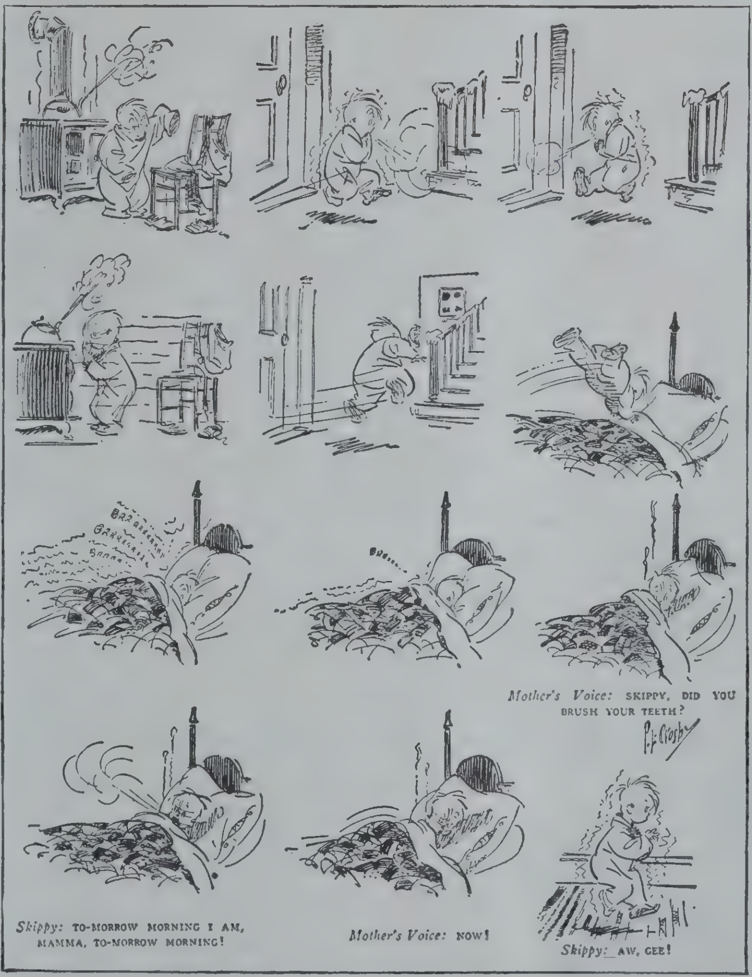
They were terribly funny—crude, but what of that?

I was afraid he would spoil them if he did them over within the mechanical atmosphere of a modern studio, or wherever he worked. And so they were reproduced, with some difficulty, just as he drew them.

That was Percy Crosby in 1916. He returned to the front, and when the war was over, created his Skippy, now so famous. Boy stuff.

The secret of all creative work lies in the spirit of play. The author must enjoy what he is doing.

If we go to England, and visualize the long line of characters in English literature, we shall be surprised at the result. In *Punch*, Leech created Briggs, and before him Hogarth created the Rake, and there are many others of minor importance. Generally speaking, however, the artist in English literature has been subordinate to the writer, merely serving to picture the writer's creations; although in the case of Dickens, it seems to be fairly well established that the artist Seymour did actually suggest Pickwick in some sketches he made during the period when Dickens was a reporter. Here is a case where the writer seized upon the idea drawn for him by the artist.


Mother's Voice: SKIPPY, DID YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH?
P. L. Crosby
Skippy: TO-MORROW MORNING I AM, MAMMA, TO-MORROW MORNING!
Mother's Voice: NOW!
Skippy: AW, GEE!

SKIPPY. Copyright, Life Publishing Co.
The night the furnace was out of order.

Since the war there has been an amazing increase in the number of writers, this being due to prosperity, which in turn has induced more general leisure. The result is that thousands of young men and women all over the country are turning their faces toward the writing game. And what they all want to know is how to break in.

The best way to answer this question is to tell some stories.

Several years ago a young fellow brought me a manuscript, and at the same time applied to me for advice. His work showed that he had talent, and I told him what I generally say to applicants: 'Will you do what I say for two years?' He said he would. In two years he had become a successful contributor. Then he came to me and said he had been offered a regular position as a dramatic critic. I advised him not to take it. He disagreed. Since then he has developed as a minor critic but has entirely lost his ability to write creatively. If he had kept on he would probably have had a hard time to support himself, but gradually he would have acquired an increasing reputation. As it is he will run a submerged course. This is a case of buried talent.

Clyde Fitch, one of most successful playwrights, after a long preliminary apprenticeship, found himself one year returned from Europe with no resources, and rather completely discouraged. In desperation he thought of *Life*, because in those days it chanced to be the easiest and quickest source of immediate publication for a writer. He wrote a series of conversations, and told me afterward that before coming into my office, he walked around the block several times. We accepted his manuscript and gave him a check for $250. This was the turning point in his career. It gave him just the start he wanted. From then on he began to write some of the best plays then produced. He died too young. He was a very talented writer.

This 'turning point' is the critical period in the life of any writer. It almost always occurs. By this I mean that every writer can almost always look back to some period (it might have lasted only fifteen minutes or have taken up a day) when he suddenly came into his own. This does not mean necessarily that he succeeded immediately but only that he recognized his coming success from that moment—in short, found himself.

Many years ago I picked out of the mail one day an envelope with a single short manuscript in it. I saw that the man who wrote it had undeniable talent, but that this particular copy was unavailable. I sat down and wrote him a personal note, in which I made the prediction that within ten years he would be known all over the country. He wrote me afterward that he was completely discouraged up to the time my letter came. His father and mother had come to visit him, and he had nothing to say. But the very day they arrived he received my letter. It just happened that way, I suppose, but I have seen like incidents happen so often that it is almost uncanny.

This writer was McCready Huston, whose work as a short story and novel writer is so well known.

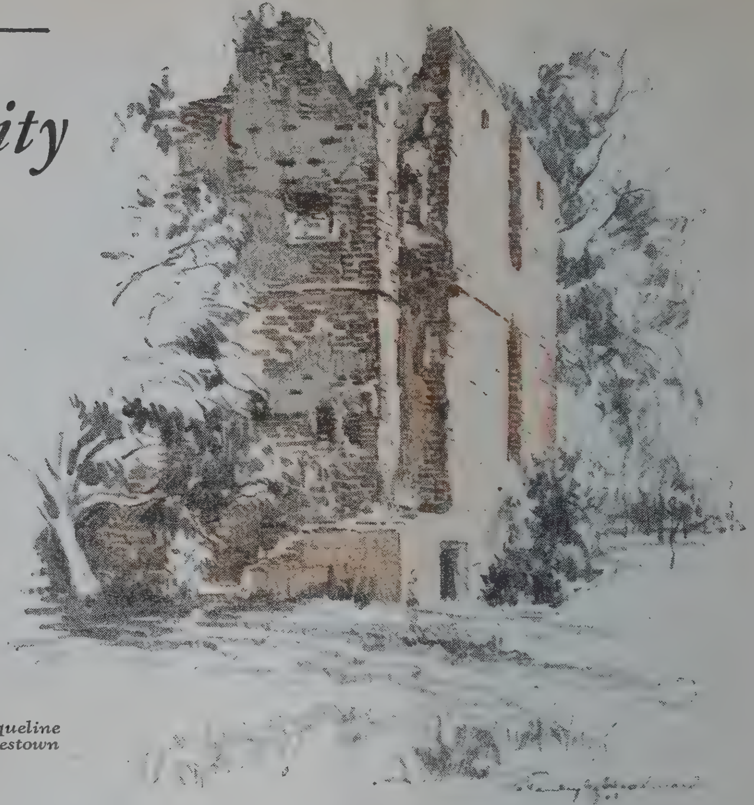
In breaking into the literary game, several thoughts stand out. The first one is this: As a rule those who have come to me for advice without first producing something good have seldom if ever been successful afterward.

The reason for (Continued on page 20)

JAMESTOWN—the Deserted City

By
MAY B. WHITING

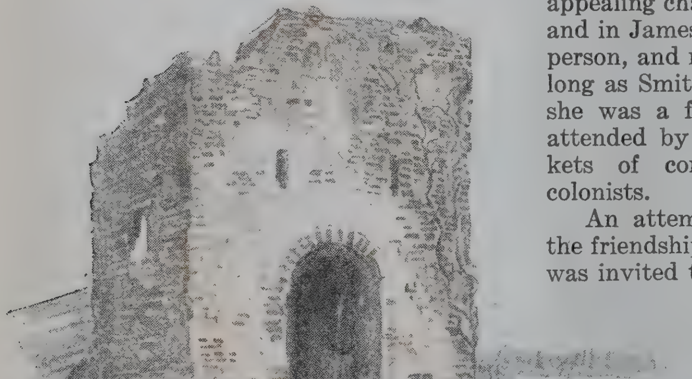
Pencil Drawings
by
STANLEY W. WOODWARD



Ruins of the Jacqueline Amber House, Jamestown Island.

THERE is something unreal, almost ethereal, in the beauty of Jamestown. The low-lying shores are washed by waters a reluctant blue, tinged with yellow from the swamps. Soft southern skies look down on the deserted city with its mossy foundation stones, its empty, grass-grown streets, its old churchyard and the tower, solitary relic of an almost forgotten past. For a background rises the dark rim of trees, cedar, sycamore, hackberry, ivy entwined, fantastic mulberry, and an occasional persimmon with amber fruit. There is a statue of Captain John Smith and one of Pocahontas, hands outstretched in welcome, but their marble presence in the place of ruins only adds to the uncanniness, the sense of tragedy, that neither gently flowing waters nor smiling skies can banish.

No doubt the place seemed cheerful enough that May morning in 1607 when, after five months' tossing on the Atlantic, the colonists entered the James, sailing up between banks that were rosy with dogwood, while the air was sweet with honeysuckle. About forty miles from the mouth, a low peninsula (for only in the past two centuries has Jamestown become an island) thrust itself part way across the stream, and here they came to anchor. They could hardly have chosen a worse place, as Captain Smith pointed out, but all were too engrossed in dreams of easy wealth to pay attention to details like swampy land and brackish water.



The church tower before reconstruction.

Very soon Smith started out to explore the Chickahominy River, was captured by the Indians and sentenced to death by their chief, Powhatan. But his daughter threw herself between the prisoner, even when his head was on the block, and the clubs of the braves, and his life was spared. So enters Pocahontas, one of the most appealing characters in our history, and in Jamestown she seems a real person, and not a dream child. As long as Smith was with the colony she was a frequent visitor, often attended by children bearing baskets of corn for the starving colonists.

An attempt was made to win the friendship of her father, and he was invited to come to Jamestown to receive certain presents sent from England. But the haughty old chief requested that they be brought to his tepee; so there he was crowned, even then objecting to bowing his head to receive the coronet. But the velvet robe tickled his fancy, and he sent back his skin mantle and old moccasins as a gift to the King of England.

When Smith departed, in 1609, Pocahontas came no more until fate drew her to the place. She was visiting the wife of the Indian Japazaws who sold her to the unprincipled Argall for a brass kettle. So she was brought to Jamestown a prisoner, although she was never held in close confinement.

Perhaps it was during her forced stay that she received religious instruction and was baptized under the name Rebecca. Certain it is that at this time she was wooed and won by John Rolfe, a respected gentleman of the company, and the first Englishman to cultivate tobacco in the New World. Her uncle Opachisto stood up with the bride and her two brothers were present at the ceremony. After a year or so Rolfe took his wife to England where she was graciously received at court, and where she met again John Smith, only to weep because he chided her for addressing him as she had been accustomed to do in Virginia.

The remains of a deserted city are always melancholy, but the streets of Jamestown have echoed to suffering such as no other place in this country has seen.

The first company was made up of four carpenters, twelve laborers, and fifty-four 'gentlemen,' many of whom did not take kindly to labor, although Smith declared that those who would not work should not eat.

The yellow sands of the James proved alluring, and the talk was all of gold, 'no hope, no work, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold,' until a boatload was sent to England, only to be pronounced worthless pyrites. Grain was not planted,

(Continued on page 24)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Bubble Reputation

REPUTATION is what people think a man is; character is what he really is. Usually reputation and character go along hand in hand. What people think a man is, he is very likely to be; but not always. There are just a sufficient number of differences between men's reputations and characters to make a sweeping statement impossible.

One man has a reputation for ready wit. Another, during some retentive period of his mental life, has stored up much knowledge of the sort which quickly turns to attic lumber—he has a reputation for learning. Another, because of some act performed in a moment of irritation, gets the reputation of being quick-tempered or courageous. Another, a normal man, not self-centered, but living free in mind and body, does for a friend, without thinking of it, an act involving danger to himself, but effecting the other's salvation. He awakes to find himself a hero. But the hero discovers for himself the great difference between reputation and the inner sense thereof.

There are some men who regard their reputations as assets who ought to regard them as liabilities, and they are 'good' reputations, too, in the moral sense. It is a mistake to think that it is the 'bad' reputation that is always the liability.

> *THE fear of losing one's reputation is a bogey that haunts men perseveringly, but this is through confusing the word reputation with 'character.' It is character that really matters; reputation is merely an idealized likeness of a man that public opinion has drawn from the gallery of its imagination. Through striving to live up to this reputation a man may prove false to his better self and, leaving character in the background, lose sight of the things that are of the utmost importance to the general welfare. Accomplishment may be barred and real service lost if reputation is made an idol.*

Good reputations sometimes hang like millstones around a man's neck; they are, in reality, in many cases handicaps. A man has a reputation for cautiousness. Well, cautiousness is not always a virtue. Sometimes a man ought to be cautious, and sometimes daring. Sometimes he ought to walk across the street and sometimes he ought to run. To commit himself to follow either course all the time would be the utmost folly.

Other men have a reputation for what is called 'common sense.' But see what a hindrance a reputation for common sense may become. A man may say to himself, 'I have always been known as a man of common sense. I have always done what people do, with an element of protective caution thrown in. People do business with me because they know I am "safe and sane." Yet, I have a vision which I know is safe with a higher safety and sane with a higher sanity than any of my neighbors know, and I am moved to follow this vision—but if I do, bang goes my reputation for common sense.'

In such an instance a reputation is fatal to a man's growth. He is not living up to his real self; he is living down to the self that he was twenty or thirty years ago. He forgets that what probably fitted him twenty years ago does not fit him now. He is simply refusing to outgrow the features of the portrait called 'reputation' which public opinion had painted from its own imagination. The real likeness would be 'character.'

Public opinion is, of course, a powerful restraining influence for those who need it, but too many men are afraid of being fools. In certain cases, however, public opinion keeps a man better than he would otherwise be—if not better morally, at least better as far as his social desirability is concerned.

But no doubt there are cases, and many men feel the truth of it, where reputation keeps a man from being as good and as useful as he might be, because in action or service he might be led into the 'unusual.' But sometimes it is not a bad thing to risk being 'a fool for righteousness' sake.' Quite often such fools live long enough to prove that they were not fools, or the same thing is proved by their work which lives after them.

Public opinion is sometimes at fault. The public makes mistakes. No man is ever so good as the public wants its good idols to be; and no man is ever so bad as the public wants its bad idols to be. The tendency of the public is to exaggerate. It prefers colored pictures to those that are perfectly plain; it is attracted by the unusual far more than by the usual. But these pictures do not always please, and what it acclaims today it may condemn tomorrow. It will do the same thing in regard to the reputations of men, and in the end it is only character that will count.

There are men who, for the sake of moral usefulness among men, must make deliberate sacrifice of otherwise desirable things, and in doing so they may lose a certain amount of reputation, but in the long run they usually receive that meed of honor to which they are rightfully entitled. They may have been justified in saying, 'I cannot do that, because it would injure the influence which I now possess in this special channel of work.'

But frequently this very fear of damaging that influence will prevent them from bringing about some worth-while accomplishment that will more than make up for any temporary loss of prestige.

Men must change in order to progress. Progress means change although change does not always mean progress, and the bogey of a built-up reputation must not be allowed to stand in the way. 'Let well enough alone' is a good motto if properly applied, but it sometimes means stagnation, and stagnation is the death warrant of improvement.

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June 11, 1927

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Britain and Russia Break

THERE is no surprise over the severance of relations between Great Britain and Soviet Russia. The surprise is that the relationship lasted so long. The reasons given for the break are the same reasons which have existed all along. Everyone knew them, because Bolshevia has never concealed its hand. The bolshevist communist soviets have always said in most unmistakable terms that their mission on earth is world revolution, the destruction of all existing forms of government, and particularly the destruction of what they term 'capitalistic civilization,' which at this period of human history happens to be the only, the highest and the most widely spread form of civilization that exists or is possible. It has its defects; it is conceivable that it will, in its turn, give way to something better, but that something better is not the 'bloody baboonery' and the chaos of bolshevism.

Great Britain's action has already been followed by Canada and doubtless will be supported by the other Dominions. It is not a movement against the Russian people, because the Russian people are distinct and separate from the alien government which has set up the rule of revolution, murder and starvation over the Russian people. If anything will tend to emancipate the Russian people from their new oppressors, it will be this action of Great Britain. With every motive to help even the Soviet government to establish itself, with great interest in developing trade between Britain and Russia, with infinite patience toward the treacheries of the bolshevists, Great Britain was forced at last, hesitatingly, regretfully, to face the truth that she was only keeping open the door for revolution in her own country and giving protection to the most dangerous social incendiaries the world has ever known. The trade agreement and the diplomatic agreements between the two governments were covers for a network of propagandist activity. However, it should be said again, the bolshevists are not the deceivers, they have announced their program to the world, and there is no excuse for any nation not being forewarned.

Now where does all this leave those Americans who have urged the Government of the United States to recognize the Soviets? And is it possible to continue this urging in the face of what has occurred? These questions become important in view of the threat of bolshevism to involve the world in war. What the Soviets have failed to accomplish by propaganda they will try to precipitate by military attack. And who can prevent them?—they have the largest standing army in the world.

In No Man's Land

MUSSOLINI has entered an old mysterious field in which more men have lost their way than in any other region. It is the field of economics of which little more is known than that it is assumed to exist—as some assume that there is land around the Pole.

Mussolini has found a comparatively easy road thus far. It is not difficult for a man of strong will and purpose to govern a nation by the old codes, military, political, or a dictatorial mingling of the two. Mussolini has taken a leaf out of the book of tyrants and has turned the machinery of brutality into instruments of a kind of brutal benevolence. And he has done it to the admiration of most of the world. But now he ventures into a field where every kind of trap awaits him, and his first decisive movements prove that he has the most inadequate conception of the task he has chosen.

Grant Mussolini this, however: he recognizes that the problem is economic. His mind has penetrated the situation far enough to have encountered that fact. But in tackling the problem he has reversed the daring courage of his 'March on Rome.' When he first placed himself at the head of his Black Shirts, he marched on the highest powers in his country—he marched on the government at Rome, and his magnificent gesture caused even the king to capitulate and offer Mussolini the premiership. But when he takes up his march against economic abuses he does not march against the economic rulers of Italy; he does not confront the capitalist régime that has cursed his country; he does not challenge or subjugate the international money brokers who sit at the top of the situation. Unlike his purpose in the 'March on Rome,' he does not go to the head and front of the offense. No. He takes the weakest, the most helpless victims of the economic situation, the underpaid workingmen of Italy, and he says with all the authority of his position, *'You shall suffer a wage reduction of ten per cent.'*

The most elementary observance of economic cause and effect would have forewarned Mussolini that the spot where the most fatal blow can be delivered against a nation's economic health is wages. Reduce wages and you reduce the purchasing power of the people, you reduce the market for the products of industry, you reduce industry itself, you simply compel a stoppage of all the life processes of a people's welfare. Mussolini, ignorantly but doubtless with good intentions, began at the wrong end. Had he said to Italian capitalists: 'You shall lift the burden of debt and usurious interest which false finance has laid upon the shoulders of industry'; had he said to Italian industrialists, 'You shall at once begin an intensive effort to reduce manufacturing costs without reducing values'; had he said to the brokerage or merchant class, 'You shall charge for your distributory services only the fair value thereof to the populace,' he would have been attacking the problem at points where beneficial results might have been confidently expected. But, far from that, the mighty Mussolini orders Italian wage earners—underpaid, undernourished, despised—to give up ten per cent of their wages.

He has entered the morass of economic ignorance from which no man returns with any shred of authority. And he is not alone. Acquit him of cowardice in refusing to deal first with the depredations of international capitalism upon the workers of his country, and still you have a mind apparently incapable of seeing what lies on the surface of the matter—the plain fact that a country is no more prosperous than its working class. Mussolini with all his modernity is apparently still gripped by the destructive European idea that the working classes are but part of the export machinery, that they never were intended to consume what they produce, that it is the foreign market and not the home market that must be cultivated, an idea which explains the economic backwardness of most European countries today.

Mussolini passed safely through the military phase of his movement, a little less successfully through the administrative phase; and now that he has entered upon the economic phase, the beam threatens to kick over on the side of failure.

Wet

THE haggling at the seat of government as to methods of enforcing the Prohibition Law does not promise much for enforcement. The Republican Party is, in fact, just as wet as the wet wing of the Democratic Party, with this difference, that the Republican Party says nothing about the matter but behaves in a way quite satisfactory to the wets, while the wet wing of the Democratic Party says quite plainly that it is wet, to the great consternation of all dries. The wets have it either way.

If prohibition were a matter of as great public concern today as it was a few years ago, the Republican administration would be nationally repudiated by the moral indignation of the people.

His Mother

MORE than a nine-day wonder, Lindbergh has risen to the dignity of a symbol. He is youth, he is the racial blending of cousin bloods, the union of Anglo-Saxon-Celtic streams, which make up America. It is natural that public interest should drive a line of inquiry back to his origins. The discovery is made that on his father's side he is Scandinavian, of the Viking race. On his mother's side he is mingled English and Irish of Canadian origin.

This editorial is written in Detroit, the city where Lindbergh's mother lives. She is a teacher in one of the high schools. Daily she has taught her classes, going only once to New York while the young flier was there, and then taking the train after school on Friday afternoon and returning in time for school the next Monday morning. She wired ahead that if weather favored, he should not wait to see her, but fly away as if she were not coming to New York. Metropolitan journalism did its best to trap this mother into the limelight; misguided friends sought to stir fear and foreboding in her heart; but Mrs. Lindbergh went about her daily duties with a calm, unshaken confidence that what her boy undertook he could accomplish. It was not stoicism, it was not the deliberate assumption of nerve, it was a mother's mystical knowledge of her son and, it may be, some mystically whispered assurance of his success. There was no more gallant heart in America in the silence between Newfoundland and Paris than the heart of Lindbergh's mother.

That furnishes the clue to two points—the flier's modesty and courage.

It is gratifying that the flier's fame resurrected, as it were, his father's name. Reared in the great Scandinavian settlements in the near Northwest of the United States, the flier's father held in more vivid appreciation and fresher reverence those American ideals of liberty which more *blase* Americans had forgotten. Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr., was a progressive, an antitrust man, and as such fought all his political battles. He was once the candidate of the Non-Partisan League, that organization which selfish capitalism and corrupt politics went to such lengths to destroy. There is something pathetic in the political history of the flier's father, but it bears the same stamp of high conviction and unbroken courage which the son exhibits today. Charles, Jr., used to take his father in an airplane on his campaign trips. From the same airplane, two years after his father's last defeat, the young flier rose in the air and scattered his sire's ashes on the farm that he had helped to win from the wilderness.

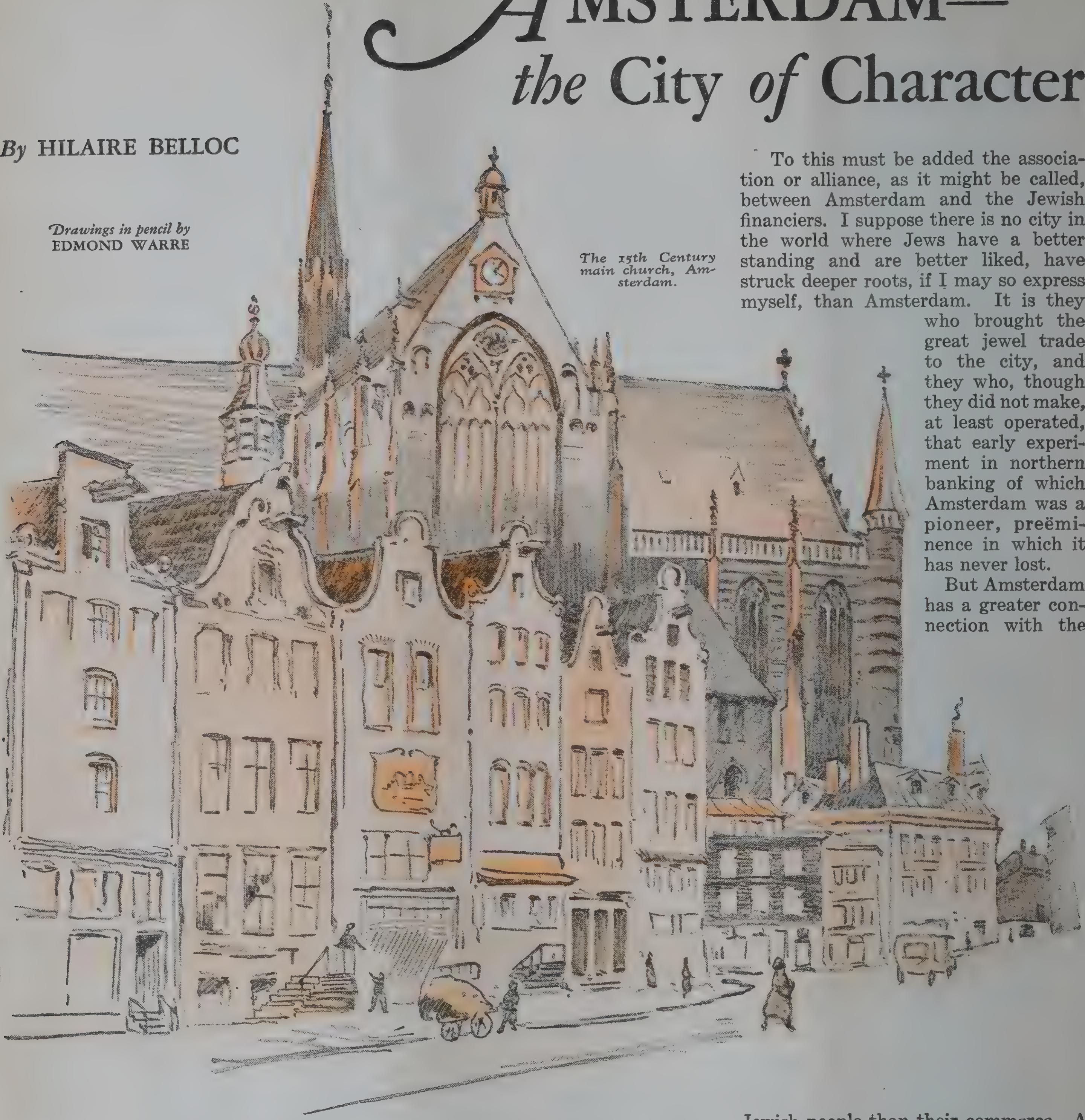
The differing destinies of father and son compel reflection. The father sought to serve the world through the instrument of politics. The son has served it through the instrument of mechanics. Is this the sign of a changing era? We have lived to see Washington become increasingly unimportant in the life of the nation. We have lived to see the Presidency become less and less the supreme office it once was. We have lived to see the contributions of government to national welfare become more and more unskilful, more and more a hindrance. We have lived to see the intellectual ability of the people turn less and less to politics, more and more to mechanics and industry. Lindbergh senior in the forum; Lindbergh junior in the cockpit of an airplane—is it a sign? Versailles, with Wilson and Lloyd George and Clemenceau making a travesty of peace and a mockery of four million dead upon the battlefields; the diplomacy of the world failing where it had dominated for centuries; and a flying field at Paris, with a boy climbing out of a little plane, creating more good will than all the peace conferences that have yet been held.

Which is the field of the future? Not politics. The field of the future is where men do things, in earth or sea or air.

AMSTERDAM—*the* City *of* Character

By HILAIRE BELLOC

Drawings in pencil by
EDMOND WARRE



The 15th Century main church, Amsterdam.

THE great interest of Amsterdam is a negative one: why should it be there? Why should it have had for so long so much greatness based upon so much wealth?

That sort of question one might ask about almost any one of the Dutch towns, for it is the particular characteristic of the Low Countries—Holland and Belgium, all the flats of the river mouths, Scheldt, Meuse, and Rhine—that they support those great town communities within a stone's throw the one of the other.

But Amsterdam is the most difficult to explain. Its natural facilities as a harbor cannot compare with those of Antwerp or even with Rotterdam. It did not develop a power of production in some one line; it was not even a capital. It stood upon no river system. Yet there it has been for centuries, and still is; growing prodigiously, wealthier with every decade.

I believe the explanation is tradition, for which another name is inheritance. A merchant aptitude and adventurous spirit, tenacity and continuity in work: and the creation of a great market which, once created, attracted negotiations and exchange to itself like a magnet; these made and preserve Amsterdam, the trading genius.

To this must be added the association or alliance, as it might be called, between Amsterdam and the Jewish financiers. I suppose there is no city in the world where Jews have a better standing and are better liked, have struck deeper roots, if I may so express myself, than Amsterdam. It is they who brought the great jewel trade to the city, and they who, though they did not make, at least operated, that early experiment in northern banking of which Amsterdam was a pioneer, preëminence in which it has never lost.

But Amsterdam has a greater connection with the Jewish people than their commerce. A man whom I suppose many would call the greatest of his race, Spinoza, was born here and lived here. But to my astonishment, there seemed to be no memorial of him! I had long known the number of the house in the square called after Waterloo, and had said to myself that when I next visited the city I would pay a pilgrimage to it. So I did, upon my way to the big church which stands at the corner of that same square, perhaps not a hundred yards away.

The ground floor I found to be a sort of little general shop where one could get electric and gas fittings, and small iron work. On the front of the house, which is a small one, there was a date and initials, or a name—but not those of Spinoza. I could find no placard nor tablet. I could find no statue, nor (I think—I may be wrong) is there a statue to this giant among thinkers elsewhere in all the city.

I confess that this amazes me, and I wonder that someone of the many wealthy members of that community in the great sea town does not make a memorial of so great a man.

I can understand the Dutch not having sufficiently marked the passage of Descartes, through their cities, for though Descartes created the new questioning of which Spinoza was the mighty transmitter, he, after all, was not a native; but Spinoza was of Amsterdam, and if ever there is any man to whom a public monument should arise, it is he.

The town is today one of those great European cities that contrast so sadly in the Englishman's eye with his own, for our great industrial cities grew up haphazard and deplorable. But these, their Continental counterparts, are clean, well laid out, and carry their prosperity into their garments as it were, and into the expression of their faces.

You may call Glasgow or Manchester or Birmingham wealthy if you like, but the impression left upon any man who walks through those mean streets and dark, is always one of widespread, miserable poverty and sometimes one of despair. Whereas here in Amsterdam one has a sort of civic pride everywhere apparent in what has been done and established in the newer streets. Someone has always cared for the appearance of the great place, and it has been the concern of its citizens and their magistrate to preserve its dignity.

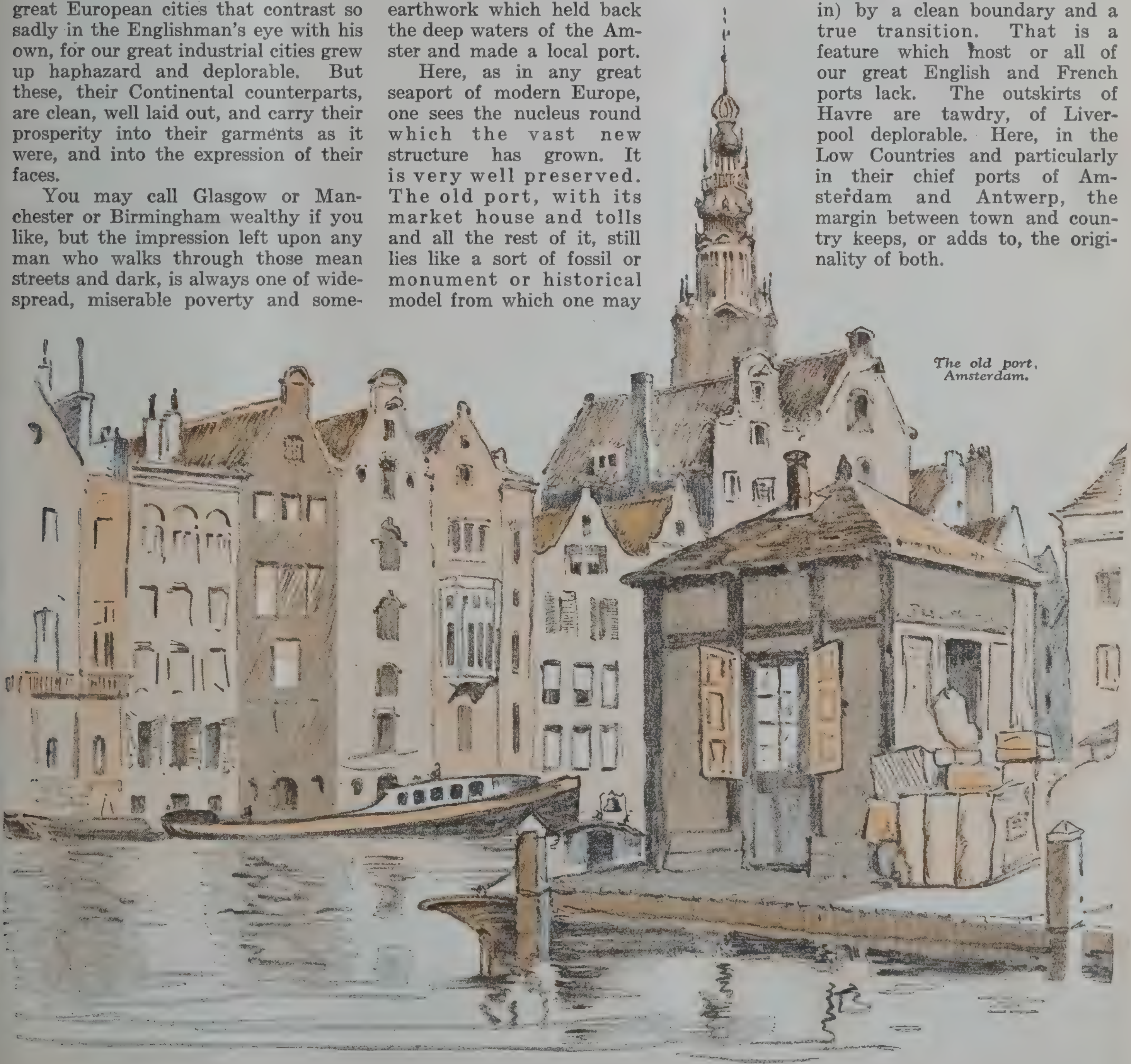
There are few towns in Europe which have so special a character and I think one may say no large town which has one as strongly stamped as this place of more than half a million.

It is built upon a number of concentric semicircular canals, narrow, bridged, and having upon each side long dignified rows of 17th and 18th Century houses full of quiet and repose. The center of the whole system is the dam which originally gave its name to the place, and which is still called by its old title, the earthwork which held back the deep waters of the Amster and made a local port.

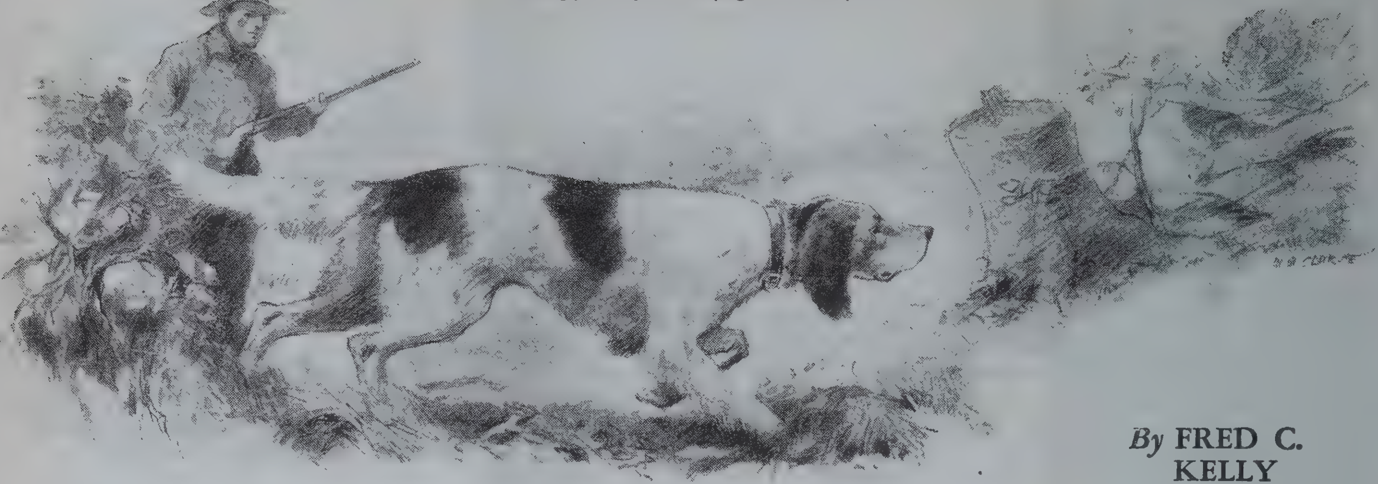
Here, as in any great seaport of modern Europe, one sees the nucleus round which the vast new structure has grown. It is very well preserved. The old port, with its market house and tolls and all the rest of it, still lies like a sort of fossil or monument or historical model from which one may watch spreading outward the development of the city.

But one great error in their planning they have made, and that is, the building of a huge modern railway station, right in front of this old river port, in such a fashion that it blocks the view of the main water which the city fronts and which bears its enormous traffic.

Save for that error, all Amsterdam is, to the eye, a success, both of planning and continuity. Its outer ring is as admirably laid out, spacious and clean, as any modern American or German city; and, what is really remarkable, there is none of the usual squalor in the outskirts. You come upon Amsterdam (from the exceedingly wealthy pastures around it, to the exceedingly wealthy exchanges and warehouses and factories within) by a clean boundary and a true transition. That is a feature which most or all of our great English and French ports lack. The outskirts of Havre are tawdry, of Liverpool deplorable. Here, in the Low Countries and particularly in their chief ports of Amsterdam and Antwerp, the margin between town and country keeps, or adds to, the originality of both.



The old port, Amsterdam.



The pointing habit of hunting dogs is said to rest upon an earlier habit of pausing just before making an attack.

By FRED C. KELLY

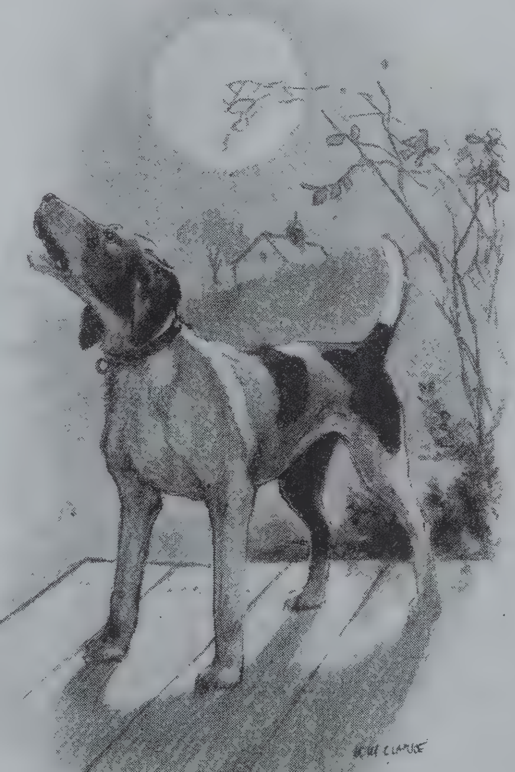
Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

Your Dog's Instincts

MOST of the traits and abilities which now endear or make dogs valuable to mankind they acquired in their wild state and in their own way. People haven't taught them nearly so much as they had already learned among themselves.

The pointing habit of hunting dogs is said to rest upon an earlier habit of pausing just before making an attack. (This theory, though, is not entirely confirmed by a study of wild dogs, as the tendency is to leap after the prey with the least possible delay.) Bringing cows home is much like hunting, except that there isn't any killing. Naturalists say that dogs used to circle about and round up the animals they intended to kill; and thus it comes natural for certain breeds of dogs to work with cattle. A dog friend of mine became a nuisance on the farm where he lived because, after he had learned to bring cows to the barn, he overdid the thing. Instead of bringing them only at milking time, he went and got them, just for fun, whenever he found himself without anything else to do.

It isn't necessary to teach a dog to guard his home. He inherits that instinct. Indeed, it is one of the oldest instincts he has. When dogs lived in dens, they barked for self-protection if an intruder came near. Dogs that failed to do this risked being killed by their enemies. By process of natural selection, nearly every dog became a watchdog. Those that did not readily bark signals of warning were sooner or later killed. Most of them were killed before they had offspring and, gradually, the quiet, nonbarking dogs were eliminated. Even in the wild state, dogs learned to know that certain strangers were harmless. Tame wolves will guard a house but let regular callers come and go without paying any attention to them.



Because of primal instincts, others dogs answer the bark of the watchdog at night.

The bark of a watchdog is for two purposes—to scare away any one who doesn't belong, and to notify other dogs to come to his assistance. The latter is more traditional than useful, as most people do not keep more than one watchdog and there aren't any other dogs on the same premises. But because of their primal instincts, other dogs in the neighborhood answer the bark just the same—especially in the middle of the night. Watchdogs get tired sitting around all night with nobody to bite and nothing much to do and welcome an excuse for a few barks.

A wise dog always barks his loudest and in his gruffest voice when he sees anybody prowling around—in a less shrill voice than if merely chasing some little animal—his idea being to scare the intruder away without having to bite him. While he may hate to have his teeth go entirely to waste, he tries to be careful about whom he bites. There are still so many human beings who believe silly stories about hydrophobia and mad dogs. They do not know that biting must be done only in an emergency.

We are inclined to have a low opinion of men who are bluffers. With dogs it is a little different. Some of the most sensible dogs do a lot of bluffing. A big bark often saves a bite or bloodshed. When another dog comes along and growls at my dog, Badger, following his natural instincts, makes the hair on his back bristle up until he looks like a much bigger and more formidable dog than he really is.

He pulls his lips back to show what large teeth he has. Many a dog after seeing these teeth decides to saunter away and let well enough alone. After scaring off a dog in this way, Badger always walks with a strut and looks up at me as much as to say: 'Well, did you see how I settled *him?*' Likewise, the other dog struts a little to maintain his dignity. He looks back over his shoulder at Badger with an expression that says plainly enough: 'Aw, shucks, I could lick you if I *wanted* to. I wouldn't *bother* with you!'

A small dog safe inside a fence is likely to dash up toward a big dog outside the fence and bark in a vituperative way to indicate that he would pawn his little doggie soul not to have that fence between them. When he is sure that the big dog is gone he barks louder than ever. I frequently take a walk with two or three dogs down a lane past a house where dwells a big dog that sits on the front steps and utters never a sound until my dogs are at least a hundred yards away. Then he barks his bitter disappointment at not having noticed us sooner. He wisely keeps quiet when he observes that he is outnumbered, and the barks are to prove to everybody within sound of his voice that he isn't afraid—even though he has by no means proved this to himself. They are what psychoanalysts might call compensatory barks.

It is useful for a dog to impress another dog with his ferocity and equally useful to show a dog when he is friendly. A courageous dog will keep on fighting as long as there is an ounce of strength in him. But even a good fighter often realizes that discretion is the better part of valor. When a dog much bigger than himself walks up to him in a threatening manner, he is likely to roll over on his back in an attitude of complete submission, knowing that a dog has enough sense of decency not to bite another dog when he thus gives up. A big dog will seldom bite a smaller dog unless the little dog bites him first. But little dogs often take advantage of this immunity and run up to big dogs, barking as if bent on mayhem. This seems to be merely a form of showing off. A little dog evidently likes to have the neighbors see how brave he is when danger is more apparent than real.

I used to know an old dog that had a naturally sweet disposition—was anxious to keep out of trouble—and yet he became an inveterate fighter. Most dogs that he met thought he wouldn't fight and then they imposed on him. Gradually he became so suspicious of all dogs that he lost no time in starting a fight with nearly every dog that came near. He didn't desire a fight but assumed that there might be one anyhow and preferred to get the first hold.

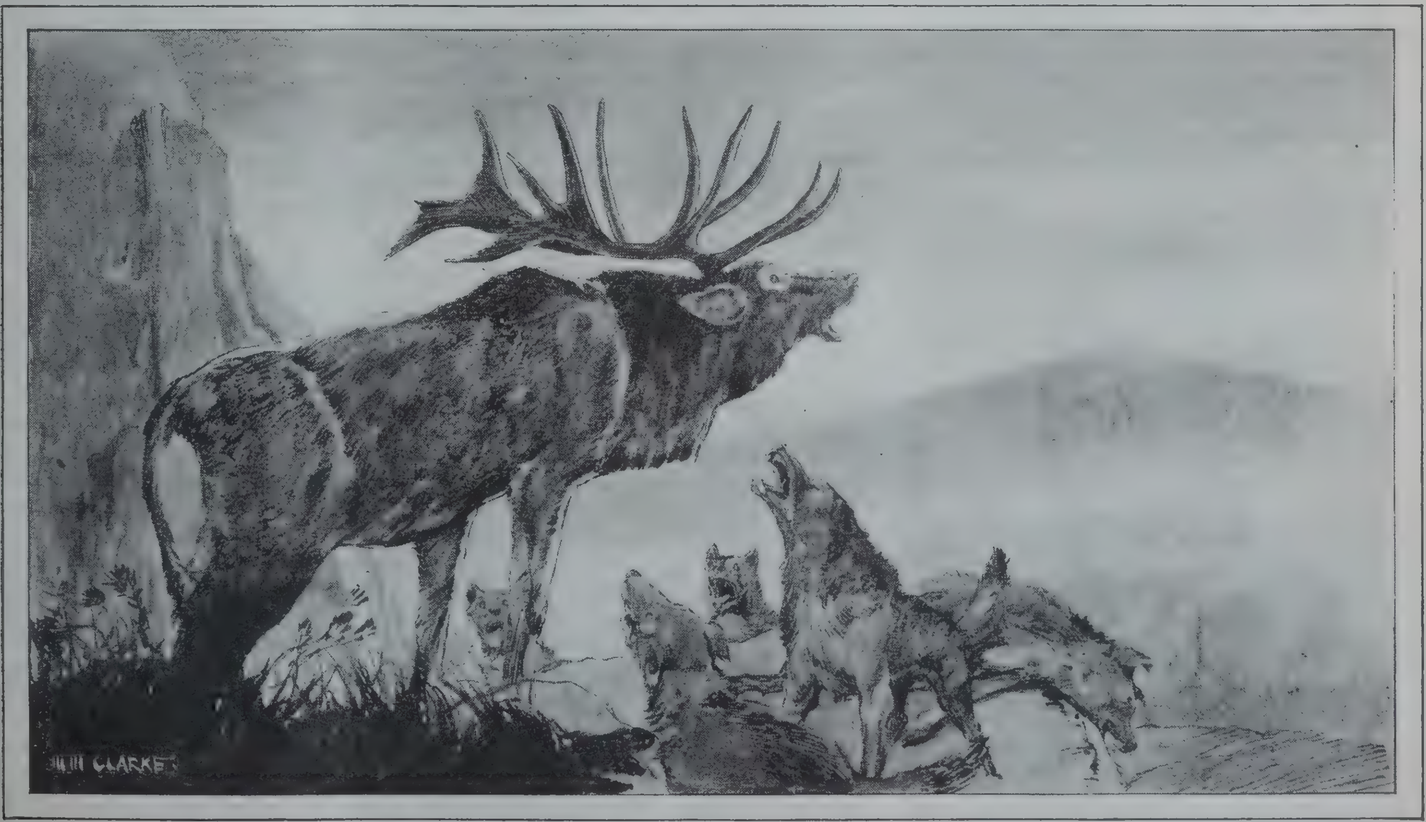
A mystery about dogs is the way total strangers recognize a fighter at sight. If I walk with old Badger I have to be constantly on guard to keep dogs we meet from saying something to him that will infuriate him and draw him into mortal combat. But if accompanied by my dog Jimmy, I'm entirely care free. He is so mild-mannered and gentle that he is able to maintain pleasant relations with every dog along our path. I have never known a dog to make an offensive or disrespectful remark to him.

Jimmy is a born pacifier, too, and might be a dog politician. If both he and Badger are with me, dogs we pass set up a great commotion at sight of Badger. After Badger and I have passed safely, Jimmy often runs back for a frank talk with the irate dogs. Little imagination is needed to know that he pleasantly asks: 'What's the trouble back here?' Then a dog says: 'No trouble about you, but we don't like that old dog with you.' Jimmy evidently remarks: 'Oh, don't mind him. It's just his way. He's a good fellow when you know him.' After this exchange he trots along and the other dogs return to their front porches in much better frames of mind.

Nearly everybody must have noticed that a dog ordinarily lowers his head when he growls, but holds it high when barking. The explanation is that a growl means a possible fight, and a dog instinctively lowers his head to guard his throat. But a dog's vocal chords work better when he raises his head. It is almost impossible for a dog to bark well when lying on his back.

I taught one dog to bark for a piece of meat and also play dead on command. Then I tried to combine these two accomplishments. The dog tried to bark while

(*Continued on page 19*)



Away back yonder in the earlier species, dogs usually had to risk their lives for food

The MAN Who Lost His IDENTITY

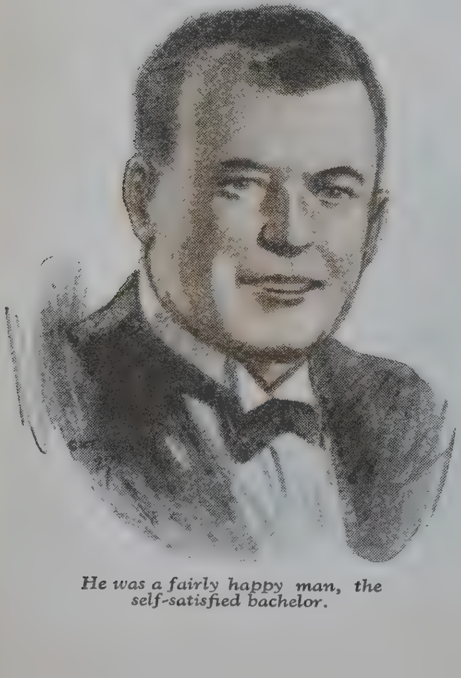
By HUGH WALPOLE

Copyright, by HUGH WALPOLE

THE essential point about this story is to prove how eagerly and readily one's friends will join in a game or a plot if the object thereof is to make some other human being miserable and uncomfortable. In saying this I am by no means the cynic that I appear. I have tremendous belief in human nature, and am perpetually surprised at the heroisms, unselfishness, and touching gratitude shown so often against desperate odds by my fellow mortals. But it is not surprising that we should all enjoy a game, and if that game involves the lowering in the general estimation of some unfortunate—why, then, the higher go ourselves.

Do not think that Pritchard, the hero of this story, could really be called unfortunate. Before this adventure he was a fairly happy man, the self-satisfied bachelor, and after it—well, you shall see, if you read far enough, how happy he was after it.

My attention was first drawn to Pritchard by the visit of a little man, Meening, to our office. He was a fellow member of the Rococo Club, and there I had met him on various occasions. He was one of those little men who can attract attention only by being constantly at your side. For months and months you hear them speak, see them move, watch them eat, listen to their sighs, their laughter, and perhaps their tears, but are nevertheless unaware that they exist. Then one day, after their persistent company, you exclaim, 'Why, who's that?' and in a leisurely kind of way you take steps to discover. So when Meening came to our office (I was alone there at the time), I could only vaguely remember his name, and, I am afraid, called him Menzies throughout the whole of our first interview, although he quite often in his weak, supplicating voice, corrected me. The point was that Meening had become engaged to Pritchard's sister, that she was a dear little woman (according to Meening, devoted to him), and that he was the happiest man in the world except for one thing, and that thing was Pritchard.



He was a fairly happy man, the self-satisfied bachelor.

Miss Pritchard was apparently dominated by her brother, and not only was she so dominated, but all the Pritchard family, mother and father, other sisters, brothers, aunts and cousins, were in the same case. What was the matter, I inquired, with this domination? Was Henry Pritchard a bully? No, indeed, he was not. He was a kindly, good-natured, amiable man of forty or so; he had been apparently clever in his own way, had made a lot of money during the war, with ships or something of the kind, and had had the good sense to save it, and now did no work at all, went about the world, discursive, amiable, and desperately complacent. I gathered from Meening—who, a gentle little man by nature, nevertheless spoke with some bitterness about his future brother-in-law—that Henry Pritchard was the most complete and devastating egoist yet known to history—Napoleon, Frederick the Great, and Catherine of Russia were nothing to him in this respect. The fact was that poor little Meening simply did not think that he would be able to marry Miss Pritchard unless some change were made in Henry Pritchard's character, and yet marry Miss Pritchard of course he must.

Daisy Pritchard was a dear little woman.

It appeared that Henry Pritchard was very fond of his sister, and intended to see a great deal of her after her marriage, and neither Miss Pritchard nor Meening had character enough to keep him out of the way. 'You see,' said Meening in his mild little voice, 'it has really come to this. If I hear very much more from Henry of how fine he is, how clever, how rich, how handsome, or how well he played Rugby football fifteen years ago, or why it is that he likes eggs scrambled rather than boiled, of the fun that he gets from using a certain sort of brown polish on his shoes that nobody else had yet discovered, of the extraordinary morning in his life in which he discovered that his hair looked much better without a parting than with one, there will be one day a very nice murder somewhere in the direction of Chelsea, and Daisy will be a widow almost before she's realized that she's a bride!' Little Meening has quite a sense of humour in his own particular way, and real pain and suffering lent vigour to his remarks. 'You see,' he went on, 'I understand that you and your two friends have undertaken a number of cases of just this kind—removing people who are tiresome, changing their characters, and making them see life differently. Of course, I don't want any harm to happen to Henry—Daisy would never forgive me—but you're so clever that I thought you might think of something. Tell me your terms; I am sure money will be no trouble.'

'This is our general custom,' I explained to him. 'I must meet your future brother-in-law, consider the case for a week, and then, if I have a plan that promises success, I will tell you. Then you pay me fifty pounds down and then another fifty if I succeed within a reasonable period.'

He sighed with relief. 'You've already taken a weight off my mind,' he said. 'I am sure you will think of something, and then not only will I be grateful to you for the rest of my life, but the whole Pritchard family, and perhaps Henry himself.' He spoke more truly than he knew.

Shortly after this I made Henry Pritchard's acquaintance. He was a bullock of a man, one of those Englishmen who, having worshiped athletics in their youth, have in middle age allowed their muscles to run to fat. He must have been six feet three or four in height, and he was as broad as he was tall. He had one of those big round bullet heads with snub nose, large smiling mouth, and eyes looking forever narcissus-wise at their own likeness. He was something of a dandy in his dress, and wore bright ties that represented on different days of the week various athletic clubs which had the honour of his genial membership. Genial he was: he not only slapped you on the back in the first five minutes of your meeting him, but roared with laughter at nothing at all, and then, drawing your arm through his, became instantly loudly confidential about some exciting matter connected with himself. I had luncheon with him and Meening at the Rococo Club. In the first five minutes he explained to everyone within a hundred miles' radius that he liked his steak not exactly underdone, but very nearly so, and that he found that, in his experience, sauces always spoiled a fine piece of meat, that of course other people might disagree with him, but that that really didn't matter, because that was the sort of man he was—he had always been like that since quite a kid. 'The fact is,' he said, putting his hand on my shoulder and shaking his heavy sides at me, 'that I am not quite like other fellows here. I know exactly what I want and why I want it. I attribute my success in life,' he went on quite frankly, 'to that very thing. You may not believe it about me, but many people have noticed that in my whole make-up, if I may say so, I never hesitate, but go straight for a thing and take it. And when I have got it I keep it,' he ended with a roaring laugh, gripping my shoulder with so tight a hold that he almost lifted me from the ground. Our lunch was all like that; neither Meening nor I said very much, but we listened and admired and remembered. By the end of the meal I had conceived a plan.

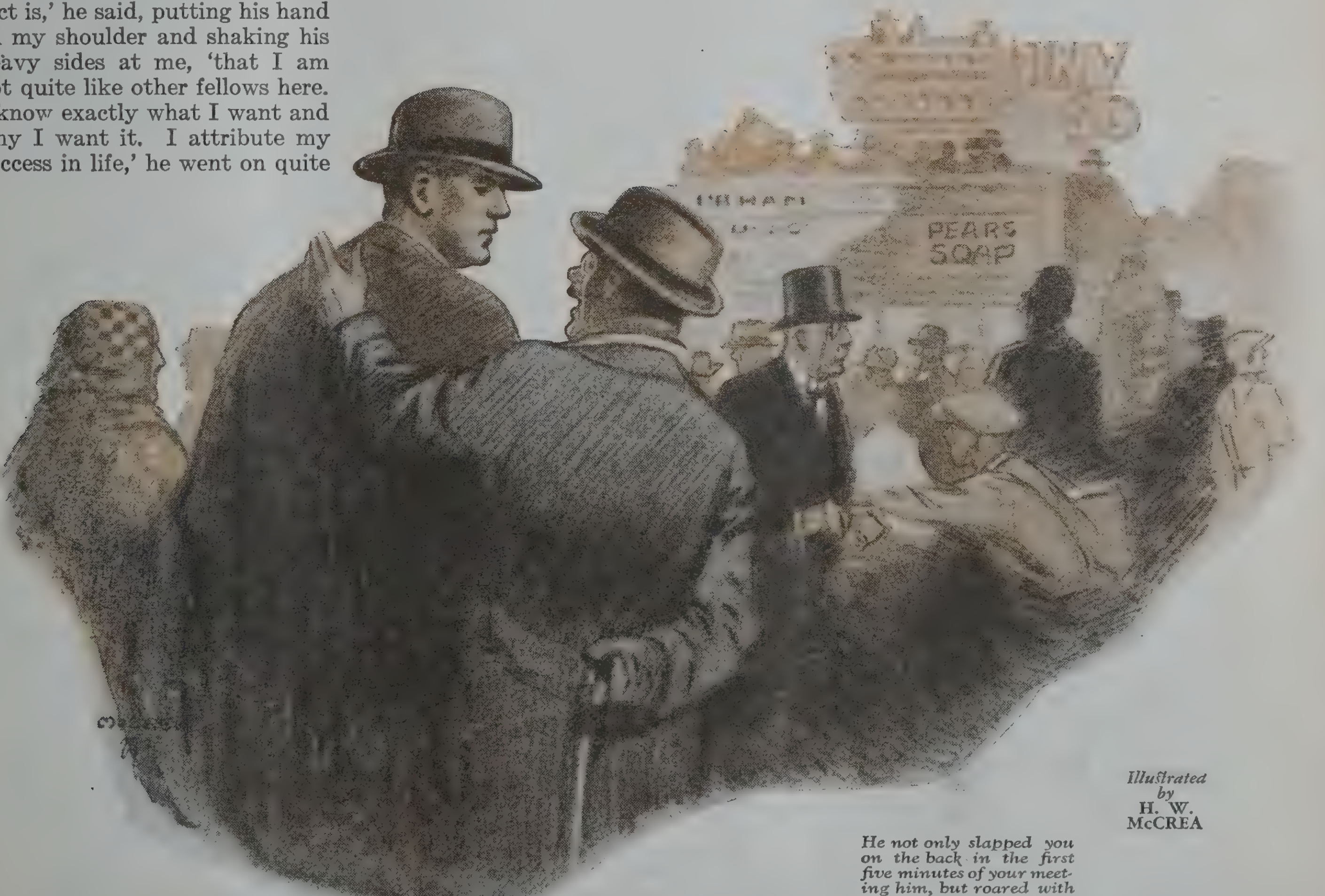
What attracted me quite frankly in this case was neither Meening nor Pritchard nor the addition of a hundred pounds to our yearly income. We were doing very well now, and might pick and choose among our clients; the point was that I saw here an opportunity of settling an interesting question that had for a long time past intrigued me. The point was just this: Can a human being, if sufficient persuasion be brought to bear upon him, be led to believe that he is not himself, but somebody else. And I mean, of course, a quite normal human being, not in ill-health in any way, and in full possession of such faculties as God has given him.

Within a week after my first meeting with Henry Pritchard I had evolved my plan. This case was different from any others we had had, because it needed for its successful issue the collaboration of several of our friends. We had always considered it rather a point of honour that our office should, so to speak, do its own dirty work, and Chippet and Borden and I had generally found ourselves equal to our task. But in this affair outside help was inevitable. I had better, perhaps, describe events just as they occurred. One afternoon, about teatime, Pritchard was relaxing his enormous body in an enormous chair in the Rococo Club, reading a newspaper, when a man whom I will call Brown came up to him and said: 'Hullo, Forrester! I am glad to see you. Where have you been? I haven't seen you for ages.'

NOW, Pritchard had never seen this man before. He was a nice-looking ordinary Englishman, just the sort of man whom Pritchard would naturally like. Pritchard, as I already have said, was the most genial of men, so he looked up smiling from his paper and remarked amiably: 'Sorry, you've got the wrong man.'

Brown laughed. 'My dear Guy,' he said, 'what's the matter with you? It's true that we haven't met for eighteen months, but don't be silly. I want to talk to you.'

Pritchard said rather more brusquely: 'I am very sorry, sir, you've made



Illustrated by H. W. McCREA

He not only slapped you on the back in the first five minutes of your meeting him, but roared with laughter at nothing at all.

some mistake; I have never seen you in my life before.'

Brown also stiffened. 'Look here, Guy, are you tight or something? Don't be a silly ass. I want to thank you for all you did for Everett; you're really wonderful, the way you take trouble—'

Pritchard's sense of his own dignity began to suffer. He rose slowly from his chair and, looking Brown full in the face, said quite sternly: 'You are wrong, sir; you are mistaking me for somebody else,' and walked, with great dignity, away.

He was, I think, made a little uncomfortable by this episode, because, as it appeared, there was somebody else about the place very like himself, and he had always fancied that there was no one like himself anywhere. Next morning, passing the derelict ruins of Devonshire House just where the buses stop, he felt himself tapped on the shoulder. He turned round and found himself confronted by a little dapper man with an eyeglass, a complete stranger. 'Hullo, Forrester!' said this little man in a shrill piping voice. 'I am glad to see you. Where on earth have you been all this time?'

Pritchard looked at him very haughtily. 'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'You've made some mistake.'

But the little man clutched his arm.

'Don't be an ass, Forrester,' he piped. 'You haven't forgotten Monte Carlo. I am Bennett.'

'I don't care the devil who you are,' answered Pritchard. 'I have never seen you before in my life, and I—'

But Bennett did not relax his hold. 'Look here,' he cried—and his voice was one that in its shrillness would always attract attention in a public place—'I have got to speak to you. I have been wanting to see you for weeks. That business of Emily Clay is all settled.'

Pritchard roughly shook him off. 'I tell you, sir, I don't know you!' he almost shouted, and turned fiercely down Piccadilly. He was angry, he was furious. There must be somebody in London exactly like him. Twice in two days! What an extraordinary thing, and why had it never happened before? And how could there be anybody exactly like him? He had never seen anybody in the least like him anywhere. He brooded about it all day. That night he was dining with the Pritchard family. He gave them a full account of the affair; they couldn't, of course, understand it.

'You know, it's awful!' he cried to his mother. 'If there's a fellow going about London just like me, he may be buying things at shops, leading a disgraceful life, or anything. No one's ever heard of such a thing, and it isn't as though I was just like anybody else.'

'No, dear, it isn't,' his mother assured him. All the family assured him of the same thing.

Two nights later, finding himself unexpectedly free, he dined at his club and went to that amusing musical comedy, 'The Girl With Bobbed Hair.' During the first interval he went out to have a drink. There was rather a crowd at the bar, and a man, pushing past him to order something, turned round and cried: 'Hullo! Why, if it isn't old Guy!'

This was serious. Pritchard looked at the man. He looked a very nice fellow indeed, thick-set, clear-eyed, jolly, with no nonsense about him. The thing was past a joke. Pritchard took his drink and led this stranger gently aside. 'May I have a word with you, sir?' he said.

The man stared at him in amazement. 'A word with me? My dear Guy, don't touch that drink—you've had enough already.'

Pritchard stood over him, gazing into his face with intense seriousness. 'Will you listen to me a moment?' he said. 'My name is Pritchard—Henry Pritchard. I have chambers in Half Moon Street. I have never seen you in my life before. Within the last week three men, complete strangers to me, have addressed me as Guy Forrester; they apparently know me well. There is obviously someone in London who is exactly like me. I am sure you will do me the courtesy to believe that I am telling you the precise truth.'

The other man stared back at him, his face absolutely bewildered. 'Look here, Guy,' he said, 'don't be an ass. I know you were annoyed with me at Wimbledon the other day, and I suppose you've got some game on now to pay me off. I am sorry about the other day, but it was a crazy thing to double on that hand of yours when you knew that I hadn't any hearts.'

Pritchard, holding himself in control with great difficulty, replied: 'I assure you, sir, that I have never seen you in my life before tonight. Would you mind telling me who you think I am?'

'Who I think you are?' the other man answered. 'Well, if you want to go on with this silly game, I'll inform you. You're Guy Forrester, and I am Anthony Bellows, with whom, three winters ago, you went out to St. Moritz, who gave you some good shooting last autumn, who wrote to you ten days ago asking where you were, whose letter you never answered, and who, weakling though he is, will give you the rottenest hiding in your life if you don't drop this silly nonsense and come to your senses!' He was laughing—obviously a charming fellow—and he meant every word that he said.

Pritchard, in an agony, began: 'I assure you—' when another man came up and touched Bellows on the arm, saying:

'The bell's gone, old man. We've got to trample on millions of people to get back to our place so we'd better go.'

'You'll hear from me in the morning, Guy,' Bellows said. 'It's a poor joke—not a bit funny,' and he went off.

(To be concluded in an early issue)

The Plight *of* Great Britain

By R. L. OUTHWAITE

LLOYD GEORGE could declare in a speech delivered some years ago: 'Whereas fifty years ago you had something between one-third and one-fourth of the population of Great Britain working on and around the land, when the war broke out you had something between one-ninth and one-tenth of the population on the land. That meant a decrease of 3,000,000.'

Britain therefore maintained a population of some 44,000,000 before the war, in the main through its industrial preëminence.

The war has raised a national debt of £600,000,000 ($3,000,000,000) to one of more than £7,000,000,000 ($35,000,000,000). It has raised the annual revenue requirement of £200,000,000 ($1,000,000,000) to one of approximately £900,000,000 ($4,500,000,000). Only the sale of surplus war stores to the extent of hundreds of millions of pounds enabled the government slightly to mitigate the demands of the tax-gatherer.

This gigantic increase of taxation falls, in the main, on the shoulders of the general mass of the consumers, obviously insofar as levied by way of taxes on commodities, and less obviously by way of income tax. Even the supertax levied upon great incomes (which are often the result of the underpayment of labor) are paid by the workers, for what should go to them in higher wages is appropriated by the state. So, in general terms, this vast burden of taxation operates to an incalculable degree to reduce the consuming capacity of the mass of the people.

Accordingly, we find that the demand for commodities both as regards the foreign market and the home market has fallen away. And as a lessened demand for goods means a lessened demand for men to produce them, we have 1,300,000 workers registered as unemployed and eligible for the unemployment 'dole.' Those not eligible for the dole have recourse to the local authorities for 'poor relief' and in consequence the rates, levied on the rent of land and buildings, have doubled and trebled until the rate in some cases exceeds the rent, and bankruptcy confronts the municipalities. This local taxation further reduces the consuming capacity of the masses and, as the rates are highest where the poorest live, since most poor have there to be relieved, this system of taxation is exceptionally harsh and oppressive.

All along the line the wages have been so reduced that, considering their real purchasing value, they stand millions below the level of 1914. And as the reduction of wages reduces the consuming capacity of the masses, a lessened demand for goods results, a lessened demand for workers to produce them, and further unemployment.

If we view the situation uninfluenced by any humanitarian promptings to conceal or mitigate the truth, this cold fact emerges. Britain, being the nation most dependent upon trade consequent on the monopolization of her natural resources, must suffer relatively more than any other belligerent from the economic effects of war. Russia will emerge as a peasant republic through the redistribution of her lands. Germany, though the workers be enslaved, will be kept in being through her millions of peasants. France, though bankrupt, will survive through her peasantry, who provision the nation. The new states of Eastern Europe are now peasant states and the land will support their peoples. The institutions of Continental Europe will be based on peasant economy, government will reside in the hands of peasants, and Europe is in process of reverting to primitive conditions. But for Britain there exists no such a mainstay.

Your Dog's Instincts

(*Continued from page 15*)

on his back but he had such difficulty that his efforts were laughable.

A dog is likely, when interested in watching game, to keep one forefoot raised, ready for the next step. I once had a dog kennel, separated by a wire fence from my little boy's white rabbits, and one dog in particular would stand by the hour, intently watching the rabbits with one forefoot upraised. Gradually, he formed the habit of keeping one foot lifted in the same way when interested in *anything*, whether a rabbit, a ball or even a conversation.

In many respects dogs exhibit better judgment than we do—particularly about eating. A dog eats only when he is hungry. If he doesn't feel just right in his tummy, he lets food alone, no matter how tempting it looks. Moreover, when he *is* hungry and an assortment of food is placed before him, he picks out the thing he likes best and eats it *first*, instead of saving it for dessert after he's all filled up with other things. We humans when hungry for, say, strawberry shortcake, foolishly don't eat it until the edge has been taken off our appetite by first eating, maybe, soup, pork chops, and peas.

People often laugh at dogs and say they have food on their minds all the time. This is true, in a way, because dogs have a limited number of pleasures and little opportunity for intellectual enjoyment. Food is less important to us because we know we can always obtain it when we want it. With dogs, food isn't always so sure. Away back yonder in the earlier days of the species, they usually had to risk their lives for food before they got it.

We sometimes deplore a dog's habit of bolting his food—swallowing a large chunk of meat at one gulp. Luckily his stomach is built to digest food eaten thus hastily. It *had* to be so in his wild state, in order that he might eat hurriedly while pursued by his enemies. Moreover, if the pack brought down a large animal and an overpolite dog waited to chew each bite before swallowing, the others might greedily eat his share as well as their own. (All eating habits are uncouth until inhibitions are forced upon us by training. Let a child and a pup grow up without any kind of teaching as to eating behavior and the dog would have less shocking manners than the child.)

Just as a dog learned to eat fast to insure getting his share of food, he found it equally wise, if he had a surplus, to bury part of it for use later. And that recalls that when burying a bone a dog digs the earth with his paws *but replaces it with his nose.* This is simply because his paws operate only one way. He can't make them work backward.

The habit dogs so often have of not eating food where they find it, but carrying it to a place of greater safety a few yards away, is a trait inherited from the time when they were compelled to exercise such caution.

Because of human vanity, one of the things most sought in a dog is the so-called one-man quality. It flatters the master to have even a dog show a marked preference for his society. A dog does this readily enough because of his old instinct to follow the leader of the pack. Why not, people ask, one-woman dogs, as well as one-man dogs? There are. A dog will follow a woman as readily as he will a man provided the woman is really the leader of the household. It is hard to fool dogs as to who is the boss. In the long run, dogs seem more likely to take up with men because men do more things that dogs enjoy doing, such as hunting and going on long hikes.

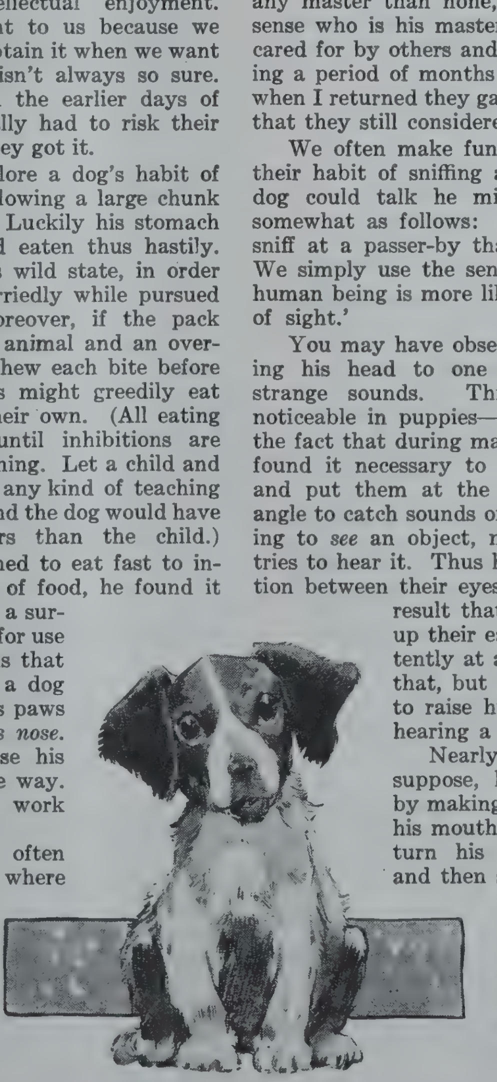
It is possible to exaggerate the sense of loyalty a dog has to his master. So opposed is the dog to being left alone, and so disposed by hereditary instincts to follow a leader, that he readily adopts a master and gives him whole-hearted devotion; nevertheless, it is not difficult for a dog to take up with a new master. After a week or two he may be just as loyal to the new one as he was to the old. One of the most devoted dog chums I ever had was nearly three years old when I got him, and since puppyhood he had been the constant companion of one man who, because of going abroad, was compelled to give him up.

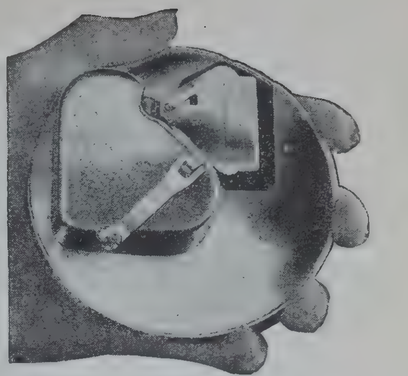
While a dog would rather have almost any master than none, yet he can readily sense who is his master. I have had dogs cared for by others and made much of during a period of months in my absence, but when I returned they gave me to understand that they still considered themselves mine.

We often make fun of dogs because of their habit of sniffing at each other. If a dog could talk he might defend himself somewhat as follows: 'Is it any worse to sniff at a passer-by than to stare at him? We simply use the sense of smell where a human being is more likely to use his sense of sight.'

You may have observed your dog cocking his head to one side when hearing strange sounds. This habit—especially noticeable in puppies—seems to be due to the fact that during many generations dogs found it necessary to prick up their ears and put them at the most advantageous angle to catch sounds of danger. When trying to *see* an object, naturally a dog also tries to hear it. Thus has grown up a relation between their eyes and ears, with the result that dogs usually prick up their ears when looking intently at an object. Not only that, but a dog is quite likely to raise his nose and sniff on hearing a strange sound.

Nearly every dog owner, I suppose, has amused himself by making a queer sound with his mouth to cause his dog to turn his head to one side and then sniff. Since the dog lives in a world of smell, the moment he hears strange sounds he tries to use his nose as well as his ears, because he has found his nose more dependable.





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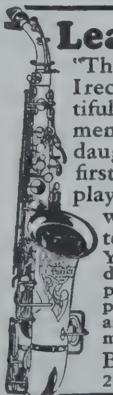

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Breaking Into the Literary Game

(*Continued from page 7*)

this is that people who want to write, and seek advice without production, are almost always selfish even if unconsciously so. Or else they are hard up, and think they can make money this way. Nothing can be done for such individuals. If, for example, I show them a method of writing, and give them ideas, and they go to work and produce the thing according to my suggestion, it is never their own. And when they come back with it, and I explain to them why it will not do, they invariably resent criticism. They generally remark that they have seen so many worse things than that in print. They do not understand that what they think is a 'worse' thing always has in it a germ of originality, of sincerity; in short, it is an honest product, as defective as it often is. In other words, a successful author writes from his emotions, and not from his intellect. He uses his intellect—his formal brains—as an assistant, a kind of secretary, to his feelings. In this capacity, intellect is not only important but necessary. But it can never take the place of genuine feeling—the glow of the true artist.

This glow can almost always be felt by a true editor.

There is no difference in principle between the judgment of writing and of pictures. But there is a great difference in appearance. Thus when you look at a picture, you can tell at a glance whether it is good or not. The amateur qualities and crudities stand out in it, so that almost anyone, even if he is not trained to judge, can tell its defects.

But a manuscript may be crude, may seem very bad, and yet, to a trained editor, may still contain the essence of genuine talent.

Recently a gifted woman sent me a manuscript which had hidden within it this rare thing. I took a blue pencil, cut out the first two-thirds, put a new title on it, and returned it to her. She sent it back to me and I accepted it. She wrote me that my alterations and devastations had taught her more about writing than she had learned in years. It was in effect only Dr. Johnson's rule which every writer should observe: After writing a thing, go over it and cut out every other word.

It is absolutely necessary for a writer to have talent—or call it a 'gift.' Admitting this, however, nothing is more important than the technique, and, judged from the enormous number of carelessly written manuscripts I get from amateurs, it would seem as if this were a universal American fault—carelessness in construction.

Now the preparation of copy for publication does not necessarily consist in perfection in letter press, but almost wholly in the care displayed by the writer in thinking out beforehand, or in critically revising beforehand, just what he has written.

And the very first matter of importance lies in the title.

It is almost impossible to overestimate the importance of the title. For instance, a very large part of the enormous success which followed the publication of Anita Loos' *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* was due to the title.

A technical rule for titles suggested, as I recall, by Gelett Burgess some time ago is, where there are two words, to have the initials follow alphabetically.

There are, of course, many exceptions to this, and it relates only to sound. For example, Sinclair Lewis' latest novel, *Elmer Gantry*, follows this rule, the letter *g* following alphabetically the letter *e* in Elmer, the *f* between not counting, it merely being a general principle of word sound that you get better results if you use the succession of words in the alphabet.

The point made by advocates of this rule is not to follow it literally, but to use the alphabet-succession as one means to get effective harmony. In Samuel Clemens' pen name, Mark Twain, the *t* follows the *m* but at a distance, whereas, in one of his titles, Huck Finn, the *h* is put first, out of the succession. This rule, of course, is wholly disregarded in cases like *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, as in this title the effect does not depend on the sound but on the meaning. The same thing is true of another popular book, *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*, for this title carries what is termed an appeal, because it suggests something possibly scandalous; that is, it awakens curiosity.

And this awakening of curiosity is one of the most important things in a title. Alliteration or alphabet-succession or any other sound does not matter compared with this.

I have seen numerous manuscripts accepted, even if afterward they had to be altered or even rewritten, on the strength of the title. And this applies to every kind, the very short as also to the very long. A title must convey, and this instantly, the genius of the article or story. What a title is Poe's *The Gold Bug!* That there is an unconscious psychology about titles is shown in the frequent repetition of words in titles by different authors. One example is enough. Booth Tarkington's *The Magnificent Ambersons* (1919) was followed in 1921 by Joseph Lincoln's *Galusha the Magnificent* and in 1924 by Rafael Sabatini's *Bardelys the Magnificent*.

I know a number of writers who will never start a manuscript until they have first created a right title. In fact, it is never safe to do so, because if you cannot get a title, it is almost always evidence that your

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BEHOLD the mountains, massive, reaching high!
Creations fixed for an eternity;
Yet in their beauty do we never see
The same magnificence; no, more descry.
Sometimes their grandeur to our worldly eye
Is dimmed: the haze of Now confines the free
And searching mind. Still all their majesty
Flames in the splendor of the dawning sky!

Then confirmation thrills my doubting soul.
Do they in silent declaration speak?
There is one timeless Home; the way ye go
Secure; attainable the perfect goal.'
The mists arise; yet glows the distant peak.
And deep joy floods my heart. It must be so!

theme is not vivid in your mind. Of course, the acceptance of a manuscript generally must depend upon the idea, and this idea depends upon its immediate fitness, whether it 'hits off' the prevailing national mood, or what the editor or publisher thinks is the prevailing national mood. There are further considerations such as length, and the possible amount of similar material. But aside from all this, and assuming the requisite talent, the technical success of a manuscript, assuming a right title, depends upon two words, namely, *spontaneity* and *revision*.

Now it is a singular thing in writing, and I am sure this will be agreed upon by the majority of best writers, that *spontaneity* is achieved in its greatest measure only through previous preparation. Spontaneity comes only as a result of overflow. By overflow, I mean that a writer, by fixing his mind on his theme, gets so surcharged with it that he has to get rid of it, that is, write it out. Thus, in evolving it he is carried away.

The immediate result of this is always a dangerous moment, especially in the amateur, because, being so carried away, he is much too likely to think, after an immediate reading, that he has done a great thing. It may be so. But generally it is not so. The next thing to do, as I have explained often before, is to let it cool off; and, after a reasonable period to go over it again when the right perspective is possible.

THE human mind, however, can be disciplined to an incredible extent. And I actually know writers who can go through this whole process mentally, and complete their work, before it is written. First they get their theme; they have trained their imaginations so that they can flood themselves with it; they then—all mentally—arrange it in its permanent form. Finally, when they write it out, they have to make scarcely any changes.

Almost all big writers have astonishing memories. They carry not only the entire structure of a story, but also the very order of words and sentences in their minds, and can do this while they are reassorting their words.

In my judgment, this accounts for the difference in apparent facility among writers, but not altogether, because some of them, who write very carelessly, succeed because they have the popular touch. Generally, however, a successful writer if he seems to write fast, has matured his work mentally beforehand.

There is no better test of writing than reading it aloud. If you shrink from doing this, it is a very good sign that it is not worth printing.

It is also excellent practice to read your manuscript aloud to yourself, as if you were addressing an imaginary audience. By listening thus to the sound of your own voice, you can often tell where the weak spots are. One of the most successful writers I know follows this rule, never allowing a manuscript to go out without this test.

The whole secret of writing is that you must present the other man with something not only that he wants but that will do him good. You may be doing him the greatest service at a critical time just by entertaining him.

Writing is like that: not to use the other man to further your own interest, but to further his own interest by interesting him.

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First Scientific Map of the World

(*Continued from page 3*)

the Atlantic than it really is because of the extreme east-to-west errors in the distance across Europe and Asia. Columbus expected to find Asia when he first sailed toward the unknown west.

The first widely used atlas of the world was made in 1570 by Abraham Ortelius at Amsterdam. In his map of the world Ortelius retained largely the ancient error. Mercator, who followed, was a more scientific geographer. His work of 1595 is the first to bear the title *Atlas*. The longitudes were corrected in the world map so that the length of the Mediterranean was given as 51 degrees. This was still an error of about twenty-five per cent.

The reason these errors did not cause navigators serious trouble was the fact that sailors used portolanos or sea charts upon which latitudes and longitudes did not appear, but only distances and directions.

During the Middle Ages the Christian map-makers were mainly concerned with making Jerusalem the center of the universe and they also paid little attention to longitudes.

About A. D. 1200 the compass was mentioned by an Englishman, Alexander Neckam, and from this time on the instrument was apparently in use by able navigators. The compass maps enabled the satisfactory navigation of the Mediterranean and encouraged sailors to go out of sight of land on such voyages as that by Bartholomew Diaz in 1488 around the Cape of Good Hope and of Columbus in 1492 to the New World.

Other instruments were necessary for the reconstruction of the world maps. About A. D. 1608, a Dutchman accidentally put together two lenses in such a way as to make a telescope. In 1610 the great Italian astronomer Galileo Galilei announced to the world 'a heavenly messenger,' having discovered with the telescope the moons of Jupiter, which anyone can see today with a pair of opera glasses.

The moons of Jupiter have frequent eclipses, easily determined accurately because of the small size of the moons. Here was the heavenly phenomenon whose occurrence could be viewed simultaneously from different parts of the earth. At this point the mathematician-astronomer in the person of Giovanni Domenico Cassini stepped in and computed the time at which these eclipses take place. These ephemerides, as they are called, were published in 1660 and gave the necessary tables for navigators to use to determine longitudes.

At this time the center of intellectual activity in Europe was in France. The French expeditions to the New World under Champlain stimulated great interest in maps. In Paris in 1650 appeared the first map with the five great lakes made by Nicolas Sanson. The French Minister Colbert appreciated the significance of the work of Cassini and at his suggestion Louis the Fourteenth made Cassini a member of the French Academy then being formed.

In 1668 Cassini became astronomer royal of France. Expeditions were sent by the French to various parts of the world and the observations were first recorded in 1683 on a gigantic map of the world on the floor of the tower of the French observatory. Strange to say this map was not then put into print.

For many years it had been supposed that the printed map supervised by Cassini and his able son, Jacques Cassini, had been lost. A German writer in 1900 searched the great libraries of Europe without being able to locate a copy.

This map of the world has the positions of points in America located by priests and scientists, with points in Asia located accurately by Jesuit priests, and with many other points placed as a result of numerous special expeditions. This printed map, of 1696, published in Paris, was recently discovered by the writer among the maps which the William L. Clements Library of the University of Michigan acquired with the great collection formed by Henri Vignaud, the distinguished biographer of Columbus. Extensive correspondence shows that this map is not found in any of the great collections of the world except one copy in the Bibliothéque Nationale in Paris which has apparently been discovered quite recently and a third located by the writer in the Service Hydrographique de la Marine in Paris.

Before this map appeared, the maps of Sanson, of William and John Blaeu of Amsterdam and of John Johnson (Johannes Janssonius) of Amsterdam were standard. With the appearance of this map and with the scientific work which made it possible it became evident that new maps were necessary.

These new maps were first prepared by Guillaume Delisle, a pupil of Cassini's. Delisle's series of maps began to appear in 1700. Places whose latitudes and longitudes were determined by astronomical observation are indicated by little stars. Quebec and Mexico in North America and Cape St. Augustine in Brazil, Porta Vejo in Peru and Arequipa and S. Yago in Chile are starred. Delisle also made a globe in 1700 upon which the correct longitudes were recorded; the flat gores used in making this globe were found recently by the writer in Paris in the Service Hydrographique de la Marine. Other globe makers and other map-makers, as early as 1695, put on their productions: 'According to the observations of the Members of the Academy.' However, before 1701 only Delisle actually had the courage to accept the findings of the scholars as the truth, acting upon it.

The next advance in time and longitude determination was that made by the English clock-maker John Harrison to whom the modern chronometer is due. The eclipses of the Jupiter moons are not well adapted for use on shipboard. So inadequate were the instruments used at sea that in 1694 Admiral Wheeler's squadron ran on the rocks of Gibraltar when the strait was supposed to be safely passed and in 1711 transports were lost in the St. Lawrence, having made an error of 45 miles in reckoning.

The chronometer of 1735 gave the correct Greenwich time and the inventor finally received a large part of the 20,000 pounds ($100,000) reward offered by the British Parliament for a clock which would keep correct time within one minute in a journey to the West Indies and back; the clock enables the determination of longitude. However, much of the improvement in observation on shipboard was due to Hadley's sextant of 1731, an instrument giving with rapidity an accurate observation of the sun's altitude.

We are accustomed to accept the map as a gift of the gods; but back of the map is a story of struggle extending over this world of ours and even over the world of thought.

Mathematicians and astronomers, geographers and instrument makers, all have united with explorers and adventurers to place before us a correct picture of the world where our lot is cast.

The greatness of William Delisle as the pioneer in the field of maps, made strictly and absolutely according to the researches of his fellow scientists, has only recently been recognized. Delisle was that type of genius with an instinct for the truth. On his map California appears correctly as a peninsula although the great cartographers of his day represented it as an island; on his map the Mississippi has its correct position although the majority of the then current maps made it flow into the western side of the Gulf of Mexico. These changes were made with an instinct for the truth. But the great changes in the longitudes of places were made by a courageous soul, ready to receive the new truth. To accept and act upon revolutionary discoveries later appears to be natural but it is never easy and rarely natural.

A City *of* Jade *and* Gold

AMID the groves in the interior of Tibet, a traveling missionary of 1316, Friar Odoric, observed a stately palace which he described in writing when he returned home. Amazing wealth lay beneath the surface of the reception grounds. Below the walls of the palace were supports in the form of green jade pillars. In this subterranean retreat hosts and guests lay on rich rugs and furs while musicians played. Red wine spurted into pools.

Odoric failed to take his bearings and consequently could only *write* of the wonderful things he had seen.

German, French and Russian archeologists have vainly sought this city of jade but have never found a trace of it. Explorers did uncover a similar city in the Samarkand, in the northwest and near there priests of Tientsin uncovered buried implements of warriors and huntsmen. The Third Asiatic Expedition found utensils that would indicate a hidden city.

Now the American Museum of Natural History plans to unearth this buried city. It will be difficult work, for hot blistering winds sweep over the arid wastes followed by icy sandstorms that hurl particles as from a sand blast machine.

Found—A New Use *for* Old World's Fairs

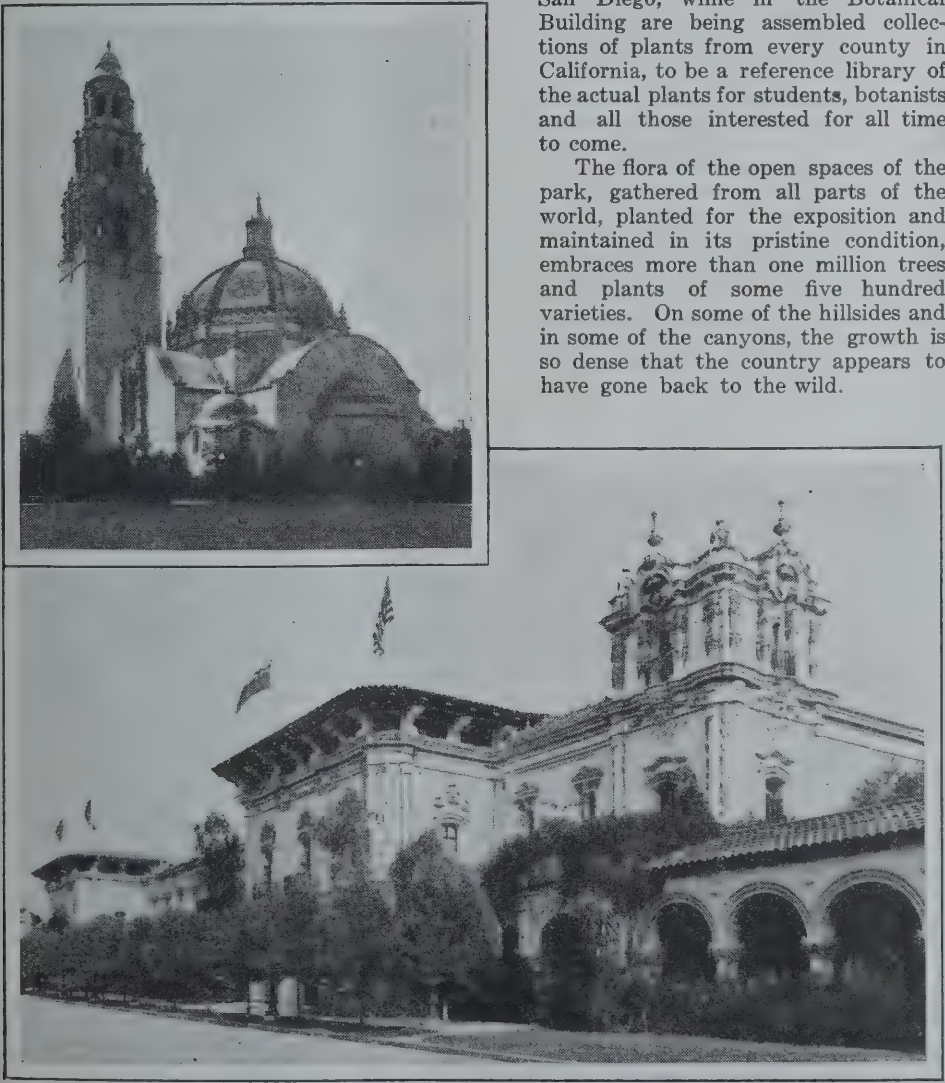
CITIES which have had world's fairs in their midst never have been able to find out just what to do with the ghosts of exhibitions.

By raising a fund of $100,000 through popular subscription, San Diego has converted the site and buildings of the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915 into the largest civic center in the world, filled with magnificent structures, set on wide lawns, and including a musical center in which free concerts are offered every day in the year. This recreation spot covers 1,400 acres, and the buildings on it cost more than $2,000,000 when they were erected about eleven years ago. All these buildings have passed to the city; those which needed it have been rehabilitated and made permanent, a few have been torn down to make room for further landscaping of the huge park, until the grounds of the one-time exposition are today probably the finest from an architectural and landscape point of view of any in the possession of any municipality in the United States. In this park are 24 buildings, some of them devoted to the same purposes for which they were erected at the time of the exposition; others being put to varied uses as museums, libraries, and meeting places for the people of the city.

Here are being preserved the complete histories—political and natural—of the State of California. Here are more records and information concerning San Diego and that extreme southern part of the state than are possessed by any other area of equal size and population in the world.

Outdoors are many similar attractions, such as the Lily Pond, a huge concrete basin, in which are being grown nearly every variety of flowering water plant known to man, from the huge water-hyacinths of Equatorial Africa to the snowy lilies of the upper reaches of the Mississippi. The Goldfish Pond, another great pool, contains living goldfish of a majority of the varieties developed by the clever goldfish breeders of Japan and China, to which new species are being added constantly. Gardens which in themselves ordinarily would be considered parks contain specimens of trees, plants and flowers from all parts of the world having the same climate as San Diego, while in the Botanical Building are being assembled collections of plants from every county in California, to be a reference library of the actual plants for students, botanists and all those interested for all time to come.

The flora of the open spaces of the park, gathered from all parts of the world, planted for the exposition and maintained in its pristine condition, embraces more than one million trees and plants of some five hundred varieties. On some of the hillsides and in some of the canyons, the growth is so dense that the country appears to have gone back to the wild.



Two of the fine permanent buildings along a driveway through Balboa Park. Inset—California Building in Balboa Park, San Diego, which houses the Whitney Scientific Library.

Learn to Dance!

The Old American Dances as revived by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford have created widespread interest.

To render it possible for everyone to enjoy these beautiful dances there has been compiled and published, under Mr. Ford's direction, complete information and instructions on each of the dances as taught in the Ford School of Dancing at Dearborn, together with calls, music and pictures visualizing different steps.

'Good Morning'

is the title of this interesting book. It contains 169 pages, carefully printed in clear type, and durably bound in attractive paper covers.

It also explains the origin and etiquette of the dances; style and deportment, and how to arrange and conduct a successful dance.

Subscribers to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT are now given an opportunity to obtain a copy of this popular book free. It regularly sells for 75c a copy, but for a limited time we are offering a copy of *'Good Morning'* in return for obtaining one additional subscriber.

Thousands of men and women are just waiting to be asked to subscribe to this great publication. Many of them are your own friends and neighbors. All you have to do is to secure one new subscription and forward it on the coupon below. We will immediately send you a copy of *'Good Morning'* with our compliments.

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Jamestown—the Deserted City

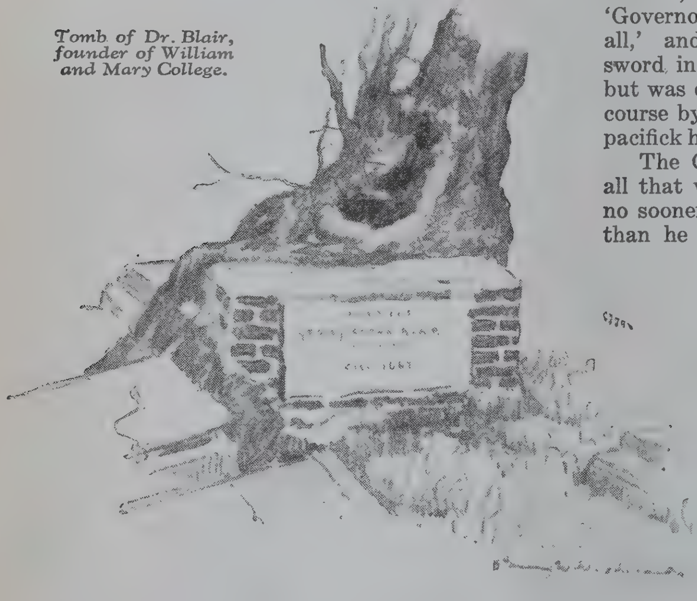
(Continued from page 8)

for the colonists expected to get their living from the Indians by force or barter, while they rolled up wealth. After two years Smith, disgusted with mismanagement, returned to England, and affairs went from bad to worse.

There was no diarist among the saddened crew, but letters paint the picture clearly enough. We see men dying in the street and left unburied, and a thief who stole a little oatmeal to keep himself alive tied to a tree until he starved. And this in a land swarming with game, all because the London Company wanted to make a fortune out of its venture. In 1610, the entire company, 60 out of the 490 men who had come to Jamestown, resolved to leave the hateful city and make an attempt to reach England, if only to beg in the streets. But Lord Delaware, newly arrived, learned of the project, and sent one of his men to intercept the expedition, and persuade them to return to Jamestown, where the whole sorry business began again.

And yet there are touches of magnificence in the sordid drama. One of the first labors of the adventurers had been to build a church, a rude affair that was burned the first year. But the second was more substantial, finished in cedar, and here Lord Delaware worshiped in a red velvet chair, attended by a redcoated guard of honor. In 1619 there was a busy day in the church, for a ship brought in ninety English maidens, and every bachelor who could get together the necessary 120 pounds of tobacco went a-courting, and Parson Buck was on hand all day for reading the marriage service.

From that time on there is a gayer note in the story. When the next company of young women landed the Assembly found it necessary to pass a law forbidding any female engaging herself to two persons at the same time. We read of the ladies of Jamestown going shopping with a little cart of tobacco with which to pay for their wares, and before long the Assembly was greatly worried over the undue splendor of wearing apparel, complaining that even the cowkeeper at Jamestown was 'accoutered in fresh flaming silk.'



Tomb of Dr. Blair, founder of William and Mary College.

And there were stirring scenes in the streets of Jamestown. Standing in the silence that now broods over the foundations of the House of Burgesses, it is hard to picture the dramatic, even melodramatic, events of Bacon's Rebellion which took place in front of its porch. During the lifetime of Pocahontas, Indian ravages ceased, but after her untimely death they were renewed, until, in 1622 and 1644, there were general massacres. And yet the royal governors did almost nothing for protection. At last Nathaniel Bacon gathered an army and demanded a commission to fight the savages, but Governor Berkeley refused to give him one.

Then Bacon led his army to Jamestown, collecting, as he advanced, the wives of the royalist sympathizers. He halted in front of the city to cast up earthworks, and, while his men were digging, he marched the women up and down in front of the line. Then he entered the city and paused 'not a flight shot' from the House of Burgesses. The old Governor, thinking his time had come, rushed out and bared his breast, and cried, 'Shoot, 'fore God, fair mark!' And Bacon, unless wrongs were redressed, had threatened to kill 'Governor, Council, Assembly, and all,' and then to sheathe his sword in his own 'heart's blood,' but was deterred from this drastic course by a burgess who waved 'a pacifick handkercher.'

The Governor promised to do all that was required of him, but no sooner was Bacon out of sight than he proclaimed him a rebel. Bacon again advanced on the ill-fated city, and burned it. Parts of it were rebuilt, but it never flourished, and in 1699 the government was removed to Williamsburg.

Of the old city, the tower of the church built about 1640 alone remains. Recently the church has been rebuilt on its original foundations just outside the foundations of the older church. Within its chancel are several old graves, the only legible stone being that of the minister in the time of Bacon's Rebellion. There is also an ironstone tablet with grooves where were once inlaid brasses, the only stone of the kind in this country. It is probably that of Sir William Yeardley who died in 1627 and who, in the old church, called the first legislative assembly in America.

The churchyard is of even earlier date than the tower, for it undoubtedly was the original cemetery. Not many of the stones are legible, but one has been preserved, perhaps by the very optimism of its inscription. It is that of William Sherwood, born in the parish of White Chapel, who styles himself, 'a great sinner, awaiting a Joyfull Resurrection.' Here is buried the wife of Governor Berkeley who, although she had two husbands after the Governor's demise, continued to use her title. Oddly enough, the words 'Lady Berkeley' are distinctly seen on the only portion of her tombstone that time has spared. The Governor died in England, overwhelmed by the disdain that he received there for his cruelties at the close of Bacon's Rebellion.

HERE is the grave of Mrs. Drummond who dared flaunt his power, and said that she feared England no more than a straw which she broke in her hands. Here also lies Dr. Blair, the founder of William and Mary College. Between his tomb and that of his wife Sarah a sycamore has grown thrusting them apart four feet, where at first only a few inches separated them. In one corner of the yard are buried the Ambler brothers, John, and Edward with his wife, Mary Cary of Williamsburg, who, as a girl, refused George Washington.

There was a third Ambler brother, Jacqueline, 'the Aristotle of Virginia,' who married Rebecca Burwell of Carter's Grove. Her girlhood home, built in 1736, is still standing a few miles up the river, just opposite the point where Lord Delaware turned back the discouraged colonists. It is a splendid type of river plantation house, built of bricks made on the premises and paneled from floor to ceiling in walnut and mahogany. A wide arch spans the hall, and the marble of its main fireplace is said to be the first that was brought to this country. On the curved banister are wide saber cuts made by Tarleton's troopers during the Revolution.

Would that we might catch a glimpse of the old house in Rebecca's day, the smoke and savory odors issuing from the separate kitchen, the guest house overflowing with laughter, fires blazing up all the chimneys, the hunting party, and, coming down the cedar-lined avenue that leads from the street, a youthful figure on horseback, Thomas Jefferson, coming to call on his adored 'Belinda,' as he called her! To John Page, who lived in Jamestown, he writes, 'Last night, as merry as agreeable company and dancing with Belinda in the Apollo (the assembly room in Raleigh Tavern, Williamsburg) could make me, I never thought the succeeding sun would have seen me so wretched as I now am.' For Rebecca rejected the future author of the Declaration of Independence and went to live in the Ambler mansion on Jamestown Island, a little removed from James City.

WE wonder if her youth and loveliness and gayety could withstand the melancholy that even then must have been settling over the place. Or did strange sounds for 'Pitch and Tarr' Swamp come to her in her lonely house, or the tales of so much suffering oppress her? Perhaps she wandered pensively in the churchyard, pondering over the old stones, many of which even then must have been falling to decay, and she may have foreseen, though dimly, the time in which her own splendid mansion should be, with the exception of the tower, the most picturesque ruin on the island.

Teaching Boys to Do as Well as to Know

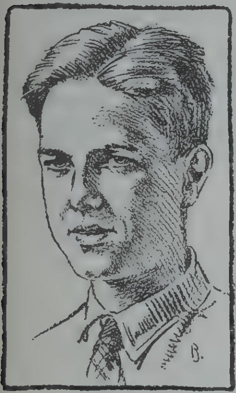
(*Continued from page 2*)

kept a boy and not made a premature workingman.

Industrial training to keep pace with academic instruction.

Pupils to be trained by making products of actual use, not articles to be thrown away.

These principles have been closely followed in the development and expansion of the school. Underlying each activity has been the desire to train the boys both to think and to act for themselves.

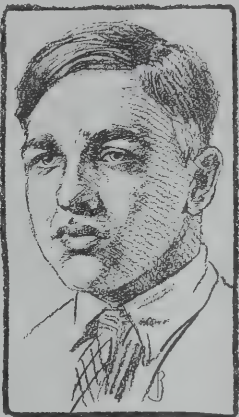


Harland Table, American.

Youths are admitted to the school between the ages of twelve and fifteen. When they become eighteen they are automatically graduated from the Junior Course, but they may continue their studies in the Apprentice Course until they are twenty. At this time, or before, they are offered positions with the Ford Motor Company. The academic training in the Trade School corresponds to that of an accredited high school. The shop training is believed to exceed that of any similar school in the world.

Upon entering the school each boy receives a cash scholarship amounting to $7.20 a week. This is paid him on the fifth and twentieth of each month, and continues through a vacation of three weeks in the summer and of one week at Christmas. A report covering the pupil's work is prepared each six weeks. If this report shows that the boy is applying himself, his scholarship is increased 40 cents a week. When the $10 rate is reached, the character of work produced in the shop is also taken into consideration. By the time an attentive youth is seventeen, he should be receiving a scholarship of $18 a week, which is the maximum for a boy until he is eighteen.

Thrift is considered one of the most important of all lessons taught at the Henry Ford Trade School. To encourage boys in developing it, the school awards each pupil an additional $2 a month as thrift money. This must be deposited in some bank and kept there as long as the boy remains in school. Bank books must be submitted regularly to show that the money has not been withdrawn, but it is the exclusive property of the boy and is turned over to him without restriction when he leaves the school.



Russell de Rosa, Maltese.

Each noon a hot luncheon is furnished the boys. The three items—scholarship, thrift fund, luncheon—make the minimum amount received by the pupil $450 a year, and the maximum, $1,020. Under the present enrollment this amounts to more than $1,000,000.

While complementing each other, the two branches of instruction are kept entirely separate. Each boy devotes one week of study to the classroom, and then two weeks to the shop. Each boy in the course of a year receives 490 hours of classroom instruction and 1,360 hours of shop instruction: a total of 1,850 hours. The average public school pupil receives 1,200 hours of instruction a year.

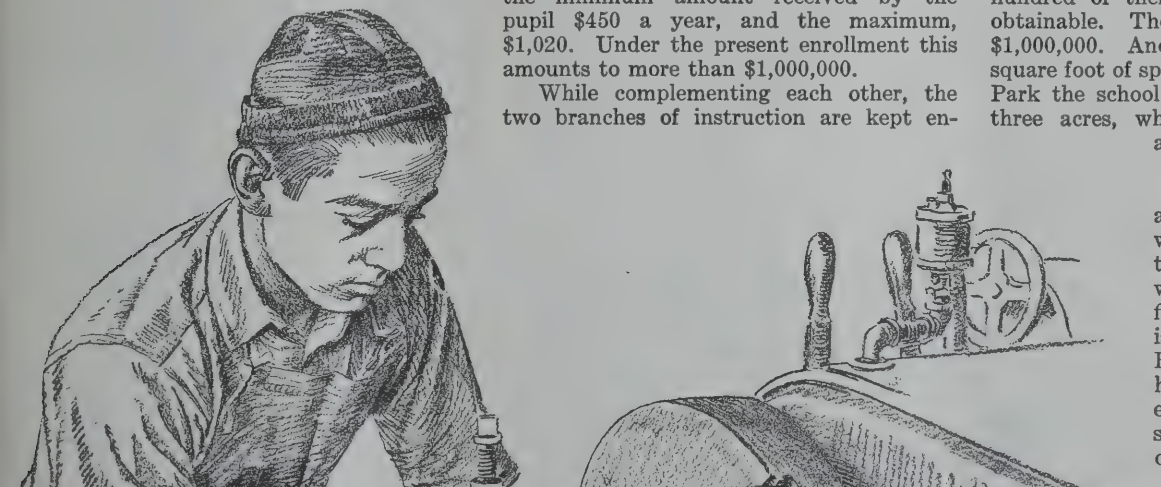
Rayman Green, English.

The main building of the Henry Ford Trade School adjoins the Highland Park Plant of the Ford Motor Company, in a residential suburb of Detroit. It is a large red-brick structure, rectangular in shape, and retains a quiet, academic atmosphere in spite of its proximity to a mammoth industry. Spacious lawns stretching from the building to the street help to emphasize this appearance. At the Fordson Plant, fifteen miles away, a branch of the school has just been opened, with present accommodations for 150 pupils.

The classrooms of the school are not unlike those of other institutions; but in the shop a radical departure is found. Perhaps the chief variant is that here every machine has a specific purpose; it is present to produce certain definite work. Articles are made to be used, not thrown away. The machines themselves (there are several hundred of them) are of the finest type obtainable. They are valued in excess of $1,000,000. Another feature is that not a square foot of space is wasted. At Highland Park the school shop has a floor space of three acres, while that at Fordson has, at present, one-half acre.

The principal shop room at Highland Park is long, well lighted and well ventilated. It is literally studded with machines. One of the first things to attract visitors is its spotless condition. Every machine is clean, and highly polished. No litter is evident. There are no grease spots, no daubs of grime, no dust. Cleanliness is one of the first lessons learned at the school.

There are long rows of boys behind machines, each intent on the job before him. They are not pale-faced, anemic youngsters dragging lackadaisically through their day's tasks. Not these. They are alert and smiling; husky, happy young animals, intent on their work because they are enjoying it. Perhaps the only way to dis-

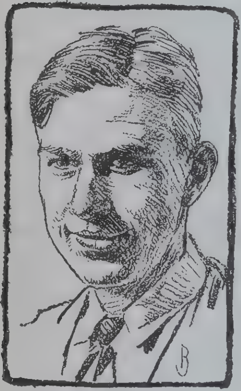


Student learning to operate a lathe skilfully.

Classroom of pupils in beginning chemistry, being taught principles which will be put into actual practice later in various departments of the plant.

tinguish them from other youngsters is that they all wear small caps—a safety rule to prevent hair from catching in whirring machinery. Some, too, are wearing goggles fitted with unbreakable glass—another rule for the protection of their eyes.

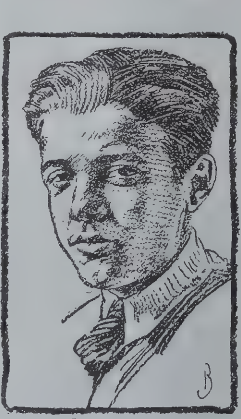
The interest the boys display in their work is a feature that amazes most educators: this and their capability. Some are working at lathes, others at shapers and grinders, others at drills and mills. In one section they are making front spring perches; in another they are drilling manifold clamps; here fan shafts are being machined and drilled; there grease cups are being made. A cyanide furnace, where a temperature of 1600 degrees Fahrenheit can be developed, is operated entirely by the youngsters. Punches, small tools, and dies are case-hardened in it. Next to the furnace is a forge, also worked by the boys. Nearby is a glass case containing exhibits of the type of work they do.



Louis Novack, Polish.

The shop-record department, which is also in this main room, is one of the important innovations of the school. In this department an accurate schedule is kept of all shop work. As articles produced in the Trade School are made with a definite end in view, each job is done on a regular work order issued by the department requiring the article. Tools, car parts, fixtures and dies are made, all of which are used by the Ford Motor Company, provided the product comes up to the company requirements. Qualified inspectors determine the worth of each article made, and the school is credited with all products accepted.

When a work order is received, an expert estimates the number of hours it would take a skilled mechanic to complete the work. The boys and instructors try to keep as close to this estimate as possible. Excess time is, of course, required, varying over a period of years from 13 to 60 per cent. The average is 25 per cent more time than that taken by a skilled man. A record is also kept of the articles spoiled. In the Trade School shop the spoilage averages 4 per cent. That of the ordinary tool room is about 2 per cent



Roland Burchi, Italian.

Not far from the main room is the garage, where the boys get practical experience in automobile mechanics by dismantling and reconstructing company cars. There some are at work painting bodies. Others are repairing upholstery. Still others are working on generators or carburetors. The crankshaft of each car must be tested. Windows, windshields, tops, curtains, bushings, bearings, spindles, batteries, gas tanks, radiators—all must be examined; then reconditioned or replaced. Worn parts are discarded, new ones substituted. Nearly all cut-away motors on exhibit in the various Ford agencies throughout the country are made by the boys in the Trade School shop.

The cafeteria is near the garage. The boys eat in shifts, those in the classrooms going first, then one-half of those in the shop, and finally the remaining half. Each boy gets a half-pint bottle of milk or coffee; hash, or possibly stew, and vegetables; pudding or pie; and some kind of fruit—an apple or orange or peach. It is a menu not elaborate, but substantial and well balanced for a healthy, normal, hard-working boy.

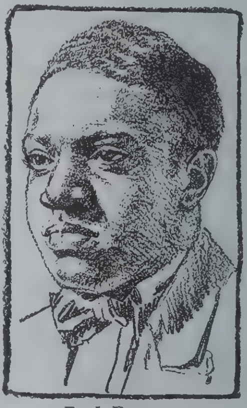
The foundry, in another wing of the building, holds special fascination for most outsiders. Here is where the pupils learn about iron by working it. Here are furnaces which the boys themselves operate.

One is a triple-arc, automatic-control electric furnace for ferrous metals. Another is a single-arc, rocking-type electric furnace for bronze and brass. The third is for aluminum and its alloys—a gas-heated melting furnace.

Some of the boys are working at casting. Others are making moulds for casting bronze, iron or aluminum, each moulder being responsible for the consistency and 'temper' of his sand. Others are at the core bench; others are operating the furnaces—weighing the charge (usually of scrap iron at the ferrous furnace), charging the furnace, adding the alloys . . . in brief, controlling every operation. Others are at the die-casting machine making small castings in aluminum. Such things as screw-driver handles and other small objects are commonly made.

It is in the foundry that the boys get practical application of the chemistry, physics, and metallurgy they have studied in the classroom. Coupled with it is valuable experience. Even the wood and metal patterns used in the foundry are made in the school pattern shop.

The first-aid station, where the pupils are treated for minor and emergency injuries is near the foundry. It is in charge of a capable physician, and instruction is given the pupils in the ways of health and safety, particularly in the prevention of both disease and accident by proper precautions. So successful has this latter work been that the school has been remarkably free from accidents.



Earl Brown, Negro.

In all there are eighteen departments in the shop: the sheet metal, where the boys make funnels and guards; the nickel-plating department, the hardening, the die, the gage, the valve repair, the wood and metal pattern, the carpentry, the maintenance, the commercial tool repair where tool-salvage work is carried on for the Ford Motor Company. Boys assemble conveyor trolleys, they repair water pumps, they drill manifold clamps and test valves.

The work, no matter what it is, does not become tedious. As soon as a boy becomes proficient in one operation he is transferred to another. He is given careful guidance when he is placed on a machine, *but he learns that machine for himself before he leaves.* He works out its principle of operation, he knows how to take it apart, how to repair it, almost how to build it. He wastes few motions. He knows the article he is making, knows its purpose, its function, its strength. Making it, he gains a sense of responsibility and pride in that article. He knows he is being useful. He understands the utility of the thing he is making. Definite ideals are held before the boys as they work.

First comes *Cleanliness.*
Then *Safety.*
Then *Accuracy.*

Speed is the fourth ideal, for slow accuracy is not of value in modern industry.

Ingenuity is the fifth: the ability to develop better methods and better work. If the pupil is satisfied with what his instructor can show him, he can never know the satisfaction of helping produce something better, or of producing something in a better way. Hence ingenuity is one of the most important of all objectives. Some of the boys have displayed really surprising ingenuity, designing improvements for machinery and motor parts which have been approved and put into use by the company.

Methods of classroom instruction in the Henry Ford Trade School differ somewhat from those in other schools. Geography takes on new life when it is considered in relation to the month's shop shipments to Buenos Aires, or the imports from China, or the branch receipts at Asnières, France. Mathematical problems are given vividness through practical application: ratios enter into gearing operations, compound angles into various shop undertakings. Iron worked in the foundry is tested in the chemical laboratory. Metals are examined under the microscope for the detection of flaws or the determination of molecular structure. Drawing-board lines take on real meaning when related to articles that the pupils themselves will construct later in the shop. Motion pictures are used extensively. Frequent trips are taken to departments of the Ford Motor Company.

SCHOLASTIC requirements for admittance are merely that the candidate shall be in the school grade for youths of his own age. The academic work is of such a nature that, with the addition of two subjects—history and foreign languages, which he can take in night school—the boy who has completed the Trade School course is virtually prepared for college. Some of the pupils are planning to enter the higher institutions; others already have done so.

The academic course includes the following subjects:

*English
*Mechanical Drawing
*Civics
*Automechanics
*Mechanical Science
Shop Arithmetic
Algebra
Commercial Geography
Elementary Chemistry
Geometry
Qualitative Analysis
Physics
Quantitative Analysis
Metallurgy
Metallography
Trigonometry

The boys report for school at 7:30 in the morning, five days a week. Those in the shop remain until 3:55; those in class are excused one hour earlier. When a boy becomes eighteen he automatically enters the Apprentice Course in the F. M. C. He works in the shop eight hours a day and attends class work in advanced drawing and mathematics four hours each week.

The activities of the boys are by no means limited to the classroom or the shop. An orchestra shares musical honors with a glee club. *The Artisan*, a creditable school paper edited by the boys, is published twice a month. A radio club delves in the mysteries of the ether. A dramatic society has put on several worth-while shows. The Exploration Club is a social organization through which the pupils come into direct, friendly contact with their instructors. Interclass athletic games are arranged, but no teams represent the school. While there is no attempt at paternalism on the part of the school, it has been found advisable to keep an eye on the home conditions of the boys. No pupil who is living in unnecessary squalor can be expected to do his best work. Ways have been found to help many of the boys, and this friendly supervision is appreciated not only by the boys but by those parents who understand its purpose.

The annual value of material produced in the shop by each boy is approximately $1,000. Thus, the income from work done for the Ford Motor Company is about $1,700,000. This is sufficient to pay the students' scholarships, salaries to instructors, and all the upkeep of the equipment. It does not, however, pay interest on the investment in buildings and equipment.

Educational work in the Ford Motor Company is not confined to the Henry Ford Trade School. There is the Ford Apprentice School, where 1,500 men between the ages of twenty and twenty-five are trained as skilled mechanics. The course covers a period of three years. The pupils are not segregated. They work along with other men in the various departments, but a foreman in each tool room moves them from one machine to another as fast as they master each job. For the first two years of the training period the apprentice must attend one class each week in mechanical drawing and mathematics. The class periods come either before or after the regular working hours, and for them the apprentices receive no pay. The starting rate is $6 a day. This is gradually increased to $8 a day by the time the course is completed.

In addition to the regular classes, courses in electricity, metallurgy, and metallography are conducted for the benefit of those employes whose work makes information in these subjects helpful. The mathematics and drawing courses were written in the department and include not only a general training in these subjects but a large number of actual problems peculiar to tool and die making.

Pen-and-ink impression by
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

The Ford Service School, which is a distinct institution, has an enrollment of 300 special students from more than thirty different countries. Many of them are graduates of colleges and technical schools who are desirous of serving their own countries by studying those things in American industry which can be used to advantage in their homelands. It is partly as a courtesy to the nations they represent, and partly in the hope that they may later prove an asset to the company that the Ford Motor Company has placed them in training.

The Service School is recognized as an educational institution by the United States Department of Labor, and the foreign students are permitted to enter the country on student visas without regard to the quota allowed their nation. The course requires two years. The men are placed in a few manufacturing departments of the company, but most of their time is passed in the assembly and repair divisions.

At the present time delegations are in the Service School from Armenia, Australia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Egypt, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Guatemala, Holland, India, Japan, Jugo-Slavia, Mexico, Norway, Panama, Persia, Philippine Islands, Poland, Porto Rico, Portugal, Russia, Scotland, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and Turkey. The rate allowed to each student is $6 a day as long as he remains in the course.

More than 200 of what are known as coöperative students are also received by the Ford Motor Company from different colleges. The students are placed in the tool rooms and special departments. Those who are assigned to a single department may receive more than the minimum wage; those who are shifted through the various departments remain on the $6 rate. Many of these students remain with the organization after completing their college courses.

IT IS impossible at this time, of course, to estimate accurately the significance of the Henry Ford Trade School. That it is of value both to the pupils and to the company is apparent. The oldest of the graduates are now only twenty-six, but already they are forging ahead of their fellows who have not had the benefit of the special training. From the graduates of the school the company expects to draw many of its higher executives of the future.

But the true worth of the school will be measured not so much in terms of those who have direct contact with it, as in the effect it will have on educational measures at large. Here, for almost the first time, the coördination of head and hand in the instruction of youth has been attempted on a large scale. Students are not alone taught how to acquire knowledge. *They are taught how to use it.*

Industry in the past quarter-century has progressed farther than during any thousand-year period in all history. Education has failed to keep pace. The Henry Ford Trade School is an attempt to lessen the breach between the two.

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*Throughout his course the pupil attends classes in those subjects marked with the asterisk. The other subjects are one-year courses. The work in drawing, chemistry and mechanical drawing is of a more advanced grade than that given in high schools, and boys have been given credit in college for these subjects.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'A nation to endure must be something more than a heterogeneous mass of individuals, held together by geographical boundaries,' observed the ***Man From Washington,*** as he faced the editorial chair; 'it must be a mass of individuals whose ideals and customs, whose thoughts and language, are similar, and whose ideas of law and government closely coincide.

'Being somewhat credulous and also extremely busy, we fell for a great hoax, the theory of the melting pot. This theory likened the United States to a great crucible, into which was placed human material from many and various countries, subjected to the heat of the fires of patriotism, alloyed by American ideals and traditions; it was cast in the mold of American institutions, tempered in the milk of human kindness, annealed by our laws and polished by the ballot, and—lo and behold—the finished product was an American citizen, loyal, law-abiding and patriotic.

'Finally, investigation disclosed the inferior ore flowing into the crucible and many flaws were discovered in the products of its casting. We discovered that our jails, reformatories, penitentiaries, asylums and poorhouses were being filled at a rapid rate by this element; and that the people of the United States were being made to pay dearly for the privilege of providing a haven for the poor and oppressed.

'Then, it began to dawn on the public that something was wrong with our immigration system, and our legislative mill ground out an act restricting immigration, which, though being far from perfect, has relieved the situation a great deal and also served to lull the public to sleep on this subject.

'The United States is the common property of the citizens of the United States, not the common property of the peoples of the world. Neither must it be allowed to become the haven of the physically and mentally unfit nor the refuge of the politically disgruntled of the world.

'Our forefathers by their blood and toil subdued the wilderness and bought the freedom and independence of this nation, shaping therein a government with language, ideals and customs suited to their posterity. Let us therefore preserve our national integrity in the future as in the past.'

* * *

'The exodus of Negroes from the South is handicapping its struggle against the weevil and the handling of its great staple crop,' said the ***Man Below Mason and Dixon's Line,*** 'and the problem promises to take on much more serious aspects. The emigration is the result of the activities of labor agents in beguiling Negroes away, with tales of fabulous wages and a Utopian existence in the North. Free transportation is usually furnished by northern companies. I have seen agents come into sections and ship out so many carloads of Negroes that local corporations had to employ the agents at fancy salaries to stop the depletion of the labor supply. There are instances where southern industrial centers have taken steps to check the inroads by placing a heavy license upon labor agents.

'If emigration continues, the economic machinery of the South may be seriously impaired. Thousands of colored farm hands have been drawn from the rural districts of these states to southern and northern cities. And what are we going to do about it? It is impossible for the cotton farmers to compete with the manufacturing industries with respect to wages. We need this man power and are going to put up a fight to keep it. And I think our chances are at least equal, for now the South is in a position where it can give the Negro adequate educational facilities in rural districts.'

* * *

'Underground railway lines,' said the ***Traffic Expert,*** 'are year by year becoming the most popular form of transporting passengers in densely populated centers of big cities; but the wider they are extended, and the longer they grow, the more numerous are the problems they present. In New York City they are spinning a great network of subways throughout the boroughs of the metropolis, under the rivers and under the Sound. A tremendous effort is being made to bring residents of distant suburbs to the skyscrapers of Lower Manhattan Island during the rush hours; it is a marvel to witness how the cars on these long express trains are packed with young women and young men—mostly clerks or stenographers—bound for the insurance, banking and other corporations situated in the financial district. Naturally, the air on these trains, speeding through miles upon miles of underground passages, becomes polluted. Members of a committee investigating these conditions have been exposing small glass disks to the air in rush-hour trains, for the purpose of comparing it with the air outside, in efforts to determine whether the rush and bustle of so many persons in crowded cars is detrimental to health. The complete microscopic examination of the first plates exposed is still unfinished, but it has already been found that millions of colonies of bacteria, which may or may not cause disease, have appeared in small black clusters on the glass disks. When these germs have been cultivated properly, it is expected that some significant results may be brought to light.'

* * *

'I'm an agnostic, but I hope I am a sane one,' said the ***Man in the Smoking Room,*** as the train sped along. 'By that I mean, that when I say I don't know I mean just that and nothing else.

'I'm an agnostic but to my way of thinking that statement, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," is the most logical and satisfactory explanation yet advanced or likely soon to be advanced concerning the origin of mundane things.

'Yes, I know about evolution, but how many of you fellows ever read *The Origin of Species?* Don't all speak at once. I tried and I gave it up because I discovered that to understand it I should have to spend months and possibly years getting an intelligent background, so I gave the book to a doubting friend of mine who was profoundly appreciative. Some years afterward I was in his home and the volume was in his bookcase. He referred to it and told me how great it was. I looked it over and found that from Page 70 on its leaves were still uncut.

'No, not one man in 100,000 is competent to pass upon the merits of that great work, and its author would be as disgusted by *the ignorant acceptance of his theory* today as he was by the ignorant refusal to accept it when it was new.

'Grant that the theory is sound, that instead of a theory it's a fact—it only crowds back a few million years the solution of the question as to the origin of man and throws no light at all upon the purpose of his existence and his ultimate destiny

'I am agnostic because I don't know and I don't care about man's origin. I don't know—though I do care—about his destiny, but I am convinced, soundly enough to be tranquil about it, that the Wisdom that has brought us thus far will see us through.

'Do I believe in a God? *Believe,* yes! But I don't *know.* I should have to be positively insane to believe that with my small comprehension I could invest Him with characteristics and tell Him how to run things.'

* * *

'I never thought it could happen,' said the ***Showman,*** 'but even the most famous are soon forgotten. I have a friend in a western city who is a wizard at making show cuts—photo-engravings for printing on such paper as it is necessary to use for the striking effects which attract the eyes of the masses, even if they do not appeal to the fastidious because of their artistic excellence. And, in addition, Mike has a keen sense of humor. I dropped in to see him just after he had moved his shop from a building in which a showman's paper, probably the leading publication of its kind in the country, is produced. He does a great deal of work for this paper.

'Now Mike is rather heavy-set and full of face, his eyes twinkle and he smiles oftener than he frowns. His hair, streaked with gray, is curly. He was at the telephone when I entered.

' "Sure, I want it," he was saying. "Don't throw it away. I'll send over for it immediately."

'With that he hung up the receiver and turned to me with a broad grin. "When I moved," he said, "I left a photograph of the Great Original Minute Man in the old place and the new tenant has just warned me that if I don't send for it he'll throw out that picture of *my father* or my *grandfather,* he says he doesn't know which, nor care. Stick around awhile and get a laugh."

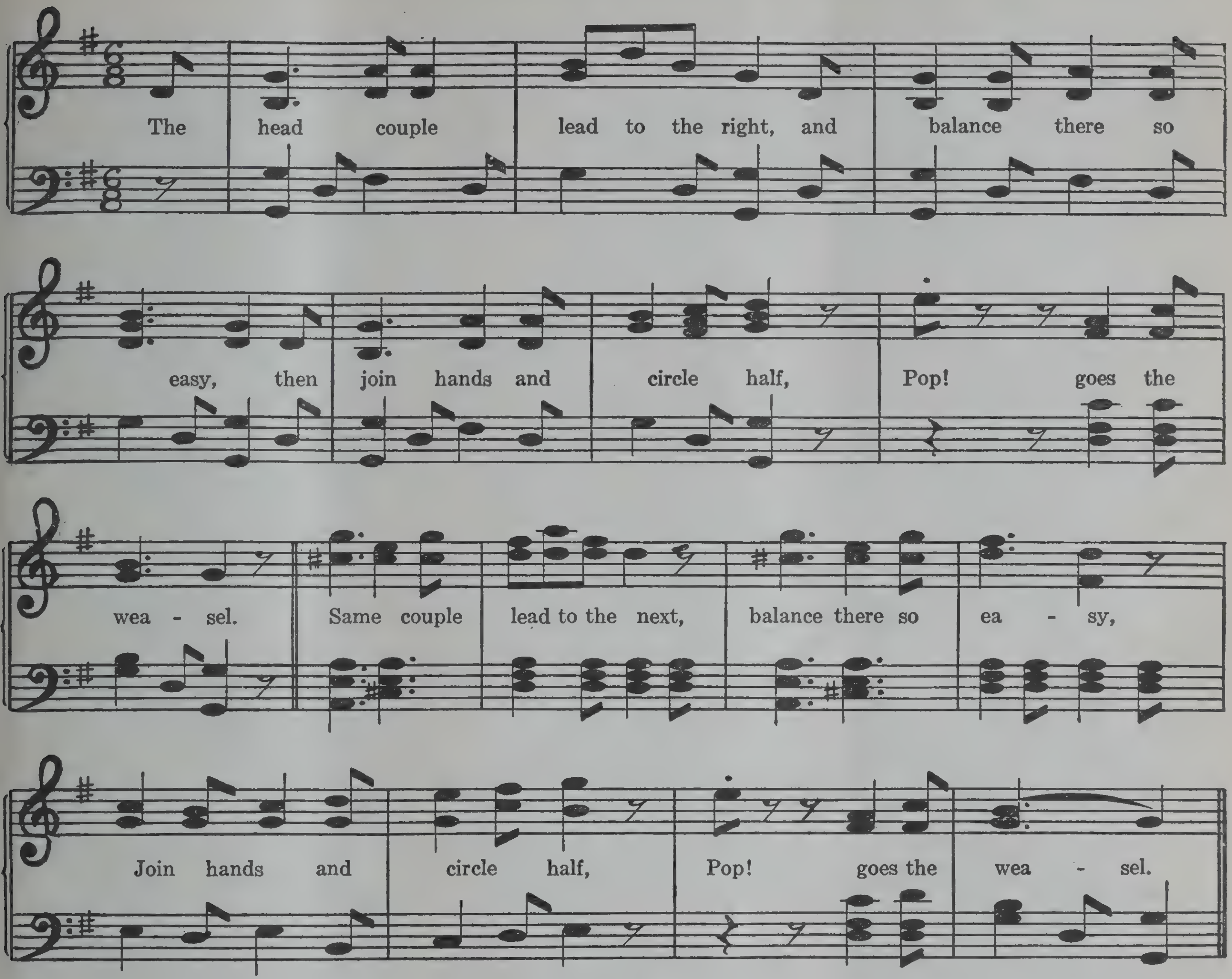
'The boy he sent soon returned with a handsome, old-fashioned photograph, neatly framed, of the late illustrious P. T. Barnum.

'A tenant occupying an entire floor in the building in which was edited and printed a weekly paper read eagerly by managers, performers and petty bosses of every circus in the country had not recognized the best likeness I ever saw of America's most famous circus man.

' "But where do you get that 'Minute Man' stuff?" I asked.

' "Gee, shame on you!" he answered. 'Didn't he make famous the adage 'There's *one* born every *minute?*' " '

Pop! Goes the Weasel


The head couple lead to the right, and balance there so
easy, then join hands and circle half, Pop! goes the
wea - sel. Same couple lead to the next, balance there so ea - sy,
Join hands and circle half, Pop! goes the wea - sel.

'Pop! Goes the Weasel'

FOUR couples form square. Read the directions carefully.

- The words fit both the music and movements of the dance.
- Instrumental music is not necessary. Sing the song while going through the dance.
- Can be used in the ballroom, in the home, on the lawn, playground, or at summer camps.

THE SONG or CALLS

The head couple lead to the right, and balance there so easy . . . . 8 counts

(Head couple lead to the right, stand and balance with that couple.)

Then join hands and circle half . . . . 4 counts

(The two couples join hands, and circle half around.)

Pop! goes the weasel . . . . 4 counts

(The right hand couple raise hands, while the head couple bows through in under, and leads to the next couple.)

The song is continued, and so on until the head couple return to their original place. The next couple on the right begins, and so on.

'The same couple lead to the next,
Balance there so easy;
Join hands and circle half,
Pop! goes the weasel.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. Under his power to raise or lower the tariff, on what articles has President Coolidge raised the tariff and on what ones has he lowered it?

Answer. The tariff has been raised on wheat, flour, semolina, et cetera, sodium nitrate, barium dioxide, oxalic acid, potassium chlorate, taximeters, men's sewed straw hats, butter, print rollers, methanal, gold leaf and pig iron. The tariff has been lowered on bobwhite quail and paint-brush handles.

* * *

Q. Has the Tariff Commission recommended any changes that Mr. Coolidge has not granted?

A. The Tariff Commission does not recommend changes, but merely submits its reports to the President when the investigation is completed. Commodities on which reports have been submitted but no changes made are as follows: casein, sugar, cotton warp-knit fabric, wall pockets and halibut.

* * *

Q. What are 'squatters' rights'? And upon what land may a person exercise such rights? Is it permissible to clear mountain land and establish a permanent camp?

A. Any person who is qualified to enter upon land under the Homestead law may settle on unreserved and unappropriated land of the United States with the view of making a homestead. Under the law he then has ninety days following date of settlement to file homestead application, except where the land is unsurveyed. In that case, he must await the filing of the township plat and file application within ninety days after the filing of such plat. These are the only so-called 'squatters' rights' in existence at the present time. There is no law that permits the establishment of a permanent camp on the public lands of the United States except with the idea of making a homestead entry. For full information write the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

* * *

Q. What is the man-power of the navies of the following nations: United States, England, France, Japan, Italy, Germany? Also number of battleships, cruisers, submarines, et cetera.

A. *Personnel:* Germany, 1,500 officers, 13,500 enlisted men; United States, 8,531 officers, 82,910 enlisted men; Great Britain, 9,302 officers, 95,835 enlisted men; Japan, 7,703 officers, 68,338 enlisted men; France, 3,570 officers, 53,000 enlisted men; Italy, 2,710 officers, 40,124 enlisted men.

Capital ships: Germany, 8 (very old); United States, 18; Great Britain, 22; Japan, 10; France, 9; Italy, 7.

Aircraft carriers: United States, 1; Britain, 4; Japan, 1; France, Italy and Germany, none.

Modern cruisers: United States, 10; Britain, 40; Japan, 19; France, 3; Italy, 8; Germany, 1.

Destroyer leaders: United States, none; Britain, 18; Japan, none; France, 4; Italy, 8.

Destroyers: Germany, 30; United States, 276; Britain, 169; Japan, 78; France, 20; Italy, 20.

Fleet Submarines: United States, 6 (3 out of commission); Britain, 7; Japan, 6; France, 3; Italy, none.

Submarines: United States, 50; Britain, 28; Japan, 43; France, 19; Italy, 9.

* * *

Q. Will you please tell me something about the Beecher Island affair?

A. Brevetted Colonel George A. Forsyth was ordered by General Sheridan in the summer of 1868 to organize a company of fifty trained scouts for duty along the Colorado-Kansas frontier. In addition to Forsyth and the scouts, the company consisted of First Lieutenant Frederick H. Beecher of the Third U. S. Infantry, and Acting Assistant Surgeon, J. H. Mooers. On the seventeenth of September while the company was camped on the Arikaree or Middle Fork of the Republican River, at a point about fifteen miles south of the town of Wray, Colorado, a band of Indians, under their chief, Roman Nose, opened fire upon the company whereupon Forsyth selected a small, sandy island in the center of the river and there moved his men. The Indian attack failed and the second day the Indians changed their tactics and prepared for a slow siege. This siege lasted for nine days when the arrival of the troop of the Tenth U. S. Cavalry put the Indians to flight. Lieutenant Beecher, Surgeon Mooers, and three of the scouts were killed, one was mortally wounded and seventeen were wounded more or less seriously. A monument was erected on Beecher Island in September, 1898. The island has upon it the graves of the men who died there.

* * *

Q. How much should a widow with four children draw from the Government monthly if her husband died from gas in the World War? Can she get more if she doesn't get enough to support her family?

A. If it can be established that the soldier's death resulted from a disease or injury incurred in or aggravated by a period of World War service, death compensation is payable to the widow for herself and children at the following rates: $30.00 per month for the widow, $10.00 per month for the first child, and $6 per month for each additional child. Thus a widow with four children would receive $58.00 per month. The law is arbitrary in the matter of amounts paid, and does not take into account the circumstances surrounding each individual case. In no cases could more than the amounts cited above be paid, regardless of circumstances.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

* * *

Q. Give the dates and amounts of loans made to the United States Government by other nations. Have they all been paid?

A. Loans from France: 1777, $181,500; 1778-82, $3,267,000; 1781-82, $1,815,000; 1783, $1,089,000. With the exception of interest on the loan of 1778-82 for a period of approximately five years, together with certain bank commissions and charges on the $1,815,000 loan, these loans have been repaid in full.

Loans from Holland: 1782, $2,000,000; 1784, $800,000; 1787, $400,000; 1788, $400,000. These were all promptly repaid as stipulated in the contract.

Loans from Spain: 1781, $174,017. This was all repaid during the years 1791-93. Between 1790 and 1794, loans were also secured in Amsterdam and Antwerp in the amount of $9,400,000. These loans were all repaid in installments between 1800 and 1809.

* * *

Q. What percentage of the railroads were in receiver's hands at the time the Government took them over during the World War?

A. Of the 1,281 roads required to report to the Federal Government, 82 were in the hands of receivers on December 31, 1917. Of the 532 roads taken over by the Government, 18 (with their subsidiaries) were in the hands of receivers on December 31, 1917. Federal control of railroads commenced at noon, December 28, 1917.

* * *

Q. How many applications to lower the tariff and how many to raise it have been heard by the Tariff Commission since President Coolidge has been in office?

A. Since President Coolidge has been in office, 46 applications to lower the tariff have been received by the Tariff Commission and 176 applications to increase it.

* * *

Q. Can compensation for property destroyed by Union soldiers in the South during the Civil War be collected from the Government?

A. Generally speaking, no. The procedure would be for claimant to have his congressman introduce a bill in Congress authorizing payment of such claim. This bill would have to be enacted into law, then an appropriation made to pay same, before claimant could recover. It is very difficult to get a matter of this kind through Congress.

* * *

Q. Has Hampton Roads ever frozen over?

A. Hampton Roads has been frozen over but twice to such an extent as to impede navigation—in the winters of 1888-89 and 1901-02.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Beethoven's famous 'Ninth Symphony,' dedicated to King Frederick William III of Prussia, brought the composer a letter of praise and a diamond ring as evidence of the king's pleasure. Later, on the point of starvation, Beethoven was forced to offer his cherished ring for sale. He was stunned to learn that it contained only glass stones.

Shepherd's pipes, long used for calling flocks together, are seldom heard in Queensland, Australia. Sheep now being fed from autos, the sound of the motor is the welcome signal for the hungry animals.

The Canadian Parliament believes it has the oldest and youngest members of any legislative body. George Casimir Dessaules, senator, is ninety-nine years of age, while Louis M. Auger, member of the House of Commons, is but twenty-three.

Mangrove trees flourish in sea water, which is deadly to most flowering plants.

More than half a million tractors are helping in the work on American farms.

Our ten largest cities hold a seventh of the entire population of the United States.

A stick of long-leafed pine, 10x10, which formed a part of the old roof of the White House, was found to be as sound as the day it was put in, 127 years ago.

A Bay State hunter shot a noble stag in the deer-shooting season only to find later that it was an abandoned piece of ornamental lawn statuary.

Vatel, a Frenchman and a temperamental artist in cookery, killed himself in 1671, during a banquet given by the Prince de Conde to the King at Chantilly, because the lobsters for the turbot sauce did not arrive in time.

Jade is one of the oldest commodities of trade in the world. In olden times it was valued more than gold.

Part of the land flooded in the St. Bernard and Plaquemine parishes, Louisiana, was trapping land. In order that the muskrats might be saved, rafts fully provisioned were floated, and conservation agents reported that as many as 150 muskrats were seen on a single raft.

Conservative scientists estimate that there are probably 3,500,000 kinds of insects in the world.

Evidences of tuberculosis of the spine were found in an Egyptian mummy dating back to about 2500 B. C.

A London girl is engaged in one of the most unusual businesses in the world. She sells time to the watchmakers from the correct readings of the delicate time-determining instruments at the Greenwich Observatory.

Regular airplane service between Belgium and the Congo for passengers, goods, and mail is being considered.

About half the illiterates in North Dakota are Indians, most of whom are over sixty years old and unable to speak English.

The United States is using up its timber supply four times as fast as the supply is being replaced through growth.

The maxim of the South American Cholo is, 'Plenty to eat, little to wear and nothing to do.' The Cholo is second cousin to the peasant of Cyprus, where goats are so valued that if one of the peasants gets a goat and a chestnut tree, he will work no more for the rest of his life.

Insects considered harmless to plant life may develop a ravenous appetite for some new crop introduced into their surroundings.

Photographers of wild animals sometimes use artificial animals as decoys to draw wary subjects within range of the camera.

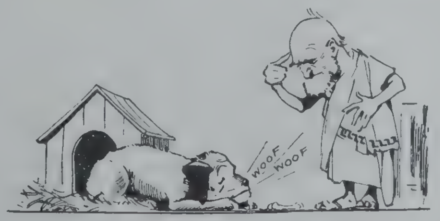
Judging by chemical progress, a French speaker warns that in the next war asphyxiation of entire cities by gas warfare will be possible.

The bursting of a soap bubble by a bullet can be shown in detail by pictures made in exposures of a millionth of a second.

Cod-liver oil is a good emergency remedy to keep off mosquitoes and biting flies, according to experiences of a traveler in the Pyrenees Mountains.

Study of metals used by the ancient Egyptians indicates that the 'lost art' of hardening copper and bronze to steel-like strength was not known to them at all.

Vimoutiers, France, has unveiled a statue to its most famous citizen—Mme. Marie Harel, the discoverer of Camembert cheese.



Aristotle concluded that dogs dream because they sometimes bark in their sleep.

Chinese geese, trained for generations, are the policemen of the West Indies. When enemies approach, their shrill, raucous cries will awaken an entire neighborhood. They are now being used as watchmen at the Washington National Zoo.

Automobile accidents are most likely to happen between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, a survey indicates.

The Navy hospital ship, U. S. S. *Relief*, reports an unusual caller, a sea lion which climbed up the patients' gangway by himself. Examination disclosed a deep cut, which was treated by a surgeon. The patient swam off but returned later for a call of thanks.

Amazing results in plant production by means of electroculture are being obtained by Henry Surber, a Swiss. The apparatus used pulls elements from the air and feeds them to the plant roots, making fertilizer unnecessary. Maximum strength, reached at the end of the fifth year, remains at that point indefinitely.

As a result of 30 years' effort by the simplified spelling board of America, 12 of the 30,000 respelled words contained in the handbook of this society have been entered in some English dictionaries. They are: tho, altho, thru, thruout, thoro, thorofare, thoroly, program, catalog, decalog, pedagog and prolog.

A passport issued to Elkanah Watson, one of five printed by Benjamin Franklin on his own press in Passy when he was envoy to France, brought $1,775 at a recent auction in New York.

Ski were used as an aid to walking in deep snow by the Scandinavians, long before the Christian Era. The ancient Armenians had their horses trained to walk on ski in the snow.

An appointment existing in London since 1570 is that of 'remembrancer.' The holder of this office, who must be a lawyer, is paid between $7,500 and $10,000 a year, his duties being to sit beneath the gallery of the House of Commons and 'remember' legislation affecting the city of London. He must also act as medium for communication with the royal family or cabinet.

The only autograph manuscript of Edgar Allan Poe's 'The Raven,' presented by him to Dr. Samuel A. Whitaker, a college chum, has just been sold to dealers. Although the purchase price was not disclosed, the manuscript is valued at more than $50,000. Poe received $10 for the poem.

The United States per capita account in savings banks is $211; that of the State of Michigan, $324.

The Swedish Government is financing a Canadian hockey team's trip to Europe to demonstrate the game, in an effort to establish hockey in Sweden as a winter sport.

Dogs take no interest whatever in pictures shown on a screen, says a German scientist. Cats, on the other hand, are greatly alarmed at the appearance of a dog; ducks and song birds are panic-stricken at sight of a hawk, and reptiles are completely fooled by picture projections of flies and worms in their natural size.

NOTES • COMMENTS • CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the meaning of the word 'reputation.'

* * *

'Main Street,' a poem by Margaret Sangster, whose work as an editor and author is known to the readers of the leading magazines, appears on page 2 of the cover. A singularly quaint setting to the verses by Gerald Van der Heyden also embellishes the page.

* * *

Doing things is infinitely better than talking about them, that is, if they are the right things to do. The Ford Trade School teaches thousands of boys to do as well as to know. Students of Charles Dickens will remember the immortal Mr. Squeers who when he wished to impress knowledge on his boys employed methods that were peculiarly his own. Take the spelling lesson, for example, as practised by Squeers: 'C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of the book he goes and does it.' And so the same combination of the practical and theoretical was used whether in attending to Squeers' horse or in weeding his garden.

* * *

There are no quadrupeds to attend or gardens to weed in the curriculum of the Ford Trade School, but there is knowledge to be gained in many other and equally useful ways. The students do real work, work of a practical nature, head, hand and heart acting in conjunction. The story of this school and kindred institutions is replete with interest and information. (p. 1)

* * *

The first map of the world that was really a good, reliable map, one that sailors could use, was made by a Frenchman in the 17th Century. But copies of this map disappeared one by one, and it was only quite recently that a specimen was discovered in the library at Michigan University by Professor L. Karpinski, who during his cartographic-research tour in Europe has located another two. It makes a good story as the Professor tells it. (p. 3)

* * *

It is generally understood that a cat gets around in the dark by using its whiskers as feelers, but few know that a man can find his way around in the deepest gloom by the use of his muscles. Therefore the loss of the eyes does not necessarily mean blindness in the sense of not being able to see. Donald A. Laird, psychologist of Colgate University, and a well-known writer on psychological subjects, convincingly demonstrates this. (p. 4)

* * *

Have you ever broadcasted? If so, you will sympathize with the emotional ordeal described by Lady Cynthia Asquith, daughter-in-law of one of Britain's ex-premiers, when facing the microphone for the first time. It is a delightful bit of comedy showing how nerves may be wrought up when you are facing an invisible audience. (p. 5)

* * *

One of the most illuminating articles that Thomas Masson, former literary editor of *Life*, has written is that about 'breaking into the literary game.' Getting into print is not so easy as some would-be writers seem to think. What they or their friends think has generally very little to do with the selling of their article; it is what the reading public will think that matters. The writer must sell himself to the reading public before he can become a success. If there is merit in the article a rejection slip or even a dozen of them will not kill it. Mr. Masson hands out many useful hints drawn from his years of experience. (p. 6)

* * *

Jamestown, so closely identified with the early colonization of this country, is now a deserted city with grass-grown streets. But the spirit of Pocahontas and the memory of Captain John Smith still linger, and there are other things that make this early settlement a fascinating place to visit. May B. Whiting, whose short stories about old New England and its quaint fisher folk are so familiar to our readers, brings back the Jamestown of other days. It is well for Americans to now and then recall such things. (p. 8)

* * *

One cannot think of Holland without thinking of Amsterdam. It is a city of character and the Dutch are proud of it. Hilaire Belloc, international writer and traveler, gives graphic descriptions which are amplified by finely executed pencil sketches of notable buildings taken on the spot. (p. 12)

* * *

How or from where your canine friend has inherited its instincts is another of the aspects of dogdom that Fred Kelly treats of this week. (p. 14)

* * *

One of Hugh Walpole's most entertaining short stories is undoubtedly 'The Man Who Lost His Identity.' The author of *The Cathedral* and *Harmer John* more than holds his own in genuine popularity. (p. 16)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Omaha, Nebraska.

Your paper is fine but it magnifies too much and too often the virtues of the Anglo-Saxon race. Let the merit that can be found in other nationalities shine at times in your good publication.

THOMAS DONAHUE.

San Juan, Texas.

I like your periodical! In the main, I endorse your course. You are independent and courageous, traits scarce enough in these days of toadyism. In almost every issue is one article or editorial worth more than a year's subscription.

O. B. CLEVENGER.

Los Angeles, California.

Although I enjoy reading THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, I am renewing my subscription at the special request of my sixteen-year-old daughter who is a junior in Cumnock School for girls. She uses THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT entirely for her current events, and has said that her 'events' are the most interesting and the snappiest in her class.

(MRS.) G. L. PICKRELL.

Greer, South Carolina.

In recent months THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has published on Mr. Ford's Page and in its editorial column several articles on education which were more provocative of serious thought to those interested in public-school work than anything that I have ever read.

The articles have given an excellent general discussion of the subject of modern educational trends, and I hope you will continue to give us more of them. I feel that the greatest problem facing the educator of today is a reorganization of curriculum, administration and methods to meet the needs of our industrial age.

Of all the magazines I take, I feel that the INDEPENDENT is the cleanest, brightest and most worth while.

EDMUND WROE.

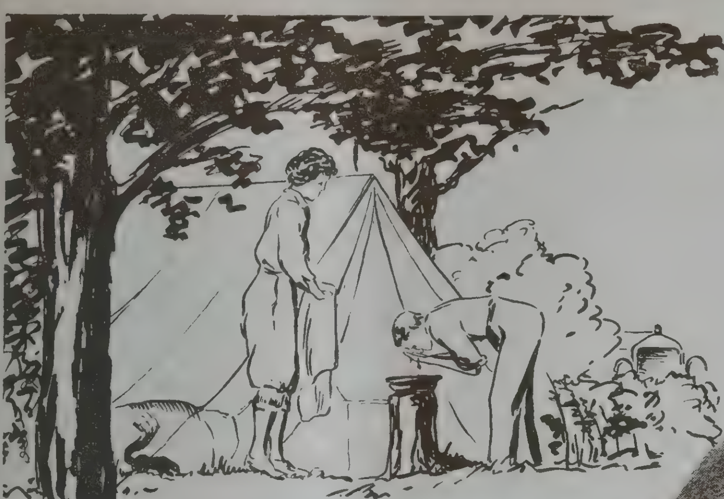
Evansville, Indiana.

I subscribe to your paper for the reason that you fearlessly attack error wherever you find it and uncover the fellows and organizations who live by camouflage and bunk wherever you find them, regardless of their power.

It is high time in this country that someone is willing to tell the truth about things.

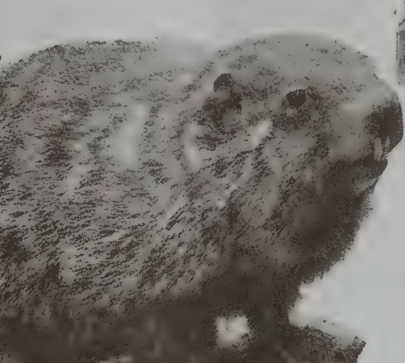
W. O. BOHANNON, Lawyer.

INQUISITIVE FRIENDS *of the* Tourists



—L.W. Brownell Photo.

That imp of the woods, the pert little red squirrel, whose friendship is courted by most nature lovers.

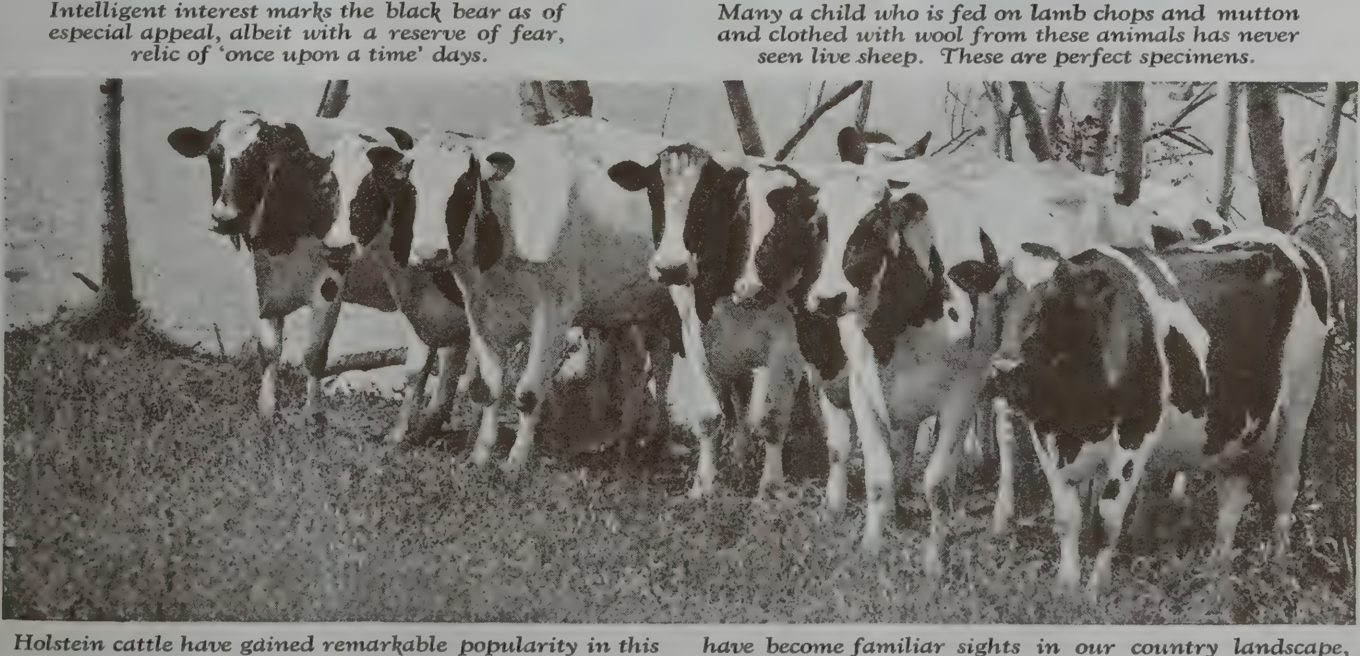


Left—*The homely ground hog to whose shadow the whole world turns its interest on February second.*

—J.C. Allen.

Intelligent interest marks the black bear as of especial appeal, albeit with a reserve of fear, relic of 'once upon a time' days.

Many a child who is fed on lamb chops and mutton and clothed with wool from these animals has never seen live sheep. These are perfect specimens.



Holstein cattle have gained remarkable popularity in this country. As a consequence their black-and-white patches have become familiar sights in our country landscape, lending a pastoral note to the scene. —J.C. Allen.

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URBANA ILL

HUMAN history is full of the wreckage of high and noble intentions for social good and human betterment, which failed simply because they had the visionary quality without the creative quality. Good intentions often collapse because of bad management. One tragic result of this is the almost universal assumption that whatever is good, generous, just and warmly human, is prevented by those very qualities from being practical

DEA RR.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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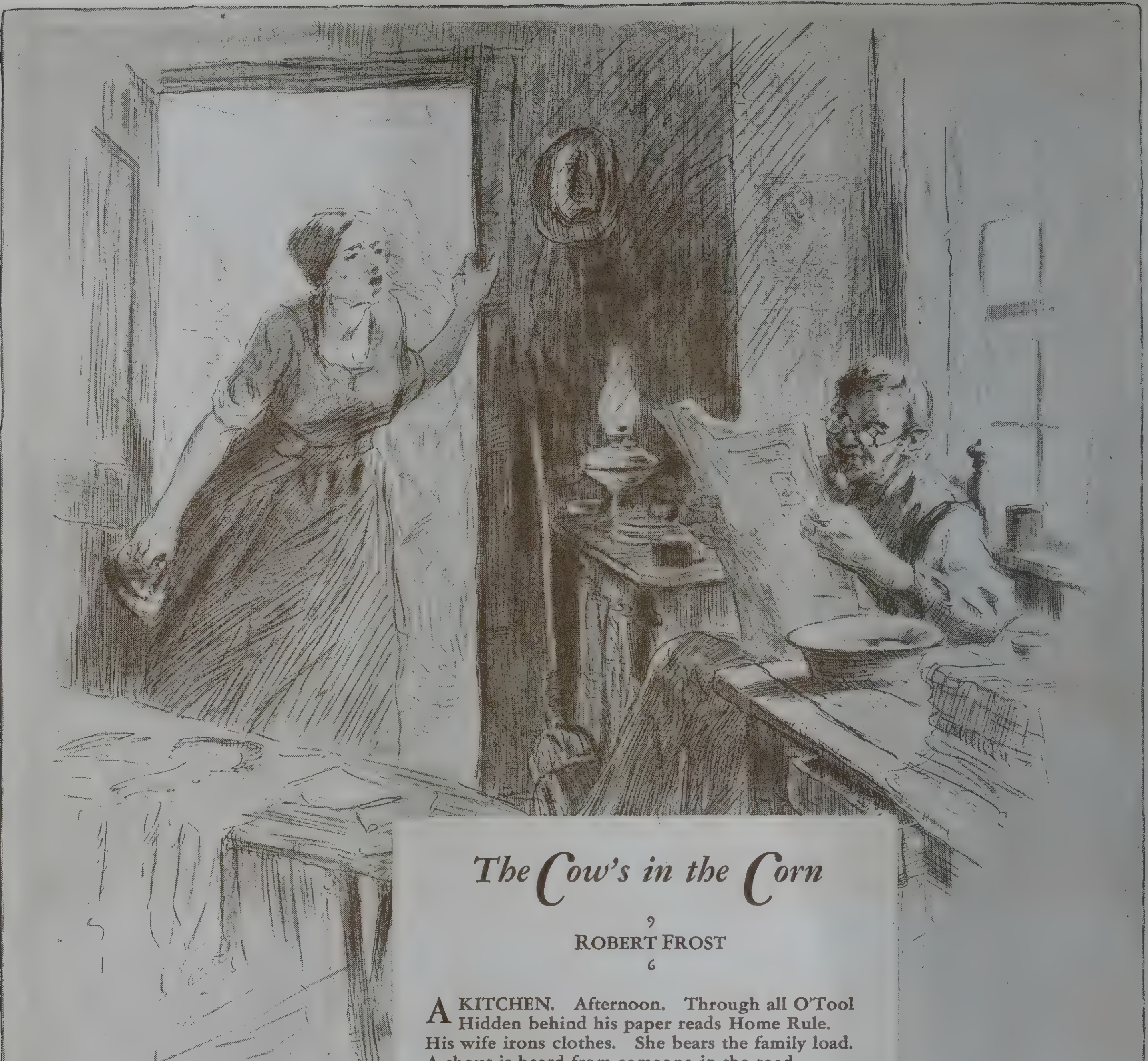
THE WONDERLAND OF A NATION—Vachel Lindsay



The Cow's in the Corn

ROBERT FROST

A KITCHEN. Afternoon. Through all O'Tool
Hidden behind his paper reads Home Rule.
His wife irons clothes. She bears the family load.
A shout is heard from someone in the road.

(Mrs. O'T.) Johnny, hear that? The cow's in the corn!
(Mr. O'T.) I hear you say it.
(Mrs. O'T.) Well then if you do
Why don't you go and drive her in the barn?
(Mr. O'T.) I'm waiting; give me time.
(Mrs. O'T.) Waiting, says you!
Waiting for what, God keep you always poor?
The cow is in the corn. I say again.
(Mr. O'T.) Whose corn's she in?
(Mrs. O'T.) Our own you may be sure.
(Mr. O'T.) Go drive her into someone else's then!

She lifts her flat-iron at him. To escape her
He slightly elevates the evening paper.
The cow's heard mooing through the window (right).
For curtain let the scene stay on till night.

Drawing by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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1927

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—Photo, Courtesy Great Northern Railway.
Going to the Sun Mountain—'What microscopical insects we were upon it!'

The Wonderland of a Nation

By VACHEL LINDSAY

MY PERSONAL definition and description of the Pacific Northwest includes the far north end of California, also Wyoming and Utah, and the northern fringes of Nevada, besides those commercial conveniences, the present borders of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana. I fell very much in love with the United States while touring it from end to end many times. Every time I turned the corner up around the Columbia River region, I felt a special exhilaration, and this particular kind of exhilaration always asserted itself in the whole Northwest that I have described. It can be explained by the right map. Look at any Government forest diagram of the United States and you will discover that more real woods of the old-fashioned sort are packed into this region toward which Thomas Jefferson yearned, than are in all the rest of America put together. California's famous redwoods and sequoias are a topic by themselves; but leaving them behind and going north through the northernmost borders of California, you will find a most extraordinary army of big trees that are not giant trees. Then if you are making a swing around the circle without a stop, you will suddenly find your train turning eastward on the Columbia River canyon while you watch a sunset among the most magnificent cliffs and moss-choked 'bridal veil' waterfalls our land can show. We sweep on, past fallen natural bridges of Indian legend, on into the region of Going to the Sun Mountain, on into Montana, or down into the canyons of the coiling Snake River, the longest, most twisticated, and most desultory stream in the world, whatever mere surveyors may say of the Mississippi. This is the Pullman-car impression of the Northwest, and I have experienced it in many moods and through many seasons, hastening through the country singing my poems to my own tunes, with sometimes beautiful dreams waiting for me back in Springfield, Illinois; sometimes, sorrow and death.

The next impression of this great country toward which the soul of Thomas Jefferson yearned and which keeps his picture in almost every state history, is a curious 'Virginia' and 'early colonial' impression, almost a 'Daughters of the Revolution' impression. The country is full of men from the University of Virginia, of far-west Canadians who have poured across the border, and of the descendants of the British settlers of the early Oregon Country. The land is full of vivid touches of Red Indian life. The state histories are one-third Indian life. The thing that makes this the most American part of America is the utter absence of the steerage passenger or his great-grandchild or the blatant Balkan apologist writing broken English disguised as literature. What steerage passengers have come are from far-north Europe—the type heavily wedded to the soil, such as Finns and Scandinavians.

The first time I went through the country and discovered a land that was just as glittering as America, but not in hysterics, I thought I was deceived. I said, 'I must be most unusual calm.' But repeated visits, with all sorts of private vexations and griefs to make me critical if I were disposed so to be, made me more and more love this country, till, as my friends know, I am now making my home in Spokane, the city that seems to me the most characteristic and Jeffersonian in all this great country.

Jefferson's actual Louisiana Purchase extended only through the eastern borders of this region; but the joint government of the western coast by British and Americans for many years has not prevented Jefferson from being the hero of the region all the way to the Pacific.

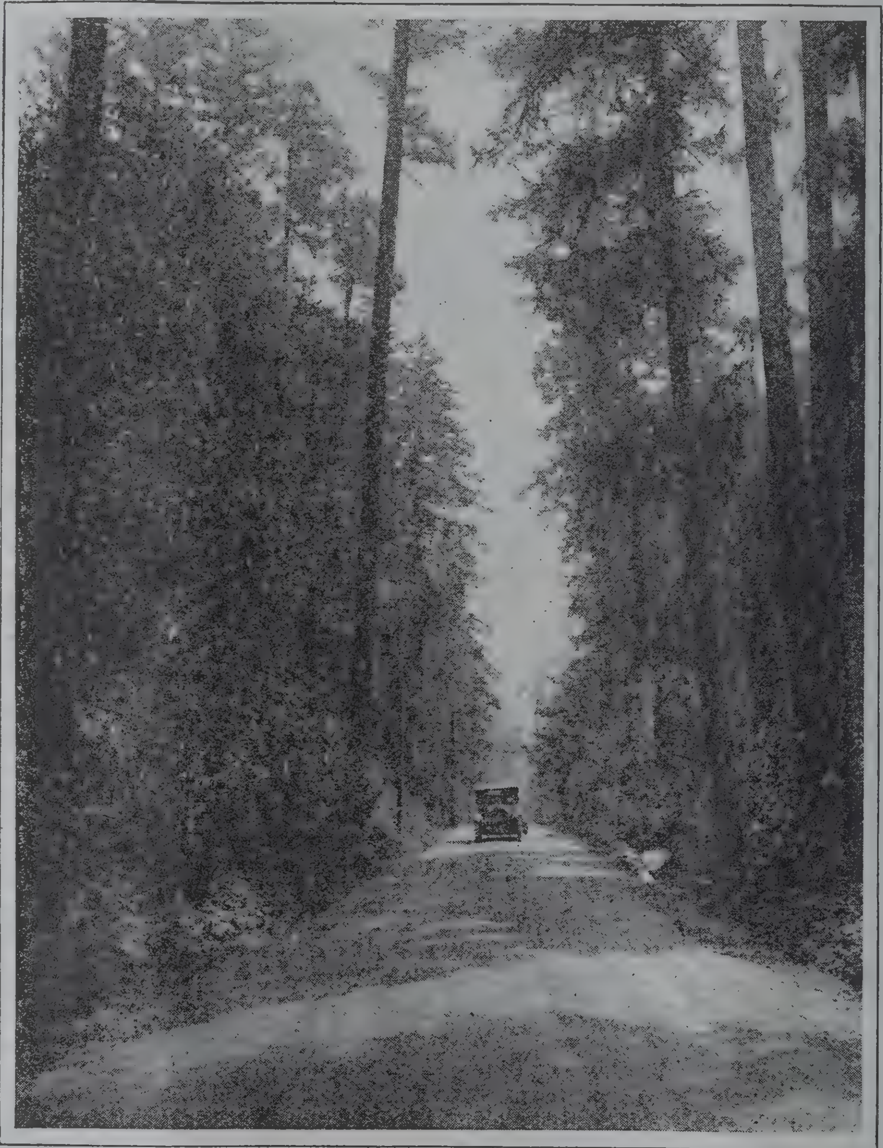
Britons and Americans seem to have rallied with a good will and without a struggle to building up the story of Lewis and Clark and their abetter, Jefferson, as a romance, as a pageant of facts and thoughts to be told and retold as the principal story of this West.

This Lewis and Clark story, which has so romanticized the region and made a conservative forest a kind of dreamland, owes its ultimate apotheosis to something quite Virginian.

Sacajawea, the Bird Woman, the Woman Born Not To Die, is an exact parallel to Pocahontas in the stories of John Rolfe and Captain John Smith. All the Northwest seems to rally around her as Old Virginia still rallies around Pocahontas; and both Indian girls will rule the imaginations of their regions for long.

The Northwest puts Sacajawea next to President Jefferson; after him come Lewis and Clark; after them, a long train of heroes and stories, of which the Covered Wagon may be called a symbol.

At the age of fifteen, Sacajawea was sold to Chaboneau, the French interpreter and guide, as a slave. He married her because he loved her, and she became the head of the family. Despite that, they were happily married. We need a few more Indian girls.



—Publishers' Photo Service.

The road through the virgin Washington woods to Mt. Rainier.

Every human being who ever read her story, saw her statue—Sacajawea pointing westward, with her papoose on her back, no doubt giving orders both to Lewis and Clark and to her French husband—or met her while a living, breathing woman, seems to have loved and honored and almost worshiped her. I am tired of the New York steerage-passenger gab, of the reign of the flapper, when the memory of Sacajawea still prevails in this forest.

One way of proving the unity of the Northwest is by subtraction. Put the other regions into natural groups of states, and the Northwest instantly and cheerfully takes its woodsy corner. I once drew for *The Landmark*, the organ of the English Speaking Union, a series of regional maps of America. I do not have them by me, but there are many possible ways of drawing regional maps of America, so let us begin again. First, let us locate what might be called the Steerage East. This includes New York, state and city, and everything to the north of them. Then comes the Old South, anything south of Pennsylvania and east of the Mississippi. After that, the Old Middle States, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio; next, the Old Bryan West, which would include almost everything to the Rockies in the wheat belt. Texas now includes Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Louisiana. (Ask anybody in Texas, not anybody in Oklahoma, Arkansas, or Louisiana.)

Then there is the Santa Fe kingdom. The old city of Santa Fe is still the spiritual capital of America, and its borders extend as far as its devotees may wander, still remembering. There is a definite desert country which has its most characteristic scenery in New Mexico, which begins in west Kansas and west Texas, goes west to the borders of Hollywood, and continues north till it reaches that mysterious border line, wherever it may be, where the reign of Brigham Young begins and the reign of Saint Francis ends.

By this simple process of subtraction, of blocking out other regions, we discover the fine remainder, the Northwest, the land where national forests and parks bloom.

(Continued on page 23)

The Greatest National Calamity

Destructive Rage *of the* 'Father of Waters' Renders 700,000 Homeless

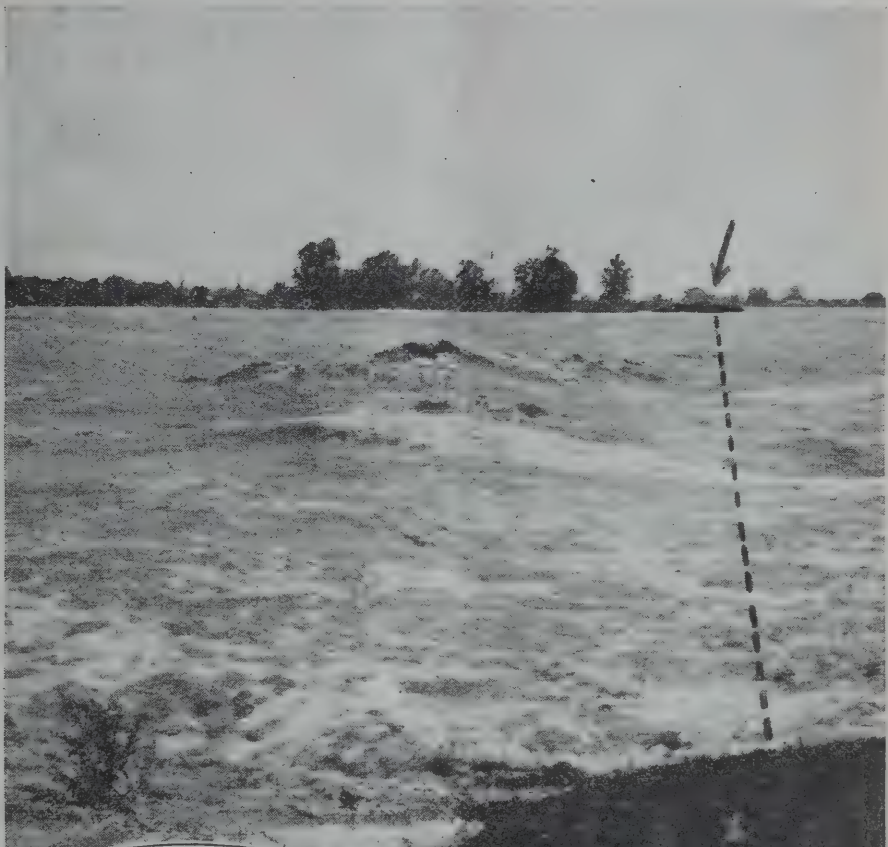
By **PIERCE CUMINGS**

FARMERS throughout the great Middle West enjoyed exceptionally fine weather during February. From the Alleghenies to the Rockies the sun glowed warmly, snows melted, the ground thawed. A few weeks later heavy rains drenched the ground. Farmers smiled. An early spring was in sight; crop prospects were the best in years. But the rains continued. No longer helpful they became oppressive, then destructive.

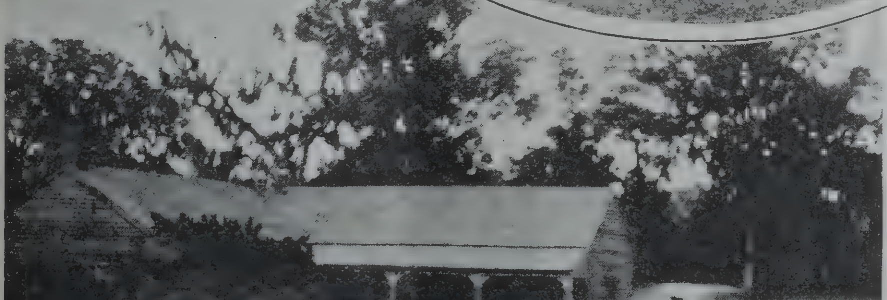
A Menace Masked by Smiles

The result was the most disastrous flood in the history of the United States, a flood which has been accurately described as the greatest calamity the nation has ever known!

With the swollen waters of the Mississippi and its great tributaries sweeping at last into the Gulf of Mexico, pause can be taken to count the toll.



When a levee breaks. The picture above shows the crevasse at McCrea, Louisiana, with the Atchafalaya River pouring its disastrous torrent into the famed 'Sugar Bowl.' The bank was crumbling under foot as this photograph was taken.



Oval—Homeless atop the levee near McCrea. Bewildered and unhappy, they are waiting for boats to come to their aid. Below—A home in the path of the flood waters near New Iberia, Louisiana.

Twenty thousand square miles of territory have been flooded, some of it the richest farm land in the world.

Scores of people have been drowned.

Livestock has perished by the hundred thousands. Unnumbered wild animals have met death in the swirling waters.

Property damage has mounted high in the millions. No one can say what the actual loss has been; estimates range from $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000.

Additional millions have been spent fighting back at the flood monster. Bridges have been swept away, highways washed out, railroads submerged. Whole counties and groups of counties have been inundated.

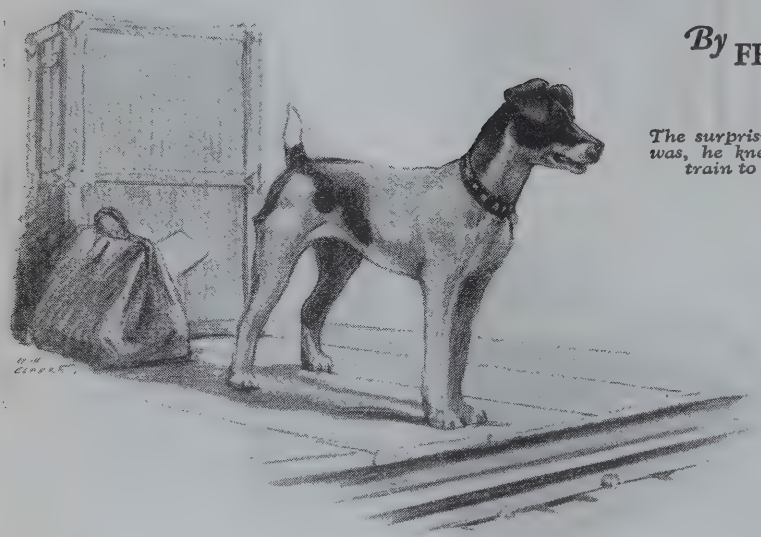
Seven hundred thousand people are homeless. Crops worth millions are ruined.

The greatest relief army ever mobilized has been

(Continued on page 22)

Can Your DOG Reason?

By FRED C. KELLY



The surprising thing was, he knew which train to meet.

Illustrations by W. W. CLARKE

BEFORE going into a discussion of the old question whether a dog is capable of reasoning, it is well to consider how greatly a dog is handicapped.

Imagine yourself as small as a dog, unable to talk, lacking hands with which to gesture, and then speculate upon how much you might learn even if spared to a ripe old age. Ask yourself how far you could go in your thinking processes if you had no language or no words to apply to the items about which you were thinking, or to serve as aids to memory. How much reasoning power would we develop?

Robert Louis Stevenson says: 'The leading distinction between dog and man, after and perhaps before the different duration of their lives, is that one can speak and the other cannot. The absence of the power of speech confines the dog in the development of his intellect; it hinders him from many speculations, for words are the beginning of metaphysics; at the same blow it saves him from many superstitions; and his silence has won for him a higher name for virtue than his conduct justifies.'

It is worth thinking about, too, that, aside from his inherent instincts, a dog, unlike a human being, learns nothing from experiences of previous generations. From birth we are told of different schemes and practices which have long proved worthless, but the dog has to learn everything he does learn through his own senses. Considering this handicap, surely it must be conceded that perhaps a ten-year-old dog knows more than an old man would have learned under similar circumstances.

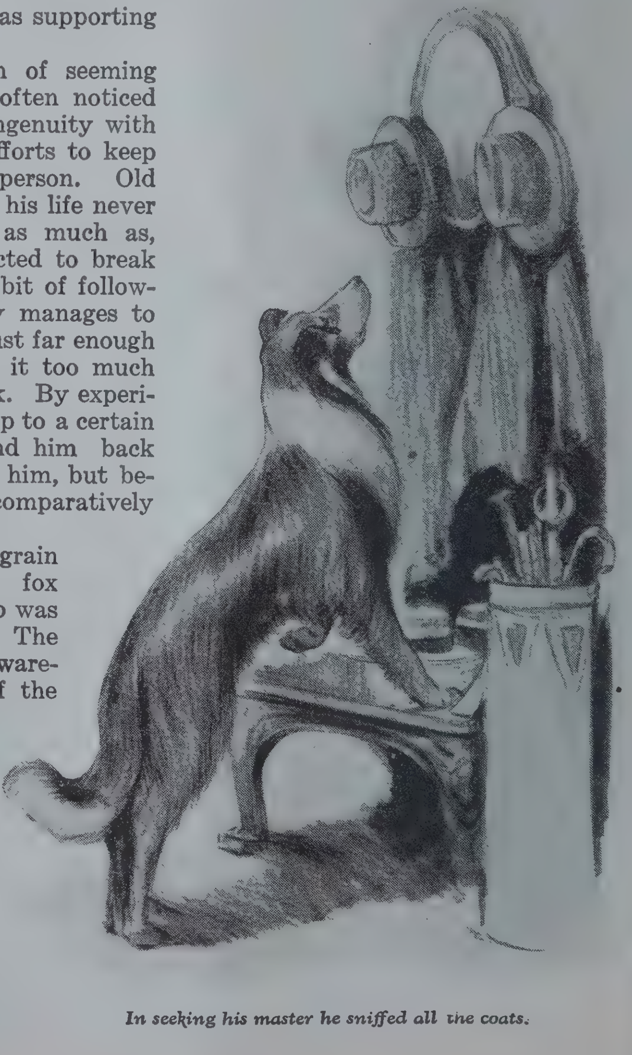
Another handicap of the dog is that, because unable to follow abstract thought, he cannot be forewarned of danger or cheered by hope when in trouble. Think of the hours a dog must suffer lest his master should not return for many days, when perhaps the master has gone only to the nearest grocery!

Regardless of the mass of material covering scientific investigations to show that dogs do or do not reason, most of us who have had dogs not only like to think that they *do* reason but have our favorite stories as supporting evidence.

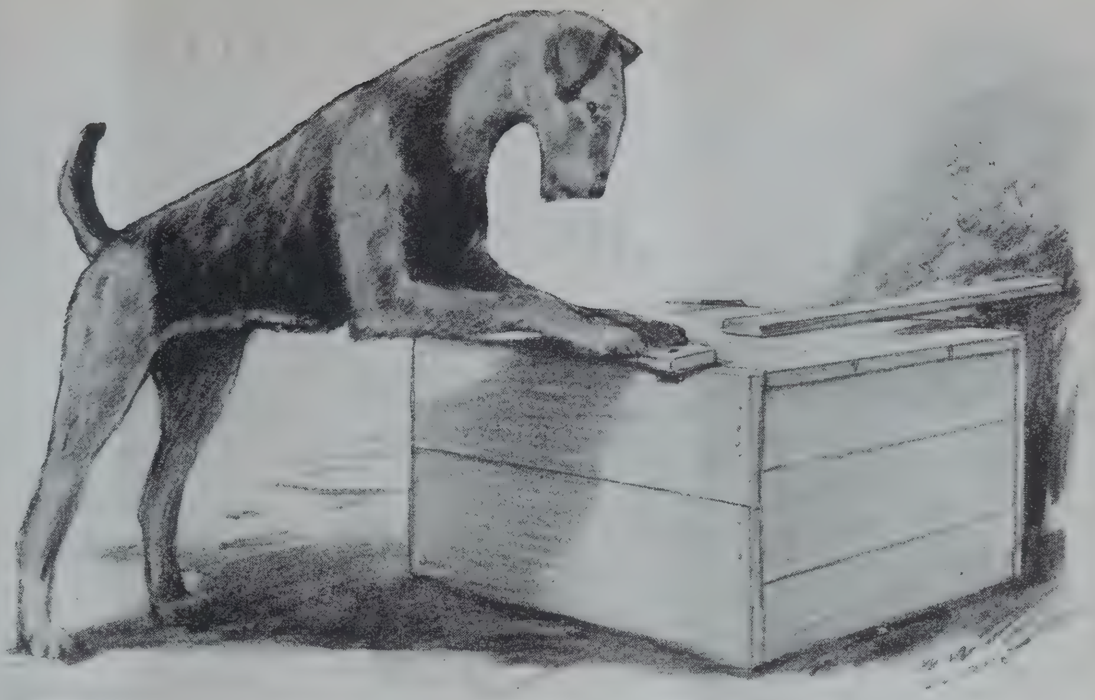
A common exhibition of seeming reasoning which I have often noticed in my own dogs is the ingenuity with which they can outwit efforts to keep them from following a person. Old Badger I trained early in his life never to follow me if I said as much as, 'Stay there,' but I neglected to break my dog Jimmie of his habit of following, and now he cleverly manages to meet me down the road just far enough from the house to make it too much trouble to take him back. By experience he has found that up to a certain point I will probably send him back or even walk back with him, but beyond that point he is comparatively safe.

In my native town, a grain merchant had a little fox terrier named Tuck who was his constant companion. The dog slept at his master's warehouse and had the run of the place including a small office separated from the rest of the building by a swinging door. One night the building caught fire. Tuck excitedly ran about barking for assistance and finally dashed into the office where he jumped on a table and knocked the receiver off the desk telephone. The telephone operator heard his barking and decided that something must be wrong in that office. She notified a man living nearby (in small cities telephone girls have a delightful way of knowing where everybody lives) and this neighbor discovered the blaze in time to summon the fire department and save the building. The little dog got credit for having tried to use the telephone, as he had seen his master doing. This probably wasn't true. The chances are that Tuck, alarmed by the fire, jumped on the office table in his excitement and accidentally upset the telephone.

But this same dog performed



In seeking his master he sniffed all the coats.



Sometimes he would not push the latch far enough; then he would return and give it another push.

another feat that could hardly have been accidental. His master made frequent trips to Cincinnati and Columbus, one north of his city and one south. The trains to Cincinnati and Columbus left at about the same time in the forenoon. But the one returning from Columbus arrived about an hour earlier than that from Cincinnati. Tuck always accompanied his master to the train, and then trotted back to the warehouse a block or two away to remain until time to meet him at the train on his return. And the surprising thing was that he knew which train to meet! He seemed to understand that if Mr. Smart started away on a certain train he would return sooner than if he set off in the opposite direction. He never, after the first few times, met the afternoon train from Columbus after seeing his master take the morning train to Cincinnati.

STILL more resourceful was a dog, Twinkle, belonging to a fair resident of Washington. Twinkle was sent to a hospital for a few days to be treated for a minor ailment. Some weeks later he was left alone in the yard all day and in the evening the family were later in returning than they expected. When they did return, Twinkle had disappeared. His mistress learned that he had trotted up to the front door of the dog hospital where one of the men recognized him and offered him refreshments. Twinkle presumably said to himself: 'Well, there's nobody home to feed me and I'm pretty hungry; guess I'll go down to that other place where they took such good care of me.'

I read of a dog tracking his master along a road when he came to a place where three roads diverged. He sniffed along two of the roads and, not finding the trail, took the third without waiting to scent, the presumption being that he reasoned: 'If it is not either of these, it must be this third one!'

Romanes, British naturalist of many years ago, tells of a dog that in seeking his master came down to a hatrack, stood on his hind legs and sniffed all the coats, evidently to see if his master's coat was still there.

A somewhat famous story of its kind deals with a little dog that was never allowed to eat his meals in the house. He once went to the door holding in his mouth a piece of bread which he had no intention of eating in order that the door might be opened and he could get out to join other dogs that he heard barking.

Every dog owner must have wondered just how far dogs can go in communicating ideas to one another. Evidently one dog can entice another to follow him and perhaps vaguely assure him of a worthy project, but it is doubtful whether he can explain the exact purpose of their expedition. As Lloyd Morgan, British naturalist, puts it: 'A dog may be able to suggest to his companion the fact that he has found a worryable cat, but can any dog tell his neighbor the delightful time he had worrying a cat the day before yesterday? I imagine that a dog can tell his neighbor what we symbolize by the simple expression, *Come.*'

More than one story has been told of a little dog going for a big dog friend to come to help fight a third dog too large for the little dog to whip unaided.

Old Badger frequently comes to me and, by nudging me with his nose and walking rapidly away, makes it plain that there is some place he wants me to go with him—usually, some place where there is food. If he can thus communicate with me there is no reason why he shouldn't communicate with dogs as well.

Even aside from sign language, dogs seem to be able to impart ideas in unmistakable terms. When driving with Badger in an automobile, we pass other dogs, most of whom bark at him, he ordinarily pays little heed to them. But an occasional dog—and I have one big black dog especially in mind—barks something at him, perhaps of an obscene nature, that irritates him beyond endurance and he tries his best to jump out of the car to defend his honor. I have wondered many times what it could be that a strange dog says to him which so infuriates him.

It is a common occurrence for a dog to come and place a stick or stone in his master's hand to let him know that he desires the stick or stone to be thrown that he may chase it and get exercise as well as practice in retrieving it.

Many stories have been told of dogs going after help and persuading total strangers to follow when the master has met with accident. I, personally, know of none of these which have been authenticated, and yet some of them seem fairly plausible.

It is an old saying that one cannot easily fool dogs or children, and this possibly is true. I have often been amused at watching people who did not honestly care for dogs yet, out of politeness, making a great show of interest in them. Sometimes they fool the owner, but they do not fool the dog. If a person is not a genuine dog lover, he does not even pat or caress in a way to meet the dog's approval. The patting is apt to be too harsh, or in some way lacks the right touch. While this may not prove possession of reasoning power it does at any rate indicate that a dog

(Continued on page 27)

Some WILD THINGS That Come *to* My Door *in the* City

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

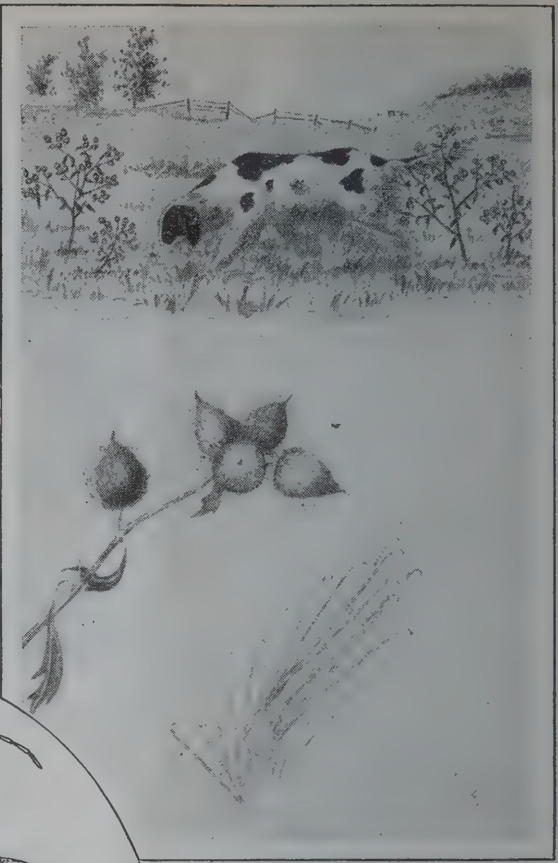
Illustrated by S. F. AARON

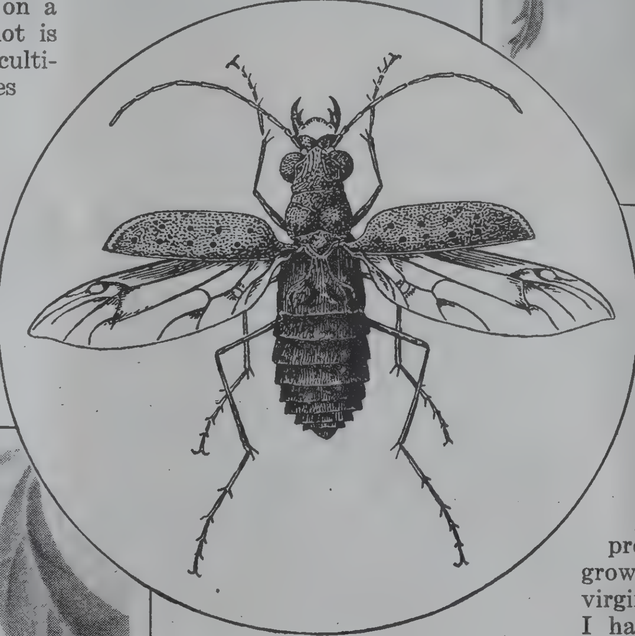
IN THE last twelve years I have found more than a hundred species of wild plants growing on my city lot. I have their common as well as their botanical names, and I am almost sure to find one or two new kinds each succeeding year.

In entertaining such a host of wild neighbors, I would not have you form the conclusion that I am living on a wild and weedy ranch, for my lot is like the average city lot, with cultivated shrubs, domesticated grasses and some shade trees.

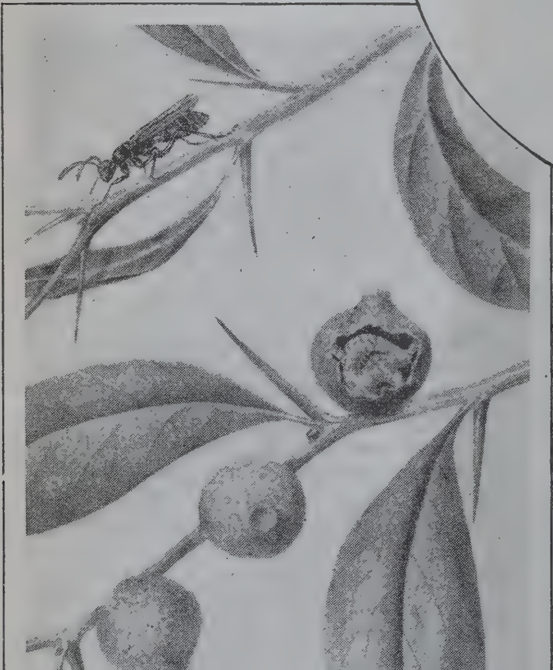
Corn speedwell grows thickly on my lawn but it is so small that few of my visiting friends notice it.

One of the most charming parasitic plants that I have to entertain is dodder, or 'love vine,' as it was known to our grandfathers. Its naked, flesh-colored runners when scrambling about in the green grass or on the greenleaf hedge plants add a beauty to the spot, but its curious habits form the chief interest for people. Since it is leafless, it is a thief, and a thief depends on some other person to support him. The signs of a plant's industry are its leaves. When dodder has matured its small seeds, they scatter out on the ground; and next spring when a seed sprouts, it begins to feel all around until it strikes a plant of some sort and then clings to it.





Cockleburs and magnified spines of the burs. Hunting dogs, sheep and cattle aid in spreading the seeds. Circle—Tiger beetle, much enlarged. It is one of the swiftest flying and running insects.



The potter wasp and examples of his craftsmanship. The top 'pot' is broken open to show the imprisoned caterpillars, upon which the baby wasp feeds.

Its suckers then sip the sap for the rest of the season.

Cocklebur, the kind that I used to wrestle with in the corn that I grew in the Chickamauga bottom lands, grows almost to perfection on my sidewalk. It is as rank and happy-looking as that which I used to see in the cornfield after a rainy spell. In the city, cocklebur finds it easy to disseminate its seeds, for hundreds of people and dogs brush up against it and the seeds leap onto their clothes and ride into fresh fields.

Of the wild things entertained through special invitation is Indian pipe. That semiparasitic plant of shady woodlands has proved itself a worthy guest. It grows in dense shadows only, and on a virgin piece of land on the Chickamauga I have found hundreds of thousands growing in the shadows. But in the Raccoon Mountains twelve miles away in the month of October, I have found thousands of Indian pipe plants, a deep pink, stem and all. Only in these mountains have I found the pink species of this delicate flower.

Venus's-flytrap has visited me almost every summer, arriving by parcel post from its native haunts around Wilmington, North Carolina. It is a treat to have this plant growing about the house. It is a marvel in the plant world and behaves as though governed by human brains. I have fed it spiders, flies, and other insects. The only game I have seen it allow to escape was a fairly good-sized skipper butterfly whose body was only half caught when the trap closed. This plant maintains a set of three hair-like triggers on the inside of each leaf half, and when an insect touches one of these triggers more than once, the trap is sprung and the leaf halves close so quickly that the victim cannot escape. *(Continued on page 21)*

RELAX!

If You Do Not, You Cannot Win

By H. G. SALSINGER

TYRUS RAYMOND COBB started his major league career in 1905, and in 1907 not a player in the American League believed that Cobb could last three years longer. They said that no man could go at his tearing pace without wearing himself away. But Cobb fooled them all; he lasted well beyond twenty seasons.

He stands as one of the most remarkable performers in any sport. He spent more energy in every game in which he played than most players spend in a week. But he did not wear himself out. Cobb learned to relax early in his career and he never forgot how. The longer he continued in baseball the more he relaxed.

Cobb made it a point for years to rest at least twelve hours out of every twenty-four. He would not necessarily sleep twelve hours, although he frequently did, but he remained in seclusion for at least twelve hours, perfectly relaxed. He replenished the nerve cells, permitted his body to replace the tissues spent on the ball field.

No athlete who has not learned to relax can ever reach the top of the heap. To get results in athletic competition the competitor must be relaxed mentally as well as physically. More matches and games are lost each year by a strained mental condition than by a lack of physical condition. Nerves that are taut will not permit the muscles to respond.

'Golf is not so much a physical game as it is a mental strain,' says Bobby Jones. 'Men become exhausted at the conclusion of a tournament, and often before the finish, not because of any extreme exertion, but because of the mental strain they are under.'

Jones last year won the British Open and the United States Open within one month, the first time in the history of golf that this had ever been accomplished. As he sank his last putt in the United States Open, Jones ran to the clubhouse and was crying bitterly. The nervous strain had broken.

In this same tournament, one of the most keenly contested of all National Opens, a number of other golfers wept as they finished. Joe Turnesa, the clever young professional who finished in second place, one stroke behind Jones, broke down and cried. So also did Leo Diegel, who for more than sixty holes had an excellent chance of overtaking the leader.

WHEN he reached Short Hills, New Jersey, for the National Amateur last September, Jones felt the nervous strain. On the afternoon before the tournament opened Jones ordered two boxes of sardines, rye bread, two orders of Camembert cheese and a double order of pistachio ice cream. After consuming this combination with three glasses of lemonade, Jones retired. He was 'on' his game the next morning. By violating every rule of diet known to athletics Jones succeeded in breaking the strain.

William Tatem Tilden's greatest tennis victory was scored over William Johnston in 1922. It was one of the most grueling matches ever played in national competition. On the day before the match Tilden's nerves were shattered. Defeat loomed ahead. Tilden went out that afternoon, borrowed a victrola and some John McCormack records and bought a number of paper-backed thrillers. He sat in his room late into the night playing the records and reading the tales of violent crimes. To this diversion Tilden credited his victory over Johnston.

Trainers are constantly watching for the mental strain. It is a danger they must always guard against. Before prohibition it was customary to give college athletes two bottles of ale once a week and break away from the diet observed on the other six days.

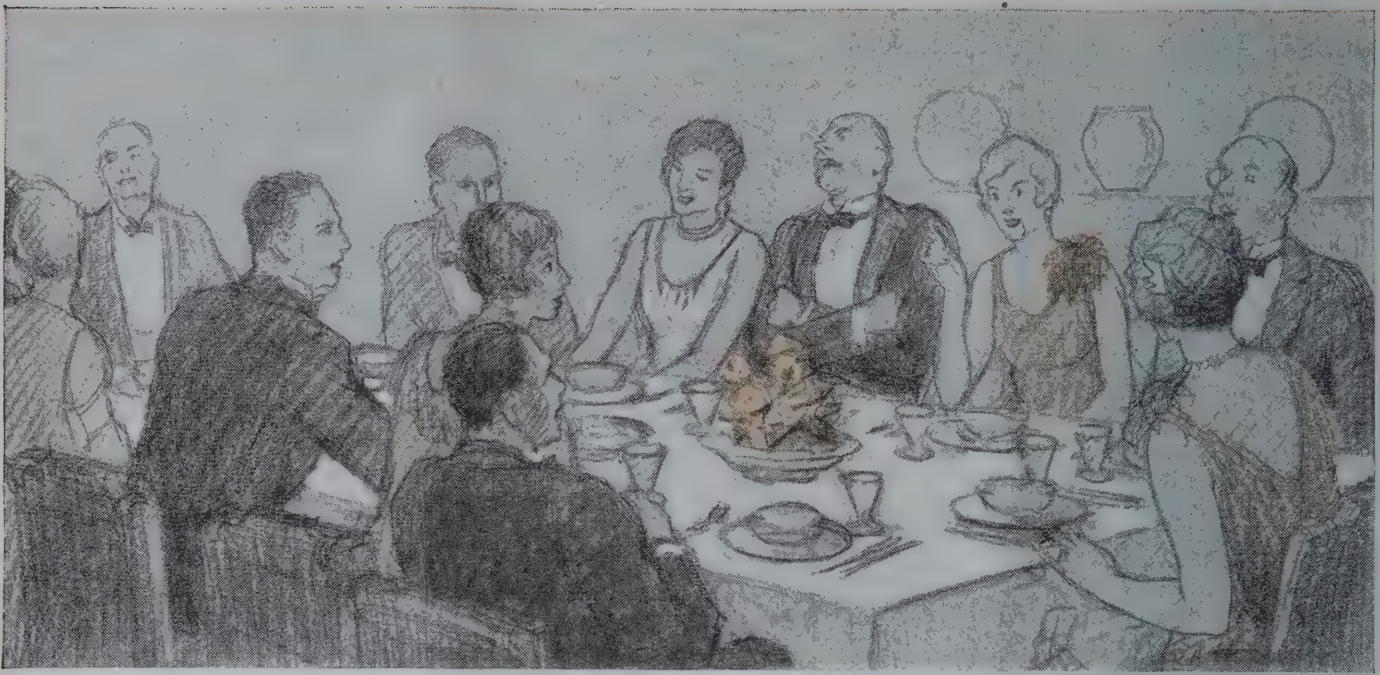
Boxing trainers always use some diversion to break the mental strain that develops just before an important fight. This strain has beaten more boxers than the blows of opponents. Good boxers frequently show poorly in an important match. In the language of the profession they 'simply can't get going.' The nerves are taut and the muscles do not respond.

Young Griffo is still considered by many as the greatest boxer that ever lived. Young Griffo lacked a punch. He could not hurt any opponent but no opponent could hurt him because it is impossible to hurt anyone whom you cannot hit. Griffo generally got on edge days ahead of a big fight and his trainer would remedy this condition by turning Griffo loose. Whenever Griffo was released from the custody of the trainer, only one thing would happen—Griffo would enter a state of thorough intoxication. The trainer, following Griffo, would then take him in charge, finally get him into a room, held ready for the occasion, and lock him in. This would generally be two or three days before the fight. About six hours before the fight Young Griffo, completely sobered, would be taken to a restaurant, fed on steak, toast, potatoes and tea and then returned to his room. Not until it was time to start for the scene of the fight would Young Griffo be released again. The treatment always brought the desired results.

'When my players are laughing, singing and cracking jokes, I am perfectly satisfied, but when they are quiet and moody then I get busy right away,' says Knute K. Rockne, coach of the Notre Dame football teams.

'A team that laughs and sings and jokes is not under a mental strain and a team that is quiet

(*Continued on page 23*)



Baker's Dozen *of* BAD GUESTS

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Illustrated by RUTH A. THURBER

BESIDES failing at the last moment, arriving late or on the wrong evening, being either rude or the cause of rudeness in others, there are innumerable more subtle ways in which guests may be troublesome to the hostess who has invited them to a small dinner party.

A game much played nowadays is drawing up lists of a dozen choices. For example: 'The twelve best books to read in bed'; 'the twelve dishes I most dislike'; 'the twelve best jokes I ever heard'; 'the twelve worst jokes I ever made'; 'twelve companions for a desert isle'; and so on. For a change this game might be played with faults of omission and commission at the dinner table.

'Twelve Types of Conversation-Criminals' our list might be called; not necessarily the twelve *worst* but twelve which clamor for mention.

No such crude category as 'the bore' may be included. Mercifully, there is no such being as an objective universal, absolute bore. One man's bore may be another man's boon companion. A consoling thought that in this so fortunately heterogeneous world there is no one who bores *everyone*, just as there is no one who dares not bore *someone!*

Probably the *bored* is a rôle more unintermittently played than that of the bore! Owing to their reputation for being difficult to please, some men are certainly very difficult to place at dinner. Any woman they are put beside is either too young or too old, too silent or too loquacious. But let us begin our list:

He who has no ear for *pitch* in conversation and offends by one of two extremes, either bawling like a platform speaker, or else whispering his remarks as though deeply ashamed of them.

He who is without sense of proportion and will persist in worrying a conversational bone only worth gnawing once or twice, and already quite bare.

To introduce a less ogreish metaphor, in a conversational rally, he seldom allows other players a fair share in the exercise, and never knows when one ball is dead and another should be served.

The predetermined and quite impersonal talker who decides at home what he intends to say, and is without any adaptability to individuals or to the natural drift of conversation. He might as well sit among the deaf and dumb for all the influence any interlocutor can have on his output. As easy to divert a train from its course as to direct his talk!

He arrives with so much ammunition in the form of anecdotes, puns or aphorisms—all of which he is determined to let off. Sometimes his supply is appallingly ample, sometimes very scant. I once noticed his despair when —his hostess being very late and a long wait being entailed—he was obliged to discharge nearly all the ammunition, calculated to last from soup to savory, before going into the dining room!

The one-topic man, pitiless as the Ancient Mariner, who will take the most ineligible remark as cues to his soliloquy. There is no heading him off, no stemming his monotonous torrent of talk, to which any remarks of your own are only treated as tributaries.

The obstinate exponent of the tête à tête, who will not allow his hostess to realize her very natural ambition for general conversation, for he wishes to deliver a recitative and will not collaborate.

Directly she—in her rôle of conductor—has managed to collect the attention of all the other guests, he asks his neighbor some distracting question in a whisper.

More offensive to fellow guests than the inveterate isolator is the vain talker who, going to the opposite extreme, always wishes to monopolize the collective attention of the table and thinks his brilliance too good to be wasted on the one or two listeners sometimes falling to his share.

Gaily he embarks on his eloquence, thinking he holds a quorum, but as he discovers the attention he commands to be inadequate, notice how the light dies out of his eyes and his voice begins to trail away. It no longer seems worth spending the epigram or the anecdote.

The superlatively shy, by which I do not mean the modest, but those so imprisoned in uncomfortable self-consciousness that they are incapable of thinking of others in the presence of themselves, and, by their obvious misery, appear a standing reproach to the most painstaking hostess.

Let these not be confused with the silent. Some people (*Continued on page 21*)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Old But Still New

THERE are a few truths all of us know when we have reached the more mature years, and we see them to be the very foundation of the wisdom of life—plain, enduring, true. But when we happen to mention them in conversation we are met, if not by the words, then with the spirit which says, 'Old stuff! Give us something new.'

A curious illusion persists among us that because we have heard a thing, we therefore know it. Repetition is not desired. We begin to refer contemptuously to 'platitudes.' Well, it is very evident to the observer that a 'platitude' is a truth of which everybody has heard, but which few really know.

> *WISDOM comes from truth and when truth in all its simplicity eludes our notice wisdom is also gone. There are some truths that form the very foundation of civilization but some people call them 'old stuff' and ask for something new. But truth never grows old. It is the sap which nourishes morality, and if morality dies knowledge becomes destruction and not, as it was meant to be, one of humanity's greatest benefits. The old masters of philosophy held that men who are at war with the moral universe are not to be trusted with the secrets that make for progress. The old masters were right.*

The world has heard everything that is necessary to the reëstablishment of universal peace, universal prosperity, and universal progress. It has heard every essential principle any number of times. And yet there is no sign that it fully knows them.

The truth of things escapes us, mostly because truth is so simple. Wisdom comes in such simple dress that more often she is received by the peasant than by the prince. All the personal and social morality known to the race is summed up in the Ten Commandments and all the higher and finer principles of life are contained in the Sermon on the Mount.

And yet, these are among the things of which lovers of newness say, 'It is the old and stale. Give us something new.' Now, as a matter of fact, there isn't anything new; and if there were it could be attained only through a complete use and absorption of what is old and true.

At the core of everything is the principle of it, and principles are from eternity and to eternity. All of our apparent going forward is simply a progress further into the heart of principle. It is not a learning of new things, but a new learning of the old. It has always been wrong to steal; it always will be wrong to steal, whether it affects the potatoes a farmer has planted, the child's affection which the parent possesses, or the territory which forms the integral part of a nation's sovereignty.

It is not too much to say that if the world were to learn no more in the next century than to live by the truths it already knows, the year 2000 would dawn upon an Earth without a single sore problem. So much of our progress consists in going back and starting over again on another plan.

Yet, if you insist on these simple, fundamental principles without which no substantial achievement is possible anywhere, the ready retort is that 'everybody knows them.' Everybody does not know them, although everybody may have heard of them.

But why demand novelties for a world that has yet to learn the A B C of common man-to-man honesty? The impatience of the world goes even deeper than that. Not only is there a tendency to thrust aside these old-fashioned basic principles, but there is a still more dangerous tendency to believe that morality of mind and body have no place in big affairs.

'Yes, yes,' is the common remark, 'we take these things for granted without mentioning them.' The trouble is that we do not take them for granted unless we insist upon them. This world is built on morality—and morality is simply honest thinking and honest doing. There is nothing that endures without this morality. There will never be any system of government, or society, or business, or progress—no possible living together at all, except on a basis of this morality.

Yet we see one group of men contending that all we need for the millennium is a new system of distribution, and another insisting that all we need is a system that will forever guarantee the prices for all sorts of commodities. But it does not matter how mechanically perfect a social system may be devised—the better it is the more miserably it will fail without a fundamental morality to infuse and sustain it. It is like making a hoe. The style may be fine, the proportions right, the pattern perfect; but if you make it of soft tin it will not be a good hoe.

The world teems with social plans and programs, but you will never get a just and happy society until there is a high degree of common morality to pour into the moulds. It is one of the fallacies of modern thought, this notion that we may sidetrack this vital element which distinguishes man from the brute and raises society above the common herd.

In olden times the teachers of wisdom refused to admit to their instruction any man who was not clean within and without, a man well grounded in the moralities. For the old masters reasoned that he who had not learned the fundamentals could not learn the other things. Wisdom presupposed morality.

The old masters were right. They grasped a truth which is beginning to emerge again in our day: namely, that men who are in wrong relations with the moral universe are not to be trusted with the secrets which make for progress. If still more power is to be won by human beings, it must be kept under the restraint of conscience and used according to the dictates of morality.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

June 18, 1927

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

McFadden Warns

WHEN Secretary Chase, of Lincoln's Cabinet, realized the effect of the emasculation of his bill to establish in the Greenback a purely national legal-tender currency, he shed tears. With Lincoln, Stevens, and other statesmen of that period, he deplored the power exercised by the eastern bankers over the Senate.

When the promoters of the Federal Reserve System saw their own remedy for money panics so maladministered as to give that system a sinister hold on finance and industry, even its sturdiest advocate, Senator Glass of Virginia, was forced to protest against such nullifying of good intentions.

History is again repeating itself, and Representative McFadden now sees in his own bill a menace to independent banking and has appealed to Controller of the Currency McIntosh and Reserve Board Governor Crissinger, to use all possible effort to prevent the new law becoming the nursery of gigantic credit trusts until the next Congress shall convene.

The reason for Mr. McFadden's attitude is this: no sooner had the President's signature given the Pepper-McFadden Act a legal status than the prospectuses of several national investment associations were published and the lure of a 7 per cent cumulative preferred bank stock, at $100 par, with bonuses and rights of purchase in no par common, were offered the public and eagerly subscribed.

Mr. McFadden now sees that his measure was merely used *as a vehicle for amendments which alter its character* and bring about the possibility of the absorption of stock control in unit banks so as to make of banking in the United States merely an auxiliary of speculative stockbroking and a network of chain banks against which independent banking will be unable to survive. The ownership of stock control in a string of banks across the country is equivalent to chain banking, even though all of the banks be independent each of the other. That is the situation of which Mr. McFadden gives warning as follows:

'I desire to invite your attention to . . . the organization of holding companies . . . which are now buying, or will buy, bank stocks in various parts of the country for the purpose of centralizing control of several or possibly a large number of unit banks—a vicious form of chain banking. The introduction of the English system of investment trusts into this country is somewhat responsible for the exploitation of a plan which is being eagerly adopted by clever Americans who desire to exploit their control of the banking resources of the independent banks for their own selfish ends.'

Thus, within two months of the time when a law which was to be the crowning act of his career as a statesman, became a law, Mr. McFadden complains that other financial interests are misusing what was intended for the legitimate use of the Federal Reserve System alone.

Control of independent banks, alluded to in this excerpt, is not the single object of these investment associations according to the letters, as Mr. McFadden includes all unit banks; he also appeals to these officers to guard against covered ownership of shares in banks under their control, or member banks of the Federal Reserve.

A Serious Error

FROM this distance it would seem that the ruling class of Great Britain has committed a serious error in proposing the Trades Disputes Bill. Nothing like it has ever been attempted save under autocracy such as that which obtained in Russia, or general economic ignorance such as that which existed in Belgium before the war. But for this to occur in England where labor has attained a political power and leadership unequaled in any other country, indicates either a serious misreading of the British workman's mind or a stupid confidence that British independence can be broken down by class legislation. The excuse, of course, is that another General Strike must be made impossible. The obvious answer is that this had already been done by the last General Strike. If the temper represented in the Trades Disputes Bill had actuated the participants in the General Strike, the history of that affair might have been different. Even the British public is horrified at the cold, calculating, long-after revenge which the upper class proposes to take upon the liberties of the middle and lower classes. It was at first supposed that the government made the provisions of the bill so strong that it could be reduced under protest and still remain a formidable instrument. The indications are, however, that in no form will such a stultifying measure be acceptable to the fair-mindedness of British citizens. The present British Government has lived to see the day when even a General Strike outdid it in moderation. One ray of light upon the situation is the obvious lack of enthusiasm which Premier Baldwin has for the bill. He seems to have been pushed into it, rather than risk dissension among his cabinet. Better far dissension with the interests of the British workman in view, than an artificial harmony with their oppressors.

Ten Years After

IT WAS left for the movies, of course, to discover that the World War was just One Big Joke. No sense of humor has ever been developed to so high a point as that of the picture producers, and in matters of fine taste they are acknowledged to be without peers. Thus, under this spell No Man's Land becomes a stage for slapstick, trenches are transformed into hilarious runways, bayonets assume a comical aspect totally unsuspected by the men who once wielded them, and submarine warfare becomes merely a matter for smart facetiousness.

This making a jest of the war is all very fine—for the movie men—and maybe it is a good thing for some who are still brooding over the War. The conflict is ten years in history. Its horror is rapidly receding into memory—and it is well so. But it would not be well to have this memory entirely superseded by a cheap brand of humor. War may loom again. In that case people need to keep in mind the real picture and not the glorified comedy of the movies. Modern warfare and a movie matinée are quite different occasions.

The Minority Rules

ONLY one in 3,000 Russians is a member of the Communist party, yet this minority wrecked Russia and rules it today.

Not one in twenty Southerners owned slaves, yet this minority overshadowed American affairs for years and eventually became the cause and the occasion of the world's greatest fratricidal tragedy.

The prison population of the United States is about one in a thousand, and the criminal part of that population is much less than one in a thousand, yet this minority imposes on us the costliest police, judicial and prison systems in the world.

The number of drinkers of alcoholic liquors in the United States in the heyday of 'the business' was less than two for every 500 Americans, yet this minority of two individuals, aided by the stupidity and shortsightedness of the commercialized liquor interests, was powerful enough to precipitate prohibition upon the country.

The diplomats of the earth are a minority too infinitesimal to measure, yet like virulent microscopic germs they have power to infect the whole earth with hate and war.

The jazz kings of Tin Pan Alley are but a handful, yet they can set the whole nation singing ribald trivialities for months on end.

The international financiers, herded together, would not aggregate the population of a small country village, yet they are a minority important enough to affect for ill the bread box and the cradle of every family on earth.

Take all the anarchists, paid communist propagandists, actively subversive aliens, and convinced enemies of Christian civilization—gather them all together, and you could accommodate them in one modern apartment building. Yet this minority by its abuse of free speech has robbed us of free speech, but its misuse of freedom has compelled us to curtail all our freedom.

The minority rules.

The minority creates conditions to face which the majority must change its life.

Fortunately, the minority is not always evil. Inventors are in the minority, yet they have changed the method of social life. Poets are in the minority, yet they have set the generations singing deathless songs. Prophets are in the minority, yet their words go thundering down the centuries. Statesmen are in the minority, but they blaze the way for progress yet to come.

Society is an organ of myriad pipes which is played upon by a minority of ten fingers and two feet that give the organist contact with the instrument. But society will have to become more than the passive organ to be played upon; it will have to waken, and give as much thought to minorities as it now does to majorities; it will have to choose *which* minority shall rule it.

Beauty Contests

POPE PIUS XI will find widespread agreement in the United States with his protest against the prevailing 'beauty contest' craze. The extent to which otherwise discreet newspapers have lent themselves to the dangerous fad of promoting promiscuous 'beauty contests,' has been no small part of the amazement with which citizens have watched its spread. It is quite understandable when a club, a school or any other homogeneous group decides in fun to select by vote its most beautiful member. That is an innocent pastime, although in most cases even it is attended by heartburnings and enmities. But when it is publicly blazoned in the newspapers that some emissary of a motion picture concern (usually a small and unimportant one seeking the advertising), or the promoter of some publicity stunt, will personally examine the young ladies of a town or city to determine their fitness to compete in a great pageant of pulchritude for the honor of being acclaimed the most beautiful Miss Podunk or Miss America, the chances are that the very method defeats the plan. For the method is usually so crude that most self-respecting persons are automatically prevented by their own sense of propriety from taking part. There have been instances—not in all contests but in some—where modest young girls who never wore a modern short-length skirt in their lives have had to appear in tights before mobs in the streets of cities. The vulgarity of the thing and its attendant dangers are such as to justify a warning. It should not be understood, however, that these contests are serious to the extent of touching even a small proportion of America's young women. The numbers lured into such contests are gratifyingly small.

The HAGUE, *Where* Medievalism Lingers

By
HILAIRE
BELLOC

Drawings in pencil
by
EDMOND WARRE

EVERY town that is, or has been, a capital has about it a certain air not to be found in the general run of cities. You find it in Dublin as you find it in no other Irish town; and you find it in Edinburgh as you find it in no other Scottish town. And you find the same thing in The Hague.

But it is the more remarkable in The Hague because one is there dealing with but one of many cities in a part of the world which was historically a federation of great commercial cities—with one which is not the greatest of them, and with one which is the least commercial of them all. The Hague has quite a distinct quality in the midst of all other Dutch municipal traditions.

That was in the old days of quietness and leisure its predominant charm, and the quality remains, even today, underlying the modern haste and bewildering noise; something of its leisured charm and disdain still inhabits the most distinguished and best bred of all these cities.

But certainly that modern noise and haste of which I speak has done The Hague more harm than it has done to most other Dutch towns; for the whole note of the place during these good centuries was Peace.

The building, domestic, dignified, modest and everywhere in exact proportion and good taste, seemed to be summed up in the Palace of the States General, and its surroundings. The repose and content for which that square mellow architecture of small brick stood was mirrored in the large square water of the Vyver out of which the Palace of the States General rose, its walls springing from and through the surface of the little artificial lake without ledge or wharf. The trees surrounding that calm water added to the dignity of the ancient place, a place whose whole soul was a memory.

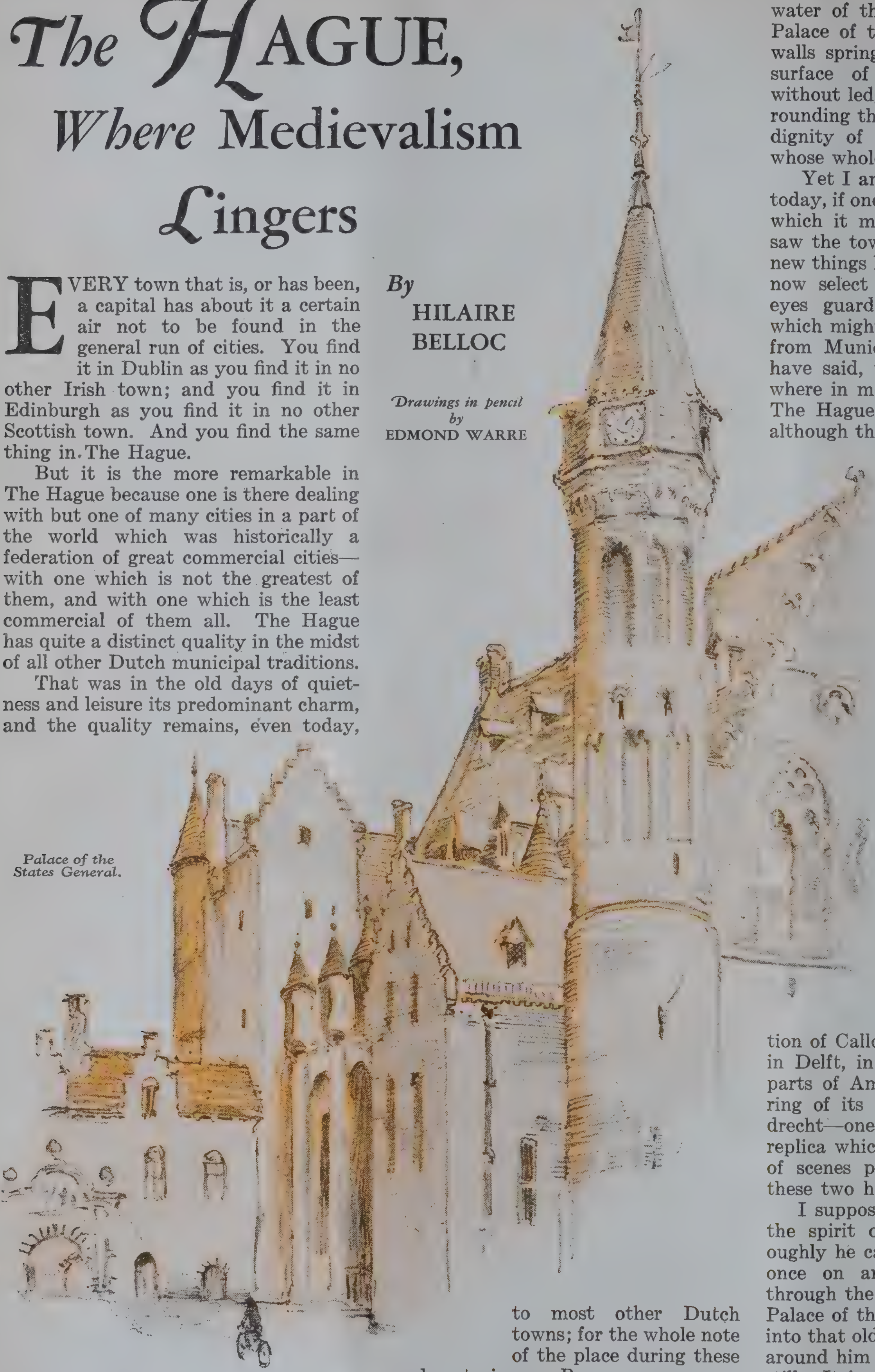
Yet I am afraid that in The Hague today, if one wishes to recover the effect which it made upon me when I first saw the town in youth and before the new things had come upon it, one must now select one's view, and keep the eyes guarded from certain novelties which might have come from Berlin or from Munich. The contrast is, as I have said, to be found almost everywhere in modern Holland, but here in The Hague it is particularly striking, although the actual amount of the new building is slight.

It is particularly striking because here in The Hague was the very spirit of the older Holland—of the Holland which, more than any other country (I think) in Europe, carried on an unbroken tradition of building and social landscape from the foundations of its independence more than three centuries ago.

There is no other country in Europe where a man can wander by the hour through streets which are still precisely what they were when they were so minutely painted by the great artists of the 17th Century. There is nothing in Rome which is a modern evocation of Piranesi, nor in Paris which is a modern evocation of Callot. But all over Holland—in Delft, in Haarlem, in all the older parts of Amsterdam (along the outer ring of its canals especially), in Dordrecht—one is startled by the exact replica which the existing scene makes of scenes painted by men now dead these two hundred years or more.

I suppose if a man wishes to catch the spirit of The Hague most thoroughly he cannot do better than go at once on an early autumn morning through the main southern gate of the Palace of the States General, and walk into that old courtyard: he will find all around him the 17th Century standing still. It is after seeing that sight that he ought to turn to what is, I think one may say without inaccuracy even in so difficult a matter, the best, the most careful, the most national collection of pictures in the world—which is the Mauritshuis.

I would not exaggerate the impression of change which The Hague has



Palace of the States General.

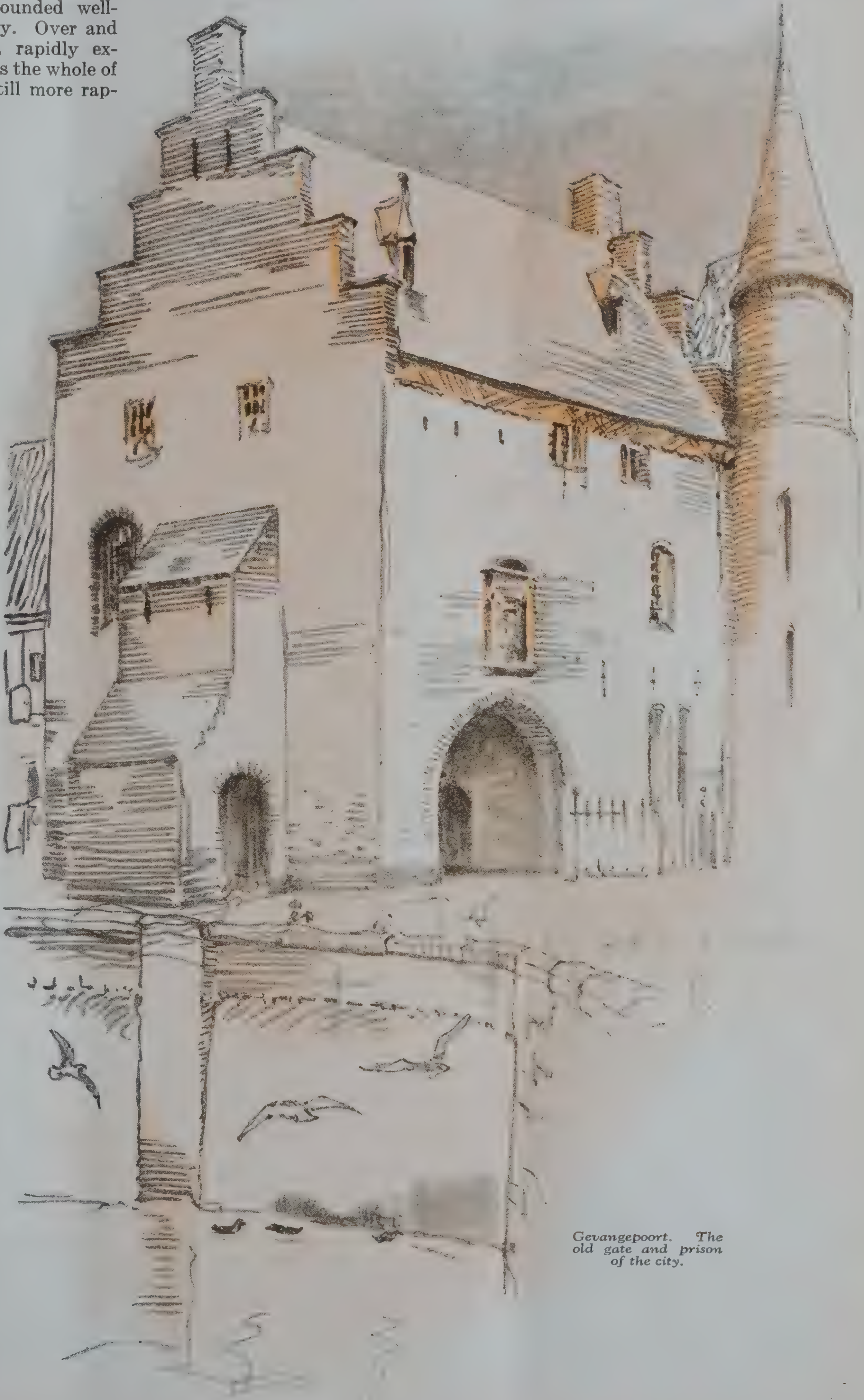
made upon me in this visit of mine after so many years. It may very well be more in my own mind than in the external world; and certainly in the great hospitality and courtesy and kindness of its people the town is what it always was, as in the solidity of its appointments and the deeply founded well-being of all its community. Over and above that, The Hague, rapidly expanding in population, as is the whole of Holland—and I believe still more rapidly in wealth—shows today in an even greater degree, so far as I can judge, than in the past, that note of scrupulous care, exactitude, and something more than neatness, which every traveler has marked in Holland for generations.

All the suburbs growing up on the way to the sea show the united thought of a reasonable plan: The new modes of traffic allowed for, space, right curvature, and breadth of avenue and facility everywhere. The woods have not been encroached upon, they become parks as the town grows; and the linking up of the capital with the seacoast at the beach of Scheveningen, which is making the whole one great city, has not spoiled the character of that whole. In that, I think, one has an exception to every similar expansion in Europe, or at least to any that I know.

I wonder whether others returning after a similar lapse of half a lifetime to this ancient, dignified town, with its strong traditions and inhabiting spirit, will find all these things as much preserved as I did. I hope so, for of the things which time may take from our posterity, one which I should most regret for posterity were it lost, would be the art and character of The Hague.

But the silence has gone—and it is the silence I regret. I well remember walking as a young man (in my early thirties) along one of the canals going through the pastures of Holland.

So rambling, so musing, I had a portent: a sound like a machine gun or a door-knocker: approaching, insistent, ceaseless, more and more distracting and shattering, till there passed me a barge driven by a power I had not known before. It was the internal-combustion engine, the demon man has raised to the degradation of arms, the peril of secure islands, and the murder of repose.



Gevangepoort. The old gate and prison of the city.

TONY SARG, *the* Marionette Man

Behind *the* Scenes *of the* Miniature Stage

By JANET MABIE

TONY SARG is in the comparatively small company of men who will never suspect they have worked hard in life, because they have such a lot of fun. He is the triumphant epitome of all the men in the world who cherish a secret longing to own a circus, a wishing ring, a private genie and magic power, all rolled into one superb whole—because he has found absurdly authentic ways to produce the same effects. He is an illustrator, cartoonist and mural artist, although he never went to art school a day in his life. But he builds toy circuses, and makes and operates marionettes with the flair that hints at positive predilection for them. 'Tony Sarg the Marionette Man' they call him. He believed a modicum of nonsense is good for everybody and that marionettes express nonsense better than anyone or anything else possibly could. So he earned the label—as handsome a label in this century as the Pied Piper of Hamelin was in another—by developing a troupe of marionettes with which to prove it.

Mr. Sarg is forty-five years old. He likes to play with dolls and is not afraid of looking ridiculous at it.

He is a neat, mild-mannered, stoutish man, the owner of as fine a smile as ever illuminated a conversation about *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.* In the house in West 9th Street, New York, where his studio is, he will amble about in his shirt sleeves, showing you door harps and clocks with agile little figurines to speak musically of the time. He will place thumb to a button somewhere and, in a little box hung against one wall, two little dancers will caper genially to a fragile tune. He loves people to be surprised at mechanical toy contrivances hidden here and there throughout the house.

Tony Sarg with a few members of his puppet family.

We began with his selection of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.* He had chosen the story for a new marionette play. He was looking very pleased with himself. 'I chose Ali Baba,' he said, 'because its folk were a finely dressed lot—that is Mrs. Sarg's job, the costumes—and where they were there were also elephants and marvelous swaying camels, dogs, sheep, singing palm trees, not to mention an Oriental dancer, a juggler and a fakir who could make a tree grow. Then there were the thieves. You know what a rascally bunch they were. Such a scope to their villainies. Lovely. Yet for all their unanimous wickedness there was a deal of difference in their characters. I wanted to do that characterization with marionettes. Then I particularly always like to do plays wherein justice is meted out with fascinating promptness to wicked people, and good people get handsome bags full of gold. And the Oriental atmosphere . . . . The little house in the square, with its ruddy roof, the slamming of its upstairs' windows on unfinished conversations . . . Shrewd Morgiana . . . The arch over the streets with caravans coming through . . . My beautiful camel swaying along . . . Dogs sniffing and yapping about . . .

'The Oriental dancer gave me more satisfaction, I guess, than all the rest put together. I doubt if so complicated a figure had ever been used before on the marionette stage. I rehearsed her and rehearsed her. Gradually she grew lovely and graceful. And when two highly trained puppeteers and thirty-seven strings had done their best she was so seductive that the evil old man never saw she had a knife until it was too late.'

Everyone asks Mr. Sarg how he came to be the marionette man. And, since he was born in Guatemala, how he came out to the United States.

'My mother was English and an artist,' he explained. 'My father owned a plantation. Sugar and coffee. When I was six my father thought I should learn to be useful. He said, "You shall feed the chickens each morning at 6:30 as your chore." We did not see eye to eye about the hour. I set out to get round it without starving the chickens. I rigged a system of pulleys running from the chicken yard to my bedside. Well, after dusk I placed grain in the outer chicken yard. Promptly at 6:30—oh, I could wake up if I couldn't get up—my pulleys squeaked, little doors opened, the chickens responded appropriately.

'At breakfast father said, "Good morning, Tony, and did you feed the chickens?" I answered, "Yes, sir," and he said, "So? I must have missed you. I did not see you downstairs at 6:30." It was too much for my pride, so I showed him the pulleys. And that, I suppose, was the beginning of my becoming a marionette man because it was my first serious mechanical adventure, one of a considerable line and it helped me when I came to discover that the basis of successful marionette operation is flexibility which must often be mechanically induced.'

Among intervals of schooling was one spent at Lichterfelde, the German West Point, and that had something to do with the marionette shows too. Something was said about Mr. Sarg's cramming five times more work into a day than most people can, and a good percentage more of variety and he said: 'It must be because I never get tired. I think that's German army training cropping out, a good harmless way for it to crop out. In 1915 I was working at illustrating in London and when I was asked to resign from my clubs I knew the German army training was having its say against me because of the war. So I packed up my American wife, my daughter and my marionettes and brought them out to America.

'Oh, yes, by this time I had some marionettes. Not like those I have now, but enough for a start. Part of them were left me by my grandmother. Some were very old, genuine Chinese marionettes. The others I made. When I first got to London, intending to become a great illustrator, I was poor of course. One day I noticed tourists staring from the tops of buses in Lincoln's Inn Fields at Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop. A dilapidated two-family house it was. An antique dealer occupied the basement. The rest wanted attention and a tenant as much as any place I ever saw. I took a chance and got a sixteen years' lease for £80 a year. Fool's luck! The antique dealer's rent became £60 per annum. An upper room became my studio with top lighting. I began poking about. I found Little Nell's Room. I had heard dozens of tourists inquiring of the antique dealer about it. Such a sad, bleak little room. I furnished it with a delectable four-poster bed, rushlight candles, engravings on its walls, genuine ones. I stood in the corner an umbrella which might have been Little Nell's grandfather's. Then I tacked up a sign "See Little Nell's bedroom, admittance sixpence." In a year I had two thousand dollars' worth of sixpences. Also I had taught acquisitive tourists a lesson—after some one of them filched an original Cruikshank engraving—by wiring down all Little Nell's belongings.

'Now I was beginning to be asked about to gatherings of artists, to places where everyone shared in amusing everyone else. I seemed unable to do a single clever thing. But one day I saw Holden, the greatest of English puppeteers, and all of a sudden it came to me that I had my grandmother's marionettes. I had played with them a lot for my own amusement. I would become a puppeteer. Holden came of a family of hereditary puppeteers whose secrets were transmitted from generation to generation. When I went to see him and asked a few questions he froze me out. My alternative was to attend sixty performances to which I applied powerful opera glasses. I learned a lot; among other things that the middle sections of all his marionettes were hollow and thus they could walk and sit with ease.

'Don't think I wasn't proud when I gave my first marionette show in the Old Curiosity Shop to a crowd of artists and newspaper friends. It wasn't so very elaborate. There was no "Ali Baba." But it was my share of the entertaining for one evening.'

—Charles Curtis Photo.

Mr. Sarg standing in the wings backstage at the Marionette Theater, while a puppet play is in progress.

Then Mr. Sarg came to America. It must have been a wrench to leave the Old Curiosity Shop, among other things. And when he had made up his mind to develop a marionette show seriously one of the first things he did was to invent a controller because he hadn't enough fingers to control the sometimes twenty-five or thirty strings required for one puppet in a scene. And the controller made it possible for his little people to smile, to move their eyes and mouths, to dance, to play musical instruments and even to smoke pipes.

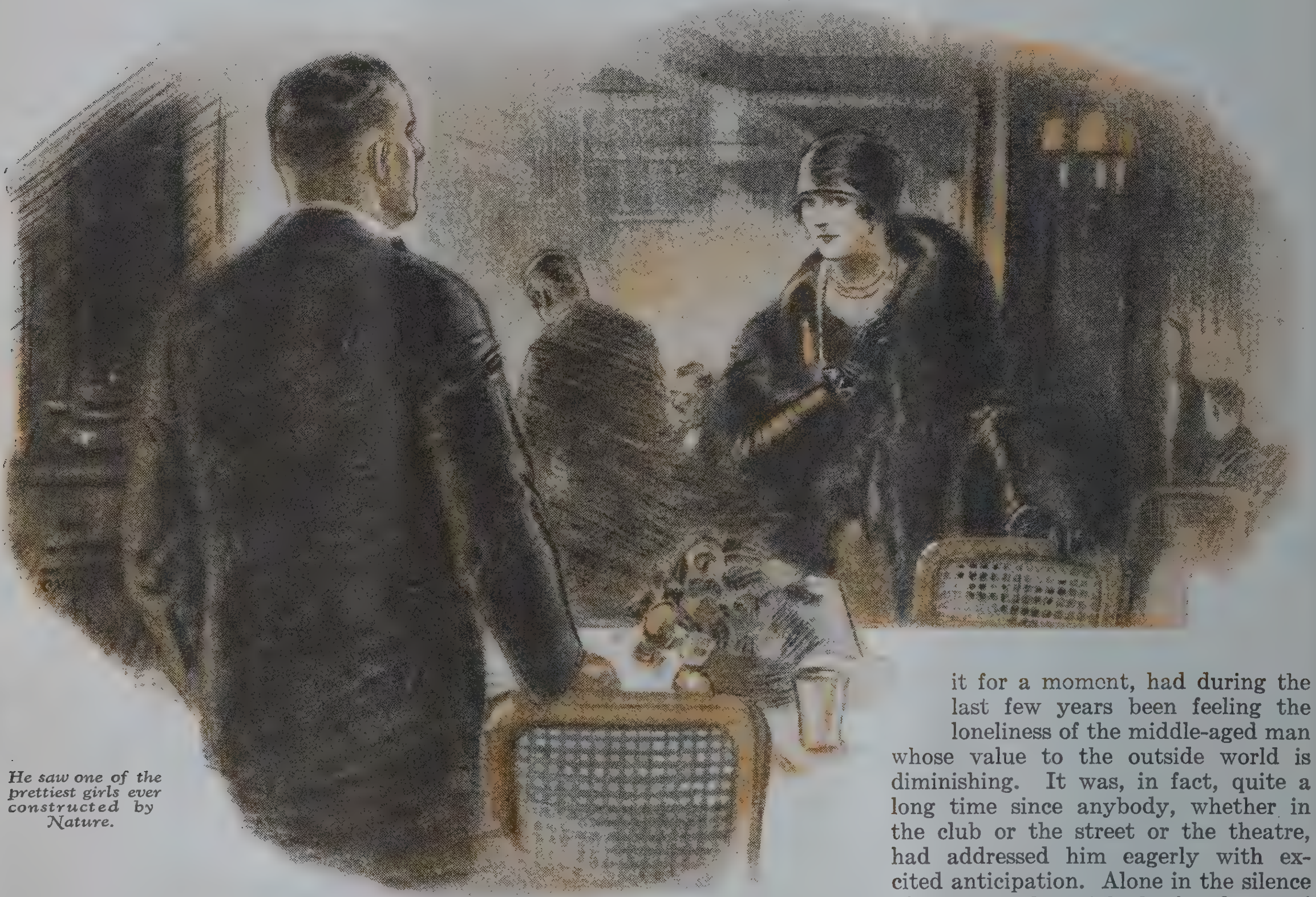
'I used to hope a permanent marionette theater could be established for children. But it was impracticable, because children could only go on Saturdays. But now in so many cities marionettes are officially used in the schools. The stages are simply made. The front built of plaster board is tall enough for the children to stand behind, and the theater itself is of two boxes, one for each scene in a two-act play, clamped to the plaster board with spring clothespins. The puppets are often made of cardboard and kept between the leaves of a magazine when they are not in use. In fitting the stages and making the marionettes the children get practice in the art of designing and, in giving the plays, in reading.

'I know there are schools where languages are being taught by means of marionettes. I have spent a considerable amount of time designing and making a marionette theater of toy proportions that can be easily operated by children. The little figures are being especially made in Italy and a special book of six little plays will go with them. I shall have finished these in the autumn. Marionettes teach children character building; self-control and patience, too, because the presentation of a marionette play gives them experience in waiting to act and in the putting forward of original ideas.'

It would be a strong-minded person who could resist the desire to know how Mr. Sarg has secured some of his effects. For instance, how was Gruffanuf, who insulted a fairy in *The Rose and the Ring* transformed with such horrifying speed into a door knocker?

'A scene after my own heart,' Mr. Sarg said. 'Gruffanuf has a hollow body. He is manipulated by thirty-six strings. Hardly have his dreadful words left his mouth when two sets of strings, one manipulated from the overhead platform and the other from backstage, settle his fate. The backstage strings draw him into the hole which leaves in view only his head for a knocker. And when the fairy transforms him into himself again the overhead strings draw his body forth from its ignominious position. Gruffanuf's plight, Margaret's finding of the sausages at the end of her nose in *The Wishing Ring* and Nick Vedder, smoking his pipe in *Rip Van Winkle* always amuse me. They are such admirable examples of cause and effect. You will remember (Continued on page 24)

The MAN Who Lost HIS IDENTITY



He saw one of the prettiest girls ever constructed by Nature.

By HUGH WALPOLE

Copyright by HUGH WALPOLE

Illustrated by H. W. McCREA

Pritchard, the hero of this story, is middle-aged, an egoist, and wonders why he is avoided by his friends. His busybody disposition stands in the way of Meening who wishes to marry his sister. Meening sets the bore-removal agency to work on Pritchard and their personnel plans to convince Pritchard that his name is Guy Forrester, a man of quite a different disposition who is liked by everybody.

PRITCHARD went back to his chambers. This was the most awful thing that had ever happened to him. There were several letters for him on his dining-room table. He felt a great sense of relief when he picked them up; they were all addressed to Henry Pritchard, Esq. He walked up and down the room, thinking the whole thing out. First, there was somebody in London exactly resembling him; this somebody was plainly a very agreeable fellow whom people were delighted to see. Pritchard was no fool, and he realised that these three men who had spoken to him had addressed him with an eagerness and a cordiality that was not the manner with which his own friends greeted him. We go on from year to year so thoroughly accustomed to our own habits and ways of life that it is very difficult to realise that they could ever be otherwise. Pritchard was at heart, like most Englishmen, a sentimentalist. He adored to be liked, and at one time, in earlier days, he had been extremely popular; but he had known, although he had never confessed it to himself, that of late years the increased geniality and heartiness of his own manner had covered up a little the absence of heartiness in the manners of others. All great egoists are subjectively suspicious of themselves; they have built up a great wall of defence around their personality and conditions, and at all costs this wall has to be kept absolutely intact. Let the tiniest hope appear and the whole edifice crumbles instantly, and then has at once feverishly to be built up again. Every post, every little implied criticism, every chance encounter, is a desperate danger. Pritchard, although he would never admit it for a moment, had during the last few years been feeling the loneliness of the middle-aged man whose value to the outside world is diminishing. It was, in fact, quite a long time since anybody, whether in the club or the street or the theatre, had addressed him eagerly with excited anticipation. Alone in the silence of his room that night he faced several facts about himself. He had liked extremely the look of that man Bellows at the theatre—just the sort of man he did like; it seemed a shame that here was the opportunity of a friendship exactly of the right kind offered to him in London, and yet at the same time forbidden to him. Why did not men of the Bellows type come up to him, Pritchard, in that sort of way? Could it be possible that there was something wrong with him? Let the true egoist once start on the broad road of self-suspicion, and there's no end to his horrible discoveries. Could it be that his own dear family were sometimes bored with him and wanted him elsewhere? Could it be—worse suspicion of all—that he sometimes talked too much about himself? He had, he told me afterwards, very little sleep that night. For a man of Pritchard's habit that means a great deal.

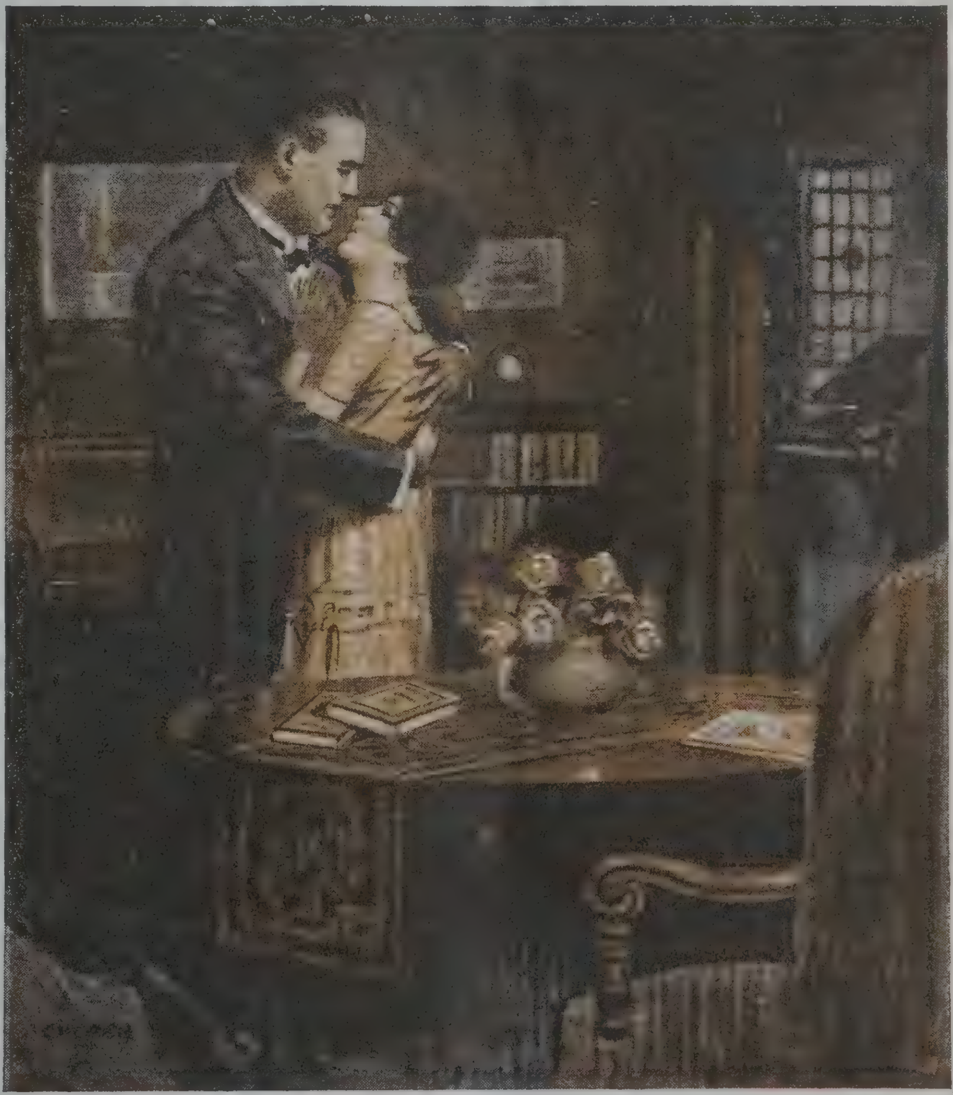
There next occurred a piece of marvellous luck for our firm. I had, as I think you will agree, laid my plans very carefully, but my final crowning success does not lie to my credit. Towards seven o'clock one evening, soon after these events, I was walking down the Haymarket, when I encountered a great friend of mine, Miss Helen Freed, one of the prettiest and nicest girls in London. She was a girl who led one of those modern independent lives at which our most up-to-date novelists are always hinting terrible things, whereas there is nothing terrible about them at all, but only a pleasant freedom and an independent disregard of Victorian silliness. I asked Helen where she was going. She told me that she was intending to have a bite of something somewhere, and afterwards would join a girl friend at the theatre. At that very moment—and surely these things are arranged by an all-watching and often benevolent Providence—Pritchard passed us, stopped one instant to look at the posters outside His Majesty's Theatre, and then vanished down the steps into the Carlton Grill. It was then that I had my inspiration. 'Do you want to have a little fun,' I asked Helen, 'and to do some good at the same time?'

OF COURSE she did. Without being at all priggish about it, these were her two objects in life. Then I quickly explained things to her, told her about Bellows and Brown, informed her of the imagined Guy Forrester's supposed position and attributes, assured her that Pritchard was, behind his absurdities, a thorough gentleman, that no harm could possibly come to her, and that much good might be the result. Of course she hesitated, and I think that if the evening had not been lovely, the Haymarket crammed with that spirit of romance and adventure that London, in spite of its grime and the County Council, continually provides, she would not have taken the risk. In the light of after events there was, I fancy, one other inducement—she had looked at Pritchard as he stood for a moment near the theatre. You know how quick women are to make up their minds. I think there was something about him that she liked from that very first glance. She went into the Carlton Grill—she had often been there before—and was ushered with much friendliness to a table. She looked at Pritchard for a quarter of an hour; that decided her. She told me afterwards that, in spite of his health and ruddiness, he looked helpless and desolate. She was touched by him, in a way, of course, that no man ever would have been; it was her maternal instinct. Just as Pritchard had finished his sole and was wondering gloomily why it was that in these days he was so often alone, he heard a charming voice: 'Guy, my dear, how lovely to see you, and alone, too, you, the most popular man in London! What a piece of luck!'

So it had happened again! A shiver ran down Pritchard's spine, but he was not now unprepared, as on the other occasions he had been. Moreover, looking up, he saw one of the prettiest girls ever constructed by Nature (in the main), but also with a little assistance from art. He had the wildest temptation to succumb to the whole thing, to allow himself just for half an hour to be this charming Forrester, the most popular man in London, and to ask this girl to sit down beside him and to continue to smile at him in that perfectly charming way. He did stammer, 'Oh, won't you sit down?' and then, when she did so, because he was a very honest man, he tried half-heartedly to explain. 'You've made a mistake,' he began, his heart thumping as he spoke, 'but never mind—at least, never mind for a moment. I think you'd be interested to hear about the mistake. It's a most extraordinary thing,' he went on, stammering a bit. 'I don't want you to bother about that—at least, what I mean is that if you do bother about it you won't talk to me any longer.' And then he broke off because a waiter approached, and Miss Freed gave the waiter to understand that she would have the rest of her meal at this table; she had met an old friend.

'My dear Guy,' she said, 'I don't know what you're talking about; you look quite upset. But it is the luckiest thing in the world that I should get you alone like this, with a chance of telling you that I think you were simply splendid about poor Lance. That you should have taken all that trouble about a man whom you scarcely know, simply because—well, because you've got a certain liking for me, I suppose—is flattering, to say the least.' And then, as Pritchard tried to interrupt: 'No, don't say anything about it. I know—I've heard from lots of people—it's the hardest thing in the world to get a job for anybody these days, and the trouble you must have taken about Lance is simply marvellous, and I'll never forget it.'

This was indeed awful for an honest man. Oh, how he wished—how fervently he wished—that he had taken trouble about Lance, whoever Lance might be! But, indeed, it was a long time, as he now too clearly perceived, since he had taken any trouble about anybody. 'Look here,' he said urgently, staring at her beauty and dreading the moment when that light of pleasure and gratitude must fade from her beautiful eyes, 'do believe me, do listen to me. I



A moment later he was kissing her.

can't let you praise me for things I haven't done. You've made a mistake. It's happened to me several times lately. There's some man going about London who's exactly like me—he must be my very image. I'd like to be him if I could, but I can't if I'm not, can I?'

Helen Freed laughed, so that several people at tables nearby looked up and smiled; she was extremely charming when she laughed. 'Guy,' she said, when she'd recovered a little, 'are you doing this for a bet, or are you trying to tell me that you want to be by yourself this evening, or what is it? We've always been honest with one another, and we may as well go on being honest now.'

'Oh, I am being honest—I am indeed!' he cried. 'I tell you what I say is true. My name is Henry Pritchard, and I live in Half Moon Street. I have never seen you before, although I wish to Heaven I had. I don't know your name nor anything about you, but—but I'll be Forrester or anyone else you like, I'll take credit for any good deed in the world, if only you'll stay for a little and talk to me!'

SHE looked very serious then, and answered in a voice full of tender kindliness: 'I don't know what your game is, Guy, but whatever it is, I'm with you. You've got some reason for this, I suppose, and if you like to be a mysterious man in Half Moon Street for the rest of our meal—why, go ahead. As a matter of fact,' she went on confidentially, 'I have often thought what fun it would be to take on somebody else's character for a little. I have imagined myself all sorts of people at different times, so while I eat my chicken you shall pretend to be somebody else, and if I like the person you pretend to be, I'll pretend to be somebody else, too; it will be most refreshing for both of us.'

How delighted he was! How eagerly he began to tell her all about himself—what a famous footballer he had once been, how cleverly he had made his money and kept it instead of losing it, as most people did, of how nice his family was, but of how strangely, during the last few years, things had seemed in some odd way to go wrong with him, of how he was very often alone now, and of how he was beginning to wonder whether, after all, in some mysterious way it might be his own fault, and then of this extraordinary thing that had happened to him—of how four people had spoken to him in the last ten days as though he were somebody else, and of how pleased these people had been to meet him, more pleased, he was beginning to think, than anyone had been for a long time to meet the real him that was Henry Pritchard.

They sat there for an hour at least, Helen Freed treating him with a wonderful mixture of attention and kindliness, with just a hint in her smiling eyes that of course this was only a game, quite an amusing one and entirely novel. Then she had to go. She was late as it was; she must meet her friend. 'You'll see me again?' he said. 'You will, won't you?'

'See you again!' she cried. 'You're really extraordinary tonight, Guy. Is there ever a time when I'm not delighted to see you? Come and lunch with me tomorrow—you know, the same old rooms, in Walpole Street, Chelsea, one o'clock.'

'But I don't know your name,' he said in an agony, 'I don't really. It isn't a game. I have told you nothing but the truth. I have never seen you in my life before, but, Heaven helping me, it isn't the last time I do!'

She turned to him as she was about to go up the stairs. 'Well, you shall have your way,' she said, laughing. 'We'll play the game to the end. My name is Helen Freed—with two "ee's," not with an "a," as you once spelled it; spelling was never your strong point, Guy.' And she was gone.

Poor Pritchard had no sleep at all that night. He walked his room trying to invent pieces of poetry, and when he could see through the thick intoxicating haze that surrounded him, puzzled again and again as to how he could keep her, as to whether he couldn't in reality continue to be this strange Guy Forrester. Impossible things seem so possible at three o'clock in the morning.

He arrived at Walpole Street half an hour too early, walked down as far as the Town Hall and back again, turned off towards the river and then back once more, and then at last, trembling with a deep and really humble excitement, he climbed a flight of stairs and rang a bell. Her room was very pretty. He knew nothing about pictures, but here, in love as he was, the water-colour drawings and the orange sofa, the amber bowl with its roses, enchanted him; he was in a land of enchantment. She came in happier to see him than anyone had ever hitherto been. A moment later he was kissing her. He did not know how it had happened; he did not think that he had never seen her before yesterday, and she did not know it, and she did not think it either. 'And now,' he said, standing away from her, 'it's Henry Pritchard who is asking you to marry him, it's Henry Pritchard, it's Henry Pritchard, it's Henry Pritchard. I don't know anything about you except that I love you, and that I believe that you love me, and surely whether my name is Pritchard or Forrester doesn't matter. If it's Forrester's character you care for, then I'll have Forrester's character; I'll be just what he was, and then I'll be better than that because he isn't married to you and I shall be.'

'Wait a moment!' she cried. 'We can't go as fast as that. I don't know you at all, and you don't know me.'

'You don't know me?' he returned fiercely. 'Why, you told me yesterday that you'd known me for years, that I was the best friend you had, that you were terribly grateful. If you don't know me, what about Lance, for whom I got a job the other day? Why were you so glad to see me if you don't know me?'

I WAS glad to see you,' she answered, 'because I had never seen you in my life before, and you'll never want to see me again because I behaved disgracefully, and am ashamed of myself, and glad, too, because if I hadn't behaved disgracefully I never would have spoken to you and never would have had the happiest hour of my life. And now you'd better go, and I shan't be surprised if you cut me the next time we meet.'

He asked her then to explain, and she did. She didn't know, of course, the whole of the affair; all she knew was what I'd told her in the Haymarket. At her mention of my name he was more than ever bewildered. He knew me scarcely at all, and he could not conceive what I had to do with his affairs, but dimly saw that there was a plot. He realised at least that there was no Guy Forrester, and mixed with the relief at that, there was, as he tried clumsily to explain to me afterwards, an odd sort of regret; he was beginning to like Forrester—at least, he was beginning to like the attitude to Forrester that other people had.

But it says, I think, a great deal for his amiable character that he bore no malice against anybody. How could he? He was so terribly in love that he could think only well of all the world. If somebody had played a practical joke upon him, perhaps, after all he had deserved it. He explained to her that he had been too much alone lately, and that perhaps that had forced him to think too much about himself. With the naïveté of a child he declared: 'It isn't about myself that other people want to hear; they want to talk about themselves.'

'I want to hear you talk about yourself,' she told him, 'for weeks and weeks.'

'Yes,' he answered with, for him, amazing perspicacity, 'but when we've been married a year you won't want to.'

'Well, let's get married and see,' she said.

It is scarcely necessary to add that little Meening paid our firm the second fifty pounds without a murmur.

On Pritchard's mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man; a pleasant, smiling face he has. When people ask him as to who this is, he says: 'Oh, that's Guy Forrester—my best friend.' But he doesn't know who it is. He found it one day in a photographer's shop. But it has just that kindly, good-natured, jolly expression that Guy Forrester is certain to have had.

What Makes *a* Singer?

THERE is one more or less musical attribute which may make an opera singer, and that is possession of tremendously loud and sustained high tones. But here are some factors which have lifted members of opera companies into the category of magnets:

'Mme. Jeritza's ability to sing "Vissi d'Arte" while lying on her stomach.

'Mr. Gigli's altercation with Mme. Jeritza and his unpopularity with Italian secret societies.

'Mr. Chaliapin's eminence in Russia under the Soviet régime.

'Mary Garden's alleged lack of clothing in such rôles as "Thais." (How valuable was the joke about "Mary Garden in thighs"?)

'Mary Lewis' whilom appearances in the Ziegfeld "Follies."

'Marion Talley's Kansas City nativity.

'Ganna Walska's supposedly terrible singing.

'Perhaps you wonder about the last item. Can it be that report of a singer's obvious shortcomings constitutes a good reason for going to hear her? It can, and it does. Remember the Cherry Sisters! When it was rumored last fall that Mme. Walska would make a guest appearance with a traveling opera company in New York, there was a great demand for tickets at the box office. Did the prospective purchasers make reservations to enjoy the opera? Answer it yourself. In any case, Mme. Walska can draw at least one profitable house whenever she chooses to sing in New York. There are other publicity angles to Mme. Walska, as readers of tabloid dailies can tell you, but you probably know them better than I do!'

*A*dventuring *in the* Amazon Valley

Explorer's *Weird* Experiences *Along* Untrodden Byways

By C. R. ASCHEMEIER

The object of this trip was to make a collection of specimens of the flora and fauna of the Amazon Valley for the Smithsonian Institution; and being in the equatorial regions I thought it would be of interest to compare my experiences in the Western Hemisphere with those I had in the French Congo, West Africa.—*C. R. Aschemeier.*

LEAVING New York aboard the Brazilian steamer *Pocone* for the city of Para, situated at the mouth of the mighty Amazon, could hardly be called a very pleasant trip, at least not to one making it for the first time.

The water for miles before coming into sight of land is of a yellow hue, caused by the silt and mud being carried far out to sea from the great river. After a very tiresome journey of twelve days, a pilot came aboard to guide us up the Para River, a branch of the mighty Amazon. On the steamer were many persons whose destination was Rio de Janeiro. They were much interested in my journey, but all without exception seemed to think that I was going to my own funeral. They delighted in telling me of the dangers ahead—of fever, insects, and snakes. However, I had experienced such things before and made light of them.

C. R. Aschemeier and the country where he worked.

Owing to my previous experience in the tropics, it did not seem to me that it was such a hardship to go ashore in the middle of the day, but many of those who did were obliged to run for the shade as quickly as possible. When in Africa I wore a pith helmet, and I thought it strange that the people here should wear ordinary straw and felt hats. The rains in the afternoons, too, were exactly what I had been accustomed to in West Africa.

I did not care to linger very long at Para, but managed to visit the zoölogical park and the library of the museum. As I had come to the country to get, among other things, a few river porpoises, I secured some specimens of these, and with a sigh of relief I boarded the *Sao Salvadore*, bound for Santareme, where the Rio Tapajos empties into the Amazon. However, before we reached our destination, we met with a most uncomfortable experience—our boat ran aground on a mud bank, which delayed us for nearly two days.

Airplane view of the harbor of Para.

When we were again under way, I noticed many porpoises in the water, and many floating islands, covered with a vegetation not unlike that of the papyrus islands I had seen when in the French Congo. A few birds and monkeys were also to be seen. I saw schools of porpoises—something I had never before seen in fresh water. They came quite close to the boat, and I could readily see there were at least two or three species of them.

At Jararaca, a small village named after one of the serpents of the valley, the boat stopped to take aboard many large flasks of Brazilian rum, called *cashassa*. I was offered some by our captain, but one sip of the stuff was enough for me.

As a rule, the shores of the Amazon were covered with dense forests, right to the water's edge. Here and there savannahs and small openings could be seen, where people had built a bamboo house or two, always on high bamboo posts.

The Indians of this country have nearly all disappeared except far in the interior. I had the good fortune to see quite a number. Their appearance is distinctly Mongolian—high cheek bones, and coarse, black straight hair—though the larger group along the Amazon Valley were the Cabocas, mixed breeds of various kinds, generally Indian, Portuguese, and African.

After weeks of very tiresome traveling, especially as I did not speak Portuguese, the language of that section, we reached Santareme. Here I wished to secure a few specimens for the Smithsonian Institution. So one day, accompanied by two natives I set out to try to harpoon a porpoise, the weapon being an iron hook with a rope tied to it, which in turn was fastened to a pole. We saw many porpoises but were unsuccessful in securing one. A few days later two natives brought one in but only after waiting nearly two days and a night in a certain narrow pass near a creek. Their canoe had been smashed and they had barely escaped with their lives. A nine-foot porpoise can accomplish much after it has been 'hooked.' Two natives helped me to preserve the skeleton for the Smithsonian. When we were about to remove the eyes, a native woman, by gesticulating, asked for one of them. I afterward learned that she wished the eye of the 'boto' because it would give her the power to see many things not visible to the human eye.

I made a trip up the Tapajos River to observe how they gathered rubber, having witnessed the same thing in the Congo region. An incision is made in a tree, and little runways are cut to a cup or gourd which catches the white, sticky fluid. It is then carried to the camp to be prepared. A stick is dropped into the fluid, removed, and held over a fire to dry, and this process is repeated until the lump is of the desired size. So it is simply layer upon layer. Slow work, but it suits the Caboca admirably.

I had promised to visit a friend I had met at Santareme, Herbert A. Riker, who with his brother had settled on the Amazon at the close of the Civil War. The journey to the plantation was to be one of the most exciting in my life, and I was to have one of the narrowest escapes from death experienced in all my travels. I stowed what collecting outfit I could into a small canoe and while my guide could speak no English, nor I Portuguese, I had no doubt about his getting me safely to the plantation. However, before the night was over I had many occasions to regret my lack of knowledge.

ABOUT two o'clock in the afternoon we left Santareme, and after paddling a long way down the Amazon we came in sight of a house on the bank, and thought that our battle with the currents and other obstructions was surely at an end. On arrival at this habitation my guide talked quite earnestly with the occupants (some three or four Cabocas), and I realized by his facial expressions that all was far from well. He then turned to me and jabbered away, but not a word could I understand; I had learned from previous experience merely to say 'yes' whenever I did not understand.

By this time the mosquitoes were out in countless swarms. Fortunately I wore my head net. I had two carbide lamps with me, and these I lighted, for night was upon us. The guide still talked as if he were asking me some question or other, and I could only reply, 'Yes, yes.' I reasoned that this native would know better than I what to do in an emergency, though I felt we were in for it. I also knew that if we did not get somewhere before three or four o'clock in the morning we would get drenched, as at this time of year a heavy downpour occurs regularly at that hour. It was lucky that I had the carbide lights, and I played them on the shore to help navigate the boat.

Of course, I knew that this particular native would be just as superstitious as all the others of his kind, and I must admit that I felt a bit unstable, but I could not afford to let the guide know my feelings. I learned from Mr. Riker later that this boy was subject to epileptic fits. I tried to recall a few home songs and to whistle a bit, simply to break the terrible silence. Soon I discovered that we had left the main channel of the river; that we were constantly among tall grass, and that many fish kept jumping out of the water all round us. The Caboca was greatly perturbed and by the way he whined I knew that all was not well with him. Once, when several fish jumped out of the water at the same time, he was so startled that he nearly capsized the canoe. This went on until about midnight, when my lights went out. I came to the conclusion that we were lost, and, not being able to relight the lamps, I decided to let the Caboca take charge of the situation and trust to his native cunning to extricate us.

Up to this time I had forgotten all about sleep, but now I began to feel drowsy, and lay down on my duffle bags in the bow of the canoe, wondering the while if we would pull through. After some time I dozed off, and must have been asleep an hour or more, when bump! something hit the canoe an awful blow, and woke me. The Caboca was horribly frightened and excited. He kept saying 'boto' (porpoise) and 'serpent,' which is the same as our own word for snake or serpent. I decided I had better stay awake, and meet with open eyes whatever fate had in store for me, though it was pitch dark.

Many a time had I lain on my back in a canoe at night while traveling in Africa, and many an exciting trip I have had; but here I was, on the mightiest of rivers, lost!

The boy kept paddling, and at last we were out on the main stream again. Every once in a while we ran into a submerged log; and once, while I was peering ahead, I noticed that the boy was not dipping his paddle into the water. Believing he had fallen overboard, I investigated and found that sleep had overcome him. Knowing that we were indeed lost should he not keep awake I almost made up my mind to fire my rifle at intervals. But I did not have to discharge the weapon. Another surprise was in store for us, especially for me. We heard a swishing and a rushing of water.

'What is that,' I thought.

I soon learned. It was one of the many strange phenomena occurring on this river. Our canoe began to go around in a circle. The boy was paddling desperately and so was I, with all my strength, knowing we would have to get away from there. The whirlpool or whatever it was seemed to be drawing us farther out on the Amazon, but after desperate exertion we once more got close to the shore, where I managed to grab hold of a half-sunken tree.

ONCE in a while I could hear what seemed to be rocks or trees falling into the water; but I figured that as long as I could keep that guide from jumping overboard, all might yet end well.

The boy now dipped his paddle in the water as if signifying that we should go ahead, which we did, continually hitting logs, and other obstacles. Through the skilful management of the Caboca, or sheer good luck, we at length struck a small creek where we were out of the current of the Amazon. Paddling up this creek we came to a fisherman's hut built on piles. I climbed over the porch rail. As I put my foot down it struck something soft, which turned out to be one of four men lying asleep. This only produced a grunt from the fellow. My guide tied the canoe firmly, and we both lay down on the porch floor, where we immediately fell asleep.

We were awakened about an hour later by a terrific storm; and when the native I had accidentally kicked retaliated by putting his foot on my stomach in making a run for the house, I gave up sleeping for the rest of the night, and lay huddled in a corner with a rubber poncho over me. I did not feel like intruding upon these people in their one-roomed hut. By dawn I was thoroughly drenched, but the storm had ceased, and the guide bailed the water out of the canoe.

It so happened that one of the fishermen was going our way. Everything seemed peaceful as we paddled along the creek, but it was difficult to keep from dwelling upon the incidents of the night. The guide looked toward me and smiled rather sheepishly—the first time since we started on our journey—and we shortly afterward reached our destination.

Mr. Riker's surprise was great when I told him of our experience; and through him I was able to talk to my guide and learn the reason for some of his strange behavior. It appeared that the boy had been told to go to Mr. Riker's brother and that the main reason for our getting lost was that he had tried to take a short cut.

AT THE plantation I collected quite a large number of birds and mammals for the Smithsonian. One day I came across an agouti, which Mr. Riker referred to as the Brazilian rabbit. I observed that it was standing stock-still, which seemed strange; but chancing to look just beyond the little animal, I saw a large boa constrictor just about a yard from it. The agouti was no doubt being fascinated by the snake, and each was waiting for the other to move, which would have meant the end of the agouti had it moved first. So, as I was collecting anyway, one shell answered for both, and that night I had agouti for supper—a most delicious dish! The snake yielded up a partly digested opossum.

I did not see a jaguar in the wilds; but one day while walking in the hills near the plantation, I saw the fresh prints of one, and later I saw them again close to my friend's place. He told me that jaguars were very numerous a few years ago, and often raided his herds of cattle.

This plantation had many head of cattle, and it was not unusual to see some of them wade into the water up to their necks. In this there is great danger, for schools of the dreaded piranha are frequently seen. This is the fish mentioned by Theodore Roosevelt in his *Through the Brazilian Wilderness*, and he did not exaggerate when he said that once it tasted the blood of animal or man, it would not leave the vicinity until all the flesh had been completely stripped from the skeleton. Often, as the cattle wade into the water for some distance they are seen to make a wild scramble for the shore, showing cuts where the fish have attacked them. It is quite common to see the udders of the animals entirely severed by a single bite.

I have often thought since what fine mouthfuls my guide and I would have been for these rapacious fish had our canoe capsized the night we were lost on the Amazon.

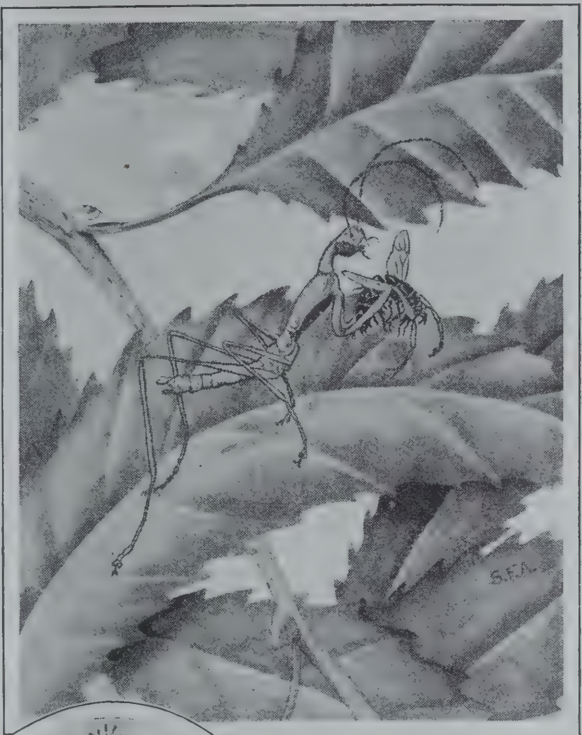
After making a thorough examination of the country for miles around, and securing all the specimens I could for the Smithsonian, I bade the Rikers a reluctant farewell. Just as I was going aboard the steamer *Jao Alfredo*, I saw my friend the Caboca guide of that memorable night on the river wave me a goodby, to which I heartily responded.

It took this steamer only two nights and a day to return to Para.

Some Wild Things in the City

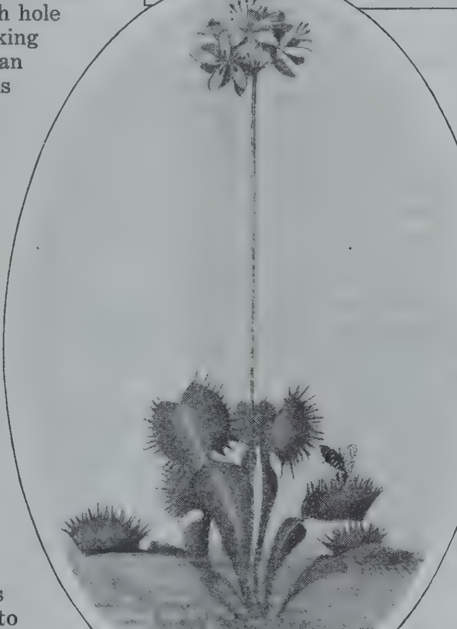
(*Continued from page 6*)

I have thrown clods of dirt, gravel, and sticks into its mouth and it has closed its lips greedily; but it had the sense soon to find out that it had made a mistake, for the trap was reopened and the inedible objects were let fall to the ground. But if a fly or other edible insect is caught, the plant holds on until it has digested its morsel; it then reopens and casts the indigestible skins out on the ground, and resets the trap for another catch.



Praying mantis, which maintains a prayerful attitude. It devours nonstinging insects.

So much for the wild plants I have entertained. The insects that come to my door are far more numerous. Out on my lawn and in my garden, in the bare spots, are a few vertical holes almost a half-inch in diameter, and ranging in depth from eight to twelve inches. The surrounding earth at the opening is hammered into a compact mass, and I have learned to look for ants wherever these holes appear. In each hole dwells an ugly-looking humpbacked worm an inch in length. This creature is the tiger worm, which when fully grown makes the familiar tiger beetle. When all is still about its cabin, it ascends the burrow. Ants have a habit of visiting holes and as they approach the tiger worm's front door, they are promptly pounced upon and soon find themselves hopelessly stuck in its strong jaws.



The water-loving Venus's-fly-trap. It is becoming rare because it is ruthlessly hunted.

One of the curious wild things I have to entertain each year at both my doors is the mantis, or devil's riding horse. I have learned to love it dearly despite the fact it would not take a prize in a beauty contest. It is strong, brave, dashing, and rather fierce. I often watch it slip slyly along a plant where a hungry caterpillar is making a first-class meal on my vines and plants. How quickly it grabs up a green caterpillar in its saw-toothed arms and bites into it like a boy eating an apple! The mantis is harmless to human beings, but woe unto the insect that catches its eye.

One day I ran upon a work of art of one of the shyest neighbors I have had to deal with in many days. It took a fancy to one of my wooden flower boxes and pasted its tiny clay pot to the side. These little potter wasps usually choose the twigs of trees and shrubs for anchoring their artistic earthen vessels. This one filled the earthen pot with small caterpillars, which it had previously stung. The sting did not kill them, producing only paralysis. On the body of one of the caterpillars it laid an egg. When this egg had hatched into a baby potter wasp, all it had to do was to begin to eat: the caterpillars supplied it with fresh food. The pots made by these little insects are the identical patterns of some of the most exquisite pottery made by certain Indian tribes.

A few years ago many of the honeybees that came to my persimmon tree were living in a hollow telephone pole within eight feet of the sidewalk. A knot hole furnished them a front door.

Sometimes in a rainy season, I find honeybees stranded at my place. Nectar is so scarce and hard to find that the bees become too weak to fly. When this happens, I catch them on a green leaf, take them into the kitchen and after diluting sugar with water let them eat heartily of the nectar-substitute.

Baker's Dozen of Bad Guests

(*Continued from page 8*)

may scarcely utter a sentence, and yet, without their sympathetic and responsive presence, the particular conversation could no more have taken place than sails can fill without a breeze.

Those who may be called intimidators and interrupters are the cause of shyness in others. They bawl at the timid, telling them to say something 'amusing,' then interrupt them, always serving a second ball before the first is returned. They ask embarrassing questions—make personal remarks in a voice heard by the whole company. They laugh at the wrong time and not at the right.

In one way and another some people can be as successful as the Riot Act for breaking up a party.

The S O S. man is he who has such an exaggerated horror of being seen silent when both his neighbors are talking to someone else. His vanity cannot bear him to appear left out, even for a moment. Instead of taking a dignified interest in the menu, he makes pitiable attempts to pretend he is taking part in the conversation to right or to left, and his eyes send such an S O S. to his hostess that she feels uncomfortable and obliged to fling him a sentence at which he clutches like a drowning man at a spar.

The statistics fiend is the man with a passion for imparting unsolicited statistics and so appallingly exact that he keeps the whole company waiting while he wonders aloud whether it was last Tuesday or last Wednesday that the unimportant event of which he is speaking occurred.

By his mentality or his manner, the nonconductor somehow presents a surface on which very few, if any, matches can strike.

You might as well talk through a telephone when the receiver at the other end is off for all the help you get.

The incorrigibly inattentive man's mind wanders before he has finished even his own sentence. His wandering eyes express his thought, and so easily distracted is he that he will try to catch what the dullest may be saying at the opposite end of the table instead of listening to the wit who is actually addressing him.

This concludes our dozen, but let us make it a baker's dozen by adding the person who *will* talk what he thinks appropriate to particular personalities—in reality as though he were interviewing them for the press.

He insists on the unfortunate 'lion' sticking to his own subject—probably the very last on which he has any inclination to roar. Many tired 'lions' in search of leisure find themselves confronted by these self-appointed impressarios.

Equally to be deprecated are those who always hunger for talk to 'lead somewhere.' The dictum once pronounced by a very clever woman that 'any talk which did not develop into something approaching to a committee was waste of time' is indeed appalling in its utilitarianism. Good talk needs no ulterior motive, being in itself one of the very best of human ends.

The Greatest National Calamity

(*Continued from page 3*)

thrown into the field to grapple with the mad Mississippi and to care for its victims.

After two months the flood waters are beginning to recede. Northern states are fairly clear, and high land is once more showing in those farther south. But the battle of the flood is by no means over.

With the passing of the water new problems arise, problems fully as serious as those of rescue. Where fields and orchards and pleasant lawns existed before, only slime is left—a vast area of infected slime, pregnant with potential disease. Sources of drinking water have been contaminated. Myriads of pools breed germ-carrying insects. Rotting carcasses of multitudes of animals are caught in the swamps or the lowlands. Black clouds of flies swarm on all dead matter. Malaria, typhoid, dysentery (the latter most fatal of all diseases to children in the South), lurk in the background.

The new battle is a battle against disease. Never before through the years of its existence has the nation faced so critical a disease menace as that now existing in the Mississippi Valley.

The River in Rage

Floods have many phases, many moods. There is the muffled roar of the river as it beats its way against the levees erected by men to save their homes; there is the open roar of the crevasse, where the waters rush through with the force of a Niagara after they have battered down artificial barriers; there is the ominous lapping of the backwaters as they rise, inch by inch, over doomed territory, carrying death to all living matter within their grasp.

After it has settled down in its relentless battle with humans, the Mississippi is like a rattlesnake: it gives warning before it strikes. But in the early days of a flood, and on the rushing tributaries of the river whence the floods come, little warning is sounded.

The first of April saw heavy rains over an enormous region—two-fifths of the entire United States, to be exact. Rains are no novelty to the Midwest; nor are floods to the dwellers along the Mississippi. But ordinarily the rains and the melting snows are so timed that the lower tributaries discharge their flood volumes into the Mississippi before high water from the upper tributaries reaches the river. Thus, excess water is carried off in progressive stages and the Mississippi is held within bounds. This year all tributaries except the Ohio were in flood at the same time. The result was inevitable. Man's greatest efforts were puny beside the terrific force of the river. Theories were countless as to what *might have been done* in the past, and these theories will occupy the attention of the nation for months to come in the search for a prevention of such disasters in the future. But theories are useless things in time of catastrophe. There was the river. There were the piles of earth erected by man to control that river. The battle was between the two—and the river won.

Between the raging waters of the Mississippi and the surrounding land (which was often thirty to forty feet below the level of the river) were dirt barricades—levees—on which valley dwellers had placed their dependence from almost the earliest days of settlement. Levees had failed in the past; but these, most of them, were high enough, supposedly, to confine the river at its greatest possible stage. Like the fabled chain, however, levees are no stronger than their weakest points. At places the river lapped their tops; at others it bored small holes, and then crumbled them like so many children's blocks.

Desperate Human Courage Fails

Day and night, week by week, worn men fought desperately to control the writhing torrent. Sometimes they were successful, more often they were not. Theirs was a pitiable struggle, a losing one. They were fighting naked natural force against which naked human strength is nothing. Their homes, their fields, sometimes their very lives, were the stake of the battle.

Rain pelted them and they worked on. The bank caved at their feet and they worked on. Only when the river, with an exultant rush, forced its way through would they leave, and then reluctantly. When the common story of America is written, the story of plain people whose heroism is part of their everyday lives, a large chapter will be devoted to those men who pitted their arms and their brains and their hands against the rage of the river.

And another chapter will be given to the rescue workers who risked life (and sometimes lost it) to take men and women and children from flooded houses, from tree tops, from railroad cars. And another to those who periled themselves to take food to people marooned beyond reach of rescue. And another to those who faced death in the magnificent battle against disease.

The great tributaries of the Mississippi were first to go on rampage. Levees line their banks far upstream, but many of them are localized affairs, totally inadequate to withstand the attack of a large flood. One morning early in April the nation awakened to read that a levee had broken on the St. Francis River in Arkansas, and that thousands of acres of bottom land were being flooded. But the nation paid little heed, for floods are rather common, especially in the spring. And the newspapers paid still less, for just then their master obsession was the Gray-Snyder murder trial.

Death and Destitution Cover the Land

A few days later came other breaks. Columbus, Kentucky, historic 105-year-old village once considered as the possible capital of the United States, was swept under by waters from the Mississippi. Cairo, Illinois, island city at the juncture of the Ohio and the Mississippi, was threatened. Levees gave away along the Arkansas, the White, the Mississippi, the Yazoo, the Red.

Thousands were driven from their homes by the advancing water. Drownings were recorded. Few caught by the advancing water were spared: humans, cattle, chickens, wild deer and all sorts of game perished together. Rains added to the torment of the homeless and to the hazards of those fighting to save the levees. All rivers were reported rising. Sandbags were piled on the tops of levees to raise their level above the level of the advancing water.

A Government launch was swamped when it was carried through a crevasse in the Mississippi River levee at Knowlton's Point, Arkansas. Most of its passengers were drowned. Greenville, Mississippi, a city of 12,000 whose resources had been taxed to the limit by the arrival of 6,000 refugees, was flooded by a break in the Mississippi levee a few miles above. Thousands who sought safety on levees were without food or safe drinking water. Sanitary conditions among refugees were bad. Disease broke out in different places. Airplanes were pressed into service to search for marooned persons, to carry food to those in inaccessible places, to guide boats to those clinging to housetops or to trees. Aviators took their lives in their hands every time they entered the flooded regions, for a forced landing would have been fatal. Houses in the direct path of crevasses were torn loose; others on river islands started on a precarious journey toward the Gulf.

Radio Is Utilized

Steamers undertook the dangerous duty of removing people from the river levees. Every small boat available was mobilized for rescue work in flooded territory. Concentration camps were established at convenient points: at Memphis, at Vicksburg, at Cairo. Emergency radio outfits were set up to maintain communication after telegraph and telephone lines were down.

At last—and slowly—the nation began to realize that a great national tragedy had occurred. The Red Cross, which had been taking care of relief work through local chapters, declared the flood a major disaster and dispatched national officers to the scene. Henry M. Baker was made relief 'dictator.' Cabinet officers conferred with Red Cross officials and placed every Government agency at their disposal. Tents and blankets were drawn from the Army; physicians and medicines from the U. S. Public Health Service; seaplanes from the Navy; boats and men from the Coast Guard and Lighthouse Service. An emergency fund of $5,000,000 was decided upon, and President Coolidge issued a direct appeal to the American people.

Emergency Red Cross headquarters were established in one of the buildings of the Ford Motor Company Assembly Plant at Memphis. Relief workers were sent to all parts of the threatened region. The greatest life-saving machine ever assembled during peace time was thrown into the field.

(*To be continued in an early issue.*)

The Wonderland of a Nation

(Continued from page 2)

The farther west you go, the more national parks; and, as I have said before, the farther northwest you go, the more national forests. In the Northwest the Indians seem tame, but not too tame. There seem to be woods enough for them to get lost in, and they retain their self-respect there.

It has much of the character of Virginia from 1725 to 1800. It is Thomas Jefferson's great country. At Jefferson's University of Virginia, the figures of Lewis and Clark in bronze start the mind exploring straight toward the Northwest, and stand as memorials of the union of Virginia with the Pacific.

A recent editorial in the *Spokesman-Review* implies that the Columbia River is the basis of the unity of the Northwest, as the Colorado River is of the Southwest. If very practical gentlemen wish to organize blocks of states around the Colorado or the Columbia for the sake of irrigation schemes quite necessary in their way, it is all very well; but the greatest thing about the Colorado River is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, not its irrigation possibilities; the greatest thing about the Columbia River is the Columbia River gorge, and not its irrigation possibilities.

This dark heresy now brought forward at the peril of my life I must attempt in my feeble way to substantiate. So I refer you to the most iron-jawed evidence that can possibly be imagined: the railroad folder and the summer-tourist folder. Is the traffic brought west, I ask you—the breathing human traffic—by a lot of guff about irrigation? Look at the folder: twenty pictures of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, twenty pictures of the Columbia River gorge; not a folder with a word about irrigation.

I have some dark radical leanings. Sometimes I think the proper thing is just to go and surrender; but I have one conservative thought that may yet keep me out of jail. Look at the pictures on the railroad folders and think them over. It's all scenery. The reason the Northwest is so steady is that it is so near to the old typical Anglo-Saxon stock that likes scenery, the kind that Mr. Mencken hates with all his heart, soul, and gizzard.

Another reason the Northwest is so steady is because there are woods behind woods, woods behind woods, to keep this heavy stock even steadier. The first great Jeffersonian vote was from the backwoodsmen of the Alleghenies; the first great Jacksonian vote was from woodsmen a little farther west. The Northwesterners are hinterlanders of the hinterland, the last of the backwoodsmen. Anyone who hates people of this type ought to move to Spokane and enjoy the hate of his life. There is not a single steerage passenger here, nor yet the great-grandson of one, if we are to judge by the style of the people.

Ralph Budd, president of the Great Northern Railway, is a deep student of Northwestern history. In recent years he has led two historical expeditions westward, the very outline of which indicates his point of view, which no fair-minded man can gainsay. I happened to be a guest on the second expedition, and am a stanch partisan of his.

The Upper Missouri Historical Expedition of 1925 was a nine-day jaunt of university-approved experts who climbed off the special train to make carefully prepared speeches at special places. They pushed as far west in North Dakota and Montana as the limits of the old Louisiana Purchase. Indians, explorers, early fur traders, were honored and interviewed, if alive. They were monumented, if dead; and monographs on their various deeds by ultracautious experts were planned, or read if already prepared. John F. Stevens of New York, the engineer who discovered Marias Pass, was the living, breathing hero of this expedition, and endured the embarrassment of standing beside his own huge statue at the top of this remarkable Marias Pass in northwestern Montana. To be a legend while still in one's prime is none too easy.

The second of President Budd's historical expeditions was the Columbia River Historical Expedition of July 15 to 27, 1926. It went as far west as Astoria, for which see Washington Irving and other well-known writers. If I may hazard a guess, Lawrence F. Abbott, contributing editor of the *Outlook*, had a large diplomatic hand in the measure; and there were enough modern historians along to get up a new small encyclopedia, if needs be. One typical address was that by the Indian Chief of the federated Yakima tribes, George Mennenick, son of one of the signers of the significant Isaac J. Stevens treaty at Walla Walla, himself present on that far-off historic occasion.

Chief Mennenick gave his address in the Indian language, in full Indian regalia;

—Ewing Galloway Photo.

Vast herd of cattle grazing in the hills near Bozeman, Montana.

and being nearly one hundred years old, he carried himself and his years, after the manner of an Indian orator, with vast dignity and splendor. Also, because of being nearly one hundred years old, he had the ancient Indian prejudice against being photographed; and as the guest of honor on this particular occasion, with the governors of many northwestern states gathered around him on the platform, he requested that he should not be photographed.

Of course the photographers paid no attention to Chief Mennenick's one request, and battery after battery of mongrel camera men, who hadn't the remotest notion of what was going on, intruded themselves between the chief and his audience, ruining the view and almost completely destroying the momentary value of the speech. The sooner such irrelevant flies are all driven out of the Northwest by vigilance committees, the better. The curse of all good Indians be upon them.

Possibly enough has been said to show that the Northwest is a region akin to the Virginia frontier of 1725 to 1800, is Jefferson's spiritual country as well as the country of his aspirations and statesmanlike hopes, a British and American region with an imagination of its own, as far from the steerage passenger, jazz, and Greenwich Village bookstores, as it is possible to imagine, a land where the forest reigns and the old Anglo-Saxon stock still dominates. Men still ride horseback in these woods.

While this is a horseback country, it is in no sense a cowboy or a Bret Harte country, and it never has been. As the country developed, and in some spots grew wealthy through lumbering, gold and copper mines, and water power, necessarily the children of the wealthy, and the prosperous mechanics bought what all Americans buy. A lot of hasty generalizers will pass through a few of its rawer hotels and say that this country is organized on the same gasoline-filling-station principles as the rest of the United States. But this is a surface idea, a smoking-car idea. The standing disproof of it is such an institution as the Davenport Hotel, Spokane. It is like the Raleigh Tavern of old Williamsburg, Virginia; the Raleigh Tavern where Jefferson used to dance with his dear Belinda, and where the forefathers of the Republic used to foregather when planning to be forefathers of a Republic.

The steadiness of the Northwest will yet make Going to the Sun Mountain the pivot of an oversped America, the resting point of a land that is in too much of a hurry. Sun Mountain is the most beautiful mountain in America. From some angles it bears the most astonishing resemblance to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now building on Morningside Park, New York; from some angles it is an assemblage of flying buttresses such as gather around the walls of Notre Dame. Every man, be he pilgrim from China or India, may look at that mountain and think of his own temple, glorified.

I can remember making a journey, as a little boy, from Springfield, Illinois, to Trinidad, Colorado. I was with my father. We were going to visit my widowed Grandmother Lindsay who had recently moved to Trinidad. The main amusement on the railroad journey, which was so eventful then that it seemed to take weeks, was looking out of the window of the Pullman with my father for the 'Pike's Peak or Bust!' wagons. They were going straight toward the sunset, parallel with the railroad track, as the automobiles do today.

I kept looking for those that would 'bust'—so many seemed on the point of doing so. 'Poor White' citizens of the United States from Maine to Florida were swept into this 'Pike's Peak or Bust' funeral of prairie schooners and lean horses. Few of the wagons were of the magnificent covered-wagon symmetry and whiteness, though all attempted that general type of architecture. There were always five or ten children looking out from the end gate of the muddy wagon, and at least two dogs in the train.

The West is so prosperous and well-tailored today that one wonders what became of that hookworm cavalcade.

By the time I had reached Colorado Springs and Manitou, I myself was determined to see Pike's Peak or bust, and so was every other little boy on every other Pullman passenger train going west. The mountain was, and is, a vision; the ascent of it then by a special kind of cogwheel railroad train was a great experience. Pike's Peak is like the golden milestone which marked the end of the march of the Roman legionairies into the heart of Rome from the farthest limits of the empire.

The old West was a west of minerals, of gold, silver, copper, and mining-camp adventure. Pike's Peak means all of those things. The stars that shine down upon it seem a 'gemstone and mineral cabinet.' But Going to the Sun Mountain, the pivot of the new Northwest, is not now approached by the old prairie schooner and does not symbolize metals. It is a forest mountain, a newly apprehended cathedral near the Canadian line, for pilgrim America; and it will yet become a pivot and resting point of a land that is in too much of a hurry.

If the Northwest is Thomas Jefferson's great country, then Going to the Sun is Thomas Jefferson's great mountain.

Tony Sarg, the Marionette Man

(Continued from page 15)

that Margaret, unable to restrain herself with the ring upon her finger, wished for sausages and immediately a line of them swung from the tip of her nose. The sausages were in Margaret's pocket. Strings ran from them through her nostril and up to the puppeteer. A tug at the proper moment appended the sausages to her nose.

'Nick Vedder's luxurious smoke entails no mischief on his own part. A tube runs from backstage up through the floor and inside one rear leg of Nick's chair, emerging just above the seat. Another tube runs from his mouth through the middle of his body and out through the backdrop. Then when Nick sits down, if the strings are correctly manipulated, the tube in back slips over the one in the chair making a perfect connection and when Nick lifts his pipe to his mouth the puppeteer backstage puffs smoke from his own cigaret and it emerges from the bowl of Nick's pipe by way of the connected tubes.'

Mr. Sarg regards a gentleman of the old school of China.

Mr. Sarg prefers to do plays not found on the spoken stage, he says—Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring*, *Don Quixote*, and others. 'I commend you,' he said, 'to a study of Don Quixote's preternatural solemnity, yet invite you to say whether the spectacle of an eighteen-inch Don Quixote charging a three-foot windmill is not at once impressive and nonsensical. And who can remain unmoved at the sight of a fat, bragging puppet suddenly become thin by the deflation of a rubber ball concealed in his erstwhile rotund insides?

'I like plays which make people believe in fairies. It is fun to have children see fairies fluttering about in beautiful, gleaming gauze robes, admonishing peasant folk about things which will bring them happiness and good fortune. Fairy plays are difficult to do but they are worth the work. When I first began I had one cast of puppeteers and another cast of actors. Now the same cast pulls the strings and speaks the lines. These men and women stand on the platform at the top of the backdrop or on the floor backstage and must be able to manipulate more than twenty strings with no false motions, untangle them readily if there is a mishap, and bridge gaps between lost cues and the next lines. For the plays I give in public I use a stage proportioned to fit two-foot marionettes.

'I shall never forget the first time I went out on the level with the stage at the end of a play. A shriek rose from the audience. I couldn't think what was wrong. I discovered their eyes had grown so accustomed to the proportions of the stage and marionettes that when I stepped out I looked as if I were twelve to fifteen feet tall and weighed 500 pounds.'

There was no time to go to the marionette laboratory in West 44th Street or to the Sarg home in New Jersey where there is a laboratory annex. But the little house in West 9th Street augurs well for them as treasuries of fantasy.

Relax!

(Continued from page 7)

and moody is worrying. You cannot let football players be moody and worry. They will never play in top form when they do while they are always going in their full stride when they are light-hearted.'

One of the best teams the East has produced in years was the Brown University eleven of last season. This team made the remarkable record (for modern football at least) of going through the entire Dartmouth and Yale games and to within five minutes of the close of the Harvard game with only eleven men, the same players being used in each game without a substitution. Brown was not beaten all season and regarded as a miracle team, considering the schedule.

Mental relaxation kept Brown free from injuries and free from defeat. Tuss McLaughry, the Brown coach, gave each player a pint of milk after every practice. Each day the players listened to music and whenever time was called during a game the Brown team dropped to the ground and the players lay stretched on the sod, perfectly relaxed. McLaughry's constant aim was to save physical and nervous energy and prevent a nervous strain by relaxation at every opportunity.

ONE western team has for several years carried the finest football material in its section of the country. This team started each season by winning its first two or three games by enormous scores and then it would slump, often losing to inferior opponents. I asked the captain of the team to explain why it always dropped off and he told me:

'It's the fault of our coach. He's a great fellow and he knows football but there are some things related to football that he doesn't know. He hasn't learned that you can't spill nervous energy over a football field during the first five days of the week and have much of it left on Saturday.

'His idea is to keep the boys on edge. That is all right but not the way he does it. He wants to keep them on edge from September 15 until the last game of the season. When the boys start in they are fresh and have plenty of energy. They stay on edge for two or three weeks and then they break.

'Our coach has never heard of mental or physical relaxation. Our teams have never had any and you see the result in the scores every year. You can teach a man all the football there is to be learned, but if you put a mental and physical strain on him and try to maintain it, he simply can't pull off any of the stuff he knows. The muscles refuse to respond.'

It is the same with rowing crews. The training here is more severe than for any other college sport and the crew coach who does not manage to find relaxation for his oarsmen is not going to finish anywhere in a two- or four-mile race.

On the day before a Harvard-Yale regatta it is customary to let the helpers stage a race. Cooks, waiters, boat tenders—everybody employed around the boathouse is enlisted. The race is a great event for the varsity oarsmen, sitting on shore and watching the awkward antics of the novices. But, the helpers are rendering a valuable service while getting some fun out of the thing for themselves; they are giving relaxation to the oarsmen and breaking a strain that becomes dangerous twenty-four hours before the start of the varsity struggle.

These observations can also be applied to business. The man who continuously grinds away without a break, who never gets relaxation or who gets it in an improper way, is certain to lose sooner or later. Success cannot be permanent without relaxation.

Music, Color, Play

IT IS not an impossible thing to put on an imposing pageant in the smallest community,' said Miss Era Betzner in the course of an interview. Miss Betzner has done this in almost every state in the Union. 'I find real histrionic talent where it is least suspected. The trouble does not lie in finding the live tools, but the accessories.

'By this I mean the spears, the crowns, the royal robes, the wands and all those other articles so essential in giving an air of reality to a performance.'

Miss Betzner, knowing the need of these communities, opened a Drama Service Bureau in New York City.

Requests for this service have been diversified in scope: The direction and production of pageants, plays, festivals and fairs; community celebrations planned and directed, special holiday programs for churches, schools, clubs and private homes, children's parties and entertainments, dances devised and taught for special occasions, costumes of all kinds designed and executed, stage settings and lighting effects planned, and so on.

Miss Betzner's first experience in drama service work began in a schoolroom in Atlanta, Georgia. Miss Betzner saw that little feet did less shuffling, there was less twisting of nervous little bodies, and the children showed better results in their lessons when the room was made attractive. She went a step further, doing an unprecedented thing in those days—she put on a children's play. A pageant by her pupils followed, attracting such attention to its spiritual value that she was chosen as one of the directors for a Shakespearean pageant, one of the most imposing pageants ever put on in the South.

Another great pageant which she directed was in honor of the opening of Eliza Lucas Hall, a home for young women in industry, in Charleston, South Carolina, in which five hundred sailors and one thousand girls participated. Wherever Miss Betzner went after that, she saw the need of gayer colors, more music, more recreation and a better understanding of the pageant.

MISS Betzner directed the pageant put on as a community feature to celebrate the 175th birthday of the city of Reading, Pennsylvania.

The celebration lasted a week, and the pageant was put on three nights. Perhaps one of the most interesting phases of this event was that rivalry in politics and differences in creed were forgotten. 'Any group,' was a comment heard on that occasion, 'will work together, but the real test of democracy is to play together.'

'We need more color,' concluded Miss Betzner, 'more music, more appreciation of play.'

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Next Week's Issue

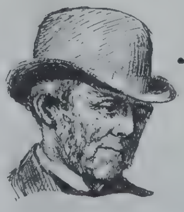
A Chinese LIVINGSTONE

As related by Charles Finger, the story of Huien-Tsaing who set out from China and traveled many thousands of miles to India to find a new religion is an epic of endeavor to which the only parallel is Livingstone's pioneer work in darkest Africa.

Where the Mother of LINCOLN Was Born

How the exact location of Nancy Hanks' first home was found to be in West Virginia although experts for years had believed that the site was elsewhere. Now a memorial may be built with assurance that it is on the right place.

By DR. WILLIAM E. BARTON



JULIAN HAWTHORNE *Tells of His* Boyhood Friend—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Being intimate glimpses into the life of this American literary genius, with dramatic episodes such as even pure fiction seldom rivals.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

In THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for May 21 there appeared an editorial in which there were comments on a statement regarding ***Smoking by Women,*** alleged to have been made by Dr. MacCracken, president of Vassar College. We questioned the statement and Dr. MacCracken now confirms our doubts. Here is his letter:

'The words attributed to me in the dispatch on which your editorial is based were put into my mouth by a group of reporters to whom I had refused an interview. The occasion was the annual session of the Kentucky Education Association and I had just delivered an address on "Education, the Foundation of Democracy." It was a serious address on which I had put much time and I was irritated at the conclusion of it to be confronted by several reporters who wanted my opinion on the question of whether women students should smoke or not. My irritation led me, perhaps unjustifiably, to protest against the triviality of such news methods. A few desultory remarks followed and the phrase "why shouldn't the women help?" was actually a question asked of me by a reporter to which I did not reply. The newspaper in Louisville, which published the original statement, has published my correction as have many other newspapers in the country. I would be greatly obliged to you if you would be good enough to do me the justice of inserting this correction in your paper.'

* * *

The ***Old-Fashioned Reader*** who had a habit of clipping things and copying choice passages, and carrying them in his vest pocket, produced this thing of uncommon beauty written by a Mr. Campbell:

Sadly, of Greece I thought; where sea, sky, sod,
  Rock, wood and hill, merged in one reverent plan,
Framed fanes untouched of mortar-line and rod;
  So had her builders bold the skill to scan
Earth's self for lines obsequious to their nod;
  And set their temples white with level base fair-shod,
Climax and keystone of the scene's whole span,
  Making all feel, who thereby trod,
The goodliest thing in Nature still was Man
  And Man's best thought his God.

* * *

The ***College President*** came into the office, threw his soft hat in the chair opposite, crossed his legs, twinkled his eyes, and said a number of things which undergraduates never hear, but which would give him an undying fame if he ever uttered them in chapel or on the campus. But one of the things he said was rather serious:

'Education costs more and more, and the next question is, Where is the money coming from? The more an education costs, the less proportion of the cost the students pay. What with endowments and subsidies, hardly any school is self-supporting. Even our big rich universities are giving their students, the sons of rich people, a large portion of their education free.

'This condition was so noticeable at Yale a little while back, that the authorities of Yale thought to remedy it. You know that when we think of Yale and the people who send their sons to Yale, we think of a pretty well-to-do class of American society. So the authorities of Yale sent out statements to the fathers of the students setting forth that the fees which were paid for the students were by such-and-such an amount less than the actual cost of the tuition, and that if any parent felt like making up the difference, that is, pay 100 cents for every dollar's worth of schooling, Yale would be very grateful. Out of hundreds thus appealed to, only three responded.'

* * *

The ***Westerner*** dropped in to make some remarks regarding one of our contributor's observations on the mustang. He resented the circumstance that this quadruped had been referred to as a 'wretched, spiritless animal,' and vigorously defended it from such designations.

'I have spent the last fifteen years in Montana, on more or less intimate terms with some of those "wretched, spiritless animals,"' began the Westerner, 'and my experience has been that they are neither "wretched" nor "spiritless."

'I have never attempted to describe the mustang, or "bronch" as he is termed on his native heath, but I have heard others describe him luridly, profanely, and at length, and I am here to say that "wretched" is far and away the mildest term that I have heard applied to the "bronch." After a séance or two with those "wretched, spiritless" animals, one feels the inadequacy of the English language to express a truly descriptive opinion of them.

'Away back in 1913 I worked one of them that was then thirty-two years old, gentle enough when hitched to the wagon, but we used to practise riding him to the house when it was time for "chuck." It was good exercise.

'I owned another, a thousand-pound mare, which I rode (when she was willing). She was a friendly animal and could be caught anywhere, but until she died, at the age of nineteen, I never got on her back with a settled conviction that I was going to stay there for any length of time. On another occasion I carried an arm in a sling for three weeks.

'There was another one that ranged within sight of my house last year, a saddle horse that was turned out because, although he was a good horse, whenever one got on him one had to be prepared to sit still or to "hang and rattle." I could multiply instances but it is unnecessary.

'If one doubts the spirit of the bronch, he need only converse with the riders who follow the rodeos to have his doubts set at rest.'

* * *

'What are they trying to do to football?' demanded the ***Loyal Townsman,*** who has never attended college but who hasn't missed a gridiron contest since the days of Eckersall and Heston. 'I don't mind this discussion about reforming the game, but surely it isn't necessary to go to extremes.

'For example, take the suggestions now being made to lighten the football influence. Those of President Hopkins, of Dartmouth, contained a number of excellent ideas—but did you read the response of the undergraduates? What I particularly object to is their desire to do away with artificial means for stimulating interest in contests; such as, the agile and colorful yell-leaders; the magnificent bandmasters; the pajama parades; the midnight bonfires; the serpentine; and all the other glorious frolics of the football season.

'Frankly, I don't mind doing away with the referee; or the goal-posts; or even the coaches. But let's not lose the fluttering pennants, the tuneful "Boola-Boolas." The spectacle is the thing we townsmen go to see; the day of the gladiatorial combat is past. And we should be consulted before the entire program is spoiled for us.'

* * *

'To find the favorite perfume of insects is now quite as important to the entomologist as it is to a young man at the time of ardent courtship to discover whether the all-important she prefers roses to violets,' observed the ***Naturalist.*** 'The hard-hearted entomologist, however, has destruction in mind. Working on the knowledge that sense of smell plays an important part in insect activity, he would enlist the insects in their own destruction. Once he discovers a smell for which insects will forsake food itself, the entomologist has found a siren to lure them into traps and subsequent death.

'Smells which are disagreeable and frequently irritating to human beings are the very ones that delight insects. This is the discovery of S. E. Crumb of the U. S. Bureau of Entomology's laboratory at Clarksville, Tennessee. They are usually odors never encountered in the insect's natural life. Thus bees will gather about the smell of formic acid and benzol chloride, velvet webworms about the odor of nitrobenzine, tobacco beetles about linseed oil, hornworm moths about amyl salicylate, and mosquitoes about chemicals which combine to form the odor of perspiration!

'The study of chemotropism, which is the scientific name for the attraction by chemicals, is a fairly new science, and experiments so far have only made a few scratches on this field which has enormous potentialities in insect control.

'The seventy-odd entomological laboratories over the country are nearly all working with chemotropism in some form. The laboratory at Clarksville deals primarily with the attraction of tobacco insects. Another laboratory which has met with success in the field of chemotropism is the one at Riverton, New Jersey, which has found that the Japanese beetle is very fond of the scent of geraniol. The cotton boll weevil and the European corn borer remain elusive, however. The laboratory at Tallulah, Louisiana, and the one at Arlington, Missouri, have not yet found a smell sufficiently attractive to these insects to lure them to death.'

Can Your Dog Reason?

(*Continued from page 5*)

may be intelligent enough to detect that which is spurious even in a caress.

Lloyd Morgan tells of two dogs, the larger of which had a bone. As long as the smaller dog thought the other one was near he let the bone alone. But when he heard the larger dog bark out of doors, he evidently decided he was safe and at once took the bone.

Shaler, in his *Domesticated Animals*, attributes to dogs the ability to recognize boundaries of their master's yard or even a farm.

'When a dog, even of militant quality, enters on a territory which he does not feel belongs to him, he is at once a different creature as compared to his condition when on his own land. He treads warily and will accept, without dispute, an order to take himself off.'

On the other hand, Shaler points out, much as a dog likes a warm bed, who ever heard an authenticated account of a dog that would take the initiative in providing himself with a good bed by hunting up rugs or other articles and making a bed of them? But Miss Viola Roseboro tells me she had a little dog that did that very thing. The proprietors of the Zenovia Kennels at Hartford, Pennsylvania, have given me the following:

A little Russian wolfhound bitch that has always lived in the house with us appeared, just before bedtime, to be in pain. We gave her simple remedies which quieted her somewhat, but she remained restless. I decided to stay downstairs that night and sleep on a couch near her as she was a great favorite. During the night she was uneasy, moving about constantly and coming crying to the side of my couch about every twenty minutes. By four o'clock in the morning neither of us had had one wink of sleep.

A bright idea struck me. I got the hot-water bottle, filled it, then gathered this little pet close to me on the couch and laid the water bottle against her abdomen, holding it in place with my arm around her body. She, as well as myself, must have gone to sleep almost instantly, for it was after six when I awoke and found that neither dog nor bottle had moved. She got down from the couch and went out of doors as lively as ever and remained that way all day. The water bottle lay on a small table unemptied and I forgot all about it. That night at bedtime this wolfhound went to bed as usual on a big straw pillow on the floor. In the morning I found her still asleep, but with the water bottle on the straw pillow beside her. I wondered at this and could hardly believe she remembered it had given her comfort the night before.

That night I laid the bottle on the table in the same place. The dog remained perfectly well all day and late in the afternoon I was out for several hours, leaving her entirely alone in the house. On my return I found the dog and the water bottle both on the pillow again. The table was about three yards from her bed, and during the years she has lived in our house, which is since her puppyhood, she had never before taken even a piece of food from the table. Can we say that this dog did not realize that there was something about that water bottle that made her feel mighty comfortable?

One author goes so far with beliefs in dog reasoning power that I can't force myself to accept the stories as dependable. I refer to the book, *Lola*, by Kindermann, translated from the German by Agnes Blake. In this is found an account of the achievements of the dog Rolf, that learned spelling, arithmetic, and could carry on an ordinary conversation. The book says: 'At length his alphabet came into being—he having, with the exception of one or two letters, put it together entirely by himself. It was constructed thus: I would ask him for instance, "Rolf, how many taps with your paw are you going to give me for *a*?" And he then gave me a number which I carefully noted down. To my inexpressible pleasure I found that Rolf never forgot the numbers he had given, though I, to this day, must have my notes at hand whenever Rolf wishes to tap out anything.'

The author of this passage adds: 'His own original remarks are delightful.' Most of the book is devoted to the Airedale terrier, Lola, that is reported as doing difficult problems in fractions, telling time, and showing considerably more thinking capacity than the average college president. Maybe so, maybe so, but I should want to know more about it before believing it.

Pen-and-ink impression by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, who was responsible for the early teaching of Helen Keller, tried for years to teach dogs to talk. But his efforts were futile.

Some years ago scientists were much interested in the astonishing feats of 'Don, the talking setter,' owned in Germany. He was supposed to have a speaking vocabulary of eight words, by which he could be induced to say when food was present and to answer when certain questions were asked. But an investigation showed that the questions had to be always in the same order to get the right responses, and even the dog's barking sounds required considerable imagination to be interpreted as words.

As another approach to this question of dogs' reasoning powers, L. T. Hobhouse, in England, made observations of dogs' ability to find their way about a new place. He says:

I carried a fox terrier in a box to a room on the first floor of my house and asked her master to call her from outside. After being let out from the box and going to the window, she appeared for a short time to be puzzled, but soon started off and went steadily out of the door, downstairs, out of the house door and around the corner to her master. Her total time was twenty-seven seconds. Apparently she was guided by what in a human being we should call common sense. Familiar with houses, staircases, rooms, and doors, she would understand that to reach her master she must get out of the room and out of the house. She would be familiar with the stairs as leading her to the ground floor. She would judge that, though leaving the house in the opposite direction, she would be able to get around to where her master stood.

None of the dogs which I have observed in this connection, with the exception of one puppy, showed any hesitation in endeavoring to get out of the house by however roundabout a way, if their master was outside, or to run around to some door which they had passed through before if he was inside. That is to say, full-grown dogs could use, in different degrees, their experience of houses as structures that have passages, doors, and staircases. On the other hand, they had considerable difficulty in locating a room from outside, particularly if it was upstairs.

This last isn't surprising. It is often difficult even for human beings to identify an upstairs room by the outside window.

I am reminded here of my dog Jimmie, who will leave choice food to play with a rubber ball. He knows that I usually keep a small ball behind a picture on a certain mantelpiece and when I ask him, 'Where's your ball?' or even if I only whisper the word 'ball,' he goes and stares up at that shelf. This has brought him to the natural inference that in all well-regulated houses rubber balls are kept on conveniently located mantelpieces. If I have him with me when calling at a friend's home, and mention his ball, he immediately hunts up a mantelpiece and stares at it.

Once he saw me put his ball on a shelf in a closet. The idea evidently occurred to him that perhaps the shelf ran clear through into the next room. He dashed about to have a look on the other side of the wall. In a moment he came back looking foolish—which seemed to me uncalled for, inasmuch as he had displayed intelligence in thinking that the shelf might go all the way through.

William McDougall, former professor of psychology in Harvard College, has conducted experiments to determine the intelligence of dogs. He suggests that 'what we need is not experiments which show how little intelligence an animal may display under favorable conditions, but rather experiments which show how much an animal may achieve in the way of intelligent adaptation of behavior under the most favorable conditions and after continued and varied training upon tasks of the same general nature.'

One of McDougall's experiments was with a 'lively sociable Airedale terrier who, up to middle age, had never been trained to tackle mechanical problems.' The material for the experiment was a wooden box with a lid hinged at one side, having a broad handle projecting from the hinged side. Pressure on this handle would open the lid. McDougall fed the dog by putting part of his biscuit in the box. The dog tried to obtain these pieces in the box and quickly discovered that he could open the box by shoving up the front edge of the lid with his nose. His master then shaved down the margin of the lid until the front edge could sink below the rim of the box and rest there upon a ledge.

The dog's first method was now of no value, but he pushed his nose so vigorously against the box as to overturn it. Thereafter the experimenter kept the box fastened to the floor. Finding now the second method futile, the dog scratched and bit and fussed all around the box until, after some minutes, he depressed the handle with his forepaw and so lifted the lid. Immediately he released the handle and rushed to the front of the box but the lid fell back into place. Soon he depressed the handle once more; this time he quickly inserted his nose under the lid before releasing the handle and so obtained the biscuit. With repetition he became more expert and quicker in this simple train of action.

His master then added a simple latch consisting of a slat of wood about eight inches long, loosely pivoted at its middle on the front corner of the box. This prevented the opening of the lid until the latch had been turned. At first, the dog was thwarted by this latch, but soon learned, in random fashion, to push the latch aside. He would usually begin by pressing his paw on the handle. If this did not raise the lid he would then run around to the latch and push it with his paw and then in turn press the handle. Sometimes he would not push the latch far enough; then he would return quickly and give it another push.

WHEN the dog learned to deal with both the handle and the latch, McDougall added the third obstacle, a board which, when set vertical, prevented the depressing of the latch and had to be pushed aside before the lid could be opened. The dog soon learned to deal with this also and would manipulate it along with the latch and handle with either his nose or paw.

Mr. McDougall describes another of this dog's achievements:

> Though this experiment was not observed under laboratory conditions, it was none the less highly significant. The dog would seek and find a piece of biscuit hidden in the room. After he had played this game many times, it was varied by taking the biscuit to other rooms; with very little experience of this more difficult task, he learned to sit listening intently in a room downstairs, while the biscuit was hidden in any one of a number of rooms upstairs. Then, when the hider returned and gave the signal, he would dash upstairs, and generally would quickly enter the right room and find the biscuit.
>
> The mechanist, of course, will say that he was guided by the scented trail; but the whole house, inhabited as it was by a large family, must have been saturated with a multitude of odors for him. What exactly his mental process was it is impossible to say; but it would, I think, be pedantic to deny that it involved an intelligent appreciation of the whole situation, to which an acquired knowledge of the house and of its various parts was essential—an appreciation and a knowledge analogous to our own.

Those who are inclined to exaggerate the dog's reasoning powers often say that the behavior of a dog in trying to get through an opening in a fence with a stick in his mouth shows that he is capable of real thinking, because, after a little experimenting he takes the stick by the end and drags it through instead of trying to get through with it crosswise in his mouth. The only objection to this argument is the strong probability that it is untrue. I have frequently watched dogs trying to get through a small opening while carrying a stick and never yet saw one that had enough sense to take the stick through endwise. Lloyd Morgan declares that in his experiment with a fourteen-month-old fox terrier, the dog seemed to be incapable of perceiving the nature of the difficulty and only imperfectly learned to overcome it after many ineffectual trials and failures.

Romanes tells of a dog annoyed at the sound of apples dropping on the floor in a loft overhead. When he was taken to the place and saw what caused the sound, he ceased to pay any more attention to it.

ANOTHER story collected by Romanes was of a dog that took his master's coat to a larder where meat was kept, presumably to compel the master, in seeking the coat, to visit the larder and be reminded to offer the dog a little refreshment.

A friend of mine in New York City told me of a dog belonging to friends of his who spent a summer in the Catskills. On their way back to their home in New York, the dog became separated from them in New Jersey. They gave him up as lost. The next day the dog appeared at their door. He had had to swim the river, or else had contrived to take the proper ferry, and then had to make his way across the perilous streets of the metropolis with all the countless distractions and conflicting sidewalk odors that might have baffled him.

The fact is that nothing is so distracting to a dog, no matter how much intelligence or how good a nose he has, as a great city. Old Badger has as keen a scent as any dog I have ever known, but once he became separated from me in a New York hotel, wandered into the street, and was completely bewildered. It was as if all his powers of observation, including that through his sense of smell, were numbed through fear. Even when I reached him and took hold of his collar, it was some minutes before I could make him recognize me.

The difficulty that most dogs have in trying to find their way about a city may be further complicated by the fact that instinct leads them to proceed in a straight line directly toward their destination. City streets, turning at right angles, make this impossible.

'She Told Me She Loved Me'

WALTZ QUADRILLE

DANCERS sing while executing the movements in the ballroom, on the playgrounds, at summer camps, or on the lawn.

Learn the words of the song first. Formation the same as any square dance.

THE SONG *or* CALLS

First couple down center, and there they divide . . . . *4 bars*

(First couple join nearest hand with partner, waltz forward, passing between the couple standing opposite.)

Lady goes right, and the gent goes left . *4 bars*

(The lady turns to the right, and gentleman to the left, each returning outside the set to original place.)

Honor your corner and don't be afraid . . *4 bars*

(All turn and bow to corner lady.)

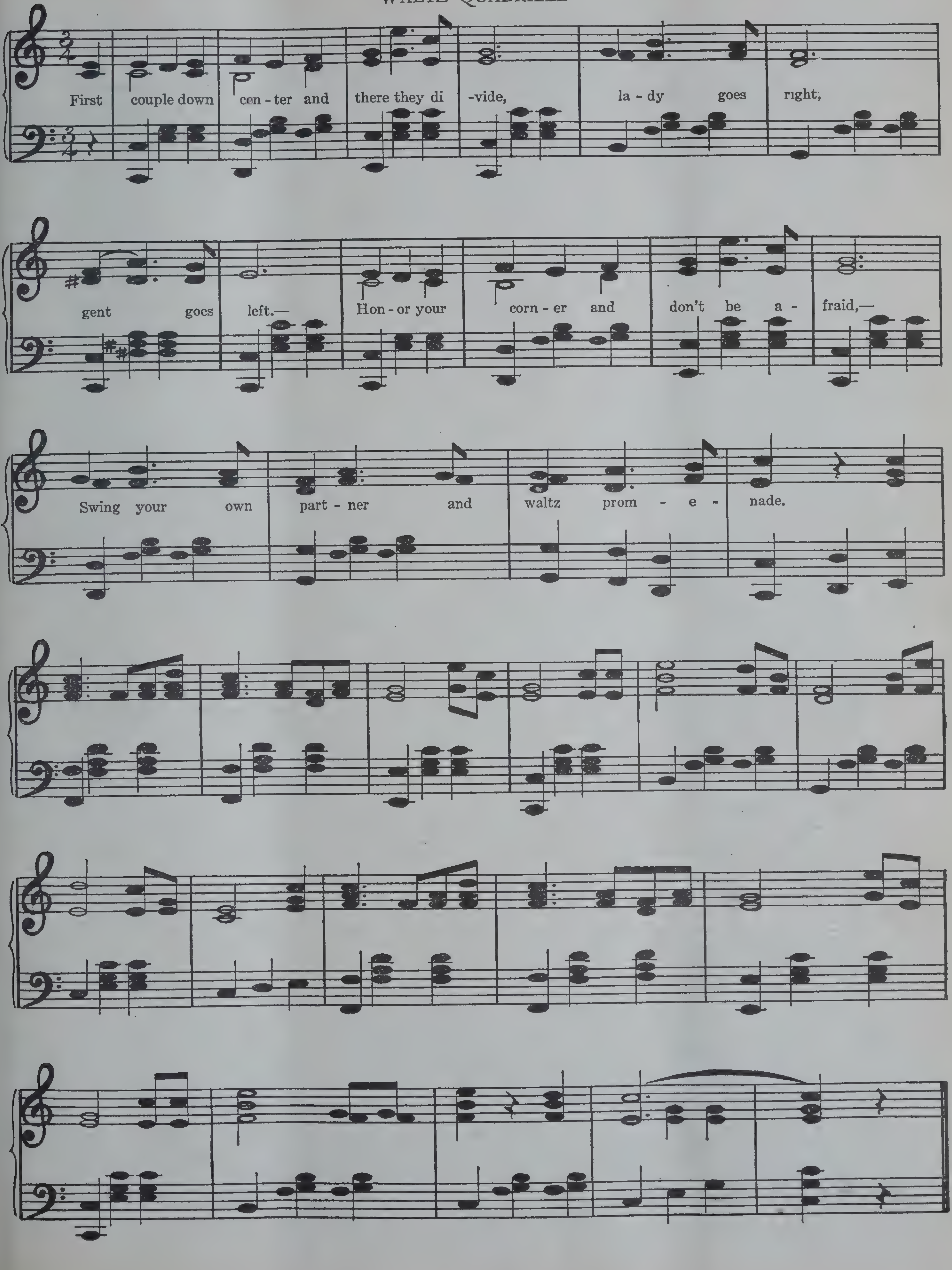
Swing your own partner and waltz promenade . . . *4 bars*

(All turn partners and waltz around the outside of the set while humming the next 16 bars of music.)

The next couple on the side then begin the movement. Four times in all. The last 16 bars may be omitted if instrumental music is not available.

She Told Me She Loved Me

WALTZ QUADRILLE


First couple down cen - ter and there they di -vide,
la - dy goes right,
gent goes left.—
Hon - or your corn - er and don't be a - fraid,—
Swing your own part - ner and waltz prom - e - nade.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. What was the Meeker Massacre?

Answer. On September 29, 1879, the agency at White River, near the present town of Meeker, Rio Blanco County, Colorado, had been subjected to a brutal attack by a band of twenty or thirty Utes, led by Douglas, one of their chieftains. All the men were killed, most of the buildings burned, and the women carried into captivity. When General Merritt arrived at the agency on October 11, he discovered the mutilated bodies of the slain lying near the buildings and along the trail. Twelve men in all had been killed, including N. C. Meeker, agent. Douglas was compelled by Ouray, the head chieftain of the Utes, to surrender his captives in November.

* * *

Q. What is the Locarno Security Pact and what nations agreed to it?

A. At Locarno, Italy, on October 5, 1925, representatives of Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Germany, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, met for the purpose of insuring mutual security from war. As a result, the Rhine Security Pact was agreed to by Germany, Great Britain, France, Italy and Belgium. It binds the signatories to accept the existing frontiers established by the Versailles Treaty, and to the demilitarization of the Rhineland. Germany and France and Germany and Belgium mutually undertook not to attack each other, but to submit possible disputes to judicial decision, to arbitration by a permanent conciliation commission, or to decision by the Council of the League of Nations. A similar treaty of security and arbitration was negotiated between Germany and Czecho-Slovakia. These treaties, initiated at Locarno on October 16, 1925, signed in London on December 1, 1925, and subsequently ratified by the powers concerned, were to go into effect when Germany was admitted to the League of Nations.

* * *

Q. Where was Fort Kaskaskia located in Revolutionary times?

A. Fort Kaskaskia was situated in Illinois where the Kaskaskia River flows into the Mississippi, about halfway between the Ohio River and the Illinois River.

* * *

Q. Has the time expired for making applications for adjusted compensation?

A. All applications, whether by the veterans themselves or their dependents, must, in order to receive consideration, be made on or before January 1, 1928, except that, in the case of veterans who died during the six months immediately preceding that date, dependents may make application at any time within six months after the veteran's death.

* * *

Q. What was the treaty of 1916 with Haiti and why was it made?

A. The treaty between Haiti and the United States was proclaimed May 3, 1916. This instrument, modeled upon the American Domingo convention of 1907, was designed to secure political stability and economic development in Haitian affairs by a political and fiscal protectorate to remain in force for a period of twenty years. By its terms the president of Haiti appointed, on the nomination of the President of the United States:

(a) A receiver-general of customs to take charge of the custom houses.

(b) A financial adviser to be attached to the ministry of finance.

(c) American officers to organize and command a Haitian constabulary (gendarmerie) which was to replace the Haitian armed forces; such officers to be later succeeded by qualified Haitians.

(d) Engineers and doctors to supervise the public works department and public health services respectively.

Haiti agreed not to increase the public debt and not to modify the customs duties without the consent of the United States; the United States undertook to intervene when necessary for the preservation of Haitian independence and the maintenance of a stable and effective government.

* * *

Q. What were the military expenditures of the Army and Navy for the fiscal years 1913 and 1926?

A.

	1913	1926
War Department Military Establishment	$112,246,000	$271,260,000
Navy Department	134,092,000	312,743,000

For accurate comparison, the amounts for 1913 (prewar period) should be corrected for cost-of-living for the fiscal year 1926, by 176.4.

* * *

Q. By whom was the Erie Canal, which was finished in John Quincy Adam's administration, built and how much did it cost?

A. In 1816 Governor Tompkins of New York urged that the canal be built by the State of New York; on April 15 the legislature authorized the construction of the canal. On July 4, 1816, ground was broken at Rome and on October 26, 1825, the first canal boat, *Seneca Chief*, left Buffalo for New York. The cost of constructing the canal was $7,143,789.

* * *

Q. Please give me an account of Matthias Baldwin.

A. Matthias Baldwin, inventor and manufacturer, was born in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, December 10, 1795. He received a good common-school education, was apprenticed to a jeweler, later commencing to manufacture jewelry on his own account. He made constant improvements in the machinery and methods of his trade, inventing among other things a new process of gold plating now very generally employed. In 1825 he founded a partnership for the manufacture of bookbinding tools, machinery, and dies, to which was added the manufacture of cylinders for printing calicoes; he shortly afterward completed the great improvement of etching devices on the steel mills, which transferred them to the cylinder. A small stationary engine constructed by Mr. Baldwin in 1828 contained an original improvement in the method of imparting rotary motion, which proved the germ of the ponderous marine engines now in use. By degrees the manufacture of steam engines became the most important department of his business until in about ten years he was recognized as the foremost engine builder in the country. Encouraged by his success in reproducing a working model of a locomotive imported from England, he directed his attention to the building of better locomotives; the first locomotive from his shop was completed and tested in a grand public trial on November 23, 1832. His work in reality made possible the heavy freight traffic of the present day; and in other respects the science of railroading has been advanced by the inventions of his fertile brain. He died September 7, 1866.

* * *

Q. Please give me an account of the Sand Creek affair in Colorado.

A. On November 29, 1864, Colonel Chivington with a company of soldiers attacked the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians encamped upon Sand Creek, a tributary of the Arkansas. Chivington had given definite orders to his men to show no mercy. He took the Indians completely by surprise and many of them, thinking the soldiers had mistaken them for a war party, ran toward the troops with their hands raised in token of peace, but this was of no avail and they were shot down without consideration. Those who did fight were quickly slaughtered, as were the women and children. The soldiers scalped and mutilated the bodies in a manner unsurpassed by any bloodthirsty savage in the past. About two hundred of the warriors succeeded in escaping and were not apprehended. In January, 1865, Congress took heed of the wave of indignation which had spread over the land and ordered an investigation to be made of the massacre. The testimony showed that Black Kettle (chief of the Cheyennes) hoisted a white flag over his lodge when the troops were first seen and that it was disregarded by Chivington. On the other hand, it was proved that numerous scalps taken from the heads of white people were found in the lodges, some of them still fresh. Other articles of plunder which were recognized as having come from Americans were discovered.

* * *

Q. Will you please tell me how the nickname 'doughboy' originated?

A. The term, 'doughboys,' was apparently first used among the Federal soldiers about 1862, during the War of Secession, being suggested by the large globular brass buttons of the uniform, which had a fancied resemblance to dumplings or 'doughboys.' Another suggested derivation dates the word back to the Mexican Campaign of 1846-47, tracing its origin to the adobe huts in which the United States infantry were usually quartered.

BRIEFLY TOLD

IN HAWAII THE TERM 'motor cop' is not slang but is a name applied to the territorial police mounted on motorcycles.

THE LAND AT THE southern tip of Manhattan Island, including a park of some twenty-one acres, is known as The Battery, having taken its name from the Whiteside Battery. This battery, consisting of ninety-two cannon, was erected there in the closing years of the 17th Century.

THE GIANT OAKS OF Mur, near Loudeac, Brittany, which Corot never tired of sketching and painting, must fall beneath the woodman's ax as the logs have been sold to a timber merchant.

CANADA HAS 18¼ million horsepower at ordinary minimum stream flow (i. e. throughout the year), rising to more than 32 million for at least six months of the year.

AMBROSE HIEROMONACHUS PAMPERES published a poem in 1802 consisting of 160 pages, each line reading the same backward or forward as, 'Lewd did I live evil I did dwel,' and so on.

THE HISTORIC RIGHT of a dog to chase a cat was upheld in the Minnesota legislature when a bill permitting any person to kill a dog found chasing that person's 'domestic animals or poultry,' was changed to read 'livestock and poultry.'

EXPERIMENTS CONDUCTED by two German physiologists show that if cows and goats are given music with their milkings they will yield increased quantities of milk.

IN THE OPINION of dancing instructors, tall persons with poise and balance make the best dancers.

AIRSHIPS OPERATING between South American capitals and flying over the mountains for the accommodation of Caribbean Sea travelers charge fares according to weight.

RURAL AND STAR ROUTE mail carriers operating in any part of America are instructed to report all forest fires to the nearest warden.

A WELL DIGGER at Selsey, England, at a depth of twelve feet came upon 'running sand.' This was pumped out continuously for a week forming a flat mound eighteen inches high and twelve feet in diameter. In three days the sand was dry and a week later, it was densely covered with a crop of shepherd's-purse, a weed which was not plentiful in the garden surrounding the well.

THE NOISE OF TWO goldfish swimming in front of the microphone, amplified ten million times, sounded to the radio audience like the drumming of a horse's hoofs on a hard road; the beating of a man's heart sounded like the thump of a ship's engine; and the ticking of a watch, similar to the crashing of a compressed air drill.

W. L. HENLEY, of St. Joe, Arkansas, has been working on a device to protect the peach buds which are often started by the warm weather of February and killed by the freezes in March. He buries a cake of ice at the root of the tree thus chilling the ground and retarding the buds until after March.

WHEN THE EXPERIMENTAL FROGS from his laboratory, valued at $462, were stolen, Percy Viosca, Jr., was able to identify and reclaim his property by their voices. This was in New Orleans. The frogs were bullfrogs from the North.

ONLY ONE IN EVERY TWENTY-FIVE of the Parisian girls attending trade schools train to be stenographers or secretaries. They prefer dressmaking, millinery and similar 'women's work' to these 'dressed-up' jobs.

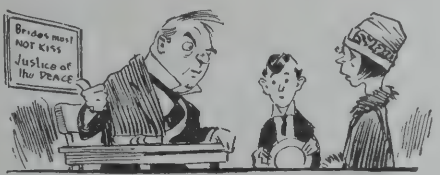
IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED that there are 6,000,000 bridge players in the United States.

A VIOLINIST has discovered that when she plays certain high notes she experiences a severe toothache. On examining the tooth the dentist found it to be perfectly sound. It never aches except under the influence of the high notes of the violin.

FOR THE SAKE OF ECONOMY many couples in a workmen's quarter in Paris are married en masse. They assemble every Saturday, line up, and the principals and witnesses sign the register as they pass into the big 'wedding salon' of the city hall.

AFTER THE REIGN of Mary Tudor in England there was a decline in Roman Catholicism and fishermen began to suffer. Queen Elizabeth, to save the situation, passed the following decree: 'Eat fish every Wednesday or pay me £20.'

FAMOUS MEN have employed peculiar methods of recreation. Spinoza, world-famous philosopher, joined in the trivial conversation of the family with whom he lodged or provoked spiders to fight each other; Socrates played with the children; Balzac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits; Dr. Samuel Johnson, by jumping over tables and chairs; and Dean Swift by running up and down the steps of the deanery.


Brides must NOT kiss Justice of the Peace

AS THE RESULT of an incident at a recent marriage performed by him, a justice of the peace in Missouri has posted the following sign in his office: 'Brides must not kiss the justice of the peace.'

THERE ARE MORE than two hundred separate and distinct forms of money in China.

A RESOLUTION was adopted at a conference of local education authorities in England and referred to a committee of teachers to introduce a course in laughter into the curriculum of the schools. The authorities believe the British to be too sober and sedate.

A FLOCK OF HENS has been provided to lay eggs so that chimpanzees brought from Africa by the Soviet government for the 'monkey farm' in the Caucasus may feel at home. In their native habitat chimpanzees steal and suck eggs.

AFTER QUEEN VICTORIA fell in love with her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, she realized that the task of proposing to a queen was a rather appalling one for a timid young man. She, therefore, proposed.

A PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN almanac, printed in Lancaster in 1779, claims the honor of having originated Washington's favorite title. The frontispiece presents a figure of Fame holding a trumpet and a medallic portrait, laureated and inscribed, 'Washington,' while from the trumpet proceed the words: 'Des Landes Vater'—'the Father of the Country.'

A COW OWNED by Miss Anna Penrose of Sydney, New South Wales, has had an artificial leg for the past six years. The animal has lived in perfect health and has been one of the best milkers of the herd.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL church at Sweetwater, Tennessee, has provided baby beds, rocking chairs, dolls and toys for the amusement of little folk while their parents attend services.

OUT OF THE 650 inhabitants of Lucas, Kansas, fifteen are octogenarians, ten men and five women. Five of the men are veterans of the Civil War. The combined ages of the fifteen aggregate 1,250 years.

THE FRENCH MINISTER of war has raised the official allowance of the army cats, whose duty it is to run rats and mice out of army storehouses, from four to ten centimes a day.

VALENTIN LE PAGE, a crippled Parisian chair mender, has lived for three years along the highway in a battered bathtub roofed with boards.

THE MENU OF THE LUMBER camp today includes fancy loin of pork, boiled ham, tongue, special sausage, fruits and puddings in contrast to the salt pork, corned beef, thick bacon, beans, flapjacks and fresh meat three times a day of twenty years ago.

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS was paid by Colgate University for one of the twenty-five dinosaur eggs found by the American Museum of Natural History in the Desert of Gobi, Mongolia. The egg is said to be 10,000,000 years old.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses things that never grow old.

* * *

'The Cow's in the Corn,' a characteristic New England poem by Robert Frost, author of *North of Boston*, appears on page 2 of the cover. It is a story as well as a poem—for which Gerald Van der Heyden has furnished the art.

* * *

Vachel Lindsay, nationally known poet and writer, has caught the spirit of America in his story of the great Northwest, with its pioneers, Indians, covered wagons, mountain peaks and prairies. He goes into the inner life and history of this vast region and shows whence its great fascination comes. 'Sun Mountain is the most beautiful mountain in America,' he declares. (p. 1)

* * *

With 700,000 persons homeless, with scores drowned, with hundreds of thousands of animals dead and the property loss mounting high in the millions, the Mississippi River flood is easily the greatest cataclysm in the history of the nation. Here is an eyewitness account of the disaster by a member of the editorial staff of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, the first of a short series which will give our readers first-hand information of the tragedy. (p. 3)

* * *

That dogs are guided by instinct is what people commonly believe, but Fred C. Kelly in the last of his series of dog articles thinks that they may also be directed by reason, and gives instances to show that they can reason things out in almost a human way. (p. 4)

* * *

Some people go through the world with their eyes shut; at least they only see things that are brought directly under their notice. This is especially true during a ramble in the country when bird and flower and bee are passed unheeded. But to the door of the city dweller there also come wild things in nature, insignificant in their way, but full of interest to observers. Robert Sparks Walker, southern naturalist and writer, is one of these observers. His story is full of subtle charm. (p. 6)

* * *

If you don't work you can't play and if you don't play you can't work. This sounds like still another version of a very old and trite saying. It is with the latter part of the sentence that H. G. Salsinger deals. He thinks that, in athletics at any rate, if you don't relax you can't win. This applies to everyday business as well. (p. 7)

* * *

Did you ever invite a number of people to your house and find that in the social circle they somehow fitted in rather badly, no matter how assiduously you strove to promote smoothness and harmony in order to make the evening a success? Lady Cynthia Asquith, from the abundance of her experience as a London society woman, writes entertainingly on this subject. Lady Cynthia handles social problems of this nature with piquancy and humor. (p. 8)

* * *

Another of the articles on Holland by that distinguished traveler and publicist Hilaire Belloc deals this week with The Hague, which, although the capital, is perhaps the most medieval of Dutch cities. The Hague Peace Tribunal—which did not stop the World War however—was for a time a familiar term which has since been lost in the League of Nations fiasco. Facsimiles of pencil sketches by Edmond Warre, an English artist of note, illustrate the article. (p. 12)

* * *

The art of the marionette man goes back many centuries. *Punch and Judy* is a tragedy that antedates *Hamlet*, and the funny little man with the big nose has appeared before innumerably greater audiences than the Prince of Denmark and is still delighting all ages and nationalities. All sorts of people are fond of the little men and little women of the marionette world, and Tony Sarg is the modern Gulliver in this stage-land of Lilliputians. Janet Mabie, whose articles on things quaint and curious are already familiar to our readers, tells us the story of this midget stock company, including its origin. (p. 14)

* * *

Hugh Walpole gives the second part of 'The Man Who Lost His Identity.' It forms a happy conclusion to an excellent story. (p. 16)

* * *

The Amazon Valley is a weird and wonderful region, much of it unexplored. C. R. Aschemeier, a traveler who spent some months in the Congo region of Africa, recently adventured into the valley and had some exciting experiences. (p. 19)

* * *

This week the singing dance is 'She Told Me She Loved Me.' These singing calls are infinitely useful in memorizing the various movements. (p. 29)

* * *

The front cover design, by Gerald Van der Heyden, represents a quaintly dressed couple catching an old-time train, a train which had an engine that burned wood. It brings back the period of carpetbags, crinolines, stovepipe hats and Paisley shawls.

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Rochester, New York.

It is not sufficient to say I read THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT because it is 'different': Its interesting articles are so wide in range, condensed, purposeful, instructive; its editorials fearlessly straightforward; its bits of philosophy a help to right thinking, a stimulus to right living; it has a mission and a place.

Preëminently, I have implicit faith in its integrity and would consider myself the loser did I neglect to read it.

JAY O. KARKER.

Toledo, Ohio.

We have learned to appreciate the magazine very much. Particularly is this true of Mr. Ford's page. Permit me to compliment you upon your many fine articles and the common sense expressed in the magazine.

W. H. YEASTING,
President,
The Commercial Savings Bank
and Trust Company.

Peoria, Illinois.

I have been reading your paper for some time and at last I have found something to object to. In your issue of April 30, in the descriptive matter under the cut of George L. Hathaway, you speak of a 'naval' orange tree. This would seem to imply that the orange tree was a seagoing shrub, which, I believe, is not a fact.

C. F. LAUREN.

The Rice Institute, Houston, Texas.

I should like to express my opinion, after taking over fifty-two copies of your magazine. The most important and suggestive point one receives on first taking up a copy is the variety of information—of interest particularly to the college boy or girl or to those who have had no such educational advantages. The current problems of politics, religion, schooling, et cetera, are well covered with the trend of events. Those subjects with which we are not familiar, such as anthropology, astronomy, literature and history, are well covered, and new interpretations are added. Thank goodness! you print novels very sparsely. All in all, there is something to please everybody—that is, the impossible has been accomplished.

JOHN H. WRIGHT.

Aetna, Kansas.

Although we take a number of high-class magazines, there is none that could take the place of yours.

There is much 'neglected truth' in it that is vital to the American citizen of today.

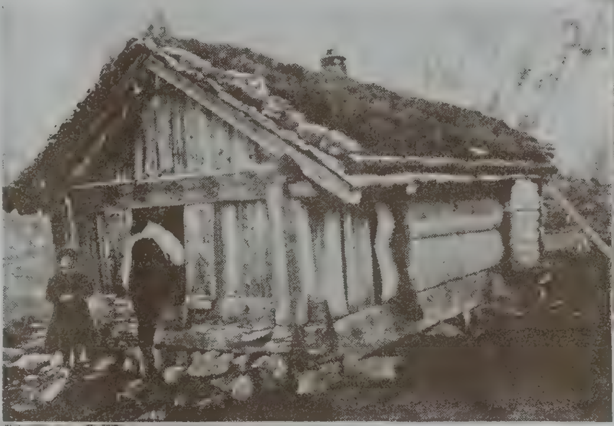
I get lots of 'kick' out of the criticisms. How some people do squirm when you step on their toes.

VERNON D. WELLS.

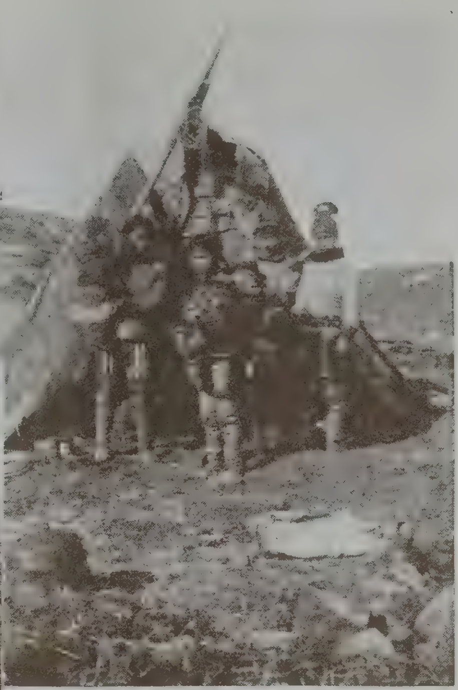
Humble Habitations *from* Equator *to* Pole

Curious Abodes Shelter Families *in* Various Countries

Sturdy home of the Norwegian peasant shows painstaking care, from the thatched roof, with its rock border, to the hand carving about the entrance. Norwegian country is made more interesting by such rough-hewn structures as this one, which is located on the fiord at Saetersdal.



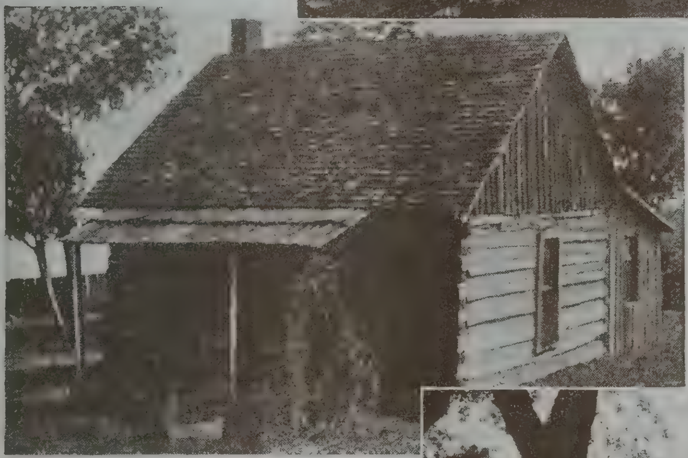
—William Thompson Photo.



—Underwood and Underwood

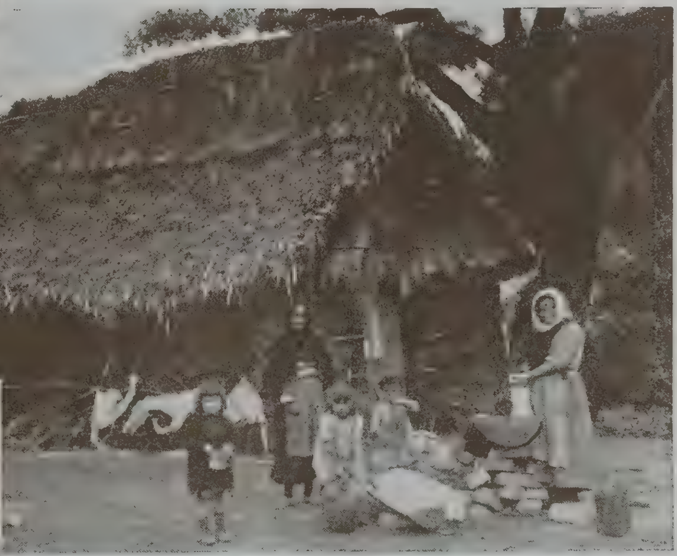
At the top of the world, in north Greenland, the Danish Ethnological Expedition found that the inhabitants leave their houses in spring and camp in sealskin tents such as the one here shown. So we find the familiar spring moving even in far north corners of the globe. Although the climate of Greenland is very cold, in the long summer day the warmth permits of vegetation in sheltered places, even in the most northern parts. Agriculture on a large scale, however, is out of the question, and the population lives by hunting and fishing, all else being imported.

* *



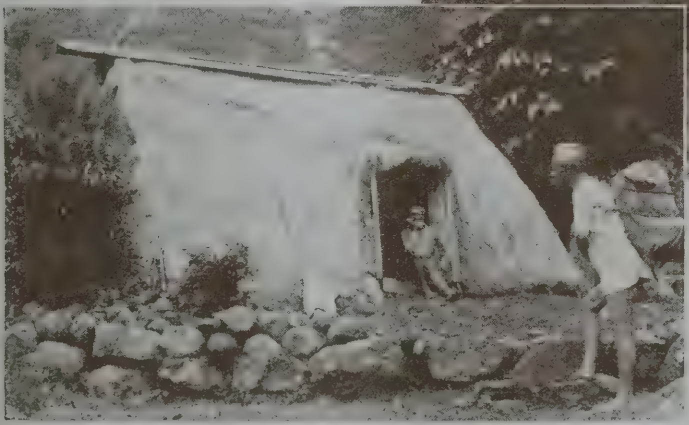
—Ewing Galloway Photo (J. C. Allen.)

America, too, in out-of-the-way country places, boasts rough-hewn log cabins such as this one, which has also the lean-to in the rear. Such houses remind us of the 'Old Kentucky Home' or the one in 'Old Virginny,' though this one happens to be in Indiana, near West Baden. It was built about 1861 and, as may be seen, is still in use.



—Publishers' Photo Service.

The very word, cork, derived through the Spanish corcha from the Latin cortex, meaning bark, indicates the source of much of that product, Spain. This primitive but well-made hut is that of a cork cutter in southern Spain. Cork is the outer layer of the bark of an evergreen species of oak which grows in the south of Europe and on the North African Coast. The bark is cut or 'stripped' first when the tree is 15 or 20 years old; after that, every eight or ten years, in July or August. The trees attain a height of about thirty feet and live to be 150 years old. The quality of the cork improves with each stripping, while the inner bark of the cork tree is a valuable tanning material.



Typical of the tropics, probably less skill or labor was required to construct this native grass hut in Tulele, South Sea Islands, than any abode here pictured.

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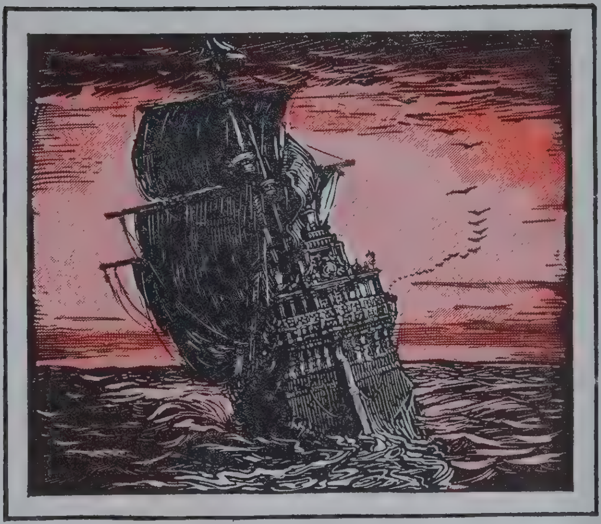

ALL that the world needs for guidance of its life could be written on two pages of a child's copybook. 'A few strong instincts and a few plain rules' would set the world singing on its way, instead of tying it up in periodical blunders. Learning may need large space, thousands of volumes, vast experiment and failure and progress; but, strange to say, Wisdom carries very little such baggage.

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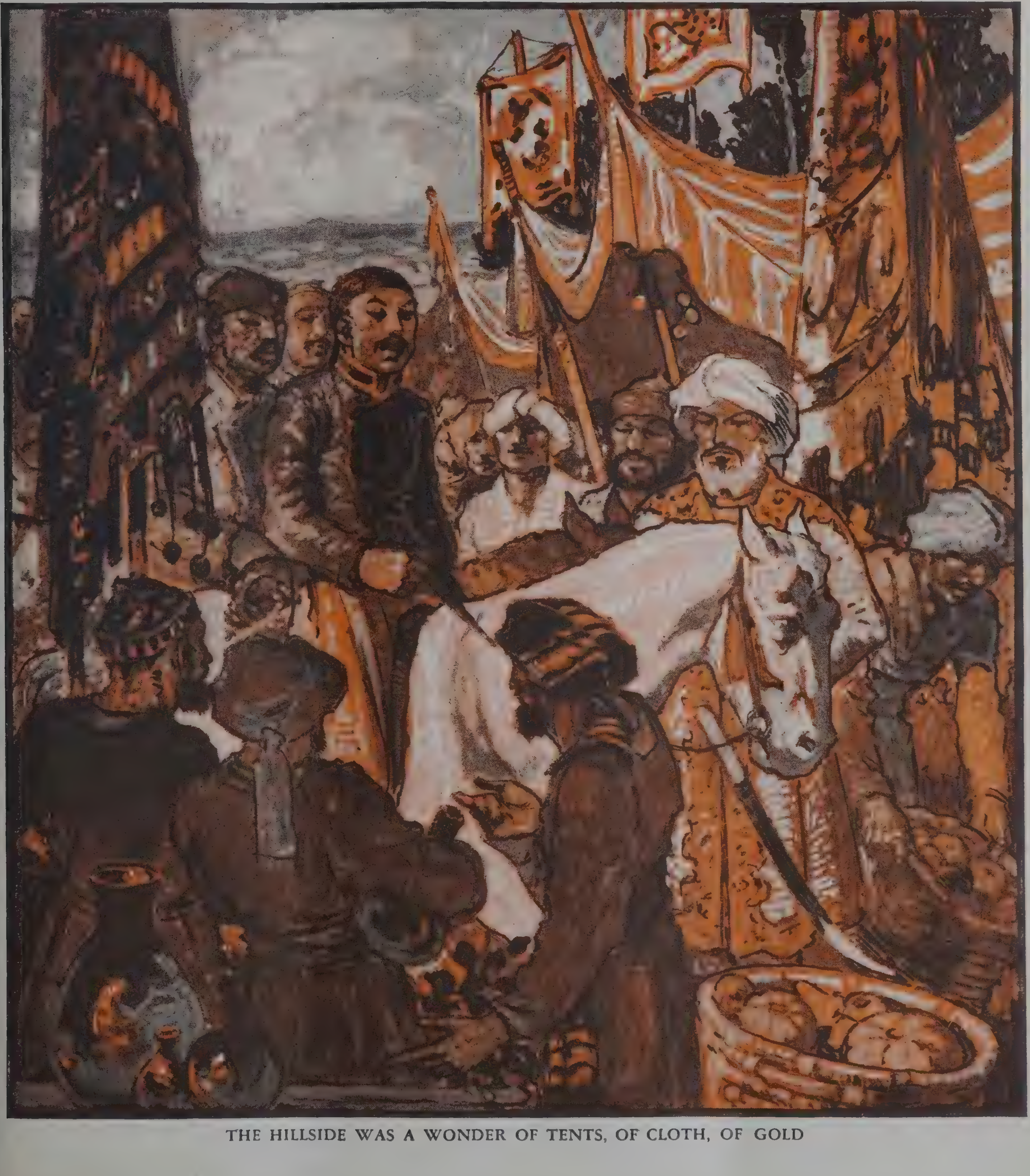
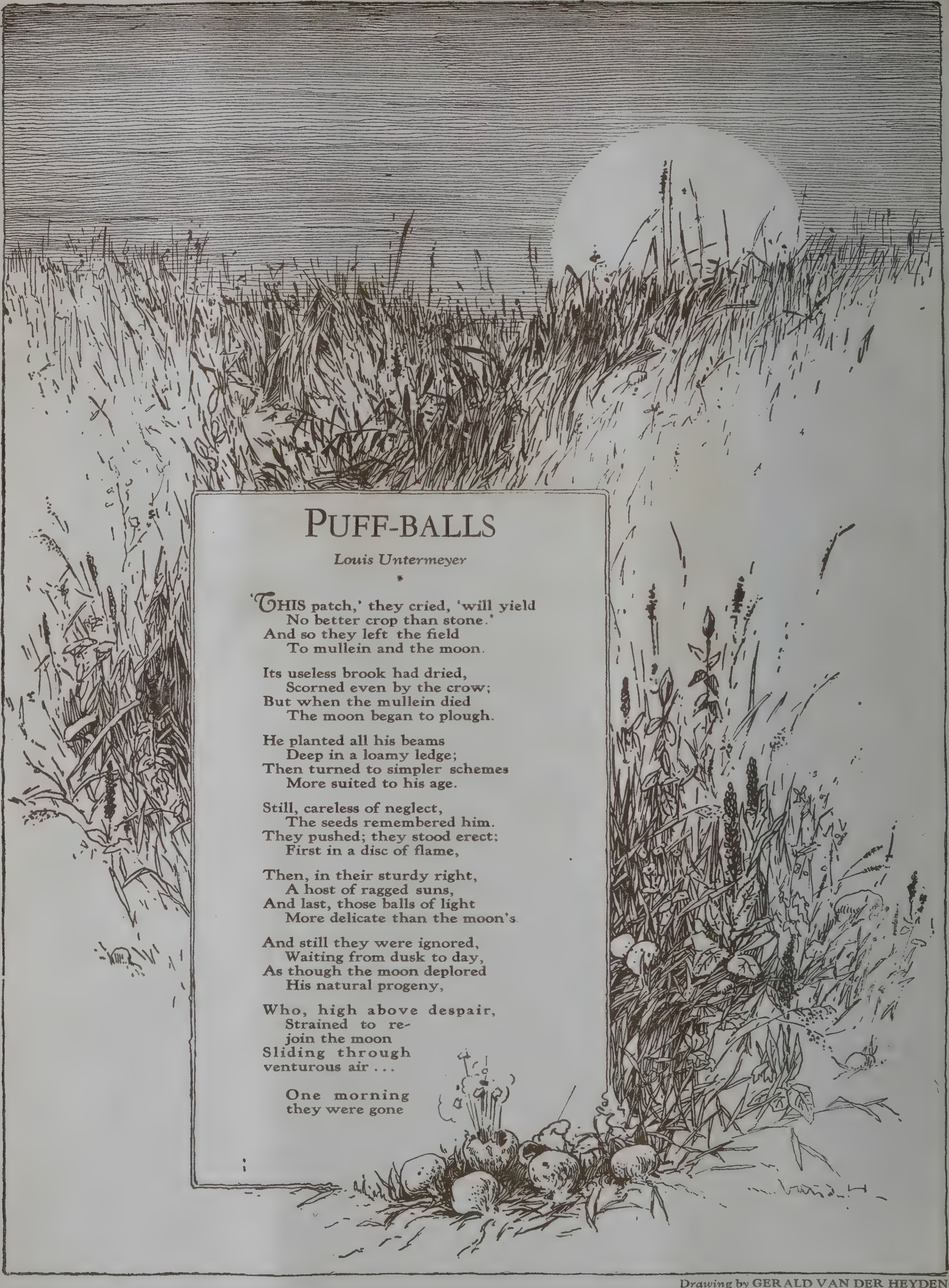


THE HILLSIDE WAS A WONDER OF TENTS, OF CLOTH, OF GOLD



PUFF-BALLS

Louis Untermeyer

'THIS patch,' they cried, 'will yield
No better crop than stone.'
And so they left the field
To mullein and the moon.

Its useless brook had dried,
Scorned even by the crow;
But when the mullein died
The moon began to plough.

He planted all his beams
Deep in a loamy ledge;
Then turned to simpler schemes
More suited to his age.

Still, careless of neglect,
The seeds remembered him.
They pushed; they stood erect:
First in a disc of flame,

Then, in their sturdy right,
A host of ragged suns,
And last, those balls of light
More delicate than the moon's.

And still they were ignored,
Waiting from dusk to day,
As though the moon deplored
His natural progeny,

Who, high above despair,
Strained to re-
join the moon
Sliding through
venturous air . . .

One morning
they were gone

Drawing by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

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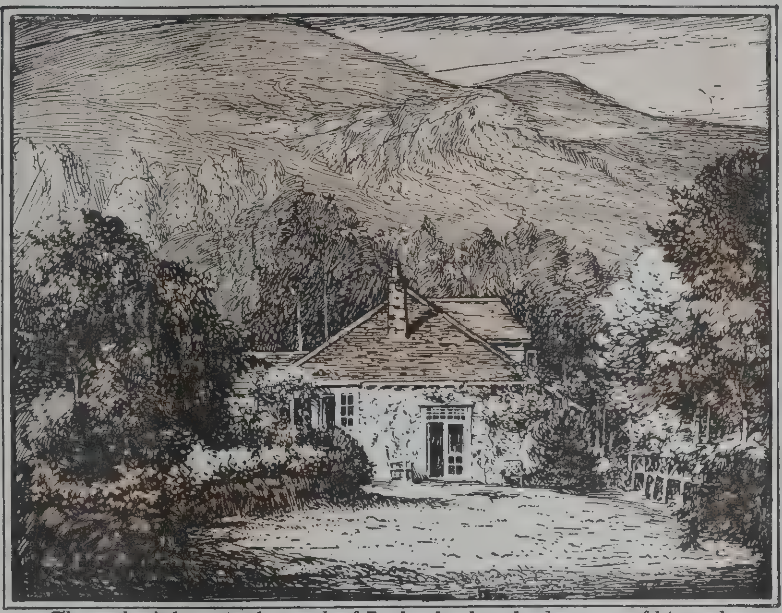
Volume 27
Number 36

LITTLE ESSAYS *From a* NORTHERN COTTAGE

By HUGH WALPOLE



The author's home in the north of England, where he does most of his work.

On Coming HOME

Illustrated by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

SO MANY famous gentlemen from Horace downward (and I daresay Chinese and Egyptian wanderers long before Horace) have written about the joys of coming home that it is always an audacious proceeding for anyone in these latter days to attempt it. We know how Ulysses experiences it and Chaucer and Lady Macbeth and Uncle Toby and Emma Bovary and the hypersensitive hero of Monsieur Proust's endless novel and the lady in the cottage on the top of the hill who came home to find the beetles reigning on the kitchen floor and ordered two large cats immediately, she hating cats and swearing that she would never have any in the house.

My own homecoming has been a little different from any of these but then, of course, every returned wanderer feels that his homecoming is different. I will insist, however, that this recent homecoming of mine has been different from all my other homecomings and I don't know anyone anywhere who has had more homecomings than I have, it being my passion to consider any place where I have spent a night as home. And my habit is to take round with me on my travels a Chinese box in painted pigskin, and this box contains a necklace of amber beads, a Japanese ivory fisherman, a small water-color drawing of my own hills and a photograph of my cottage. The effect of this is that when I have been for five minutes in my hotel room, have laid my things on my dressing table, have gone out along the main street to survey the town and then half an hour later returned to my room again, that is a homecoming.

It is generally supposed that poor bachelors can have no home, they are pictured always as miserable persons living in uncomfortable apartments tyrannized over by a hostile servant, or if not that then at least over-cheerful uncles in houses filled with noisy and presumptuous children, houses that only want them for the things that they have in their pockets or for the games that their tortured brains are able to invent.

I suppose that it is true that no bachelor can have a home unless he has a passion for owning things; a married man may own nothing at all and live in an empty barn but his wife and children make, it is supposed, a sufficient home for him. During my recent journeys in America, how many eager gentlemen have I encountered in trains who were panting to return to their wives and children! They regarded me always with tender but rather scornful pity when they learned that I was a bachelor. 'Ah, then,' they would say, 'you have no home to come back to,' and they would smile proudly.

Indeed, I suppose that I must admit that I have hitherto cheated myself as to what homes really are. When I was a child I was for a long while alone in England pressed upon reluctant relations or buried as a mercenary bribe in the nests of poverty-stricken clergymen. And then when later on we did have homes in Durham and London they were not in sober strictness homes to me because my parents seemed always to be camping out, the furniture in the drawing-room and dining room appeared to be ready at a moment's notice to spring into another house; it had an expectant and restless air.

Afterward I had a real home in Cornwall, a cottage the size of a cigar box clinging to the cliff over a stormy little bay. This seemed to be a real home to me but I never owned it; it was owned by the banker of the village who would come sometimes with his wife and walk over it and say that this should be done here and that there. This shook, I must confess, my belief in my own ownership.

But from my earliest days I have had possessions to which I clung with animal ferocity. It began with a black featureless doll, very soon it became books—my first set of Walter Scott in limp pale-green leather, a fanciful edition of Shelley and the early volumes of the world's classics. Then in Cornwall I added a number of things, the model of a ship, a set of Arundel prints, two bad water colors by an aspiring painting friend of mine; then a dog, a mongrel who was called in reality Jacob but became afterward in the pages of certain books Hamlet.

It was Jacob, I fancy, who made my homecomings for the first time real. I had picked him up in the streets of London, a dirty puppy kicked along by the boot of an itinerant ruffian. The ruffian, when I made a protest, gave him to me. So the only home he ever knew, I suppose, was mine and it became a kind of duty on his part to see that when I came home from journeys I realized it. So he would lead me all over the tiny cottage in Cornwall pointing out everything as we went, the changes, the additions, the catastrophies, and regarding me through his peaked beard with a grave anxiety as to whether I was pleased.

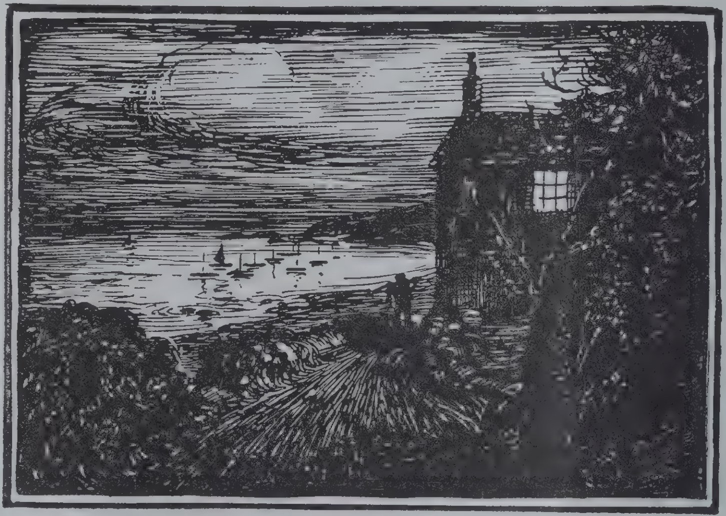
Jacob went the way of all dogs who today are and tomorrow are not; in plain words he ate too much and died of greed.

After that I had a house in London but I don't think that I ever quite came home to that. I had more servants than a bachelor should have and the house was over grand. No bachelor should live in a house with more than half a dozen rooms because he can't be in all of them at once and it ends inevitably in his camping in one or two and then the others go dead with neglect. I came home to pieces of this house, fragments of it, here a wall and there a corner, but always after five minutes of warm recognition I would suddenly tumble against a block of cold indifference that made me feel that I was a stranger there and had no right to call it home at all.

But from the first blessed moment when I saw this present abode of mine I knew that it was home. I came upon it by accident; I had been searching the district for a week or more and had seen nothing at all; I was in the car starting for Edinburgh when someone stopped me and said that he knew of a little house with a beautiful view of the lake and that it had 'To Be Sold' in the corner of the little garden. So back I went and I climbed the steps, saw the view of the lake, surveyed the sitting room and the thick quiet stones of the walls, turned to the elderly lady who owned it, and five minutes later had purchased it.

My solicitor, when I told him of my rashness, was horrified; his dominating idea from that moment onward was that as soon as possible I should get rid of it—there must be something wrong with it, all sorts of horrors would be discovered. I agreed with him, it seemed to be impossible that there shouldn't be something wrong with it, but as a matter of fact there was not and has not been to this day.

I have come home to it a good many times since that first occasion and each time it has had a special quality of its own. For one thing in this northwestern quarter of England the weather is very uncertain; that is, in the estimation of many worthy persons, to put it quite moderately, it has the reputation of being the wettest spot in England, and indeed only two miles away at Seathwaite there is the heaviest English rainfall.



But what no one who has not lived here realizes is that the weather in these parts is almost vocally personal; it has quite as many moods as a vain and spoiled woman or rather, as I would prefer to put it, as an exceedingly healthy and animated child who doesn't know what to do with his high spirits. It doesn't merely rain here as it does in the south, it rains in a thousand different ways. Your homecoming is generally accompanied with rain but it may be soft rain with a gentle purr in it, or a perfect 'plosh' as they call it, the buckets of heaven being emptied, or thin silver rain lighted with a strange shine, or whispering rain that you cannot see at all but only hear and feel, and it seldom lasts for more than an hour or two without a break, with the result that just when you begin to be irritated with it, it turns and smiles on you, offers you a piece of blue sky and a sheet of sun on a distant hill.

But what I have felt on this particular homecoming is the peace of the rain. There are many very stormy days when the clouds rush over my cottage from the other side of the hill like torrents of smoke from an enormous conflagration and all the trees shriek and scream and the water of the lake is wild with anger, but it has chosen on this particular homecoming to rain so quietly that it is like a cool hand on my fevered brow.

It happens that I have come home at the beginning of May when the grass is starred with jonquils and primroses and the larch trees are brilliantly green so that the rain seems to be performing a special duty rather as someone goes round the house and rubs everything up before the master returns. I am not so arrogant as to suppose that the rain is doing this especial benefit to my garden for my flattery, but when you own a piece of ground, it is very difficult not to take the weather personally.

But the real thing that makes this homecoming different from any other is that I have learned at last to live for the moment. All my life, like many other of my fellow humans, I have been expecting next week to be perfectly wonderful. 'When Tuesday comes,' I have said to myself, and then when Tuesday comes it is the Friday following. But now this time it is actual realization that I am experiencing. When I sit in my library and look at my books I am worried no longer by wondering whether I shall ever afford a first edition in its original boards of the *Essays of Elia;* when I look at my Whistler etching on the mantelpiece of my sitting room I sink into it with a perfect content without wanting to possess the whole of the Venetian set.

The bathroom is small and six months in America have given me a kind of millionaire's complex about bathrooms, but after all, however many people there are in the cottage, baths with a little adroitness can be managed. My two silver birches are few beside the glorious birch trees of Vermont but they are mine and they know it; the pansies and wallflowers in the garden are neither orchids nor double carnations but I know no color the world over more marvelous.

And this is the placid and unadventurous contentment of middle age? Not altogether. I am aware, now that I have come home, of a thousand things to be done, of a million improvements to house and garden, character and work, health and ambition. Nor is it complacency; there is more complacency perhaps in restless dissatisfaction than in grateful acceptance.

The OLD MAN of the RIVER

By MAX BENTLEY

THIS is the record of a man who, at eighty years, says true happiness comes only to him who lives among the wild things of Nature. I will make it brief because he, Uncle Jim McMahon, is himself an economizer in words, and, besides, insists he has no story. His love for the finned and furred and feathered folk amounts to a life's passion; and yet, illogically, he snares them for his living, and has been snaring them for fifty years.

He is so old, is Uncle Jim, that you would think a good-sized beaver could whip him in a fair fight; but no, he catches 150 of them every year—and violates no law, either, for Texas has no conservation act worthy of the name, and its wild game is being skinned out at a fatal rate. And he is so ugly that he is downright beautiful. Once (he tells this story himself) he was sleeping in a prairie schooner as it jolted along a winding Rio Grande road. His brother Bob was riding horseback ahead—a custom of the country in an earlier day. Bob met a stranger, who, without a word, handed him a silver dollar.

'What's this for?' inquired Bob.

'Well,' the stranger said, 'I've always had a standing bet of a dollar that I was the ugliest man in Texas, but you win. Here's your money. So long.'

'Wait!' Bob called out. 'Both of us lose, neighbor. Hey, Jim, come out here and get your money!'

One of the places along the Rio Grande where 'Uncle Jim' has run his boat between perpendicular walls 1,500 feet high.
Right—Uncle Jim McMahon.

I found Uncle Jim McMahon on Mud Creek, sixteen miles east of Del Rio, Texas, and therefore the same distance from his river home. The Rio Grande rolls sullenly by Del Rio gathering strength for its semiannual onslaught on the cultivated valleys hundreds of miles south; and on the other side is Mexico. I had been following the river from El Paso, awheel, and for the last two hundred miles had been searching for Uncle Jim. The tradition of him had met me at every port.

He had been the first, and has been the last, to run the rapids of Santa Helena, Mariscal and Boquillas canyons, comparable to the Grand Canyon in height, steepness and sheer beauty; he was known and trusted by every revolutionary chief on the border; he was called 'The Old Man of the River,' or, by an affectionate younger generation, 'Uncle Jim'; his St. Louis fur-buying house had written him up as the world's champion beaver trapper, in a poor beaver land at that—the Rio Grande runs through an arid country almost without timber and is given to devastating floods.

He has a right to the title of champion. His season (voluntarily imposed on himself by himself, since Texas imposes none) is from November to March, and since 1874 his season catch has averaged 150 beavers. He is a beaver specialist—it is only occasionally, even in off season, that he will stoop to trap the plebeian species of the brushy uplands. The river is his home. He is happy nowhere else. But I found him skinning a skunk miles from the river and apologizing for it. He was out of potatoes and tobacco and was simply accommodating a ranchman friend willing to pay ten dollars a scalp to be rid of depredating animals.

Uncle Jim was born in Tennessee in 1845 and came to Texas as a boy of twelve. He entered the Texas ranger service on his sixteenth birthday, while the Civil War was raging. He has always been a frontiersman. When civilization pushed the Texas frontier westward he moved with it. He was twenty-nine when he pitched his first camp on the Rio Grande. He remembers the occasion well.

'It was right here near where Del Rio is,' he said. 'The moon was shining on the river and the stars were big and grand. I was moseying along the bank when I saw a fat, shiny beaver push out for midstream to head off a floating log. That night I counted thirty. They were purty things, sleek and brown, and all frolicking together. I decided right then to be a trapper—and I've been one ever since, right on this river.'

He has had no other occupation. Judge Roy Bean, the double-fisted 'Law West of the Pecos,' lived out his rip-roaring career at Langtry within

(*Continued on page 28*)

When *a* Mighty River *Goes* Mad

Wrecked Homes *and* Ruined Fields Are *in* Wake *of* Mississippi Flood

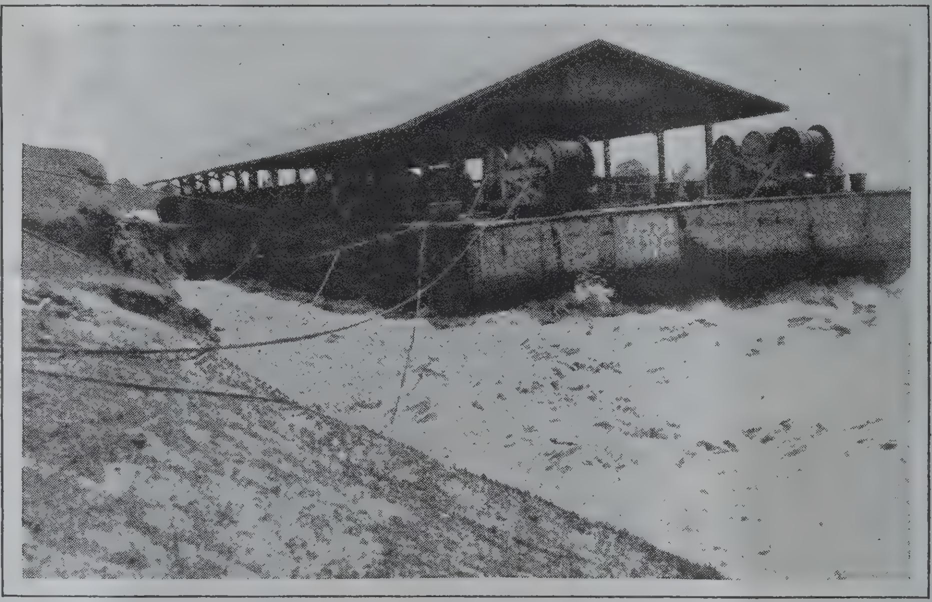
By PIERCE CUMINGS

THE story of the Mississippi Flood is a sickening repetition of man's defeat at the hands of the river. Levee after levee crumbled as the crest moved southward. County followed county under water, state followed state. Human beings perished by hundreds, animals by thousands. Property loss, which in the majority of cases means the entire livelihood of families, was counted in the millions.

The tributaries of the Mississippi joined in pouring death and destruction over the countryside. The Saint Francis, the White, the Arkansas, all broke their bounds. Farther south the Yazoo, the Red and the Atchafalaya rivers were filling, ready to double the spread of desolation.

In many ways the battle between man and river resembles the action of a great war. The fight is waged in sectors. Men are mobilized, moved, countermoved. Defeat in one sector means renewed efforts in another.

There are the front line trenches—the levees. There are the reserve forces of men and material in the rear. There is the same concentration of boats, automobiles, airplanes, ambulances, trains and trucks. There are great rows of tents, hundreds here, thousands there. There is the commissary problem—the feeding of the great army of fighters and the greater army of refugees.



Government barge, Atchafalaya River levee at the McCrea crevasse. It crashed through the opening shortly after this picture was taken. Part of the levee can be seen crumbling away.

The Memphis-Vicksburg sector was fought for—and was lost. North of Greenville the Mississippi tore away the levee, flooding the city and a large portion of the state to which it had given name. Ten thousand refugees were grouped in Greenville, as well as the 12,000 residents of the city. To evacuate these in safety presented a titantic problem.

Arkansas, already under water from the swirling onslaught of its namesake river, was made a vast brown lake when the Mississippi ate away levees below Helena. Town after town sent calls for aid to the Red Cross headquarters at Memphis. Boats picked men, women and children from levees, from tree limbs, from railroad cars, from housetops. Airplanes scouted overhead for those in remote localities, circling back when they discovered refugees to direct boats to the rescue.

Heroism was a matter of everyday routine. Relief workers placed their lives in jeopardy every hour. For the fliers a forced landing would have been fatal. But these things were not talked of. Disregard for danger was commonplace. Men were saving their fellow men; and that was that. There were no parades, no drums, no flags, no hero-insanity. There was no need, and no time.

Refugees were grouped at central points, and later removed to concentration camps. Many had only the clothing they had grabbed when the dread cry, 'Crevasse! Crevasse!' alarmed and drove them from their homes. Most had gone without food for hours, many for days. Rain—the same rain which had brought on the flood—pelted down, adding to already heaped-up misery. Fires were out of the question. The rude shelters afforded little protection.

Strange outcroppings of human nature were manifest. One youth mourned the loss of his new spring suit; another the death of a pet dog. A little group spoke in awed voices of the fate of neighbors who had failed to heed the flood warning the night before. 'Oh, the water won't reach us,' the neighbors had declared; and they had stayed by their cabin when the rest fled. Late at night cries had been heard from the direction of their home.

Interest of a white-haired, 65-year-old mother was centered in a chair she had saved: the chair in which she had rocked her seven babies to sleep years before. An aging farmer whose life possessions had been wiped out refused to accept food without paying for it. That would have been charity. A strapping Negro hugged a phonograph in his arms. Asked to play it, he shook his head glumly. 'Dis baby don' feel like singin'.'

There were instances of strange friendship among animals. On one fence post was a turtle, and on the turtle's back a frightened mouse, both marooned in the flood of waters. Ants and other forms of small life filled the branches of trees. Snakes hung from the limbs, dropping often into passing rescue boats.

All up and down the river and its tributaries the scenes were repeated. Men toiled to save the levees, and their homes. White-faced and weary women packed what belongings they could, ready for flight at an instant's notice. Cattle clogged the roads leading from the threatened regions, but there were few places for them to go. Land for twenty, or forty, or fifty miles around was doomed. Trucks, wagons, sleds drawn by oxen, all piled high with furniture and hens and trunks and pigs, raced before the advancing water. Some waited too long. Along many roads automobiles were submerged, their occupants rescued in the nick of time by people in boats or in lighter cars.

One planter, fortunate in having high ground on his plantation, set up a temporary home in a circus tent for his workers and prepared to withstand the watery siege. A colored parson, warned of the imminent approach of the water, supervised the building of a 20th Century Noah's Ark. When the water began creeping over the ground he led his flock aboard, ready to begin a modern voyage of forty days and forty nights. The water rose but the ark did not; and after waiting a decent interval, the pastor and his followers hopped gingerly to safety atop a levee.

Thousands owed their lives to the airplanes. Clothing and supplies were dropped to those in isolated places. One aviator spied a shirt being waved from a hole cut in the top of a cotton mill. Unable to guide rescuers there because of the danger of the current, he returned with a package of provisions and, flying low, 'bombed' the small opening with food. For days he repeated the stunt, once flying within ten feet of the roof during a heavy gale. Another flier landed in the swollen river near a levee. With a long pole he received messages, hastily penned by the refugees to friends and relatives in the outside world.

Others flew in advance of the floodwaters, dropping or shouting warnings to the inhabitants. Planes proved invaluable in reconnaisance work, mapping the inundated areas and determining the daily march of the water.

In its early days the flood struck with little warning. Levee after levee broke under the tremendous pressure of the river. The waters spread rapidly. Often people would waken in the night to find their homes

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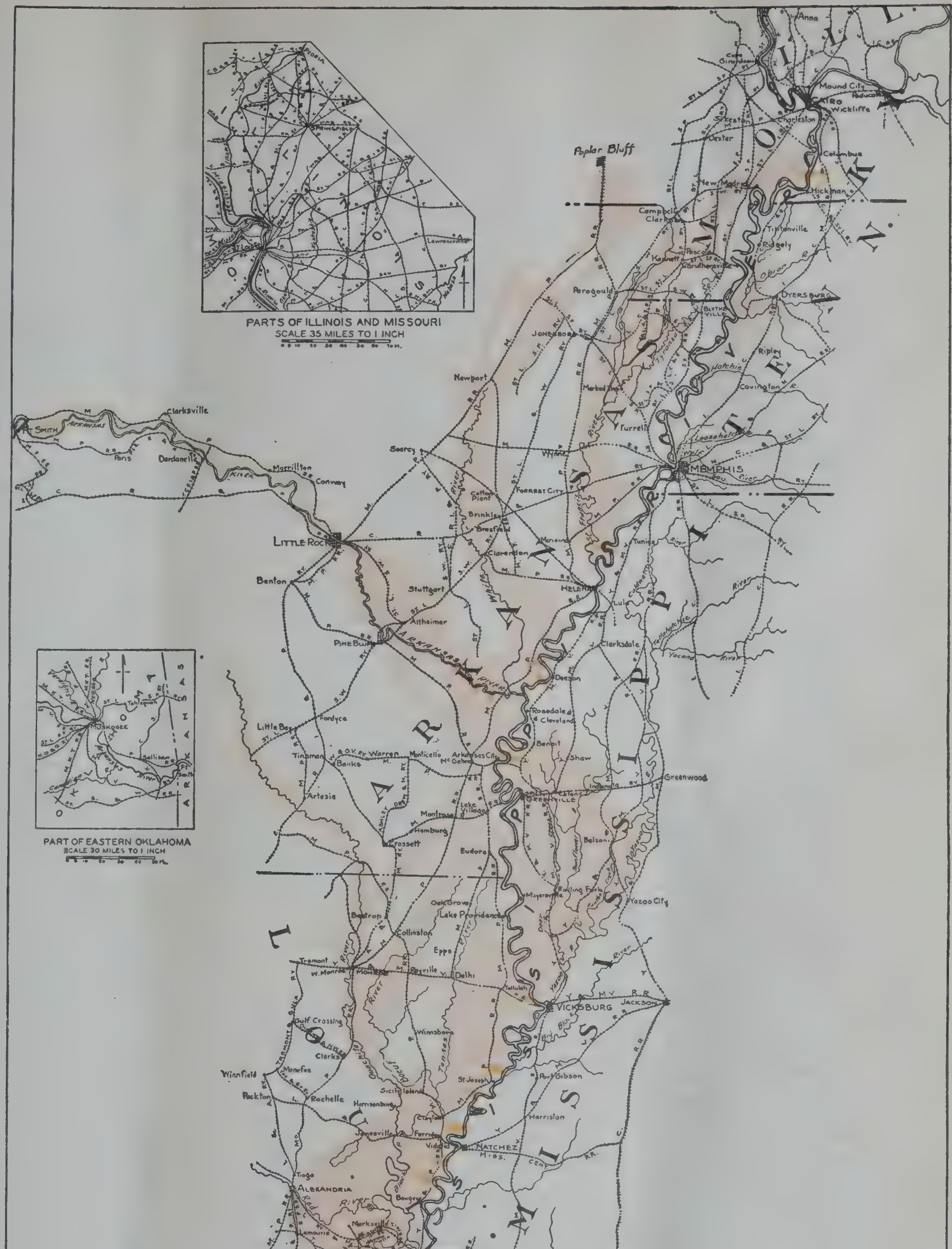

PARTS OF ILLINOIS AND MISSOURI
SCALE 35 MILES TO 1 INCH
PART OF EASTERN OKLAHOMA
SCALE 30 MILES TO 1 INCH
Poplar Bluff
Memphis
Little Rock
Pine Bluff
Helena
Clarksdale
Greenville
Greenwood
Yazoo City
Vicksburg
Jackson
Natchez
Alexandria
Baton Rouge
New Orleans
Lake Pontchartrain
Monroe
Arkansas
Louisiana
Mississippi
Tennessee
Kentucky
Illinois
Gulf
Crevasse
Flooded Areas
SCALE 20 MILES TO 1 INCH

How France *Has* Restored *Her* Finances

Raymond Poincare Saves *the* Franc *From* Perdition

By SOMMERVILLE STORY

A MIRACLE has occurred in France within the past few months—a miracle which is none the less real and absolute though it is one of finance, a region in which miracles are least expected. It is the raising of the franc, which in July, 1926, was at 240 to the pound sterling, to 120 last December, and between 124 and 123 at the time of writing.

It is no wonder that at a recent public meeting the man who has done this—Raymond Poincaré, ex-president of the Republic and at present prime minister and minister of finance—should have been acclaimed and cheered as the 'savior of the franc.' For he has saved the franc from perdition, and his success is perhaps the greatest triumph that a political man could or ever has had.

The franc still has hard times to go through—France is not yet out of the financial jungle—but it will weather the storm if the policy of M. Poincaré is steadfastly pursued and the country is saved from the intrigues and experiments of the politicians.

IT MUST be borne in mind in the consideration of the facts that the economical and financial condition of France was never really so bad as the fall of the franc seemed to indicate. The franc tumbled in a catastrophic manner during last year, but it never was and never could be in so low a position as the mark in Germany; the financial and monetary condition of the country was never at any time so bad as that of Germany.

Although the position still remains serious today—especially the monetary as apart from the financial—it can be improved slowly as the result of a program of drastic economy and the application of increasing taxation over a long period of years. For this, political stability is required above all things.

A few words as to how this situation arose are necessary. First and foremost, French finances suffered gravely from the enormous expenditure incurred during the war. During those years the people were scarcely taxed. Taxation of any sort has never been popular in France, and there was a great natural reluctance to tax the families of men called up to serve their country, whose earning capacity was thus much reduced. Not only that, but millions were paid out to these same families to help support them in the absence of the breadwinners. What was more extraordinary was that the manufacturers, in a large or small way, who piled up enormous fortunes on war contracts, were also not taxed. Some fortunes were made with startling rapidity in France, as in other countries, by mere workmen. An instance is that of a foreman mechanic named Chausson, who at the beginning of the war was living in a small lodging house. He invented a method of making cheap effective automobile radiators, found financial backers who obtained contracts for supplying the army at big prices, and in 1920 was paying taxes on an annual income of five million dollars!

To provide money to carry on the war, government loans were launched at the rate of two or three a year, and bills known as national defense bills were continually being issued bearing interest at 5 or 6 per cent. So great was the number of these bills issued during and immediately after the war that in 1923 the chairman of a parliamentary budget committee admitted that the state did not know to a billion dollars or so how many such bills were in circulation.

When the end of the war came the people were still not taxed adequately; the wealthy industrial classes—the new-rich—especially were allowed to go almost scot-free. The reason underlying this anomalous state of affairs was that the politicians were constantly saying that Germany must be made to repay France all the money spent on the war as also to pay for the rebuilding of the ten departments that had been wrecked and destroyed. No French politician dared to ask for additional taxation, or dared to undeceive the nation by telling it that Germany was not materially in a position to pay. And the nation, or a goodly portion of it at any rate, was only too willing to be deceived.

THE politicians had to reckon furthermore with the irritation of the working classes, who after the war were enraged to find that so many had got rich quickly by staying at home and profiteering while they had been fighting in the trenches or had been at forced work in the factories.

Successive governments went on borrowing, without considering how or when the money was to be repaid. The taxation being still very insufficient, borrowing was resorted to in order to keep the machinery of state going; and this was possible on account of continued confidence on the part of the public, who, entirely ignorant of the real state of affairs, willingly lent the government money at 6 per cent—a high rate of interest for Europe.

The French franc had during the war been kept at the rate of 27 to the pound sterling, or 5 to the dollar, by the guaranty of the British Government, which supported the French currency. This being a heavy burden to Great Britain, the guaranty was withdrawn soon after the signing of the peace, and the consequence was that the franc began immediately to decline in value.

After the general election of 1919 when M. Poincaré came to power, as a result of the continued issue of paper money the franc started to fall rapidly. Speculators—German, Dutch, Scandinavian, and cosmopolitan Jews—thought it a good opportunity to 'bear' the franc, with the idea that it would go the way of the German mark.

THIS began to open the eyes of M. Poincaré, who up till then had been absorbed with the troubles of the Ruhr. Boldly and with great courage, on the eve of the general election, M. Poincaré—in spite of violent radical and socialist opposition—got a number of laws passed making enormous increases in taxation and enacting drastic financial reforms. In this way he stopped the speculation in the franc, which recovered from 120 to 60 to the pound.

But the radicals then started the battle cry of 'not another cent on taxation,' which naturally met with favor among the majority of the electors. The result was that the republican majority of 1919 was overturned, M. Poincaré fell, and in 1924 the radicals and socialists were put in power.

These two parties had formed a coalition, the radicals agreeing to do nothing without the socialists (so forming a sort of democratic party). But this coalition soon found itself in difficulties. Bound by their election promises, with a huge annual expenditure to meet and not a third enough revenue to meet it, and not daring to institute fresh taxation, they went on borrowing as their predecessors had done. At the same time they began seriously to discuss the question of cutting down the amount of interest paid on the government issues and even of ceasing to pay the

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St. Andrews Golf Club.

The Home Town of GOLF

Royal and Ancient Clubhouse.

St. Andrews and the 1927 British Open Championship

By ALEXANDER KEITH

> Think, in this northern city, old and gray,
> Where men talk Golf all night and play
> all day,
> How many million Players with their Clubs
> Abode a little while, and went their way.
>
> R. K. Risk: *Songs of the Links.*

THERE is to take place on the links this year at St. Andrews, on the world-famous Old Course, the final rounds of the tournament in the British Open Golf Championship. Some of the most thrilling contests in golfing history have been fought on the Old Course, and every hole has its legends of matches won or shots played.

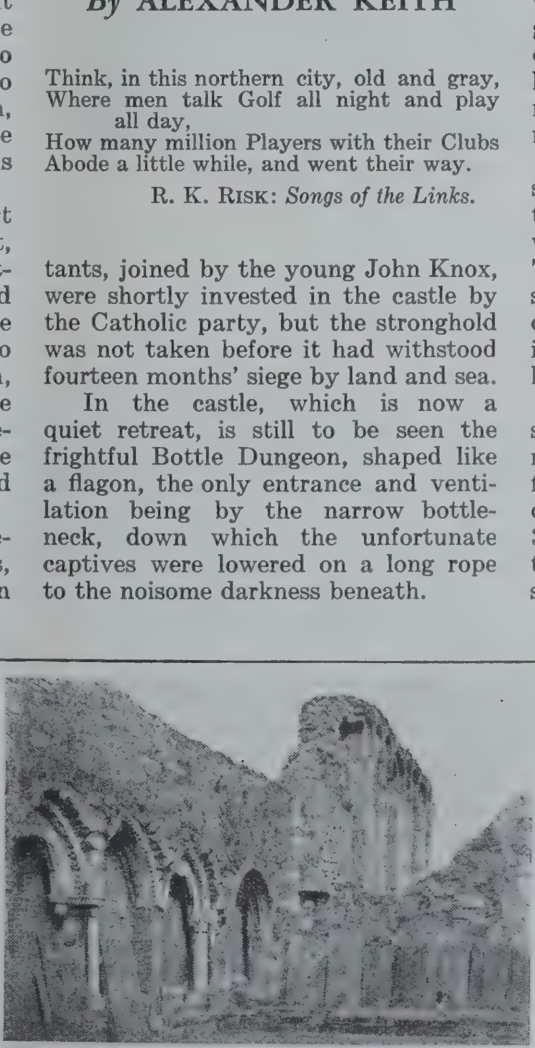
St. Andrews is full of ghosts. It takes its name from Andrew, one of the disciples, whose remains are said to have been brought from Asia Minor to the coast of Fife by an early Christian, Regulus, in whose honor one of the towers of the great ruined cathedral is named St. Regulus.

It was in St. Andrews that Robert the Bruce held his first parliament, long before Bannockburn assured Scotland of its independence. A few hundred yards from the cathedral is the house in which Mary Queen of Scots used to reside during her visits to the town, and it was here that her importunate French admirer, Chastelard, was executed. St. Andrews also boasts the oldest university in Scotland, founded in 1413.

On the sea front, about midway between the cathedral and the golf courses, stand the ruins of the castle, perched on a lofty cliff jutting out into the sea.

Here occurred some of the fiercest incidents of the Reformation nearly 400 years ago. Before the castle George Wishart, the Scottish Protestant pioneer, was burned by Cardinal Beaton, the chief representative of the Catholic Church in Scotland. Three months later, Wishart's friends captured the castle by stratagem and slew the cardinal; and next morning the townsfolk awoke to the grim spectacle of Beaton's body nailed and spread-eagled on the walls of his own fortress. The Protestants, joined by the young John Knox, were shortly invested in the castle by the Catholic party, but the stronghold was not taken before it had withstood fourteen months' siege by land and sea.

In the castle, which is now a quiet retreat, is still to be seen the frightful Bottle Dungeon, shaped like a flagon, the only entrance and ventilation being by the narrow bottleneck, down which the unfortunate captives were lowered on a long rope to the noisome darkness beneath.



Part of cathedral wall with old tombstones.

Although the Old Course is not thought to be the oldest golf links in the world, and although the Royal and Ancient Club is only fourth in order of age among golf clubs, St. Andrews is the acknowledged home and capital of the game. There the laws of golf are made and interpreted, and the whole town makes its livelihood by the game. The Old Course itself, though the advance in golf architecture has enabled more difficult and scientific courses to be laid out, is still recognized by the majority of golfing opinion as the most magnetic links in existence.

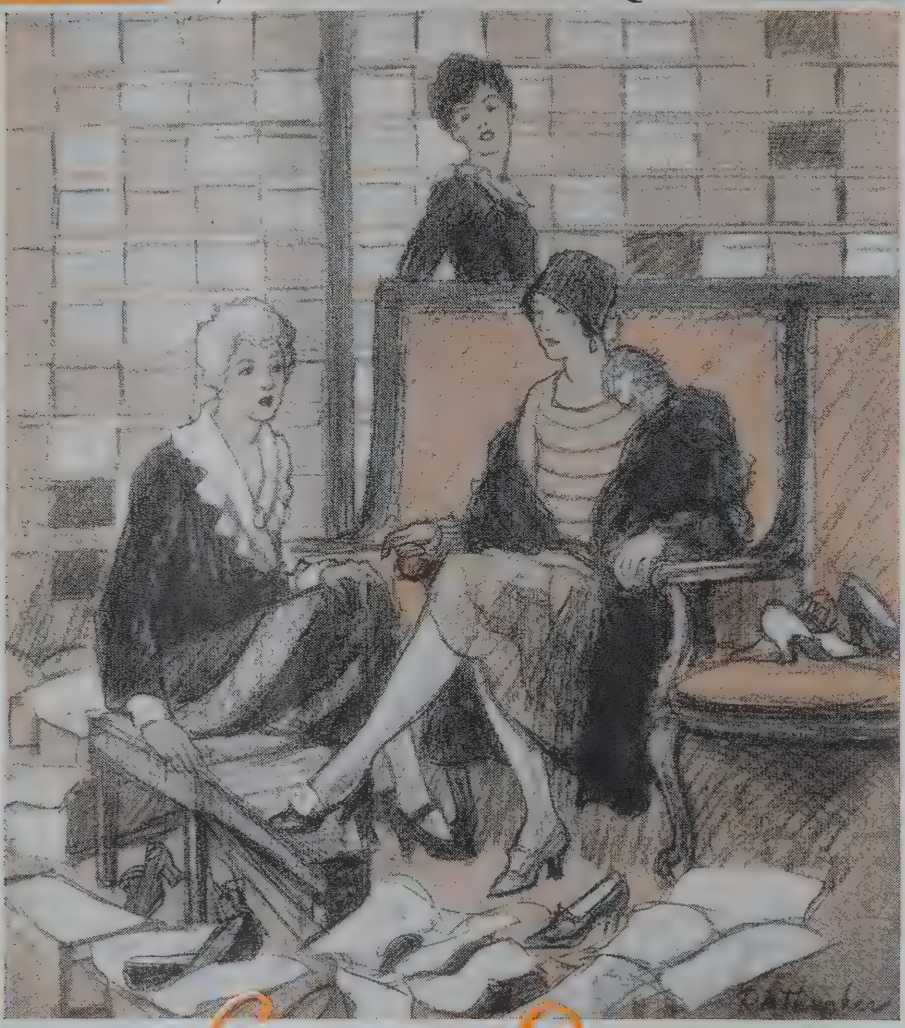
In a rough triangle bounded on the south by the town, the east by the sea, the north by the Eden estuary, and the west by the railway are four courses. The short Jubilee Course is next the sea; next is the New Course, which dovetails the Old; then the Old Course itself; and last the Eden Course. These latter three are all first-class courses.

As most golfers are hardly 'up to scratch,' and many American golfers may this year visit the course for the first time, they will appreciate a brief description of the Old Course as the 3-8 handicap man finds it. There are, to begin, two general rules to be observed. A 200-250 yards' drive, placed according to the caddie's instructions, is always necessary, and all approaches to the green must be played with mashie or mashie-niblick and have 'spin' in them.

Hole No. 1 is a drive and a mashie over the famous Swilcan Burn—a 4. No. 2 is a drive, long brassie or full iron second, and probably a pitch, as the green is guarded by ridges and bunkers—a 5. No. 3 is a drive and approach—a 4. No. 4 is drive and mid-iron—another 4. No. 5 is a full drive up a gully, a well-lifted brassie to get up on the plateau

(Continued on page 23)

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH



Choosing SHOES

Illustrated by RUTH A. THURBER

THE embarrassment of leaving any shop without having made a purchase is one of the discomforts to which I never become hardened. But of all shops I find a shoe shop the most difficult to extricate myself from, and unfortunately there is no commodity in which I am so seldom 'suited' as in footwear.

The mortification one suffers as sample after sample is produced in vain! After you have been trying on for over half an hour it really isn't possible to sneak off with some unconvincing murmur about 'coming back in a day or two.' For the sake of one's foot, high ladders have been scaled, the nethermost reserve ransacked, and the whole floor is now littered with open cardboard boxes. The supercilious black-satin attendant looks jaded and frankly bored. Her eyebrows rise higher and higher. Was that a weary wink at the successful attendant who has just sold three pairs of shoes to that woman with—yes, with 'ridiculously small feet'?

For the rich, I suppose, it is no great misfortune to buy a misfit. No drama attends their shopping. But if poverty condemns you to wear out your failures, then indeed you should be assured of your moral courage before you risk it in a shoe shop. For if it fails and lets you in for buying a shoe that pinches, how much *physical* courage will be required before that shoe is worn out!

I don't know which is the more disconcerting type of saleswoman. There is the soothing flatterer who refuses to admit that her customer has large feet. Everything she produces is too small, and you begin to apologize for your size; but still she coos: 'Long, moddum—yes, very long and rather wide, but *not large*. Oh, dear me, no!'

Then there is the no-beating-about-the-bush type. She makes no secret of the fact that she considers you a freak. 'No,' she says brutally, 'this style wouldn't look at all well in an *outsize!*' Convinced of inconvenient abnormality, you try to console yourself by remembering the enormity of the Venus de Milo's feet. No comfort in that! *She* didn't have to wear shoes. You feel a fit subject for a comic song. Strains of

> Oh, my darling Clementine . . .
> Her feet were number nine

float mockingly on the air.

You discover yourself thinking with unwonted sympathy of Cinderella's ugly sisters as your foot compels you to place yourself in their class. With a pang you come to realize that your feet have outgrown that charming bit of verse hitherto considered appropriate for your own spring yearning:

> Here's to the day when it is May
> And care as light as a feather,
> When your little shoes and my big boots
> Go tramping over the heather.

Unconsciously your attention becomes riveted on shoes: ill-fitting, unkempt, neglected shoes; old but well-kept, comfortable shoes; neat, trim, snug-fitting shoes, and plain, sensible, low-heeled walking shoes. How can the shoes proclaim the woman! With a start your big, unanswered problem confronts you.

You remember an attractive pair of shoes you saw in the window. Why haven't they been shown to you? Hopefully, defiantly, you describe them. Comes the crushing explanation.

'Oh, no, moddum, we don't stock them in your size!'

You can't bear it any longer. 'I'll have these,' you say with a sigh of relief, as at last without any shock of pain your foot slides into a proffered shoe. Your object was to buy a pair of black evening shoes. These are beige walking ones. Never mind. Anything to get out of this mortifying shop!

Dreadful thought! You remember that one of your feet is even bigger than the other. Which is it? Heaven grant it be the right one, now quite comfortably ensconced in a serviceable shoe. 'I'll wear them away,' you blurt out, deciding to risk it.

Alas, alas! It is your right foot that is the smaller of the two. Your left foot tells you this as it contracts into cramped confinement, and thus one-half of your new and very expensive property is far, far too tight.

Impossible to withdraw now. Forcing a bright smile, you limp off the premises. Your heel, your toe, your instep—all are being tortured! Literally your heart is in your boots, and soon you will be on your way to the chiropodist, vowing that nevermore will you lack the courage of your own convictions. But somehow, however sternly you resolve to walk out of the shop the next time you find nothing there to suit you, a month or two later will find you in the same predicament, and (let us whisper it!) facing it in the same way as before!

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Work—The Greatest Power

MISTAKES, whether they occur in the social region or in the building of a new machine, are often the result of active research. The mind knows the end which it wishes to reach. It sees an opening here, and enters it. It explores far enough to discover that the opening does not lead where the mind wishes to go. Another opening is explored in like manner, and withdrawn from. And so on, experience being gained at every step. This is not waste, by any means. It is not evil, it is not blameworthy. It is part of the material of knowledge.

You know your way from your home to the shop, but a real part of that knowledge is the other knowledge that certain other ways do not lead to the shop. The negative knowledge is in the back of your mind, unused; but it is part of knowledge just the same.

A piece of mechanism that does not work we know is wrong. What does not work perfectly requires improvement. What breaks down periodically requires strengthening. But if the whole thing is wrong it will not work at all, except destructively and wastefully. Within our range of knowledge and necessity, we have made things work, we have found certain principles, and while there may be newer and better applications of these principles, we have laid the foundations.

> *THERE is knowledge even in mistakes because mistakes are part of the material of experience. Experience is gained by work, that is, the kind of experience that leads to doing something useful or producing something that will be beneficial to the community. It is a mistake, however, to scrap a thing because it is defective without first ascertaining whether or not the defect can be remedied. More knowledge is thus gained. If constructive methods are not followed unemployment waits in the background. The winning of security can only be accomplished by continually growing, making and carrying things, and doing so in the best way. Work is the greatest power.*

Certain foundations have been laid in the region where we adjust our relations to one another as social beings. We have all the same needs, and we are all subject to the same necessity of supplying them. And that necessity is relentlessly the same. Needs can be supplied only by work, someone's work. Not only relentless but inevitable is this necessity, for it is marvelous to consider how very, very few in the world can live without work. There are a few aged, a few ill folk, a few pitiable offspring of the wealthy—that is all. Of the rest of the world, of any condition, those who work are a mighty ocean, those who do not are but a handful.

There are parts of the world where this principle of work is not understood, but it is painfully forcing its way into understanding. There are perhaps more parts of the world where the differences in work are not completely understood. Some work in one sphere, some in another; the spheres fit one another.

In the ordinary household the husband is the breadwinner, the wife the manager of all the home affairs. Both work in their own way, and the product of their joint toil is the home. In the industrial world these spheres are duplicated, the managerial and the manual, being more commingled than ever before, and the joint product is service to the world and a living for the men who render the service.

What needs to be done is obvious—the winning of security for those who work, whatever their work may be. All human affairs are mutable; the factor of individual discipline steps in at unexpected moments; there are troubles and difficulties of one kind or another assailing all people of all kinds. Sorrows and joys, disappointments and anxieties, losses and tragedies, are not the monopoly of one group. Every life is very much like another these days.

But it should be made possible—indeed, it is perhaps not too much to say that it can be made possible—for every man to be assured at least that there will always be the opportunity for work afforded to him. The basic insecurity of the industrial realm may at least be abolished, even though the other insecurities of life remain what they are.

There are three main divisions of work: Growing the food and the clothing material which people use; manufacturing the tools with which these necessities are raised and turned into articles of use; transporting both to those who need them. Growing, making and carrying—these are the three principal things we do. And as there is always something to do in all of these lines, at least always in two of them, unemployment would not occur if industry were organized with a view to the whole need.

This would seem to be one direction in which progress can be made for the purpose of giving security of employment. This is the making of legitimate improvements. And with this assured, other improvements could be undertaken without that stress of mind and need which enters into the making of so many advances.

There will never be security if destructive changes are substituted for constructive. There is no ingenuity in simply destroying things. If work is fundamental, if industry is really a beneficial and productive fact, then the imperfections which accompany it, like unemployment or uncertainty of employment, would seem to be susceptible of adjustment. Cure the defects without destroying a fundamentally good and tried method.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Man on the Dike

THIS is by way of tribute to a Louisiana state penitentiary inmate—name unknown—who, despite his present circumstances and surroundings, must have somewhere deep down in his make-up the instincts of humanity.

It was during the battle to save the levees in the treacherous flood region of the Atchafalaya and the Mississippi. Six hundred prisoners from the great institution were taken out of their cells and placed at work upon the ramparts, among them our unnamed hero. There was no time for patrols and sentinels—so the convicts arranged an honor system of their own. To their credit it should be noted that they toiled willingly, even while their lives were constantly endangered by the crumbling dikes.

The temptation to escape was there, of course; and 599 prisoners ignored it. They swung pick and shovel by day; and by night slept in damp, unpleasant quarters, all part of the battle to save the state. The six hundredth prisoner was tempted and fell—he escaped.

Free from the necessity of labor; free from bars and chains; free from striped suits and guards, he swiftly sped away from there. The air never seemed so sweet. He reveled in his liberty. Then his footsteps began to lag, as he suddenly felt a wave of shame rush over him. Something halted him. He could not go on, while his fellow convicts fought on the levee against the growing waters.

Shamefacedly, he retraced his steps, returned to the levee, regained his shovel and pick, and went back to work. Voluntarily and apologetically, he asked for a place in the line. He sinned—if it be a sin to escape guards—but he repented and came back. And if the Gospels be true, there was joy somewhere when this poor fellow, name unknown, scrambled back on the levee, and took one step upward toward manhood.

Voices of the Past

MOONLIGHT floods the Ozark hills. The lilting voice of the night bird is heard above the sound of the rapids. From the mountains come the hill people bringing their old-fashioned fiddles and hymn books. They gather about an open space in the forest by luminous camp fires. It is the annual 'singing bee' and all who are able to attend are there. Here one listens to old ballads so expressive of early life in the Ozarks; love songs of many verses, such as our grandparents chanted while returning home from frontier parties; crooning cradle songs, the same songs that lulled to sleep the great Lincoln in his infancy; ballads of bravado and inspiring lyrics of another day. In this way the folklore of pioneer days is preserved. Ordinarily folklore is becoming more difficult to obtain as the pioneers pass on. It is only through the family fireplace councils and these singing bees that the melodies and ballads of the hills are carried from generation to generation.

Try This on Your Ouija Board

THE harbinger of the next presidential election will shortly put in its appearance. It may be Maine—may be South Dakota; may be the way the sunspots scurry across the sun; perhaps the way some magazine's poll happens to result. The primary in South Dakota is a good illustration. Coming as it does on the third Tuesday of next March, it will foreshadow, as does the groundhog, the inevitable ballot.

Back in 1920, the future was predicted by this early primary, in the defeating of Lowden by General Wood, who, as we all know, is now governor-general of the Philippines. In 1924, Senator Hiram Johnson carried the primary, and as we likewise all know, he is still a senator.

But despite these apparent discrepancies, one harbinger is as good as another; and all signs point to the election of someone as President in November, 1928.

Jupiter in the Wrong House

EVER since the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, someone has been searching the heavens to read the future and particularly to cast the horoscopes of great men. Now we learn that Candidate So-and-So hasn't the ghost of a chance in the next presidential campaign—because at the hour of his birth some planet was in the wrong house; or some sign of the zodiac stood in the path of the moon.

It must be slightly discouraging for a politician or an occupant of public office who has arrived at the point of at least being mentioned in connection with the White House to discover suddenly that he was born in an unlucky hour or that some distant planet was in the wrong house. To surrender one's ambition and dreams, to go down into oblivion instead of attaining the lofty eminence which otherwise might have been attained, seems cruel punishment for one who had no control over the planets in the first place.

The stargazers who have cast the horoscope of a distinguished presidential possibility may be predicting the truth. They have two guesses, and one is bound to be correct. But what is to be done about it should the guess prove to be wrong? Will it prove the planet's influence not working? Or was the diagnosis wrong? How can such mistakes be avoided in the future?

Have Faith in China

THE most remarkable statement that has yet come out of China is that of Mrs. John E. Williams, widow of the American university professor slain during the Nanking riots. For honesty, temperate judgment and absolute fairness, the statement is without peer. It is as straightforward and simple a message as any that modern Christianity affords. It cuts through jingoism with the sharpness of a keen-edged knife. Mrs. Williams spoke for both her daughter and herself. She said:

'To us the most impressive thing in the whole incident in Nanking was the great love and instant response of all Chinese students, faculty, and servants. The news of the death of Dr. Williams within ten minutes was all over the city, and with one accord they sprang into action as though an electric shock had gone through the entire community. By their sacrifice of self and money and clothes, and even at the risk of all their lives, they tried to save the other foreigners . . .

'We do believe firmly that if the conservative group can maintain their position and power the very best forces in China will back them, and that China will work out her own salvation. We believe in the Nationalist cause. In it we see the only possibility for a united country, and we believe that China can work it out *without intervention.* Always we have absolute faith in the Chinese with whom we have worked. It was not China that was responsible for the situation at Nanking; it came from the outside.'

Those are words of a Christian—the widow of a Christian martyr!

A Nicaraguan Chronology

1912—United States Marines are landed in Nicaragua 'for the protection of American lives and property.'

1912—J. and W. Seligman & Co., New York bankers, float a loan of $1,500,000, secured by a lien on the Pacific Railroad, sole one in Nicaragua, government-owned, and rich in revenue.

1924—The Nicaraguan Government repays the loan and gets back its railroad.

1925—United States Marines are withdrawn after thirteen years occupancy of the country.

1926—The Nicaraguan Government (Liberal party) is overthrown by force and Emiliana Chamorro (Conservative party) seizes the presidency. The Liberals revolt.

1926—Chamorro resigns in favor of Adolfo Diaz (Conservative party).

1926—Diaz is promptly recognized by the United States Government. The Liberals continue their revolt.

1926—United States Marines are landed 'for the protection of American lives and property.'

1926—Lawrence Dennis, American Chargé d'Affaires at Nicaragua, is accused by Liberals of influencing the selection and recognition of Diaz.

February 8, 1927—Dennis is ordered to report in Washington 'about March 1.'

March 12, 1927—It becomes known that Dennis has resigned, after charging certain officials in the State Department with incompetence, neglect of important news dispatches, waste of Government funds in transmitting worthless information and general lack of fitness for their posts. He is persuaded to withdraw his resignation, pending his return to Washington.

March 15, 1927—A sensation is caused by reports that Dennis possesses a document in the name of Secretary Kellogg, instructing him to exert pressure to bring about the election of Diaz. Official denial that such a document exists is made by the State Department.

March 21, 1927—Dennis arrives in Washington and after a conference with Secretary Kellogg adds his denial to that of the State Department.

March 26, 1927—J. and W. Seligman & Co., and associate bankers, advance $1,000,000 to the Diaz government. They withhold all details on the ground that the transaction was strictly private. News dispatches report that through it they have again gained control of the profitable Pacific Railroad.

June 4, 1927—New York *World* announces that Dennis resigns from the diplomatic service and will join the firm of J. and W. Seligman & Co.

Why Pay More Interest?

THE Treasury has announced an offering of bonds at 3½ per cent to redeem the outstanding second Liberty bonds and such maturities as cannot be retired from revenues this year.

Why the high rate of interest?

National bank currency in circulation is largely based on bonds bearing but 2 per cent and netting the banks less than that because of a circulation tax imposed by the Government. These bonds were floated without trouble; the demand was so great for the 2 per cents that at no time from their issue have they fallen below par, while other bonds have ranged far below, at times, although bearing twice the interest rate and more.

The difference is in what is known as the 'circulation privilege' with which these 2 per cents alone were endowed, and which was specifically denied the Liberty issues.

The attention of the Treasury was called to the feasibility of funding a full half of the national debt by a bond issue at 2 per cent carrying the circulation privilege in the form of a redemption in lawful money at the holder's option. Of course there is no tax on such circulation.

A saving of ½ to ¾ of one per cent, where the saving of 1½ to 2¼ is possible, is not financing for the people.

Site *of* Nancy Hanks' Home *Located in* West Virginia

Rails marking the original dimensions of the Hanks cabin. The author stands in the front center, holding his hat. —Coyd Yost Photos.

Where the MOTHER *of* LINCOLN *Was Born*

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was aware that his father had been born in Rockingham County, Virginia, and his knowledge and written statement to that effect are found correct. He knew, also, that his mother, Nancy Hanks, was born in Virginia, but in what part of Virginia he did not know, or if he knew he did not relate. No member of the Hanks family ever told anyone who communicated the information to a biographer of Lincoln in what part of the Old Dominion Nancy Hanks was born. No careful inquiry was made until 1865, and by that time all the Hankses of her generation were dead. The oldest relatives of Lincoln who bore the name of Hanks had been born in Kentucky, and they may not have known.

Not till 1899, and then not on the basis of any knowledge obtained from the family, was there an attempt to discover the county in which the President's mother had her birth. What came to light then was welcomed by writers on Lincoln, and by the time of the centenary, ten years later, was undisputed and accepted by all who wrote on the subject during that period.

This story was that the Hanks family in Virginia had its American origin in or near Plymouth, Massachusetts, where one Benjamin Hanks arrived at the very end of the 17th Century. It was affirmed that one member of this family went to Virginia early in the 18th Century, and that a group of his sons, who were named, and whose land transfers were published, went to Amelia County, Virginia, where they became related by marriage to four families named Berry, Thompson, Mitchell and Lincoln.

It was affirmed that Abraham Lincoln, paternal grandfather of the President, and Joseph Hanks, maternal grandfather of the same, and a son each of the families of Berry, Thompson and Mitchell, went to Lunenburg County, and each of the five married daughters of a man named Shipley. The names of the five women were given. All five families later moved to Washington County, Kentucky, so it was stated, and there, Thomas Lincoln, son of Abraham and Mary Shipley Lincoln, married Nancy daughter of Joseph and Mary Shipley Hanks; and their second child and first son was Abraham Lincoln, afterward President of the United States.

For twenty-five years this story was undisputed, and it won eminent support, as the crowded library shelves testify.

I had every inclination to accept this story. When early in 1920 I published my first large work on Lincoln, *The Soul of Abraham Lincoln,* I had found no cause to dispute this narrative. But a few months later, when I published *The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln,* I was aware that this story was not so easy to believe as I had supposed. In that book, however, I accepted the Amelia County narrative, though with some hesitation. I had no reason as yet to investigate it. I knew that I must investigate it, and with an open mind, but I expected and hoped that the Amelia County story would be confirmed.

When I began investigating this matter, as I did about 1921, I wrote to the clerk of the courts in Amelia County and obtained all the records he had concerning the Hanks family in that county. To my amazement, there were exactly six, and all of them were of some years before the Revolutionary War. Two Hanks brothers lived in that county in the 1760's. One owned one farm and the other two, and when they sold, they sold in the same lots which they bought. The two families were out of Amelia County before the Revolution, and there were simply no records of the Hankses covering the period of the 1780's, when Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were born.

I visited Richmond, and there as I pursued my inquiries, I met a man of repute in matters of historical investigation, who had twice visited Amelia County in the employ of earlier biographers of Lincoln. He had data, also, on cognate matters in other counties. He still had the notes of his investigations and professed to have, and I am confident did have, the right to their further use. As these earlier writers had published their books, I felt at liberty to deal with him, and I bought copies of all his notes made in these two searches, and some besides. I secured some data of value, but so far as these earlier writers were concerned, my purchase was of value to me simply in certifying that I already knew all that they had learned about Amelia and adjacent counties. So far as the Hanks family was concerned, all that these other writers had been able to secure was the same little group of real estate entries of which I had certified copies.

I went to Amelia County, and I saw the records with my own eyes. There were exactly those six. There was not a record of a Hanks will, a Hanks marriage, a Hanks serving on a jury or a Hanks paying taxes in any year after the Revolution began.

But I found out where the other entries came from that had been published. They were family names and records of an entirely different family, that of Hawks. The Hawks family was in Amelia County before the two Hanks families passed through and made their brief sojourn, and it is there still. One can find any kind of record he wants about some Hawks. Certain Hawks records had been copied, and the name had been changed to Hanks. And all the Lincoln authors had accepted the documents without question!

I made other journeys to Richmond, and began an exploration of the archives of the state, the state library and the state historical library, to find, if I could, all the Hankses that had ever been there. I went also to the land office. It was no small task, nor was it accomplished in a single visit.

I began to encounter fragmentary references to persons named Hanks in Richmond County. I supposed at first that Richmond was the county where I was then sitting, the county of which the city of Richmond was county seat. But this was far from the truth. Richmond County is a remote, rural county, in the lower end of Northern Neck, with no railroad. I found also stray Hanks records in Lancaster and in old Rappahannock County, the latter a county that ultimately was obliterated by territorial division, and the name revived later for a new county in another part of the state. When I superimposed these records, I found that while they referred to three or more counties, a number of them were of the same locality, under different county names.

Later, when the roads were passable, I went to Richmond County, and for three years now I have been working there personally and with local assistants. The result, thus far, is this: That the Hanks family has been continuously resident in that section of Virginia since before 1653. I have not yet the fixed *terminus a quo;* but this I know: The Virginia Hankses did not come out of Massachusetts, but were in Virginia more than fifty years before Benjamin Hanks ever saw New England.

Such explorations are wearisome and full of disappointments. A score of questions are still haunting me, and I am still at work. But I was now in position to discover whether Nancy Hanks, who certainly was not born in Amelia County, might possibly have been born in Richmond County.

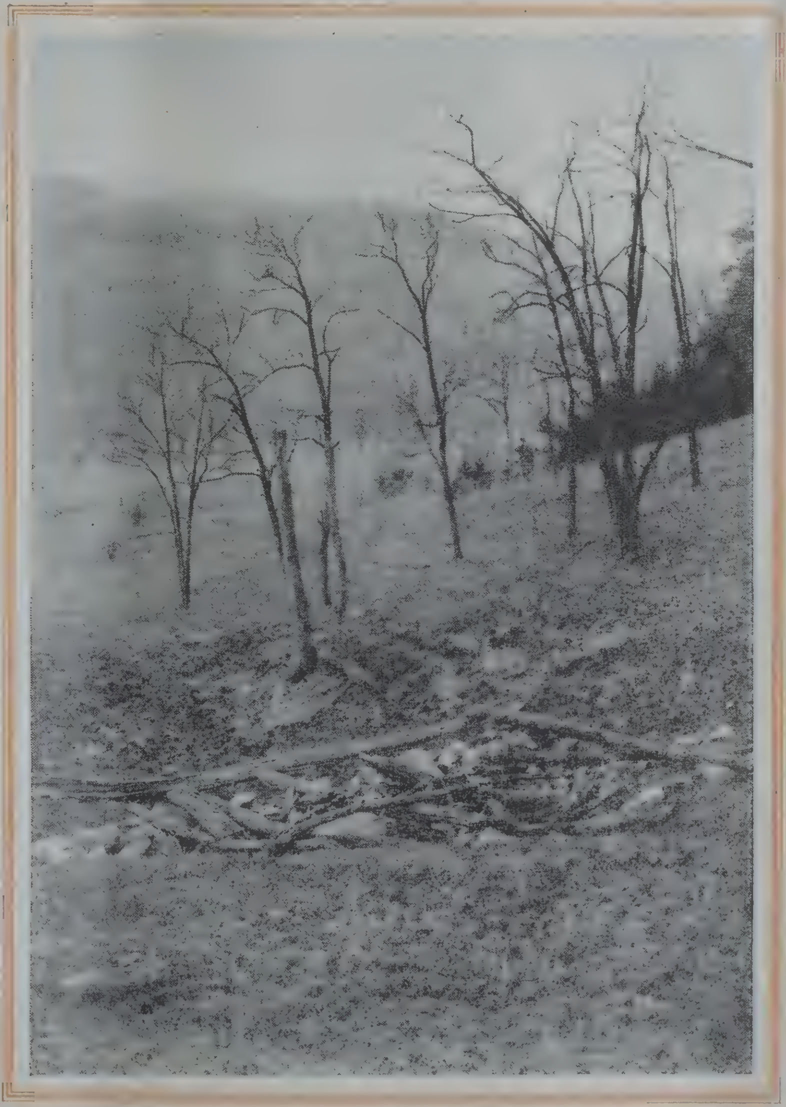
I hardly hoped to find her baptismal record, for she was born after the Revolution. Before that everybody in Virginia was required by law to be baptized in the parish Episcopal Church. There was great laxity in the matter, but I found the date of baptism of Joseph Hanks, which information I greatly wanted, in North Farnham parish in 1725. This, as I made certain, was Nancy Hanks' grandfather, and he died in Nelson County, Kentucky, in 1793; a record of his will was dated January 9, and was probated May 14 of that year. Of his nine children I have discovered the baptism of only one, thus far, and that is Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph and Ann Hanks, baptized May 4, 1771.

Catherine Hanks, mother of Joseph, died in 1779, after a widowhood of thirty-nine years, and Joseph, her second son, was administrator of her estate. A little before its final settlement he took what was then available of his share, and he and his wife Ann and their nine children disappeared from the Northern Neck.

But they did not immediately go to Kentucky. Where did they go? Where was Nancy Hanks born?

I asked for help from the United States Census Bureau, and learned that a number of Virginia counties had a census in 1782 and 1784 which was later incorporated in the records of the United States Census for 1790, the first such census. They found for me Joseph Hanks, with a family, including himself, of eleven persons, all white, in Hampshire County, Virginia, in 1782. In that census there was no division by sex and age. But the

(Continued on page 21)



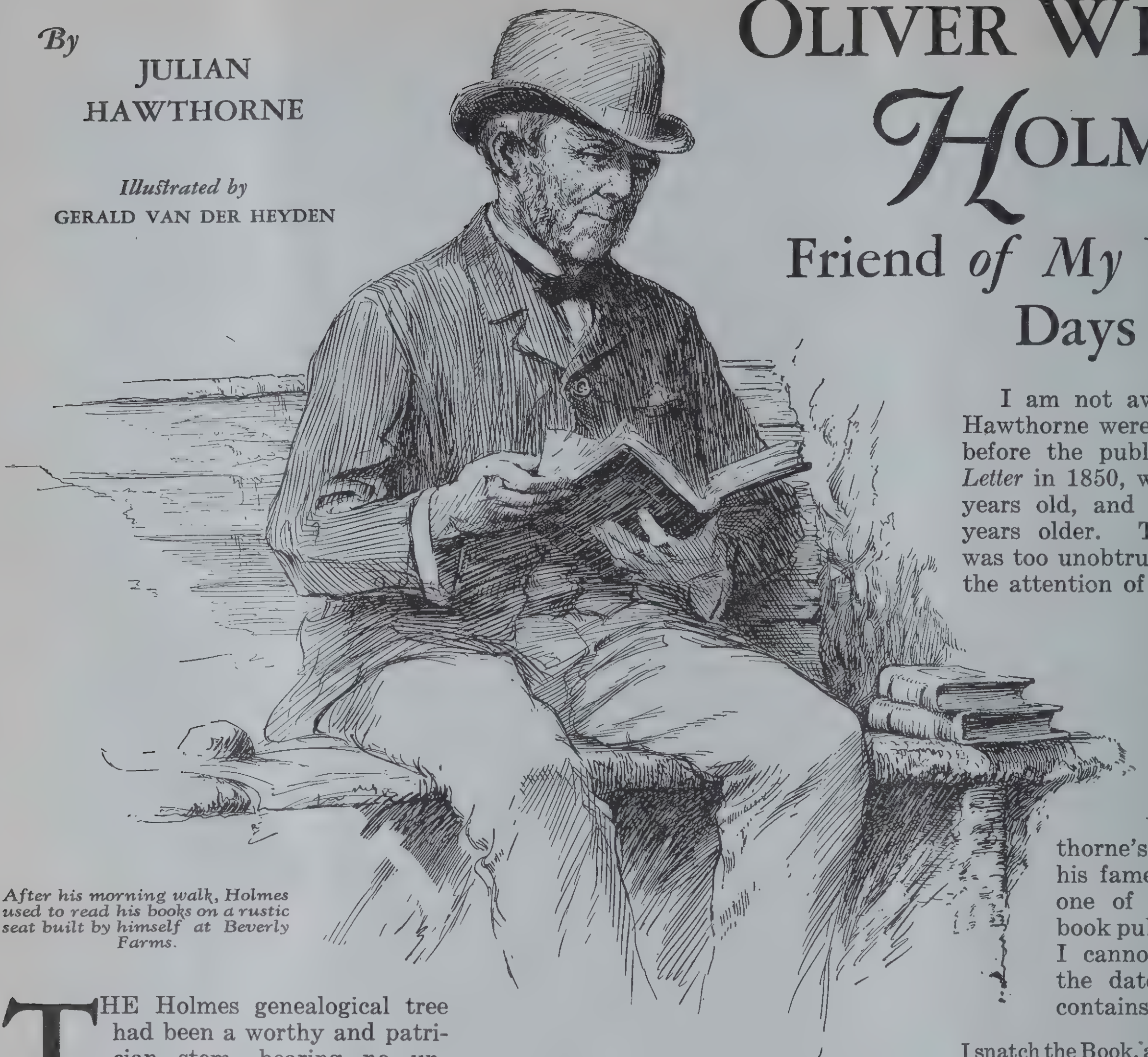
All that remains of the cellar and the foundation stones of the Hanks cabin.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Friend *of My* Younger Days

By
JULIAN HAWTHORNE

Illustrated by
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN



After his morning walk, Holmes used to read his books on a rustic seat built by himself at Beverly Farms.

THE Holmes genealogical tree had been a worthy and patrician stem, bearing no unseemly fruit either from the breeches or the distaff side; rooted deep it was, too, in Boston soil, and well content with itself and its environment; but not anticipating any startling development. But there was in it a drop of sap not yet accounted for, which, during the early years of the last century found its opportunity and improved it. It was christened Oliver Wendell, and carried the patronymic of Holmes all over the English-speaking world.

When I say 'Boston,' I mean of course Cambridge, so far as Oliver Wendell himself is concerned, for good Dr. Abiel was clergyman of the Congregational Church there when Oliver was born, and much of Oliver's life was passed in that fortunate suburb. Still, Cambridge derives from Boston and contains Boston elements raised to the *nth* power. What more unlikely than that a wit, a humorist, a poet jovial and sentimental, a sparkling essayist, an admirable and original novelist—Oliver was all of these, and a society darling into the bargain—should break through the dense chrysalid of such an ancestry and fellowship, and rise unique and radiant above it all?

And yet, strictly speaking, these accomplishments and achievements were but a side issue for Dr. Holmes, the physician and lecturer before the Harvard Medical School, and unanimously declared by his pupils to be the best equipped and the most edifying of all. Those familiar with his lectures declare that they would, if collected, make a volume more captivating and brilliant than anything else published under his name. From the little I was able to hear of them personally, I am inclined to support that opinion.

And this astonishing person did not limit himself to the begetting of brain children: he was also the proud father of two sons, the younger of whom was one of my dearest friends in Harvard, and the other, five years older, still lives, a pillar of the state, eighty-six years old, a most active and valuable member of the United States Supreme Court.

As for Edward, he was a boy beautiful in person and in nature, and in his freshman year already in the first rank of scholarship. He had the promise in him of becoming eminent in either literature, art or science; he took hold of all knowledge with eagerness and understanding. But his organization was sensitive and delicate, and he died, I think, before his class was graduated.

I am not aware that Holmes and Hawthorne were personally acquainted before the publication of *The Scarlet Letter* in 1850, when Holmes was forty years old, and my father five or six years older. The *Twice Told Tales* was too unobtrusive a volume to catch the attention of a busy man, who was 'in' so many activities of his own; and the *Mosses From an Old Manse* was in a like category. However, I may be mistaken in this, and assuredly Holmes had read every word from Hawthorne's pen very soon after his fame began. He was also one of the first to give the book public recognition, though I cannot at this moment fix the date of the poem which contains the lines—

I snatch the Book, along whose burning leaves
His Scarlet web our great romancer weaves!

By the time I could become conscious of affairs outside of my own small tether, the two men were cordial friends, and so remained to the end. My father had not many friends, but he never lost one to whom he had opened his heart; and it is of course unthinkable that Holmes could be on other than the best of terms with every person who could gain access to him. Holmes himself began his essays, *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table* a few years after *The Scarlet Letter* date; they appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and were immediately and immensely popular, about 1857; but I remember that the first lines of the first essay—'As I was saying, when I was interrupted,' were written several years before, and the interruption had been due to the sudden demise of the periodical in which the essay was being published.

It was a bit of Holmes' wit, or brightness, to take up the long lost thread in that way. He had been writing verses, chiefly 'occasional,' from a period still earlier, though his *Songs in Many Keys* didn't get into book form till about the outbreak of the Civil War. He sent copies of whatever of his he thought passable to Hawthorne, and Hawthorne read them all with liking and chuckles. And Holmes would step smilingly and affectionately into our house from time to time, as long as we had a house in America in which to welcome him.

After we returned from our seven years abroad, the friends met chiefly at the Old Corner Bookstore, at Washington and School Streets, or at the Saturday Club, an esoteric organization of the bluest blood of American literature; but it was not easy to get Hawthorne to attend these gatherings; anxieties, public and private, made him reluctant to go forth.

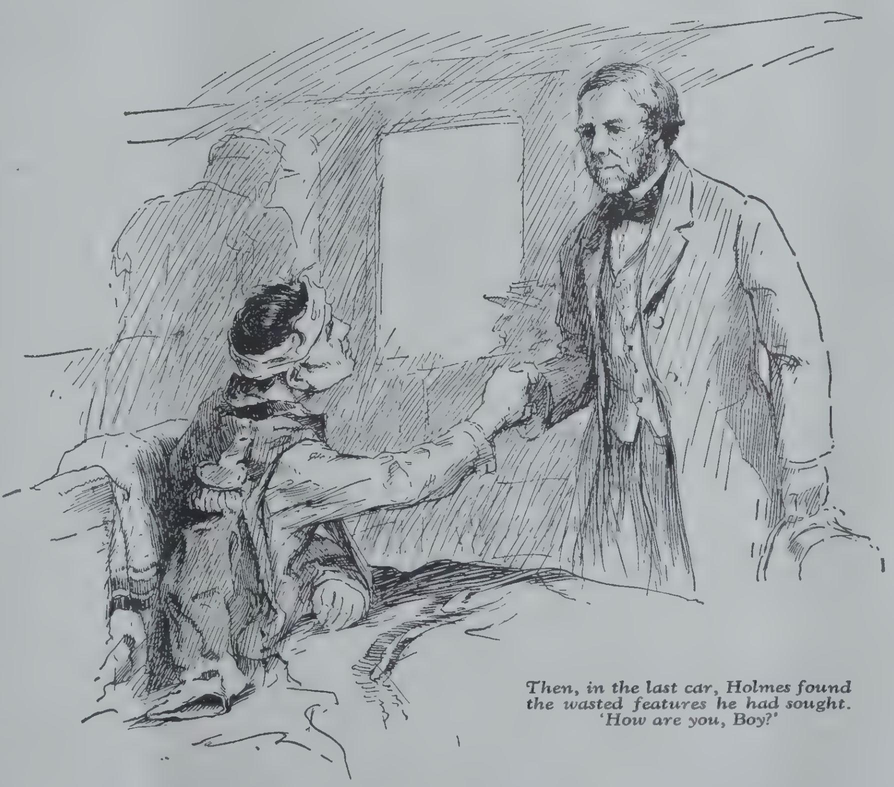
HOLMES' personal aspect was extraordinary and delightful. Long after my first recollections of him, and when past middle age, I overheard a comment made by a little girl of three years, in response to the adoring advances of a certain author who had just been presented to her. This gentleman was a dear and good fellow, and his books were very popular, but he was not beautiful to look at; and after he had expressed his admiration for the little lady by such contortions of his visage and adoring words as are deemed suitable toward infants, she, contemplating him with steady eyes, said in low, wondering tones, 'What a funny face!'

My author took it heroically, quite as if he liked it. Now I, in my infancy, never addressed such a remark to Holmes; and yet I could not help feeling that he had a 'funny face.' It was not a gargoyle, by any means, but it was not classic; it was round, with bright little eyes and a rather large mouth underlying an upper lip of considerable length. The nose was amiable but not distinguished; a very attractive visage; a sally of kindly wit seemed always about to come from it, and this expectation was commonly gratified.

Holmes seemed uniformly in a merry humor—enjoying the world and mankind, and prompt to make it more enjoyable for his fellows. He could be grave; of course he was often grave, for moments if not for long; but in such moods he did not look natural; one took them as transition periods between one mirth and the next. An immortal comedy spirit possessed him, though never tempting him below the level of his high breeding and culture, while nevertheless there was more open laughter in it than in the dry sallies of the ordinary intellectual humorist. Laughter was music in his ears, and nothing could more flatter him than when it was due to scintillations of his own.

Most of his 'occasional' poems were read aloud by him at public dinners and similar gatherings; they were full of hilarious passages, and he would have been depressed had any of them failed to take. The wit in them was usually greater than the humor, but his audiences were trained to such fare, and appreciated them the better. When Mark Twain, on a memorable occasion, gave the New England littérateurs a taste of native humor, the renowned dignitaries sat silent and stern; they were not amused, only offended. But Holmes never fell into such a mistake; he knew precisely where the funnybones of his fellow citizens were situated, and he hit them with just the right tap. Mark Twain belonged to what was then the new dispensation; Holmes was the champion of the old; and probably, were he to read one of his poems to us of today, we would yawn at him.

But he was the licensed Merry Andrew of the last half of the 19th Century in Boston and Cambridge, and was always greeted with joyous acclamations. He laughed and rejoiced with them, and the lines and wrinkles which began to appear early in his life on his round little visage must have been graven there by the spirit of good fun. They increased as he grew older, until his face was covered with little crisscross lines, and amid them his kindly gray eyes looked out hopefully and genially. He was a man of tender heart, and he had wells of pathos in him, but he seldom allowed himself to tap them. He seemed to sidestep indulgence of his own sympathetic nature, and would not be diverted from seeking the sunny side of every cloud. And when he was overtaken by personal griefs that could not be thus fought off, his aspect became painfully sad; he could not handle the emotion.



Then, in the last car, Holmes found the wasted features he had sought. 'How are you, Boy?'

IN THE last years of his life this was noticeable. Here was a mask of comedy, with tragedy looking through it incongruously. He could not feel sure of human immortality and reunion after death; he could not help recognizing the trend of science; and meanwhile his friends, one after another, failed at his side and vanished into the unknown. He once said, 'I am seventy years young!' and the term has been adopted and worn threadbare by millions of sentimentalists ever since; but he himself did not repeat it in his own eighties. He resisted for long the pressure brought upon him to write the book on his friend Emerson; what could he say of that lofty and invincible spirit? John Lothrop Motley had not been so close to him as Emerson, but he would fain have avoided the memorial volume on him too. And of all the sad countenances that stood beside the grave at my father's funeral, that of Holmes was the saddest. His poetic gifts could not have sufficed to produce such a poem as Longfellow was inspired to write upon that day, one of the loveliest and tenderest of his making. But Longfellow had from his youth been an untroubled believer. Shakespeare understood these things.

When his first novel, *Elsie Venner*, was published, we had recently returned from England, and my father read it aloud to us in The Wayside study. It was a delight for the whole family, and was a household word ever after. His second story, *The Guardian Angel*, came four years after my father's death; in characterization and structure it was as good as the other, but of an originality less startling, because the basic idea in both was similar.

They were good literature, and the exception that

(*Continued on page 20*)

By
CHARLES
J.
FINGER

A Chinese LIVINGSTONE

Illustrated by
PAUL HONORE

A LEARNED gentleman has written a large book which is very difficult to read and more difficult to understand, all to set forth his idea that there are certain influences hovering about (like the genii of our youth) which somehow pick out this and that from creeds and religions, sprinkling them here and there, to the end that some day a new theosophic religion shall arise.

His main idea, I gather, is that influences are choosers and disseminators, picking out a little bit of Bolshevism, a dash of Christianity, a taste of Judaism, and so on, as a cook takes ingredients to make a cake. And because of those influences, religions appear, break out like measles. Which, of course, is nonsense.

RELIGIONS spread just as popular songs do; because they are strength-giving, or enlivening, or valuable, or heart-cheering. And just as Jimmie O'Neill popularized 'After the Ball,' in South America, he singing it because he enjoyed doing so, and others learning the song one from another, so do religions spread, one man taking the tidings somewhere, as Livingstone took his tidings to Africa; others accepting because they found in the message a proper way of life. There is the truth of the matter, and it is as simple as the multiplication table. The trouble is, so many want to be elaborate, whereas the truth lies more often in simplicity.

Getting back to the spread of religions, there is the case of Huien-Tsaing, a tale of tremendous interest, because it is an example of a man setting off with deliberation to find a religion.

To discover it he went to India, the India of long ago, where there seemed to be a mingling of faiths and of beliefs. Indeed, for the matter of that, there is a mingling almost everywhere. How, otherwise, account for the crosses which the Conquistadores found in Oaxaca which were used as sacred symbols? How account for the mysterious carving in the Caves of Elephanta, in India, which shows a massacring of infants in connection with a cross?

* * *

It will be remembered that when Marco Polo told of his trip to China in the 13th Century, told of things seen and experienced, he was regarded in the light of a Munchausen. Nevertheless he wrote his book, or rather dictated it.

You can imagine him in prison, dictating thoughtfully and with hesitation, because of all that disbelief.

People were ready to believe elaborate and impossible things, in the swan maidens for instance, mermaid stories, the tale of the Wandering Jew, Antichrist and Pope Joan, but not that tale of Chinese napkins which would not burn in the fiercest fire—for nothing was known of asbestos then. Nor would they listen to the story of black stones burned in fireplaces in China—for Venice knew nothing of coal, and in England where it was known the burning of it was prohibited as 'prejudicial to health,' in the year 1273.

And Marco Polo told of other wonders—as towns and people of admirable order, of sleds drawn by dogs, of towns with sewer systems, of condensed milk being used, and of paper money, and of fifty other strange things.

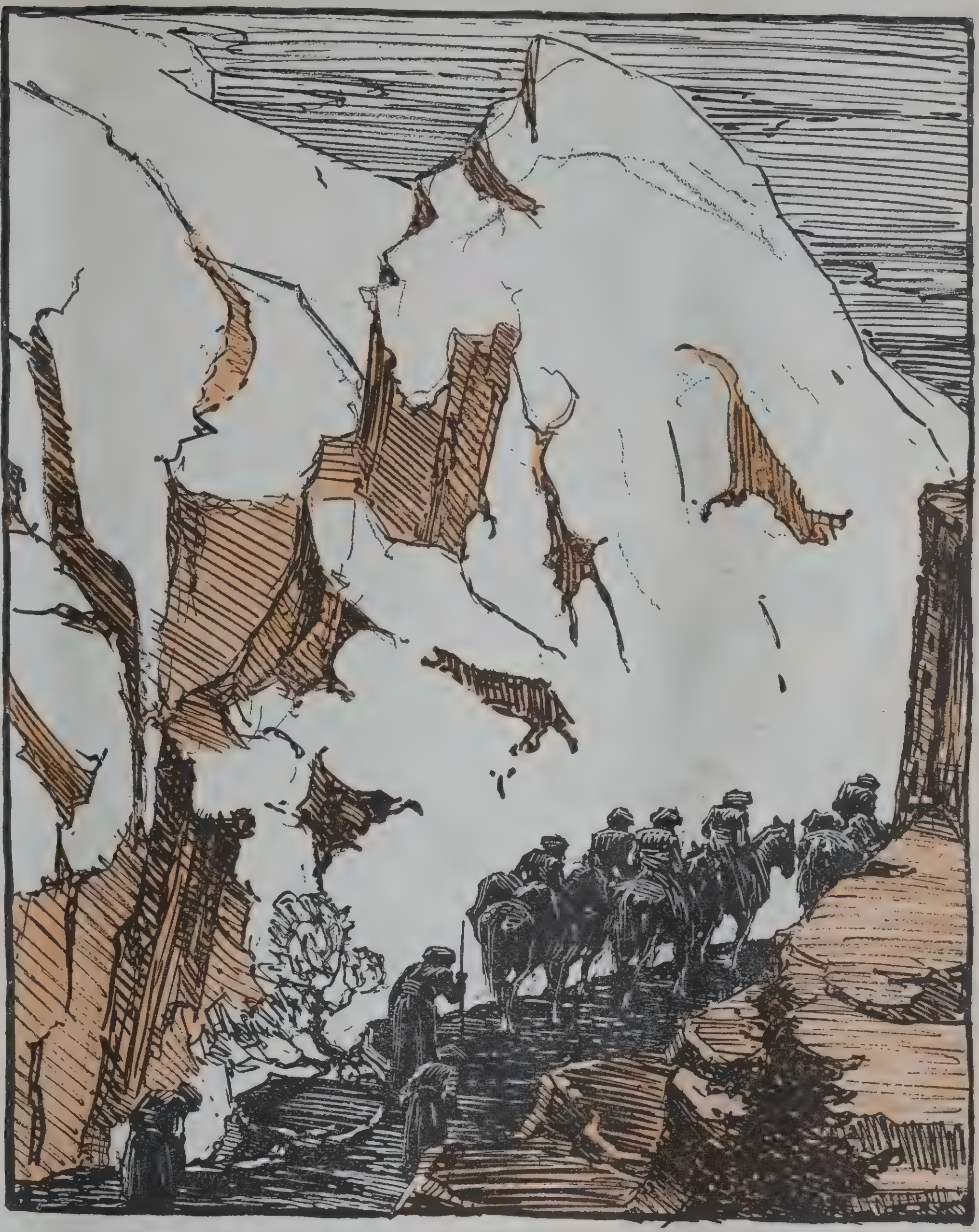
But most of the world laughed at his story of Hang Chen, a magnificent city of paved streets, and warm baths in houses, and highly accomplished people, and shops and manufactories, and public parks, and also a church which seemed to him to be Christian, or at least to teach certain lessons which seemed to have a Christian foundation to them.

SO THE world laughed, because the world was cocksure that China was a place cut off from the rest of the world, and between China and out-China no communication had existed.

Marco Polo was denounced as a lying tongue, or pitied because of his intellectual decay. And yet Marco Polo was right, for in the best Chinese minds there was a certain ideal. There was a concern to do what could be done to make men dignified, obedient, enduring, reverent. There was a desire to go upward and onward along widening ways. There was a knowledge of what might be called the fellowship of faiths.

Now as to connections between China and the outside world, not to wrap up the matter in laboriously learned language, but to take salient things, in the year 166, Marcus Aurelius had sent a mission to China, though it failed to go as far into the unknown as the emperor had hoped.

Carus, the Emperor, sent another in the year 284. And Marcellinus had information, so that he wrote of the Chinese as 'a frugal folk, studying to live peacefully and shunning intercourse with the rest of mankind for their peace' sake.' But the real pathfinder, the most daring adventurer to join China and out-China was our Huien-Tsaing, a sort of Livingstone of the Seventh Century. His story is history, not legend. But while Livingstone went carrying a message and a mode of life, Huien-Tsaing as I have said went to seek a religion which would serve as a guide to conduct.


In the mountain ranges of Thian-shan sad adventures befell the caravan of Huien-Tsaing.

When Huien-Tsaing set off on his daring journey he was in his twenty-fourth year, the date 627. To get the right perspective of things, it must be realized that Rome was then in its lowest state; the Norsemen had not discovered Greenland; the Irish were introducing Christianity in what is now Spain; the Saracens seemed to be overrunning Europe as well as Egypt; the Mayan and the Inca civilizations were flourishing in South America. In the countries adjacent to China there were wild tribesmen, barbarian princes of great material wealth, an everlasting fighting and invading and counterinvading.

THE best minds in China aimed at the Confucian idea of good government, which, according to the sage, was 'simply the maintenance of the natural relations which ought to exist between man and man; a combination of princely conduct in the ruler, loyalty in the subject, paternal love in the parent, and filial piety in the child.' But, as in all ages and places, the great question was concerning those 'natural relations between man and man.'

Now there were, floating about, stories of high teachings in lands outside China. There were tales of great moral teachers; of master minds; of faiths; of Buddha. So, to find what was to be found, the young monastic student left the province of Sz-Chen during one of those unhappy periods when China was torn with insurrection and the warrior T'ai-Tsung was trying to restore order. And all went well until he reached the northwest corner of China proper, on the border of Tibet, where difficulties arose with what might be called the immigration officials. However, in Huien-Tsaing's mind were higher things than man-made boundaries and national jealousies; so he slipped across the border at night, facing what might befall, with eyes bright and shining.

WE HAVE to piece things together, for the Chinese historian Tao-Sun concerns himself but little with details, and Huien-Tsaing in his account is more concerned with things he heard said than with his own doings. Anyway, the pilgrim got a horse, somehow, and being sought by border officials, he rode by night and hid by day for the distance of a hundred miles, when his horse fell dead.

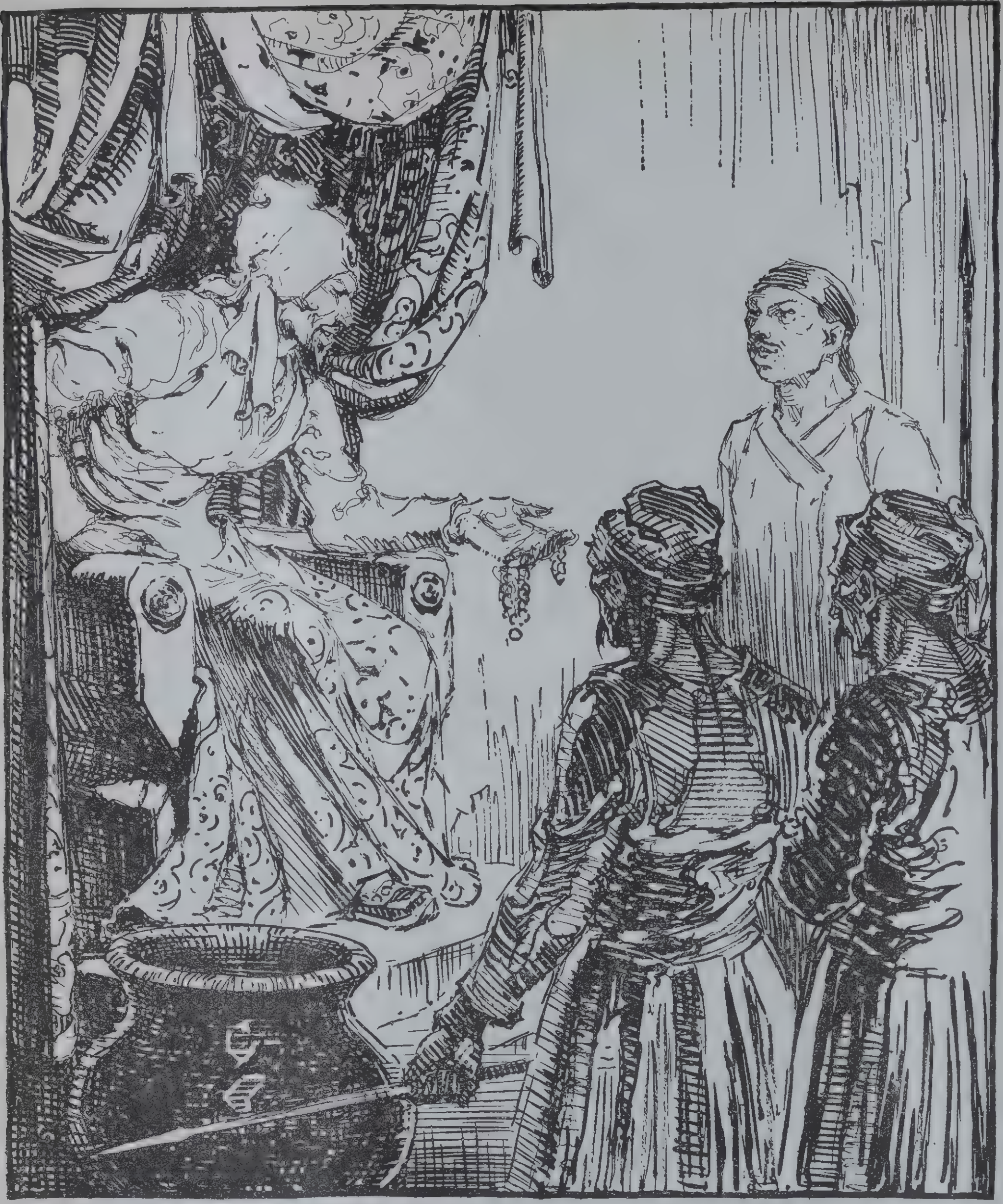
But he met a barbarian who had fearful things to tell. Farther on, he said, was the land of Ogres, a fearful folk.

And there were five forts to pass between where they stood and the Ogres. Also there was a place of shifting sands, which was the Gobi Desert. Indeed, there was little to look forward to but pain and peril and it was nonsense to venture in search of so small a thing as a way of life. What the pilgrim would find instead was the gate of death. Thus the barbarian.

But the young Chinaman put a few searching questions as to the march immediately before him and in the end the barbarian sold him a horse, which turned out to be a sorry animal. So into the 300,000 trackless square miles of the Gobi Desert the pilgrim went, a direction in mind, and how he traversed six hundred miles, how he was at one time four days without water, how he saw mirages, how he narrowly escaped death at the hands of wandering Tartars—these are only barely hinted at.

Nor is it possible to chart his course, the names given being altogether different from the names of places as they are today, except in the matter of physical aspects. There we are on safe ground. For the deserts and the lakes and the streams and the mountains to which he refers are easily identified.

SO AT last he came, after many hardships, to a place called Turfan, where the Lord of the Ogres lived, and, behold, they were only tribesmen whose reputation for evil was greatly in excess of their merits, as men's reputations often are. Indeed, the Ogre king was most kindly, and invited the pilgrim to the palace, where he sat with him under 'a canopy of precious stuffs.' What was more, when the king found that the pilgrim was a man of



There were polite insistencies on both sides, with the king and the king's men barring his way.

learning, he was all for keeping him in his train.

Indeed, the more Huien-Tsaing interested his host, the more he found himself in the position of a prisoner-guest. There were polite insistencies on both sides, and, when the pilgrim had rested enough and was ready to go on his way, there was the king, and the king's men barring his way.

Such a jewel of an entertainer did not come that way often and was too good to lose. On the other hand, Huien-Tsaing could not refuse hospitality so persistently offered. So he stayed in the palace, but went on a hunger strike, and at the end of four days the king became alarmed for his safety. Then came a compromise, with the pilgrim promising to stay for a month, and the king promising to send him on his way with ample payment.

Each kept his word, so that at last Huien-Tsaing went on his way accompanied by an armed escort, with pack horses laden with food and clothing and satins as gifts for those likely to be met, enemies especially. Also the king gave the pilgrim a hundred ounces of gold and thirty thousand pieces of silver. All of which is related with some care and particularity by the historian and repeated here, because much the same thing took place otherwheres. Nor, be it said, was the gift of satin and silver an idle one, because on the third day after leaving the king, the caravan was attacked by Ogre bandits who had to be bought off. Allegiance sat lightly on men removed from the capital.

BUT the escort proved useful and loyal, even to the point of the laying down of lives for its charge. In the mountain ranges of Thian-shan, 'very dangerous and reaching to the sky' says Huien-Tsaing, sad adventures befell. What with storms and the heights, it took seven days to cross the range, and in the passage fourteen of the men and twice that number of the animals died. We get a hint of some effort to make the pilgrim turn back, but he had his goal and was not to be shaken.

On the farther side of the mountain range they were in western Turkestan and on the southern shore of the inland sea, Issyk-kul. And there, in the palace of the Khan of the Turks, one of those gorgeous semibarbaric hospitalities which read like an *Arabian Nights* story took place.

The news of the pilgrim's approach had been carried forward; so the hillside was a wonder of tents of cloth of gold; of officials and dignitaries dressed in gay-colored silks, of mounted captains all brocaded, and soldiers with spears and banners; of wine and feasting and singing. As for the Khan, he sat open-mouthed and wide-eyed at the tale Huien-Tsaing told of China. But more still did he wonder when he learned that the pilgrim sought neither gold nor jewels, but only a 'way of life.' That amazed him.

'You must not go farther,' he insisted. 'The country is a terribly hot one, and you are too frail a man to stand the journey. Moreover, the natives are unworthy of you.'

Said Huien-Tsaing, in reply: 'Whatever I may be, I burn with longing to inspect certain ancient monuments of which I have heard. I must follow our Lord's footpath on earth,' he added, seeing signs of dissent on the Khan's face.

Neither insistence nor persuasion prevailed, however, and the pilgrim's resistance was so effective that the Khan loaded his visitor with presents and gave him escort and guides to Samarkand, which was ninety miles to the west; and his previous escort returned to Ogreland.

At this point it is well to consider distances, the habit of reading with a map at the elbow having somewhat fallen into disuse. Transferring, then, the distance traveled by the pilgrim thus far to North America instead of Asia, we must imagine a walk from New York City to El Paso, Texas, then south and the entire length of Mexico to the borders of Guatemala. It is necessary to bend south in making the hypothetical journey, because otherwise it would lengthen far out into the Pacific Ocean, and the pilgrim is not yet advanced to the middle of his outward journey.

(*To be concluded in an early issue.*)

An Experiment *That* Failed

BISHOP WILBERFORCE, of Winchester, once had to listen to a professor who had read something of heredity and was, as it were, regurgitating his newly acquired knowledge. Presently the professor dropped into labyrinths of theory, predicting the coming of a perfect human race when marriages should be arranged by the state.

'That may be,' remarked the Bishop with some trace of skepticism, 'but let me tell you of a case of which I know. A German professor of great wisdom and small beauty married a brainless but very pretty woman. The professor cherished high notions as to the outcome. But a couple of years after the marriage I met him and asked how the experiment had succeeded. "Don't mention it," the professor said. "Our child inherited my beauty and her brains."'

FINDERS, Keepers—Losers, Weepers

A Lawyer *Tells Just How Far This* Idea *Goes*

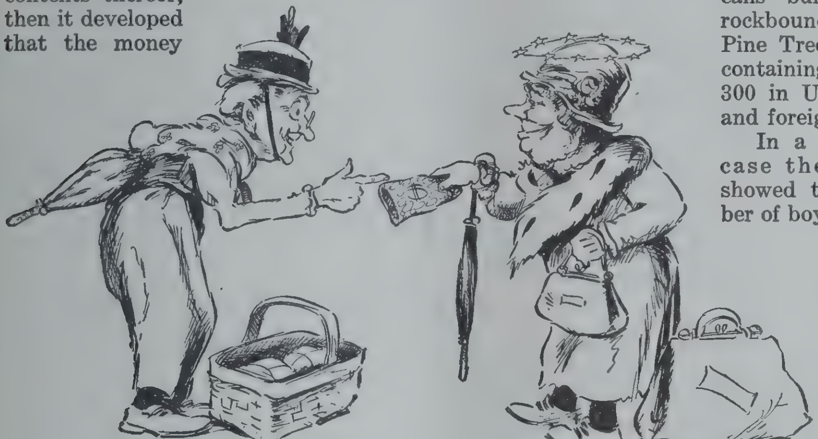
By M. L. HAYWARD

Illustrated by EDWARD McCANDLISH

'THE finder has a good title against all the world—except the real owner,' the amateur attorney avers—and he is right.

By way of illustration, take the case where a finder of a lost purse showed it to a lady friend, who promptly suggested that it belonged to her husband.

'Well, you take it, and, if it isn't his, return it to me,' the finder suggested. The husband promptly claimed the purse, appropriated the contents thereof; then it developed that the money really belonged to a fourth party. The Indiana Supreme Court ruled that the husband was guilty of theft, on the ground that the finder had a good title against everyone except the actual owner, and had not parted with that title by delivering the purse to the wife of the alleged owner.

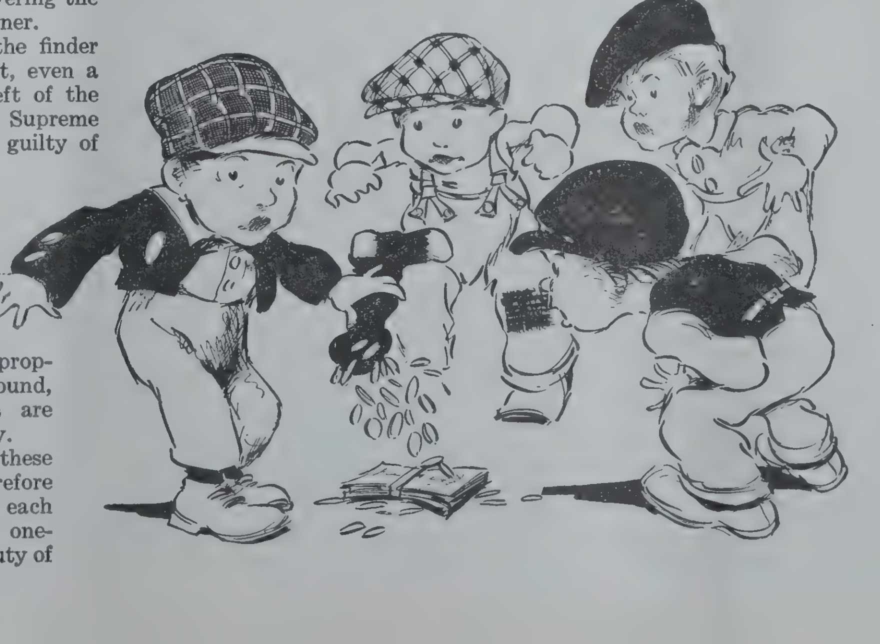


Although, as has been said, the finder has a good title to a partial extent, even a finder may be guilty of the theft of the property, and the Connecticut Supreme Court has ruled that a finder is guilty of theft who takes property lost by a party whom he knows or has the means of locating, and intends to convert the property to his own use.

Another interesting situation arises where two or more persons jointly discover lost property for which no owner can be found, in which case the joint finders are owners in common of the property.

'Upon the assumption that these parties were joint finders and therefore tenants in common of the coin, each was entitled to the possession of one-third of it and charged with the duty of holding it for the true owner, if he could be found,' says the Maine Supreme Court in a case where the lucky finders jointly unearthed three metallic cans buried in the rockbound soil of the Pine Tree State, and containing nearly $1,300 in United States and foreign coins.

In a New Jersey case the evidence showed that a number of boys were playing as boys will. A picked up an old stocking, struck B with it, and it was passed from hand to hand, for the same purpose, and finally C struck D hard enough to knock $775 out of the stocking, which A claimed as the sole finder.



In ruling that all the boys shared in the windfall as joint finders, the judge in the case said:

'I am of the opinion that the money within the stocking must be treated as lost property, which was not "found" in a legal sense until the stocking was broken open during the play. At that time, and when so found, it was in the possession of all, and all the boys are therefore equally finders of the money, and it must be equally divided among them.'

Some knotty questions arise as to the right to the possession of lost property, depending on the place where it is found. For instance, a passenger loses a parcel in a railway carriage, and another passenger and a railway employe reach for it at the same time.

'I'll take charge of it, and find the true owner,' the passenger suggests.

'No—the owner lost it in our car, and we've got the first claim,' the 'brakie' contends, and the New York Court of Appeals has ruled in his favor, on the ground that, 'after the passenger owner had left the car, forgetting to take the package with him, the finder knew the package was not lost property. It or the custody of it did not belong to him then any more than it did while its owner was in the car. He saw and knew the owner had forgotten it, had left it by mistake. It then had become the custody and the potential actual possession of the railway. It was the right of the railway, and its duty, to become as to it and its owner a gratuitous bailee. It was its right and duty to possess and use the care of a gratuitous bailee for the safekeeping of the package until the owner should call for it.'

Or, take the case where A goes to the safe deposit vault of a bank, unlocks his box, drops a $1,000 bond on the floor, replaces the box, goes his way, and where B is the next visitor, and finds the bond. Who is entitled to the possession of it, B or the bank?

In a Missouri case where this actually happened, B handed the bond to a bank official to find the true owner, which the bank failed to do, and then B sued the bank.

'The finder's got a good title until the owner shows up,' B contended, but the Supreme Court of Missouri ruled in favor of the bank.

'It is essential, however, in such cases that the property must be found; that is, it must, at the time when the finder came upon it, have been in such a situation as to clearly indicate that it was lost, and not voluntarily placed by the owner where it was found, by carelessness or forgetfulness. If it was evidently laid where it was found, it then becomes the duty of the owner of the premises to keep the property for the owner, as in such cases he is treated as a quasi bailee, and may maintain trover therefor against the finder; as if a pocketbook is found upon a desk or counter in a store or bank, the presumption is that the owner placed it there and forgot it,' said the court, quoting from the Supreme Court of the United States.

Suppose, however, that the 'finder' of the $1,000 bond is wise in his day and canny in his generation.

'It's understood that if you can't find the owner in 6 months, the bond's to be given back to me,' he stipulates.

'That's understood,' the bank official agrees; the finder swears that this conversation took place, the 6 months expire, the owner is not found, and the finder sues the bank for the bond.

This situation was involved in the latest case on the point, a decision of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, where the court ruled in favor of the bank, on the ground that, 'When the trust company acquired the actual custody of the bond from the finder, it was entitled to the custody as against the finder, because it represented the owner.'

Oliver Wendell Holmes

(*Continued from page 15*)

some hypercritic made—that they were 'medicated' novels—though it hurt Holmes, because it could not be denied, really lessens their merit not a particle. His third novel, written in his eighties, I have never read.

He made a journey to England about that time, and was splendidly received, being known and loved there almost as much as here; and he embodied his reactions in another book of essays, like the earlier ones, grown a little infirm with years.

But I must turn back for a moment to the sixties. Holmes' eldest son, Oliver Wendell, Junior, had volunteered in the Civil War, and had soon attained the rank of captain. One day a telegram came from the front, announcing that Captain Holmes had been gravely wounded, and would be invalided home as soon as he could be moved. The father, terribly shocked, but resolutely optimistic, made the best diagnosis of the wound he could from the scanty data, and then took the next train for the scene.

But the armies were moving, and the son was moved with them, and his trail was hard to follow.

The anxieties of that search, the hopes frustrated, the omnipresent dread of the worst, the persistent pursuit through difficulties and perils, made what our journalists would call a great story, and happily Holmes wrote it in detail, with such vividness and emotion as belonged to him.

It was printed in *The Atlantic*, and Fields came over from Boston to The Wayside, with the manuscript in his pocket, and read it aloud to my father and the rest of us.

The relief from the tension from which the writer had suffered for weeks enabled him to be as witty and humorous as in his best work, while at the same time the tragic and strange scenes through which his search led him were depicted with the tenderest and most attentive sympathy.

No better picture of 'the front' was ever painted. It was entitled 'My Hunt for the Captain'; we saw and heard and felt the ghastly and grotesque realities. The essay must, I presume, have been included in one of his books, but I cannot say in which.

FINALLY, Holmes tells how, searching through a train in which he was riding, on the remote chance that his beloved son might be on it, but not letting himself hope too much after so many disappointments, he entered the last car, and proceeded slowly down the aisle, scanning with fearful intensity each face of the shattered men who were lying or reclining there; some dying, others like to die, a few who might recover.

Then, looking forward, he found himself gazing on the wasted features he had sought. In the old Biblical times, he would have fallen upon his neck and wept; but in that crisis, all the stoicism of his New England ancestry suddenly came upon him.

Long afterward, Stanley, happening upon the long-sought Livingstone in Darkest Africa, controlled the leap of his heart under the calm words, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' And Holmes, as if he and the treasure of his heart had been parted but for an hour, and were met casually, greeted the young soldier with 'How are you, Boy?'—to which the Boy responded as composedly, 'How are you, Dad?' No fatted calf was available then and there, but the cup of love and joy was full.

Holmes Junior could not return to the war, but after being nursed back to health, he resumed his study of the law, with what success and renown we know. For thirty years he and his father lived in tender and proud companionship, and then he had to go on alone.

One hopes that some time there will appear a volume of memories of the men and times that he has known. No hint of such a narrative has been given however; and perhaps Justice Holmes thinks that the name he bears has literary laurels enough. But what a scope he has for wisdom and judgment! A man who has so long and well adjudicated the disputes of men and the discord of events might find the clue to lead us toward harmony.

HOLMES was not fashioned on the largest lines, but his quality was sterling through and through. When I was at Harvard, Edward would often take me to his father's house on Charles Street, overlooking the Back Bay—he afterward removed to a more spacious mansion on the made-land west of Beacon Street. Surrounded by his wife and children, Holmes abated somewhat of his social hilarity; the stimulus was less.

He was quietly cheerful; all the mutual relations between the members of the family were beautiful and serene. The visitor was conscious of an atmosphere of simplicity, integrity and purity; here, nothing was unclean or hidden. Good will and good motives were presumed; these people faced one another frankly and affectionately. And yet the master of the house attempted no other form of mastership than was inherent in reason and love. He had no pride of opinion or of ownership; nothing not consonant with good and truth could have stability in his dwelling, and whether or not he accepted religion under that name, it was the essence of his life and practice.

Not a little of what appears to be personal vanity is really a desire to please other people; not, therefore, a selfish but a social impulse.

We do what we may for their entertainment and pleasure, and are glad because we succeed. Holmes had so many social gifts and was so eager to make them serviceable to his fellows, and was so delighted with their delight, that he would sometimes seem vain; but it was no such shallow thing. He never held himself high; he would regard his success as his good fortune rather than as his desert. And he was very quick to recognize merit in others, and to declare and uphold it. His own foibles were few and venial, and his virtues great.

Such persons are Christians, even when they don't know it. One may be too profoundly aware of God to claim knowledge of Him.

Where the Mother of Lincoln Was Born

(*Continued from page 13*)

family was exactly the size I needed.

I blush now to think of the work I caused them, but the Census Bureau made an amazing search for me, with the result that so far as they can discover there was no other Joseph Hanks in any of the thirteen colonies whose family was anywhere nearly that size. No birth of a baby or two, no total of probable infant mortality, would have made any other Joseph Hanks and family a possible competitor.

I had many other things to learn, and have not yet learned them all, but this was certain: Joseph Hanks and family of Richmond County disappeared from there in 1781, immediately after the settlement of his mother's estate, and reappeared in Hampshire County in 1782, just in time to get into the census there.

But why Hampshire County, in the northern edge of what is now West Virginia? Because, the lands of Lord Fairfax, which George Washington had surveyed, were just then coming into market at very cheap prices, and for the first time with good titles. There was a perfect exodus up the Potomac, and down from Pennsylvania, into those new lands.

So I had found the locality, and I gained what knowledge I could from correspondence; it all took time. At length I set out to find the spot.

I went to the courthouse in Romney immediately on my arrival. The clerk was ill and had been so for a long time. My correspondence had been with his assistant, his capable daughter. I found her and the county assessor checking up on the whole county list of taxpayers. I addressed the assessor, asking him if another day would answer his purpose, and he courteously said it would.

Then I addressed the young lady, who knew me through my letters. Said I, 'Is that candy box full or empty?' She said it was empty.

'Where do they sell the best candy?' I asked.

She named the store.

I said, 'As soon as this office closes, I am going there, and then back, and I intend to bring you the biggest and best box of candy in Romney.'

I got all the help I needed.

I had learned from her already that in March, 1784, Joseph Hanks mortgaged his farm for a pittance to a Pennsylvania German neighbor named Peter Putnam, and moved from the county and state. I had my suspicions as to why the family made this hurried exit just when their farm was coming to have a value.

THE office was rather late in closing but I got the information I wanted, in terms of the streams and 'the rode' and 'a strate line from where the rode crosses the creek to the Washington line.' George Washington surveyed one side of the Hanks farm! And Abraham Lincoln, whose mother was born there, was also a surveyor.

I am a man of my word, and the deputy clerk went home with the best candy I could buy in Romney. It certainly was in a nice, big box, and I hope the candy was good. She deserved it.

In West Virginia a man who carries passengers for hire must have a license and file a bond. There is a garage in Romney, and there I went. I said to the proprietor: 'I know you cannot accept money from me, but I need your help. I want to get back into the hills tomorrow morning, and the two men who have licenses cannot take me. Here on your desk I see a copy of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. The editors are my friends.'

He inquired, 'What time will you be ready to start?'

I said, 'At seven o'clock.'

He said, 'I will be there.'

He came for me in a Lincoln.

He asked me no questions, and I told him nothing except where to go. To Burlington, on the road toward Keyser, then up Patterson's Creek, till we came to a little stream which I could identify. When we left Burlington, I watched the record of our mileage, and checked up on the map.

After traveling some miles we met some men working on the road, and I asked: 'Is there a little stream about three-quarters of a mile from here—a stream flowing in from the right?'

They said there was such a stream, at just the distance I had named.

'What is the stream called?'

'Mike's Run.'

We had found it! Joseph Hanks' farm was in the forks of Mike's Run of Patterson's Creek. The papers called it a drain, or as they spelled it, a 'drean.' It is more than that. It is a really pretty little stream. We crossed it, and found the Peter Putnam house just where I expected, and now occupied by a family named Arnold. Also we found an old road leading to the right, up Mike's Run.

We went up this old road as far as the heavy car could go, and then got out and walked.

'I want to find the site of a human habitation between the forks of this stream,' I said, 'and the spring from which that house obtained water.'

When we had found it, I said: 'You have asked me no questions, and I have told you nothing about the reason for my errand. This is the site of the home where the mother of President Lincoln was born, and you and I are the first two men to visit it, knowing that it is so.'

THE man who starts on a quest like this must expect to do a great deal of hard work himself, and he cannot afford to be too modest in asking for the assistance of others. Such assistance I have had, and from very many persons besides the few I have named. And now, for the first time, the world knows where Nancy Hanks was born.

On April 19, 1927, with simple, but impressive ceremonies a movement was sponsored by a local committee for the rebuilding of the Hanks cabin, which movement, it is hoped, will become national. The final tests were made assuring the committee of the accuracy of measurement and computation. The local surveyor, J. S. Martin, gave his final judgment of the lines of the old farm, and the spring and tumbled stones gave the location of the home. The spring was badly clogged, but with a little digging ran freely, and its water was found to be good. It is said that the spring never fails. Digging at the outside of the apparent line of the building disclosed the original corners, and these were officially marked. Logs for the actual rebuilding will be provided from nearby cabins; it is possible that one such cabin only a half-mile away will be taken down and reërected almost is it stands; its dimensions are proper for the purpose.

W. H. Barger, editor of the Keyser *News and Tribune* presided, and an informal speech was made by the writer of this article. A more formal address was made in the evening at a banquet served in Keyser. An organization was effected, to secure incorporation and purchase the farm and build a road to the home where Nancy Hanks was born.

Perhaps the birthplace of President Lincoln's mother will become as widely famous as her grave.

The spring from which little Nancy Hanks drank. The spring flowed freely after it was cleaned.

How France Has Restored Her Finances

(Continued from page 6)

interest on national defense bills. This aroused a general feeling of alarm among the possessing classes, great and small. Added to this was the fact that the socialists urged a tax on every conceivable form of capital—on land, houses, farms, livestock, shops, or in other words 10 per cent of the estimated capital value of any possessions whatever, to be paid over a series of years.

The first result of this was that people not only ceased to subscribe to government issues, but rushed to the treasury to get their bills reimbursed as they fell due. The treasury was soon cleared out, as insufficient revenue was coming in from customs or taxation. The government once again turned to inflation, without informing the nation of what it was doing. The Bank of France was ordered to print more notes to meet its obligations.

This led to a further heavy slump in the currency—to such an extent indeed that by July, 1926, there was no money in the treasury to meet the wages of government officials falling due at the end of the month, to say nothing of the huge amount due in interest on government bond issues.

The socialist-radical coalition unfortunately had no capable financiers in their ranks. Their greatest man in this respect, Joseph Caillaux, was tried, and a sort of miracle was expected from him; but M. Caillaux had been too long away from office. His conception of finance was of the old prewar type, and he failed to grasp the new situation in proper time. By the time he did understand it, he had been swept away from office by a hostile vote.

THUS at the beginning of July, 1926, with an empty treasury, and in face of a general lack of public confidence—the public believing that owing to financial mismanagement the franc was going the way of the German mark—the country was on the eve of bankruptcy. The franc was falling at a catastrophic rate, and the question was: What was to be done? How could the situation be saved? The radical-socialist groups were blaming the financial policy of their predecessors for all the trouble through their continual borrowing and their printing of incorrect statements of the real conditions. Meanwhile the people were sending their money out of the country in large quantities. The two democratic parties, however, forgot or omitted to say that, when M. Poincaré had as prime minister tried to improve matters, they had opposed him tooth and nail from purely political motives.

In face of the growing crisis a split occurred in the radical-socialist party, and about half of the former element broke away.

These then decided to help in the formation of a government consisting of members of all parties—a united parties government of national defense, to save the country from financial disaster. The socialists refused to enter into this combination.

The presidency of this new government, as well as the ministry of finance, was, as we know, offered to M. Poincaré (already several times prime minister and, during the war, president of the Republic). He was to have extended powers.

M. Poincaré had been openly stating that the franc was worth a great deal more than the rate at which it was quoted, and that its fall was due more to lack of public confidence than to anything else. At that time more than a billion dollars of French capital was outside the country through fear of the threatened tax on capital and through a desire to find a more stable currency than the franc.

M. Poincaré formed a government of both parties, and at once introduced drastic measures of taxation, furthermore maneuvering credit conditions at the Bank of France in such a way as to compel French people to bring back a large portion of their capital from abroad.

With the money which the new taxes placed at his disposal he proceeded to buy large stocks of British pounds and American dollars.

M. Poincaré's drastic methods quickly restored public confidence to a considerable degree. People began again to purchase government bills, and ceased selling government stock. In less than five months Poincaré had brought back the value of the franc from 240 to 120 to the pound.

IN performing this miracle Raymond Poincaré has been helped by the two big assets of his character: First, he possesses a straightforward, determined nature; secondly, he has the confidence of the people since he represents in a highly efficient manner the forces of law and order (even though one or two of his political measures have been severely criticized). He is recognized to be eminently honest, prudent and free from personal ambition. And the Frenchman, it must be confessed, whatever his personal politics may be, is most easily touched through his pocket. When Poincaré came to power, he learned that there were only 81 million francs to the credit of the treasury, and the government had no resources with which to meet imminent liabilities. Besides launching the new taxation, he adopted the simple technical expedient—which however nobody had thought of before—of raising the rate of discount of the Bank of France. Other banks could but follow suit, and dearer money became general. This touched the French traders, who had placed their investments abroad. Between the necessity of paying 14 to 15 per cent on borrowed money at home, or of selling part of their investments abroad, they chose the latter course. Bringing home the proceeds of sales and changing them from pounds or dollars to their own currency, they started the franc on its upward movement, and so the problem which had for months racked the brains of French politicians—to bring the money back to France—was solved. Again the peasants, with reawakened confidence, brought out their savings. In less than a month the metallic reserve of the bank was increased by about 10 per cent. The citizens responded to an appeal to restore the credit of the state, and took up large amounts of treasury bonds and national defense bonds. The last issue of treasury bonds, amounting to some three billion francs, was fully subscribed in twenty-four hours.

It is not generally known that in adopting these and other measures M. Poincaré has been largely guided by the advice of a number of financial authorities, notably M. Weindel, a wealthy industrialist and a neighbor of his at his country home in the Meuse, and Baron de Rothschild, while it is reported that Montagu Norman, the governor of the Bank of England, has watched his work with more than mere interest. Some of his severest critics in the past, like Dr. Gaston Jèze, professor of finance at the Paris Law Faculty, have been his warmest supporters in his policies.

AMONG the criticisms leveled against France's brilliant minister, one is that by hastening the revaluation of the franc he precipitated an industrial crisis giving rise to a certain amount of unemployment, whereas if the franc had been left at 170, where it was last October, the export trade would not have been seriously affected and there would be no unemployment. But the logical reply to this is that even if France were not going through a minor crisis of unemployment—the importance of which must not be exaggerated—she would have had to face a crisis of another kind. Prices throughout the country have not come down, in spite of the widespread official campaign to force them down, and the cost of living is the same as it was six months ago. Does this not prove that when the franc was at 170 internal prices were not adjusted to their true level, and that if the franc had remained at the higher rate internal prices would again have risen considerably; with consequent loud complaints from consumers and further demands all round for readjustment of salaries, which could not but have had a disastrous effect on the national budget, and on employers' balance sheets.

The other form of criticism is to ask why M. Poincaré did not proceed to legal stabilization of the currency—why Belgium's example is not followed and advantage taken of the steadiness of the present situation to return to the gold standard by means of a decree fixing the rate at which French paper can be turned into gold.

M. Poincaré's reply to this is that, as an ardent supporter of stability himself, he has almost attained stability, since the franc has not varied more than a few centimes a day since last December, but that stabilization cannot be obtained merely by passing a decree. Belgium's example, resulting nearly in financial bankruptcy, is rather to be avoided than followed. The minister must first be assured that commerce and industry have sufficiently adapted themselves to the new monetary situation, and must above all be sure that the return to the gold standard will bring no unsettling effects in its train.

In acting as he has done M. Poincaré has the approval of the best financiers of the country and the confidence of the people, who as long as stability is more or less a fact are not concerned about its being legalized, since a really prosperous France does not depend upon that in any durable way.

The Home Town of Golf

(*Continued from page 7*)

on which the green, a large double one, lies—a 5. No. 6 is a drive and pitch—a 4. No. 7 is flanked on the right by a wall of whins, and is dog-legged in form. A drive, then a brassie or full iron over a big bunker, and perhaps a chip give a 5. No. 8 is short and flat—a 3. No. 9 is a drive and short approach—a 4. This makes 38 for the Out half, a score quite easy to get.

The homeward journey is the difficult part. No. 10 is simple enough, drive and pitch—a 4. No. 11 is one of the worst short holes in existence. It is about 140 yards long, the green on a mound with a broken top which faces and slopes down toward the tee. Eighty yards from the tee is Strath bunker, already crossed going to No. 7. Cut out of the face of the mound, under the green, are two deep pots, and beyond the green is an unspeakable wilderness of bent grass and sand on the bank of the river Eden. Luck gives a 2, daring a 3, and prudence a 4. No. 12 is a long drive and approach, but the player, unless he is hitting hard, should pull his tee-shot to the left to avoid the two chains of hidden bunkers across the fairway, the first string 150 yards from the tee. A 4 can be got here.

No. 13 is a long drive and well-lifted iron on to a plateau, with perhaps a short run-up—a 5. No. 14 is the Long hole. A full drive and brassie, if they don't land the ball in one of the numerous bunkers, end in very rough country near the green, and most golfers are happy with a 6. No. 15 is similar to 14 in its rough surroundings—there is very little fairway—but it is shorter—a drive and full iron. The green, like most of them in the Home half, is cunningly beveled at the edge, and it needs skill to get 'dead'—a 5. No. 16 has on the left the celebrated Principal's Nose bunker system—three deep pits grouped round a hillock. A player who gets into one usually visits another ere he wins clear. The green is difficult to get on and stay on. A drive and jigger is the hole's length, but a 5 is respectable.

No. 17 is the most famous of all, the Road Hole. The tee is situated close to a stone wall which runs straight ahead for 100 yards. Behind the wall, and out of bounds, are a railway goods yard and sheds, and into this corner go all sliced and weak tee-shots. Once clear of the corner, there are still 400 yards to reach the green, which is heavily guarded by arrangements of bunkers on the fairway that often trap a good second shot. The green itself is high and narrow, with a big pot hazard, built into its front, and the player, approaching over this obstacle, often plays too strong, and lands on the road behind the green—a very good 5. The last hole is a drive and mashie, but a sliced ball will land in the garden or drawing-room of one of the houses of the town—a 4. This makes 43 'home,' and 81 in all.

British players are anxious that the 'Open' Trophy should stay in Britain in 1927. It will be disappointing to them if the American contingent is not up to full strength, but in any case they are rather hopeful of success. Abe Mitchell and Aubrey Boomer are their two chief professionals. Neither has won the 'Open,' but Mitchell's golf this year has been better than ever. He has already won the Roehampton tournament, led the field in the qualifying rounds (southern section) for the *Daily Mail* competition and won the final stages by three strokes from Fred Robson. Boomer has not made such a fine start, but last year he won the *Daily Mail* tournament at St. Andrews and the Glasgow *Herald* tournament at Gleneagles.

George Duncan is so incurably erratic that Britain cannot depend much on him in the 'Open.' This year he even failed to qualify in the *Daily Mail* competition. He can play one or two rounds brilliantly, but seldom four, and four are needed for the 'Open.' Compston, who took third place, after Robson, in the *Daily Mail* test, is another possible winner, but he is not so steady as Mitchell or Boomer.

Of our amateurs, there are two outstanding, Roger Wethered and Cyril Tolley. Although the former, who is in government service, has little leisure for golf, he has this spring won the *Golf Illustrated* vase. In 1921, it will be recalled, he tied with Jock Hutchison at St. Andrews for first place in the 'Open,' and was beaten in the play-off. Tolley, who is also in excellent form, is less consistent than Wethered.

The difficult Hell Bunker on St. Andrews' course.

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NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

A Miracle in Stone

THAT is the Great Pyramid which, as the author, Julian Hawthorne, remarked when he submitted the article, 'is the most amazing natural phenomenon in the world. It has been of great interest to me for forty or fifty years.' The writer condenses into one article many of the secrets which students in the past few decades discovered from this 4,000-year-old mass of stone.

In addition, a generous offering of articles covering a wide range of subjects.

When a Mighty River Goes Mad

(Continued from page 5)

surrounded. Or the distant shrilling of whistles and firing of guns would tell them that a new crevasse had come.

After the rescue work had been systematically organized, every effort was made to evacuate people while the land was still dry. Trains and automobiles were provided, and even trucks, to help them remove some of their belongings. But love of home was strong, and many refused to leave until the water was at their very doors. Governors of all seven states resisted all suggestions to declare martial law; and there was nothing for the rescuers to do but wait in patience until the people could see the danger for themselves and would consent to leave. Even then many took refuge on the levees near their homes, and this necessitated arrangements to ship them food by boat.

Citizens in some of the larger towns stayed by their homes in comparative safety. Boats, and in some cases automobiles, plied through the streets, carrying provisions and medicines. In cities where the depth of the flood was not great, children splashed in the water, happily oblivious of the lurking dangers of typhoid.

Even the fundamentals of sanitation and disease prevention were unknown to many in the stricken regions. It was a common sight to see householders dipping drinking water from the muddy swirl passing their homes. This lack of ordinary precaution gave the Red Cross one of its greatest problems.

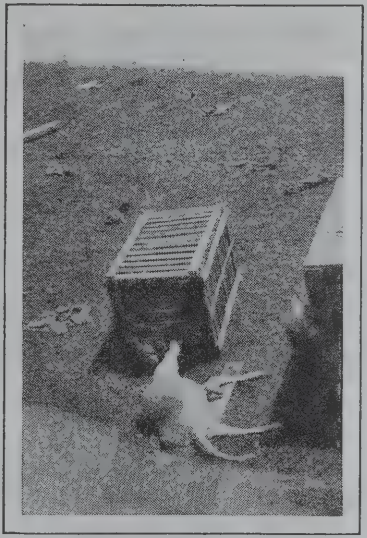
With additional thousands streaming from flooded and threatened territory, the concentration camps took on military appearance. As far as possible the Red Cross kept family groups together. Recreation was planned to take their minds off their troubles. Instruction in the fundamentals of health was given. Lectures, motion pictures and pamphlets were utilized. The people were taught how to purify their water supplies when they returned home, how to dispose of dead animals, how to spray malarial pools. Thousands were immunized against typhoid and smallpox. Talks were given by agricultural experts. Odd jobs were supplied for the men wherever possible, to give them a little pocket money. Cleanliness was a paramount order at all camps. Nurses took advantage of the opportunity to instruct mothers in the rearing of children. Hospitals were established. At the Lafayette Negro camp, triplets were born—named appropriately Highwater, Lowwater and Backwater. Other babies were given like names. Refugee Jones had the distinction of being first 'flood baby.'

But all this came after the work of rescue. The earlier days of the flood were filled with tragedy. Typical was the call flashed by Mayor J. C. Gillison of Lake Village, Arkansas:

'They are clinging to small rafts and floating trees in water twenty to thirty feet deep, or packed like sardines in barn lofts and other places that have not been reached by the raging water.'

The response to such calls was magnificent. A fleet of more than a thousand craft plied back and forth in the dangerous waters—coast guard cutters, lifeboats, tiny pirogues, skiffs, rowboats, river steamers, rafts, speed boats, canoes. Many perished in the flood, but many more were saved. To the Red Cross and assisting agencies a mighty tribute is due. Had the flood occurred in any other land, the dead would have been counted in thousands instead of hundreds.

Floodwaters from the north, marching relentlessly toward the Gulf of Mexico, drained back into the Mississippi through lateral streams, battered through new levees, flooded new territory. The river continued to rise. Higher levels than ever before were predicted.



A dead deer on the levee near Melville. Refugees were living in the packing box, shown at the extreme right.

At New Orleans the racing water lapped uncomfortably close to the tops of levees. The city of 400,000 lies for the most part *lower* than the level of the river. Once the Mississippi gained the top a disaster incomparable to anything in American history was predicted. The crest of the flood was still far up the valley; *and the river was rising!*

April 29 there was carried into execution one of the most desperate expedients ever resorted to in time of peace. A levee was broken by executive order of the state. Levees had been broken before (the armed guards patrolling hundreds of miles of levees knew that: frantic men might blow up the levee on the *opposite* bank to relieve pressure on their own), but never before had the work of destruction been done officially.

This time it was different. Engineers consulted, and the only way to save New Orleans, they decided, was to break the levee below the city and give the river a new outlet to the sea. It meant over $2,000,000 damage. It meant a wilderness of wrecked homes and ruined fields. It meant aching hearts to those who loved the doomed country and it meant death to countless wild creatures. But it also meant saving New Orleans. The Governor of Louisiana signed the official decree, and 3,500 residents of the parishes of St. Bernard and Plaquemines were ordered out.

That tragic exodus turned back the pages of history two centuries and a half, to the exile of the Acadians. And it would take another Longfellow to write, as he did in *Evangeline*, the bitter story of their second flight. The 'Cajans,' sons of those old Acadians who found refuge in the then French colony of Louisiana, still speak the language of their ancestors, still cling to the old customs, still cherish a smarting hurt from the old exile.

Resentfully they bade farewell to their homes and plodded to the great city, some behind cattle, some behind oxen. Many among them were trappers and hunters, and carried their guns as they walked. Dust rose in clouds from the hoofs of the cattle. Hens squawked; pigs squealed. It was county-fair day on a grand scale, with the pleasure distilled out. Refugee camps were established for the exiles, and the city pledged its honor to reimburse them for their losses.

The blasting of the levee showed two things: the tremendous strength of the artificial banks, and the still more tremendous strength of the river. The first explosion was a dud. The river failed to rush through; it did not even trickle. The levee remained virtually intact. Other blasts, and finally, hours later, the water began to flow through.

That first charge of dynamite proved the nemesis of many a newspaper correspondent. While they were marooned on an official boat miles from the scene, vividly descriptive stories of the explosion had been written hours before it took place, and were already in newspapers marked 'hold for release.' When the first blast came the 'release' was flashed to the newspapers; the papers came on the streets with lurid stories about the levee being shot high in the air and the water pouring through 'with the force of a thousand Niagaras.' So much for modern journalistic enterprise.

The Poydras crevasse probably saved New Orleans. The river level dropped a few inches; not the *feet* predicted by engineers, but enough to save the city from being again seriously menaced. New Orleans was never under water from the flood. A rainfall of 14.1 inches in one day inundated the streets of the city for a few hours, and the pictures that were sent broadcast gave many the erroneous impression that the city was under water. It was not.

The saving of New Orleans, however, by no means ended the flood. A great wall of water was moving slowly southward along the west bank of the Mississippi, at places twenty miles wide, at places forty. Planters in northern Louisiana fought furiously to build up their levees against the onslaught. Once again the battle was lost. In the Vicksburg-Baton Rouge sector the Mississippi won almost every encounter. Levees gave way above and below St. Joseph, above and below Vidalia. Waters from the

Ouachita and Tensas rivers added to the catastrophe. The Black and the Red rivers poured in their burdens.

A last desperate stand was made along the Bayou de Glaises levee in northern Louisiana. Thousands of men toiled day and night building revetments, piling bags of earth, repairing sand boils. They knew their fight was vain, but they fought on. The result was inevitable. One morning a small fissure appeared. Within a few hours it was a crevasse. A few hours later the levee was honeycombed with breaks. The last sector had been lost.

But even yet the men battled on. They retreated to the banks of the Atchafalaya River (paralleling the Mississippi to the Gulf) and attempted to build its levees high enough to withstand the flood. Their efforts were futile. The whole state watched the fight with eagerness. Men from all parts offered their services. Even convicts volunteered, and were utilized at McCrea. The river poured past, unheeding. It caught the steamer on which the convicts were quartered and capsized it. All were reported rescued.

Twenty-five hundred men worked day and night at McCrea on the east bank of the river. Suddenly, at five o'clock one morning, the river switched its attack and broke through at Melville, fifteen miles downstream on the opposite bank. Residents cheated the waters by a matter of seconds, taking refuge on that part of the levee still intact. Once again the river turned its attack to McCrea, and at last gained victory. Six Government barges tied alongside the levee crashed through in the first hour. A seventh remained for a time, to be carried through later. The levee crumbled on both sides. Before noon (the break had come at three in the morning) the gap was 1,100 feet wide. The next day it was 3,500 feet.

The breaks at Melville and McCrea sealed the doom of Louisiana's famed 'Sugar Bowl.' They brought the flooded regions to one-seventh the total area of the state. Thousands of animals perished, but the rescue of human beings was carried on with military precision. Louisiana had more time to prepare than did the other states; and the emergency relief work under direction of the Red Cross moved smoothly and efficiently.

Flood waters in Louisiana do not rush over the countryside; they creep. In the low-lying areas, the force of a crevasse is spent in a short distance. The river waters pour out in voracious search for the nearest swamp or marsh or bottomland. These must be filled before the flood begins its march across country.

Fanlike, from the lowlands, the flood stretches across meadows, over roads, through rich, lush fields. Gradually the crotches between the fingers are filled and new fingers are extended. As the waters advance brown becomes the predominant color.

There is a horrid fascination at the edge of the flood, with the waters creeping forward by quarter-inches. Ants scurry in crazy circles. Their homes, too, are lost; and their lives. Back in the woods a splash sounds as a deer fights its way through the underbrush. A dog bays desperately. Hens cluck in amazement as the water enters their domain and they are forced to the tops of coops or the lower branches of trees. Hens form one of the minor tragedies of the flood. It is an ordinary experience to see them clinging to precarious perches throughout the overflow regions, clinging for hours or for days until they finally drop from exhaustion into the water. Scant attention is paid them. Where human lives must be saved, little energy is wasted in the rescue of chickens. Attempts are made to save livestock, but even these are largely futile.

It is still too early to count the cost of the Mississippi Flood. The actual known dead, identified and unidentified, are 115, with Arkansas contributing 59, Illinois 2, Louisiana 10, Mississippi 42, Tennessee 2, and Missouri 0. But this list is based upon the count of bodies. Many more are believed to have perished, of whom no record is yet available. Ordinary estimates place the dead between 300 and 500. Lew R. Palmer, past president of the National Safety Council, declares the final death list will stand closer to 1,000.

Property loss was estimated in the early days at $1,000,000,000. This figure is now believed excessive, but that the loss will be enormous no one can deny. The crop loss alone mounts into millions. Efforts are now being made to reduce this by getting seed into the ground as soon as the water goes off, but the success or failure will not be known for some time.

Next to crop loss stands that of livestock. No total estimate has been attempted, but a preliminary survey in Arkansas alone gives: horses and mules 9,253 head; cattle 20,929; sheep 308; swine 66,589; poultry 521,353. The loss in Mississippi may equal this, that in Louisiana exceed it. Other states did not suffer so heavily.

Buildings, highways, railroads, all sustained tremendous loss. The levee loss alone is large. Approximately 25,000 men were engaged in the fight to save the levees, and $2,500,000 to $3,000,000 was expended in the losing battle.

Wild animals in some areas were virtually exterminated. Their plight was the same as that of domestic animals: there was no place to flee from the advancing water. Some mingled with cattle and with humans on levees and other high points, but their number was necessarily small. In St. Bernard and Plaquemines Parishes, where trapping is an important industry, rafts were turned adrift with food for muskrats. The rafts became literally alive with rats, but trappers believe that far more were drowned than saved.

The Red Cross coördinated and supervised the work of all other relief agencies, and helped reduce the loss of life to a minimum. It established and maintained 73 camps, ranging to 20,000 in numbers accommodated; it cared for refugees in 130 other concentration points, such as schoolhouses, public buildings, and railroad box cars. It cared for a total of some 600,000 refugees, with 382,605 still in camp June 1. It threw a small regiment of physicians, nurses, sanitary engineers and relief workers into the field. It supplied, to June 1, 596,000 pounds of hydrated lime for sanitary purposes, 28,250 pounds of chloride of lime, 100,420 gallons of crude oil for burning animals, 5,450 gallons of spraying oil for malarial pools, 53,000 yards of mosquito netting for private homes (in addition to that for the camps), 222,500 points of typhoid vaccine, 130,500 points of smallpox vaccine and 3,119,878 grains of quinine sulphate.

In the camps it gave complete typhoid inoculation to 285,500 people, and preliminary inoculation to 62,000 more. It vaccinated 110,000 against smallpox.

The Red Cross is also attempting some of the work of rehabilitation. Those who leave the refugee camps are given a two weeks' supply of rations, emergency feed for their stock, seeds, and essential medicines. But the Red Cross emergency fund stands only slightly above $14,000,000. There are 700,000 refugees in all. That means $20 a refugee.

Hand Craftsmen *Still Hold* Their Old Stand

ARTICLES made of mother-of-pearl are known to nearly everybody. Churchgoers in particular encounter the beautiful religious ornaments that are carved from mother-of-pearl.

A large part of the world's supply of these fixtures comes from Bethlehem. From there it is shipped to Jerusalem, twelve miles distant, then to all parts of the world.

One may see along Bethlehem's ancient streets numerous shops where workmen are painstakingly cutting and carving huge shells procured from the depths of the Mediterranean Sea.

The saw, vise and other tools of these old mother-of-pearl craftsmen are antiquated makeshifts, but this lack of fine equipment makes very little difference to them, since they are largely ignorant of modern improved mechanical manufacturing methods.

America's *Oldest* Manor House

Castle Philipse, *near* North Tarrytown, New York

By E. IRVINE HAINES

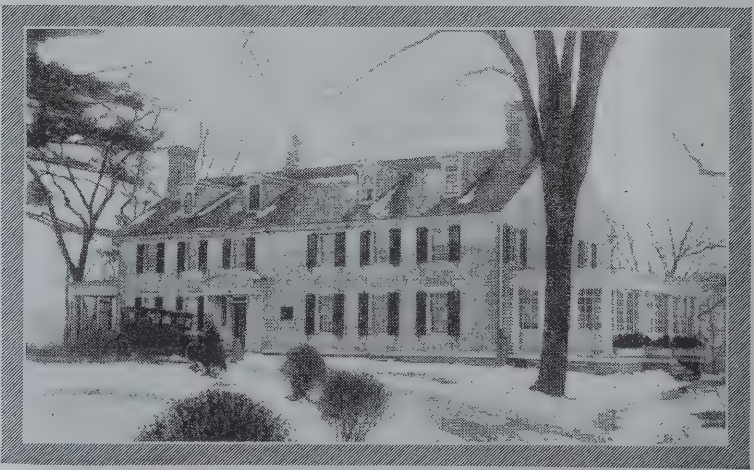
PHILIPSE MANOR HALL near North Tarrytown, New York, is the oldest Colonial mansion standing in this country, and is famous as an historic landmark of the Colonial period, as a survivor from the ancient feudal system that once prevailed throughout America as well as in England, and the scene of many happenings of considerable historical and political significance.

Here George Washington slept during his visits to the historic mansion.

In the year 1650 there came to the little Dutch settlement of Nieu Amsterdam one Vrederyck Flypse, a victim of religious persecution in Bohemia where he had been a viscount and keeper of the king's deer forests. The young nobleman erected a rough cabin and a log stockade on the banks of the Pocantico River near the Hudson, and shortly afterward, when he had become the richest merchant in the province, he built a stone mansion that is today as strong and substantial as a modern steel structure, if not more durable. He was a dealer with the Indians, shipowner in the East and West India trade, importer of slaves, leader in provincial politics, founder of Sleepy Hollow Church, probably a secret trafficker with Captain Kidd and other sea rovers, and owner by purchase of the territory that was erected by royal charter of William and Mary into the Lordship and Manor of Philipsburgh.

Mary Philipse married Captain Roger Morris in this room.

The Pocantico River joined the Hudson in the midst of a wilderness in which Indians and deer abounded when Vrederyck Flypse caused the stone mansion to grow out of the green hill slope in 1650. He planted a foundation five feet thick and thereupon raised walls whose thickness was sixty inches. He would have a residence wherein he might defy alike the savage elements, men, and beasts. For the front end of his entrance hall he imported a massive mahogany door from Holland. The rear door of the hall was similar. Ponderous were the hinges and bolts, being ordinary blacksmith work. Solid were the panel mouldings. He brought Holland brick wherewith to trim the openings of doorways and windows. He laid the floor of his kitchen with blue stone. The chimney breasts and hearthstones of his principal rooms were seven feet wide.



Castle Philipse, or Philipse Manor Hall, near Tarrytown, New York.

Here, in feudal fashion, with many servants and slaves to do his bidding and tenants to render him dues, dwelt Vrederyck Flypse with his second wife, Catherine Van Cortlandt, and the children left by his first wife, Margaret Hardenbrock. He built mills near the manorhouse and erected the Sleepy Hollow Church across the Pocantico, immortalized by Washington Irving's story of the Headless Horseman.

In 1745 when the second lord of the manor—Vrederyck Flypse's grandson—came into possession of Castle Philipse, the province was becoming less Dutch and more English. He, therefore, imported marble mantels from England, had the walls beautifully wainscoted, the ceilings adorned richly with arabesque work in wood, and a lawn laid out in the best English fashion between the mansion and the Albany post road.

In his time Castle Philipse flourished long and grew venerable and multiplied its associations. He had thirty white servants, twenty black slaves and a numerous tenantry, happy because in many cases the yearly rent was but nominal, being three or four pounds or a pair of hens or a day's work. The Philipses, thanks to trade and to officeholding under the Crown and to the beneficent rule whereby money multiplies itself, did not have to squeeze a living out of the tillers of their land.

With the accession in 1751 of Frederick Philipse, third and last Lord of the Manor of Philipsburgh, began the splendid period of Castle Philipse; then the panorama of which it was both witness and setting wore its most diverse colors. The old contest between the French and the English on this continent was approaching a glorious climax. Whether they were French emissaries coming down from Quebec by the Hudson or by horse, or English and Colonial officers going up from New York in command of troops, they must stop and pay their respects to the Lord of the Manor of Philipsburgh, drink his wine, and flirt with his handsome sisters, one of whom was the Colonial beauty and belle, Mary.

Soldiers would go from New York by the post road to Castle Philipse, and then embark at the little landing to proceed up the Hudson on the way to be scalped by the red allies of the French or mowed down by Montcalm's gunners before impregnable Ticonderoga. Many were the comings and goings of the scarlet coat and green. But most of all in those days the mansion received its character from the festivities devised by its own inmates for the entertainment of the four hundred.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'Europe is not in love with America. Europe is in love with our dollar,' remarked the ***Returned Traveler,*** 'and her affection stops right there. Europeans think that because we have all the money in the world we owe them a substantial rake-off.

'Money lenders of foreign countries are already on the job, and past experiences are teaching them that only safety-first tactics pay. They have been brought face to face with the deadbeat germ in Europe: with Europe's propensity for wanton repudiation of old indebtedness. There is Russia, for example, the arch deadbeat of them all, who has turned her back absolutely on old obligations; then there is Poland which offers to refund only a fraction of its old debts; Rumania is putting forth every effort to avoid the redemption of her prewar debentures; Austria and Hungary are bankrupt and we well know how much is to be expected from these countries in view of the circumstances.

'France has consistently balked at any attempts to repay her war debts to the United States, and Germany has wiped out her entire internal indebtedness by refusing to recognize the absolute validity of former financial arrangements. Indeed, such repudiative antics on the part of respectable, civilized nations do not make for the economic restoration of Europe, which is so much desired; and it is about time that someone somewhere put a stop to this pernicious debt-dodging practice!

'Let me emphasize the fact that if we must loan out our money to notoriously bad actors on Europe's shores, we shall not continue to do so without drastic reservations. We should ever be on guard against the irresponsible loan seeker whose aim is solely to borrow while the borrowing is good, but who gives no thought to tomorrow's reckoning.

'And so our debtors must understand unequivocally that indebtedness involves a moral as well as a financial obligation, and that a debt is a debt and not a trapdoor. They should know that when we loan them one hundred cents on the dollar today, we do *not* expect to be handed back fifteen or twenty or even fifty cents tomorrow.'

* * *

From a Paris letter. 'Somewhere, on the outskirts of Paris, on a ground usually haunted by the London Air Line "Goliaths," more than 150,000 pairs of eyes are searching the sky for the tiny "David" who fled from New York some thirty hours before. The mob has come to Le Bourget using all kinds of vehicles, feet included. And a sea of human beings carrying children and dragging dogs is still battering the iron gates. Many more will remain cornered on the road without even the possibility of moving toward home. I am among the lucky ones, having the rare privilege of being ushered in by a king of the moment—a military aviator whose uniform and decorations outweigh all official passes.

'A large dark square hemmed with spotlights, waves of faces quartered around, other denser waves massed behind the gates, and still others squeezed along a long string of rapid showers of crude light thrown by projectors, and the heavy silhouettes of the hangars suddenly emerge from the darkness.

'The soft blue night over all this, and the divergent fluxes of imponderables—who could explain the psychology of a crowd, its common thoughts and reflexes? I am myself unable to hush the pounding of my own heart, to allay the terrible anxiety which I know is but a part of the huge burden weighing on all those who are here tonight. We all remember another night, just as soft, as starry, as electrified with enthusiasm, two weeks ago. Roars which seemed to be uttered by a thoroughly delirious world rent the air: "He has arrived!" It was for Nungesser and Coli; but the roar became a hush of tragedy, for they had not arrived. They never did.

'That is the burden which weighs on us tonight. Songs are not so vibrant, nor eyes so clear as they should be—we are in mourning.

' "I wish I could throw flowers to the sky," chants a dark-eyed "midinette."

' "And keep some to throw into the ocean," adds the grave voice of a silver-haired laborer.

'Hark! A humming? How black the night has grown! A humming! A thunder! A glimmering fly cutting through the projector's rays, up in the sky. Now a silver bat. And it is a gray eagle which skims the ground and rapidly escapes toward the darkness.

'Escape? Madness. As boiling milk the crowd is overflowing from everywhere. Poor Lindbergh! Abandon all hope of moving a foot! You came flying over 6,000 miles in spite of rain and winds, but here, just try to cover twenty centimeters!

'Tomorrow, papers will write big things in big capitals, words which were spoken, and others which were not. But I shall write just what I saw—the *summum* of human joy, tears.

. . .

'I wish I could express something else. The corner of my heart which is still American, and shall remain American, has ached bitterly very often, during these last two years. A so-far-away land!—Officials and diplomats wrecking such a splendid friendship.—Papers showering you and us with vinegar words. I had to muster all my strength to fight sour souls in sad discussions about the heart of the valor of America. But now I get my reward. Stars and Stripes are waving in the light of Paris, and I feel all hearts are ready to believe that Uncle Sam is not a mere gold bar.'

* * *

'A recurrent question of the curious,' remarked the ***Angler,*** 'is how long certain fishes will live out of water. As to that, in a general way, it may be said that any of them will live a great deal longer out of water than man will under it. A few minutes, perhaps, in the case of the more sensitive species, but a great deal longer in the case of many.

'It is a singular fact—to generalize again—that our game fishes as a whole succumb more quickly under this test than do the so-called rough fishes. Fighters though they are when in the depths, valiant and swift and strong, they cannot endure, save for a brief time, such treatment as carp, for instance, seem little harmed by. From these facts it may be surmised that game fishes, broadly considered, are essentially more highly sensitized and more subject to the effects of shock. They die as a race horse does, straining out their hearts, because there is no trace of phlegm or apathy in their make-up. Trout perish so, and bass; it must be admitted, however, that certain rough fishes also die quickly.

'But the catfishes do not, nor do the carp, nor the suckers, nor those odd little sculpins which boys call mud cats. On a day of mild warmth, or in winter, any of these varieties will live for hours after having been removed from water—the catfishes longer than all others. How long? Three hours, frequently, and doubtless longer.

'If sunshine does not dry the moist mucus of their skins and scales, and if they are otherwise uninjured, any of these fishes will immediately revive when again placed in water—revive and give evidence of hunger, despite their strange surroundings. There are fishes, of course, that have modified and improved the air sac or "bladder" until they are equipped for extensive sojournings away from water—the lung fishes of South America and Africa. Virtually they are possessed of lungs.

'The test of a fish's endurance out of water is obviously a cruel one, and most anglers kill their captives as soon as these are landed, as all should do, unless the fish are to be kept in water until they are placed in the creel. A blow on the spine at the base of the head, a knife-thrust for the larger ones, is merely the mercy that sportsmen should dispense. For the death of a fish out of water must be comparable to that frightful end we know as suffocation.'

* * *

The ***Motion Picture Producer*** mentioned a virgin valley filled with lions, recently discovered by action photographers in a little-known section of Africa. There was something naïve in his description of this region, where kingly beasts were so friendly and unaccustomed to white folk as to clutter up the camp grounds while the operators sought to obtain 'wild life' films.

'So tame was the average lion thereabouts that it was necessary to whistle in order to attract his attention,' he explained. 'Families numbering from eight to fourteen strolled around, getting in the way of the camera man, no doubt stumbling over the tripods and stepping on the plates.

'Whistling at a full-grown Numidian does not appeal to me personally, no matter how tame he may appear. I doubt if I could pucker up my lips sufficiently to sound a whistle in his presence. And if I could, I should hesitate lest he learn my whistle and come bounding to me, as do my dogs, whenever he heard it. Since there were 147 lions in this valley by official count, you will understand the danger of teaching them your whistle, at least all at one time.

'Lake Paradise—as they called it—was a good name for this Eden. When camera men whistle at lions, the millennium cannot be far away.'

The Old Man of the River

(Continued from page 3)

a day's skiff ride of McMahon's camp; the Southern Pacific Railroad wiped out the border frontier at one stroke when it built the California-Louisiana line through Texas; the Rio Grande country took national leadership in sheep raising; fine cities sprang up and men were made rich in real estate—but Uncle Jim pursued his even way. The river was his home. In time he married and raised children, housing them in comfort at Del Rio; but his wife has died, his children are scattered, 'It's only me again,' he said briefly, tossing the bloody refuse of a skunk into a roaring camp fire.

From El Paso, Texas, to Point Isabel, at the Rio Grande's mouth, it is 1,500 miles by the winding of the stream. Centuries ago in the upper stretches the river ruthlessly cut through the hearts of three mountain ranges, and now passes, boiling and roaring, between a series of perpendicular cliffs up to 1,500 feet in height—fifty miles of nearly continuous rapids, with no retreat once you are in the first shut-in. These are Santa Helena, Mariscal and Boquillas, alluded to. As late as 1884 it was considered sure death to tackle them. But Uncle Jim ran them. He has run them many, many times, sometimes alone, sometimes with a single companion, once as guide to an official party of the United States Geological Survey.

Where the Rio Grande River emerges from Santa Helena canyon.

'I run them the first time in December of 1884,' he told me. 'Willis Pafford was with me.

'We went to trap but nary one trapped—Mexican bandits put that idea out of our heads. They chased us from Presidio to the shut-in of the first canyon, Santa Helena, then tuck around the mountain afoot and shot at us as we came through. We saw the body of a white trapper who'd been killed some time earlier. He was lying on a sand bar, shot to pieces, rotting in the sun. No, we didn't stop; we were in too big a hurry.

'It tuck us fifteen days to go through—quickest trip ever made. We was traveling light, carrying only one hundred pounds apiece (mostly grub), and a 250-pound cypress boat drawing only a few inches of water.

'The boat turned over four or five times and we was always portaging it over bowlders fallen from the cliffs. Once we had to lift it 120 feet, pulling it hand over hand; tuck us three days to pass one rock, but when we dropped into the current it whirled us along like a train the next five miles.

'The walls was so high there that there were quails that couldn't fly out, and beaver everywhere. We didn't stop to catch them; what could we 'a' done with them?'

The canyon country is far from a railroad.

Uncle Jim therefore prefers the middle and lower stretches. In his homemade skiff he is continually patrolling a six-hundred-mile stretch from Boquillas to Laredo. From Laredo south to the mouth the Rio Grande irrigates nearly three-quarters of a million acres of land—and the beaver shuns civilization. Uncle Jim's best stretch is in the low hilly country on each side of Del Rio, too rough for settlement, almost inaccessible to any save a veteran, and teeming with furred game. The beaver is not orthodox there. He doesn't build dams; the river is too wide and swift. He lives in the banks, cutting his holes under the water line and then climbing up to his subterranean chambers just above.

Beaver meat, Uncle Jim says, has been much maligned. Of course there are difficulties if the meat is from a fifty- or sixty-year-old animal (not an uncommon age), but fried beaver ham from a frisky three-year-old, or a stewed forequarter, 'is as good as a man ever et.' He believes the average lifetime of the Rio Grande beaver to be thirty years, and the average weight of an adult is ninety pounds. They breed rapidly; one pair, if not disturbed, will increase to fourteen or sixteen in a few years. Uncle Jim has frequently found fifty in a single colony.

'Life is easy on the beaver once he gets down here,' he said. 'There isn't an alligator on the river and no mink or otter, and I'm the only trapper whose catch amounts to anything—only a few Mexicans that shoot 'em from the far bank and then lose 'em. And I catch 'em carefully. I'm taking care of my game.'

Pretty soon Uncle Jim will be eighty-one. The marks of old age are showing on him all too plainly. Will he retire, and go to his town house?

'Never!' he answered with quiet conviction.

'They call me The Old Man of the River and I guess they're right. I don't belong to civilization any more. I've spent fifty years in my canoe up and down the Rio Grande. Many has tried to drive me away—I guess I've been shot at a hundred times.

'A lot of things have happened on this river, it has a lot of secrets, and I know most of 'em.

'It's my home. Towns choke me. I'm too old to change.'

A Mountain Song

WALTZ Quadrille Movement. Square formation. Instrumental music is not necessary. The words fit both the music and movements of the dance. Can be used in the ballroom, in the home, on the lawn, on the playground or at summer camps. Learn the words of the song first.

THE SONG or CALLS

The head lady swing
with the left hand
around . . . . 4 bars

(Head lady turns the gentleman on her right each with the left hand.)

Next with the right,
and all the way
around . . . . 4 bars

(Turn the next gentleman, each with right hand.)

Next with the left and
turn him around . 4 bars

(Turn the next gentleman, each with left hand.)

Right hand to your
partner, salute . . 4 bars

(Give right hand to partner and bow to each other.)

Then swing your cor-
ner ladies all . . 4 bars

(Gentleman give both hands to lady on his left and swing.)

And balance to your
partners all . . 4 bars

(All turn, face own partner and balance.)

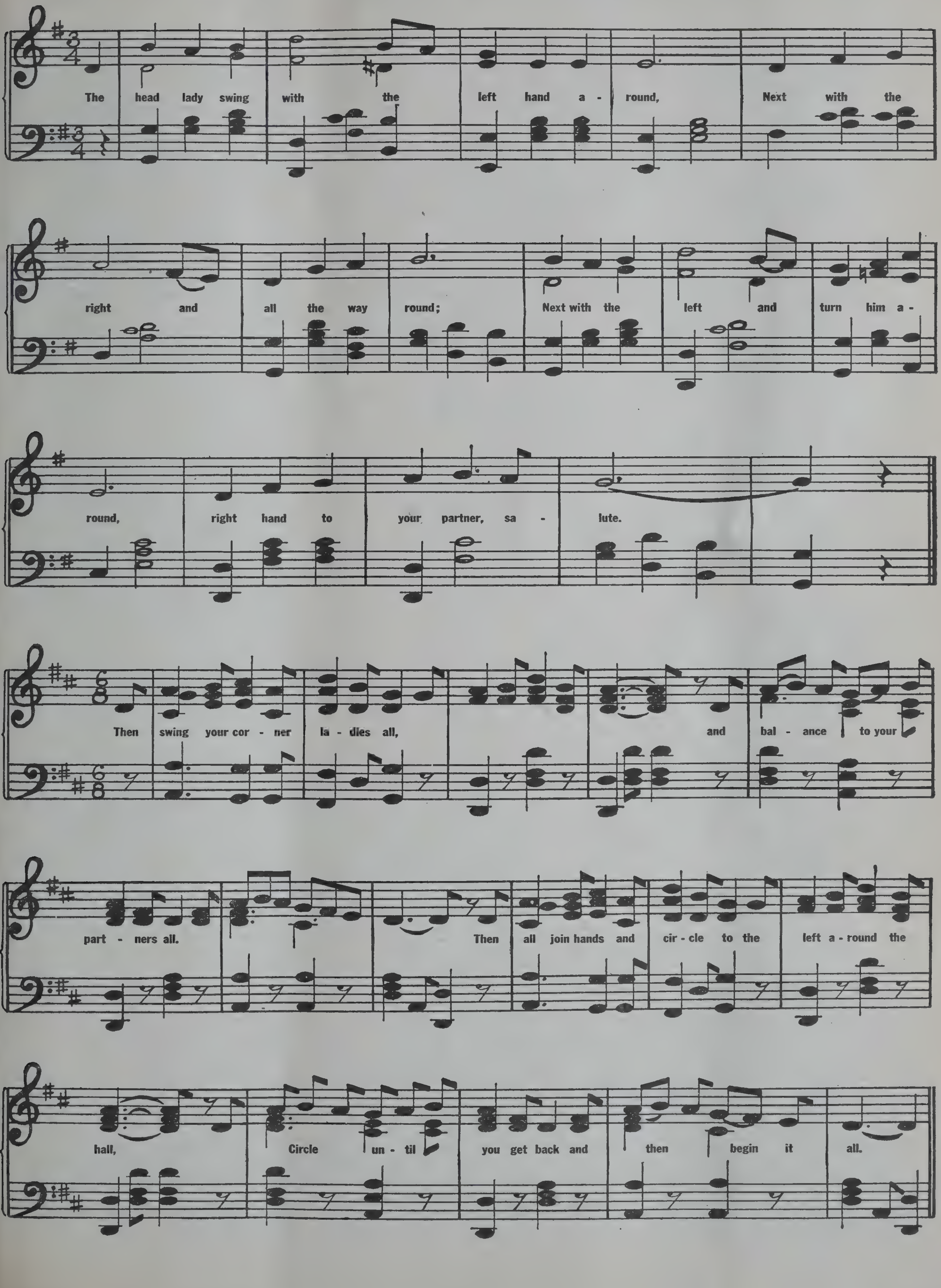
Then all join hands
and circle to the left
around the hall . 4 bars

(All join hands and circle to the left.)

Circle until you get
back and then
begin it all . . 4 bars

(The next lady on the right begins, and so on until all four ladies have gone through the movements. The head gentleman may then begin the number by turning the lady on his left, etc.)

A Mountain Song


The head lady swing with the left hand a - round, Next with the
right and all the way round; Next with the left and turn him a -
round, right hand to your partner, sa - lute.
Then swing your cor - ner la - dies all, and bal - ance to your
part - ners all. Then all join hands and cir - cle to the left a - round the
hall, Circle un - til you get back and then begin it all.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. What is the truth about the war debts? On what basis were they settled, and what is their present status? How much was canceled?

Answer. Congress originally authorized settlement of these debts within a period not to exceed 25 years, with an interest rate fixed at not less than 4¼ per cent. It was represented, however, that this was beyond the capacity of most of the debtors to meet, so the debt commission was given general powers to negotiate settlements and submit them to Congress for approval.

The dispute over the exact percentage on war debts being repaid by the various nations arises mainly out of differences in rates at which interest on these loans is figured. The result is the same either way; whether the principal is cut and a higher rate of interest is applied, or whether the principal is paid in full and a lower rate of interest applied.

The 'funded debt' is the amount of the original loan plus accrued interest to date of settlement with the various nations. If we consider that the funded debt is paid in full, the following average interest rates will apply:

	Funded debt	*Interest rate*
Belgium	$ 417,780,000	1.8%
France	4,025,000,000	1.6%
Great Britain	4,600,000,000	3.3%
Italy	2,042,000,000	.4%

Now suppose that, instead of the various interest rates given above, the 4¼ per cent rate is applied, which is the approximate rate the American taxpayer has been paying, although it is being reduced at the present time. If we take the French debt settlement ($4,025,000,000 at an average of 1.6 per cent interest), France at the end of 62 years will have paid $6,847,674,104.17. The principal would have to be cut to $1,996,509,000 at 4¼ per cent if the final figure received at the end of 62 years ($6,847,674,104.17) is to be maintained. Applying the 4¼ per cent rate to the above cases we have the following figures:

	Principal on which interest is paid	*Approximate per cent of funded debt to be paid*	*Interest rate*
Belgium	$ 225,000,000	53%	4¼%
France	1,996,509,000	49%	4¼%
Great Britain	3,788,470,000	82%	4¼%
Italy	528,192,000	25%	4¼%

As shown by this table, if the 4¼ per cent interest rate is applied, the debt of the various nations has been reduced from the figure given in the first illustration under 'Funded debt' to the figure in the second illustration under 'Principal on which interest is paid.' Secretary Mellon in his letter to Mr. Peabody which appeared in the United States *Daily* on July 17, 1926, said: 'In effect America has canceled the obligations of France for all advances during the war, and France in the Mellon-Berenger agreement has undertaken only to repay the advances and obligations subsequent to the Armistice. No other creditor of France has accorded such generous treatment.' Mr. Mellon is also authority for the statement that the after-the-Armistice borrowings of the various nations in all instances except that of England were greater than the present value of the debt settlement. In other words we have canceled the pre-Armistice borrowings of all the debtor nations except England and under the various debt agreements are collecting only those amounts loaned since the Armistice.

But there is still a third method of computing interest on these debts. When the settlements were presented to the Senate for ratification, they were objected to by some Senators on the ground that the 4¼ per cent rate should have been applied to the total of the 'funded debt.' If the settlement had been made on this basis the first interest payment for France, instead of zero (according to the debt agreement) would have been $171,062,500. Under the pending agreement France does not, in any year of the 62, pay more than $125,000,000 in both interest and principal. If this rate had been applied to Great Britain her first annual interest payment, instead of approximately $138,000,000, would have been $195,000,000. Under the settlement made, Great Britain does not in any year of the 62 pay more than $187,250,000 in both interest and principal. If this rate had been applied to Italy, her first annual interest payment, instead of zero (according to the debt agreement), would have been $86,785,000. Under the debt agreement, Italy does not in any year of the 62 pay in both interest and principal more than $80,988,000. If interest is computed at this rate, it will be readily seen that the total amount, both interest and principal, paid by the debtor nations will not equal the interest (at 4¼ per cent) on the total of their funded indebtedness. Thus, at the end of 62 years the debt itself will be canceled in full, and the interest will be only partially paid.

All the nations that have negotiated settlements are paying the United States under the terms of their agreements, except France. The French Government has not ratified the settlement, and until this is done it will probably not be ratified by the United States Government. Armenia, Austria, Greece and Russia have not funded their debts.

* * *

Q. Was Benjamin Franklin a Freemason?

A. Yes.

> *In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.*

Q. Is there still a guard around President Harding's tomb? What does it consist of?

A. A guard consisting of a first lieutenant and twenty-six enlisted men selected from the various companies of the 10th U. S. Regular Infantry is still on duty at the temporary tomb of the late President Harding.

* * *

Q. How much does Pennsylvania spend annually for her schools?

A. The state appropriation for education in 1923-24 amounted to $27,628,755; expenditures by counties and municipalities amounted to $143,242,658, the total amount expended for education, exclusive of expenditures for colleges and universities, being $170,871,413.

* * *

Q. Is a child born to American parents on a foreign vessel in international seas a citizen of the United States?

A. Citizenship may be acquired by birth, every child born on the soil or within the jurisdiction of the United States, even of alien residents—except of foreign official representatives, whose residences are assumed to be part of their country's territory—or of citizen parents traveling abroad, or of its officials resident abroad, being a citizen.

* * *

Q. Is attendance upon strictly agricultural courses in our colleges and universities increasing or diminishing?

A. Comparative studies of land-grant colleges for white students show a decrease in the enrollment in agricultural courses. In 1914-15 the enrollment in agricultural courses was 17,169; in 1919-20, 15,370; in 1924-25, 13,206.

* * *

Q. Who is the legal successor to the Russian imperial throne?

A. The legal successor to the Russian imperial throne according to the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire is the Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovich, first cousin of Emperor Nicholas II who was murdered by the Bolsheviki, and grandson of the Emperor Alexander II called the 'Liberator.' Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovich on August 31, 1924, issued a manifesto in which he stated his rights as emperor of all the Russias.

* * *

Q. Who was the first commissioner of agriculture who put out a bulletin showing how much cotton, wheat, corn and other commodities were raised by the farmer?

A. In the winter of 1862-63 circulars were sent out gathering information on crop production; in the spring of 1863 monthly reports were made, and in that year there was published the first annual report giving an estimate of the acreage and production. This report was prepared by Lewis Bollman, statistician, and published by the Honorable Isaac Newton, the first commissioner of agriculture. Since that time reports of this character have been issued regularly.

BRIEFLY TOLD

When a Turkish census is to be taken, the order is, 'Stand still and be counted!' Every person must remain at home for twenty-four hours, all means of transportation is at a standstill, telephones and telegraphs are idle, and markets and stores are closed.

There are 50,000 lepers in Mexico, according to Dr. Enrique Osornio.

The Air Ministry of Italy has forbidden officers of the Royal Air Force to marry until they are thirty.

The Academy of Diplomats, composed of well-known diplomats from sixty-four nations, has been established in Paris to aid in the settlement of world problems.

Maexchen, a pet stork of a circus in Germany, disliking the roar of some lions, attacked fourteen of them in the arena and drove them panic-stricken to their cages.

Owing to the law that demands that marriages take place within the sovereign area of the marriage bureau, the first marriage in an airplane in Germany will be performed while the machine hovers over the city hall.

Andrew Jackson is said to have had more nicknames than any other President of the United States. Among them were: Old Hickory; Hero of the Battle of New Orleans; Hickory; Pointed Arrow; Big Knife; Sharp Knife; and the Military Star of the Southwest.

The ancient city of Ani, capital of the kings of Armenia a thousand years ago, is inhabited and guarded by a solitary monk.

A .41-caliber derringer bullet was battered beyond recognition when it struck Andrew Vicks, a Negro, between the eyes. Vicks was not seriously affected.

Enough heat comes to the earth from the sun each day to melt a cake of ice five thousand feet thick and large enough to cover the State of Massachusetts.

One-fifth of the coeds at Indiana University, 10 per cent at DePauw University and 30 per cent at Butler are self-supporting.

Marie Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon, considered a shower bath of milk so important to her health that, stopping at a house on a journey through Germany not equipped with a shower bath, she ordered holes bored in the ceiling and the milk poured through by servants.

The Wiggin Farm near Stratham, New Hampshire, has been in the Wiggin family since the King's Grant in 1631. Since then the home has been handed from father to son without warranty deed.

Curious is the custom in Central Africa of winding a giraffe's tail around the head of a Mangbettu child and then piling it into a coiffure. This accounts for the peculiar shape of the skulls among adults.

In Russia it is a penal offense to address the telephone operator in any other way than 'Comrade' or 'Citizeness,' while in Germany no telephone operator is permitted either to bob her hair or to wear jewelry.

Nuba Hunters in the Sudan form butter and maize flour into rolls around wisps of their hair to serve as emergency rations. These they pull from their heads when hungry and eat either raw or baked.

The Army Signal Corps cable into Alaska was recently severed by the bite of an angry whale.

Certain Eskimo tribes are said to bury a dog with a dead child, that the dog may guide the child in another world.

Wardens of the Dutch Reform church in rural districts of Holland have refused to marry women having bobbed hair.

The first electric fans were made in 1884 and rented for $15 a season plus the cost of current.

That the father has the absolute right to choose what schools his children shall attend and what religion they shall adopt, is the decree handed down by a London magistrate.

A survey reveals almost 3,500 languages and dialects in the world, of which more than half are in America.

More than 2,500,000 frogs are shipped from Louisiana annually.

London beauty experts are analyzing cosmetics, still fragrant, taken from King Tut-ankh-amen's tomb, to compare them with modern concoctions.

White Star Line steamships leaving Montreal for Liverpool are out of sight of land but four days.

Because of a copper shortage in Russia, a method of recovering copper and zinc from brass shavings has been worked out by Russian chemists.

According to a leading insurance authority the majority of cars stolen are taken by 'young lovers' who cannot afford to buy cars to take their sweethearts riding.

Egyptians are digging up the mummies of humble slaves and selling them to tourists as the remains of famous Pharaohs, after decking them out with gilded scarabs, inscriptions and amulets.

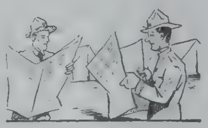
So far the earth has lived only one half-millionth of its allotted span of existence, according to recent calculations.

Seventy-five tons of pennies are spent by New Yorkers each day for newspapers.

The entire city of Toledo, Spain, is to be officially made a national monument, to prevent destruction of beautiful and historic old buildings.

The average midday repast of Henry IV of France consisted of four kinds of soup, four entrées, a course of boiled meat, a ten-pound joint of beef, a side of mutton, a capon, and three other kinds of fowl, and on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays a capon pastry in addition. Vegetables never appeared on the menu.

The death penalty for animals was one of the ancient customs of Holland. The records show that a cat was hanged at Longueville in 1476 for biting an infant to death; a steer was publicly executed in Meddlebourg in 1571 for goring a woman; and a cow was put to death for attacking a little girl.



For the first time in the history of that country a Nicaraguan newspaper is printing an English section for the benefit of United States Marines.

Following the teachings of Lamaism, the Kalmuck tribe throw the bodies of their dead to the mercy of dogs, vultures and birds of prey. If the remains are not devoured within a few days the deceased is considered to have been very wicked, since dogs and vultures refuse to eat his flesh.

The length of the skirt determines the amount of taxes paid by the women of Almendraljeo, Spain. A woman showing only her ankles pays the minimum.

The Chinese are said to have had the equivalent to our movies in their 'shadow shows' as early as 5000 B. C.

An instrument known as a 'detectoscope' has been invented that can spot shoplifters, detect 'stalling' employes and expose lazy clerks in any room or on any floor of a store, factory or other building.

As the stovepipe hat is the insigne of a noble lord and no self-respecting driver would dream of running down such a superior person, the silk hat is the best insurance when in a London traffic jam.

M. Cotineau, a French grocer, awakened from a comfortable sleep to find as a bedfellow a husky lion that had escaped from a circus.

NOTES · COMMENTS · CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses Work, the greatest power.

* * *

Paul Honoré has produced a striking cover design in illustration of Charles Finger's story of 'A Chinese Livingstone'—Huien-Tsaing. It represents Huien-Tsaing's arrival at the palace of the Khan of the Turks, a scene of barbaric splendor.

* * *

'Puff-Balls' is a poetic gem by Louis Untermeyer, anthology compiler, and lecturer at Yale, Princeton and other universities. A prospect of wild grasses and flowers by Gerald Van der Heyden forms the background.

* * *

Hugh Walpole, novelist and international lecturer, lives in a little stone cottage in the north of England where Wordsworth, Coleridge and other 'Lakeists' lived and found inspiration. We give the first of his *Little Essays From a Northern Cottage.* (p. 1)

* * *

This is the record of a man who, over eighty years of age, says true happiness comes only to him who lives among the wild things of Nature. Max Bentley, whose contributions have appeared in our pages from time to time, brings this out in his story of 'The Old Man of the River.' (p. 3)

* * *

A man on Mars, peering through his telescope, might have wondered at this strange new canal which had appeared so suddenly on the Earth. Nearer—say from an airplane—he would have seen great islands in the midst of the vast expanse of water. Nearer yet, he would have perceived that the islands were tree tops, with muddy water swirling beneath their limbs. (p. 4)

* * *

Those trees were symbolic of the Mississippi Flood—lone sentinels left to guard man's few remaining possessions. For miles on end they would be the only living things. Beneath them floated death: bodies of animals, skeletons of homes. Overhead soared the birds of death—buzzards. Desolation stretched as far as the eye could see. And yet this region, a few scant weeks before, had been one of the garden spots of the world! (p. 4)

* * *

Prime Minister Poincaré, who is minister of finance as well, has been acclaimed as the 'savior of the franc.' Sommerville Story, editor and writer on international subjects, for many years resident in Paris, gives a very incisive account of how the ex-president of France wrought this wonderful change. (p. 6)

* * *

The Royal and Ancient burgh of St. Andrews, in Scotland, may be called the home town of golf, for it is the only town in the world where the inhabitants almost entirely depend on the game for their living. Golfing tradition in St. Andrews goes back for centuries, and here, on its Old Course in the British Open Championship, at present held by Bobby Jones, American players will once more try conclusions with the crack players of Britain. (p. 7)

* * *

Alexander Keith, a graduate of Aberdeen University, and a writer and journalist of note, sends us a first-hand account of the course with its hazards, as well as an historic sketch of the gray old town by the sea. Mr. Keith has played over the course several times and knows just what sticks to use to get the best results. (p. 7)

* * *

There may not be much romance in choosing shoes, but there is an intriguing blend of comedy and tragedy. Not every lady has Cinderella feet, but salesmen have to retain their politeness. Lady Cynthia Asquith, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and daughter-in-law of the Earl and Countess of Oxford, is quite at ease in a story like this. (p. 8)

* * *

To Dr. William E. Barton, Lincoln biographer, must be accorded the distinction of having discovered the site of the home of Nancy Hanks, the great President's mother. It is in West Virginia and it was only after painstaking research and sundry strategic movements that Dr. Barton reached his goal. (p. 12)

* * *

Julian Hawthorne's reminiscent monograph of Oliver Wendell Holmes—'friend of my younger days'—affords a greater insight into the inner life and character of this brilliant writer than a shelfful of previous biographies. (p. 14)

* * *

Hundreds of years ago Huien-Tsaing, a Chinese idealist, traveled thousands of miles in search of a code of ethics to guide his race. Huien-Tsaing has been called by Charles Finger 'a Chinese Livingstone,' because both he and the African explorer were pioneers of a supremely noble idea—Huien-Tsaing sought religion for the blessings it would bring; Livingstone spread it for the same reason. (p. 16)

* * *

The oldest Colonial mansion in America is Philipse Manor Hall, near Tarrytown, New York. It was founded by one Vrederyck Flypse, who in the year 1650 came to the little Dutch settlement of Nieu Amsterdam, now New York City. George Washington visited it, and its owner was the founder of Sleepy Hollow Church, immortalized by Washington Irving. This old mansion's story by E. Irvine Haines, is full of genuine Americana. (p. 26)

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E. Irvine Haines

New Orleans, Louisiana.

There may be some magazines the equal but I am satisfied after reading same for several years there are none superior.

It would be a great thing for this country if we had more magazines like THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. I would not be without it nor exchange it for any other.

E. J. LESSING.

San Antonio, Texas.

Guy Haythorn's communication regarding monuments in the May 28th edition struck me as timely.

I have solved the problem to my own satisfaction as follows:

My Monument

Carve not for me in senseless marble dull and cold
An image o'er my grave for mortals to behold.
Erect no costly shaft above my ashes dry
To let the gaping know where doth my body lie.
'Let me be known as one who loved his fellow man';
As one who helped his brother o'er this fitful span;
As one who bore a part of burdens hard to bear,
And in his neighbors' sorrows always took a share.
I care not for your marble, bronze, nor granite pile
That draws the envious glance, that makes the cynic smile.
Enough for me when I have shuffled off this mortal coil,
And laid my body down to mingle with its mother soil—
Enough to leave, as monument, the name I sometime bore
Engraved in human hearts and memory forevermore.

FREDERICK ABBOTT.

St. Louis, Missouri.

I consider THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT one of the best magazines which comes to my home, and I take no fewer than twenty different ones.

F. L. SCOTT.

Friend, Oregon.

I believe this magazine to be the best I have ever read. I like it because it is different, because it deals with subjects that are of interest to every citizen and in a manner not to be found in any other magazine.

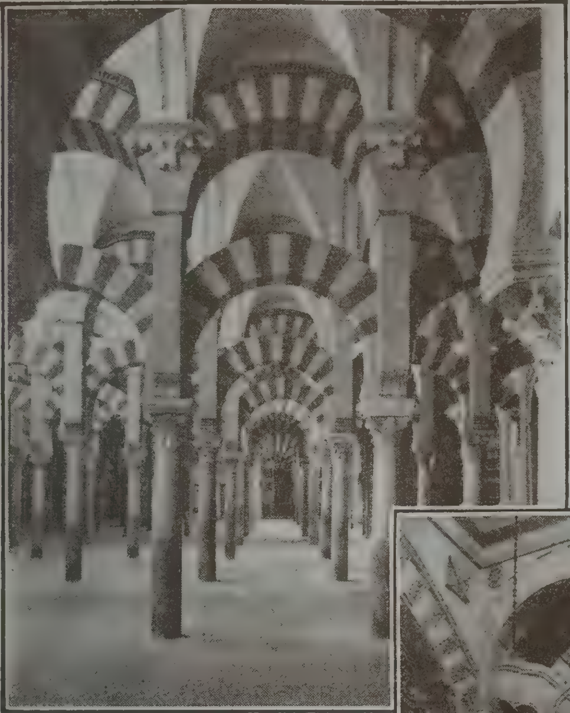
JOHN W. CLARK.

Taunton, Minnesota.

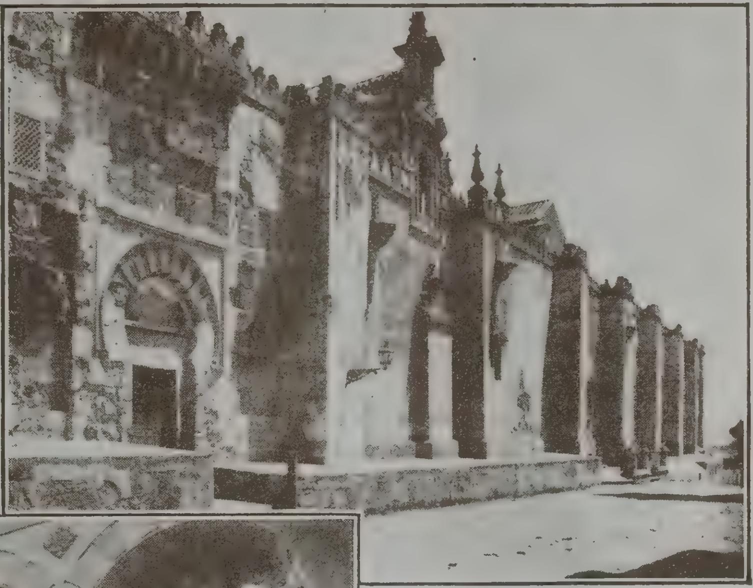
I find that your paper is a valuable reference in school work in that its subject matter is varied advantageously so as to attract the attention of both adult and youth.

CLEMENT HOLLAND.

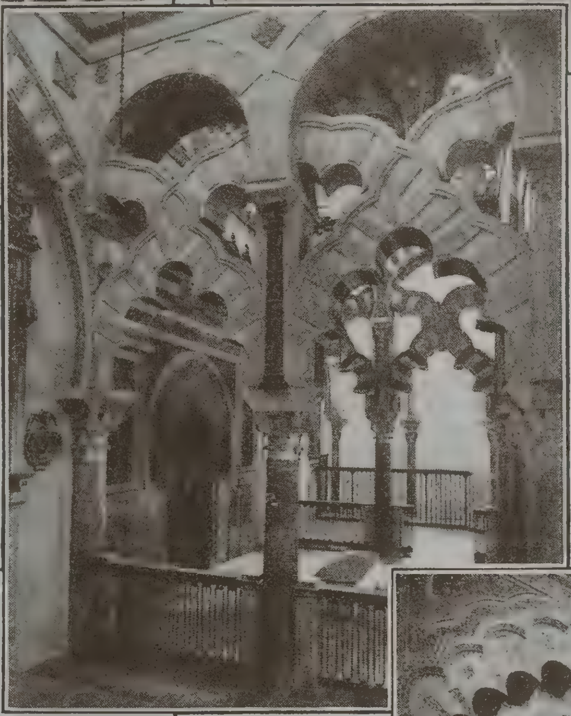
From Moorish Mosque *to* Christian Cathedral



Magnificent and bewildering labyrinth of pillars in which porphyry, jasper and many-colored marbles are boldly combined. Originally of different heights, the pillars have been adjusted to their present standard of twelve feet either by being sunk into the soil or by addition of Corinthian capitals. The pillars divide the building longitudinally into nineteen and transversely into twenty-nine aisles.

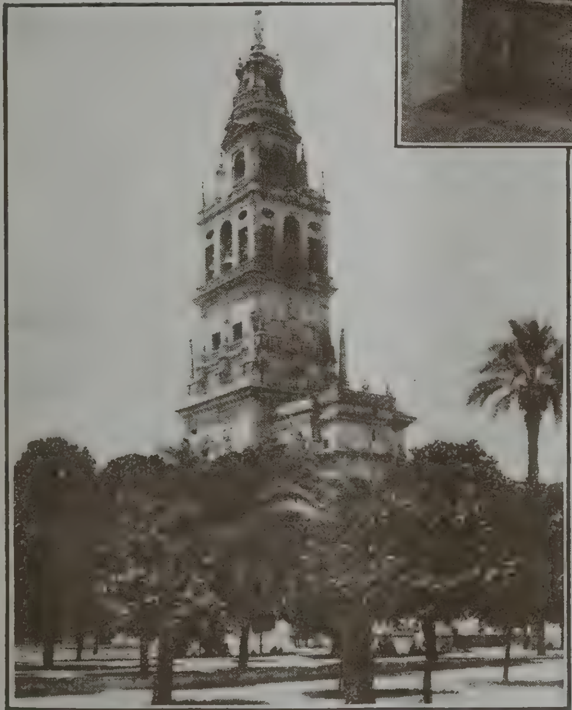


These exterior walls served to fortify the mosque. Their plainness is somewhat relieved by the toothed stonework at the top and the horseshoe arched doorways. So immense are they that the Spanish authorities find it difficult to keep them in repair.

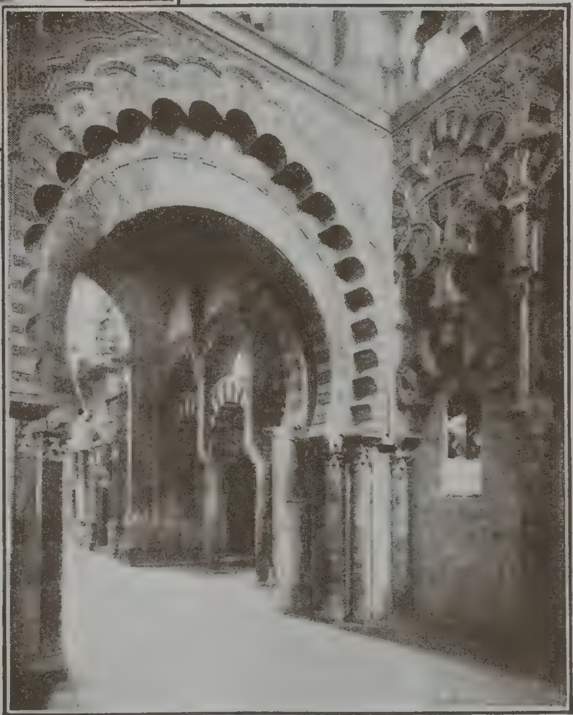


Left—

Entrance to the holy of holies, where the sacred Koran was kept, is an excellent example of the careful detail in archways and intricate design which is the dominant note of this splendid example of Moorish architecture.



Tower as seen from interior court of the cathedral. At right, through the orange trees, is the wall of the Moorish fountain, at which neighborhood women fill their water jars.



Interior portal of the Mizquita or Mosque, which was named Zeca, or House of Purification. After its enlargement it was the largest sacred building of Islam, after Kabba at Mecca.

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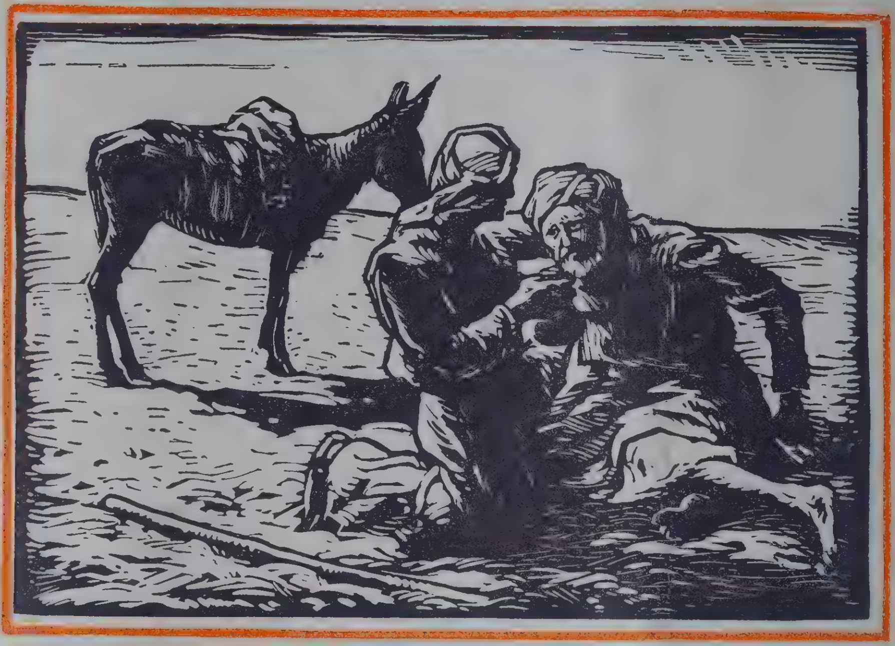

HUMAN sympathy is a great motive power. No cool, calculating attitude will take the place of it. One can name very few of the great advances which were not due to human sympathy. The trouble is we have been using this great motive force for too small ends. If human sympathy prompts us to feed the hungry, why should it not give a much greater prompting toward making hunger impossible?

RR

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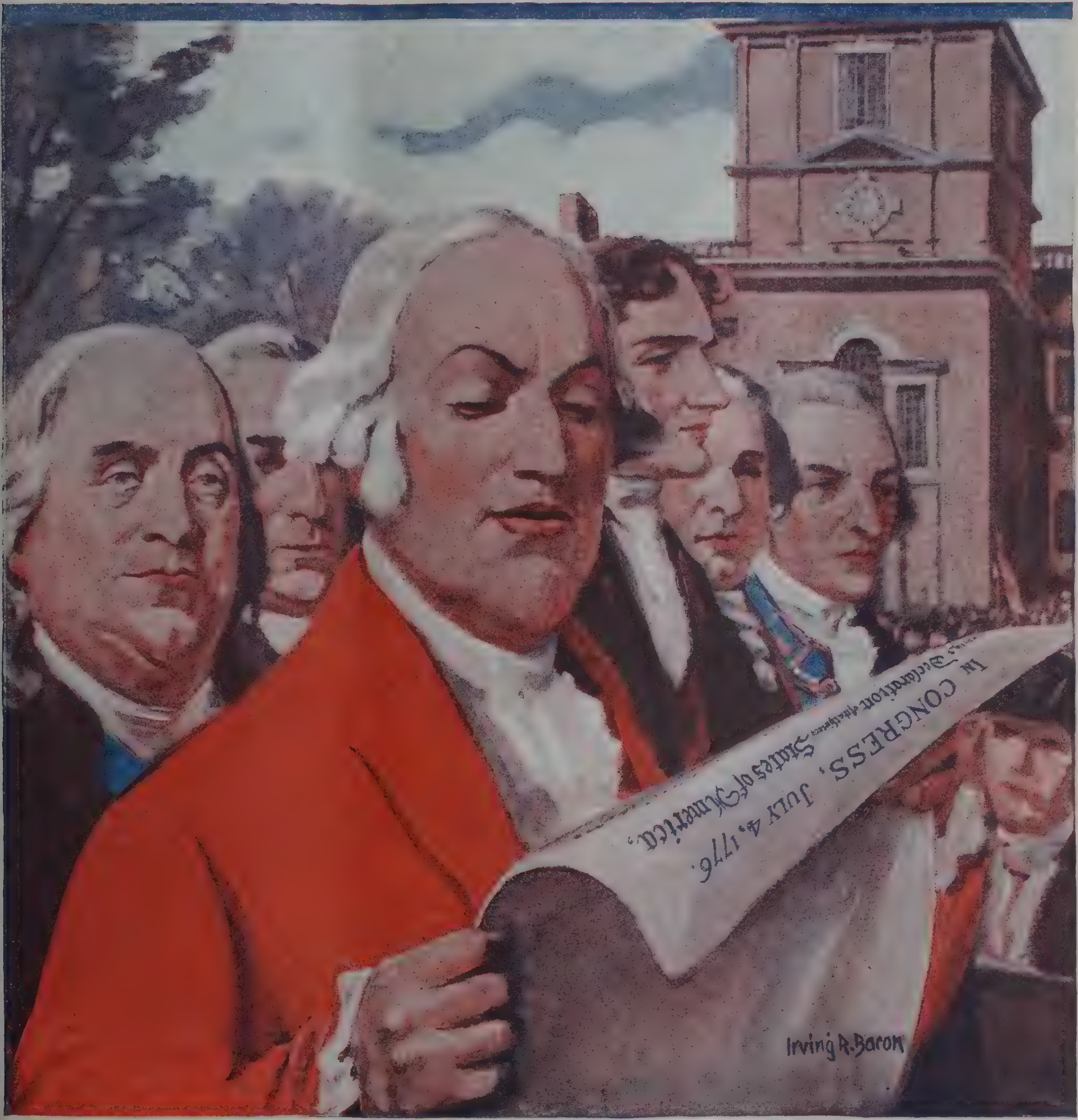
IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.
The Declaration of the thirteen united States of America,
Irving R. Baron

THE FIRST READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. *{Article, page 25}*

In the Interest of Public Safety

More and more women are insisting on Firestone Balloons because experience shows that these Gum-Dipped Tires are dependable and safe. The woman driver likes to feel the sure response to her hand on wheel and brake; she is certain of a true hold on any road—she is relieved of anxiety of possible tire trouble with its annoying delays.

Among the special features which Firestone has worked out to increase the enjoyment of motoring is Gum-Dipping—the special process in tire building by which the cords of the carcass are dipped in a rubber solution. This insulates every fiber of every cord, minimizing friction, so destructive to tires. Another advantage is the Firestone Balloon Tread, which gives extra safety, comfort and long wear. The small units and sharp projections of this tread are scientifically placed so that they permit easy flexing and result in extraordinary riding comfort.

The Gum-Dipped carcass supporting the scientific tread makes Firestone Tires ideally adapted where safety and dependability are paramount. Let your Firestone Dealer tell you why these features are so essential to full tire value. Avail yourself of his "Better" service as well as these "Better" Tires. Enjoy the economy of—

The Mark of Quality

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . . Harvey S. Firestone

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

JULY 2
1927

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Volume 27
Number 37

CUBA *of* Today—*Something More Than* Sugar

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

THEN came the crisis—and we stopped work.' You will hear that the length and breadth of Cuba. About Havana you will see many pretentious buildings abandoned with the walls half up. You will come across enterprises all over the island that have not been finished. You ask why. And always you get the same answer.

Cuba is sugar. It is the world's sugar bowl, for just as cotton grows better in our South than anywhere else in the world, so grows sugar in Cuba. In the virgin lands of the Province of Oriente as many as twenty-five harvests have been had from a single planting, and ten is usual in all except the older plantations of the island. Nowhere can great wealth be had out of the ground with so little effort as in Cuba. And that has been her making and can be her unmaking.

In the war years when the beet fields of Europe were being fought over and there was no shipping to send far off to Java, Cuba supplied the world's sugar. The United States bought the whole crop of 1918, while the Cuban Government bought that of 1919. Then in 1920 the controls went off and sugar which had been considered well priced at three and a half cents a pound in Cuba soared to twenty cents. A cent in a pound is a big change in Cuba. With sugar headed for the skies the country for the first time had a taste of real money. It went wild with money—just as the United States went wild. Men who had become rich overnight started to build great houses.

The Cubans sadly refer to those days as the 'Dance of the Millions.' But the piper had to be paid—and there was no one to pay him. Sugar dropped in six months to below two cents a pound in January, 1921. The banks had loaned millions at ten cents when sugar was twenty cents. And even at two cents little sugar could be sold. That was the crisis—that is when the building stopped. The newly rich found themselves poor again.

Magnificent headquarters of the president of Cuba, near the center of Havana.

But out of that catastrophe have grown the beginnings of a new prosperity under one of the biggest men which Latin-America has yet produced—General Gerardo Machado, the president of Cuba. He has not yet grown to full stature. Perhaps he will not grow so large as he now seems destined, but whatever may be his personal future, it is certain that he has grasped a new future for Cuba. For he has learned the lesson which the United States stands to teach—and which so few care to learn. He is Americanizing Cuba without taking away anything that is peculiar to Cuba.

Cuba, it should be understood, is nearly all owned in the United States. Of the total commercial investment in the island, Americans own to the value of about one and a half billion dollars, which is somewhere around two-thirds the value of all property in productive enterprise. About one-half of this is in sugar. The balance is scattered among banks, tobacco companies, hotels, railways, and power stations.

This investment, it is to be noted, is not in bonds issued by the government. The Cuban debt is small and is now in good shape. The money is in productive enterprise operating in Cuba and employing Cuban labor.

It has been estimated that of all the wages paid in Cuba about two-thirds in dollar value comes from the investment of American capital. Therefore, as nowhere else in the world, we are squarely met with the question of whether this American ownership is a good thing or a bad thing for Cuba. The American money did not go in for charitable purposes. It did not enter with any other thought than benefiting its owners. To some extent it has benefited them. Has it also benefited the Cubans? Or have they merely been exploited?

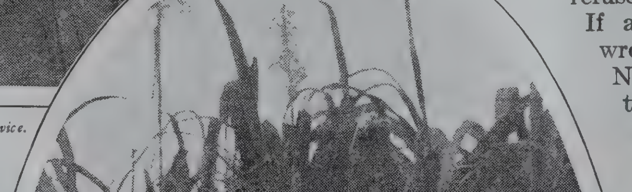
First have a look at Cuba. Many Americans know Havana but they know it only as a pleasure resort. A few Americans outside of those who were in the Spanish War know Santiago, but they know it as the place where the

A crooked, narrow street with meager sidewalks and overhanging balconies in a section of Havana. —*Publishers' Photo Service.*

war started and was won. The Cuba of the day's work is not in the cities. The island has practically no factories and hence the cities are only places where things are bought and sold. They are not points of production. Cuba has no Detroits or Pittsburghs.

Havana is a modern city. It was made so under the direction of General Leonard Wood, and when a Cuban wants to make any administrative comparison he takes General Wood as the ultimate measure. For it was under him that Havana was cleared up. He built the Prado which is a fine boulevard where once was an open sewer. He built the sea wall and broad drive known as the Malecon and made himself a man of mystery by letting neither himself nor his friends in on the real estate. But one cannot drive fifty miles from Havana—except toward Matanzas. One cannot drive five miles out of any other Cuban city. For then the roads stop. The only automotive vehicle capable of touring Cuba is a caterpillar tractor.

It was the policy of Spain to keep the means of communication between different parts of the island as difficult as possible in order that the people might not have the chance to know one another and to organize. Spain did not really colonize. She thought that she could exploit peoples—and consequently made little of her over-sea possessions. A line of railroad runs the length of the island with branches to all the principal ports, while the sugar estates have their own railroads to take the cane from the fields to the mills and the sugar to a shipping port, but the countryman has to depend mainly upon the horse. The Cuban has to be very poor indeed not to have a horse or what passes for a horse, because the animals are almost without exception miserable little beasts with sore backs and a general air of half-starved melancholy. For heavier hauling a great high-wheeled cart is used with from four to six oxen, but a yoke of oxen represents an investment of around one hundred and fifty dollars and this is beyond the means of the average man.



—*Courtesy,* The Cuba Review.

Sugar-cane cutters in a Cuban field of fine growth.

As a result of this lack of transportation the Cuban is not a farmer. Rarely does he even raise his own vegetables nor can he be induced to raise them. He will put in a few banana trees and some plantains to supplement his regular diet of rice, beans, and pork. The rice, beans, and pork he has to buy. Oddly enough, the national food is not raised on the island. He cannot be a farmer because he has no way of getting his products to market. Whatever truck gardening there is in Cuba is done by Chinese on lands given to them by the sugar estates. But it is quite doubtful if the Cuban ever will be a farmer, for his tastes are away from the land.

The high ambition of every Cuban is to wear a white collar—which is an ambition not unknown in our own country. If he can be a doctor or lawyer, so much the better and the land is overrun with them—which is a phenomenon also not unknown to our own country. But given a chance, the Cuban makes an excellent machinist. A few years ago gasoline hoisting engines were put on many sugar estates. For a year or two the natives refused even to try to understand them. If anything went wrong, it stayed wrong until a repair man came along. Now only a major repair requires the services of an expert. The natives quickly learn to manage automobiles and tractors and in the railroad repair shops they do really fine work.

It is not generally known that the Spaniard is an accurate mechanic—he has not lost the skill which made Toledo blades famed the world over. The engine rooms of many of the ships in the Caribbean trade are manned wholly by Spaniards. What they lack is the ability to plan and create—they have never had the chance to learn.

For rough manual labor they have no liking and the sugar cane is cut by Negroes imported from Haiti for the season. And incidentally these citizens of Haiti to whom our emotionalists would give complete self-government are worth looking at. If anything they are a little less civilized than their forbears who came over in the slave ships. None of them know their ages, few know who were their parents, and unless they have been in Cuba before they do not have names.

While in Cuba they usually take the name of the contractor they work for and keep that as a name afterward. They have almost no language, and of course can neither read nor write. So near are they to the primitive that often they will refuse to sleep in the *barracones* provided

(*Continued on page 24*)

IN THE early days of psychic investigation only two hypotheses were advanced. The phenomena observed were declared to be either the work of spirits or were denounced as entirely fraudulent. During the last thirty years, however, scientific investigators of the subject in the New World as the Old have employed a third hypothesis; namely, that these supranormal manifestations may be due to unknown powers of the human organism. This hypothesis which the radio machine and the dark-ray photograph appear to support is concerned with what has been called 'unexplored biology.'

Last night a man speaking in Paris was distinctly heard in Detroit. Twenty years ago this would have been called 'supernatural,' it may be that twenty years hence many spiritualistic phenomena of today may be included under the head of supranormal biologic activities and be of everyday occurrence. The mystery of life after death, if solved, must agree with the physical laws of the natural world.

The Dark Side of the MOON

By HAMLIN GARLAND

TO A business man, to the average citizen in fact, the material universe is an orderly and rather humdrum matter of routine. The seasons come and go without any event exciting wonder or surprise. 'Nothing inexplicable ever happens to me,' my friends say. True, they cannot tell why an apple turns red nor how a grub becomes a butterfly, but these mysteries, so habitual, so familiar, are commonplace. Even the night and the alchemy of the moon no longer appeal with their old-time wizardry.

Nevertheless, mystery remains in the world, and one has but to step aside from the dusty beaten path to find oneself confronted (in the dark and silence) with hooded forms, flitting to and fro, and to feel intangible forces pulse and play. Ghosts still walk at midnight, innumerable voices thrill through space and strange warnings quiver across the void. The ultimate is as unknowable as ever.

Forty years ago, like most young men, I smiled at the dreamers who pottered about the libraries with volumes of 'psychic research' under their arms. I was a bit impatient of those who permitted their affections to mislead them into acceptance of portents, mediumship and the return of the dead—it smelled (as Emerson said) of a kind of 'rat-hole philosophy,' a creed for which a vigorous and active young student could have no sympathetic relationship whatsoever.

Nevertheless, through a man in whom I had faith, I was induced to become a member of the American Psychic Society of Boston. I was, indeed, for several years a member of its executive board and a special committee to investigate the physical phenomena of spiritualism. I was at that time an admiring student of Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, and other of the great evolutionary group of thinkers, and, most important of all, I was not yet bereaved. I had not lost a mother or wife or child.

In preparation for my work I turned to the literature of the occult and my first surprise came in reading the work of Sir William Crookes who had applied the same analytic care to the study of mediumship that he used in attacking a new problem in chemistry. From him I passed to Sir Oliver Lodge and Alfred Russell Wallace. Their references led to an examination of Continental authorities like Flammarion, Lombroso, Richet, Maxwell, Morselli, Bottaozzi, and many others. The books dealing with psychodynamics were many. Myers with his theory of the subconscious, and Zollner with his fourth dimension hypothesis, interested me less.

Meanwhile, together with the secretary of the psychical society, I began my experiments. My second surprise came in the realization that there were many persons in private life apparently gifted with supranormal power over matter. Requests for investigation poured in upon us. Haunted houses and magic wells claimed our attention. Poltergeists offered their pranks. Automatic writing and trance artistry abounded. Telekinesis was common.

Up to this time, like most men of outdoor life, I was inclined to grant the stability of matter. Silicon was silicon and carbon was carbon. The fact that air could be liquefied was curious but not revealing. Space was filled with ether, an exceedingly tenuous form of matter, and matter was conveniently divided into solids, liquids and gases.

Now, suddenly, things began to happen which disturbed my acquired philosophy. Matter began to change position and weight without known cause. Under my own test conditions books were moved from A to B without a visible or tangible push or pull. Metals and heavy wooden objects floated in the air and globes of flame moved silently and without apparent heat across the room while cold winds blew illogically from dark corners without reason. In brief, I found myself in the world of 'unexplored biology.'

There was always something unconvincing in these phenomena. They puzzled me, they interested me, but they did not startle me. Being young, healthy and without bereavement, I set myself the task of following out the leadings of these amazing exceptions to the prevailing laws of my world. As one of a small committee on 'the physical phenomena of spiritualism,' I darted hither and yon wherever a good subject offered, steadfastly insisting on physical tests, and resolutely throwing out doubtful results.

LIKE all other investigators I soon discovered that the events of this occult world were not lawless. The confusion was only apparent. Upon closer study the phenomena were found to be orderly and rather monotonously restricted in their orbits. The same things were stated of the mediums in Australia that were recorded of those in Vienna and Boston. The dreams, prophecies and warnings of German sensitives were precisely the same as those of the men and women we were studying in New England. Whatever the causes of the phenomena might be, they plainly did not transcend human nature. They plainly began and ended in the minds of men.

Do not misunderstand me. The phenomena exist. They are imaginary only in the sense that all things are imaginary. The constitution of matter is imaginary. Space is imaginary. No one knows what life is or where it originates, but there are certain settled, agreed-upon notions concerning space and matter and time, that is all.

I soon found that under certain conditions the mind of man can act upon matter independent of visible means. Over and over again psychics have produced for

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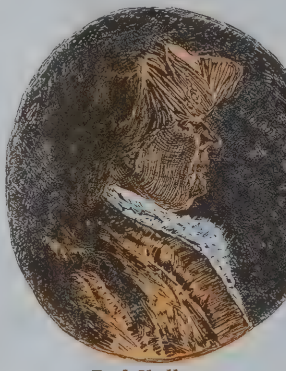
AMERICA'S *First* Peace Conference

By RANDOLPH C. ADAMS

THE final act of the American Revolution was the peace conference at Paris in 1782. As the nation enters upon the years which mark the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the independence of the United States, and as her foreign relations claim an ever larger and larger share of public attention, there is something peculiarly interesting about that first peace conference at Paris which America attended. The story from the American viewpoint has been told, for the family papers of the American commissioners, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, John Jay and Henry Laurens, have been open to the public for many years.



Earl Shelburne.

But the papers of the British statesman, Earl Shelburne, who engineered the peace, and the British commissioner who negotiated it, Richard Oswald, have remained in private hands these hundred and fifty years. These papers have at last come to America and have been deposited in the great collection of books and papers relating to the Revolution in the William L. Clements Library at the University of Michigan. They include the original papers relating to the Peace of 1782-83, such as might be expected to exist in the archives of the British premier who was called upon to salvage the wreck of the British Empire at the conclusion of a war which had been so disappointing to Britannic ambition.

One thing which stands out above all else in the papers of the British statesman, now open at last, is the fact that the American aspect of the peace conference was by no means the most considerable so far as England was concerned. Great Britain in 1782 found herself in a position similar to that which Germany occupied in 1918.

The American Colonies had revolted in 1776. France had joined them in 1778, and in the next year England found herself at war with Spain and Holland as well. As usual under the circumstances, the Irish bestirred themselves and demanded better treatment. As far as the malcontents in the Emerald Isle are concerned, they fared far better than did Pádraic Pearse and his companions in the Easter revolt of 1916.

The American Revolution had taken on the aspect of a general European war, and the conference at Paris was a general European peace conference—not merely a set of negotiations between England and the United States. No one can examine the Shelburne Papers without having this constantly borne in upon him.

At that peace conference, many things were against Britain. The Americans had captured two British armies and their generals, Burgoyne and Cornwallis. The French had captured numerous British colonies in Africa, the West Indies and the East Indies. The Spanish had captured the Floridas from Britain and were besieging Gibraltar. The Dutch had seriously injured British overseas trade. Britain needed peace and needed it quickly. When, after the debacle of the British arms at Yorktown, the British ministry of North and Germain resigned, the King called in the Rockingham-Shelburne Whigs to extricate Britain from the disasters to which mismanagement and defeat had reduced her. Rockingham died and Shelburne soon became the moving power in the negotiations which were under way at Paris.

The American commissioners refused to negotiate at all unless their independence was first of all granted. Gaining this they set to work with Shelburne and his representative Oswald to make a treaty of peace. In the Shelburne Papers at Ann Arbor are no less than six preliminary drafts of the treaty. Through them it is possible to trace the evolution of the treaty. Mingled with the manuscripts as they now stand are numbers of papers relating to the simultaneous negotiations of England with her European foes.

Out of it all came a treaty which gave America a great deal more than many Americans had any reason to believe they would get. Out of it, also, came treaties between Britain on the one hand and Spain, France and Holland on the other. But if the allies are to be considered victorious in the Revolution, it sometimes seems as though the United States gained a great deal while the others fared not so well. Certainly in proportion to her effort France got little. Spain did fairly well, getting Florida from England.

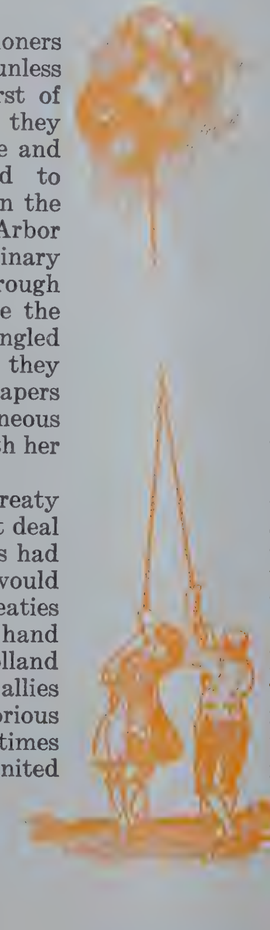
Yet it is noticeable that there was a cordiality between the British and American negotiators throughout the conference which did not subsist between Britain and her other enemies. That this was due to the influence of Shelburne there can be no doubt. He wanted peace between the great English-speaking peoples. He had belonged to the party which had opposed driving the Americans into rebellion, and he foresaw that the peace of the world depended upon the utmost harmony existing for all time between England and America.

The tone of his letters and dispatches is always that of making peace with America in the most generous way and upon the most generous terms. Yet he was by no means timid, as is abundantly revealed by the tone of the British commissioners in dealing with their other foes.

Shelburne's genuine and sincere friendship for America was not shared by all Englishmen of his day—nor since. But at that critical time in the history of America, the responsible head of the British Government wanted to establish the basis of an eternal peace between the two English-speaking nations—a fact which goes far to explain the generous terms the Americans received.

In looking over the papers, one is sometimes inclined to feel that Britain and the United States were working together, not against each other—and certainly if this be true, it is in no small measure due to the liberality and broadmindedness of the British premier.

But it takes two to make a peace as well as a quarrel, and Shelburne found at least one of the American commissioners who was likewise willing to take a large and generous view of the whole matter. That man was Benjamin Franklin. No one can read the letters of John Adams and John Jay without having a feeling that here were two able and brilliant lawyers arguing their case with astonishing success. But sometimes a lawyer irritates—particularly if he is both right and successful—and though he gains a victory, the irritation sows the seeds of future discord. Both Shelburne and Franklin were determined not only to



L O U I S I A N A
A T L A N T I C
O C E A N
T H E

—Courtesy, New York Historical Society

'A Map of the British and French Dominions in North America with the Records, Distances, Limits and Extent of the Settlements. Humbly Inscribed to the Right Honorable, The Lord of Halifax and the other Right Honorable, The Lords' Committee of Trade Plantations By Their Lordships' Most Obliged and Very Humble Servant, John Mitchell.'

end the war but to avoid future conflicts between the two English-speaking nations.

That the American commissioners were far more able than the British representatives at Paris is beyond question. Few Americans have ever heard of Richard Oswald, Henry Strachey or Alleyne Fitzherbert—but many outside America have heard the names of Adams, Jay and Franklin.

There were points upon which Great Britain might have insisted with some justice. For example, there was the pathetic case of the loyalists. These 'Tories' had been citizens of the American Colonies. They were exiled from America and had their property confiscated.

The British commissioners came to Paris determined, if they got nothing else, to secure a recompense for the poor loyalists. They got practically nothing, and that because, every time Oswald brought up the question of the loyalists, Benjamin Franklin dragged a red herring across the trail by bringing up the immense indemnity the United States might demand from Great Britain for the atrocities committed and the destruction wrought by the British and the German troops in America — particularly the German. Finally on one occasion when the British commissioners got too insistent, the American threatened to break off negotiations if the matter were pressed.

During the course of the negotiations, the British found themselves unexpectedly in a much better position as regarded France and Spain, because of the British admiral Rodney's brilliant victory over the French fleet in the West Indies. At this point better news began to come in of the headway being made by Warren Hastings and Sir Eyre Coote in India. Right here Shelburne, had he been an ordinary diplomat seeking mere victory, could easily have broken off the negotiations and have told the Americans to go home. Yet in all the Shelburne Papers there is not a hint of this—a fact which seems to establish Shelburne's sincerity beyond the possibility of a doubt.

Of course the British took advantage of Rodney's victory to get better terms from France and Spain, with whom they probably expected to be at war again. But the Shelburne group wanted to settle once and for all with the United States—a fact which is of course immensely to their credit and one which later generations of both British and American politicians have often failed to regard.

The papers of the British statesman contain many delightful sidelights on the state of opinion at the time. During the negotiations one English politician was sure the war might yet be fought out to ultimate British victory and his plan was as ingenious as it was naïve. He believed that if France and Spain could be distracted England might yet defeat America—and certainly relieve the pressure on Gibraltar. He urged that the Russians be brought into the conflict, that the British ambassador at St. Petersburg be instructed to induce the Czarina of Russia to send thousands of Russian troops to Kamchatka, where they would be met by British transports who would convey them to the west coast of South America. There the Russians would harry the Spanish colonies at Lima, Callao and Valparaiso, settle themselves as masters, send the transports back to China for thousands of Chinese coolies who were to establish themselves in South America, and Spain and France would be reduced to utter consternation. The immense detail in which the plan was thought out failed utterly to take into account that the czarina who was to be convinced of the feasibility of this wild scheme was no other than the

(Continued on page 26)

The English FOLK SONG in Ohio

By MARY O. EDDY

There are song antiques that I would rather have than anything else in the whole field of antiques. One point about a song antique is that the tax assessors can't see it. Some of these ballads that Miss Eddy has collected have the feel of hickory-splint chairs, of old jackknives and brass pistols, of copper kettles and mountaineer kiverlids.—CARL SANDBURG.

THE southern Appalachian Mountains are generally believed to be the last foothold in our country of the old English folk song. It is undoubtedly true that it has survived in that region in a greater state of purity than elsewhere. What a delightful picture to recall—that of the plain little mountaineer grandmother, in her clean gray dress and white apron, with her hair smoothly parted in the middle, sitting beside the picturesque cabin door, singing, with inimitable variations of tune in the different stanzas:

Sweet Mary was a servant girl;
She loved the sailor boy
Who plowed the main much gold to gain,
Down in the lowlands low.

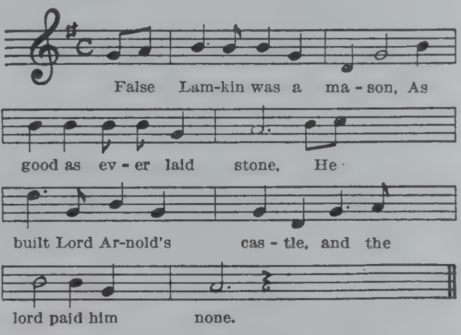
It is a pity to destroy the myth that here only, remote from the rush of modern life, are the old English ballads still known and still sung. Yet it is only fair to give other communities their due.

Not lacking in picturesqueness of much the same sort is a home in central Ohio which comes to my mind as I recall this Tennessee mountain scene. The Clear Fork of the Mohican River winds its way through picturesque hills sufficiently steep, sufficiently covered with evergreens and underbrush, to remind one of a Southern scene. Let me whisper it low, the natives of this infertile part of the state are said to maintain the same carelessness toward the provisions of the Volstead Act as is traditional among the mountaineers.

These Clear Fork hills, in spite of their wild beauty, cannot claim a great degree of remoteness from civilization. Only three miles away by a very comfortable, if unimproved, road is a village on the main line of a New York to Chicago railway, the village itself affording the usual advantages of Ohio life, up-to-date schools, paved streets, a picture show, scores of automobiles, and easy access to the outside world.

Back in the hills, three miles from town, is the home of my friend Miss Jane Goon—a home she has not left for any length of time since she entered it the baby of the family, some sixty-five years ago. Here Miss Jane has sung to me as delightful old folk songs as one can read in Child's celebrated collection. Her repertoire is not so extensive as that of the famous Mrs. Brown of Aberdeen, or that of the English singer who sang a hundred ballads for Cecil Sharp, the English collector. Her tunes are not always of unusual quality. But who would not experience a thrill of joy to hear this plain little Ohio countrywoman sing a complete version of 'Lamkin,' twenty-one stanzas? The tune, it is true, lacks something of the lilt of the familiar English tune, but it has an individuality especially to be discerned in the last note. Miss Jane's version of 'Lamkin' is pronounced by those who know to be the only complete one found in America.

Here is the Ohio version of the story of the Scottish villain who for two centuries or so has been used so much in frightening disobedient children into submission:


False Lam-kin was a ma - son, As
good as ev - er laid stone, He
built Lord Ar-nold's cas - tle, and the
lord paid him none.

FALSE LAMKIN

False Lamkin was a mason,
As good as ever laid stone;
He built Lord Arnold's Castle,
And the lord paid him none.

False Lamkin he swore
That revenged he would be
On Lord Arnold's castle,
Or on his family.

Said the lord to his lady,
'I'm going from home;
And what would you do
If false Lamkin should come?'

'Oh, I fear not false Lamkin
Nor man of his kin;
For I'll keep my doors fastened,
And my windows pinned in.'

So she kept her doors fastened,
And her windows pinned in,
All except one kitchen window
Where Lamkin came in.

'Oh, where is Lord Arnold,
Is he not at home?'
'No, he's gone to old Ireland
To see his dear son.'

'Oh, where is his lady,
Has she gone along?'
'No, she's up in her chamber
Where no man can get in.'

'Oh, what shall I do
That I may get in?'
'You must pierce this little babe's heart
With your silver bodkin.'

So he pierced the little babe's heart
Till the blood did spin
Out into the cradle,
So falsely she did sing:

'Oh, hush-y-bye baby,
Oh, what aileth thee?
Come down, loving mistress,
Oh, come down and see.'

'Oh, how can I come down
So late in the night,
When there is no moon a-shining,
Nor stars to give light?'

'Oh, you've seven bright lanterns,
As bright as the sun;
Come down, loving mistress,
Oh, come down by one.'

She had not advanced
But steps two or three
Till she spied false Lamkin
A-standing close by.

'Oh, spare me, false Lamkin,
And I will go back
And get you all the money
You can carry in your sack.'

'I want none of your money,
Nor nothing that I know
That will spare this bright sword
From your neck white as snow.'

'Oh, spare me, false Lamkin,
Oh, spare me one hour,
And I'll call down daughter Betsy,
The queen of the bower.'

'Go, call down daughter Betsy,
So neat and so clean,
To hold the silver basin
To catch your blood in.'

'Daughter Betsy, stay up
In your chamber so high,
Till you see your dear father
In a ship sailing nigh.'

Daughter Betsy stayed up
In her chamber so high,
Till she saw her dear father
In a ship sailing nigh.

When Lord Arnold came to the castle
And opened the door,
He saw his companion
Lying dead on the floor.

False Lamkin was hung
On a gallows so high,
And the false nurse was burnt
To a stake standing by.

This ballad has lost nothing in its journey, centuries long, from mouth to mouth. In fact, it has acquired a distinct gain over the usual Scottish version, namely, a motive for Lamkin's villainy. One is usually launched into the story with the stanza:

The lord said to the lady
Before he went out,
'Beware of false Lamkin,
He is lurking about.'

Ballads are constantly undergoing changes during the process of oral transmission, and these are sometimes significant, sometimes merely amusing. It is doubtless a touch of the democratic spirit of America which has transformed Lord Randal into plain Jimmy Randal. Mrs. Trumpower, who lives in the above-mentioned village, gave me the words of 'Jimmy Randal,' and I joined with her in regrets that I had not taken down the tune from the singing of her mother, an old lady whom I remember seeing when I was a child. The 'fried eels and fresh butter' which appear here as the immediate cause of Jimmy's death adhere quite closely to the English tradition.

In old-country versions, Lord Randal's death was encompassed by a wide variety of dishes, 'eels fried in a pan,' 'a wee, wee fishie,' 'a dish of sma' fishes,' et cetera. But these are tame and colorless compared with the variety of poisoned foods mentioned in the North Carolina versions. How much more thrilling are 'cold poultry,' 'cold pie and cold coffee,' and a plain 'cup of cold poison.'

JIMMY RANDAL

'Oh, where have you been, Jimmy Randal, my son,
Oh, where have you been, my own true loving one?'
'Away across country, mother—make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and would freely lie down.'

'And who met you there, Jimmy Randal, my son,
And who met you there, my own true loving one?'
'I met with my true love, mother—make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and would freely lie down.'

'And what had you for your supper, Jimmy Randal, my son,
And what had you for your supper, my own true loving one?'
'Fried eels and fresh butter, mother—make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and would freely lie down.'

'Oh, I fear you are poisoned, Jimmy Randal, my son,
Oh, I fear you are poisoned, my own true loving one.'
'Oh, yes, I am poisoned, mother—make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and would freely lie down.'

'What do you leave to your mother, Jimmy Randal, my son,
What do you leave to your mother, my own true loving one?'
'Four and twenty milk kye, mother—make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and would freely lie down.'

'What do you leave to your sister, Jimmy Randal, my son,
What do you leave to your sister, my own true loving one?'
'My gold and my silver, mother—make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and would freely lie down.'

'What do you leave to your brother, Jimmy Randal, my son,
What do you leave to your brother, my own true loving one?'
'My houses and my lands, mother—make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and would freely lie down.'

'What do you leave to your true love, Jimmy Randal, my son,
What do you leave to your true love, my own true loving one?'
'The fire and the furnace for to scorch her bones brown,
For she is the cause of my lying down.'

All self-respecting ballads glorify common objects. When Randal's mother, with rather undue haste, asks her dying son what is to be her share of his property, the answer is bound by all rules of balladry to be something picturesque, 'four and twenty milk kye,' 'my gold and my silver,' or 'my houses and my lands.' This tradition is well preserved in Mrs. Trumpower's song. The wide departure from such ballad glorification in the song, 'Henry, My Son,' sung by a young Jewess who learned it from an English friend in Massachusetts, is very amusing. The story is exactly the same as that in 'Lord Randal,' but how the glory has departed! 'Shoes and stockings,' forsooth!

HENRY, MY SON

'Where have you been all day, Henry, my son,
Where have you been all day, my sweet loving one?'
'Up to grandma's, up to grandma's;
Make my bed soon, I've a pain in my side,
And I want to lay right down.'

'What did you do there, Henry, my son?'
'Mind the baby, wash the dishes,'

'What did she give you, Henry, my son?'
'A glass of poison, a glass of poison.'

'What will you leave to your father, Henry, my son?'
'Suits to wear, suits to wear.'

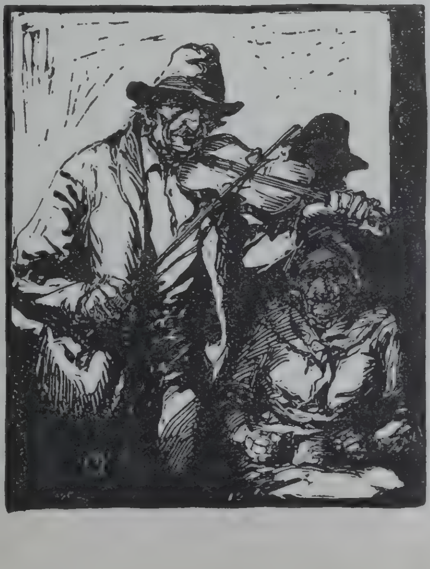
'What will you leave to your mother, Henry, my son?'
'Kisses from heaven, kisses from heaven.'

'What will you leave your brother, Henry, my son?'
'Shoes and stockings, shoes and stockings.'

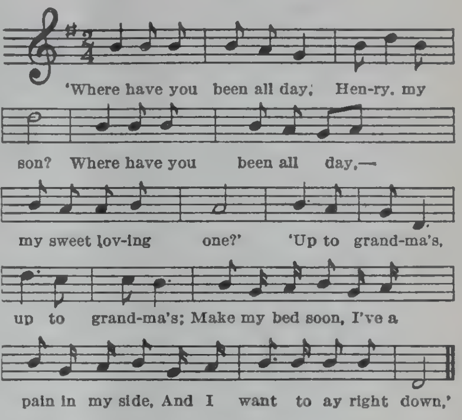
'What will you leave to your sister, Henry, my son?'
'Dresses to wear, dresses to wear.'

'What will you leave the baby, Henry, my son?'
'Toys to play with, toys to play with.'

'What will you leave your grandma, Henry, my son?
What will you leave your grandma, my sweet loving one?'
'Ropes to hang her, knives to kill her,
Make my bed soon, I've a pain in my side,
And I want to lay right down.'



The old people whose songs I have taken down have been most generous with their store and very patient with my rather unprofessional methods of getting the tunes reduced to writing. Miss Jane not only was willing to sing all the songs she knew, but went with me across fields to the homes of neighbors in order to make sure of certain lines. She even offered a chicken dinner as an inducement for a whole day's songfest, and while the dinner was being prepared, she sang tunes over and over, some of which were slightly untuneful and consequently difficult to put into notes.


'Where have you been all day, Hen-ry, my
son? Where have you been all day,—
my sweet lov-ing one?' 'Up to grand-ma's,
up to grand-ma's; Make my bed soon, I've a
pain in my side, And I want to ay right down,'

Ensconced beside the kitchen stove in the only warm spot in the house, I labored long over the air to 'The Bramble Briar,' which I was most eager to capture but which seemed, as Miss Jane sang it, to follow no known time scheme. As I was struggling with the musical staff, my good hostess suggested that the organ in the unused parlor might help me. The suggestion was a welcome one. With its help the tune would soon be complete. The first pump of the bellows dashed my hopes. Two notes sounded continuously, and no others at all!

'The Bramble Briar' with its quota of fifteen stanzas had been kept in the family Bible, written on a sheet of foolscap paper in the handwriting of Miss Jane's sister, long dead. This song had proved of unusual interest, narrating as it did, though in garbled English, the story of the pot of basil, told by Boccaccio in the 14th Century, by Hans Sachs, the German poet, in the first half of the 16th Century, and immortalized by Keats in more modern times. With such a literary ancestry, 'The Bramble Briar' became a song of importance. Investigation showed it to be one of ten versions, six American and four British, all preserving the essential features of the old story, and, curiously enough, all written in the same imperfect English. Of the American versions, two had been found in Kentucky, two in North Carolina, and one in Missouri. The garbled phraseology of the song added greatly to its historical value.

(To be concluded in an early issue.)

HAARLEM, *the* Home *of a* Great Master

By **HILAIRE BELLOC**

Illustrated by
EDMOND WARRE

THE two characteristics of Haarlem which mark it apart from its fellow towns of the north are first the Frans Hals Museum and next the seal set upon it by the residents, of its Napoleonic king, Louis Bonaparte.

The latter point goes somewhat unemphasized especially for foreigners. The episode is brief: succeeding history has tended to obliterate it. The effort of the coalition after Waterloo when it had defeated Napoleon was to reduce southern influence as much as possible to subject the Catholic provinces to the Protestant and to put up a dynasty very different from that which Napoleon had planned and had failed to establish. In one sense the second

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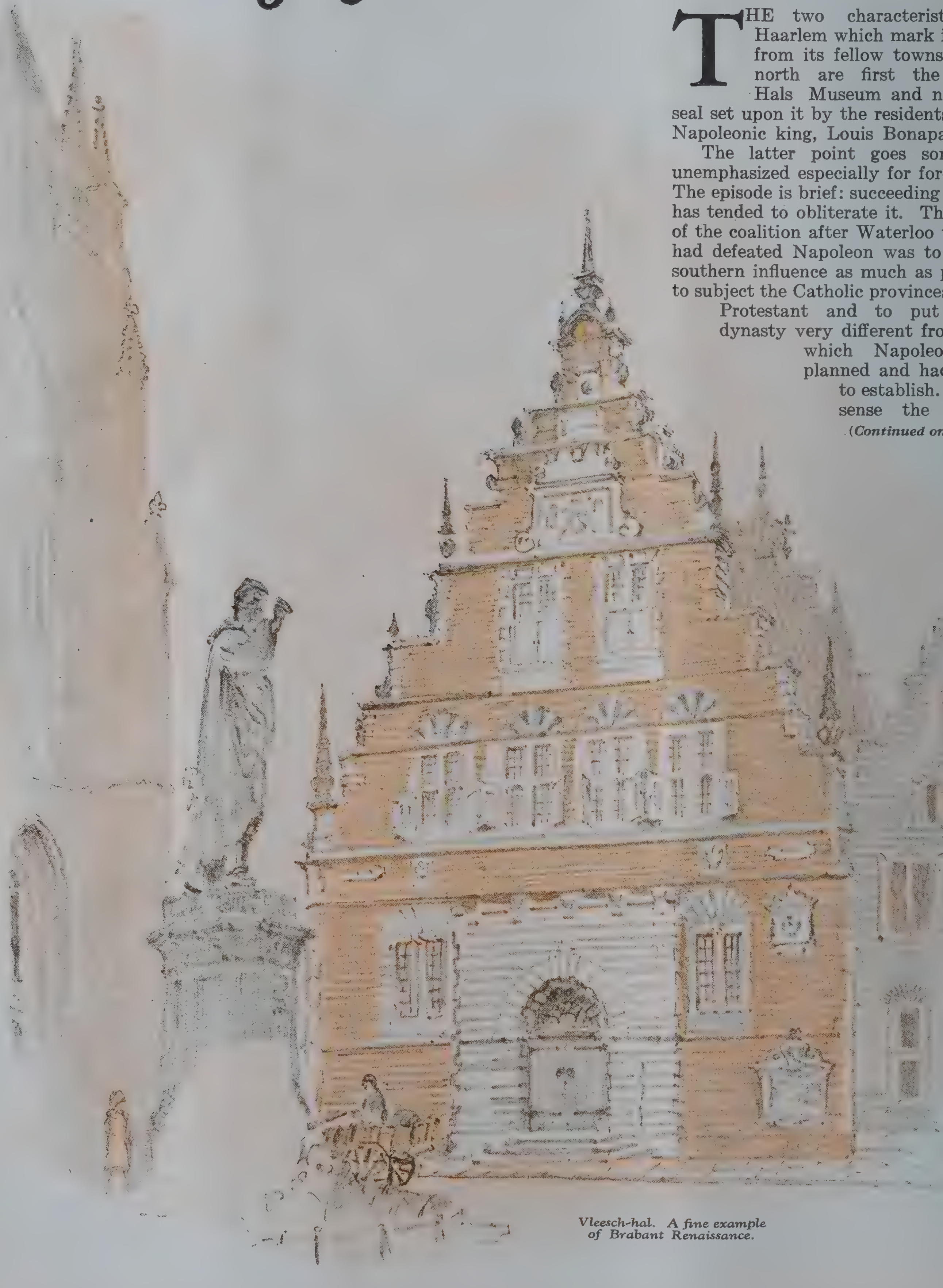


Vleesch-hal. A fine example of Brabant Renaissance.

Show Windows of Europe

Most *of* Them *Are* Decorated *for the* American Eye

By PUTNAM PHILLIPS

EVERY country of Europe is maintaining a show window and most of these windows have been decorated for the American eye. (I am excepting Great Britain and Ireland throughout all of this, for they are on a different basis.)

Most of the news that comes to us in America has to do with the contents of the show windows, because only the big events are worth the cable tolls. Americans traveling abroad, especially those in groups to study conditions, see only these windows—they talk only with politicians and big business men and bankers. And so we have come to the notion in America that Europe is concerned only with big international questions—that the ordinary citizen talks of little else and that the first qualification for office-holding is being an international expert of profound astuteness. All of which is show-window stuff. The man in the European street has exactly two interests: the first is getting a day's pay for a day's work or, if the chance offers, getting a day's pay without the day's work, and the second is keeping out of the next war. All questions of reparations and finance are equally simple to his mind; he is in favor of collecting money but is not in favor of paying out any. He knows little about America or any other nation. Also he cares but little.

THE Continental newspapers carry very little American news and that usually of an unimportant character, and, although thousands of Europeans have lived in America and returned home, they seem to have learned nothing except that the United States pays good money, expects hard work, and does not permit wine to be sold. I have talked with dozens of working people who have lived from five to ten years in our industrial centers. Few of them can speak much English and none of them have the remotest notion of American institutions.

As to good will, only the people who have nothing else to do are bothering about good will—the others are too busy with their own affairs. It is quite generally felt that a lot of good will was wasted on America—because we did not even cancel the war debts, let alone come across with some new money. The United States is recognized as the one best place on earth to get to right now, but it is not revered as a kind of heaven—it is the place where the money is. Just that and nothing more.

I have visited nearly all of Europe and I have had the chance to talk with people from every country in Europe. I know that, although one cannot say what all of Europe thinks and feels any more than one can say what the whole United States thinks and feels, this summary of sentiment, or rather of attitude, is substantially correct and especially in the utter lack of interest in what we call international problems, except from the viewpoint of paying or not paying money.

AND, as usual, the ordinary common people who always, and properly, think of their own families first—and of outside affairs only as they affect their families—are right. Except, perhaps, in Germany, it is the home and not the foreign affairs which is really vital; and about nine-tenths of the international difficulties spring out of an effort from the inside to do something either to relieve or to divert the home pressure. Right after the Armistice, when I was last abroad, conditions were very different from what they now are and not nearly so critical. Then both the victorious and the defeated peoples thought that the war had settled something, and in particular had settled some things which wars do not settle—as, for instance, the abolition of poverty.

They had been promised a new and somewhat fantastic world specifically outlined in 'reconstruction plans.' For a little while, through currency inflation—that is, through the simple process of printing money—the promise of a new world was made good. The discharged soldiers, the unemployed, everybody, received state support. When prices began to catch up with the printing press money and trouble threatened, trade booms based on inflation began everywhere. Each country, after its boom, passed into deep depression, unemployment, and of course into a season of treatment by political panaceas. The ordinary man has not been able to understand why one year the state supported him and the next year failed. The communists have from time to time stepped in with red flags and riots, hoping to stampede the peoples into proletariat government—and sometimes they have nearly succeeded.

The governments have either been weak or amateurish, and often they have been both. Amid the whirl of half-baked, flannel-mouthed politicians, the man in the street does not know where he is; the man of education does not know where he is; the man who formerly had an income from investments does not know where he is. The particular government which is in power does not know where it is, and it only hopes to raise issues outside which will keep the people from asking what is going to happen.

But it is useful to realize that no single mixture can be concocted to pour down the throat of Europe and make it well. Each country has its own internal diseases and the moment each country begins to turn to the treatment of its own diseases, at that same moment the number of international problems will decrease.

The important study in Europe is the strength and the kind of effort that each country is making to help itself. For they have every problem which the United States has—but magnified a thousand times and thrown on a screen for observation. Every quack remedy which is being proposed at home for the relief of this, that, or the other national ailment has been thoroughly tried out somewhere in Europe, and has failed.

UNFORTUNATELY, however, we Americans have taken a different view of Europe. Instead of looking at it as an experimental station which can teach us some things to do and many things to avoid, we have just glanced at the show windows and never bothered to go inside.

We have a stake in every country in Europe. Whether the cotton mills in the north of Italy run or do not run may seem of no consequence to a man employed by a watch manufacturer in Connecticut. But it is of considerable consequence, for the Italian mills buy their cotton from our own South; if they do not buy, then the South sells that much less cotton. The employes of those Italian mills eat macaroni and that macaroni is largely made from wheat grown in our own Northwest. If the Italians are not drawing wages they will have to get on with less macaroni—and our farmers will sell that much less wheat. And so neither our cotton people nor our wheat people will have any extra money with which to buy Connecticut watches, and the employe of the watch factory may find himself working on less than full time.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Flattery Not Friendship

WE HAVE developed in this country a habit of back-slapping and indiscriminate boosting. In the past these never did go down with men of hard horse sense, but they had a pernicious influence on young men, because young men naturally thought that this was the standard way to do things.

This is a situation which mature business men have observed with something of impatience and something of misgiving. It must not be assumed, however, that they regret to see a human tone in business relations. Nor must it be assumed that their ideal of a business man is that he should be strong as steel and just as cold.

> *SMOOTH talk in business has been too much relied upon in the past. Flattery is a weapon which has been too frequently used. A compliment entirely loses its value if it arises from any form of self-seeking. A man's word of praise ought to be as sound and good as his word of promise. But there are people who know that some of those with whom they come in contact are so susceptible to praise that a little of it knocks them off their balance. It saps their good sense and places them at considerable disadvantage. To do business in this manner is distinctly dishonest. Flatterers are never friends, although seeming friends are often flatterers.*

There are two great barriers to the free intercourse of minds, to absolute transparency of conduct, and they are, first, a designing attitude toward another; and second, that which the designing attitude breeds, namely, suspicion in the mind of the man against whom the design is laid. They are both unwholesome mentally and disruptive socially. They constitute the major part of the silent warfare of life.

All men like praise. If a man says he doesn't, he should examine himself again. He may not like to be praised to his face. He may be irritated by the fawning form in which the praise is offered him. He may be angered by his knowledge that the offered praise is insincere and has an ulterior motive. He may be sickened by the hollowness of it.

A man who had done nothing very much was once pained by the praise he received. He said, 'They all praised me for the wrong thing.' They had not considered his work enough to see the real point in it. And what he wanted was not the sticky sweetness of personal compliments, but discriminating and appreciative consideration of his work.

All men like their good work to be praised—but that is quite a different thing; there is something normal and wholesome about friends being able to meet frankly in consideration of a piece of work. So, if a man says he dislikes praise, he must define what he means. When a man is able to praise his own work to himself, to behold the work of his hand and take pleasure in it, he is taking praise, just as much as if he eagerly drank in compliments spoken by another.

The evil of life consists in all these wholesome and pleasurable sensibilities being misused to selfish ends. No matter what department of human nature you look into, the evil you see comes from selfish misuse. And so men have brought in evil through the gate of praise. If you see that a man's weakness is liability to flattery, and you take advantage of that to influence his judgment and his will, you are following the same tactics as the man who sees another's purse conveniently exposed, and takes it.

If you see that a man is built of such malleable material that a friendly complimentary advance disarms him and lays him open to your power, and if you deliberately thus disarm him for the accomplishment of your design whatever it may be, good or bad, you are working along a dangerous line; you are exalting yourself to a place which no human being is entitled to assume toward another for reasons of profit. It is a serious thing to descend to this kind of strategy or trickery even for the best purposes.

No one adopts these tactics without sacrificing a good deal of sincerity. And besides, they are not necessary. There is nothing that this sort of strategy can accomplish, which frankness, honesty of purpose and even blunt truthfulness of statement cannot better accomplish. The straight open way is healthier for the mind of the man who is making the advance, and it creates a better relation with the man who is being advanced upon.

The young business man will more fully trust the older man who does not flatter him and who does not follow his flattery with presumptions on the young man's favor. Thousands of people are that way; they pay a compliment, and they believe that constitutes an admission ticket to special privileges. Deny them the privilege, and they go away saying quite opposite things about the person they hoped to 'work.'

A certain delicacy of character will teach the self-seeking person that it is a vast presumption to offer praise to anyone; and the only consideration that can justify it is its sincerity and unselfishness. Otherwise it is a profanation of one of the finest forms of human relationship.

If a young man is in business and is wise he will pay less attention to those who flatter his self-esteem, and more to those who stir his energies. A good, well-balanced critic who is looking to the success of the work and not to the feelings of the men who may be at the head of it, is the best kind of friend for a young business man to have. And if the young business man is keen he will see that such a one's interest and attention is the most real, yet the most delicate form of friendship and praise.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

What Price?

AT THE United States-Great Britain-Japan naval disarmament conference Japan is expected to ask that:

> *The United States bind itself not to establish a naval base at Hawaii.*
>
> *American coastwise trade be opened to the commerce of the world.*
>
> *The Panama Canal be neutralized.*

Great Britain is expected to ask that:

> *Cruisers be limited to 6,000 tons each.*

Behind these expected proposals are interesting facts, facts which should be known to the American people before the nation is committed to any further policy of disarmament or abnegation.

At the former Washington conference (where the United States purchased paper disarmament from the world powers at so great a price to itself), the other nations carefully considered all potentialities entering into naval warfare. They considered islands and naval bases; they considered cruising radius; they considered sources of such supplies as oil, coal and food. The United States considered ships alone. As a result the United States not only scrapped magnificent fighting ships in exchange for paper plans, but agreed not to fortify further the Philippine Islands and not to fortify Guam at all!

One strategic point remains to the United States from which it could reasonably safeguard its Pacific possessions. That point is Hawaii. If this nation forgoes the privilege of fortifying Hawaii, it must operate its ships in time of war from the American mainland, thus curtailing their range of action some two thousand miles. Such an action would be suicidal insofar as defense of the Philippines is concerned.

Whether it be due to higher standards of living and more stringent seamen's laws, or to some other reason, American merchant ships in general have been unable to compete with those of other nations in international trade. Thus, the coastwise trade is by far the most important in American shipping. Reserved explicitly for vessels flying the American flag, it is a source of rich profit to this country. Probably the surest and quickest way completely to wipe the American flag from the seas would be to throw open United States coastwise trade to the boats of all nations.

The Panama Canal is considered part of the American coastline. It is fortified, and in time of war could be closed to the enemy. But if neutralized or internationalized, the canal would be as open to enemy nations as to this country. They would have the same rights there that we enjoy; and the tremendous advantage of passing a fighting fleet quickly from one coast of the United States to the other would be common among all belligerents.

There remains the question of cruisers. A 10,000-ton cruiser naturally has a greater radius of operation than a 6,000-ton cruiser. In this hemisphere Great Britain has naval bases at Halifax and Bermuda, at Trinidad and Jamaica; in the Mediterranean at Gibraltar, Malta and Port Said; in the Orient at Singapore and other points. It is obvious that if cruisers were limited to 6,000 tons, with correspondingly lesser radii, Britain would be in much more excellent position than the United States, forced to operate its ships from the American mainland alone. And of the 6,000-ton cruisers, Britain now has 39, Japan 21, and the United States 10—ranging in age from 10 to 20 years.

Many people are wondering just what America hopes to get from the new conference. The illusory ideal of world disarmament is, of course, highly admirable, but it is likewise fraught with extreme danger for the idealist nation. The concessions made by other nations must be high indeed if they are commensurate with the new sacrifices asked of the United States.

A Rare Opportunity

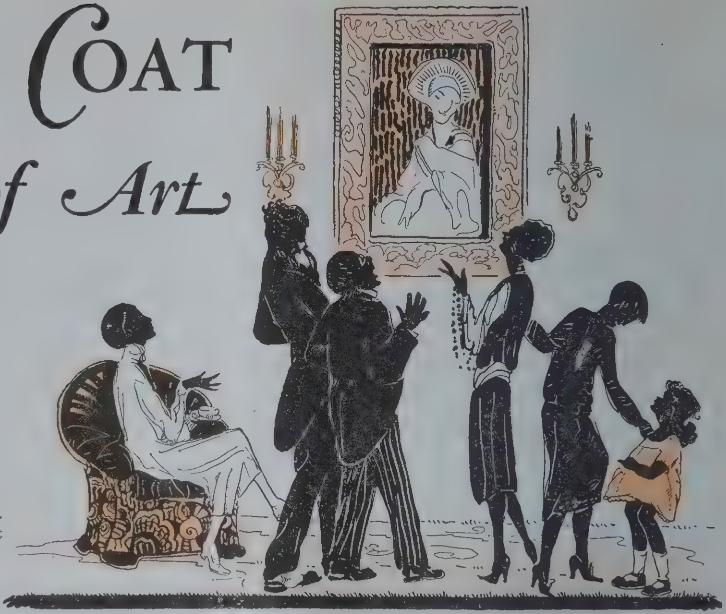
THE nation's chief reaction to the semiofficial suggestion that Congress be called in special session early in October is one of indifference. Vital matters are awaiting legislative action. Foreign affairs need thorough and lengthy airing. Corruption is a paramount issue. Unfinished business, left as a doubtful heritage by the unlamented 69th Congress, requires immediate attention. Farm legislation of some sort is a political necessity. Tax reduction is essential. Muscle Shoals, muffed by session after session, looms in the offing. And added to all these are the titanic problems arising from the Mississippi flood: problems not only of future control, but of immediate relief.

Yet in spite of the need for decisive action, the country as a whole is indifferent to the proposed special session. Wrangling, jugglery and trickery such as marked the 69th Congress have turned the interest of the public to disgust. The trust of the nation has been sacrificed on the altar of cheap politics. A great responsibility rests upon the new Congress, whether it convenes in October in special session, or in December in regular session. New leaders and new policies will develop. Ward politics can be eliminated, and the ethics of a former day restored. The duties of the 70th Congress will be heavy, but they will be more than equaled by a rare opportunity—the opportunity to regain the confidence of the nation.

The Emperor's New COAT As Seen in the World of Art

By NELL UPSHAW GANNON

Illustrated by
BETTY JANE KIDD



The art galleries are seldom visited by any but artists and tourists.

HANS Andersen in his *Fairy Tales* tells us the story of an emperor who wanted a new coat. Two crooks, deciding that he was an easy mark, went to him and offered their services. 'Sir,' they said, 'we are wondrous weavers. We can take gold and silver thread and devise a coat for you, the like of which the world has never known. So delicate is its texture that only those with extraordinary intelligence can see it.' The idea appealed to the emperor's vanity and he made the rascals his official tailors.

After spending much time measuring and collecting quantities of gold and silver, they pretended to bring the coat in and held it up for inspection. Its peculiar merits had been noised abroad and the emperor was constrained to admire it before his courtiers, although for the life of him he could see nothing.

'Am I so stupid that I cannot see what every one else sees?' he asked himself. His followers, feeling also that their reputations for wit and sagacity were at stake, could not praise it highly enough.

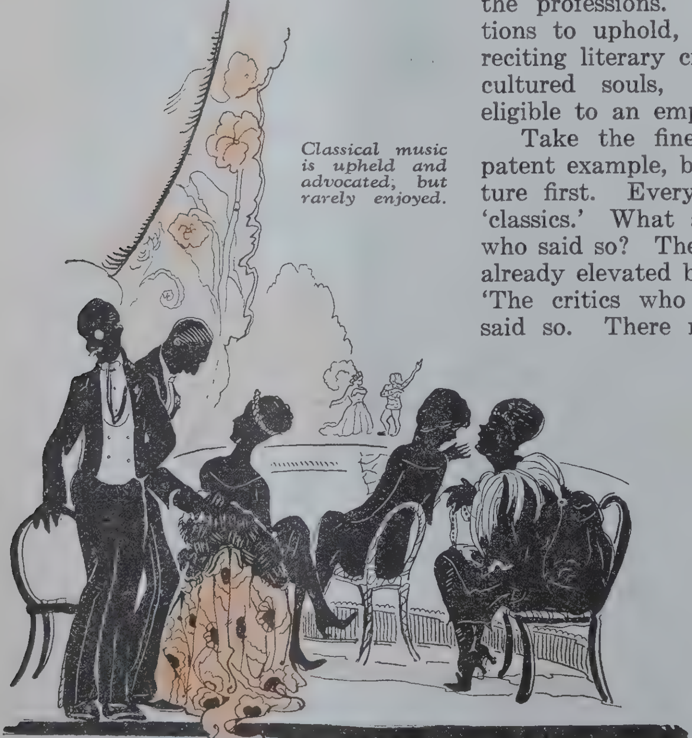
Finally it was suggested that the emperor have a parade and allow the populace to give itself an intelligence test. The people were filled with dismay, for every man on hearing his neighbors praise the beauty of the coat felt obliged to hide his own ignorance by joining in, lest he should betray himself. So in a noisy manner the emperor's subjects shouted their approval of the coat—everybody except one queer little boy who in a bewildered way inquired, 'But, father, where *is* the coat?' 'Hush, son! People judge your intelligence by your speech!'

The father was right. Indeed they do, and generally while the dupes are shouting and the thoughtful minority are wondering, the thieves are getting away with the booty.

Perhaps the most frequent wearers of the emperor's new coat are the self-styled educated classes who follow the professions. They have reputations to uphold, and, if talking and reciting literary creeds will save their cultured souls, they are certainly eligible to an emperor's paradise.

Take the fine arts as the most patent example, beginning with literature first. Every other word is the 'classics.' What are the classics and who said so? The cultured raise their already elevated brows and hurl back, 'The critics who know what's what said so. There now!'

Where did the critics find out? Most of them found out at college. They imbibed their information from a big red (or was it green?) book with a title in gilt, 'The Survey of English Literature.' Regardless of the language the treatment is the same. The English survey invariably starts with Beowulf and stops with Kipling. Since all the surveys are practically the same, the young Socrates who would stake his soul on the printed page is led to believe that the favored few included within those pages are the only ones worthy of notice. When he has finished the book and passed the course with a 70, he extinguishes his lantern and his search for truth has ended.



Classical music is upheld and advocated, but rarely enjoyed.

THE average student, being gullible and ignorant and ambitious to learn everything at once (so that his education will be complete at graduation!), very readily accepts the dictum of the author. The author can be counted on as perfectly reliable, for his textbook is very likely a rehashing of some other man's book and entirely unoriginal. A great many authors and books are listed which no one reads, but which are 'excellent reading' and therefore entitled to a high place.

Not to know Chaucer is indeed ignorant. 'Yes, I enjoyed his *Canterbury Tales.*' I bet you did! And you adored (did you not?) Edmund Spenser's *Fairie Queene*—especially if it had not been revised. No doubt you read Francis Bacon's essays while you are waiting for the street car.

It is treason not to admire Shakespeare, and, although you have read only four of his plays (under compulsion), I am sure you love him passionately. His every line must be studied, his every act must be analyzed and, when in doubt, there is always an obliging commentator who can set the erring student straight.

Shakespeare is the great master for all time, and yet were any to model after him, rejection slips instead of fat moneybags would be the reward. He is as safe from imitators as if he had a copyright, for our young geniuses in order to survive must produce something that people will read. And they don't wear glasses from reading Shakespeare.

You brand yourself by not praising Milton's *Paradise Lost*—the great 'Puritan epic.' Yes, that's what my survey called it. It is one of the masterpieces of English poetry—sublime lines in 'sonorous rhythm,' yet I have never met anyone unless he was a teacher who had read the book through.

LEAVING our own language, we cannot omit the ancients who put class into the classics. We lunch on Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides; dine on Seneca, Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence and all the rest of antiquity that we recommend without reading. Of course in high school the children cry for Homer, Virgil, Demosthenes and others, or they are supposed to. However, in my experience, I have never yet heard one admit that any of these inspired that emotion.

Recently I came across a statement of a famous man who expressed himself in the following terms: 'If all the books in the world were in a blaze, the first twelve which I would snatch out of the flames would be—the Bible, Homer, Thucydides, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Imitation of Christ, Aeschylus, Tacitus, Marcus Aurelius, Shakespeare, and Wordsworth.' I don't know whether he read the newspaper or any modern fiction. He probably didn't—if he really took the time to read the books he named.

Of course, every one has his individual taste and personal preference and it is his right. Very few use the right, for most of those who try to read the classics are afraid to commit themselves.

MY PUPILS are like the little boy who couldn't see the emperor's new coat—they will admit when pinned down that these relics of the past are tiresome and in need of abridgment. In the classroom their intuitive fear, which society has instilled from infancy, prompts them to speak of their assignments in glowing terms, and any writer in the book can be sure of a cordial reception—if a mark depends on that reception.

Occasionally I see a list of ten or twelve books that some benighted individual or some would-be literator has selected to carry with him to a desert island. Even the professed infidels can't forget their literary training and always head the list with the Bible. They never read it at home, but they are afraid to ignore its reputation. The old literary stand-bys are chosen instead of less famous books that might really give them comfort and assistance. But they are only theorizing and, if the truth be known, in nine out of ten cases our friends would prefer drowning to reading those books through a couple of decades.

Pharisaism among the 'diploma' class is based on three things: they have empty bookcases and want to fill them with 'standard authors.' They really have not read much except periodicals and are willing to take some one's word for it. It really doesn't make so much difference, for they aren't going to read the books anyway. That is why they always get sets instead of good books at random. All of us know that no one man can write twenty books the equal of other well-known authors' masterpieces. But they come cheaper in sets and the author's name is standard.

Second, when they make nice little talks and entertain their blue-stocking acquaintances, they can give quotations and make learned references without going any further into the subject.

Third, they have a reputation which will be made or marred by the judgments they pronounce. It is easier to memorize a list than to read a library and pronounce an honest opinion on it. The only way they can be sure of saying the right thing is to repeat the sayings of 'accepted authorities.'

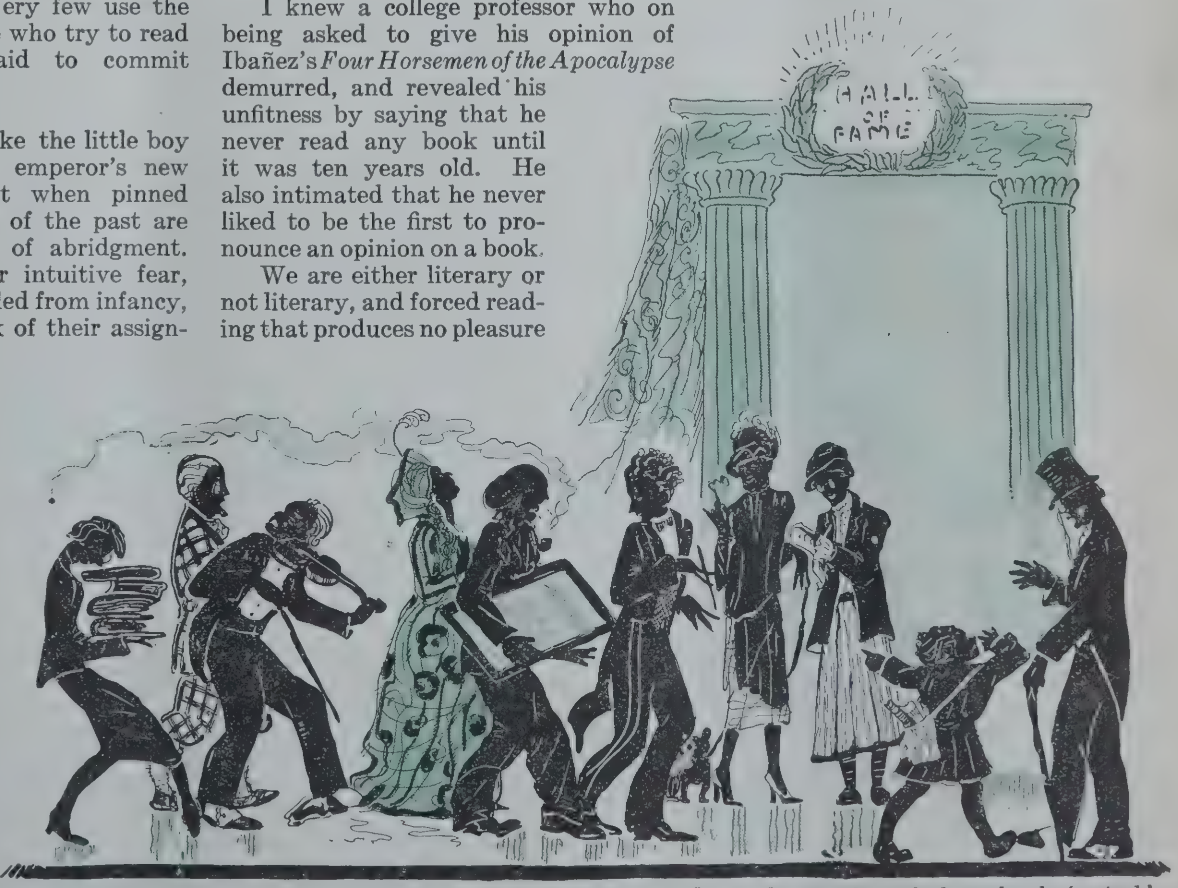
I knew a college professor who on being asked to give his opinion of Ibañez's *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* demurred, and revealed his unfitness by saying that he never read any book until it was ten years old. He also intimated that he never liked to be the first to pronounce an opinion on a book.

We are either literary or not literary, and forced reading that produces no pleasure will not alter our mental make-up. Unimaginative and timid instructors with stock phrases for standard authors will not develop interest, nor will reading a stereotyped list produce critical appreciation.

WE study for improvement, and if it can be demonstrated that a hopelessly dull and antiquated book can train the mind, we will have to admit it to our curriculum, provided we can find no better book that will produce the same results. But reading in the main should be for pleasure and inspiration, with culture as a by-product. Culture should not be an end in itself, but an accompanying result. If our education does not fit us for life but merely leaves a cultured adult, as it so often does, then it is time that we examine the course of reading and see whether something can't be done to place the emphasis on the living instead of the dead.

Music is perhaps abused worse than literature. While most of us can get the sense of a printed page, a large number never know what the music is all about. With the exception of music teachers, students, musicians and a limited group of music lovers, there is practically no musical appreciation. It is considered a part of culture and, as that, a certain amount of it is to be taken in broken doses, regardless.

Classical music is upheld and advocated, but rarely enjoyed. Take Grand Opera as an example. We are expected to attend (*Continued on page 22*)



There is one thing worse than the failure to recognize the real thing. It is toadying to those who have already 'arrived.'

A Miracle in Stone

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

IF YOU were asked tomorrow to build a structure which should embody, in simple and compact form, the fundamental facts concerning the planet on which we live, and the solar system of which it is a part; and which, more than this, must be a symbol of the profoundest truths of science, of religion, and of the past history of mankind on this earth, together with, perhaps, an intelligent forecast of the destiny which still awaits us, what would be your reaction to such a proposition?

Your employer would further stipulate that you should comply in the strictest degree with the simplicity-and-compactness feature. The outward form must be such as to be taken in by the eye at a glance—the most primitive form, in fact, of solid geometry. The dimension, externally, must be vast and its substance of the utmost attainable massiveness and endurance; so that it would withstand the shocks of time for endless ages, and forever impress the imagination of the beholder as being one of the most signal achievements of humanity.

—Keystone View (Inset). Publishers' Photo Service.

The Sphinx at Gizeh and, in distance, right, the pyramid of Cheops and, left, the second pyramid of Kepheron. Inset—Climbing up the Great Pyramid.

As to the interior of the edifice, it should be in the main a solid mass of stone; but should nevertheless contain, hidden in its enormous bulk, details of construction, accurate to the least fraction of an inch, whereby, when the key was given, to decipher the alphabet of all things of knowledge, faith, and hope. It should solve the problems of astronomy, and announce the laws of the universe. It should reveal the philosophy of history, and explain the problems of physics. But, above and beyond this, it should interpret the mystery of the soul, and of its relations to the Creator. And all this, and more, should be built and hewn in imperishable stone, so that thousands of years from now, men should peruse it and confess that here was a faithful account of the truths, facts and secrets of the infinite complex of things in which we move and have our being.

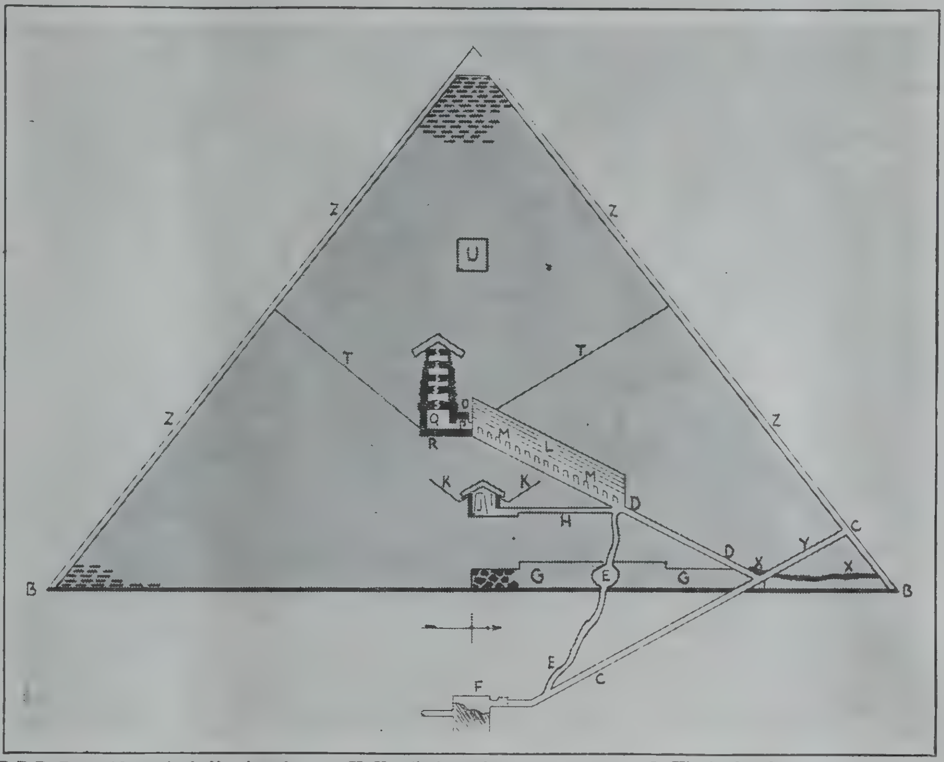
If you were offered such a job as this, would you take off your coat and go to work?—or would you decline it with thanks and depart, with the purpose of stopping in to apprise the director of the nearest insane asylum that an overripe patient was awaiting him? Indeed, had you waited to hear more of the insane project, you would have been the more confirmed in your diagnosis. An inexhaustible stone quarry, innumerable workers, skilled and unskilled—what would these avail? And you would perceive, on looking into the matter, that before a single stone was laid, you must know to the last detail every item of the whole inconceivable operation; your working blue prints must tell it all, before a hammer fell or a chisel cut; the work must proceed with no reconsideration or remodeling, from the cornerstone at the base to the capstone on the summit. Every angle must be true, every measurement justified, and the whole affair must be an epitome of the design and accomplishment of God, not only in the realm of nature, but in the mind of man. Why, it was a chimera, a joke, a madman's dream! Great though are the resources and attainments of modern engineering and architecture, they would be impotent either now or in coming time to attempt such a miracle.

* * *

Such being your state of mind, what would you say if, after leaving your message with the asylum manager, you were to be arrested in your career by concrete and indubitable evidence that the miracle not only could be done, but had been done; that the impossible building stands today for all men to see; that not only does it stand, but has stood in its place for four thousand years, the marvel and riddle of mankind; that the men and magicians of ancient Egypt stared upon it in dumb amazement; that old Herodotus sought in vain to understand it; that Alexander the Great was not great enough to solve its meaning; that Pliny the historian gaped at it to no purpose; that Al Mamoun, son of Haroun Al Raschid, got so excited about it that he forcibly broke through its walls in quest of treasure, and came out empty handed, and the tribes of Arabia contemplated it with fear and reverence; that Napoleon, halting his legions in its mighty shadow, bade them to be steeled against peril and hardship by the thought that from the summit of this vast enigma, forty centuries looked down upon them. He would conquer the earth; but he felt in his heart that the builders of the Great Pyramid had done a mightier work and made a more enduring conquest.

The Pyramid is not the final flower

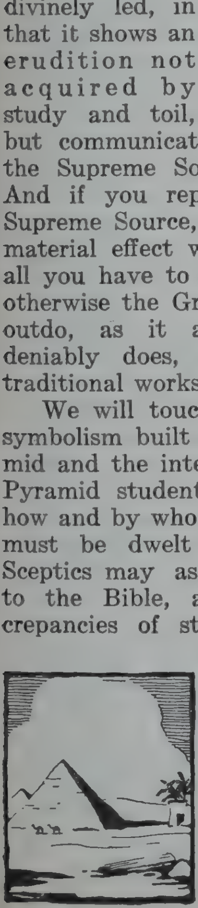
of unknown thousands of generations of thinkers and artificers: it is not a supreme example of evolution; it is unique in all human history; its makers reached the zenith of achievement at the first trial, and down to this year of our Lord 1927, there has been no sign of rivaling it. It justly deserves to be regarded as the foremost of the Seven or of the Seventy Wonders of the World; and there is nothing in sight to endanger its supremacy.



B B B, Pyramid cut in half, viewed from the east.
C C, Entrance passage.
D, D, First ascending passage.
E E, The well.
F, The subterranean chamber.
G G, Native rock, left standing.
H, Passage to queen's chamber.
I, Sabbatic or queen's chamber.
J, Grand niche in queen's chamber.
K, K, Ventilating tubes.
L, Grand gallery
M M, Rampstones, incisions, and vertical settings along sides of grand gallery's base.
N, Great step at south end of grand gallery.
O, Granite leaf in anteroom to king's chamber.,
P, Anteroom to king's chamber.
Q, King's chamber.
R, Grand coffer in king's chamber.
S, S, S, S, S, Chambers of construction.
T, T, Ventilating tubes.
U, Supposed undiscovered chamber.
X X, Al Mamoun's forced passage.
Y, Time-marks of the building of the pyramid.
Z, Z, Z, Z, Casing-stones, now gone.

It is not too much to say that it seems to have been inspired, like the Word of God which we call the Bible; or, if you prefer a pagan similitude, that it sprang into being unbegotten by human means, as did the goddess Minerva from the head of Jove. Not, of course, that human hands didn't put it together, but that the work was divinely led, in that it shows an erudition not acquired by study and toil, but communicated immediately from the Supreme Source of all Wisdom. And if you reply that there is no Supreme Source, and that there is no material effect without a cause, then all you have to do is to explain how otherwise the Great Pyramid came to outdo, as it abundantly and undeniably does, all other extant or traditional works of man.

We will touch presently upon the symbolism built into the Great Pyramid and the interpretation thereof by Pyramid students; but this thing of how and by whom it came to be built must be dwelt on for a moment. Sceptics may assign a natural origin to the Bible, and criticize its discrepancies of statement and its incongruities with established scientific fact—so far, of course, as its literal contents are concerned. But the Pyramid cannot be so disposed of.



The most that the sceptics can do with it is to say that the interpretation of its symbolism is mere imaginative guesses. But this symbolism is so harmonious throughout, so perfectly interrelated, so consonant with the best results of modern investigation of the cosmos, that the question is inevitable—if the builders didn't mean what the interpreters assert, what else did they mean?—or is it conceivable that they meant nothing at all? Did they execute this stupendous work with nothing else in view than the gratification of idle vanity, or the amusement of profligate leisure? Human credulity may go far; but hardly so far as that!

But is it less unthinkable that God came down in person and performed the masonry, or even that He superintended the work of men inspired by Him for that purpose? We may regard the Bible as having been divinely inspired; there are plenty of 'inspirational' scribes today; but the Pyramid is in another category. Besides, though we may charge the books of the Bible with being products of ignorance and superstition, or even of forgeries, no such indictment can be brought against the Pyramid. After forty centuries of existence, there it stands, unaltered and unimpugned. Whether or not it can be explained, at any rate it can't be done away with. If we deny it any spiritual significance, it renders it only the more insoluble.

The Pyramid stands as a contradiction of all human experience and in defiance of our theory of the origin and progressive development of man. If not a miracle in stone, it is a riddle deeper than that of the Sphinx and propounded not in philosophic subleties but in granite and mortar. And it involves the attendant riddle, even more perplexing, of the identity of the builders. The more we muse upon these facts, the more disturbing do they appear. It is a Gordian knot, which no Alexander can cut nor Plato untie.

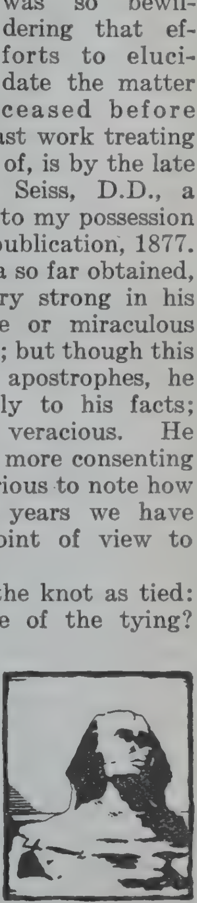
* * *

A volume could be written about the Pyramid; indeed a dozen or more books have already been devoted to it, by expert and industrious students, and a magazine article can do little more than call attention to the subject. Modern investigations began about the middle of the last century, but their outcome was so bewildering that efforts to elucidate the matter ceased before the year 1880. The last work treating of it, that I am aware of, is by the late Reverend Joseph A. Seiss, D.D., a copy of which came into my possession about the time of its publication, 1877. It summarizes the data so far obtained, and the author is very strong in his support of the divine or miraculous genesis of the Pyramid; but though this persuasion colors his apostrophes, he always sticks faithfully to his facts; he is emotional but veracious. He addressed an audience more consenting than ours, and it is curious to note how far in the last fifty years we have diverged from his point of view to that of science.

But let us accept the knot as tied: What was the motive of the tying?

Pillars are for fame; gravestones for the dead; and they bear inscriptions of their designation. But pillars are overthrown, and tombs destroyed, and the language

(*Continued on page 23*)

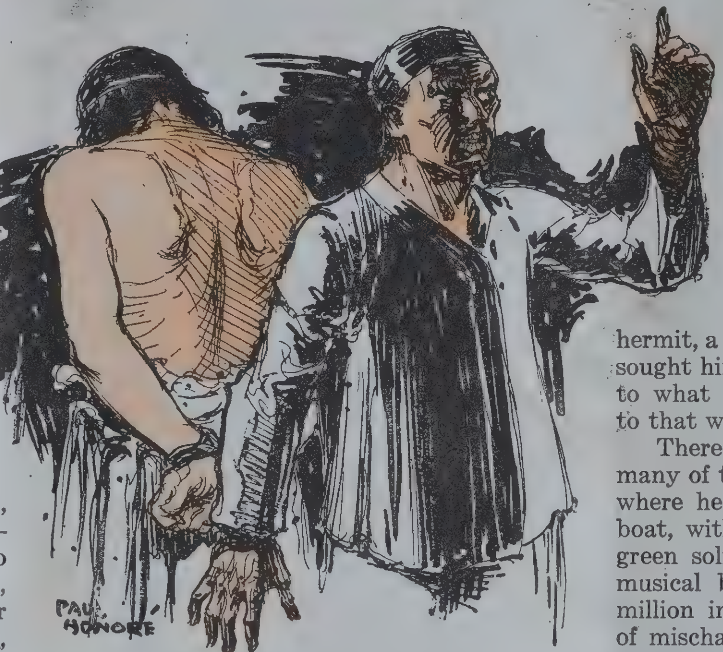


A CHINESE LIVINGSTONE

By CHARLES J. FINGER

Illustrated by PAUL HONORE

PART II.



BETWEEN the Hindu Kush pass and Samarkand, Huien-Tsaing encountered hard men who were rulers, and he saw strange sights. The wonder of it is that, though unarmed, he never hesitated in going to the relief of the oppressed though their oppressors were bloodthirsty kings and chiefs. He pleaded for the lives of those about to be beheaded, for wives who had been unfaithful and were to be cast into boiling oil, for those in prison, and always he won. No matter how wanton and severe his host, in palace and in hut he taught and expounded. Possessing an open and observant eye, seeing with sharpness and clearness, he was enabled to advise rulers through whose realms he passed, sometimes regarding things they had seen so often that they did not see them at all.

In some respects he was like a chess player who sees four moves ahead when his opponent sees only one. So, because of his common sense in worldly matters, he was heeded in matters spiritual and ethical. We gather that his themes were all based on the necessity for order in human affairs, much as were those of Livingstone. 'Your compassion is needed for the oppressed.' 'Like the bee, which gathers sweetness without destroying the beauty or the fragrance of flowers, so should a man live his life.' 'Hatred does not kill hatred; so let a man keep his speech in subjection.' 'The purpose of the good man is to increase the mercy, kindness and piety of all mankind.' Such were his texts. And, had he chosen, he might have lived in ease in any one of a dozen rich households. Instead, he said what he had to say, and then pushed on.

He pushed on in that amazing journey, over mountains 'of prodigious height'; through a pass 'closed by double wooden doors studded with iron'; over morasses of mud; across plateaus dangerous with snow-whirlwinds; into the Hindu Kush, where 'ice, pile on pile, rises into mountain masses, and snow blasts dash on for a hundred leagues'; through places where there were 'murderous robbers to be met with.' Again and again he was captured, and again and again released.

Sometimes he went a hundred miles out of his way to see some monument with an inscription. He describes 'great Buddhist images carven out of solid rock,' which, be it said, were unknown to the world until the year 1843, when they were discovered during the Afghan-English campaign. And he writes of the people of Little Tibet as a 'fierce, passionate folk, ill-mannered and uncouth,' describing them much as did Marco Polo six hundred years later.

At last he came to Kashmir, where news of his coming as the bearer of a message of peace had preceded him. So 'the road was covered with umbrellas and banners; it was carpeted with flowers, and the air was filled with sweet scents; and the king walked behind an elephant' on which Huien-Tsaing sat in a howdah.

It is impossible to read the account of Huien-Tsaing's travels without closing the book to wonder at the strange eagerness with which people received him as one to bring gladness. Perhaps those he mixed with were full of admiration for his discipline and courage and spirit of self-denial, his honesty of purpose, and so he won an audience as any daring traveler does. And because of that attention he was able the easier to mould opinion and direct thought. Perhaps it was his experience of life, so much greater than the experience of those he encountered. Perhaps it was his extreme worth of character. But to my thinking, the valuable thing about him was that he brought order.

As did Livingstone, the Chinese pilgrim lived with those he studied. He talked their language and acquainted himself with their thoughts and ideas. The influence which radiated from him moved people to a higher, purer and more intelligent life. But he was learner as well as teacher. Did he hear of a learned man, a hermit, a holy man, then the Chinaman sought him out, sat at his feet, listened to what he had to say and held fast to that which was good.

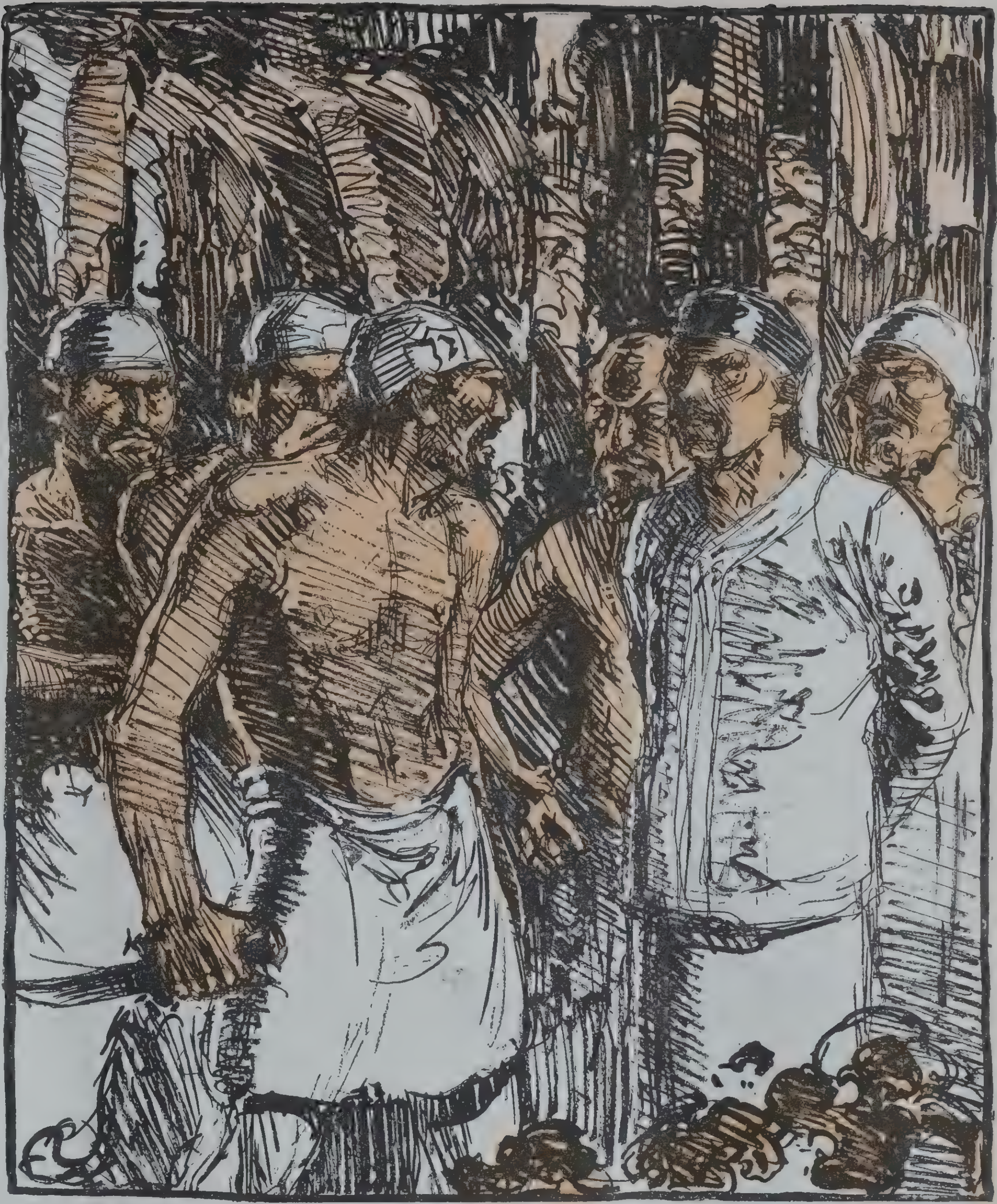
There were startling adventures too, many of them. One was on the Ganges where he was being rowed in a great boat, with sixty companions. In that green solitude, with the perfumed air musical because of the droning of a million insects, there was no thought of mischance. But suddenly, out of a dark backwater which was a sort of leafy cave, river pirates shot forth in their swift boats. They were worshipers of the goddess Durga, bloodthirsty Siva's wife, to whom every year a human victim was offered as sacrifice, and it was the time when their god thirsted for blood.

At sight of them many of the people in Huien-Tsaing's boat leaped into the water and were swiftly dispatched, for the goddess refused the cowardly as well as prisoners of war. The sacrifice most to her liking was a man in the prime of life. And the choice fell upon Huien-Tsaing, the more readily because he was a foreigner. But, somehow, 'he drew the hearts of them all into his net of love.' Against that calm front cruelty could not prevail. When the time came for the victim to say his say, his words were all mildness and modesty and reasonableness. He did not bemock their god and their goddess, but he spoke of an eternally living Master. Then he unfolded 'the Law' and told of duties which he hoped to fulfill, but could not if they killed him. Nor did he shrink when one came with the knife, making a motion as if to slash open his breast. In the agony of death he was undisturbed and serene. He would not plead for life. And being spared for a little while, instead of exhibiting joy and gratitude and a desire to be away, he sat with them, talking with infinite frankness and amiability. So in the end he was released.

A wonderful thing in the pilgrim's account is the description he gives of the temple at Nalanda, the ruins of which have been discovered and described in our own day, testifying to the excellent observation of the man of the Seventh Century. He gives a picture of a block of buildings four stories high containing a hundred halls in which classes were held and lectures given, with apartments for ten thousand inmates.

'From morning to night, young and old help one another in discussions for which they find the day too short,' he says. In gardens and courtyards there were shade trees, fountains, cool retreats, quiet retreats for meditation. It must be understood that not only spiritual things were studied, but practical. Out of such surroundings came the invention of arithmetic and the expression of numbers by ten characters, each with an absolute value and a value by position. In that storehouse of knowledge Huien-Tsaing stayed for five years.

Also while on the subject of the pilgrim's description of places it should be said that he wrote of certain buried cities of eastern Khotan, once the center of great activities, but when he was there, buried by drifting sands. In 1855, the traveler W. H. Johnson verified the pilgrim's statement. And Sven Hedin, more recently, exactly confirms what the pilgrim had to say of eastern Turkestan and its trackless desert in which 'sometimes one hears plaintive notes and piteous lamentations, and men get confused and know not whither they are going. Hence many a life is lost.' For what the unlearned attributed to genii, we know to be due to the shifting of sand ridges.


He did not shrink when one came with a knife, making a motion as if to slash open his breast.

Briefly, Huien-Tsaing's journey took him from the Kyber Pass to the source of the Ganges and on to the eastern coast. Doubling on his trail sometimes, making long incursions inland, looping again and again, crossing India to strike the Bay of Bengal a little south of Madras, then back again to the northeast to Burma, then northwest again to the Kyber Pass—that roughly describes his journey. If a similar journey on this continent is assumed, a man might fairly be supposed to have continued on the march from Central America across Venezuela into Brazil, then south to a point five hundred miles below Rio de Janeiro, after which the return journey to New York City would be before him. And the time taken would be sixteen years.

And all for what?

That he might discover and take back to his own people *the best that had been said and thought in the world, to the end that a way of life might be found.*

Materially, he started back with many relics and curiosities; with six hundred and forty-four written books borne by twenty-two horses, with six images of Buddha in gold or silver or sandalwood. Much of that was lost, once when an elephant was drowned, again when a boat upset, and again when mountain robbers attacked them on the Yizil Yart range.

But the net purport of his pilgrimage rested in certain teachings, which, in time, were written in the sacred books and treasured in Pekin. They form the Counsels of Perfection and the Way of Life and may be summed up in less than a hundred words, just as the Christian fundamentals are summed up in the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer.

These, then, are Huien-Tsaing's 'findings':

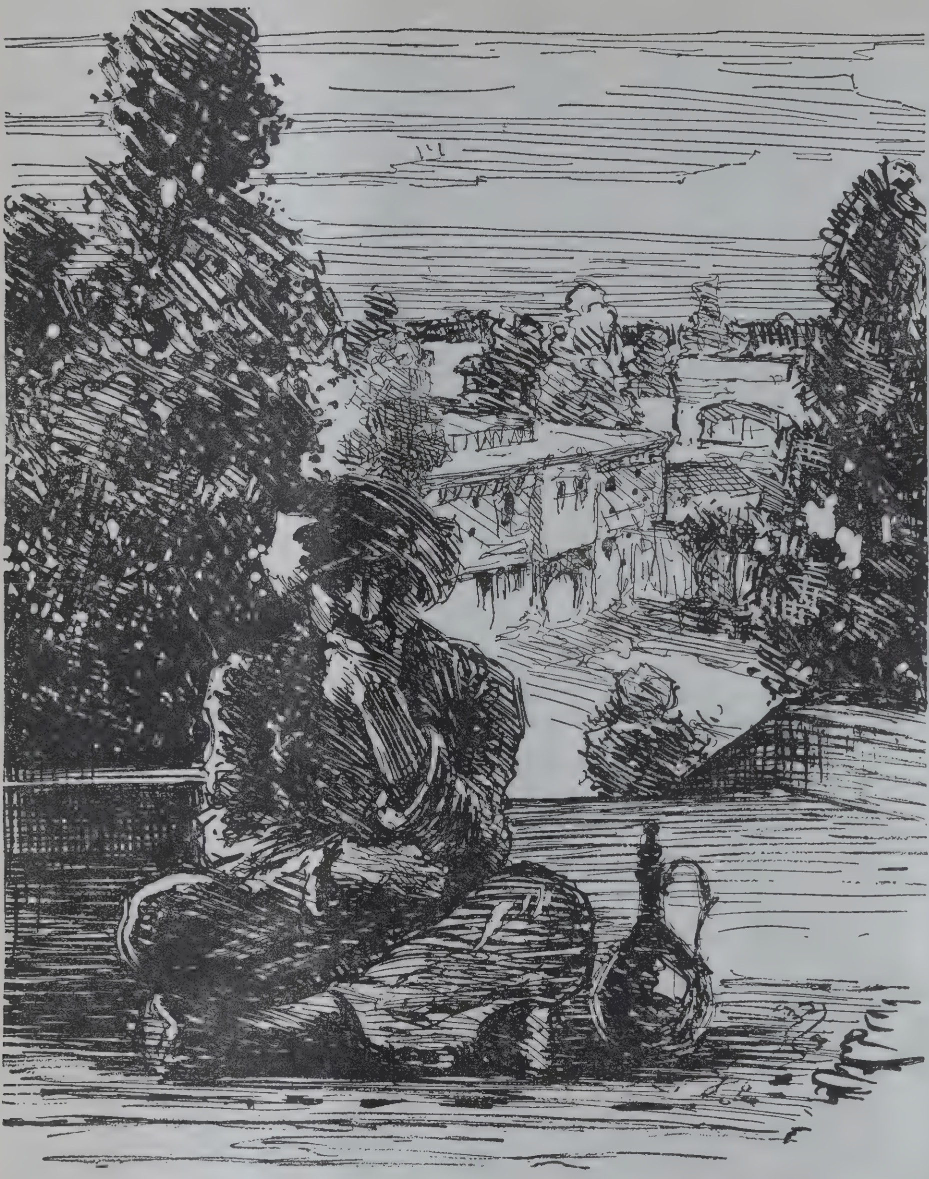
A man must cultivate right seeing, right judgment, right language, right purpose, right profession, right application, right memory, and right meditation.

There are five primary 'nots'—not to kill, not to steal, not to commit adultery, not to lie, not to give way to drunkenness.

There are six virtues always to be practised: charity, purity, patience, courage, contemplation, and knowledge.

So may the whole be put into a nutshell.

There is this, too, to be said. Somehow, by misunderstanding or wrong interpretation, we of the Western civilization have gained a notion that the Chinese are given to ancestor worship. Most certainly there is nothing of the sort to be found in Huien-Tsaing, nor in the writings of any other Chinese philosopher. But there is something else which may be the truth behind that error. It is this, a perfectly logical and reasonable idea: *That it would be well for all of us to familiarize ourselves with the*



In gardens and courtyards there were shade trees, fountains, cool paths, quiet retreats for meditation.

best that has been done and thought in the past, before we reach out to grasp a new thing because it is new. To that commendation most of us would adhere gladly.

Huien-Tsaing died at the age of sixty-five. His span of life was like Livingstone's: his mode of life much the same. And both men burned themselves out without knowing it. 'Notwithstanding differences in climate,' wrote Huein-Tsaing, 'notwithstanding mode of life and perils beyond count which have menaced me, I thank Heaven that nowhere did I come to harm. Reverence, beyond all limit, has been done to me; my body has suffered no ill; and I have fulfilled all that I vowed to accomplish.'

Much the same kind of proud simplicity was in Livingstone. If genius is persistence, then Huien-Tsaing was a genius. If fervor and zeal constitute the great part of religion, then he, though so neglected in history, must stand as one of the world's great religious teachers. If moral vitality and a belief in active service make a Man, then, it seems to me, the Chinaman's name should be set high. For he believed in the religion of Be and Do. He believed in serving humanity in full allegiance and splendid force. He was a master spirit.

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America,

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness . . . .

The Dark Side of the Moon

(Continued from page 3)

me writing under my hand, in a slate under my foot, in the central pages of a pad held tightly between my fingers. It is of no use to talk of 'trick slates' for I have dictated the words or lines to be written *after the closed slates were in my hand.* Voices have spoken to me from the air and nimble hands have developed from dusty corners to play tricks for my amusement. Heavy objects forgetting, apparently, the laws of gravity have risen without discoverable human agency and pencils have taken on life and intelligence.

NATURALLY I read as I experimented, keeping clear of those who took their phenomena on trust. I was not much interested in the vague, unverified reports of wondrous clairvoyant readings, vivid portents and warning visions. I was after the physical side of every phenomenon. The Italians, who had 'put the screws' on the psychics, interested me above all others.

In these books I found my own experiences duplicated and now and again surpassed. All of them agreed that matter was moved without known cause, that writing outside the psychic's ordinary reach took place, and that appearances resembling fragmentary human forms flitted about the room and in some cases permitted themselves to be photographed. Ghosts were discovered to be akin to these phantoms and poltergeists were related to mediumship. Visible 'third arms' emanating from the psychic's body were taught to perform difficult tasks, such as opening boxes and sealed packages in a way to suggest that 'the astral body' could penetrate matter at will.

With all these things to stimulate me, I kept at my own experiments. One by one I duplicated some of the most striking experiences of Crookes and Wallace. Tables rose under my hands without adequate physical cause. Mysterious odors filled my nostrils and masses of cold, white flame developed from the darkness and floated across the room, precisely as described by Crookes and Flammarion. Several times taking my cue from Wallace's reports I removed the closed slates from the psychic's control and, *while holding them in my hands, dictated the lines to be written on them.*

ONCE in the presence of a company of my friends in a private library I tested the powers of a psychic by placing my hand on the closed lid of an upright piano and asking her 'guide' to drum upon the strings in time to my whistling. This was done. The room belonged to the librarian of the public library, the psychic was a stranger and had never been in the house before. The library was dark but *I controlled the piano cover and dictated the performance while my hand was on the lid.* At my request the invisible force leaped from bass to treble and back again.

At another time sitting alone with a psychic in a brightly lighted room at four o'clock in the afternoon, I interrupted the slate-writing seance by saying, 'I'm something of a psychic myself; it isn't necessary to place the slates under the table, put them down on top.' She did as I commanded. I laid my hand on the slate, she put her hand above mine and I flung the cover over both our hands, and still the writing went on. I could feel the vibrations beneath my palm while the psychic's right hand remained motionless; at my command the slate was laid in the middle of the table. Neither of us touched it but the writing went on. But strange to say, her left hand lying in full sight twitched in hundreds of the small muscles, synchronously with the writing. The message amounted to nothing. It had no reference to me and was signed by the name of a man I had never known, but the physical test was complete.

In the home of my friend J of Indianapolis, I made another severe demand of a psychic. She was in the house for the first time. It was about three o'clock of a summer day. After some fine examples of slate writing, I went to my friend's desk, opened a drawer at his direction, and took from it a large yellow paper pad. Without surrendering this pad to any other hand even for an instant, I approached the psychic and extended the closed end of it. She merely laid her finger tips upon it. Almost immediately I felt a weight, and the center of the pad sagged. When I withdrew it and opened it, I found on several of the middle leaves messages written in pencil. I drew a circle around each of these and again extended the pad to the psychic keeping it in my hand. In this way I secured three other messages all seemingly signed by personalities known to me.

As another test I took a book from a shelf, a thick tome selected at random. Opening this I placed a pencil in it and held it for the psychic to touch, carefully retaining it in my grip. Stepping back I opened the book. The number of the page which I did not know was written across the opposite page in pencil. The pencil did not stir and the book never left my hands for an instant. It was a marvelous exhibition of psychodynamics but it did not convince me of the presence of the individuals whose names were signed. On the contrary, I was perfectly sure the psychic did it. How she did it I do not know.

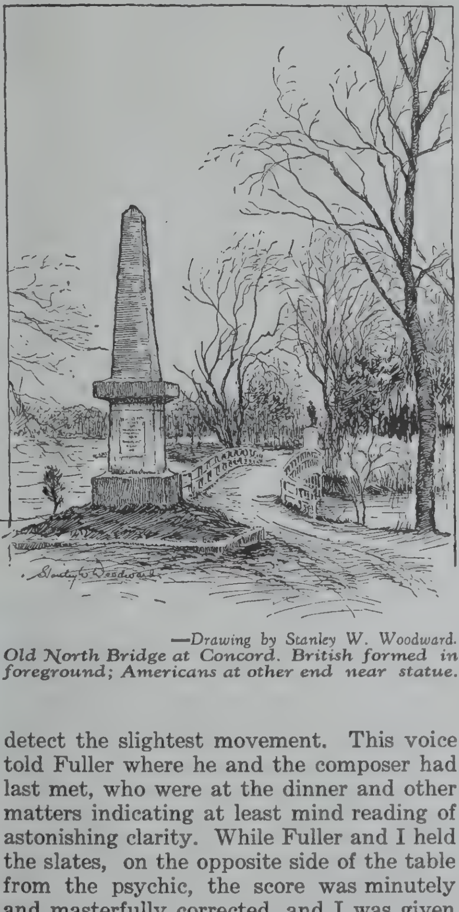
In all these experiments and scores of others I worked solely for physical phenomena. I used every precaution to satisfy myself that they were supranormal. I sought no messages from the dead. I had no creeds to uphold. I was simply curious to see what the human organism could perform. However, to be perfectly fair, I am obliged to state that all along the way I met with unaccountable forms and listened to unaccountable voices.

At the same time that Professor D and I demonstrated to his bewilderment in his own library that some of the laws of physics are unknown, we both listened to 'spirit' voices and watched 'spirit' hands under our own test conditions—with no one present but the psychic, D, Mrs. D and myself—we witnessed the movement of heavy objects without apparent cause and conversed for hours with a humorous voice which came through a trumpet absolutely out of the reach of the psychic, and yet neither he nor I could believe that we were talking with the spirits of those who had formerly lived on the earth plane.

Connected with these physical phenomena we recorded marvelous exhibitions of clairvoyance. Facts known only to me were written upon slates under my fist. The names of dead relatives were whispered from the air in daylight, and yet nothing came that convinced me of the personality of the speaker.

Once only in my thirty years' experience did I thrill to the conviction that I was about to demonstrate the personality of a spirit. Henry Fuller and I, under the most satisfactory conditions, received on folded slates several bars of a complicated piece of music, written (the 'guide' declared) by the spirit of my friend M, an eminent American composer, *while the slates were entirely in my control*. Part of the time the psychic did not even touch the slates, and yet under these conditions the music was written and corrected. Bars were changed, the sound and vibration of the writing being plainly perceptible.

At last a whispered voice spoke to me apparently from the air. It sounded just above my head in a sunlit room and though I studied the lips of the psychic, I could not detect the slightest movement. This voice told Fuller where he and the composer had last met, who were at the dinner and other matters indicating at least mind reading of astonishing clarity. While Fuller and I held the slates, on the opposite side of the table from the psychic, the score was minutely and masterfully corrected, and I was given to understand that this fragment would be found among the composers' manuscripts in New York City.



—Drawing by Stanley W. Woodward.
Old North Bridge at Concord. British formed in foreground; Americans at other end near statue.

For the first time in my many years of experimentation, I became excited. It seemed that I was about to secure from a medium who knew nothing of music, irrefutable proof of the identity of my 'spirit voice.' M seemed (at the moment) veritably present, and when Fuller played the weird little composition we had thus supranormally produced, I experienced a genuine stir. The score was difficult, and very idiomatic, beyond the comprehension of the psychic or myself, parts of it baffled Fuller. 'Never mind,' said the voice of M kindly, 'I will write it differently.'

With these notes and the bars of music carefully written out, I went to New York to see Mrs. M. At the first touch of her hand the whole of my glittering edifice fell to the ground. No such MS existed. No such transaction with a publishing house had taken place. Nothing in all that astounding mass of testimony concerning the musical composition was true.

Only one thing interested Mrs. M and that was the signature on one of the folding slates, a signature which I had considered of no value for the reason that it did not in the least resemble the composer's signature as I knew it. Mrs. M at once exclaimed, 'That is exactly as Edward signed his name when I first knew him in Germany.'

This was wholly unaccountable until I suddenly remembered having seen this very signature on a framed certificate hanging in Mrs. M's studio. Like the information concerning the family, and the account of Fuller's dinner in New York, this signature appears to have been drawn from my mind and in some supranormal way written upon the slate.

Again and again in the absence of Fuller I tried to go on with the music, but without a musician the 'spirit' was helpless. The psychic could not record music and neither could I, so the ghost plaintively asked for Fuller and fell silent. The melody upon close examination bore curious resemblance to M's masterly scores but Fuller suggested that it was a close blend of his knowledge of M's piano pieces and my own memory of Sioux, Cheyenne and Hopi song.

Despite this failure, with many others, I retained and still retain my interest in psychodynamics. From time to time I verify some of my experiments. The phenomena exist, there is no reasonable doubt of that, but what they mean I do not assume to say. They should be studied in this country by men of science, working in the spirit of Crookes and Morselli, not with intent to prove or disprove a theory, but to develop and record the latent powers of the human organism. There should be full, careful and considerate coöperation between the psychic and the scientist.

This study has an unexpected virtue. It brings back a sense of the wonder of the world which our inventive, money-chasing age has lost. It enlarges the potential field of mental activity. It humbles the bigoted, half-educated scientist and puts a check on the emotional geographer of heaven. After all we are forced to confess that matter is quite as mysterious as spirit and that both are parts of the unknowable ultimate from which all life is drawn.

'The March of Westward Expansion'

is the title of Hamlin Garland's next article for *THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT*

'I am glad that I was born early enough to catch the dying echoes of their songs, to bask in the failing light of their fires,' remarks Mr. Garland, with reference to those adventurous pathfinders, the early American pioneers.

'Our material pioneering is done, but as we look back along the trail already dim in the gloaming of the past, we see the camp fires sparkle. We hear the call, "Hello, the house!" and catch the hearty answer, "Come in, stranger!" We see the prairie schooners . . . the border wars . . . action, self-sacrifice.'

Read it in Next Week's Issue

The Gypsy Cave Dwellers of Spain

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

Illustrated by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

The gypsies, or *gitanos,* of Spain travel from place to place—never staying more than a week in one vicinity. The tribe usually consists of about six or eight families. The gypsies of Spain have the same reputation as the gypsies of America or any other country—they never work. The women tell fortunes and the men steal chickens, vegetables, et cetera, for a living. The police do not take any action, for they know these people will soon travel on and they steal for their present needs only. Occasionally a tribe steals a burro from one of the farmers and in this case they go immediately to another vicinity and sell the burro—this makes them wealthy.

HABITATIONS made by hand have been used by men since long before the days when historical records begin. In an earlier stage of development cave dwellers utilized the natural caverns in the rocks. In later times pirates and bandits have always had their meeting places in great caves, at least in the land of romance. Smugglers must always have caves, and the fleeing bandit, whether in Asia, Europe or the far West, takes his refuge in a cave among the rocks. But outside the pages of primitive history and of romance there continue down to the present day a number of cave dwellers whose modest abodes are cut out of the solid rock.

In general these caves in southern Europe are found in regions where the first habitable openings were made by the natural erosion of water in limestone. Upon this foundation furnished by nature whole colonies have established themselves, extending and enlarging the natural shelters into fairly serviceable dwellings.

In southern Spain, where the climate makes it possible to live practically in the open, cave dwellers are found in numerous localities. It may well be that the natural coolness of a cave makes it an admirable retreat from the fierce heat of the summer sun; at the same time the cave furnishes some protection against the cold of the winter months.

One of the largest colonies of modern cave dwellers is found within the city of Granada extending for a mile or more into the outskirts of the city. Here the dwelling places rise in successive tiers, far up the slope, giving the appearance of a tremendous mountainside apartment house, with people dwelling on many different elevations. One cannot quite, with propriety, say that these various apartments are on different levels, since nothing is level.

The inhabitants of the caves in Granada, and almost everywhere else in Spain, are the gypsies, *gitanos,* who are more attractive in the pages of Washington Irving or in those of the Italian writer De Amicis than they are in nature—face to face.

The approach to the gypsy section of Granada is made so abruptly that suddenly you find yourself confronted with the houses cut into the hillsides. Quite as suddenly you are beset by a crowd of gypsy women, old hags and young women of some beauty. You are invited to enter their gypsy homes. The old hags wish to tell your fortune. The young women wish to arrange a gypsy dance for your entertainment.

Inside the houses old brass, basket work and flowers are the articles offered for sale. With the advent of the stranger a crowd of vociferous children soon gathers, asking for 'money,' a word which seems to be taught to the gypsy child as soon as the child shows any sign of speech.

Near the cities the gypsy caves in the hillsides are dressed up much like ordinary dwellings. There is the ordinary doorway, with a stone sill and even a small section of tile roofing shielding the entrance. Once within the door, however, you are immediately aware that you are in a real cave. No light of window illuminates the interior, only that which comes through the doorway. The room at the entrance is a combination sitting room, sewing room with an American machine, and bedroom. The cleanliness of the linen is worthy of note, as well as the whiteness of the wash spread out on the cactus plants to dry. Upon the wall the polished brassware adds a bright touch, much needed. The kitchen stove is in a room directly back of the entrance. There must be a chimney, but it is only a makeshift one emerging somewhere on the hillside.

A second bedroom in the house which the writer visited opened from the combination front room. Within this room there were flies and an odor of animal presence explained by the fact that the faithful burro had his quarters in the room adjoining toward the back.

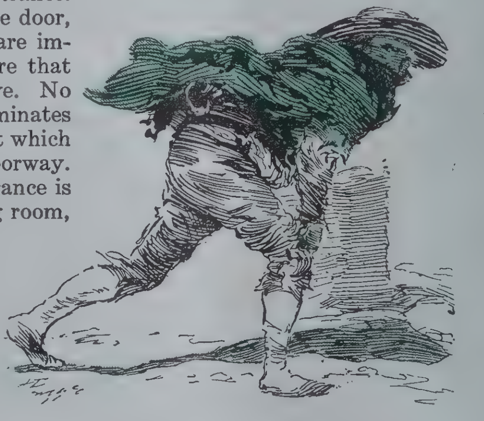
Such is the gypsy cave dwelling as found in Granada. In the larger gypsy quarter of Seville there are ordinary dwellings, not luxurious; but about ten miles outside Seville in Alcalá there are more such hillside residences. The village of Cória on the Guadalquivir, not far from Seville, also has the cave man. The famous coast resort of Málaga in southern Spain boasts a colony, and more are to be found with a little search in the Iberian peninsula.

The life of the gypsies has been described many times but probably not anywhere more entertainingly than by George Borrow whose *Bible in Spain* is well worth reading today. Borrow spoke the language of the gypsies so fluently that he had no difficulty in being accepted as a 'Rom,' or gypsy, by the Spanish members of the tribe. In the case of Borrow his familiarity with these wanderers led to genuine contempt and a somewhat harsh judgment as to their native character.

The universal fear of the gypsies is well illustrated by an ancient Arabic saying: 'For that which is unclean by nature thou canst entertain no hope; no washing will turn the gypsy white.' Borrow concurred in the Arabic estimate of the natural villainy of the gypsy.

Whatever the original home of these people, whether in Egypt whence they have their name, or among the southern Slavs of Europe, certain characteristics mark them whether in Russia or America, whether in Spain or in England.

Fortune telling by the women and horse trading by the men are their principal legitimate occupations, although blacksmithing was also long recognized in many countries as the trade of a gypsy. In every country petty thieving and kidnapping have been ascribed to them, and worse crimes often imputed.



Volubility is a characteristic particularly of the women. Among this strange people the women are actually encouraged by the men to cultivate this gift, whereas in other countries this has not been found necessary. The elderly gypsy women pursue you upon the street with a constant flow of speech which is overwhelming; the children are quite as persistent and insistent. A gypsy proverb reads: 'The poor fool who closes his mouth never wins a dollar,' in contrast with our 'silence is golden.'

Upon occasion the gypsy hag will curse with a quantity and quality of vocabulary such as to make a sailor envious. By chance a policeman escorted us through several blocks of cave dwellings, and one hag, feeling slighted as we did not stop in her home, poured forth a torrent of language, a fine specimen of vituperative fluency, persistent and yet apparently within the legal limits.

In all countries the Zincali, as Borrow

calls them, are darker than the natives. Beautiful faces and figures are not uncommon among the young while the representative 'old hag' is to be found among the aged women of the race. Young and old wear gaily colored garments, the women having a weakness for bright shawls and kerchiefs, beads and earrings, bracelets, and beruffled skirts.

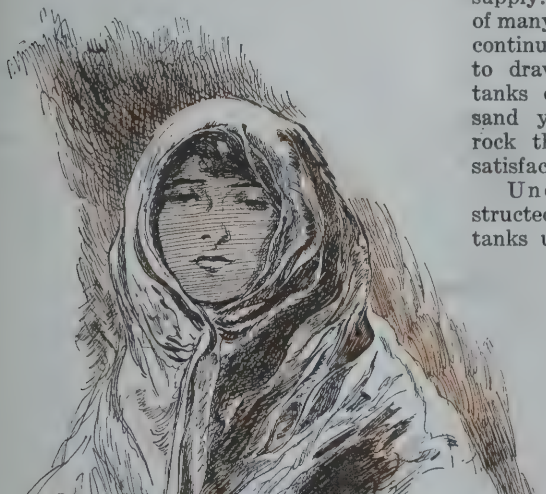
In many European cities the gypsies have, like the Jews, been confined to restricted areas. Persecution has often been their lot; but in Spain this persecution was largely, for several centuries, a matter of legal enactment rather than a fact. The gypsies did not have tangible property sufficient to warrant active prosecution.

The language of the Zincali varies slightly from country to country, like dialects of a parent tongue. Probably two English words which have their origin in this tongue give also a key to the weakness of the gypsy. The two words are 'hoax' and 'hocus,' whence also 'hocus-pocus.'

George Borrow tells of sitting with a group of Zincali and having them assist him in translating the Creed into their language. The gypsies were delighted with the achievement, but were without any real interest in the content. Similarly their interest in the Gospel of Luke which Borrow translated and distributed in printed copies was wholly curiosity. Borrow confesses that this Gospel was frequently carried as a kind of charm on smuggling and thieving expeditions.

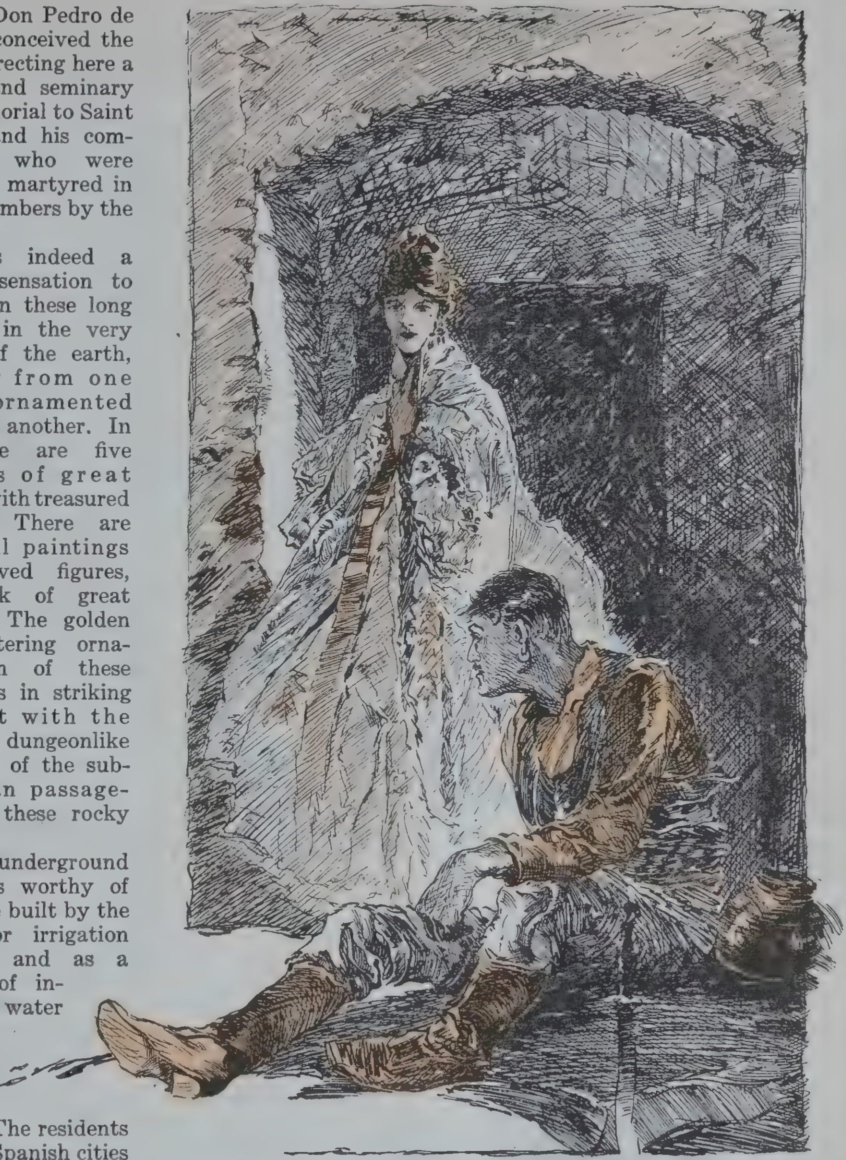
Cave dwellers existed in Spain and other countries for many centuries before the gypsies made their appearance in Europe. Of these underground habitations doubtless the most famous is found at Sacro Monte some two miles outside the city of Granada by the road on which you pass the *gitano* section.

The tradition is that the early Christians sought refuge from persecution in the rocky caverns at Sacro Monte and that in these depths the first Christian Mass was celebrated in Spain.



In 1594 the series of subterranean chambers, with numerous human remains, were found within this hill. The pious bishop, Don Pedro de Castro, conceived the plan of erecting here a college and seminary as a memorial to Saint Cecilio and his companions who were probably martyred in these chambers by the Arabs.

It is indeed a strange sensation to wander in these long galleries in the very bowels of the earth, passing from one highly ornamented chapel to another. In all there are five chapels of great beauty, with treasured relics. There are beautiful paintings and carved figures, the work of great artists. The golden and glittering ornamentation of these chapels is in striking contrast with the sombre dungeonlike character of the subterranean passageways in these rocky caverns.



Other underground structures worthy of note were built by the Arabs for irrigation purposes and as a method of insuring a water supply. The residents of many Spanish cities continue to this day to draw water from tanks constructed by the Arabs a thousand years ago. Deep down into the rock the Moor sunk his wells, until a satisfactory flow of water was assured.

Underground arches were constructed, with an arrangement to fill the tanks under the protection of the arches. Access to the tanks was given from the outside, usually by an archway leading to the tank. Here the women bring their stone water jars, similar to those used here at these very wells a thousand years ago.

On the tops of the hills outside the cities of Granada and of Valencia the Moors built tremendous cisterns to provide water for irrigating the land. Some of these systems continue in use to the present day. Not only do the waterworks themselves persist but even the Arabic type of people's court for the adjudication of disputes concerning water is still held.

The writer walked up the mountainside above the Alhambra one glorious day to the gardens of the Generalife, the fine old gardens of the moorish rulers. From this point the walk up the mountain was most inviting. Far up on the mountain top, at a distance from any human habitation, an opening as for a well was found with a bricked-in top. Investigation revealed that this was the top to a reservoir some seventy-five feet below the surface of the earth, extending apparently for a long distance underneath the ground. This was doubtless a portion of the great irrigation system of the Arabs which is a source of amazement to engineers today, and another testimonial to the scientific ability of that people.

Upon the same mountainside the writer found a second cave which revealed underground chambers and heavy supporting arches. What a place to people with bands of robbers or smugglers! However it must be admitted that this romantic-looking structure was doubtless built to insure a water supply.

At the highest point of the mountain, miles away from any other habitation, clothes hanging upon bushes indicated a dwelling place. This turned out to be a real cave at the summit inhabited by a gypsy family, as well as by chickens, goats and sheep.

The land of romance and the world of today meet in these primitive dwellings on the hillsides of sunny Spain. Strange enough it is to see these simple dwelling places which appear to have been used for centuries without change, and that in a land which boasts many of the finest architectural achievements of the world.

The Emperor's New Coat

(*Continued from page 13*)

and we squirm and twist through aria after aria. People are the same everywhere. They go to this place or that place because it is the thing. How many people would go abroad if it had to be kept a secret?

A reputation, deserved or undeserved, certainly brings the crowds and the praise. You may have a voice of rare beauty and your talent may be far beyond the ordinary, but no one will venture a comment upon your merit until some critic makes or ruins your future by expressing his idea.

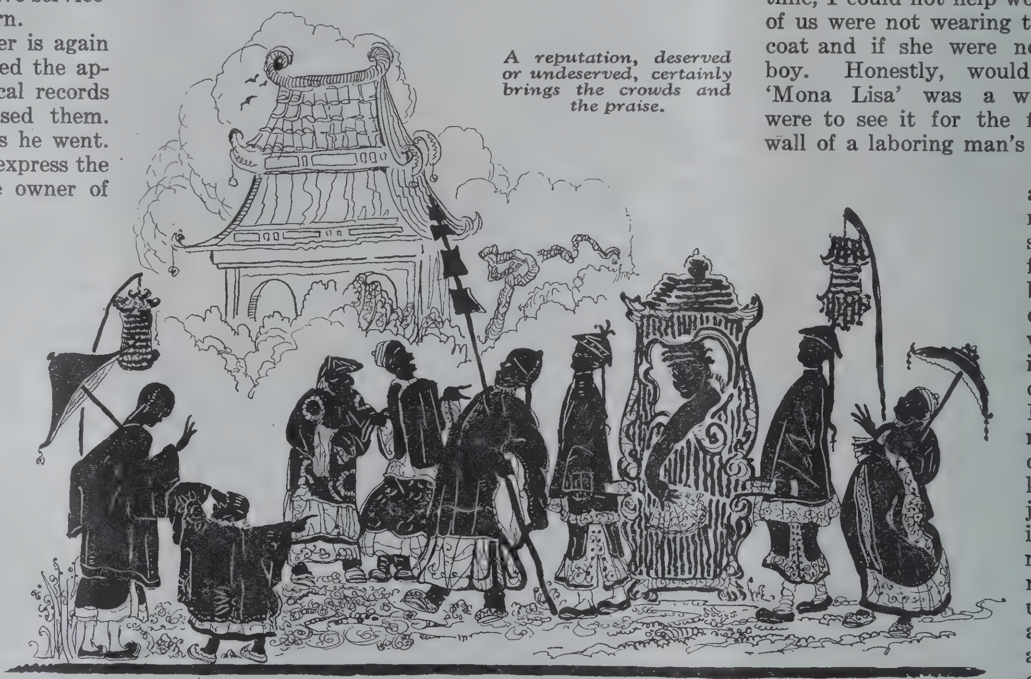
Yet a man would be ashamed to admit that he was too stupid to know whether he enjoyed hearing a person sing or give an instrumental selection. And music, after all, is the concord of sweet sounds, but the shrinking one is afraid to express himself.

It would surprise the echoes to know that a great many of the so-called critics do not themselves base their opinions on knowledge. To say the least, they have the courage of their convictions regardless of their other vices. And courage is something.

We all hoped that the phonograph would educate the people in musical appreciation. Our hopes were dashed to earth; and it was not the fault of the producers, for in every magazine we see the list of those artists who are rendering 'exclusive service' to this or that concern.

The culture seeker is again to blame. He secured the approved list of classical records and piously purchased them. But that is as far as he went. The records did not express the genuine taste of the owner of the phonograph and are still as good as new, because they are only played when guests assemble.

It would be far better for the musical education of that man if he would play stately hymns and old folk songs every evening than own all the classical records in existence and not use them. Music, like friends, becomes dearer the longer known, and many a song wins its way into favor by frequent repetition.



A reputation, deserved or undeserved, certainly brings the crowds and the praise.

Noise is ever popular and the syncopated kind is secretly loved and fostered by the most devout conservatives when they can shift the responsibility of the selection to some one else. Every family should have one reprobate who can be given the credit for making all the poor literary, musical and artistic selections. A nice thing about a professional reprobate is that he, or she, is too depraved to resent the insinuation that taste is lacking.

Cheap, inferior and maudlin music and songs are the favorites. It is strange how some popular dance piece that no one will admit liking gets played more than all the rest of the records put together. The phonograph people are in the business to make money and not to discover new artists. They naturally have only two kinds of records—the kind people think they ought to like and don't, and the kind they think they ought not to like and do.

The radio gave us another promise which was not fulfilled because the people would not coöperate. The man who tunes in picks his own music. He brags about hearing the opera stars and master performers, but he leaves them any time for other numbers. He will give his undivided attention when there is a Dempsey-Tunney fight or when the Miami jazz orchestra gets on a rampage. It is perfectly permissible for him to like his jazz or his semiclassical music, but why will he deny it, and pretend to love another, all for the sake of a reputation he doesn't deserve?

We Americans because of our youth are prone to feel that nothing good can come out of Nazareth—our country being Nazareth in this case. This particularly applies to music and art. We feel that no woman by the name of Smith could possibly sing nor a man who was christened Jones could ever compose.

In our pictures and statuary an American has about the same chance as a white man would have with a cannibal tribe. Everything that is far away looks good and it is easier to conceive of genius in one we do not know. If he has studied abroad or is at present residing in the celestial world we are more ready to render homage.

Art is another victim. The galleries are seldom visited by any but artists and tourists. They are never crowded and stay open all the time. In spite of the talk we do not really care for art—if we did we would enjoy looking at it.

The excuse that the Americans often give is that here in our own country we have only copies of the masterpieces and few originals. Of all the ludicrous remarks, that is the most absurd. There are not twenty people, barring professional collectors, who can tell an imitation from the real.

Recently I came across a list of the 'World's Twelve Greatest Masterpieces.' They were: 'Sistine Madonna'—Raphael; 'The Last Judgment'—Michelangelo; 'The Last Supper'—Leonardo da Vinci; 'Assumption of the Virgin'—Titian; 'Immaculate Conception'—Murillo; 'Holy Night'—Correggio; 'Last Communion of Saint Jerome'—Domenichino; 'Descent From the Cross'—Rubens; 'Mona Lisa'—Leonardo da Vinci; 'Beatrice Cenci'—Guido Reni; 'Aurora' (a ceiling painting in Rospigliosi Palace, Rome); 'Night Watch'—Rembrandt.

I heard an ignorant woman discussing her visit to the Louvre where she saw 'Mona Lisa.' Her remarks were at least sincere: 'I saw an awful ugly picture of a woman whose name was Monopoliza. Why it was on exhibit I don't know—unless it was because she was rich. Our guide pointed at it and said, "Well worth a hundred thousand dollars!" So I guess it was her money after all, for goodness knows she was nothing to look at.'

After gazing at the original for some time, I could not help wondering if the rest of us were not wearing the emperor's new coat and if she were not like the little boy. Honestly, would anybody think 'Mona Lisa' was a work of art if he were to see it for the first time on the wall of a laboring man's home?

The matter of art in the home is not a question of style. Styles and fads come and go but a good piece of work will always be welcome in the home of a cultivated person. It is a serious mistake to buy a copy of a well-known masterpiece just because it is in the catalog. It reveals crass ignorance to accept unquestioningly, and people generally find out. It doesn't pay.

Several cultured friends called on a lady and eyed a copy of a masterpiece for some time but failed to comment on it, although they professed to admire all her other imported pictures. At last she relieved their doubt and explained that they were viewing a copy of a rare masterpiece. As soon as they realized that they were safe in expressing a favorable opinion they admitted that it was beautiful beyond a doubt.

There is one thing worse than the failure to recognize the real thing. It is toadying to those who have already 'arrived.' Nothing is more disgusting than the groveling attitude of would-be patrons who cater to famous composers, artists and authors, and then brag about their friendship.

A Miracle in Stone

(Continued from page 15)

of the inscription forgotten. How make a monument permanent almost as the strata of geology, which in itself conveys its reason for being? The Great Pyramid is the only adequate answer.

Languages change and are forgotten, but the language of the Pyramid will be the same at the end of time as at the beginning. Its form and substance are of all the most enduring. It stood and stands not in a community, but apart, and of dimensions so great that the immeasurable toil of its building would be less than that of its destruction. Even cupidity for hidden treasure would recognize the shape of the Pyramid as least adapted to harbor it—not a hollow vault, but a rocky mass almost monolithic in its integrity. Subsequent eras, seeking its cause, would conjecture it to commemorate some unknown deity, and superstition would respect it. So might it remain in the sands of the desert, a wonder and mystery forever, till the drift of ultimate centuries should bury it out of sight and memory.

THIS, however, has not as yet been its fate, and the comparatively recent effort to discover its true purpose may bear fruit. The existence of its message, as well as its purport, had to be unsuspected until today, because today, for the first time in history, could it be understood, and even now, in part only. Had its presence been surmised in former times, it would have been destroyed by ignorant efforts to decipher it; and when deciphering proved impossible, it would have darkened counsel. But it has not been robbed of its treasure, because its treasure was spiritual; the seal of it was not broken because no seal was perceived. It was in vain that the savage Arabs under Al Mamoun, the successor of Mahomet, broke through the wall; they found only darkness and emptiness in those crawling passages and narrow chambers. And when the Egypt of the Ptolemies, seeking material for their palaces and dwellings, quarried it from the Pyramid's marble shell, it was still beyond their power to mutilate the essential structure. How those gigantic blocks had been lifted, ready fitted, to their places, was beyond their conception (and is beyond ours today), and they did not dislodge them.

But the message is there, in its own language, and it must be read to its last jot and tittle. This language is as universal as that of the universe which it describes. Its alphabet is measure, form, position or mutual relation; and each letter of the mighty words is precise and accurate to the breadth of a hair. The deeper and wider the knowledge which the student brings to its perusal, the better will he comprehend it; but it will outreach his best wisdom. Step by step it vindicates its own truth; but its final steps are beyond our present following. For cosmic facts, in their higher aspects, inevitably merge into spiritual truths, and that research has no mortal term.

The fundamental of all measurement is the inch, based upon the breadth of a man's thumb; from that is derived first the cubit (meaning the so-called Hebrew cubit), the length of the ordinary step in walking, and of a man's extended forearm and hand. The inch, therefore, appears in all pyramid dimensions. The sides of the Pyramid measure 9,155 inches each; its height—intersection of slope of sides—is 5,819 inches, and this length multiplied by 1,000 million is the mean distance of the sun from the earth. The diameter of the earth at the poles is an inch multiplied 500 million 500 thousand times. Taking the inch as time measure, it enters into the profiles of the Pyramid's four sides as many times as there are days in the year. Passing to cubic measure, the capacity of the granite coffer in the king's chamber indicates the mean density of the earth. The numbers four, five and nine are 'pyramid numbers,' and they and their multiples enter into all its features.

The astronomer Thales, fifteen hundred years after the pyramid builders, announced the sphericity of the planet; we find the fact demonstrated in the Pyramid, which shows our earth to be an oblate spheroid. The builders also recorded the earth's rotation on its axis, and how often, in its journey round the sun, it revolved. They knew the exact position of the poles and thereby determined the site of the Pyramid—the thirtieth parallel north—which is the precise center of Egypt, and also, as it happens, of the land distribution over the entire surface of the globe. This is very modern knowledge; and it leads to a corollary of greater importance—the precession of the equinoxes—the discrepancy of fifty seconds between the sidereal and the equinoctial years.

HIPPARCHUS thought he had discovered this a century and a half before the Christian Era; but it is stated in pyramid language nearly two millenniums before that learned man was born. And by means of this greatest of cycles, Sir John Herschel was able to fix the date of the Pyramid's creation. The entrance-tube on the north side points upward toward the sky: Sir John surmised its objective must be the polestar of its era. Calculating back he found that Alpha Draconis had sent its rays down the tube just 2,170 years ago. This estimate was afterward checked by measurements taken in the grand gallery; 2,170 inches brings us to a line, deeply incised, in the polished granite wall, and to two upright stones to indicate erection.

These apparently omniscient artificers also established the 'pi' proportion between the diameter and the circumference of the circle, or, as the phrase is, they squared the circle. But there is no space here to follow these details further; indeed, only expert mathematicians can follow some of them at all. The results are 'up to date,' and it is natural to assume that when future ages shall have attained to higher knowledge, the Pyramid will be found still anticipating them. When we know how and where to search, we shall find. There is no reason why 1927 should be the limit.

Babylonia, Chaldea and Egypt built well. But there is nothing transparent or spiritual in their building; it does not tell more than meets the eye. The ancient Temple of Nebo at Borsippa was celebrated

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Contents for Next Week's *Issue*
A Partial List

The Westward March *of* Expansion (American Pioneering) *By* HAMLIN GARLAND

About Books *and* Reviewers *By* CHARLES J. FINGER

The Duffer (Sports) *By* H. G. SALSINGER

Marrying *an* Actress *By* LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH for its astronomical accuracy; yet they missed a true orientation by no less than six degrees: the Pyramid, seventeen hundred years before, is correct to a hair's breadth.

The pyramid builders had no previous model to go by; they must conceive at first hand their own symbolic language; and then take their material from the mountains, carve each stone into its right form and its relation to the whole, and put all together without error or need of revision. When, for example, the stone courses reached the level of the king's chamber, then and there, and not before or elsewhere, must the giant block of granite be lifted up and the coffer carved out of it, and with an accuracy so perfect as to serve for a standard of concrete measurement forever. And throughout the entire structure, every line, surface, angle and position must be fixed before the first stone is quarried and laid, and then the whole external form be sheathed in shining marble, and every access to the interior be closed and hidden, so that no secret should be revealed till the fullness of time were come. Other builders crave credit for their work: the pyramid men were content to be regarded as heapers together of a brute mass devoid of aim or consequence. Yet it is the most wondrous achievement of mankind, before or since.

AUTHENTIC history does not begin till long after this date; the books of Moses date six centuries later. Whence came this astounding and minutely accurate knowledge of the frame and constitution of the universe? Is there a chapter of human annals yet to be written which shall point to intellectual vistas in the remotest past, fully abreast of the present? Did a race exist in that dawn of time, side by side with anthropoids and cave dwellers but somehow segregated from them, and indeed of a higher type than any other of which there is record? No other testimony of such a race exists, save the Great Pyramid; but does not that suffice? The truth of the theory of evolution is well supported; but must we add to that another theory to account for this mystery of the ages—this miracle in stone?

We ask one another this question. Meantime it is of interest to open the Bible at *Chronicles*, and read the few first chapters describing the Temple of Solomon. It is the acme of magnificence—gold, silver, precious stones and woods, woven draperies, all dedicated to the glory of God and the affluence and piety of the great king. It is gone now; man glorified it, and man has destroyed it. The Great Pyramid still stands in its naked and severe simplicity, and the names of its builders have never been known. They sought no glory; their God was too great to praise. But the Temple leads us to meditate on human splendor; and the Pyramid calls us to the desert, to humble ourselves before man's Creator. It is well to praise God for His perfections, but better to demonstrate what some of those perfections are.

* * *

NOTE. The excellent and captivating little volume—*A Miracle in Stone*, by Joseph A. Seiss, D.D.—was published in 1877 by Porter and Coates, 822 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. The above article is based upon it. It may be out of print by this time, but could probably be found in a public library.

Cuba of Today

(Continued from page 2)

and prefer to build for themselves palm-thatched huts and sleep on the ground. But they, too, are emerging. Formerly they had no needs at all. Now they have certain standard needs. Each man going home buys a doll's-sized trunk in which he puts a pair of shoes and usually a shirt and blue jean trousers. Also he invests in a gamecock. And these men take a lot of money back to Haiti. From one estate alone the laborers annually take over more than $300,000 above their living expenses.

These American sugar estates have created wants in the Haitians—absurdly primitive wants, it is true, but considerable as compared with zero. And that is also what they have done to a far greater degree among the Cubans.

Sugar growing is big business. To turn cane into sugar requires a mill investment of a million dollars or more. For the cane has to be brought in within two days after cutting and run through great crushers to extract the juice, and then this juice has to be treated until it becomes sugar and blackstrap. This is an intricate process requiring not only exact chemical control; but it has also to be done on a large scale. A mill which cannot turn out half a million bags of sugar in a season is hardly in the running.

Cane is grown by many native Cubans; indeed most of the cane is grown by them. They are known as *colonos* and sell their cane at a fixed share to the centrals—as the mills are called. These centrals also finance them and run in railroad sidings to bring out their cane and in many cases actually own the land. The *colono* is only a share-cropper but on a recognized basis, for his relations with the central are fixed by law. Without a central near at hand it is quite out of the question in these days to grow cane, for the old method of grinding cane in an ox mill and then recovering the sugar with a big boiling kettle gives a product for which there is no market.

Thus big business controls sugar and the economic life of Cuba. This big business is American. And it is truly American. The managers have found that only under good conditions can good work be done, and therefore every American central is an oasis. In the best of them the medical department is in full charge of all living conditions. Many maintain fine hospitals, and the plantations, for instance, of the United Fruit Company and the Hershey chocolate interests will stand up with any industrial community in America.

The houses are clean, screened, and electrically lighted. They go to great expense to find good water and to put in sanitary appliances which the people have been taught to use. In spite of the many diseases of the tropics, these estates are healthful. Yellow fever and dysentery have been stamped out and even malaria is rare, while hookworm has never found a hold in the best estates, in spite of the fact that nearly every Haitian arrives with hookworm and has to be treated.

The company stores are sometimes very extensive, and I know of several that do a gross business of more than a million dollars a year. These are not company stores in the way the old mine stores were. They sell for cash and at prices lower than the native stores—which buy on credit and sell on long terms. These stores sell American goods, whereas formerly the goods largely came from Spain.

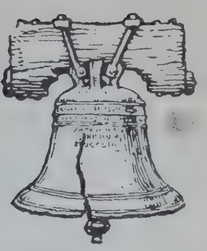
The people are thus being Americanized through American goods. The Cuban flapper can hold her own anywhere. The young Cuban feels that he has not arrived until he can sport heavy-framed glasses and show a fountain pen or two clasped to his breast pocket. The cotton stocking is obsolete. The people I am speaking of are not the rich or even the well-to-do, but the workers who ten years ago were living in thatched huts. Many are still living in thatched huts and are content so to live—but not the younger generation. And, what is more, this younger generation is learning, although sorrowfully, that the things they want can be had only through work.

THE richer people are quite Americanized. Before the war they sent their children to Spain or to France to be educated. They bought their motor cars abroad and the women went to Paris for their clothing. Now the children go to the United States and one seldom sees other than an American automobile. The women buy their clothing in New York. And the country is gradually becoming bilingual through the motion pictures. These are all American-made and have the captions in both Spanish and English.

Cuba thinks itself in the depths. In point of fact there is more money to spend in Cuba than in any country in the West Indies. That is what the American dollar has done. For the moment, they think themselves poor only because they are comparing with the boom year. But it never hurt anyone to hitch his wagon to a star.

The next step is about to be taken. For a long while the project of putting a good road down the center of the island with laterals to all towns has been talked about. Now President Machado has actually started building under a contract with a Boston firm. The thought in the president's mind is that the automobile made America and so the chance is going to be offered to see if it will make Cuba. The experiment is one of the most interesting that is anywhere going on and the next five years will tell the story.

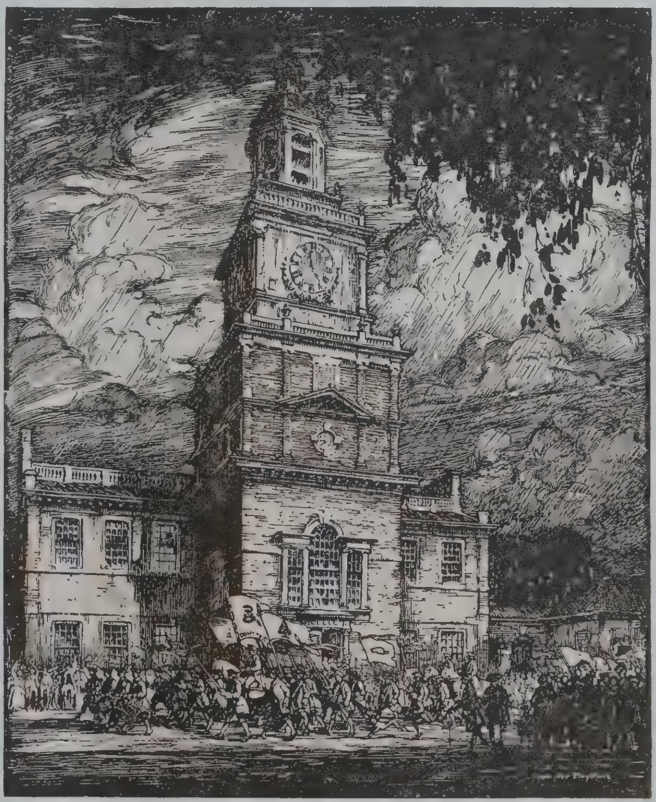
The First Reading *of the* Declaration *of* Independence



Reprinted from Howard Pyle's *Book of the American Spirit*, by permission of the publishers, Harper & Brothers, New York and London.

ON THE 8th of July, 1776, at Philadelphia, a procession of intelligent Americans passed out of the venerable State House and, ascending a platform at the front on Walnut Street, prepared to commit an act of treason against King George, of daring self-devotion to the interests of mankind. They had not only declared themselves free, independent; they were resolved to read publicly their declaration to their countrymen and the world. It was to be the signal to the people to rise from their bondage in Europe and America. We who can survey the political and moral progress of a hundred years—since Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, and their associates proclaimed themselves rebels at Philadelphia—may distinctly trace the wonderful results of their rare courage, their greatness. To them the future was covered with doubt and gloom.

‘The day was fine, the sun shone brightly. An immense throng of people had gathered around the State House to listen to the language of freedom. All was joy and hope. There was no trace of fear in all the great multitude, but an assurance of final triumph. At twelve o'clock the city officials, the congressmen, the sheriff, and the reader were at their posts. John Nixon, who had been selected on account of his sonorous voice to read for the first time the Declaration to the people, led the procession of the representatives as they filed from their chamber to the public rostrum. Franklin came next, almost the founder of the new nation. He was now seventy years old, his frame still vigorous, his intellect, like Plato's, growing calmer and clearer with time. The next ten years of his life were to be the most laborious and the most important of all. He had snatched the lightning from the heavens; he was now to wrest the scepter from the hands of tyrants. Franklin's venerable face and form on this memorable occasion, as he modestly walked to the platform, must have convinced the people that philosophy and discretion were now satisfied that there was no hope for freedom but in resistance. He had pledged his liberty and life for his country. Next came the impulsive orator, John Adams, to whose effective eloquence on the 2d of July is ascribed the final passage of the act of independence. He was thirty years younger than Franklin, in the full strength of his powers. Eager, ardent, ambitious, studious, the cultivated schoolmaster of Worcester had now become one of the world's benefactors. Beside him, and still younger—he was only thirty-three—the tall, thin form of Thomas Jefferson might be seen, the author of the admirable appeal. The keenest, subtlest intellect of his time, Jefferson had embraced the principles of democracy with ardor, and labored to discover and heal the woes of the people. Samuel Adams followed, the pure democrat, who believed more than Jefferson taught, whose life of self-devotion proved the value of freedom. To him John Adams was accustomed to ascribe the decisive blow that divided the New World from the Old. He determined the future fate of generations of men. Hancock was with them, the polished, graceful merchant, wealthy, singularly aspiring, who bore Washington's rise to the chief command of the army with some impatience, but whose courageous hand signed, as President of Congress, the first copy of the Declaration alone.



—*Drawing by Gerald Van der Heyden.*
Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

‘Then Charles Carroll appeared, who afterward, at the signing, when some one said there were several of his name, fixed upon himself the glory and danger of the act, and wrote, ‘of Carrollton.’ Hopkinson, comic poet and political writer; Robert Morris, the financier whose loans and credit saved the army in its moment of extreme destitution; McKean, the learned delegate from Delaware; Samuel Chase, the worthy associate of Carroll, from Maryland; and Edward Rutledge, the brilliant patriot from South Carolina—complete our picture. These were a few only of that rare, memorable body of men who signed the Declaration. They were of varied qualities, of almost equal excellence. Jefferson, austere and philosophic, represented the extreme school of the thought of the day—he embodied it in his famous composition; Charles Carroll, cultivated in all the graces of Parisian society, a Roman Catholic, educated in France; the polished Hancock; Rutledge; Chase—threw over the assembly something of the formal manner of the ancient régime. The stern severity of Samuel Adams showed what republicanism must be. Wiser and truer men never lived than these representatives of America. But as yet the traitor's doom hung over them; the executioners were assembled in New York Bay.

‘Meditative and composed, they showed no fear. It is said that Nixon's sonorous voice filled all the great assembly, that it was heard distinctly on the opposite side of the street, that not an accent faltered nor a word was lost. For the first time the remarkable paper, that for more than a hundred years has been sounding in the ears of men, was declaimed at Philadelphia; it had all the attractions of novelty, all the force of deep conviction. Happy the men who heard for the first time its germ of wisdom! Happy those who could so hail its perilous truths! “We believe that all men are born free and equal; we believe in our indestructible rights; we proclaim ourselves independent.” It is easy to imagine the intense interest of the people, the unbounded joy, the sense of a new existence. They cheered, they shouted. For the rest of the day Philadelphia was given up to enthusiastic rejoicings. The people wandered cheering through the streets; at night bonfires and illuminations lit up the scene. The reading of the Declaration awoke everywhere the same enthusiastic ardor. At Princeton, the college glowed at night with a fine illumination.

‘Washington, while the guns of the English armada were heard at the Narrows, ordered the Declaration to be read before the army. It was received with shouts of joy. That night the patriots tore down the gilded statue of King George in the Bowling Green, and soon after cast it into bullets . . . Boston, just snatched from the grasp of the tyrant, broke into fierce enthusiasm . . . The Declaration was not commented on in the newspapers.’

America's First Peace Conference

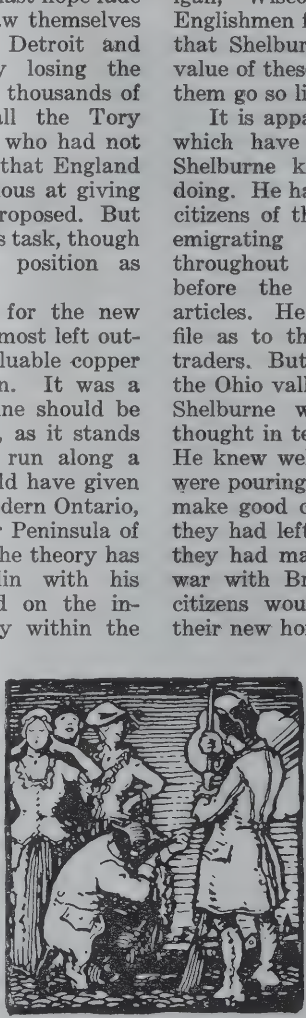
(*Continued from page 5*)

great Catherine, who certainly had a mind of her own; it failed to regard the difficulty of transporting thousands of troops overland from St. Petersburg to the far point of Siberia, a distance of nearly five thousand miles, before the days of railroads—ignoring entirely the possibility of hostilities of the Tartars and others who are even today by no means conciliatory to intruders.

The scheme involved sending a British fleet from Plymouth, around Africa, across the Indian Ocean, up the coast of China, thence across the Pacific to Peru and Chile. It was a great idea on paper.

When the terms of the preliminary treaty were announced, a storm of opposition arose against Shelburne. The British merchant classes were wild at the inadequate provisions made for the collection of their debts. The loyalists saw their last hope fade out. The British exporters saw themselves losing the Indian trade to Detroit and 'Chicagou' and consequently losing the valuable fur trade which kept thousands of Londoners busy. Above all the Tory squires and Whig landowners who had not yet got it into their heads that England had just lost a war, were furious at giving up so much territory as was proposed. But Shelburne kept resolutely at his task, though it ultimately cost him his position as premier.

The boundaries arranged for the new Republic of North America almost left outside the United States the valuable copper country of northern Michigan. It was a question as to whether the line should be run through the Great Lakes, as it stands today, or whether it should run along a parallel of latitude which would have given the United States a part of modern Ontario, but would have left the Upper Peninsula of Michigan to Great Britain. The theory has been advanced that Franklin with his interest in electricity insisted on the inclusion of the copper country within the borders of the United States. This story is probably apocryphal—certainly the papers of the English premier give no evidence of any discussion on the point and the writers on Franklin have not yet turned out any evidence on the subject. But it is true that for some time a line was seriously considered which would have deprived the United States of the copper lands.



Boundaries provided for were drawn in such ignorance of local topography that England and the United States argued until 1842 straightening out the difficulties. The American commissioners have mentioned the use of the John Mitchell map of 1755 as the one by which the boundaries were drawn. The New York Historical Society has John Jay's copy of the Mitchell map so used. Historians have long known of copies of the maps with various markings by Oswald and Franklin which were used at the time of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty in 1842 to settle the Maine boundary. However, the papers of the British minister make no mention of the use of Mitchell's map, but frequently allude to the use of a map by a well-known 18th Century geographer, Herman Moll.

Shelburne's generosity to America in the matter of boundaries was so violently attacked by the Tories of the time, that it has sometimes even been alleged that he was ignorant of the whole continent of North America and what it contained. His papers substantially disprove this charge. On all the points which subsequently aroused controversy, he was in the possession of documents which gave him the best contemporary information. When the treaty gave the United States the most important British fur-trading posts along the Great Lakes and, in addition, all the territory of what is now Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, many Englishmen felt they had been overreached, that Shelburne should have known of the value of these lands and should not have let them go so lightly.

It is apparent however from the papers which have now come to America that Shelburne knew very well what he was doing. He had reliable information that the citizens of the Thirteen Colonies had been emigrating west into the Ohio valley throughout the war—and that, months before the signing of the preliminary articles. He had plenty of information on file as to the interests of the British fur traders. But he deliberately sacrificed both the Ohio valley and the trading posts. For Shelburne was one of those men who thought in terms of centuries, not of years. He knew well enough that the people who were pouring over the mountains would not make good citizens of British dominions—they had left the eastern seaboard because they had many of them been ruined by a war with Britain. What kind of British citizens would they make if they found their new homes under the domination of the same British king they were trying to get away from?

It has sometimes been suggested that the winning of the old Northwest was the work of George Rogers Clark, whom Thomas Jefferson had sent out to capture the British posts during the war. That may be true, but there is not the slightest evidence in Shelburne's papers that he ever heard of George Rogers Clark and his exploits. Shelburne based his decision to give the West to the United States on very different grounds. When he said he wanted no matters of contention nor any international danger spots to remain between the United States and England, he meant it, and that is much more likely to be the real reason why he consented to let the United States have the country between the Ohio River and the Lakes.

It is difficult to read Shelburne's letters and his comments on the various drafts of the treaty without the conclusion being reached that he was one Englishman in a thousand and that so far as United States history is concerned, we were exceedingly fortunate to have such a man in power in England at precisely the moment of making peace. The papers contain also Shelburne's notes on the fierce debates in Parliament when he was called upon to defend his conduct to the nation. From these it is evident that the parliamentary reporter has not always given full reports of what went on.

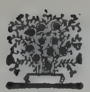
Shelburne not only defended his policy on the grounds of the intrinsic importance of peace, but he exposed the sad state of the British navy as a reason for stopping the war at once. One significant bit of paper in Shelburne's writing contains the following words: 'Loss of discipline—repugnance to distant service—bad state of the dockyards—bad raw material—no cordage—neither dispatch nor secrecy.' Other notes which exist in his own handwriting show that with all his ability he could not foresee the activities of the modern 'realtor.'

In defending the loss of Florida to Spain, he commented: 'Florida only a small sandbank—circuitous navigation—no port for cargo ships—not worth risking—and must at last fall into the American Union.' On the last he was right at any rate. Another set of notes contains the following interesting philosophy: 'Wars rarely pay for themselves—certainly not losing wars—nor equal wars—nor wars for colonies—nor wars for future colonies.'

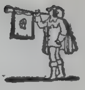
It was this homely common sense and geniality in which Shelburne excelled—just as did Franklin. The minds of these two stand out in vivid contrast to the more rigid and less imaginative mentalities of the other Britishers and Americans who were engaged in the negotiation. Franklin and Shelburne were building a structure of international amity which they intended should last—whereas one frequently feels that the other commissioners were sparring for temporary advantage and were often unduly elated when they scored a diplomatic point. Shelburne and Franklin were consciously trying to be the architects of an enduring peace—a peace based on the undeniable unity of the English-speaking peoples.

Washington's Farewell

'The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. The independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint councils and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes. Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.'—George Washington in his Farewell Address.



CAN YOU TELL ME?



Question. Was the Declaration of Independence signed by all the delegates on July 4?

Answer. No. The Declaration of Independence was signed on July 4, 1776, by the president and secretary of the Continental Congress whose signatures only were borne by the printed copies sent out. On July 19 Congress passed a resolution to the effect that it should be engrossed on parchment and on August 2, 1776, it was signed by 53 members present; Gerry of Massachusetts, McKean of Delaware and Thornton of New Hampshire were empowered by their legislatures to sign later, Thornton not signing till November 4.

* * *

Q. Why does the Postal Department assess a fine of two cents for parcels of patrons living on the rural route, mailed at the office?

A. The law passed by Congress on February 28, 1925, effective April 15, 1925, does not require the two-cent service charge for parcels collected on rural routes, but it does require the two-cent service charge on parcels mailed at all post offices, irrespective of whether those mailing parcels at the post offices are farmers or not.

* * *

Q. How many people are employed in the Custodian Service of the Treasury Department of the United States?

A. There are 5,901 employes in this Service.

* * *

Q. What is the homicide rate for the United States and how does it compare with that of other countries?

A. Homicide rates per 100,000 of population for the following countries during the years given were:

United States (Registration Area) 1911-21	7.2
Italy, 1910-20	3.6
Australia, 1911-20	1.9
South Africa, 1912-18	1.8
New Zealand, 1911-22	0.9
Ireland, 1911-19	0.9
Spain, 1911-17	0.9
Norway, 1910-19	0.8
England and Wales, 1911-21	0.8
Quebec, 1911-21	0.5
Ontario, 1911-21	0.5
Scotland, 1911-21	0.4
Holland, 1911-18	0.3
Switzerland, 1911-20	0.2

Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman in *The Spectator*, New York City, states that in 28 American cities for which uniform statistics have been collected since 1900 and which in 1926 had an aggregate population of nearly 23,000,000, the murder death rate for 1926 was 9.9 per 100,000, against 11.0 in 1925. Statistics for 118 American cities reveal a combined homicide death rate of these cities for 1926 as 10.1 per 100,000, as compared with 10.5 for the previous year. The rates for the individual cities range from 75.9 for Jacksonville, Florida, to no homicides for 18 of the 118 cities reporting. It is estimated that there are at the present time about 12,000 murder deaths in this country during the course of a year.

Q. Who were the parents of Stephen F. Austin and did he have any brothers or sisters? When did he die and where was he buried?

A. Stephen F. Austin was the son of Moses Austin and Maria Brown Austin, his wife. Maria Brown Austin was the foster daughter and grandniece by marriage of Benjamin Fuller of Philadelphia. Stephen F. Austin was born at Austinville, Wythe County, Virginia, November 13, 1793. He died near Columbia, Texas, December 27, 1836, and his body was interred at Peach Point, Texas, December 29, 1836. On October 20, 1910, his remains were brought to Austin and reinterred with military honors in the State Cemetery. His sisters and brothers were as follows: Anna Maria Austin (died in infancy), Eliza Fuller Austin, Emily Margaret Brown Austin, J. Elijah Brown Austin.

* * *

Q. Who were the signers of the Constitution of the United States?

A. The Constitution originally consisted of a Preamble and seven Articles and in that form was ratified by a convention of the states, September 17, 1787. The signers of the original Constitution, by virtue of their membership in Congress, were: Geo. Washington, President and deputy from Virginia. New Hampshire—John Langdon, Nicholas Gilman. Massachusetts—Nathaniel Gorham, Rufus King. Connecticut—Wm. Saml. Johnson, Roger Sherman. New York—Alexander Hamilton. New Jersey—Wil. Livingston, David Brearley, Wm. Patterson, Jona. Dayton. Pennsylvania—B. Franklin, Robt. Morris, Thos. Fitzsimons, James Wilson, Thomas Mifflin, Geo. Clymer, Jared Ingersoll, Gouv. Morris. Delaware—Geo. Read, John Dickinson, Jaco. Broom, Gunning Bedford jun, Richard Bassett. Maryland—James McHenry, Danl. Carrol, Dan of St. Thos. Jenifer. Virginia—John Blair, James Madison, Jr. North Carolina—Wm. Blount, Hu. Williamson, Richd. Dobbs Spaight. South Carolina—J. Rutledge, Charles Pinckney, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, Pierce Butler. Georgia—William Few, Abr. Baldwin. Attest: William Jackson, secretary. (The names are given according to the original signatures.)

* * *

Q. How long is a generation?

A. A generation is usually considered as being thirty years, or three generations to a century.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Q. How many land-grant colleges are there and what is the total enrollment?

A. On June 30, 1925, there were 69 land-grant colleges, 17 of which were exclusively for colored students. The total enrollment in institutions for white students for 1924-25 was 245,480; in institutions for colored students, 14,871.

* * *

Q. What countries have old-age pension laws, at what ages do the pensions begin and how large are they?

A. Noncontributory old-age pension schemes exist in Australia, Denmark, France, Great Britain, Irish Free State, New Zealand, Norway, Uruguay and in certain of the United States. Contributory pension schemes have been introduced in Rumania, Spain, Switzerland, Belgium, Italy, the Netherlands, the Serb-Croat-Slovene kingdom, Bulgaria, Czecho-Slovakia and recently in Great Britain. The German system is a form of compulsory and contributory insurance. One-half the premium payable is paid by the laborer, the other half by the employer. The state adds a subvention to the allowances paid to the annuitant. Old age is assumed to occur at some stated age which varies from 50 to 70 years according to the country. Seventy is the accepted age in Germany, Great Britain and France; 60 in Denmark, 65 in New Zealand and Australia. Danish pension varies from 50 to 200 kroner ($16.30 to $53.60) per annum; French from 5 to 20 francs per month; British from 1 to 7¼ shillings per week and Australian and New Zealand up to $2.50 per week. In the United States, Alaska had the first state old-age pension law, and Montana, Wisconsin, Nevada, and Kentucky have passed such laws in recent years. In Kentucky the maximum pension is $250 a year to applicants 70 years of age or over, who have been citizens of the United States for 15 years and residents of the county for 10 years and who are not possessed of an income in excess of $400 a year, property valued at $2,500 or a child or other legally responsible person able to furnish support. The Kentucky act is similar to the Wisconsin plan in depending upon acceptance by the various counties. Administration is by county judges. Nearly all civilized countries have in operation a system of straight pensions to Government employes.

* * *

Q. Who were the members of the Debt Commission which negotiated the settlement of the war debts?

A. The members of the Debt Commission were: Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, chairman; Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State; Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce; Reed Smoot, United States Senator; Theodore E. Burton, member of the House of Representatives; Richard Olney, formerly member of the House of Representatives; Edward N. Hurley, formerly chairman of the United States Shipping Board. Garrard B. Winston, Under-secretary of the Treasury, is secretary of the Commission.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'To most people,' observed the ***Astronomer,*** 'a professor of this science is a man who spends all his nights gazing at heavenly bodies with a telescope, and sleeps in the day time. But a visit to a great modern observatory would soon disabuse one's mind of these ideas.

'At the Mt. Wilson Observatory in California the astronomers are more likely to be found examining a photographic plate with a microscope than a star with a telescope, and usually they sleep all night like most other people. In fact, the observatory proper, with the telescopes, is located on Mt. Wilson, a mile high, while the offices and workrooms are located down in Pasadena. A week's sojourn on the mountain usually gives one of the astronomers enough photographic material to keep him busy for a month or more.

'In most branches of astronomy,' continued the scientist, 'the human eye has been completely replaced by the photographic plate, and at Mt. Wilson the only time that one of the telescopes is used visually is on Friday evenings when visitors are permitted to look through the 60-inch reflector, the world's third largest telescope. The 100-inch telescope, nearby, is in such constant use for photographing heavenly scenes that it cannot be spared for visitors for even a single evening.

'Of course, the matter of convenience has had something to do with the widespread use of photography in astronomy, but even more important is the fact that the photographic plate sees more than the human eye. If a person looks through a telescope he can see as much at first glance as he can by an hour's scrutiny. In fact, after looking a long while, we really see less because the eyes tire. But the eye of the camera is untiring. If a faint star can be photographed in ten minutes' exposure, one twice as faint can be photographed in twenty minutes and one ten times as faint in a hundred minutes. In this way faint stars, as well as clouds of glowing gases called nebulae, too faint to be seen with the eye even when aided by the most powerful telescope, are photographed and studied.

'But there is one branch of astronomy in which visual observation still remains superior to photography, and that is the study of the planets. These bodies are so much closer to us than the stars that their light is sufficient to reveal their details to the eye. When the eye has enough light to enable it to see at its best, it can see more than the photographic plate.'

* * *

'Considering the absolute freedom of the United States Army engineers from political control (due in large part to their being permanently commissioned and being subject to discharge only for unfitness), it seems to me reasonable that other forms of Government work could be successfully carried on under that same system. Why not a railway corps and a railway West Point to supply the members of the corps?' said the ***Major of Engineers*** who had dropped in to have a talk with the editor.

'Why should not our railroads be operated just as the Panama Canal was built and is being operated, and just as our river and harbor improvements are being carried out? The corps of engineers of the Army completed the Canal with efficiency and dispatch, and are now in charge of its successful operation. These officers also supervise the Government's river and harbor development projects from year to year. They do this work well, without 'playing politics' and without a suggestion of graft.

'Since railroading requires special training, why should not our Government establish an academy on the order of West Point without all its military features, where could be given technical training needed by young men before they enroll for a course in the great school of experience?

'Upon graduating from the academy these future railroad officials could be commissioned into a 'United States Railway Corps,' to be removable only upon demonstrated unfitness. The corps could be placed under the Interstate Commerce Commission or other nonpolitical body created to direct its activities, and these railroad men could be given promotion and retired pay such as is now provided for in the Army.'

* * *

'Did you ever see the trek of the caribou?' asked the ***Man from Alaska.*** 'I can never witness a migration of these great herds of Arctic deer without becoming convinced that in time they will furnish a meat supply to hungry humanity rivaling that of our domestic cattle. While caribou are giving way to civilization, just as the bison did, and while the herds of the present day are not to be compared to those of a generation gone, yet there are indications that these wild animals may yet be mastered into range cattle. They still represent the greatest mass of wild life on the American continent, and the railroads, gradually creeping North and West will soon touch the edges of the caribou pastures. Just now these Arctic deer are migrating from their winter feeding quarters in sheltered valleys and woodlands to summer pastures in the Alaska barrens, and that means that spring is at hand north of the Yukon.'

* * *

'Do you know the population of the Turkish republic?' queried the ***Traveler from the one-time Ottoman Empire.*** 'No? Neither do the Turks themselves. It has been a guess, ranging all the way from 7,000,000 to 14,000,000. The New Turks wish to obtain this important information themselves, and while over there recently, I found that they were taking steps to estimate the population according to provisions recently passed by the Angora assembly for making a 'true census of the Turkish people.' This will be Turkey's first real census, because under the old empire, the government considered it too difficult an undertaking, and the Sultans had no desire to have the outside world know their exact military strength. Most of the previous censuses were mere estimates, based on figures furnished by a municipal head from his count of householders and the number of attendants at the weekly markets as the population of the surrounding country. A dependable census of Constantinople has as yet never been made. The outcome will be interesting, for the new Turkish republic is trying to stand on its own feet, and the outside world is keen for many reasons to know how many Turks there really are.'

* * *

'Slipping out of one country into another in Europe, and even back into the United States, is to many a painful experience. Having gone through the process half a dozen times, I am reasonably sure of my ground,' said the ***Tourist.*** 'Let me explain.

'Customs officials greet you at the border of each country. A few of them take it for granted that either through ignorance or premeditation you have with you dutiable goods. Others, perhaps because of a grouch or an attack of dyspepsia, insist on examining each article of clothing in your baggage, no matter how private its nature. Then more or less embarrassing questions will be asked about the trifles you may have picked up for your friends.

'In addition there is a possibility that your luggage may be adjudged overweight, and you assessed a considerable sum.

'However, our treatment at Naples was typical. The porters marched ahead with our two traveling bags and two suit cases, and we found them assembled on the customs inspectors' table ready for the examination.

'Had we any tobacco, matches, or other dutiable goods, including salt, sugar or coffee? No; only clothing and a couple of typewriters. Would the *signor* kindly open one of the cases? This was done. Thanks, that is all. The baggage was passed, without an article being disturbed. Splendid. We were delighted.

'England's inspectors, too, were as kindly disposed as those of Italy, Switzerland and France. At Victoria Station, to which destination our baggage had been assigned, not a single strap was loosened or a key turned. The few questions asked related to tobacco and spirits only.

'After a pleasant voyage we were once more on American soil with our foreign purchases practically undisturbed, having passed the gauntlet of inspection by a dozen officials representing five sovereign nations.'

* * *

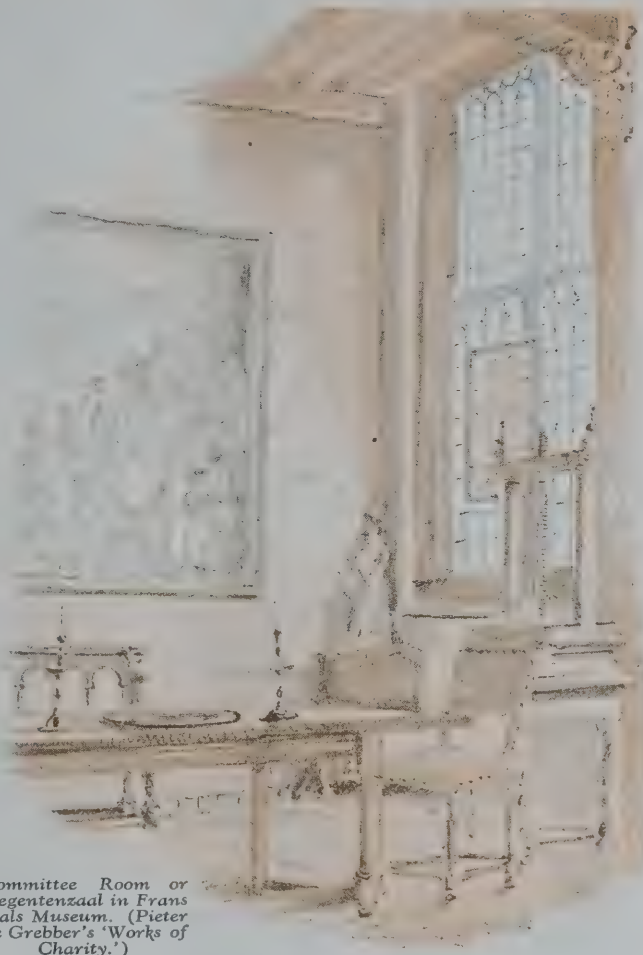
'Nothing new under the sun,' said the ***Collector of Rarities*** referring to one of the Thackeray (unpublished) letters recently sold at the New York Anderson Galleries. 'Here is an extract from a letter written by Thackeray in 1852, while on a visit to New York. "It's nothing here but dollars and flattery . . . The girls are dressed like the most stunning French actresses, the houses furnished like the most splendid French gambling houses . . . The jolly manner (jollying) answers here very well." '

Haarlem, the Home of a Great Master

(*Continued from page 8*)

effort also failed, for it was found impossible to keep the southern Catholic half of the Netherlands subject to the northern. They successfully rebelled, and form today the kingdom of Belgium. Still Napoleonic policy was reversed in Holland and on that account the impress which it set upon Haarlem stands as an isolated experiment.

That impress is subtle almost to the point of evanescence. You will not find it in the furniture or the streets, still less in speech, and only by rare accident (I am told) in the social traditions of the town. But the large house which Louis Bonaparte made his palace, with all its arrangements still exactly preserved, with its suggestion of French plantation about it, remains strongly fixed upon the memory of any man that has visited Haarlem with some thought for its history. There may be other points in Holland where this passing effect is felt. I do not know. Some might quote the library at Utrecht. Certainly in Haarlem it is unmistakable.


Committee Room or Regentenzaal in Frans Hals Museum. (Pieter de Grebber's 'Works of Charity.')

The Frans Hals Museum is a thing quite by itself in Europe. It is one of those examples which you get about once in a hundred times (where modern public work is concerned) of intelligence and imagination combined.

Imagine, instead of the regulation large rooms, crowded with heterogeneous work of all shapes, sizes and styles, the conventional skylight and the mournful guards in uniform pacing up and down the huge galleries, a *private house;* a private house such as the man himself might have inhabited or did inhabit. The rooms are small and low, in excellent proportion; each containing some few and some few only of the many masterpieces, in more than one case a single picture alone upon its wall.

It would be impossible to imagine a more exact setting or a more congenial one for great work. Indeed it is the right kind of setting for any work; and the whimsical thought occurred to me as I reveled in the congruity of the place that we might do worse than organize something of the sort for the idols of the 19th Century in England. It would be great fun, for instance, to have a large Burne-Jones collection set up in a Victorian semidetached villa with furniture complete: not omitting Japanese fans upon the walls; or a Watts collection under the same surroundings.

Or one might have one of our more modern people, with their deliberate search for ugliness, set in surroundings of the boarding house the painter inhabited while he was yet permitted by the wrath of God to offend this world.

At any rate the Frans Hals Museum succeeds more than a little; and if one could hope anything of public affairs, one might hope with a sigh that, on the model of this, other similar work should be done elsewhere. Why could not one have a Corot museum set in some large and solid French farmhouse in the midst of the country where he drew? Or a set of Constables in an English farmhouse of Essex, unspoiled?

You come upon this delightful thing in a street of small, regular, similar houses, quite low, with a characteristic Dutch stepped gable upon each, all wonderfully clean, wonderfully alike, and all of the time when the painter lived and worked. You go through a door like any of the other smartly painted old doors; you are surrounded by his atmosphere and his being, and by the 17th Century preserved and still alive.

Indeed Haarlem, though it has not that sort of antique exaggeration which marks out special towns as examples of antiquity, has in great profusion an inheritance of the greatest moment in Dutch history, when independence has been achieved and before the rise of England has overshadowed the political power of the country; the moment of the great commercial adventure and that amazing chapter in the history of art which ended after one long lifetime with such singular abruptness.

Haarlem has for its two chief monuments the very great church dating as do all the chief ecclesiastical buildings of the country from the later Middle Ages, and the market house immediately at its side. The vastness of the church within strikes one even more strongly than it does in the parallel cases of the sister towns because it has been even more thoroughly denuded of ornament.

It is completely bare, save for one interesting survival of a custom which the dominant religion of the great merchants and sea captains in Holland should have frowned upon, but which seems to have lingered on from the days before the Reformation. There are, upon the southern side of the nave, three exquisite little models of ships hanging like *ex votos.* I found them surprising.

There are crowds of such things in the French and Italian and Spanish seaport towns. There were crowds of them doubtless in the seaport towns of the northern Netherlands before the great religious quarrel of the later 16th Century. If there were such they disappeared, it would seem, save here.

For the rest, Haarlem is an example of what all these wealthy, commercial, crowded cities of the United Provinces are. It is an example of their astonishing proximity. You can walk in an afternoon from a considerable agglomeration of Haarlem to the vast city of Antwerp through the intensive agriculture of pasture land between. You can walk in a long day to Leiden.

There is always some geographic reason to explain the position of each such market and gathering place (save perhaps in the case of the Capital): either it is the junction of two rivers, or the convenience of the port, or a patch of firm land in the midst of what was originally marsh. In the case of Haarlem there was the big lake, now reclaimed, which served I suppose the origins of the place for a sort of port connected with the sea.

But what you cannot explain—at least what I have never seen explained—is the perpetual reoccurrence of one great town after another, and distances which will seem to make the separate economic life of each impossible. One would think that a place like Amsterdam would leave a neighbor like Utrecht, or a still closer neighbor like Haarlem, without any economic basis at all.

Yet somehow or other commerce has struck root in every one of these many centers and made of Holland politically what indeed all the Netherlands have been since the Middle Ages, a civilization built entirely upon jealously independent, immensely wealthy burgess cities, and to this day you get the note of that everywhere throughout the Netherlands.

One of the best historians and observers of his own country said to me in Brussels not long ago, 'We are essentially a federation of town republics and neither Holland nor Belgium is in equilibrium save when that truth is recognized.' And in Haarlem you feel that truth most powerfully. It stood its famous siege against the Spaniards, it lived intensely its own life before and after.

BRIEFLY TOLD

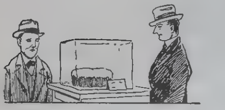
THE GERMAN CRUISER *Emden*, en route from Celebes Island in the Dutch East Indies to Nagasaki, Japan, measured an ocean depth of 34,416 feet, the greatest known depth up to this time being 32,644 feet.

A FRENCH WATCHMAKER has invented a watch that tells time without hands, by means of a moving dial which turns inside a stationary rim. The minutes appear on the rim and an opening in the dial shows the hour. The center makes a complete turn every minute.

THE INSPIRATION to propose to his wife came to Ulysses S. Grant when fording the swollen Gravois River. The manner of her clinging to him in fear gave him the inspiration and he proposed then and there.

NINETY-SIX PER CENT of the 54,318 rural mail routes have been motorized.

SINCE THE STATE CLOTHING SYNDICATE announced that it would pay fifty cents for every cat skin to be used in making cheap fur coats, a war has been waged on the cats in Leningrad, Russia.



IN A MUSEUM IN Ottawa, Ontario, there is a cake, a relic of the Arctic expedition of Sir John Franklin in 1845, made of pemmican, which is a compound of beef, fats and dried fruit; it is still good to eat.

A LONDON HOTEL keeper has finished his dining rooms in primrose and blue because these colors cause the diners to relax and be cheerful and hungry.

A POSTAL CARD three feet long and two feet wide and requiring one dollar postage was recently received in Chicago inviting the postoffice clerks to attend the national convention of their organization in Indianapolis.

A ROBIN BUILT a nest in a mop on the back porch of the home of a Chicago woman. She secured another mop and left the robin undisturbed until a family of six were reared.

EVERY MEMBER of the family of Herbert Asquith is a writer. Asquith, known as Lord Oxford, is writing a volume of memoirs; Lady Oxford has completed a novel and a volume of essays; Princess Bibesco, their daughter, is writing plays and a novel; and Cyril Asquith, the son, has written a book on trade union law.

BY A RECENT SURVEY by the United States Public Health Service it was found that colds cause a time loss equivalent to 1.4 days a year for every man employe and 2.1 days a year for every woman.

DIAL NUMBERS have been converted into raised characters to enable blind persons to tune-in different stations on the radio receiver.

HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, Victor Hugo's home in exile, has been given by his descendants to the city of Paris.

THERE WERE MORE than 5,150,000 hunting licenses taken out by sportsmen throughout the United States and the Territory of Alaska during the season of 1925-26.

SENSE OF SMELL IS worth $800 according to a case in Paris where a cook was awarded this amount for the loss of the sense of smell when knocked down by a taxi.

EVERY BRIDE in Mackenrode, Saxony, married in twelve months, with one exception, had the surname Mueller.

CRICKET FIGHTING is a popular sport in China. The combat takes place in a large earthen jar and is fought to the finish.

MRS. THEODORE HOFFMAN, of New York, recently received a postcard mailed to her in 1915 from a point twenty-five miles from her home.

BIDDY ANN, a white leghorn hen, in Iowa, being deprived of her setting of eggs, flew to the top of a tree and took possession of a crow's nest and eggs. She comes to earth twice a day for food and water.

THE SAYING that 'a cat has nine lives' is generally supposed to have originated from the old myth that Pasht, the cat-headed goddess of Egypt, had nine lives.

THERE ARE SEVERAL countries of which no census has ever been taken. They are Persia, Afghanistan, the Indo-Chinese peninsula, half of Africa, parts of South America and most of China.

WHEN ALFRED MCGEE, a wealthy farmer near Glenville, Alabama, died he made the request that his grave be made near the highway and that the farmers hauling their cotton crop to market would call out to him in a loud voice the price of cotton for that day. This has been done for forty-five years.

IN THE FRENCH NIGERIAN court of Sultan Barmous, Mohammedan traditions are carefully preserved. Like some Oriental despot of old, the Sultan has his dinner served in solitary state under a great mango tree, while the court musicians, whose duty it is to entertain him, play with backs turned, since no one must see him eat.

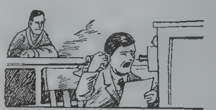
COROT'S OAKS HAVE BEEN sold to a timber merchant. The country folk of Mur, near Loudeac, Brittany, were forced to choose between the trees and higher taxes.

TWO BILLION DOLLARS IN gold are held in the New York Assay Office in Wall Street, branch of the United States Assay. Here was actually amassed the first billion dollars in the world.

WITH THE LARGEST WORLD telescope, on Mt. Wilson, California, man looks trillions of miles into space. He is able to see stars separated from him by the distance light could travel in 72,000 years, on the basis that in one year light travels 5,800,000,000,000 miles. He sees that the 'dust' in the Milky Way consists of millions of suns, each with its family of planets rotating around it.

TWENTY-TWO HUNDRED WOMEN fill important executive positions with banks.

THERE IS A BAPTIST CHURCH in Santa Rosa, California, 60 feet wide by 100 feet long, with seating capacity of 400 that was built entirely from timber sawed from one redwood tree. Although everything, except the glass, used in construction was furnished by the tree, only two-thirds of the tree was needed and 60,000 shingles were left over.



IN ABYSSINIA, a telephone message must first be written and handed to the operator, who, in turn, shouts it into the transmitter, no one else being permitted to use the instrument.

SOFT-SHELLED ADLAY, WHICH grows in tropical climes, is mentioned as a substitute for wheat in case the world's population increases to such proportion as to necessitate increased production of foodstuffs. A hard-shelled species of adlay is cultivated for its seeds, which are made into ornamental beads.

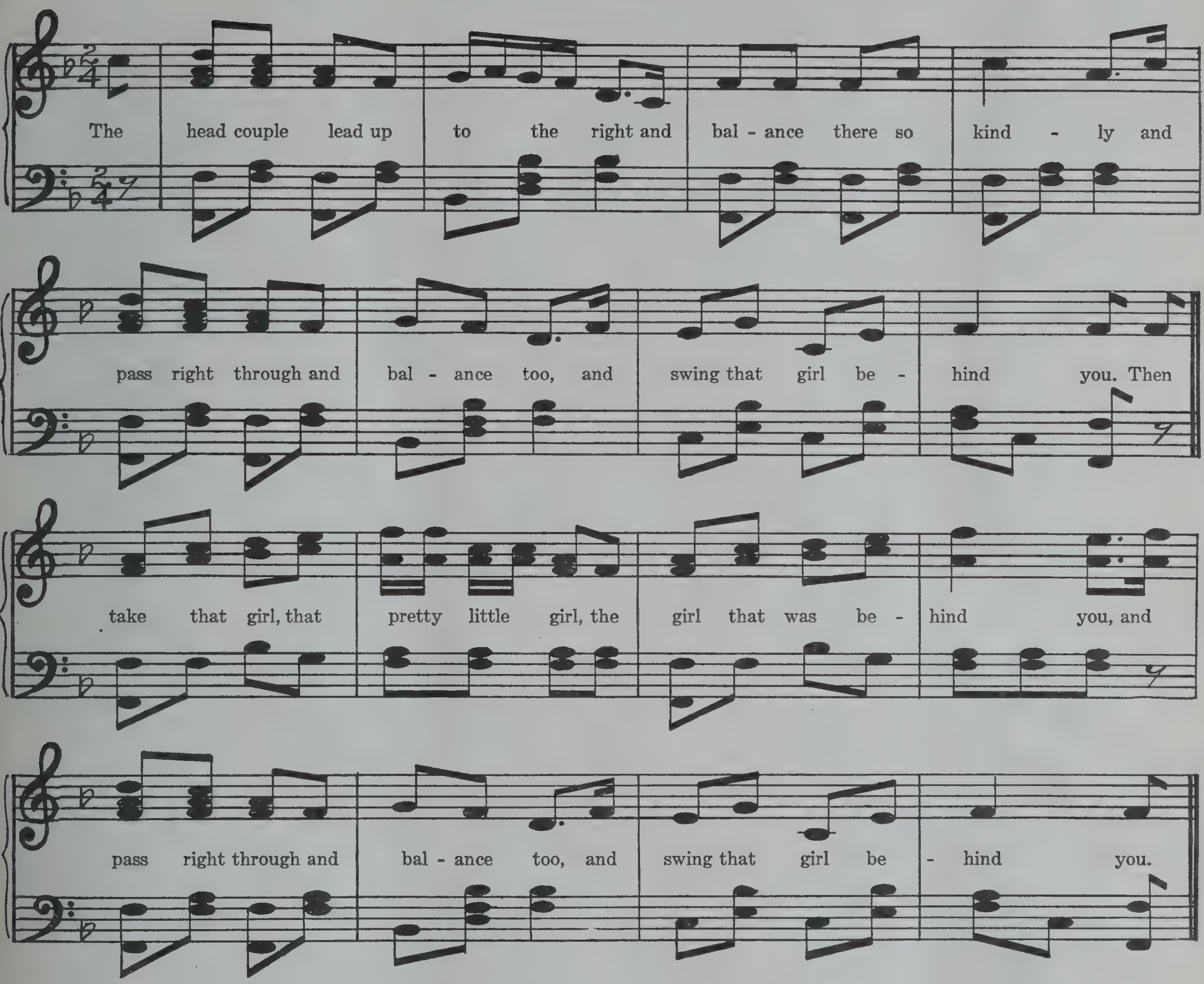
THE FUNCTION OF A RECENT calculation invention, consisting of 15,000 parts, is to predict high tides and low tides two years in advance for any port in the world.

SCIENTISTS' OBSERVATIONS INDICATE that in 1922 the sun radiated 4 per cent less heat than normally, and that since then it has not been up to par. There is no danger of sol burning out yet, however, as the life of a star such as the sun is estimated to be 30,000,000,000,000 years, and the sun is still comparatively young.

AMONG THE MOST NOMADIC PEOPLE of the world are the Bakhtiyari tribes of Persia, where the main and about the only source of income is herding. Nature doesn't allow the Bakhtiyari to settle permanently; to escape withering heat and then to avoid the cold they are constantly journeying from the Persian Gulf lowlands to the plateau highlands and back again. Their neighbors count them among the worst of the plundering hordes of the world.

THE BLACKS OF AFRICA AND their full-blooded descendants in any part of the world never sneeze.

The Girl I Left Behind Me


The head couple lead up to the right and bal - ance there so kind - ly and
pass right through and bal - ance too, and swing that girl be - hind you. Then
take that girl, that pretty little girl, the girl that was be - hind you, and
pass right through and bal - ance too, and swing that girl be - hind you.

The Girl I Left Behind Me

FORMATION in a square, one couple on each side.

- Read the description carefully.
- Instrumental music is not necessary; sing the song while dancing. The words fit both the music and the movements of the dance.
- Can be used in the ballroom, in the home, on the lawn, playground or at summer camps. Head couple begin the movement.

THE SONG *or* CALLS

The head couple lead up to the right, and balance there so kindly	*8 counts*
(The head couple lead to the right, face that couple on the side and balance.)	
And pass right through, and balance too	*4 counts*
(Head couple pass between and balance again back to back with the same couple.)	
And swing that girl behind you	*4 counts*
(The two gentlemen will turn and swing their new partners.)	

Head gentleman now leaves his original partner, takes his new lady and continues on to the next couple, and then to the next, taking a different partner each time, until he returns to his own place. The next couple on the right begins the same movement, and so on until all have gone through the changes, and each couple is in its original place.

NOTE:
If instrumental music is used, call *Grand Right and Left* at the end of each song. This introduces a variation between each couple's turn.

NOTES ❧ COMMENTS ❧ CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the difference between flattery and truth in friendship and business.

* * *

The cover design by Irving R. Bacon represents the first reading of the Declaration of Independence. The leading figures have been carefully studied by the artist from contemporary portraits.

* * *

Cuba and sugar were once almost synonymous terms. Now it is Cuba and commercial expansion, according to Samuel Crowther, internationally known author and contributor to leading magazines. New railroads and modern highways have transformed a country where jungle trails leading to nowhere were all that its Spanish rulers would permit. 'The message to Garcia' has had results. Cuba today is something more than a mere appendage from which a foreign nation squeezed saccharine juice. It is a living, growing part of America. (p. 1)

* * *

Something psychic from Hamlin Garland, novelist and dramatist, author of the Middle Border series, marks a new departure for this historian of the pioneers. An excursion into the unseen has a fascination for everyone. Men are always striving to lift the veil with little or no result. Hamlin Garland attempts to penetrate 'the Dark Side of the Moon' with interesting results. (p. 3)

* * *

Appropriately enough there appears this week an account of America's first peace conference, by Professor Randolph Adams, custodian of the William L. Clements Library of American History, University of Michigan. The writer brings out the fact that Great Britain, beaten in the war with the American Colonies, was gaining ground against France and Spain. (p. 4)

* * *

But Britain had learned the lesson of the War of Independence and Lord Shelburne, her representative at the conference, was anxious to make the peace a lasting one. He foresaw that the peace of the world depended on peace in the Anglo-Saxon race, and the infant republic made an excellent bargain with the mother country. (p. 4)

* * *

The folk songs of a nation redeem it from sheer and sordid materialism. It is among the mountain folk that these songs mostly survive. It is generally thought that the mountaineers of Tennessee and the Cumberlands are the only real exponents of these lyrics of medieval times, but that the English folk songs also survive in Ohio is manifest from the typical specimens that Mary O. Eddy has collected from aged people in outlying parts of the country. Carl Sandburg gives a few words of introduction and commendation. (p. 6)

* * *

Another of Hilaire Belloc's stories of Holland deals with Haarlem, which was the home of Frans Hals, the great painter. The Hals museum is a private house. This gives an idea to other cities. In place of the pictures being shown in a large, barn-like hall they are displayed on the walls of various rooms of different sizes in appropriate settings. (p. 8)

* * *

A notion is prevalent in America that Europe is concerned only with big international questions—that the ordinary citizen talks of little else—but Putnam Phillips, the pseudonym of a writer of more than American reputation, calls all this 'show-window stuff.' (p. 9)

* * *

There is a fairy story which tells of an emperor who was so much flattered by his followers that he was actually led to believe he was wearing a fine new coat, but in reality the coat was nonexistent. Nell Upshaw Gannon, who is related to Congressman William D. Upshaw, has written a story to prove that people will talk themselves and others into believing anything. Affectation is particularly rife in the world of literature and art. There is much talk about the 'classics' when only a vague notion exists as to what the 'classics' mean. Independence of thought and fearless self-expression are getting rare. (p. 12)

* * *

The Great Pyramid has been called a miracle in stone, but it is more correctly the miracle of mind and muscle over matter. Julian Hawthorne gives us a revealing story of just what the Pyramid means. A world's wonder perfectly proportioned and mathematically projected, it was built to demonstrate certain scientific theories that have stood the test of centuries. Julian Hawthorne, son of the great novelist, is the compiler. (p. 14)

* * *

Huien-Tsaing, the Chinese Livingstone, completes his epochal journey in the second part of Charles J. Finger's narrative; his search for a new way of life having been successful, he returns laden with information and rich material gifts. (p. 16)

* * *

When we talk of cave dwellers we think of prehistoric man clad in wild beasts' skins and carrying a club. But there are in Spain bands of gypsies who to this day live in caves cut out of the mountainside. Professor Karpinski, of the University of Michigan, at present traveling in Spain, gives a vivid account of these *gitanos*. (p. 20)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Referring to the article in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of May 28 ('Nebraska Had a Singing Mouse') by B. H. L., I may say that when a boy about sixteen years old and living with my folks at 710 Troupe Street, Kansas City, Kansas, where my mother still resides, I was working as junior clerk for a packing company in Kansas City.

About this time we were amused by a peculiar whistling noise about the pantry and in the cellar, and at times it would be quite melodious. For a while we could not make out the source of the noise and did not for some time try hard to locate it, but it kept up and we started a real investigation and found that the noise originated from a common house mouse.

Of course we did not want to kill it, and I carried the news to the office. One can imagine the result. There was nothing for me to do but prove my story, so I set about capturing our singing mouse without hurting it. We caught mice but they would not sing. We kept putting them in a cage and keeping them until we would hear our singing mouse and then we would destroy them. Finally we caught the right mouse. It did not sing for some time, but as it got tamer it would sing, and finally it would sing when someone was watching it. Of course, I vindicated myself at the office, but I cannot for the life of me remember what became of this mouse.

T. J. EVANS.

Dorchester Center, Massachusetts.

Since the first of April your excellent magazine has been coming to me. I wish to tell the editorial staff how much I like it.

First of all, the covers both front and back are very attractive and I *love the second page of illustrated poems.* In this June 4 number just at hand, I have read with great interest William Barton's article on Cotton Mather, as I did a few weeks ago of his own work at Hollywood.

Thomas L. Masson's article, 'For Those Who Don't Like Poetry,' is a fine study of the divine art of poetry—a subject which always finds me interested.

The history pages and the department 'Can You Tell Me' give much worth-while information.

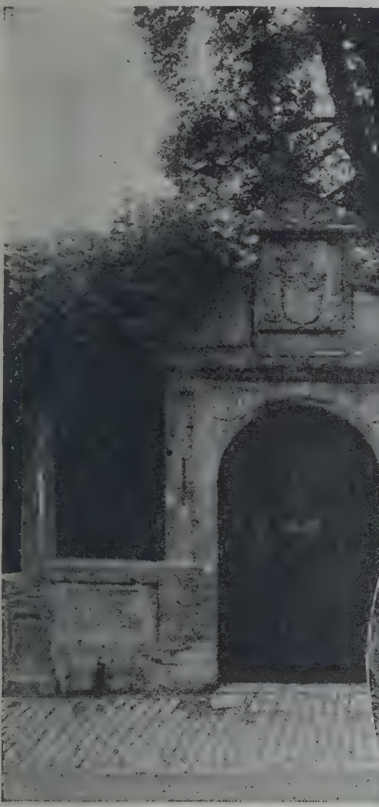
I enjoy reading Mr. Ford's Page, and that editorial, 'He Flew Toward the Dawn' is one of the finest to be had. I could go back over the numbers and speak of many things of special interest but my letter would become too lengthy.

I look forward to each arrival of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT with pleasure and gratefulness.

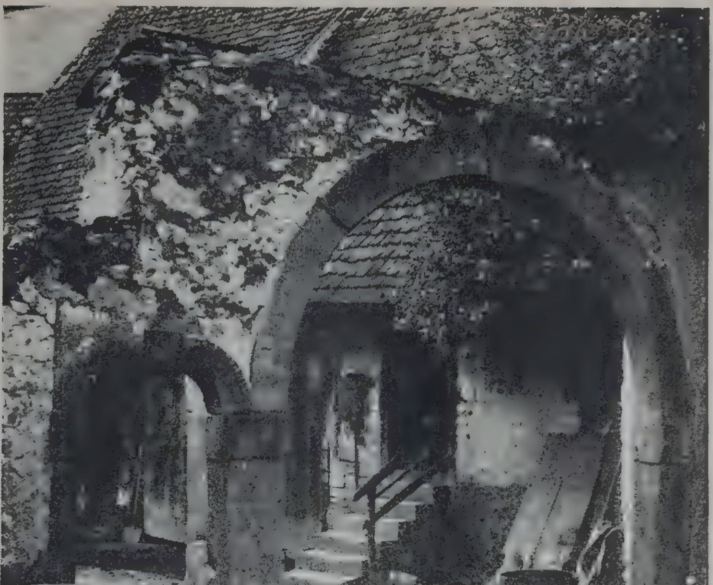
(MRS.) SOPHIA R. BARTLETT.

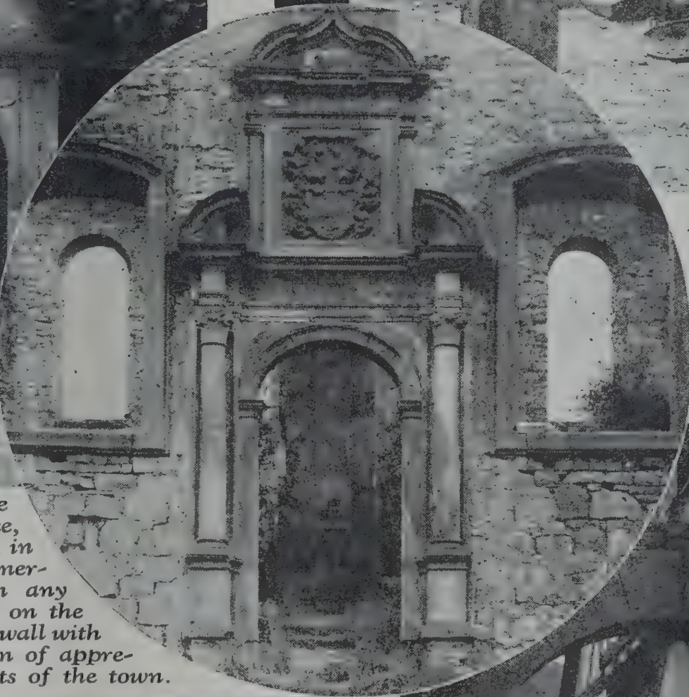
Arched Gateways in Germany

Serve the Cause of Art Through the Centuries



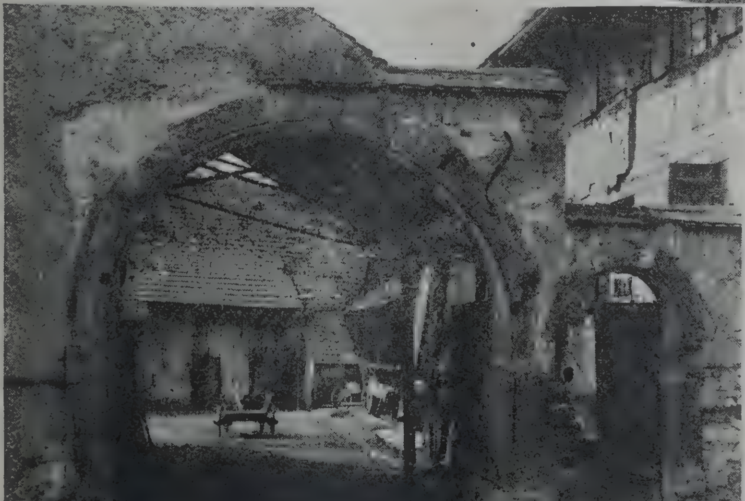
Inviting arched entrance to the 1,000-year-old linden, or lime tree, forty-two feet in circumference, in Neuenstadt am Kocher. This venerable tree, more probably than any other interest, keeps Neuenstadt on the map of public interest, and this wall with its interesting entrance is a token of appreciation from grateful inhabitants of the town.





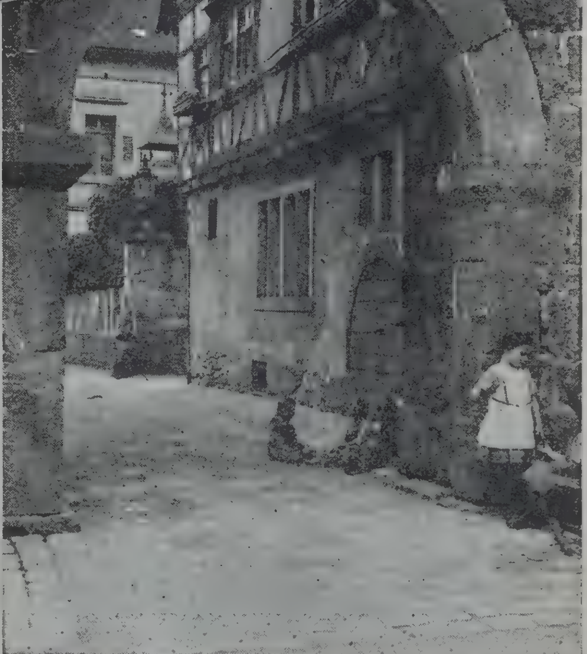
Above—
Another ancient wall with simple arches in Leiselheim, Baden, again providing for beasts and man.

Center—
Entrance to Convent Frauenalb, Black Forest, Württemberg.



These crumbling walls and carefully wrought archways, one for beasts and one for man, relic of bygone days, have become merely the entryway to a farmyard and house in Fechtingen, Baden. The carving about the arch harks back to very early times, while the gates themselves afford much-sought seclusion.

—Photos by Karl Obert, Freiburg.



Picturesque archway framing a glimpse of an old-world street in the valley of the Neckar. Old and new are shown in interesting contrast.

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THE LIBRARY OF THE
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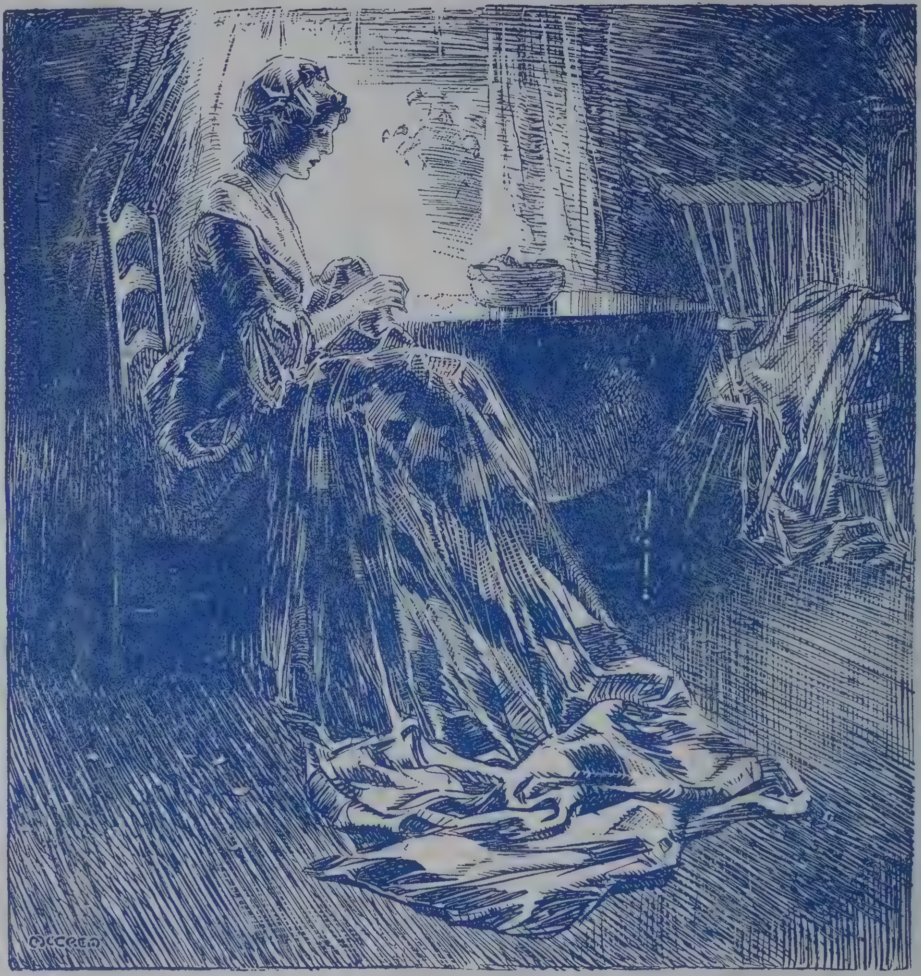

PATRIOTISM in its purity is not selfish. It is a fallacy to think that because we love one country we must suspect the motives and defeat the purposes of all others. The United States never has and never will become productive soil for the seeds of international hatred. We will never rise against lands or peoples to do them harm; we will only rise against the aggressive errors of which lands and peoples have become the self-deluded servants.

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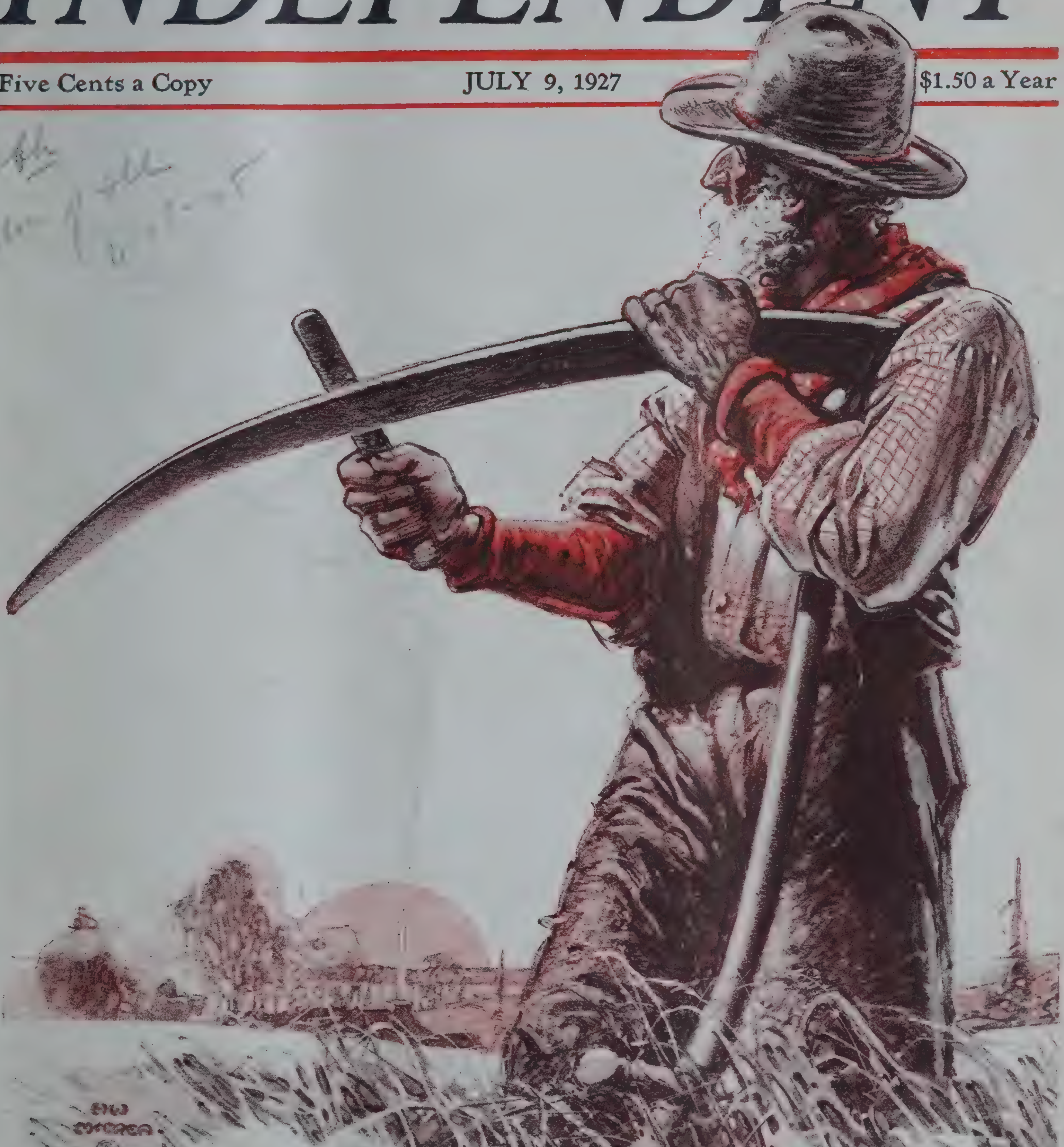
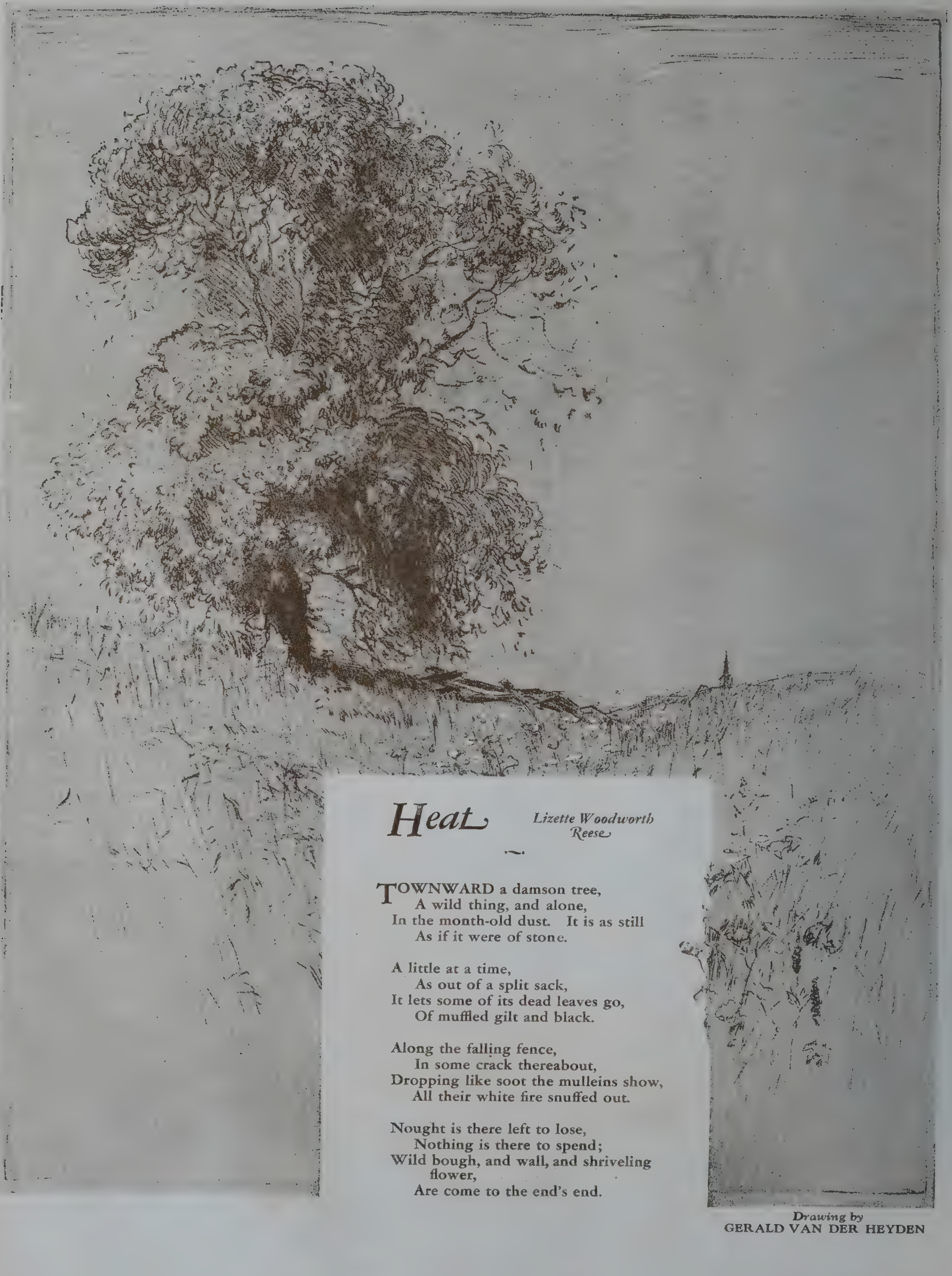


THE WESTWARD MARCH OF SETTLEMENT—Hamlin Garland



Heat

Lizette Woodworth Reese

TOWNWARD a damson tree,
A wild thing, and alone,
In the month-old dust. It is as still
As if it were of stone.

A little at a time,
As out of a split sack,
It lets some of its dead leaves go,
Of muffled gilt and black.

Along the falling fence,
In some crack thereabout,
Dropping like soot the mulleins show,
All their white fire snuffed out.

Nought is there left to lose,
Nothing is there to spend;
Wild bough, and wall, and shriveling flower,
Are come to the end's end.

Drawing by
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

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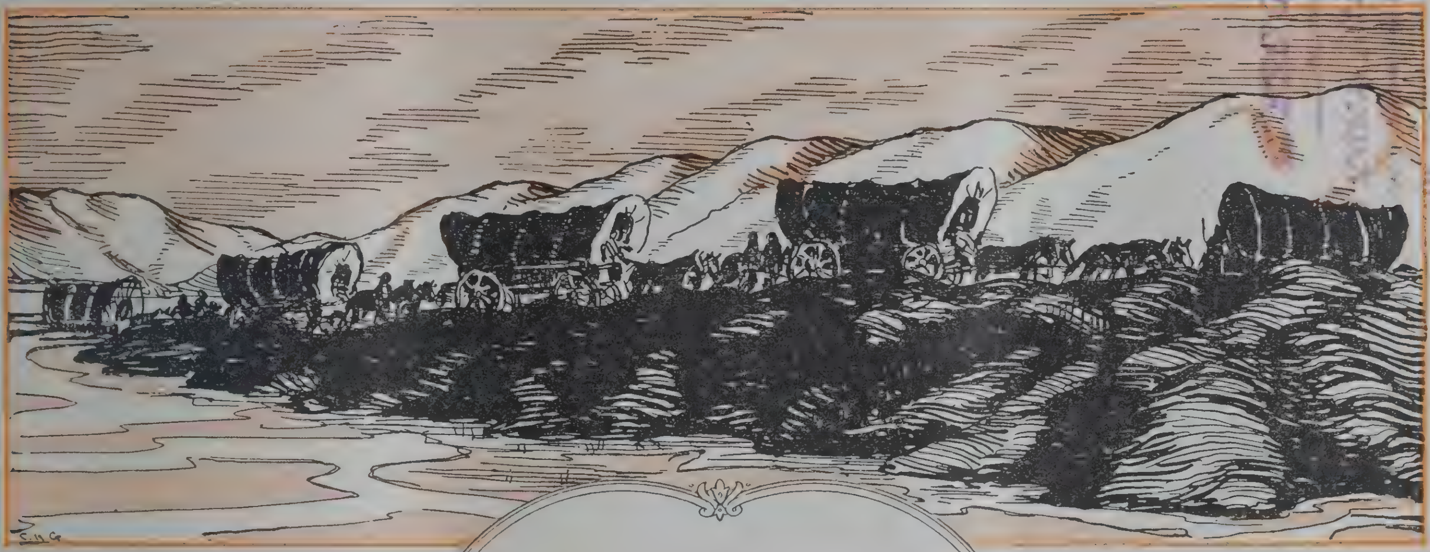


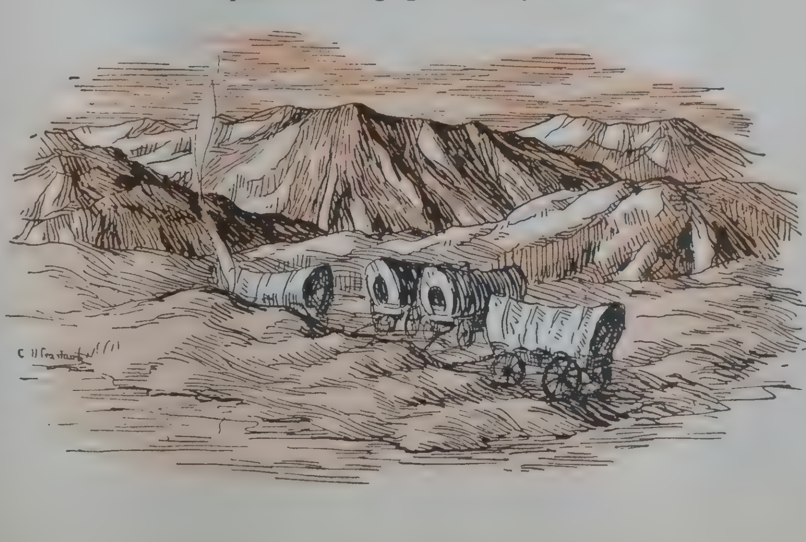
The Westward March *of* Settlement

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Illustrated by CONSTANCE H. GARLAND

IF I were asked to indicate the most characteristic figure in American literature, or in early American life, I should describe the New World pioneer—the man who took his axe, his rifle and his young wife and moved out into the wilderness to open a clearing in the forest and to build a cabin home. His like had never before been seen. Europe colonized in tribes, in communities. The individual explorer is a development of the Western Continent.

From the earliest date of British settlement at Jamestown and Plymouth, or the landing of the Dutch in New Amsterdam, for nearly three hundred years our colonists have been led by this trail maker. Walking his solitary path, this vedette of American civilization has led the way across the valleys of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia, and later over the Allegheny Mountains into the forests of Kentucky and Tennessee.



That these adventurous pathfinders, whether Dutch, English, Scotch or Irish, must have been individually the hardiest, the most resourceful of their race, is self-evident, for these qualities are demanded by the forest and developed by the stream. Only men of stout heart and strong hand, those to whom toil and hunger and solitude were accepted incidents in a life of adventure, responded to the lure of primeval vales and silent forest glades. Only the self-reliant could confront the forest and survive.

They were instructed by their savage neighbors:

Adventurous boyhood, quick to trace
The subtle pathway linking hill and stream,
  Explored each camp and fishing place,
Hearing with joy the sachem's dream.
  Pathless no longer, but generous as fair
The forest lured to further quest,
  Daring was born in each sunset flare,
  A passionate longing for the mystic West.

And so through peace and war, from age to age,
This red guide wrought the settler to his type.
Inured to toil, contemptuous of the rage
Of wintry wind, daring the grizzly's gripe,
Behold this grandson of an Oxford clerk
With keen stern eyes and lean brown face
Pursuing the panther in the dark,
Master of the woodland and the chase.

In the beginning this process of social expansion was very simple. In the annals of almost every family in the Colonial communities there came a time when certain of its sons, urged on by their need of separate maintenance, left the parental roof and looked about for land on which to make a living. All the offspring of a homestead could not inherit the home acres. Some of them must necessarily strike out into the unplowed regions to found new firesides. For a generation or two the free land lay a few miles distant, just over the hill or a little farther up the home valley and migration was short. Acres were easy to obtain but often hard to subdue. Those who came first were best served.

For the first century, the Colonies, by this easy, simple process, expanded. Mile after mile, valley after valley, the tillable lands were claimed by immigrants or by the surplus sons of homes already established. New England meadows were plowed, New York forests subdued, and Pennsylvanian hillsides planted, till at the end of the Colonial period, when the supply of desirable acres in the coast states seemed exhausted, the spies began to look away to the paradises beyond the Allegheny Mountains—a region as remote to them as Central Africa is to us.

As early as 1750, twenty-five years before the Revolution, explorers like John Finley and hunters like Daniel Boone had already found their way over the towering Blue Ridge, and down into the almost mythical country which lay beyond; their tales of fertile valleys, bright streams and abundant game led other of the sturdy sons of Virginia and Pennsylvania to migrate, and all through the Revolutionary War settlers were filing slowly through the passes of the hills, seeking the pleasant banks of the Ohio and its tributaries, building stockades and planting fields.

The hardships which the pioneers of Kentucky faced in their isolation are appalling to us of today. Fighting an almost constant war with the red tribes (who very naturally resented the seizure of their hunting grounds), the men of Boonesborough bore an important part in the war against the British claimants of this territory. Clinging with an almost insane persistence to their rude homes, they felt themselves to be (as in a sense they were) instruments in the hands of the Lord, forerunners of the nation's westward march. Although but a handful, they were invincible. The story of their struggle is Homeric in its bravery.

During the half-century from 1750 to 1800, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee were won from the red man and defended from the French and English by these stern pioneers, so that, at the close of the Revolutionary War, many thousand discontented citizens of the older Colonies were encouraged to migrate. The land-hungry veterans of Washington's armies, joining the swelling stream of land seekers, rushed eagerly into the new province, the western boundaries of which were unknown.

In Theodore Roosevelt's *Winning of the West*, especially in the first volume, the reader who wishes to know the facts of this struggle will find a fair and careful picture of these intrepid pioneers, and a vivid statement of the stern conditions of their march. That the wilderness has educated the Old World emigrants into something like its red denizens will at once appear. In the story of the furious struggle which went on for more than a hundred years between the rear guard of retreating red hunters and the advance guard of white civilization we see a struggle which was as inevitable as it was merciless and far-reaching in its consequences. It was a never-ending savage warfare which went on along an irregular line from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, a battle which deterred but did not turn back the dreaded invasion. In these inexorable riflemen the red men recognized the representatives of an encroaching destroying race, and they opposed them with all the skill and energy they possessed.

'The life of the backwoodsman was one long struggle,' writes Roosevelt in his *Winning of the West*. 'The forest had to be felled. Droughts, deep snows, freshets, cloud bursts, forest fires and all the other dangers of a wilderness life had to be faced. Swarms of deer flies, mosquitoes and midges rendered life a torment in the weeks of hot weather. Rattlesnakes and copperheads were very plentiful and constant sources of danger and death. Wolves and bears were incessant and inveterate foes of the live stock.'

In addition to defending themselves against nature's forces, these wood choppers and farmers were forced to be their own soldiers. With no help from the government in the East, they built and manned their forts. Fighting under their own commanders, they marched against their enemies on foot. Accustomed to the use of arms from childhood, every boy and most women were expert in the use of the rifle and the tomahawk. Boys of twelve years were given rifles and became at call of a commander warriors in the ranks.

As all the wars waged for the possession of the country between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi were carried on in a never-ending stretch of gloomy woodland, the men moved in irregular bands, on moccasined feet, almost as silently as their foes. The forest was not an open sunlit forest. All the travelers of the time describe it as dense and rank, and in many places impenetrable, broken only by occasional hillside glades or by narrow grassy valleys.

'A man might travel in it for weeks as if in a perpetual twilight, never once able to see the sun through the interlacing twigs that formed a dark canopy above his head,' Roosevelt records, and adds, 'this dense forest was to the Indians a home in which they were as much at ease as a farmer on his own acres. To their keen eyes, trained for generations, the wilderness was an open book . . . With moccasined feet they trod among brittle twigs, dried leaves and dead branches as silently as the cougar. Every tree trunk was a breastwork ready prepared for battle, every bush, every moss-covered boulder, was a defence against assault . . . Lurking, skulking, traveling with noiseless rapidity, they left a trail that only a master in woodcraft could follow . . . Half of the terror they caused was due to the extreme difficulty of following them and the absolute impossibility of forecasting their attacks.'

That this forest and this foe wrought the settler into something almost

(*Continued on page 25*)

About Books *and* Reviewers

By CHARLES J. FINGER

NO MAN, I hold, should set himself up as a guide to books without indicating something of his own standards. So to work.

There are standard measures for lumber, coal, steel rods, textiles. There are tests for bridges, girders, dry batteries, ink, automobile engines, soap, oil. When we buy a yard of this or a pound of that, we are safe in expecting thirty-six inches and sixteen ounces. If a mathematical calculation is made, we may feel certain that it is based upon the fundamental proposition that two times two equals four.

So it seems odd to me that, when critics and reviewers attack a book, we are not by any means certain that the gentlemen have a definite standard of judgment. Or if they have, it seems, sometimes, to be a variable one. That which is approved by them one week seems to form no criterion for the work to be passed in review the week after. Consequently there arises an Alice-in-Wonderland uncertainty, much as if going to buy a pound of sugar a man were given twelve ounces of it. Whereupon, objecting, he might blandly be told, 'Well, it's twelve ounces to the pound today. Sixteen ounces was all right for January and February, but not for May or June.' Such elasticity would be more startling than pleasant.

It is my contention that some reviewers, not all though by any means, have no measuring stick at all. Some of them manage to say nothing with a torrent of verbosity. They play the game of mystification. They are opinionative, shallow, 'smart' with a silly smartness. Take a case, a recent one.

There has appeared a book by a man who tells us that the novel has had its day, and the newest thing is superrealism. Some have praised the work. I quote a passage, not torn from any modifying context, but as typical of the whole book as a glass of water is typical of all the water in the tank from which it was taken. Here it is:

> I and John swing for the stairway down tripatripatripatriptrip rails bronze almost the with stairway marble almost the up unheeding them beseeching space Benefactorial John money more for room there 13 only MDCCCXX men 42 women 12 growth and John struggle of Half-Century First the during them of left to Benefactors them John of right to Benefactors Age Bronze the past jingling, dancing, tingling a John heart morning my sets that, vine of juice like, kine of breath John like in you breathe and rub and in nozzle John one's put to; cub a like with toy to John round and, pat to smooth and kiss to John warm made fat of roll little merry John her and Bacchante the of conscious John "1900 of nothing expose Exposition John

You can analyze, parse, read it sideway, backward, upside down, without getting any sense out of it—because there is no sense in it. In other words, it does not stand the test of intelligibility, and intelligibility, I hold, is the first test in literature as in everything else. So out it must go, and out must go all books of its kind.

Test number one then is intelligibility.

Test number two is based on common sense. Literature either is, or is not (among other things), the picturing of life as it is. And in life, that which counts most is character. In a true novel, the action grows out of the conflict of character upon character. In the novel that rings false we find instead of characters that live, something very like dolls and puppets jerked this way and that by the author, for the purposes of a set of imaginary circumstances which he calls plot.

In other words, as in life things come to pass because character meets character, or character opposes environment; so, in the book of fiction worth while, the paramount thing is the creation of character. And you will find, as authors have created character, so have authors lived. You think of Washington Irving, and at once Rip Van Winkle springs to mind. You think of Dickens to remember Pickwick. Hawthorne's name brings up a memory of Priscilla and Judge Pyncheon and Hollingsworth. But who remembers the name of the hero of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab?* Or of Bellamy's *Looking Backward?* Or of Brown's *Wieland?* But you do remember, as clearly as if they had lived in your presence, these: Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, Becky Sharp, David Balfour, Long John Silver, Mrs. Proudie, Robinson Crusoe, and a hundred more.

Test number two then is that a novel shall be a picture of life and society as it is, that characters shall be put upon the page exactly as they are in real life.

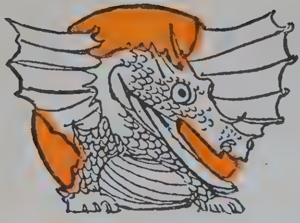
Test number three is what I would call the reading test. That is, the book must carry the reader along; shall interest; shall flow, in a word. To accomplish that there must be the well-built sentence, the right word, the turn of expression that indicates painstaking care.

So, in plain words and stripping things to bare bones, there are the first three tests by which I, at any rate, judge a book. And those tests apply today as they applied fifty, or a hundred, or five hundred years ago. They apply to the novel new from the press exactly as they apply to Chaucer. To be sure there are other niceties, but those I have named will do.

I pick up a book which Dutton puts out, one by a new hand, an Edna Bryner. The title is *Andy Brandt's Ark*, not a very happy one. But take it from me, it's a good story. It is civilized, cultured, intelligent. As for the tale, it is built upon the collision of character upon character, for a young girl achieves heights of culture to which her relatives and friends cannot attain because of lack of opportunity. An old and worn situation, to be sure, but the young author is admirable in reproducing impressions of life.

The Duttons have another good book in their new list. It is *The Sea and the Jungle*, by H. M. Tomlinson, a reprint of a book which appeared some seven years ago. The subtle descriptive touches make it a book to read again and again. A third book from the same house is a piece of fantasy and adventure, John Taine's *Quayle's Invention*. It is all about the discovery

(*Continued on page 24*)



In the HOUR of the TIGER

'Foreign Devils' *Witness* Weird Rites

By **L. M. CRAMER**

IT WAS the 'hour of the tiger' when about thirty 'foreign devils' arrived at the Confucian temple in Nanking. We had started an hour and a half earlier, and had walked, single file, over sharp cobblestones, through narrow, tortuous streets, our pathway lighted only by the thirty bobbing yellow and green Chinese lanterns we carried. We were going to the sacrificial ceremony of the equinox, performed each spring and autumn in honor of Confucius, in temples dedicated to the venerated sage throughout all China.

The 'hour of the tiger' is that weirdest hour of all the twenty-four—that most uncanny, eerie hour that comes just before the first faint gray-pink light in the east heralds the coming of day. It was three o'clock in the morning.

Our lanterns reflected grotesque figures on the white surfaces of the spirit fences as we passed through the night on our way to the Confucian temple, which our Chinese guide had assured us was 'but a step distant' from our homes. The Chinaman's 'but a step' is like the Alabama Negro's 'right smart walk'—it is elastic in its length.

As it had been promised to be 'but a step' we had not ordered our rickshas to come for us; but it took an hour and a half to walk over the rough, uneven streets extending between our boarding house and the temple, where the sacrifice of food and animals was to be made to Confucius, that he might heed the prayers of the faithful and reward them with bountiful crops; with rain in plenty to water them, and sunshine to mature them.

One of many idols in a Chinese temple.

Inside the temple yard we found other foreigners and a few hundred Chinese. The courtyard of the temple was lighted by two great iron baskets filled with blazing wood, the baskets being fastened to tall poles at each side of the main entrance to the temple. The effect was of two gigantic torches throwing light into every corner of the temple yard, and into the streets leading to it for quite a distance away.

—Herbert Photo.

'God of Destiny,' a great wooden figure, covered with gold and jewels, in a Chinese pagoda.

On each side of this main entrance were grouped musicians, their instruments being those of the time of Confucius, more than 2,500 years ago. Large barrel-shaped drums were placed on pedestal-like platforms, which were decorated in many bead ornaments. There were queer-shaped horns, and also flutes. Red, yellow, and green Chinese lanterns bobbed about in the night breezes, lending their splash of color to the fantastic scene.

We went inside the temple and faced an altar, above which hung a large, elaborately carved and gilded wooden tablet to Confucius. On the left hung tablets to the memory of the father and mother of the sage; to the right hung other tablets to the memory of the great man's apostles.

The sacrificial animals were brought in. In front of the great altar were placed a goat, a cow and a pig. Before these animals were slain, we learned later, they were brought into the temple and led up onto a platform set between rows of lighted tapers, were bowed down to, and then killed.

The long black hair on the Chinese pigs had been completely shaved off except for three little tufts that marked the line of the backbone. The animals were placed in kneeling postures before the altar, and facing the tablet to Confucius. Before the altars to the disciples and to Confucius' father and mother were placed slain goats and pigs. Many bowls of Chinese food other than animal also graced the altar of Confucius: rice, sea slugs, fish, vegetables, thousand-year-old eggs, and wine in white jade cups.

We waited nearly an hour longer for the ceremony to commence. Suddenly the drums began a more rapid beat, and the notes of the Chinese flutes shrieked in a regular frenzy, thus heralding the approach of the military governor, the tuchan of Nanking.

The master of ceremonies appeared from the recess of a dark shadow, and took his place. Out of other shadows materialized the dancers, the choir, and another orchestra apart from that without the temple entrance. Each group took its place for the ceremony. The governor, in native military uniform, but wearing a tall silk hat very foreign, indeed, approached the altar. He was attended by a police guard, armed, and acolytes bearing lighted torches.

Down through the open court they came, until the governor approached the steps leading to the central entrance of the temple. There he stood for perhaps five minutes; at regular intervals he kotowed, three times in all, with nine kotows in each group. Then he approached the altar and offered sacrifice, and returned to the same position, just outside the temple doors. This he repeated three times. The master of ceremonies announced each stage in the proceedings, his words being taken up and repeated by a second man in ceremonial robes, who stood back, nearer the temple door, perhaps for the benefit of the orchestra and the temple dancers.

Devil in the Temple of Hell, Nanking.

The orchestral instruments were weird. There were Chinese flutes with their plaintive note and an instrument called 'sen,' of twelve pipes typically Chinese, a pipe for each month of the year, played by the mouth. This instrument is said to be the original idea from which our pipe organs grew. There was a long concave table instrument, with strings upon which the performer plucked, as does a harpist, and an open box-like structure of wood, beaten upon with hammers, most unmusical to Occidental ears, and large and small barrel-

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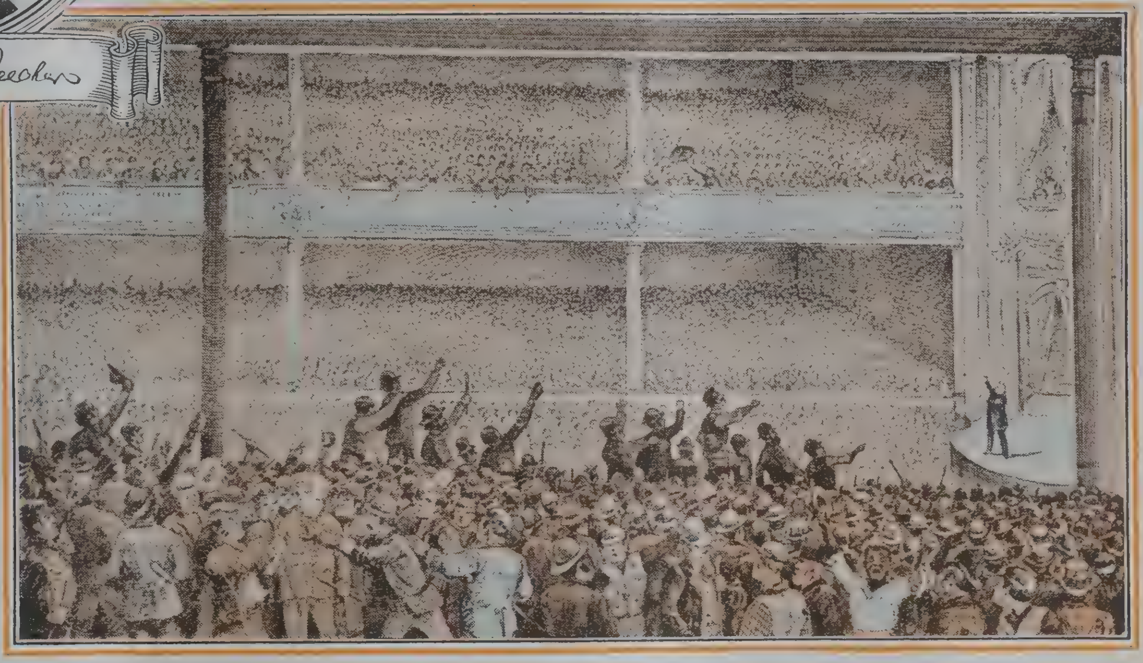
Henry Ward Beecher

Here Was an American! —Unafraid *and* Unashamed

By ALBERT MILLER



Reproduction from an old print, showing Mr. Beecher facing an English mob in Liverpool.

'NO MAN ever knows *what* his country is to him until *he has* gone abroad *and* heard it everywhere denounced *and* sneered at.'

IN THE days of our Civil War, foreign enmity menaced the life of our nation. Then France was doing its utmost to promote the dissolution of the Union and itself gain by conquest a foothold on this continent. Then the government of Great Britain gave help to the Confederacy and permitted the building of *Floridas* and *Alabamas* in British shipyards. It was then that Henry Ward Beecher faced the enemies of the Republic on English soil, and on hostile platforms, before British audiences that tried to hoot him down, and championed America as one who rejoiced in his nationality and gloried in his country's cause.

Contrast his loyalty with the conduct of the voluntary expatriates who curry foreign favor by charging America with dishonor and who, themselves soulless, proclaim that their country has lost its soul!

In that day Britain was ruled by its aristocracy. The right to vote had not received that extension through which its government has come under the control of the people. The ruling classes looked with fear upon the rise of the American democracy in strength to power. They saw in it an antagonistic form of government, the success of which would be an object lesson ever menacing the perpetuity of their special political privileges. It was the triumph of this experience in popular sovereignty that liberalized the institutions of government in every English-speaking country in the world. The war maintained by the North for the preservation of the Union was no less in its consequences a war for Britain's political enfranchisement. Had it failed, the common people of Britain would still be denied the ballot.

As political England was moved by hostile feeling, so was commercial England. It beheld in America the growth of an economic rival that some day might become a contestant for world leadership. Moreover, England was then almost supreme in cotton manufacture. The Confederacy produced most of the world's cotton. Each had intimate need of the other. Free trade between them seemed to spell greater prosperity for both, but free trade with the Confederacy could not be established until the Union should be destroyed. The one promised the other in preferential supply raw material not elsewhere procurable in volume and would open in exchange a great consuming market for English manufactures. But while the war endured and the blockade of southern ports continued, the spindles of Lancashire were idle. Great numbers of mill hands, men and women, lacking employment, were thrust into want. Yet even in their misery the workingmen of Manchester gave their sympathy to the cause of the Union and free institutions. They could not vote but they could think for themselves—and did. And their thoughts were not the thoughts of the aristocracy that ruled them. Witness the historic fact that at the end of 1862, on the eve of the new year, they sent Abraham Lincoln a series of resolutions and an address giving him their utmost moral support. Lincoln was conscious of the suffering the war had inflicted upon these non-participating victims. In a letter dated January 19, 1863, addressed 'To the Workingmen of Manchester,' he made acknowledgment of their attitude 'as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country.'

These were the Union's only friends—the voteless common people. Nearly all others were opposed. Lyman Abbott, Beecher's biographer, writes: 'British feeling against America was sedulously cultivated by some eminent journalists and by not a few reputable men. To speak for America was to invite every species of insult and indignity from Confederate sympathizers and was not sure to receive encouragement or support from the few sympathizers with the North.' Pro-Union sentiment in what was called 'society' was everywhere overawed and expression of it was punished by ostracism. With a few notable exceptions, among them Queen Victoria's German husband, Prince Albert, John Bright and the Duke of Argyll, almost the only friends of the North were to be found among the common people.

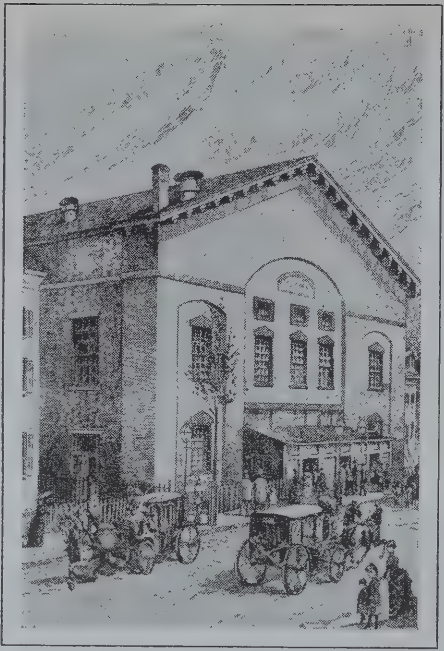
DENIED the ballot these politically submerged classes nevertheless exerted a profound moral influence. In them alone, not in high places, was the flame of England's conscience kept alive.

Parliament, at any time after the outbreak of the Civil War, would have voted to support the South against the North, had it not been for fear of the plain men and women who still could express their convictions, even though they were forbidden to approach the ballot box.

The socially centralized, class-ruled government of Great Britain itched to plunge the knife of intervention into the Union, torn by its internal dissension, but it did not dare thus affront the liberty-loving common people.

Such was the state of public opinion when Beecher visited England in 1863. Born June 24, 1813, he was then in his fiftieth year. Although in the prime of life, he had at that time drawn too heavily upon his strength. He had toured the Northern States preaching the gospel of patriotism to the people, rousing their courage to needed new endeavor and inspiring them with patience to bear their burdens. That labor had so drained his energy that rest became imperative. So he resolved upon a vacation of two or three months in Europe. Complete relaxation was his objective. He had no thought of resuming upon alien soil the crusade he had just concluded at home.

No less an artist than George William Curtis drew this portrait of the Beecher of that day: 'A man of the people; a man of strong virility, of exuberant vitality, of quick sympathy, of an abounding humor, of a rapid play of poetic imagination, of great fluency of speech; an emotional nature overflowing in ardent expression, of strong convictions, of complete self-confidence; but also not sensitive, nor critical, nor judicial; a hearty, joyous nature, touching ordinary life at every point and responsive to every generous moral impulse.'



Mr. Beecher's Church, Brooklyn, New York.

Beecher learned almost at once upon his arrival in England that its atmosphere, social and political, was hardly more hospitable than would have been that of Richmond itself. He thus describes the impression made upon him: 'When I reached England and saw what was the condition of public feeling there, I refused to make any speech and declined all invitations. I would not go under the roof of any man who was not a friend of the North in this struggle.'

He could not bring himself to breathe that hostile island air one day longer than was necessary. The Continent might not reveal a larger friendliness, but that England, the England of his culture, the land of his fathers, the England wherein was rooted the stock from which he came—that England should show such a spirit hurt him to the soul. So he crossed the Channel.

'I STARTED from England,' he records, 'refusing to make any engagements or to say anything publicly. I was in a towering indignation.

'Almost every man in England who rode in a first-class car was our enemy.

'The great majority of professional men were our enemies.

'Almost all the Quakers were against us.

'Almost all the Congregational ministers in England—not in Wales— were either indifferent or lukewarm—directly opposed.

'The government was our enemy.

'It was only the common people and mostly the people who had no vote who were on our side.

'Everywhere the atmosphere was adverse. In Manchester our American merchants and men sent out to buy were afraid and knuckled down to the public feeling. The storm in the air was so portentous that they did not dare to undertake to resist it.

'No man ever knows what his country is to him until he has gone abroad and heard it everywhere denounced and sneered at.'

If that cry was drawn from Beecher then by the sentiment of foreigners, who probably were but engaged in 'saving their souls,' what could he not say were he living in our day of an England and a France filled with the shrill scolding of boot-licking American expatriates everywhere denouncing and sneering at their country and accusing it of dishonor?

While Beecher was on the Continent came the news of Gettysburg and of Vicksburg. On Pennsylvania's hills the Confederacy, in magnificent valor, had reached its highest tide. At Vicksburg it had known the first of the surrenders in which its life was to be exhausted. He was eager to return home and went to England but to secure his passage. Again urged to make a series of addresses, he refused, saying: 'I don't want to

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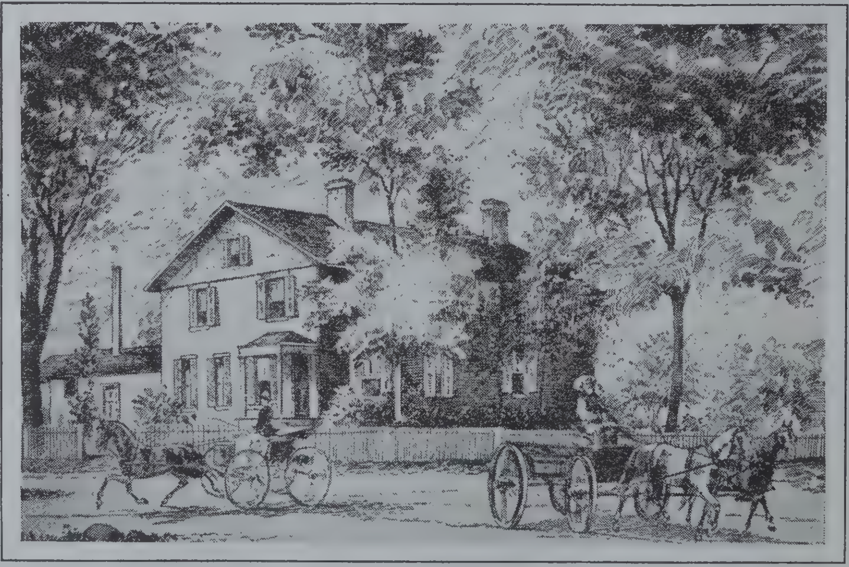
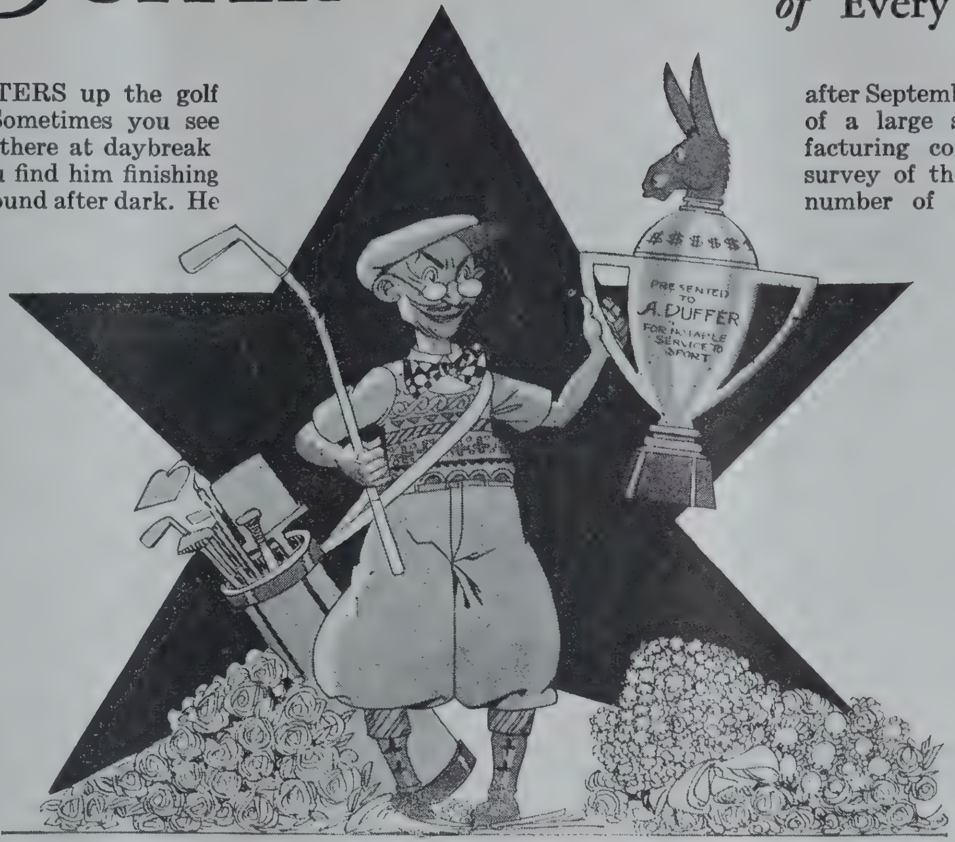


Beecher homestead at Litchfield, Connecticut, birthplace of Henry Ward Beecher.

The DUFFER

He *Is the* Main Support *of* Every Sport

By H. G. SALSINGER



HE CLUTTERS up the golf links. Sometimes you see him out there at daybreak often you find him finishing his last round after dark. He spends much of his time off the fairways, deep in the rough, or in the bunkers. He introduces golf at every opportunity and often makes a nuisance of himself doing so. He will talk for weeks about a hole he made in par and for months and years about a birdie. Few of his kind ever break a hundred and when they do their friends flee. But, in this hour of triumph he would willingly part with his dearest possessions to celebrate his achievement, for he is the well-known duffer of golf and of him this country has more than two millions.

Comic-strip artists picture him, cartoonists tease him, comedians make snappy remarks about him, the joke-smiths have a great deal of fun at his expense, and the newspaper columnists base many bright paragraphs upon the futility of his pursuit. But he and the few million like him keep right on and their number increases annually.

The duffer is by no means limited to golf. You find the duffer in every sport. He abounds in baseball, tennis, basketball, hockey, swimming, polo, in every sport that you can name and it is the duffer that makes sport possible.

'They laugh at the duffer but where would the golf clubs be today without him?' asks Gene Sarazen. 'It is this same duffer that has made golf the game it is and who keeps it going.'

'Why laugh at the duffer; we were all duffers once,' says Leo Diegel.

'It is the duffer who gets the most fun out of golf,' observes Francis Ouimet.

Of the several million people who play golf in the United States, only a fraction of one per cent will shoot consistently under 100. The vast majority remain duffers. But this majority continue to chase par over several hundred, rather several thousand, golf courses that dot this country from ocean to ocean and from border to border.

It is this eternal hope of some day shooting under 100 that makes golf possible in the United States on its present magnificent scale. If the game depended for its existence upon the fraction of the one per cent who can consistently break 100, the game would cease to exist as a popular sport; it would be limited to a few select clubs.

The men 'that pay the freight' of golf in this country are the men who clutter up the golf courses, trying to produce a score of two figures. They are the great enthusiasts of golf, the men who pour the money into club treasuries that makes possible the magnificent clubhouses and well-kept courses.

One clubhouse and one course could accommodate all the topnotch golfers this country holds and most of our ranking golfers, amateur and professional, do not happen to be men of large bank accounts. It is the duffer who puts up the money, who makes possible the big tournaments and who keeps the golf supply houses working overtime. It is the duffer who keeps the professionals at work and most of them for salaries larger than the average bank president receives.

Last September one store in a middle western city sold 723 tennis racquets. These sales came in the last month of the tennis season, for tennis is rarely played in the northern belt after September. The investigator of a large sports goods manufacturing concern in making a survey of the tennis courts of a number of cities last year reported every court he visited crowded with players awaiting their turns. None of these players was an expert; all were duffers; but in tennis, like in golf, it is the duffer who keeps the game going.

Where you find tennis clubs and club-owned courts, you will discover that the majority of members are not finished players; they are enthusiasts who play tennis for the love of play. It is the duffer who keeps the courts crowded and it is the duffer who stands the expense of the big tournaments. He fights for these tournaments; they give him an opportunity to watch the experts in action and to try to copy their style.

'Gee, you surely see some terrible baseball on these sand lots around town,' a spectator told Stanley Harris, manager of the Washington team, one day last summer.

'And if it wasn't for the terrible baseball you see on the sand lots where would we be?' asked Harris in reply. 'When you come to a major league park you come to see players who used to play terrible baseball themselves on the sand lots. If the fellows who are playing on the sand lots don't go into professional baseball they still attend professional games and while they are playing bad baseball, probably, on the sand lots they are creating interest in the game and they make converts to the league parks and organized baseball.'

Basketball is one of the most popular games in the United States. The Alpine team that was runner-up for the high school championship of Tennessee last winter came from a hamlet that has no telephone, telegraph, automobile or electric lights. Only six families live there. But they developed a championship team. Basketball is played in nearly every hamlet, village, town and city in the country and this fact caused the national

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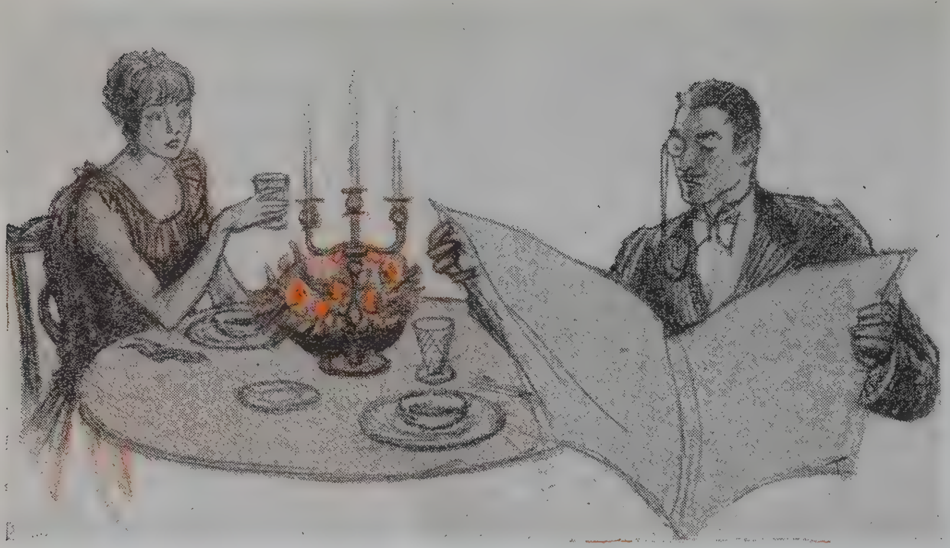


She is confronted with the task of entertaining a drone.

Marrying an Actress

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Illustrated by RUTH A. THURBER

EARL Marries Actress!' What a wealth of implication in this and similar headlines! The suggestion is: 'Hullo, another divorce in the making!'

How unfair this is! Equality of birth and of breeding is certainly not one of the *sine qua non's* of a happy marriage. In spite of all the pessimistic wiseacres, there are many precedents, from King Cophetua downward, in which the condescending husband or the 'stooping lady' has lived happily ever afterward.

Let us face the facts. There is today more than one fortunate member of our aristocracy who has, as it is said, married beneath him—nay, he has chosen a bride even from the stage, one who, everyone must admit, has been the 'making of him.'

Equally we must own that there are sufficient examples of 'suitable' brides who have daintily stepped from one stately home of England into another, therein to live *un*happily ever afterward. Too often they have married in haste for the sake of trousseau and change of scene. If *noblesse oblige* were an unfailing instinct the matter would be a very different one, but, alas, it is liable to long dozes or may dictate only one's duty to oneself.

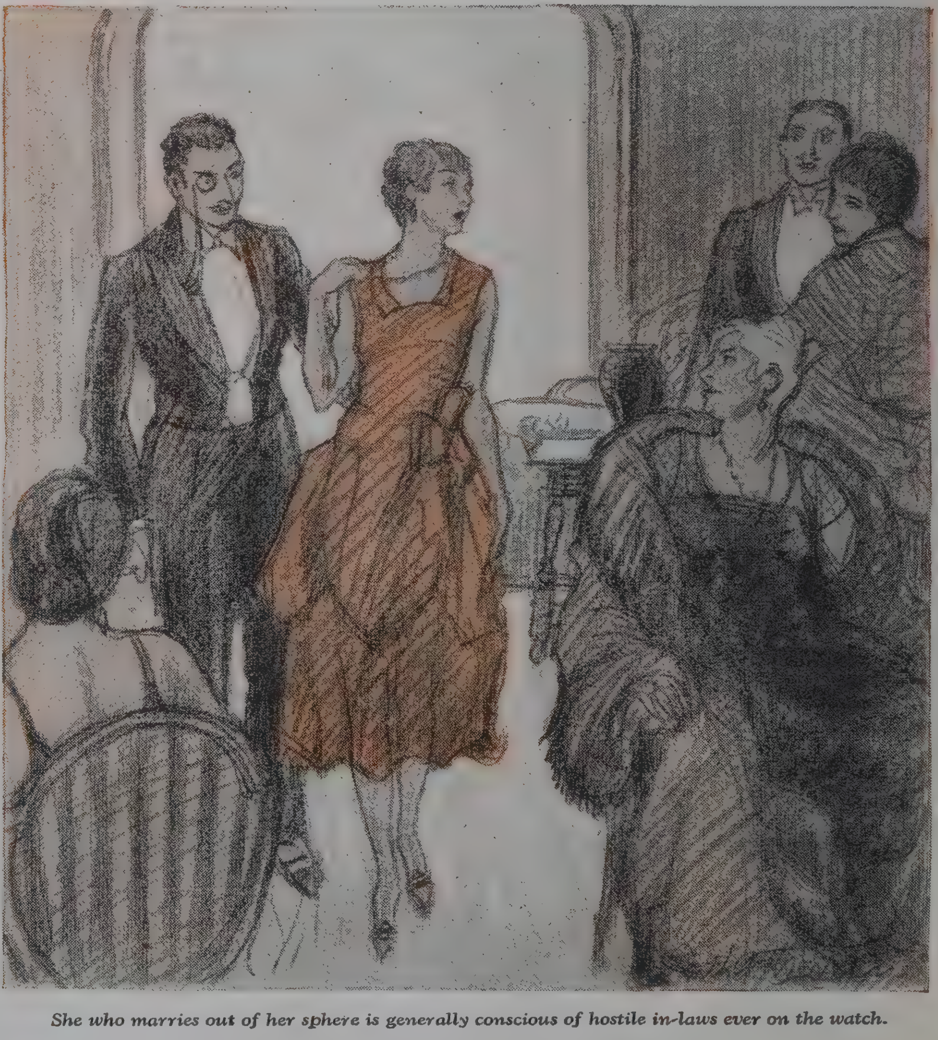
On the other hand, she who marries out of her sphere is generally, so to speak, putting herself on her mettle. Conscious of taking a step, she is likely to be extra-anxious to make a success of it. She will see herself, as it were, in a new part, and—if she have no higher motive—ambition and vanity should help her to play it creditably. And yet how difficult things are generally made for her! Hostile in-laws ever on the watch for errors in manners and morals.

We all know how much can be effected by constant suggestion. How seldom she is given anything like a fair run! That she succeeds as often as she does is indeed to the credit of her sex. The chorus of 'I told you so's' is in training for the first cue. If things go badly the sponge is thrown up for her far sooner than it would be in the case of a conventional marriage.

Possible bridges of reconciliation are blasted by eager relations, every chance of retreat is cut off, and the failure of the doomed marriage proclaimed from every housetop! . . . In these shipwrecks it is not so much any subtle out-of-touchness or incompatibility due to disparity of rank that is generally the agent; it is much oftener boredom, the result of idleness. Accustomed to earning her living among companions with the day's toil forming an invaluable foil to pleasure, she is now confronted with the task of entertaining a drone.

How easy to be an agreeable wife to a man coming appreciatively home from work, but how difficult, what rare qualities are required to satisfy the completely leisured! Professions are the safeguard of marriages. The unemployed have too much time in which to see both their own and other men's wives. Talents and hobbies ('resources,' as they may be called) frequently form adequate substitutes.

In the case of the dreaded daughter-in-law I would far rather satisfy myself as to her 'resources' than as to her pedigree.



She who marries out of her sphere is generally conscious of hostile in-laws ever on the watch.

When New York Goes *to* Paris

By L. C. K.

A NEW York evening paper had the bright idea of sending a reporter to Paris to give an account of economic conditions. For this task the selection fell upon a somewhat doubtfully distinguished hyphenated German-American. This delicate type of attention from a New York journal naturally touches the French. If only the enterprising journal could have obtained a German U-boat captain to observe the Parisians and to report his German or German-American observations! That exquisitely good taste conduces to promote international friendship.

This German-American in Paris was astounded at the cheapness of pretty nearly everything. Evidently the journal pays its reporters well, for this journalist is accustomed to buying his suits at one hundred twenty-five dollars in America. Alack, most journalists and scribes in the United States, certainly those not hyphenated, must content themselves with suits at thirty or forty dollars. This New York (?) journalist was amazed to buy a tie at twenty francs 'which in New York would cost three dollars.'

This naïve reporter found it difficult to pay more than a dollar for his dinner in Paris. Apparently his knowledge of Paris suffers from decided limitations even as does his knowledge of New York. There are a hundred restaurants in Paris, almost wholly devoted to the foreign trade, where a dollar will *not* buy a meal.

In point of fact the necessities of life, like butter and eggs and meat, cost approximately the same in Paris as in America. Clothes are cheaper but are about the same as in London and elsewhere on the Continent. Rents are cheaper particularly when you get a cheap apartment, without central heat and with a lack of the decencies. Taxis and drinks are cheaper and so is human labor, but those things do not play a great role in the expense of the tourist.

NEW Yorkers who come to Paris expecting to enjoy at most modest expense a 'fool's paradise,' as Paris is affectionately termed by the hyphenated journalist, are due for a real disappointment, as they will find that while the franc is only three or four cents, yet if it is said often enough, the total is sufficiently large even in dollars.

International good fellowship and real understanding of economic conditions the world over are both highly desirable. However, good fellowship is not furthered nor light or economic conditions obtained when an American paper sends a naïve German-American, with the accent on German, to report on French conditions.

Eating *in* Many Languages

One May Do This *by* Going the Rounds *of a* Big City's Restaurants

By A. R. PINCI

MOST of New York's gay or picturesque or eccentric restaurants, particularly those directly related to aristocratic Fifth Avenue or overlighted Broadway, have vanished. Fashionable or gay restaurants, according to their proprietors, are commercially unprofitable without wines, beers and liqueurs. But there are still plenty of restaurants.

Side streets abound with unadvertised places where one may eat the most unusual delicacies. Whether it is an Armenian or a Kosher or a Spanish or a Russian or a Chinese restaurant, the first impression is that of dinginess.

The New York restaurants, hidden away in the recesses and nooks of Lower Manhattan, afford nearly every delicacy known to man. A few years ago when the Philippine Islands occupied, politically, the attention of the people more than now, there was a place—neither restaurant nor store—where one might buy dried locusts, either plain or made up into cakes. Such food was munched dry by the pocketfuls as Americans munch salted peanuts.

I have tasted cooked rat (this was in Paris), although I did not know it at the time. It was offered as some kind of bird, and in the sea of gravy not even a zoölogist could have told the difference. Snake, too, I have eaten which I found too sweetish, but not unlike our common eel. Snails—either cabbage or vine-fed—formed a dish that I ate years ago quite regularly with much relish.

Strangely enough, when one reads on an ordinary menu 'Spanish omelet,' which is not Spanish at all, one condemns Iberian cooking as unpalatable.

But why not try at a Spanish restaurant some *puchero*—a stew of beef, bacon, chicken, chick-peas and other vegetables—or *codorniz* with *alcachofas* (quail and artichokes)? *Boquerones*, or fried anchovies, are to be found on the West Side.

Hungarian goulash is another dish which figures in American restaurants, but it is not Hungarian. *Gulyas* or *paprikahuhn, risibisi* and *beuschel* must be sought at a genuine Magyar dining place.

The Danish and Norwegian *jordboer* and *rodgrod, med flode* (strawberries or fruit jelly with cream), are not sufficiently individual or different to warrant undue attention, though both are favorites of Scandinavians, but if opportunity presents, *rensdyrsteg* with separate *gronsager* (roast reindeer and vegetables) should not be missed.

Moroccan *kesk'soo*, a national dish of *semolina, khoobz, karmus* and *kawha*, taken under Moroccan auspices, are peculiarly distinctive. The salad of the Moroccans is an institution; it consists of cucumbers, white onions, green peppers, tomatoes, garlic, vinegar, salt and oil, the pieces cut in cubes, and the whole mixed with one's fingers. The natives believe that a good salad depends upon either spirit or inspiration, so *djinnoon* (spirits) must be invoked. Whether such spirits can be conjured in Manhattan as readily as in Morocco, after the muezzin has called the sunset prayer, '*Lah Allah il Allah, Mohamet reoul Allah*,' the writer deponeth not.

Turkish dishes are very delicate and yet tasty. *Pilaf*, a rice dish, and *mousakkah*, or eggplant pie, are favorites. Stuffed grapevine leaves form a dish liked by most Americans. *Basduk* is evaporated grape juice, with flour or starch added, sun-dried for two days and then preserved in airtight jars. The Armenians like walnuts strung on twine and then immersed in grape molasses (*rojik*).

There is a vast difference between commercialized Chinese food and the food served at the table of a Chinese individual. Chinese food is now alluded to in the United States as either *chop suey* or fried rice, but there are hundreds of delicacies which the Chinese-American restaurants in our midst fail to produce. Seaweed soup with lotus berries, bean cakes and bean cheese are not especially palatable. Bean oil is a favorite medium in Chinese cooking, and in China is used (or was used) because Europeans and Americans are supposed not to like its taste.

RUSSIAN dressing for salads is often heard about, but little is said and known about Russian cooking. Novelists mention *zakuska*, or appetizer, to give the the necessary local color. But *shashlik*, peasant style, is very appetizing mutton which only recently has made its way to more aristocratic tables. Curd dumplings, or *varennik*, sour black rye bread, coffee with *penki* (a sort of foamy cream) are worth trying.

These are, of course, only a few—a very few—of the innumerable foreign dishes which in general may be discovered in native dining rooms concealed in our larger cities. If they do not appear on the bill of fare the native cook probably can turn them out without trouble on order.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Education Has Its Limits

THERE never was and probably never will be a system devised that will put brains into men's heads, and until such a system appears we must expect to find in men the same differences that have always marked them, whether with books or without them, in or out of college.

Take a group of wholly illiterate men, men who cannot read a date on the calendar, who cannot write their own names, and you will find a difference in brain power among them. One man will exhibit more native intelligence than another; he has brains even if he has little book knowledge; he has foresight, insight, initiative; he knows what he knows, and, therefore, possesses confidence and a sense of mastery.

Passing a group like this through college would probably not change the comparative brain values; one would still be more intelligent than the others. The average of ability might be raised, but there would be no enlargement of native brain power.

Just as there are some stones that will not take a polish, so there are minds that cannot be standardized so far as knowledge and the ability to use it are concerned.

An able man is a man who can do things, and his ability to do things is dependent on what he has in him, and what he has in him depends on what he started with and what he has done to increase it.

EDUCATION and ability to do things are not interchangeable terms. You cannot educate brains into a man's head but you can enable him to make the most of the brains he has. A man who cannot think is not an educated man no matter how many college degrees he may have acquired. One who can think things out can usually do them. Education along the right lines stimulates the mind and brings out its best qualities. But as crops cannot spring from barren soil so thoughts that are worth while will not come from a dull brain. Education is not to blame if it cannot do for a man what he cannot do for himself. It has its limitations.

A man who cannot think is not an educated man, however many college degrees he may have acquired. Thinking is the hardest work anyone can do, which is probably the reason we have so few thinkers.

There are two extremes to be avoided: one is the attitude of contempt toward education, the other is the tragic snobbery of assuming that marching through an educational system is a sure cure for ignorance and mediocrity.

One benefit that education can confer on a man is to give him an equal start with his fellows. Sometimes even that is not an advantage, but in the main and for the general run of human beings, perhaps it is. You cannot learn in any school what the world is going to do next year, but you can learn some of the things which the world has tried to do in former years, where it failed, and why it succeeded.

There are men at work today on theories fundamentally wrong, but they do not know that other men have followed that road and have had to come back. An education which consisted of signposts indicating the failures and the fallacies of the past, doubtless would be very useful. If education had as its objective the putting of the student in possession of the world up-to-date, so that leaving school he could meet the step of humanity it would be a great service. But whether this is the objective, it may be better to let educators themselves decide.

The best that education can do for a man is to put him in possession of his powers, give him the control of the tools with which destiny has endowed him, and teach him how to think. The college renders its best service as an intellectual gymnasium, in which mental muscle is developed and the student strengthened to do what he can.

To say, however, that mental gymnastics can only be had in college is not true, as every educator knows. A man's real education begins after he has left school, as any university graduate will tell you. True education is gained through the discipline of life.

The trouble is not with the schools altogether, but with the public illusion that schools can do for a young man what he will have to do for himself.

If young men come out of college uneducated it is their own fault, and the same would be true if it were a canning factory they came out of, or a boiler shop, or any place else. Any place, any work, offers an opportunity for education, but it is something the recipient takes, it is not something that can be handed to him.

Schools are useful only as they put men in possession of their own powers; and they cannot do this without the earnest desire of their students to be so helped. Any man can learn anything he will, but no man can teach except to those who want to learn. Education is preëminently a matter of quality, not quantity.

The test of education is what one can do to help and heal the world. If a man can hold up his own end he does well, but if he can also help others to do likewise he does far better. He may be quite rusty on many things that appear in print, but he is a man of learning just the same. When a man is master of his own sphere, whatever it may be, he has won his degree—he has entered the realm of wisdom.

That man who learns to do a useful thing and has learned to do that thing perfectly has attained the summit of real education.

Inventors, by the way, are not made by education but if they have enough education to save them from the mistakes of the past, it saves much time.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

In Comparison

VALUE of milk sold annually in the United States	$933,554,000
Annual expenditure for the relief and care of veterans of this nation's wars and their dependents	$705,000,000
Annual expenditure for national defense in the United States (including construction of warships and maintenance of the Army and Navy)	$574,000,000
Construction cost of the Panama Canal	$366,650,000
Total cost of all Federal reclamation (irrigation) projects constructed up to June 30, 1926	$160,176,415
Congressional appropriations for the advance of aviation in all its branches during the current year	$73,477,380
First annuity due under funding agreement for settlement of the French debt to the United States	$30,000,000
Annual expenditure by municipal libraries in the United States	$15,543,773
America's cigar and cigaret bill for 1926	$1,349,450,000

Isn't There a Line?

THE announcement that President and Mrs. Coolidge dropped a five-dollar greenback into a collection plate while attending Sabbath service recently in the Black Hills hardly seems to come within the category of 'news.' Just why it was permitted to find its way into the columns of more than one well-edited newspaper is somewhat of a puzzle. While the public is entitled to full information as to the President's official acts, and seems to insist on a vast amount of detail as to his private doings—isn't there a line that can be drawn somewhere?

There should be a difference between 'news' and impertinent gossip, even where the President and the First Lady of the Land are concerned. And one's contribution to the church—since time immemorial—has been deemed entitled to proper seclusion. It is a matter between the Maker and the contributor, be he beggar or be he Caesar.

Colonel Lindbergh betrayed the fact that the impositions of the press had overstepped the bounds of even his patience. When, after his flight from Washington to St. Louis late in June, photographers inconsiderately kept him posing and re-posing long after the time had come for him to leave the flying field, he turned to the Assistant Secretary of War and asked whether there was not some way whereby this imposition could be halted.

Why are all these demands necessary? Why must great men resort to solitude and extraordinary precautions if they are to enjoy even a decent freedom from ubiquitous inquirers? The private lives of Ruth Snyder, Helen of Troy and the exquisite Perdita may be fit themes for fiction or for the prying eyes of curious thrill-mongers, but cannot the curtain be drawn when the Chief Executive of the land, in the sanctity of Sunday morning worship, drops a coin on the collection plate? That, at least, should be his personal privilege, unseen and unheralded by even the yellowest of yellow scandal sheets.

Pollution Plus

SWIMMING in the local river was the sport of boyhood some twenty-five years ago. Every country town had its 'ole swimmin' hole' and in those days the sign of the two fingers meant something. Swimming at any point along the average river in the United States now is extremely hazardous from a health standpoint. From one overflow sewer enough contaminating elements are available to make the average stream unfit for use. Pollution of streams makes them a liability instead of an asset and it is high time the pollution situation was attacked with vigor and intelligence. Failure to cope with the situation is apt to lead to an epidemic that may prove disastrous in the extreme. For you cannot keep healthy boys out of a running river in warm weather unless the pollution exists to the extent that it is obnoxious. What a boy cannot see he does not fear. It is only when death and disease begin to take their toll that the public awakens to the importance of control measures.

Again, Mexico

NEWS correspondents seem agreed that Ambassador Sheffield will relinquish his post to Mexico in the near future. What will happen then they do not know. One theory is that no new ambassador will be appointed for the present, which situation will leave Mexico dangling in diplomatic mid-air like a catfish on a farm boy's willow until such time as she regains proper humility and respect for the American State Department. Such an ungentle act would not be surprising in view of this nation's attitude toward Latin American countries. But greater likelihood is that Colonel Henry L. Stimson will be sent to Mexico. This would probably be wise. Mr. Stimson, a former Cabinet officer, has held many important positions; he has the reputation of being a level-headed investigator and an impartial referee. Someone is vitally needed who can cut through this nation's muddled Latin American policy and restore the United States and Mexico to a basis of friendship. Stimson may prove to be the man.

The English Folk Song in Ohio

By MARY O. EDDY

THE Modern Language Association (XXXIII, 3) has published a scholarly study of 'The Bramble Briar' under the title, *Boccaccio, Hans Sachs and the Bramble Briar*, in which the author, the late Professor Belden, advances interesting theories concerning the uniformly bad English of the different versions.

When I questioned Miss Jane Goon as to her understanding of the mysterious 'salome' of the second stanza, she told me it was the name of the man the two brothers killed, adding the rather astonishing information that salome is the feminine name from the Hebrew Solomon.

THE BRAMBLE BRIAR

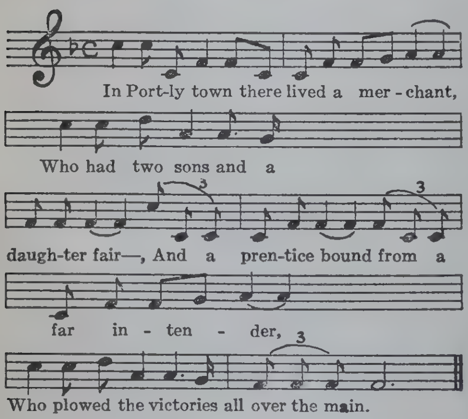
In Portly town there lived a merchant
Who had two sons and a daughter fair;
And a prentice bound from a far intender,
Who plowed the victories all over the main.

Ten thousand pounds it was her portion;
She was a neat and comely dame;
And upon the salome that plowed the ocean
She had a notion to bestow the same.

One night while they were sitting courting,
Her two brothers chanced to overhear;
They said this courtship should be ended,
'We will send him headlong into his grave.'

And for to conclude this bloody murder
These two villains hunting did go;
And upon the salome they coaxed and flattered
Along with them hunting to go.

They traveled over high hills and mountains,
Through lonely valleys that were unknown,
Until they came to the bramble briar,
And there they did him kill and thrown.


In Port-ly town there lived a mer-chant,
Who had two sons and a
daugh-ter fair—, And a pren-tice bound from a
far in - ten - der,
Who plowed the victories all over the main.

And when they had back home returned,
Their sister asked for the servant man.
'We left him in the woods a-hunting,
And we no more of him could find.'

'O sister dear, what makes you inquire
All so for this young man's sake?'
'Because I thought you seemed to whisper;
Come, tell me, brothers, or my heart will break.'

One night when she was lying sleeping,
He appeared to her bedside;
And he was all in tears a-weeping,
And all rolled over in gores of blood.

He says: 'My dear, leave off this crying,
It is a folly for you to know;
For your two brothers killed me, rash and cruel,
In such a place, love, you may me find.'

She traveled o'er high hills and mountains,
Through lonely valleys that were unknown,
Until she came to the bramble briar:
And there they had him killed and thrown.

Three days and nights she tarried by him,
Kissing on her bended knees;
When in that time she was constrained
To utter forth such words as these:

'I had a mind for to stay by him
Until my heart it did break with woe;
But I felt that hunger came creeping o'er me
Which forced me back home to go.'

And when she had back home returned,
Her brothers ask where she had been.
'Begone, ye proud, deceitful villains!
For him alone you both shall swing.'

And for to shun this bloody murder,
These two villains to sea did go.
And to tell the truth it was on the morrow
That the stormy winds began to blow.

The winds did blow, and it was no wonder
That these two villains were cast away;
And by the flood they were tost under,
And the raging sea formed their grave.

It is a far cry from the crude

And upon the salome that plowed the ocean
She had a notion to bestow the same,

to the matchless lines of Keats describing the love of the two:

Parting, they seemed to tread upon the air,
Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart.
She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair
Sang, of delicious love and honeyed dart;
He with light steps went up a western hill,
And bade the sun farewell, and joy'd his fill.

It is quite clear that a complete understanding of the words is not necessary to the enjoyment of an old song. Old Aunt Mary Boney was able to repeat from memory a very good eleven-stanza version of 'The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green' which narrates the story of the beautiful daughter of the blind beggar who was loved by a young lord ignorant of her parentage. When she proudly claimed the beggar as her father, the nobleman spurned her, whereupon a young squire spoke up:

'I've riches enough;
If she be a beggar's daughter, she's never the worse.
Your ship shall be lined with jewels,' said he,
'If you will but love me, my pretty Bet-see.'

Then the father confessed that begging, then as now, had been a profitable business, and offered to match guineas with the suitor. Here Aunt Mary stopped her story to apologize for not knowing what guineas were, and then went on:

'My daughter is not clothed as she shall,
But I will drop guineas with you for my gal.'
They dropped their guineas down to the ground,
They dropped, till they dropped ten thousand pounds.

Aunt Mary, pipe in mouth, had just showed me around her garden, and had remarked with gusto: 'Oh, but I like raspberries!' I felt that her enthusiasm over the berries was much greater than over the ballad even should I have told her that her old song was in Bishop Percy's celebrated manuscript. So I kept to myself the happy memory of the dingy old brown parchment in the British Museum, the very one which Percy had found in a Scottish home, the pages being torn off, one by one, and being used for lighting fires.

Another ballad containing a word which Aunt Mary confessed to not knowing was 'Jack Williams.' The hero was 'brought to guilt and shame' through supporting his sweetheart beyond his means, for, says he:

I took to robbing night and day
To maintain her fine and gay;
And all I got I valued not
But gave to her straightway.

And next to Newgate I was brought,
And bound down to irons strong,
With rattling chains around my legs,
And long to see them on.

For sixty years Aunt Mary has sung this song without knowing, or caring to know, that Newgate is the London prison, demolished only in 1903.

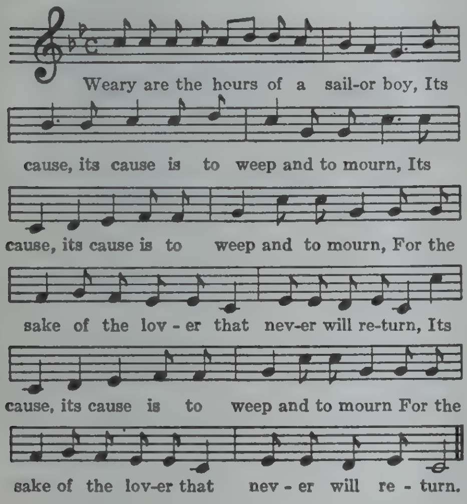
Not only do strange words become embodied in folk songs, but inconsistencies of situation as well. Fair Annie in the old Scottish ballad is too poor to be recognized as a good matrimonial catch for Lord Thomas. Nevertheless Annie appears at the wedding of Thomas riding upon a horse that

amblit like the wind;
Wi' siller he was shod before
Wi' burning gowd behind.

So gorgeous was the raiment of the poverty-stricken Annie that

The cleading (clothing) fair Annie had on
It skinkled (sparkled) in their e'en.

The song called 'The Sailor Boy' contains just such an amusing inconsistency. Henry Maurer first sang it to me. He was so interested in aiding my study of folk songs that he frequently called, a notebook in his hand in which he had been recording some newly remembered song. It was always a real pleasure to hear this old gentleman. His early talent for singing had been kept alive by frequent performances in country-school entertainments, on which occasions his repertoire would include 'The Miller's Song,' 'The Lily of the West,' or the long American ballad, 'James Bird.' He preferred to sing standing, and, as a preliminary, he buttoned his coat and rolled his eyes upward. His voice was loud and clear.


Weary are the hours of a sail-or boy, Its
cause, its cause is to weep and to mourn, Its
cause, its cause is to weep and to mourn, For the
sake of the lov - er that nev-er will re-turn, Its
cause, its cause is to weep and to mourn For the
sake of the lov-er that nev - er will re - turn.

THE SAILOR BOY

Weary are the hours of a sailor boy,
Its cause, its cause is to weep and to mourn,
Its cause, its cause is to weep and to mourn
For the sake of the lover that never will return.

Black is the color of my true lover's hair,
His resemblance is the lily's fair,
To tell, to tell will give me joy,
For none will I have but my sweet sailor boy.

'Father, father, build me a boat,
That I may on the ocean float,
And every ship that I sail by,
There I'll inquire for my sweet sailor boy.'

As I sailed down from Spain,
I saw three ships sail over the main,
I hailed a happy captain as he passed by,
And there I inquired for sweet Willy boy.

'Captain, captain, tell me true,
Doth sweet Willy sail with you?
To tell, to tell 'twill give me joy,
For none will I have but sweet Willy boy.'

'Oh, fair lady, I'll tell you true,
He was drowned in the gulf below,
On Eroc Isle as we passed by,
There we left your sweet sailor boy.'

She dashed her boat against a rock;
I thought the lady's heart was broke,
She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Just like a lady in despair.

'Bring me a chair to sit upon,
A pen and ink to write it down.'
At the end of every line she dropped a tear,
At the end of every verse cried, 'Oh my dear.

'Dig my grave both wide and deep,
Put a marble stone at my head and my feet,
And on my breast a turtle dove
To show to the world that I did love.'

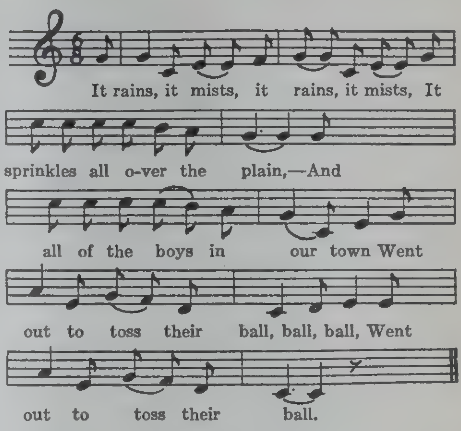
When Mr. Maurer came to the point in the story where the girl, in a boat built by her father, on the high seas, asks for a chair to sit upon, and a pen and ink with which to express her emotions, I stopped the singer. 'Surely,' I said, 'you are running two songs together, aren't you? That does not belong there.' And Mr. Maurer, always agreeable, accepted my criticism. Some months later, when he had forgotten the incident, we were disturbing the quiet of the village with the loud strains of 'Weary are the hours of a sailor boy,' in duet form. At the end of the seventh stanza Mr. Maurer went right on with, 'Bring me a chair to sit upon,' et cetera. Evidently these inconsistent stanzas belonged in his version of the story. The fact that they do rightfully belong there is proved by a comparison with the original English version where the same thing happens.

'The Sailor Boy' has such an attractive tune that it may clear my story of the impression that the Ohio tunes are doleful and lacking in rhythm.

Equally helpful in capturing these traditional songs was Mr. Maurer's sister, 'Aunt Lissie,' as she has been known in the village. Their home, as young people, was on the opposite side of town from the Clear Fork hills, but still among hills. My last call on 'Aunt Lissie' was when her last illness had weakened her voice; but there was heartiness in her tone when she said: 'I used to *love* to sing! Neighbors who lived a mile down across the fields could hear me.'

Her voice and Henry's are now still, but their songs live on in the memory of those who were privileged to hear them.

The visitor to Lincoln Cathedral, England, pauses before a broken fragment of an old shrine standing in the south aisle beside the choir. A plain, much mutilated base, a broken boss fallen from above, and a few fragments of carvings originally painted red are all that remain of the once famous shrine of little Sir Hugh, the child martyr. The story of this Christian child, who was believed to have been foully murdered by the Jews of Lincoln, was an old story in Chaucer's time. The prioress of his *Canterbury Tales* tells what was then the well-known story of 'the litel clergeon.' The shrine itself was built before Chaucer's time. The thrilling details of the story of the murder of the pious child, the finding of his body by miraculous manifestations of light and fragrance, its position of honor in the cathedral, and the song of the dead boy, all have contributed toward the preservation of the story, even to the present time.


It rains, it mists, it rains, it mists, It
sprinkles all o-ver the plain,—And
all of the boys in our town Went
out to toss their ball, ball, ball, Went
out to toss their ball.

Mrs. Charley Wise, one of the village laundresses, left her soapy tub and sang for me the following version of this ancient story. She gave it no name, and so I have supplied the traditional one of

LITTLE SIR HUGH

It rains, it mists, it rains, it mists,
It sprinkles all over the plain,
And all of the boys in our town
Went out to toss their ball, ball, ball,
Went out to toss their ball.

At first they tossed it a little too high,
And then a little too low;
Over in the Jew's garden flew one of the balls
Where no one dared to go.

Out came the Jew's daughter all dressed in silk,
Crying: 'Come in, little boy,
Come in, come in, my pretty little boy,
You shall have your ball again.'

'No, I won't come in, no, I shan't come in,
Unless my playmates do;
For ofttimes have I heard it said,
Whoever went in should never come out again.'

(*Continued on page 22*)

Having Their Own Way *in* Mexico

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

THE people of Mexico get their way.

They are like children in their methods of getting it, but they get it.

They get action from their government more quickly than it can be had from any government that I know on the face of the earth.

When a child wants the moon he cries for it. Sometimes the common people of Mexico yell and cry and fight for the moon. But usually they know what they want and they make themselves felt by voice, protest and strike until they get it.

For example let us start with the average motion picture audience in Mexico. If there is a break in the film or any delay, boys and girls, men and women, immediately begin to yell, pound, kick, and whistle with insistence. They want what they want when they want it, and they usually get it.

Their practice of democracy is pragmatic; it works, it gets results in direct action.

When a crowd in a theater does not like a certain piece of music that the orchestra or the organist is playing, it immediately makes its dislike felt by yelling for the orchestra to stop, and the orchestra stops. It has learned that it is best to respond to the will of the people. Several theaters have been wrecked because some foolish orchestra leader has autocratically imposed his own musical wisdom as better than that of his audience.

One day as a friend of mine was walking along one of the principal streets of Mexico City in broad daylight he heard the sound of shooting. He ran to the scene and saw an inspector of police trying to arrest a half-drunken Mexican. The Mexican resisted. He refused to go with this inspector; he refused to be arrested by this particular man. He had his choice of policemen.

He said to the inspector, 'I won't let you arrest me but I'll let that traffic officer arrest me.'

The inspector, thinking to intimidate the man, took him by the throat and rammed his head against the wall; just as my friend came by he was emptying his automatic into the wall on each side of the culprit's head, coming within an inch of him at each shot. But this did not scare the Mexican. He still refused to go with the inspector. As the inspector was all dressed up in official togs, this fracas was making a merry fool of him; so he finally had to give in and allow the officer on the corner to take the man to jail while he watched traffic, much to his disgust and chagrin.

'That's real democracy,' I said to my friend, 'when it gets to the point where a fellow has his choice of who arrests him, and where he can make that choice felt and can get his desire!'

The people are not slow to make their will felt, and their power, when they feel that the government, city, state or national, is not doing the square thing.

They are a patient lot and let many things slide through sheer laziness and indifference. For instance there is no real voting as yet in Mexico, for the people are not sufficiently educated; nor do they care to vote. Most of the voting is done by the heads of cities and states, the returns being signed by one man and sent in. But even that is a step in the right direction.

When it comes, however, to practical everyday matters that are close to the people they get their way and they get it quickly and effectively. They stand for no delay nor trifling, and laws and rules have been known to be changed overnight because of a good solid strike-protest, with a few officials shot in the bargain.

One famous instance occurred when a city water system went wrong because of what the people thought was the carelessness of some waterworks official. The people, especially the very poor, suffered grievously for a week. The idea got abroad that sufficient speed was not being shown in getting the system to work again.

So came the famous water riot. The people assembled on the downtown streets one night, and shot a few officials after extending their printed protest and demanding that the water be turned on at once.

The nation has a law that a laborer may get three months' pay for absence due to any occupational sickness. The Mexicans interpreting this to mean any kind of sickness, a certain American manufacturing concern had five hundred laborers fail to show up one Monday morning because of 'sickness.'

The Mexicans have another way of making their wishes felt: stores and shops go on strike.

This means of self-expression is used in the Orient also. One of the strongest protests that the Koreans have offered against Japanese imposition and cruelty has been the closing of stores and shops until their terms are granted.

English Hunting *as Seen in the* Advertisements

By L. C. K.

TO READ the advertisements in some English sporting papers one would suppose that all Englishmen were millionaires. This is the fault of the advertising manager whose mind is on the gentlemen and not on the producers, of whom there are many.

The hunting ads occur largely in the summer issues preparatory to the autumn sport. First of all the guns! These come '*for gentlemen*' always in pairs. The idea is that the attendant carries the gun case, hands the one loaded gun to the sportsman and loads the second gun while the first one is being shot.

THE price of a good pair of guns is some £180 or $900; if you are a 'cheap sport' you can get a pair of second-hand guns for £100 or $500. Of course, there are cheaper guns but they are advertised mainly as guns costing in the hundreds of dollars. Cartridges are a mere trifle, five dollars a hundred. But still too expensive for poor men.

Next to guns boots are important to the hunter. The 'Waterproofers to H. M. the King, and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales' advertise a knee boot at 120 shillings, thirty dollars, surely a good price for a boot.

Clothing is relatively cheaper since you get 'jacket and plus fours' from eight guineas (forty dollars) and a Balmacaan or topcoat at the same price.

Pheasant eggs and cock pheasant poults, for turning into coverts, are advertised for sale, 'Strong healthy birds guaranteed.' Not only the birds are sold but also medicine to put them into prime condition for the hunt.

DOGS are not the least important nor yet the least costly element to the hunter. A 'stylish dog,' trained, can be had from fifty dollars up.

Binoculars at eighty dollars, a lunch basket at seventy-five dollars, preliminary practice costing some fifteen dollars, boot cleaners at nine dollars, sporting hats at eight dollars, and whisky at various prices and final costs, are all incidentals, more or less necessary for an enjoyable shoot.

A month's shooting where you are a paying guest costs about two hundred pounds (a thousand dollars). Nor is there great profit for the owner of the moors since he must furnish the gamekeepers, the keepers of the hounds, the dogs, and also the 'beaters' who stir up the game.

Great Figures in Fiction

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

Amy Robsart *and* Hester Prynne

AMONG the hundreds of figures that crowd Sir Walter Scott's pages, no one is perhaps more an object of sympathetic interest than Amy Robsart in *Kenilworth*. She represents at once beauty and romance and passion and tragic misfortune of the keenest and most pitiful sort. No one can think of her as having deserved a cruel fate. No one can feel that the self-indulgence to which her father had brought her up should have been the warrant for the fearful price that she paid. She was surrounded by intrigue, and she had been taught nothing but kindness. She was both proud and beautiful, and as unthinkingly as a child she accepted homage and the simulation of homage as equally genuine.

Kenilworth Castle and Sir Walter Scott.

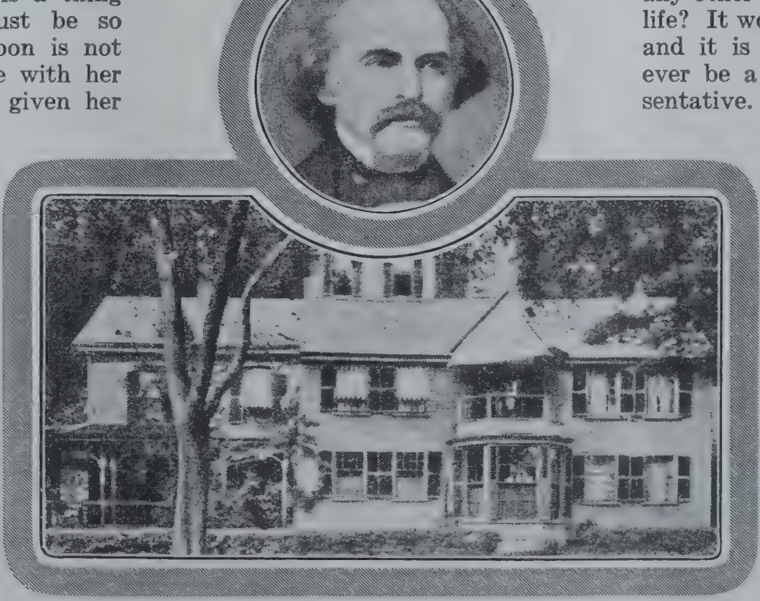
When the story opens she is virtually a prisoner at Cumnor, where her lord, the Earl of Leicester, sees her only now and then, until such time as he shall feel free to take her with him to Kenilworth Castle. She is his lawful wife, however, and she expects soon to be acknowledged publicly as the Countess of Leicester. It is a thing for suspicion that she must be so guarded while the honeymoon is not yet cold, but she is in love with her brilliant husband. He has given her reasons for the present need of secrecy, and they are quite satisfying reasons. Matters of state are involved, and it is not well, for the time, that Amy Robsart should be known as the Countess of Leicester.

What Amy does not know is that the Earl is understood to be a favored suitor for the hand of Queen Elizabeth, that, as much as his position will permit, he has taken the tone of a lover with her, and that, but for his having made Amy his wife, he might very probably become king of England. She is without a fear or a suspicion, until suddenly there comes to her a great awakening.

The Queen has announced her intention of paying a royal visit to Kenilworth. At the instance of Amy's father, her former lover has come to court to present a petition for Elizabeth's interest in Amy's abduction, her concealment, and her possible seduction by Richard Varney, a tool of the Earl's. Varney tries to protect both Leicester and Amy by declaring that she has been honorably married to him. But the Queen demands that Amy be brought to Kenilworth on the occasion of her visit there, and the situation has at once another color. Leicester is not willing that the Countess should appear publicly as Varney's wife. Yet he does not wish to make open acknowledgment of his own relationship to her.

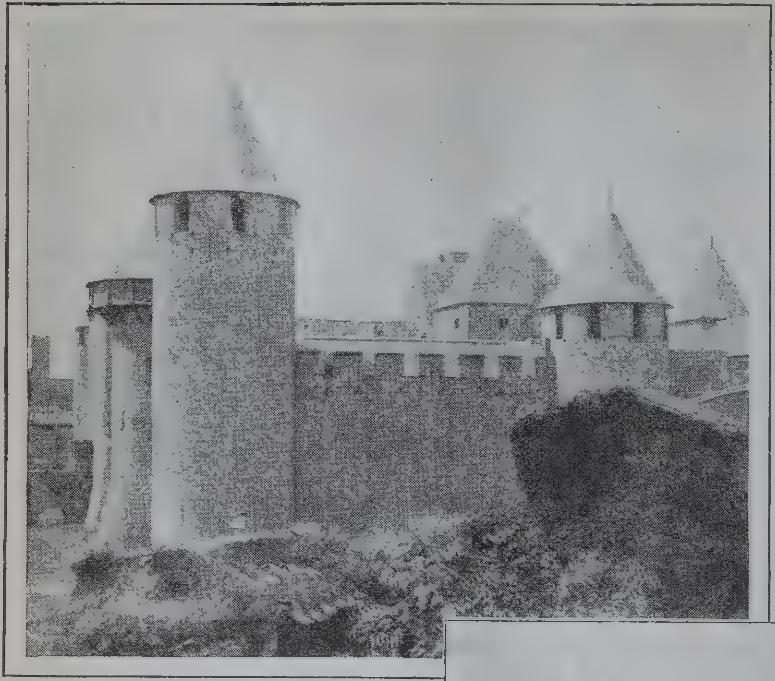
The story of Amy Robsart's acceptance and rejection at Kenilworth is brief. She comes to escape her doom and is taken back to meet it in less than two days. During that time she sees Leicester for but two short interviews. The first is in the presence of the Queen. It puts an end to his hopes of kingship. Amy does what she can to shield him from Elizabeth's displeasure as soon as she realizes how much she has betrayed.

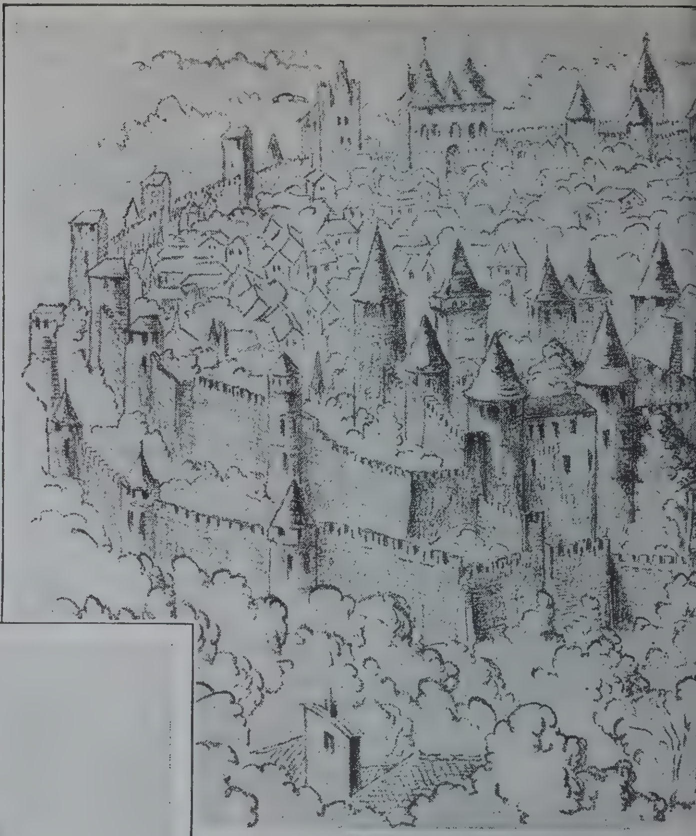
When she has been dragged back to Cumnor, she does not despair. She still believes that Leicester will save her. At what she thinks is his familiar whistle she joyfully opens the door out of which she has been warned not to pass. One step she takes over its threshold, and the treacherous footing that has been prepared for her gives way. She plunges into the oblivion that is forever.



'Wayside,' Concord, Massachusetts, and its master, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

For a long time *The Scarlet Letter* has been accounted the greatest of American novels. I have no doubt that finer work in fiction has been done by other American writers, but that is only one phase of the matter. Is there any other novel so central to American life? It would be difficult to name one, and it is doubtful whether there will ever be a single novel so fully representative. We are now too complex, too various, too many-sided, for any novelist of the present or the future to bring us with any adequacy within the compass of a volume of fiction. The United States was never wholly one. Hester Prynne represents, however, not New England Puritanism, but our break with the past. She is of the New World and the new order. She denies the right of established authority, as such, and asserts her faith in moral law as a guide to conduct. (*Continued on page 20*)





Historic structures give way to modern skyscrapers of more or less type design. It is therefore the more refreshing to come upon such splendid architectural gems as the walled city of Carcassonne here pictured. Primarily a fortress, it came to serve also as a residence, and consequently has characteristics of both.

Above—

Inner and outer walls together boast more than fifty towers, almost equally distributed but of varying shapes and heights. Here is seen a cluster of these towers.

Right—

Between these towers is the entrance, protected by heavy iron gates raised and lowered from within. Should an enemy pierce these gates, it was so arranged that he was greeted with arrows and heavy stones which were rolled down through openings above the gates. Specimens of these stones are still preserved; their effects were telling.

Fascinating W
of Feudal Ti

surrounding country, site of an ancie
gothic towers, still later of the Pi
feudal stronghold and castle reside

By

Approach to the castled city from the modern town, two miles distant. Bishop's tower is the square tower at extreme right. A new hotel rises in center.

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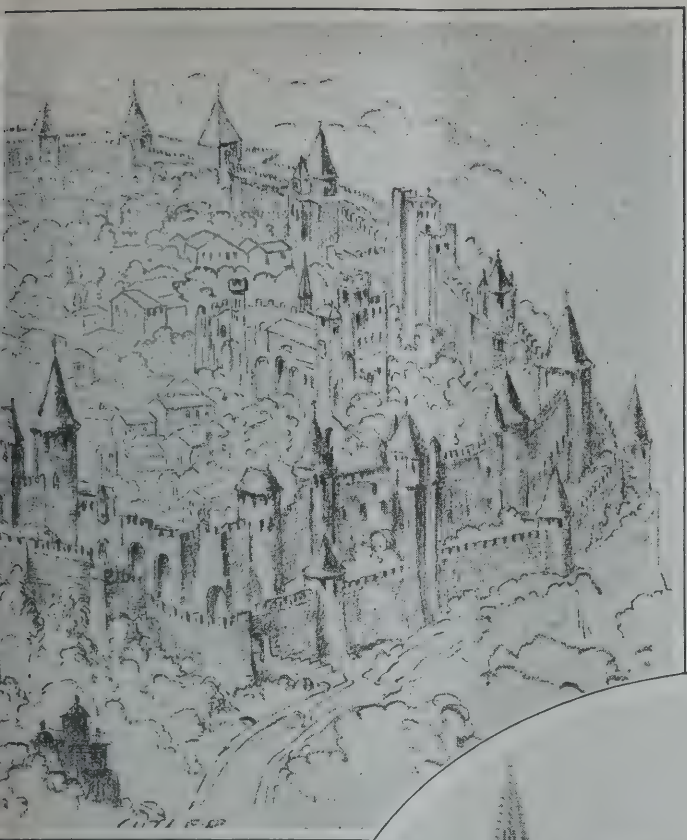

ED CITY

CROWNS the top of a steep hill hundreds of feet above the level of
tification, later of Visi-
the Moors, and, finally,
Counts of Carcassonne.

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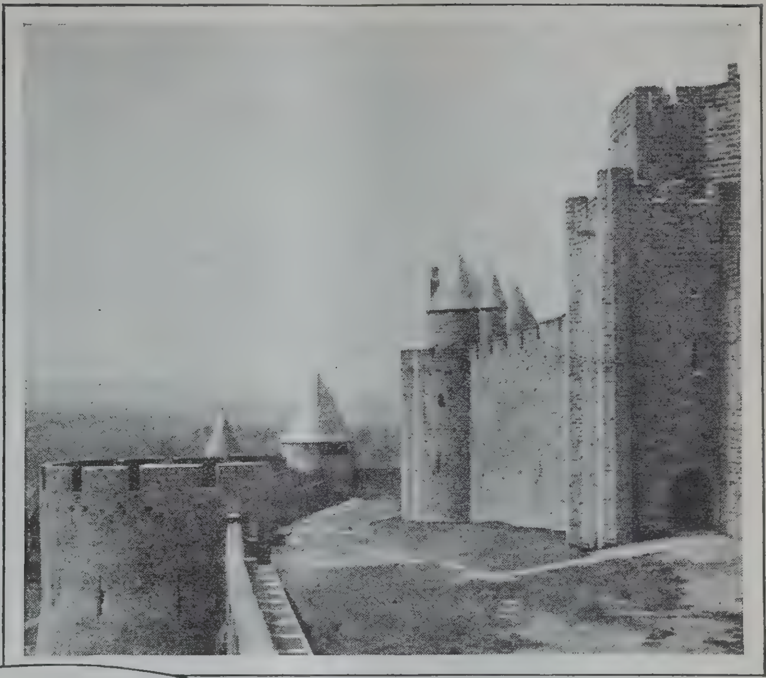
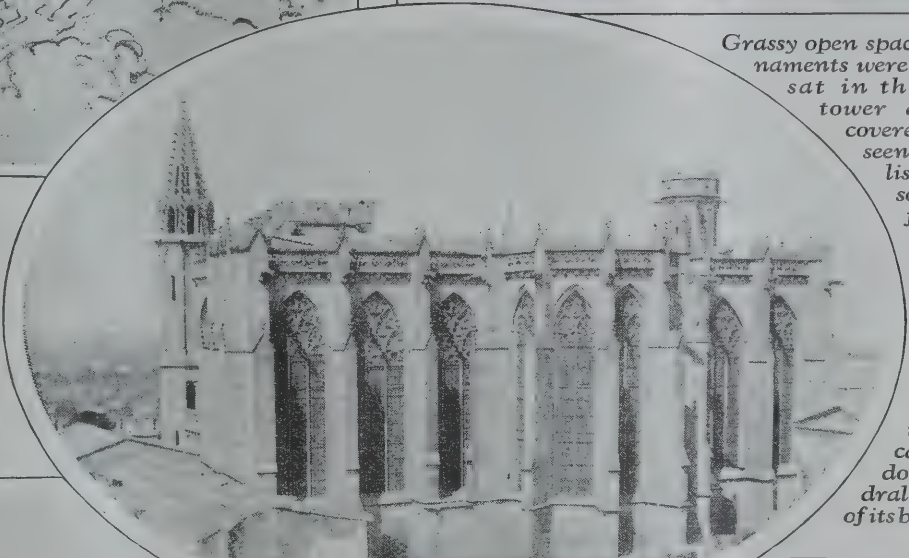
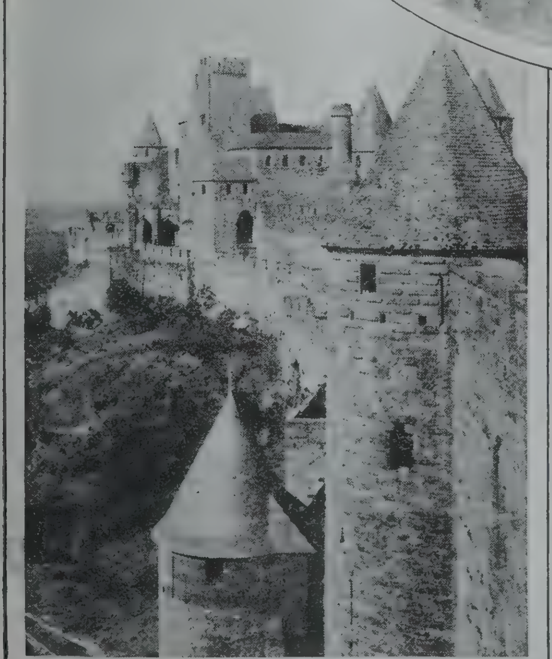


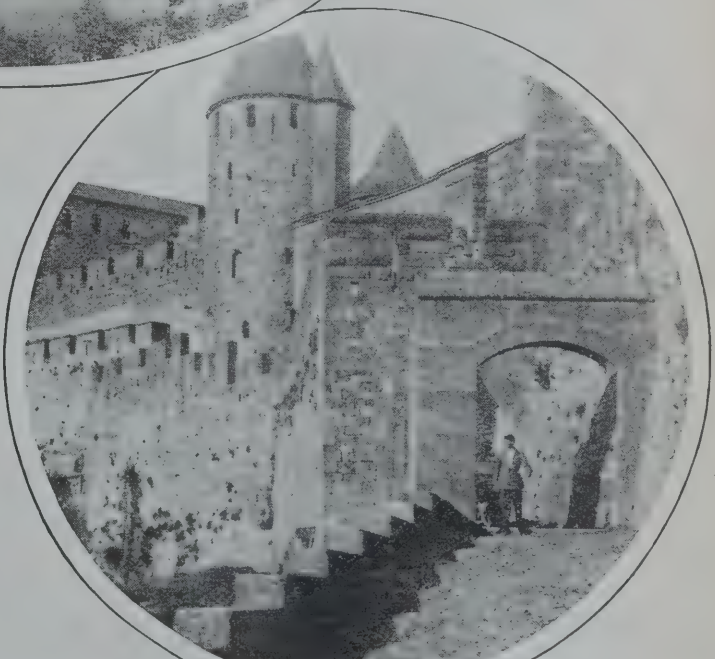
Grassy open space where ancient tournaments were held. The fair ladies sat in the low semicircular tower at left; also in the covered towers like the one seen also at left. These lists were frequently the scenes of jousting and feats of arms designed to keep the young soldiers in condition for real battle.



Left—
The Cathedral of St. Nazaire, within the walls of the fortified city. From St. Martin's Tower in the castle wall one looks down upon the Cathedral roof, getting a fine view of its buttresses and minarets.



A strategic site for defense, commanding unexcelled view. Within these towers are numerous large chambers for residence purposes, useful in case of siege.



Entrance gate within high Moorish tower. Breast-high parapet served defenders of old as lookout.

In the Hour of the Tiger

(*Continued from page 4*)

like drums, beaten with mallets when the drums were large and with the hands when they were small. From a rack-like structure hung twelve gongs of different and not unmusical tones, which were beaten with mallets at intervals, and there were smaller instruments that gave out scraping, rasping sounds so dear to the Celestial, so trying and nerve-racking to the foreigner.

The choir consisted of sixty voices, each voice sounding like that of the youth who has reached the 'cracking voice' stage of his existence. They chanted something which was probably verse and which threatened to be never-ending. On came the dancers. To the beating of drums and to signals from the master of ceremonies the dancers executed their steps. There was no poetry of motion, no wild freedom of woodland performers. The dancers moved but a stiff step or two out of their tracks. That was all. Their dance was more like the calisthenics of long-ago school days than anything else that would describe a dance. After the dancers, came sixty-four small boys, dressed in rich blue satin robes, elaborately embroidered in gold. Each boy carried what looked like a battle-ax of a bygone day, and a straight and narrow shield, decorated with gold dragons. These boys went through their drill and were followed by thirty-six young men dressed in black robes, trimmed in blue. Each carried a wand tipped with one single golden pheasant tail feather, the feather at least a yard long. Theirs was a more intricate drill than that performed by the small boys.

ALL these songs and drills, all the orchestral music, was but an accompaniment to the entrances and exits of the governor while performing his ceremonial rites. Five times was his excellency escorted from the lower court, where he stood, up to the altar where he offered sacrifice. Incense was offered first, as a welcome to the spirit of Confucius; then he offered food; the third time, cloth, stamped with the official seal. When the cloth was offered his excellency read an official tribute to Confucius. The fourth time he offered the sacrifice of meat, and the last, he bowed profoundly, and bade the spirit of Confucius farewell.

After the last offering, when the governor returned to the lower court, attendants, marching single file, carried the sacrificial offerings, except the animals, to a place in the temple yard where they were burned, thus translating them to the spirit world that Confucius might have use of them. The animals were afterward used for a feast. Thus the ceremony ended.

It was the 'hour of the dog' (six o'clock in the morning).

But weird as was the ceremony of the equinoctial sacrifice it was less weird than the Buddhist ceremony of ordination which we witnessed at midnight, in a Wuchang temple shortly after.

This ceremony is known as 'sheo kiai,' or taking of the vows. Its chief feature is the burning of a certain number of spots deep into the shaved heads of men about to be ordained as priests in the Buddhist faith. Nine spots in all there usually are, three rows of three spots each, and each spot the size of the nail on a grown man's thumb, but more nearly square in form. These nine holes are representative of the nine vows taken by each Buddhist priest. The cauterized marks are indelible and remain on the scalp a lifetime.

Close to the east gate of Wuchang is a hill; Hung Shan is its name. On its peak rests the Pau Tung Shin pagoda, or the Monastery of the Pervading Preciousness. The pagoda is perhaps a thousand years old. The Chinese claim it was built at the beginning of the Tang dynasty, something like A. D. 630 to 907. Perhaps it was. It is one of the temples in the Yangtze Valley still kept in repair. Until China became a republic the historic buildings, temples, drum towers and pagodas throughout the empire were kept in repair. Many are today in ruins, impossible of salvage. The Pau Tung Shin pagoda is one of the few notable exceptions. It is kept constantly in repair, thanks to the earnestness of the monks there, and also to the fact that the holding group is said to be one of great wealth.

Through the frosty midwinter night we made our way to the temple; ice crunched under our feet as we went along the little-used road which was barely a trail up the steep mountainside to the Monastery of the Pervading Preciousness. The low-hung deep velvety blue of a China winter sky was studded thick with gold stars, and a waning moon made almost superficial the dim-lighted lanterns we carried.

We climbed the steep slope to the first court of the pagoda, our feet slipping on the frost-covered stones. Through the first court, up another hill, winding in and out among trees made weird with grotesque, crooked limbs, stumbling along, panting and short of breath, we made our way. At last we found ourselves before a little wooden door of the temple. We could see dim lights within, as we looked through the cracks of the door. Faint sounds of voices reached us borne on the frosty night air, but too far away to be attracted by our pounding on the door. We almost gave up hope of entering, when one of the party thought of a way, a little door at the far side which opened into the monastery woodshed, thence into the kitchen and then into the refectory and into the very heart of the temple.

SEVERAL of the senior monks received us there, and were gracious. We might remain to witness the ceremony, which they assured us was most impressive. The conversation, of course, had to be carried on through a Chinese-speaking missionary who acted as our guide. The monks were friendly, served us tea, and seemed to enjoy a bit of conversation with some one from the outside world, while we awaited the hour for the ordination ceremonies.

At the 'hour of the tiger' the temple gongs sounded. The ceremony of ordination had begun. A large chorus of male voices chanting was heard in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came to the room in which we waited. As the voices drew near we entered a dimly lighted hall. Weird and mysterious it looked in the feeble light of a few tall wax tapers. Down each side of the hall were ranged nine gilded images—the eighteen Lo Hans, the earliest disciples of Buddha. In the center was a great gold image of Buddha, sitting cross-legged. In front of this image had been placed a table. Three cowled monks sat on each side of it. Standing at the head of this table was a young-looking monk, with a scarlet tiara-shaped hat upon his head. Each monk held a great book in front of his face. From it they read, sometimes in turns, sometimes in unison, reading in a singsong chant, every pause being filled in by the clashing of gongs and the beating of wooden drums. In one dim corner was a box-like structure, on which a monk sat, cross-legged and silent, performing his duty of meditation.

IN AN adjoining room the sixty candidates for ordination were kneeling, awaiting their ordeal. They knelt about the three sides of the room, robed in the long loose gray robes of their calling, heads shaved, pale faces showing in the dim light looking for all the world like so many death's-heads. The chanting and the beating of gongs had been continuous and it was over an hour before we returned to the first temple, which had been cleared of its tables.

Before the great idol where had stood a small table was now placed a long high wooden bench, with a row of kneeling-cushions made of straw in front of it. Behind this bench stood the officiating monks. Upon the bench were the instruments to be used to burn the holes in the scalps of the candidates for ordination—thick sticks of incense, a bit of wax and slices of raw white turnip.

The initiates entered, kneeling upon the straw cushions. The officiating monks marked upon each shaved head the nine spots to be burned into the flesh during the ceremony which was about to begin. The sticks of incense were fixed with wax at the places marked and the taper of incense was lighted. It took two minutes—two lifetimes it seemed to us—for the incense to burn down to the scalp. Pieces of raw turnip were placed between the burning patches to keep the surrounding skin cool. Monks in the background beat continuously upon wooden drums, with heavy mallets.

The initiate monks who were undergoing the torture knelt like so many graven images. They must have been suffering agony but not a lip quivered, not a facial muscle twitched. As each stick of incense burned down to the scalp, the live ash was pressed down into the head. When the newly ordained men were led out by the older monks, the air was pervaded with the odor of burning flesh.

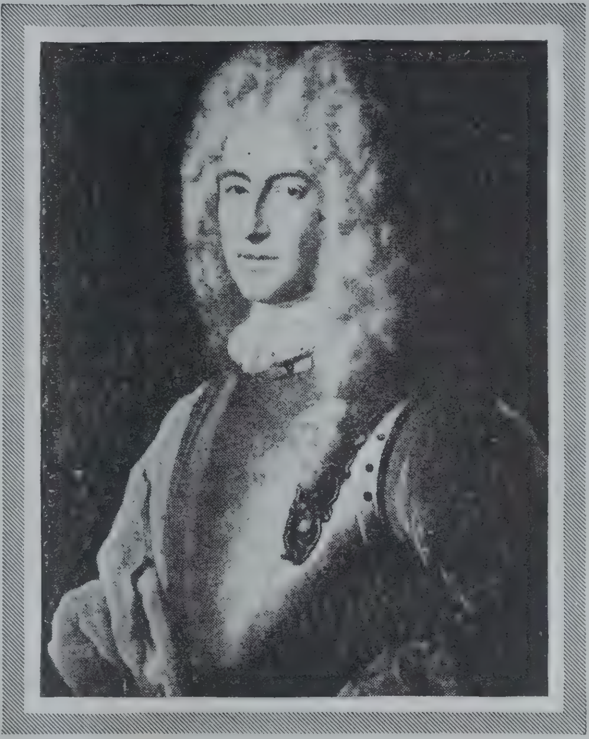
It was again the 'hour of the dog' and we went out into the fresh morning air. It was cold and crisp and welcome.

It was an experience such as one cannot forget. That these men were sincere in their faith and the sacrifices they were making there could be no doubt. It made one wonder if, after all, the world and its so-called pleasure lay in the path of real happiness. For these simple monks, the night had gone.

An Original of Scott's WAVERLEY

By VICTOR MITCHELL

EVERY year thousands of Americans pay homage to the genius of Sir Walter Scott by visiting Abbotsford, Melrose Abbey, and the Trossachs, and following his footsteps throughout the country whose beauties he revealed by his magic touch. Americans also remember that Scott was a warm and intimate friend of Washington Irving, himself of good Scots blood, whose writings have had a powerful influence in pointing the way to literary pilgrims to 'the land of the mountain and the flood.'



Alexander Forbes,
Lord Pitsligo.

But there is a part of Scotland as yet almost unknown to admirers of the 'Wizard of the North' and his works, and which hitherto has not been given its rightful place in the 'Scott country'; this is the northeast or Buchan district of the county of Aberdeen, anciently known as 'the Kingdom of Buchan,' where many castles, hoary and gray, remain as memorials of the stirring and romantic deeds of Old World heroes.

It is therefore not surprising that in such a country Scott found the prototype of the Baron of Bradwardine in *Waverley*, his first, and some consider, his greatest, historical romance. Not only this, but there are other links which connect the author of *Waverley* with this part of his literary kingdom, as we shall hereafter find. But, first of all, let us see what Scott has to say of the Baron of Bradwardine, that stanch old Jacobite, whose indomitable spirit withstood the privations and hardships that overtook those who participated in the ill-fated risings on behalf of the royal Stuarts in 1715 and 1745.

In the introductory chapters of *Waverley* we first hear of 'Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq. of Bradwardine,' as a gentleman who 'had been in arms for the exiled family of Stuart in the year 1715, and was made prisoner at Preston in Lancashire. He was of a very ancient family, and somewhat embarrassed fortune.'

After 'the '45,' we find the old Baron a fugitive, spending his days in hiding in his 'cove,' and his nights in the cottage of old Janet Gellately. It is in this humble abode Captain Waverley finds him, 'a tall, bony, gaunt figure in the remnants of a faded uniform and a beard of three weeks' growth, with a cocked pistol in his right hand, and his left in the act of drawing another from his belt.' Waverley spends the night at the hut with his unfortunate friend, and, 'at the dawn of day,' accompanies Bradwardine to his cave among the rocks. The Baron, leading the way, 'began to ascend the rock, striding, with the help of his hands, from one precarious footstep to another, till he got about halfway up, where two or three bushes concealed the mouth of a hole, resembling an oven, into which the Baron insinuated, first his head and shoulders, and then, by slow gradation, the rest of his long body.'

On a wild and picturesque part of the Buchan coast, about a mile west of the ancient burgh of Rosehearty, there is a similar rift in the rock, known as Lord Pitsligo's Cave, which likewise afforded refuge for one of the adherents of Prince Charlie, during the troublous times that followed Culloden.

The personality as well as the remarkable career of Lord Forbes of Pitsligo—the massive ruins of whose ancestral castle stand on the slope of a hill overlooking Rosehearty—make it clear that he is the original of Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, the grizzled old hero of *Waverley*. The entrance to the cave in which Lord Pitsligo found shelter is halfway up the face of a steep basalt cliff rising from a secluded cove known as the Redcows Haven, and is approached by an extremely narrow and rugged path affording but a precarious footing.

Alexander Forbes, Lord Pitsligo, the circumstances of whose eventful life closely conform to those of the Baron in *Waverley*, was born in the year 1678. His mother was a daughter of the Earl of Mar. Like another of Scott's heroes, Quentin Durward, he was attracted to the continent of Europe in quest of learning and in the pursuit of arms, and spent some years in Paris.

Pitsligo was a man sixty-seven years of age when Prince Charlie landed in Scotland, in his futile attempt to retrieve the fortunes of the House of Stuart. Asthmatic and otherwise broken in health by his former campaigns, he mounted his horse and, with a hundred men of Buchan at his back, set off for the rallying point of the Jacobite forces. When the old man was leaving his castle, a

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NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

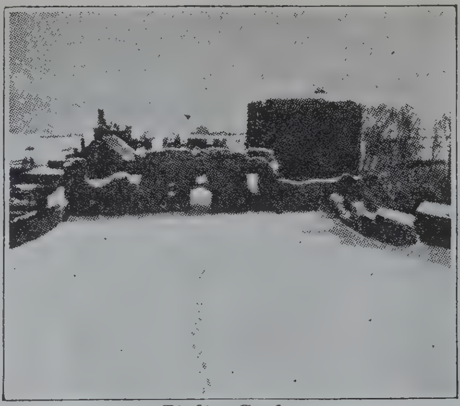
neighbor's boy brought a stool and set it beside his charger so that he might mount without difficulty. But the veteran's fighting blood was up, and disdaining the proffered help he sprang into the saddle, remarking somewhat sadly: 'This is the severest rebuke I have yet received for presuming to go upon such an expedition.'

When the hopes of the Jacobites were forever shattered on Drumossie Moor, the lands of Pitsligo were seized by the government, and the old laird became a fugitive from the redcoats of 'Butcher' Cumberland, hunted like the red deer among his native wilds. His most secure hiding place was the rocky cave which still bears his name, a lonely retreat where the only sounds that break the silence are the murmur of the waves, the weird cries of the seabirds, and the bleating of the lambs that crop the green herbage on the verge of the frowning cliffs. About a quarter of a mile inland from Lord Pitsligo's Cave is the farmhouse of Powkburn, and from here and other places in the vicinity food was brought to the cave, and a truckle bed, a table, and a few simple necessaries, provided for the use of the fugitive.

Lord Pitsligo's Cave, Rosehearty.

For many weary months the redcoats diligently searched the whole of the neighborhood, but, although rich rewards were offered, 'there was nane that wad betray' the stanch old laird. Nevertheless, he had many hairbreadth escapes. When warned by the faithful peasants that 'the coast was clear,' he would issue from his hiding place and wander over the estate that was once his own, disguised as a beggar, passing from door to door like a veritable 'Eddie Ochiltree.' At every cottage he was welcome, and invited to the coziest corner by the peat fire; and when he left to resume his wanderings, the guidwife would fill the beggars' 'poke' which he carried, with some of her oatcakes and home-baked scones, or a few handfuls of meal. If the soldiers came around, he was pointed out to them as 'juist a puir aul' man; a hairmless craiter stravaigin' aboot the country.'

Lord Pitsligo spent his last years in the home of his only son, the Master of Forbes, who had bought back the attainted estates, but resold part of them in the year 1759. In course of time, the remainder came into the possession of Sir William Forbes, the banker, who was a close friend of Sir Walter Scott, and on the death of the banker, they were inherited by his son, William Forbes the younger of Pitsligo, who was Scott's successful rival for the hand of the beautiful Williamina Belches, the great novelist's early love, whom he is supposed to have had in mind in his characterization of Di Vernon in *Rob Roy.*



Pitsligo Castle.

Lord Clinton, the great-grandson of Scott's first love, is now proprietor of this part of the Pitsligo estates, but the old castle is no longer inhabited, except by one of the employes on the castle farm, whose cottage is built on part of the ruins on one side of the courtyard, and by the jackdaws and wild pigeons that nest on the summit of the crumbling keep.

On one of the ruined walls, near the round tower, there is a carved panel containing the coat of arms of the Forbeses of Pitsligo, the supporters of which are two bears.

The Baron of Bradwardine had also two bears as supporters of his shield, and it will be recollected that on Captain Waverley's advent in the great dining-room of 'Tully-Veolan,' he was introduced to 'the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine,' which formed a golden goblet filled with wine, which was quaffed by each of the company in turn.

The lands of Pitsligo were anciently owned by the Comyns, Earls of Buchan, one of which family was rival with Robert the Bruce for the Scottish crown; and here again Scott evidently derived inspiration for the full name of his immortal hero—'Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine.' Lord Pitsligo, like the Baron of Bradwardine, was a classical scholar, but it is not generally known that he was the author of a little religious work—*Thoughts Concerning Man's Condition and Duties in This Life, and His Hopes in the World to Come*—which passed through four editions, and a review of which, contributed by Scott, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1829. He also was the writer of *Essays Moral and Philosophical*, published in 1763.

Within less than a mile of Pitsligo Castle is the farmhouse of Braco, which was for years the residence of the favorite daughter of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, Scott's literary contemporary and intimate friend.

The Jacobite Baron of Pitsligo, notwithstanding his strenuous life, died at the age of 85, and his dust lies in the family vault in the old parish church not far from the castle. The natives of the district to this day are proud of the traditions attaching to the memory of this brave and charitable old man, whose unselfish heroism Scott declared was 'above all Greek and Roman praise.' His memory is revered among the Rosehearty folks, and they are ever ready to guide the inquiring stranger to the lonely cave, which, in circumstances similar to the Baron of Bradwardine, became Pitsligo's 'Patmos' during a time of political storm and stress.

Great Figures in Fiction

(Continued from page 15)

She had become in England the unloving and in part the unloved wife of Roger Chillingworth. He is much older than she, and he has had the indiscretion to send her to the New World before him. It is now more than two years since she has been left to her own devices. The instincts of youth are strong in her. She has not escaped the need of a sincere love, and a lover has been drawn to her. In one of the most moving scenes in fiction she stands before the matrons who have come to see the execution of the sentence pronounced upon her by the magistrates that she shall wear a scarlet letter emblazoned upon the bosom of her dress.

She has steadfastly refused to name the father of the child she carries in her arms; she faces the gathering unyieldingly. Into the number of those who look upon her hard humiliation comes suddenly her husband, Roger Chillingworth. Across the sea of rebuking faces they look into each other's eyes, but neither then nor later do they make their old relation known. From this time on the child, Pearl, and two men, her unforgiving husband and her pastor and betrayer, Arthur Dimmesdale, almost completely fill her horizon.

It is the distinguishing thing in Hester Prynne that she exhibits in herself at once that break with the past and that faith in a moral order of which I have already spoken. Her marriage with Chillingworth was not of her own making. To her mind therefore its validity is not unimpeachable. At the same time, she recognizes that she has assumed obligations and has not met them, and she sees this as a moral default for which she should properly pay a price.

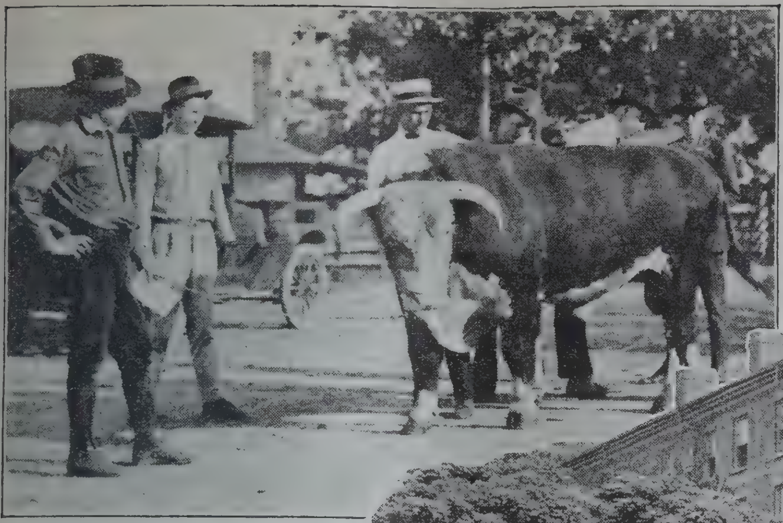
Possibly Hester's judgment was at fault. She might have escaped. But that is not the question. She is a notable woman in fiction, not for her wisdom, but for the integrity of her inner nature. She has the courage to face issues and to fight them out alone.

There could hardly be two more sharply contrasted figures than that of Amy Robsart at Cumnor, her beauty most beautifully adorned and robed, and that of Hester Prynne, hard-visaged with shame and terror, in a gown not without a splendor of its own, but catching the eye chiefly by the blaze of the letter 'A' with its rich gold embroidery. Amy hopes to avoid the penalty of daughterly disobedience, of confidence and trust too vainly placed, and her brief hour of uncertain happiness plunges pitifully into oblivion.

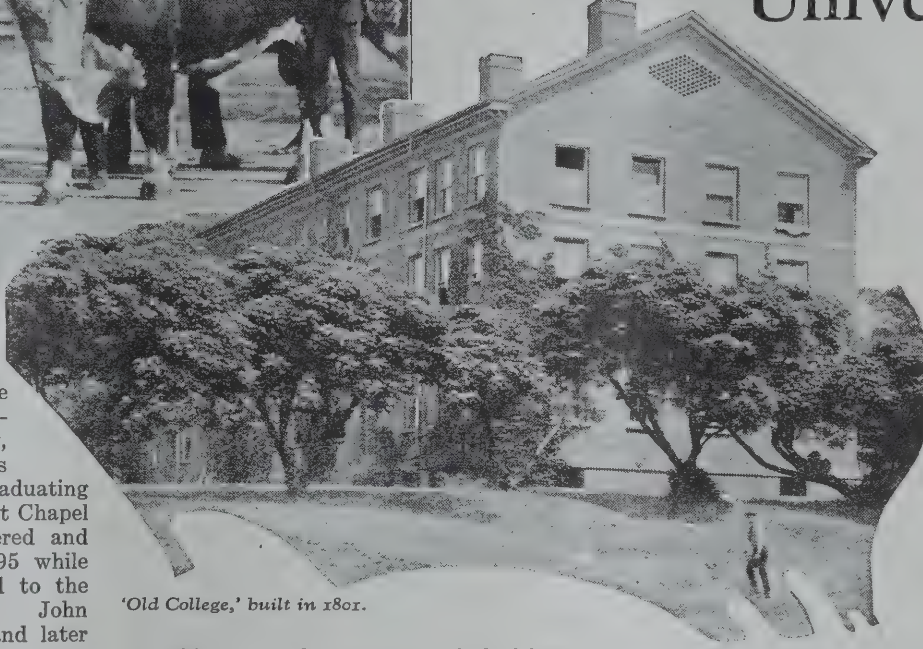
Hester Prynne asks no favors of the Eumenides, and, having paid scot and lot as she goes, in the way of Emerson's advice, comes through the unfolding of long years to a beautiful serenity. She has had the belief, as Hawthorne reports, that 'a new truth would be revealed, in order to place the whole relation of man and woman on a surer basis of human happiness.' That hope has burned from her day to ours, perhaps rather more brightly now than then. The *Scarlet Letter* lives.

GEORGIA—the Oldest State University

By GEORGE H. DACY



Agricultural students learning about beef while it is still on the hoof.



'Old College,' built in 1801.

ALTHOUGH Georgia is the first chartered state university in the country, North Carolina antedates her in the matter of the first graduating class. The Tar Heel institution at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, was chartered and instruction actually begun in 1795 while Georgia was not officially opened to the students until six years later. John Milledge, soldier and statesman and later on one of the governors of Georgia, paved the way for the inception of his state's famous university by a gift of 663 acres of land which was accepted as a site for the state school. Georgia proselyted from Yale University two prominent professors who thereafter, in turn, occupied the president's chair at the new southern school which was the first of its kind established in Dixieland. Andrew Baldwin of Yale drew up and formulated the charter of the University of Georgia while Josiah Meigs planned and supervised the construction of Old College, the first building erected on the Georgia campus in 1801. This structure is an exact replica of Connecticut Hall, one of the earliest buildings constructed at New Haven.

Subsequently supported by the income from $100,000 that was received from the sale of the land which was given the university by the state, Georgia prospered up to the outbreak of the Civil War. Seven additional buildings were added to the campus assets of the institution. The school gained fame throughout the entire country and drew her students from all sections. She ranked as one of the leading educational institutions of the New World. Then the war between the states intervened.

In 1863, the university had to close her doors, the campus and buildings thereafter being used as places of refuge for supporters of the Southern cause who were rendered destitute by the ravages of war. In 1865, the University of Georgia recommenced instructional activities despite the fact that she was branded with the marks of suffering and privation, wretchedly poor and handicapped in her operations by depleted equipment. From that day to this, graduates who have worked with a purpose and spread the fame of this southern university to every section of the country have annually issued from the venerable ivy-covered halls at Athens.

The history of a state university is something more than a mere recital of facts and figures. The most dependable measure of the greatness is the account of the accomplishments of her sons and daughters. Out from the pillared halls and ancient buildings of Georgia have issued a steady stream of alumni that have won many pages of comment in that popular volume, 'Who's Who in America.' Georgia University has furnished 37 national congressmen, 10 United States senators, 2 United States supreme court justices, 11 governors of Georgia, 33 college presidents, 110 college professors, 37 supreme court justices, 13 military generals, 4 United States ambassadors, 1 secretary of the National Treasury and many bishops, men of letters, historians, scientists, and the like.

The undergraduate life of the University of Georgia is full and varied, stimulating students to well-rounded development. Enriched by a century of tradition, an institution has been builded which will be as permanent as cotton production in that region south of the Mason and Dixon's line. For the most part, the students rule themselves. Student government successfully deals with all matters of conduct, discipline and other forms of collegiate insubordination. The Georgia faculty has ascertained positively that the undergraduates are well qualified to sit in judgment on their fellows as the heads of the university have never been obliged to reverse a single decision of the Men's Student Council or the Student Government Association of Women since the inception of the unique system of running campus affairs at Athens. Six men students are selected by popular vote as members of the student council while the girls select their leaders in a similar way. Each student pays an annual tax of fifty cents to aid in the support of the student self-government bodies.

Athens is the educational center of Georgia, for in addition to the state university, it also boasts the state normal school, the state college of agriculture and a private institute for young ladies. At Athens is the only tree in the world that really owns itself. It is a big oak, 250 years old. W. H. Jackson played under this tree as a boy and loved it so much that he dedicated the plot of ground on which it stands to the tree, drew up a formal deed to that effect and had appropriate markers erected and an iron fence built around the tree. Although this man died many years ago, the tree that has clear title to itself still lives and is carefully preserved by Athenians.

The only double-barreled cannon ever built is also an ornament of the public square in Athens. It was invented by a man named Gilliland during the Civil War. It was so designed that it would shoot two cannon balls attached together by means of a long stout chain. The idea of the inventor was that as the big balls sped from the gun, they would straighten out the chain so that the extraordinary missile would mow down an entire regiment of the enemy at a single shot. It probably was lucky for the Union forces that this device of warfare was never perfected so that it could be used successfully out on the firing line.

Mary Harden, the sweetheart of John Howard Payne, the author of 'Home Sweet Home,' lived in Athens all her life. Payne presented her with the original copy of the famous song. She lived to be eighty-six years of age. No one has been able to locate the old music manuscript following her death. The general surmise is that the venerable lady either lost or destroyed the relic.

The State College of Agriculture became a separate school of the University of Georgia in 1906. It has one of the largest enrollments in agriculture and home economics among southern institutions.

Woman *in* Politics

Has Not Turned Out a Gold Brick

By G. W. BARRINGTON

THE most narrow-minded of us will not contend that woman, as a political factor, has turned out to be a gold brick. She is not an absolute blue-sky investment, nor has her performance to date wholly complied with the prospectus. Most persons will admit this publicly; the women and the candidates will do so in their own chambers.

She was to clean up politics.

Leavened by her enlightening presence, the international dough was to rise to flaky pristine whiteness and bake to delectable perfection.

The dove of Peace was to coo contentedly in a world which knew no strife, countenanced no racial jealousy, feared no turmoil.

But—

The crazy old world still persists in remaining an armed camp, with the sighing voices of dreaming altruists smothered by the vociferous yammering of hard-headed persons who contend that we must deal with human nature as it is, rather than as it should be, or expect to wake up some morning to find uncouth foreigners riveting brass collars about our craven necks.

Can any human being, even one who is neither a woman nor a candidate, justly lay any or all of this at the door of the feminine voter?

No.

When woman decided to bathe in the political pool, she didn't go in backward, holding to willows on the bank and dabbling tentatively with her toes to try the temperature. She just took the big plunge. Mere man, swimming placidly about, as he had been doing for centuries, heard a splash, and there she was. Contrary to all expectation, and in direct conflict with the statements of her enthusiastic press agents, her presence failed to buoy him up; he still had to swim, tread water, or drown. Therein probably lies the oft-sought reason why Congress spends so much time treading water of late—the astute solons are waiting to see which way the women are going.

But if, as a sociological asset, the woman voter fell short of the promises made by her sponsors, she also proved a monumental disappointment to those prophets of evil, those dour-faced croakers, who opposed their weak forms to her line of progress, strewed her pathway with roseless thorns, and predicted sudden and dire disaster to the misguided country which should set her running amuck armed with a two-edged ballot.

We were to have a petticoat government, sisters and sissies in the forum and council chamber, strong men nowhere about.

The kitchen was to be deserted, masculine shirts were to flutter buttonless, and the babes were to cuddle each other and cry in loneliness on caucus night.

Somebody said these things. I heard 'em; you heard 'em.

But you can't find 'em now.

Like the scientist who wrote tracts showing that man never, never would fly in a heavier-than-air machine, they have dropped one subject from their lecture program.

If woman, as a voter, has justified neither the fulsome, and ofttimes hypocritical, praises of her pre-emancipation advocates, nor the dread prophecies of those base detractors who would have kept her a shackled slave, what then has she actually done?

What, particularly, have the blonde voters done?

What, especially, have the brunettes done? Has the freedwoman proved more worthy of citizenship, or less, than the great mass of her fellows?

Silly classifications, of course. Yet fully as justified as the assumption that women will move *en masse* in any given direction, politically, any more than they will wear uniform gowns or select the same model of car.

The male specimen of the *genus homo* who has not yet learned that woman has unsexed herself, so far as affairs of state are concerned, and who still wonders who will get the 'women's vote' may make a success as managing editor of a filling station or conductor of a baseball team, but he is out of his element in politics.

Like their husbands, brothers and sweethearts they vote for the man whom they deem best qualified. The candidates get no greater proportion of them, and no less, than they do of the men folk of similar political faiths.

So far as the record of the women to date is concerned, here is a little anecdote.

An old colored man in our neighborhood was a regular subscriber to a weekly paper which he had some difficulty in reading. One day in the fall of 1920, a glaring headline on the front page caught his eye, and he waylaid me in search of enlightenment.

When informed that the reason for the box-car type was that the women had been given the vote, he looked dolefully at his boots, said it right out loud:

'Dem legislators may be pow'ful smaht men, but dey shuah is done riz hell dis time! De wimmin'll jess nach'ly run us men ragged!'

Some weeks ago, when passing the old place, I called Uncle Ed from his garden and asked where he thought the women's vote would go this year.

'Oh! Scatter'n like, Mistah Gawge, Scatter'n.'

The English Folk Song

(*Continued from page 13*)

At first she showed him a ripe yellow apple,
And then a gay gold ring,
And next a cherry as red as blood
To entice the little boy in.

She took him by his lily-white hand,
And drew him across the hall,
Down in the dark cellar she went with him,
Where no one could hear him call.

And there she laid him upon a table
Beside a great bow knife,
And called for a basin all lined with gold
To catch his heart blood in.

'Lay my Bible at my head,
My prayer book at my feet,
And when my playmates call for me,
Pray tell them I'm asleep.

'Lay my prayer book at my feet,
My Bible at my head,
And when my parents call for me,
Pray tell them that I'm dead.'

The Ohio community in question has yielded fifteen different English ballads all older than 1765, the date of the publication of Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. The list includes many favorites, such as 'Lady Margaret and Sweet William,' 'Lord Lovel,' 'Barbara Allen' and 'The House Carpenter.' It includes, besides these serious ballads, such nonsensical ones as 'Our Goodman':

Our Goodman

Home came this good old man,
Home came he,
A-crying to his loving wife,
'O loving wife,' said he,
'How came this horse here
Without the leave of me?'

'You old fool, you blind fool,
Can't you plainly see,
It was a milk cow my mother sent to me?'
'Miles I have traveled,
Five hundred miles or more,
And milk cows with a saddle
I never saw before.'

Home came this good old man,
Home came he,
A-crying to his loving wife,
'O loving wife,' said he,
'How came this man here
Without the leave of me?'

'You old fool, you blind fool,
Can't you plainly see,
It's a baby my mamma sent to me?'
'Miles I have traveled,
Five hundred miles or more,
But babies with whiskers on
I never saw before.'

In addition to these older ballads, I have found forty-four other ballads traditional in England, not to mention many of distinctly American origin, a group of curious old Irish songs, and many others possessing an interest of a different sort. Such a harvest from one community leads one to conclude that we have not made diligent search for traditional songs. Other communities would doubtless yield as rich returns if effort were put forth to rescue the old songs. The singers generally belong to a generation rapidly passing away, and delay in recording their songs will contribute to the passing of a mass of interesting and valuable oral tradition.

An American—Unafraid and Unashamed!

(*Continued from page 6*)

have anything to do with England.'

The few English friends of the Union who had appealed to him for help were desperate. They said: 'We have been counted as the offscouring because we have taken up the part of the North.' They showed how urgent was their need and the North's need of his support. They made it plain that unless he stemmed the tide of governmental hostility by direct appeal to the common people of Britain, it was probable that the government would unite with France in active intervention in aid of the Confederacy. At last he yielded. So was brought into the service of the Union, on English soil, one of the most eloquent of all Americans.

Theodore Cuyler, writing after Beecher's death, thus describes the wonderful quality of the eloquence that now became a mainstay of the Union cause: 'It was something to dream about. His voice was as sweet as a lute and as loud as a trumpet. In its tenderest pathos, that witching voice touched the fount of tears. When it rose into impassioned sublimity "they that heard it said that it thundered." Now that the marvelous voice is stilled in death, we will all confess that we shall not hear its like again.'

The genius that finds expression in eloquence can receive only ephemeral recognition. The painter's work remains, as does the sculptor's. Their fame does not rely upon tradition for its maintenance. Posterity can judge for itself. The score of the composer still delights successive ages and the printed book preserves the poet's songs to the generations that follow him. Shakespeare lives in his works in our century as in his own. But the eloquence of the orator, like the art of the actor and the voice of the singer, is only of its one brief day and vanishes with it.

Beecher, preparing for the platform, counted with seeing eyes the odds against him, but he did not flinch. He knew the enmity he had to meet, he knew how difficult that enmity would be to overcome. A detached observer, the late George F. Edmunds, has appraised for us the situation Beecher faced.

HIS visit to England,' Edmunds wrote, 'and his work there, in a dark and critical period of the rebellion, when the government and the great body of the ruling classes of that country were exerting all their power (just short of alliance with rebel government) to effect the destruction of our Republic—when, as related by Justin McCarthy in his history, Lord Russell was saying that the struggle was one "in which the North was striving for empire and the South for Independence," and when William E. Gladstone was declaring that "the President of the Southern Confederation, Mr. Jefferson Davis, had made an army, had made a navy, and more than that, had made a nation"; when the Duke of Argyll and John Bright and a very few others were our only open friends—were a conspicuous example of the lofty and persistent moral courage that seemed to grow more and more bright and daring in proportion to the number of foes he overcame.'

Moreover, the Trent case had greatly inflamed preëxistent hostility. Captain Wilkes, of the U. S. S. *San Jacinto*, had stopped the English mail steamer *Trent* on the high seas and taken from it James M. Mason and John Slidell, sent by the Confederacy to negotiate with the governments of France and England. But for the forbearance of Abraham Lincoln and the restraining influence of Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert, war might have resulted then between Britain and the United States. The envoys had been released before Beecher visited England, but in both countries excitement was intense and the war spirit ran to dangerous extremes.

It was under such conditions that dates were arranged at Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool and London for speeches by Beecher, to be delivered in those cities in the order named. At Manchester, as the time drew near, the walls were covered with placards in aggressive preparation against Beecher's coming. They flamed alike in their blazing color and their no less blazing mendacity. They were phrased to incite the people to physical demonstrations against the champion of the Union cause.

Here, as elsewhere, declarations were attributed to him he never made. Word of them was passed from mouth to mouth. Nothing was left undone that hatred could devise to intensify the passions of a community upon which the war had imposed serious hardship by cutting off the supply of American cotton.

When Beecher reached the hall in Manchester wherein he was to speak he found it crowded beyond capacity with a hostile throng. It is true that a considerable number of workingmen who sympathized with the North succeeded in gaining entrance, but they were vastly outnumbered by the partisans of the Confederacy, who 'packed' the meeting. Beecher's appearance on the platform was the signal for a terrible din. From every section of the hall he was showered with abusive epithets. Catcalls, curses, groans, yells and shouts of derision flooded the air with clamor, and drowned the voice of the American orator. If in some lull of the tempest imposed by weariness, Beecher attempted to resume his speech, there descended on him a revived Niagara of vituperation. While the storm was at its height, he bent over the press section and calmly, as if in his pulpit, continued his address to the reporters.

Throughout this amazing scene Beecher never lost his temper or his courage. Again and again his resourceful wit enabled him to fling back in response to jibes and insults answers that drew upon the heckler the laughter of his fellows. It must, however, have been a tremendously trying experience. 'No one,' wrote Beecher, describing that battle of one man against thousands, 'who has never seen an English mob can form any conception of one.'

At length Beecher's pluck began to gain recognition. Some manifestation of the under-lurking British sense of fair play came in slow response to that fine exhibition of courage.

There was a winning appeal in the very appearance of the man. There he stood; great, even bulky of body; virile in every fiber, rich in overflowing vitality. His forehead was high; his mouth firm, large and singularly expressive of emotion; his blue eyes were brightly bulbous, a characteristic of many who have the gift of oratory. There he stood like a rock and preached to the unwilling ears of a hostile mob the cause of the Union.

He gloried in his country. No mean apologies slipped in shame from those lips. They sounded in pride his love of America.

So at last he won. His rising eloquence, conquering interruptions, swept his auditors from their enmity. When, as was the custom of British public meetings, the judgment of the audience was taken at the conclusion of the address, then, as Beecher described it, 'you would have thought it was a tropical thunderstorm that swept through that hall, as the "Ayes" were thousands, while the "Noes" were in an insignificant and contemptible minority.'

At Liverpool, Beecher's Manchester experience was repeated in multiplied intensity. His own account of that meeting has been preserved. He wrote: 'Liverpool was worse than all the rest put together. My life was threatened and I had communications to the effect that I had better not venture there. The streets were placarded with the most scurrilous and abusive cards.' Among these cards was one that charged Beecher with expressing the wish that London might be sacked and destroyed. All manner of accusations were flung at him. Possibly none expressly charged that he had lost his soul. Perhaps that form of attack had not then been perfected.

THE Liverpool audience was responsive to the incitements wherewith it had been stimulated. There were men, says Beecher, 'in the galleries and boxes who came armed and some bold men on our side went up into these boxes and drew their bowie knives and pistols and said to these young bloods, "The first man that fires here will rue it."' Beecher had else perhaps been slain on the platform.

As it was, the mob was resolved he should not speak. He fought the angry thousands of roaring men for an hour and a half before he could get even partial control of the meeting. He faced them unflinchingly, with as superb courage as was ever shown. Having compelled some measure of attention, he then spoke for an hour and a half, subject, however, to constant interruption. 'I sometimes felt,' he said afterward, 'like a shipmaster attempting to preach on board a ship through a speaking trumpet, with a tornado on the sea and a mutiny among the men.'

Again he triumphed. Again he victoriously preached America, great-hearted, splendid and glorious. Successfully he vindicated the policies of the Union and showed forth the nobility of the Republic. Enmity could not make head against such courage. So in Liverpool, as in Manchester, Beecher carried a hostile meeting to a declaration in support of the North.

Beecher's speeches were printed all over Great Britain and were of extraordinary value in fortifying the common people in their stand. He built up in them a moral strength Parliament did not dare antagonize.

His last address was delivered in Exeter Hall in London. There he had a good reception, but he had already won his fight. He had made it impossible for the ruling classes to put the strength of Britain behind the cause of slavery. His patience, his courage, his resourcefulness, his love of freedom and his faith in America, boldly asserted and maintained, had been worth to his country in England more than would another army corps on the Potomac.

IT WAS in this parting speech at Exeter Hall that Beecher bore final witness before all Britain that the Union would be preserved, 'at all hazards and at any cost,' however long the war might endure. This fragment of his speech reveals its whole spirit:

> Standing by my cradle, standing by my hearth, standing by the altar of the church, standing by all the places that mark the name and memory of heroic men who poured their blood and lives for principle, I declare that in ten or twenty years of war we will sacrifice everything we have for principle. If the love of popular liberty is dead in Britain, you will not understand us; but if the love of liberty lives as it once lived and has worthy successors of those renowned men who were our ancestors as much as yours, and whose examples and principles we inherit to make fruitful as so much seed corn in a new and fertile land, then you will understand our firm, invincible determination—deep as the sea, firm as the mountains, but calm as the heavens above us—to fight this war through at all hazards and at any cost!

Contrast what one American then nobly did with what the thousands of American expatriates now ignobly do!

Contrast Beecher's courage with their cowardice; his proud Americanism with their apologies for America; his patriotism with their disloyalty; his faith in America with their impeachment of her faith; his assertion of her nobility with their squealings that she is a thing of shame; his pride in her glory with their charges that she has lost her soul.

When they voice their judgments condemning the meanness and greed of America and the shamefulness of her conduct, warning her that the hatred of the world is the penalty of her offending and that all nations presently will come to despise her, let loyal Americans take courage to their hearts from opposing truths and be what Beecher was.

Never did Americans have larger reason to be proud of their country!

Never did any nation display a nobler magnanimity or generosity than did America during her participation in the war and in the years that have followed. Never did any reveal itself as more unselfish.

She did not seek acquisition of territory and she scorned indemnity. The 'mandates' taken by her associates reach out acquisitively over hundreds of thousands of square miles of the earth's land surface.

America dedicated herself to the cause of freedom and offered the lives of millions of her sons to seal that dedication.

She spent her substance in relief of the distress of the starving upon whom the war had brought ruin. Even her enemies came to know the healing touch of her benevolence. Her whole course of action has been glorified by purposes in which there was no thought of gain or taint of self-seeking.

If it is thus that nations lose their souls, then were it well for the world should every other nation suffer a like loss.

About Books and Reviewers

(Continued from page 3)

of a secret force, quite impossible in every way, but, nevertheless a good piece of work. It stands miles high above a silly story about a very unconvincing centaur put out by the same publishing house, too silly to say anything about.

There are a couple of books with a religious background on the market, both very good indeed and without theatricality. They are *Brother Saul*, by Donn Byrne (Century Company) and *Figures of the Passion of Our Lord*, by Gabriel Miro (Alfred A. Knopf). Byrne has strong, imaginative powers which, coupled with an intimate knowledge of his subject, have enabled him to make a book not likely to be neglected. The Miro book, a translation from the Spanish, is strongly suggestive of the work of Walter Pater. It has a quiet and unostentatious perfection of finish about it.

Turning to new poetry, there is a thin book by a young man named Glenn Ward Dresbach who works for a living and only writes for the sheer love of writing and when his faculties are at the best. Harold Vinal publishes the book. All of the poems are short, but have melody, color, enthusiasm. Dresbach never echoes other poets. He is himself, always sane, never obscure. Allied to poetry we have a collection of *Canadian Folk Songs*, selected and translated by J. Murray Gibbon and published by J. M. Dent and Sons of Toronto. It is a unique piece of work, one in which the compiler has been at pains to let nothing but the real thing appear.

Of detective fiction I've seen nothing of value lately. Of genial biography, we have Van Wyck Brooks' *Emerson and Others*, the others being Yeats, Bourne, Bierce, Melville, Upton Sinclair and two essays. When I say genial, I mean that it is not one of those books in which the author aims to startle by obliterating all white from his statue and making his subject of ebon hue. Brooks' book is kindly and human, and the author has done his work with businesslike efficiency. So, cordially recommending it and those others mentioned, I clear the deck for later action.

Fire From Heaven

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

MANY elements entered into the production of the first locomotive. Chief among them, perhaps, was the need of better transportation facilities for the great English coal mines and for the woolen industry. In 1814 Stephenson devised an engine named *My Lord* for the coal mines owned by Lord Ravensworth, but his most important work did not come until another decade had passed. The Pease brothers at Darlington, woolen manufacturers, needed a more direct outlet from their factory to tidewater, and in 1821, it was agreed to proceed to build a road of rails on which wagons might be drawn by horses.

George Stephenson deemed it a great mistake for a railway fifteen miles long to content itself with horses for motive power. He told Edward Pease that he would equip the railway with better means of traction than horses could provide.

On the day set for the trial trip, September 27, 1825, great crowds of people assembled to see the 'Iron Horse.'

The crowd was visibly disappointed in the appearance of the locomotive. It bore very little resemblance to a horse. But when the wagons were opened for passengers, the crowd rushed the gates, and the seats were more than filled. Not all the ticket holders got in. Only a very few in the crowd really believed that the thing would work.

And truly George Stephenson had set for himself a task that was not small. He proposed to convince the most outspoken sceptic. His directors, though permitting him to go on with his scheme, had instructed him in submitting his estimate to include provision for stationary engines at the grades. There were many who believed that his salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year was far too much to spend upon a man who was wasting the company's money in a visionary scheme. To convince all these doubters at a single venture was Stephenson's plan. His train consisted of thirty-eight carriages, and the estimated total load, including freight and passengers, was the enormous total of eighty tons. He proposed to pull that entire train up the grade for which his directors had insisted on estimating the cost of stationary engines. Truly, he had not shrunk from a mighty testing of his iron horse.

The morning was occupied with preparations of many kinds, and it was noon before the fire was ready to be lighted. Then a discovery—there was no fire at hand! In all that vast crowd there was not a spark nor a tinder box. It was some distance to a house where fire might be found. Stephenson ordered someone to go for a lighted lantern.

A canal digger in the crowd said that he often lighted his pipe with a burning glass, and carried one for that purpose. The sun was shining. Stephenson accepted the suggestion. A bit of frayed oakum was found, and the sun's rays were focused upon it. It smoked; it burst into feeble flame; it burned briskly. It ignited the kindling under the boiler of 'Locomotion Number One.'

At two o'clock George Stephenson opened the valve. The long train moved; it gathered speed upon the level and it climbed the incline where the directors had insisted on the necessity of stationary engines. It was a success!

The Westward March of Settlement

(*Continued from page 2*)

equally wild and fierce is certain, for to survive he was forced to become as a savage. Dressed in buckskin, carrying a long knife and a heavy rifle, he walked forever on his guard. He won the Ohio valley by fierce heroism, by daring, aided by the patient endurance of his women, who toiled hard, suffered silently, and fronted cold and hunger and solitude with Spartan courage. They endured all that their husbands endured, and put up with their grim and unlovely aspect besides! While the men were cheerily killing Indians, hunting deer and bears, or rolling logs in 'bees,' the women were wearing out long days in small, rude cabins, rearing their children in constant fear of snakes and wolves, far from doctors, schools and churches. Without the basic necessities of life, they grew old and died in the front ranks of the battle line. Few of the books dealing with these days give even a casual word of praise to the heroic wife and mother of the border.

The settlement of Kentucky, Tennessee and part of Ohio was the work of settlers from Virginia, the Carolinas and Maryland. New York and New England, moving along more northern parallels of latitude, came later. Vermont and New Hampshire and other New England states moved into northern New York and thence along the Great Lakes, settling northern Ohio, northern Indiana and southern Michigan. Pennsylvania with its Conestoga wagon helped to people northern Kentucky and southern Ohio, and the Ohio River carried passengers as well as freight to southern Illinois and Missouri.

It was like the slow march of an army, filing through various separate hill passes, cohering into camps and clustered outposts, but always advancing. The trails became roads, the main roads grew into pikes with bridges and taverns, and the stagecoaches made infrequent trips, as one by one the comforts and conveniences of life were brought to the older and more favored of the settlers, while farther west the line of explorers was moving, constantly recruited by those to whom a settled community was a place of dull routine.

As the entire eastern half of the new continent was an almost unbroken forest, it follows that for two hundred years, from 1620 to 1820, our pioneers were essentially foresters, and that little change in the methods of settlement and of farming took place. The axe, the yoked oxen, the rude log hut, the long rifle, and the immemorial sickle, all remained typical not merely of the border, but of farm life in older states. Settlement continued to be mainly a process of felling trees, burning logs and planting amid stumps. Only the fortunate few were able to secure farms in the genial oak openings or on the river banks where pools of sunlight cheered the gloomy wood, and then suddenly—suddenly as years are counted in the history of a nation—the westward moving line of foresters came out upon the level fields of Illinois and saw the prairies rolling illimitably to the western horizon, a glorious pasture land on which millions of wild cattle fed—a land all cleared for the plow, a paradise from which the red marauders had been driven, a veritable garden of the Lord for those who were weary of the savage-haunted wood.

Almost instantly the psychology of the pioneer changed. Relieved of the tyranny of the tree and the menace of the savage, the men of the prairie developed swiftly as farmers and mechanics. Losing the habits of the hunter, they took on the qualities of the inventor. As the acres of their farms increased and their need of labor-saving machinery sharpened, they became pathfinders in another field.

For thousands of years the methods of planting, the tools for reaping and threshing, had remained almost unchanged. Even the Yankee, inventive as he was in other ways, continued to sow his seed by hand and to beat it with the flail in threshing time.

Furthermore, in their century-long march across the Alleghenies and through the woodlands of Ohio and Kentucky, men had built their houses of logs or of stone and roofed them with slabs rived laboriously from logs of oak and pine. But now, stimulated by the wide acres of the prairie, the settler devised new ways of cultivating the soil. Dreaming of broad fields of wheat and corn, he invented new ways of seeding and more expeditious methods of harvesting.

He improved his plow and his wagon. He originated the mowing machine and the reaper. He contrived the horse-power thresher and the fanning mill. On his ever expanding farm the self-rake reaper and the broadcast seeder became necessities. He discarded the ox and the cart. His movements took on the speed of the horse. Steamboats on the Mississippi made travel north and south easy and cheap, and the southward flowing rivers brought down to his hands planks and shingles from the pine lands of Michigan and Wisconsin. His log cabin gave place to a house of sawed lumber, with shingled roof. Roads improved and towns arose almost in a night. Less lonely, less perilous, life rapidly lost in severity.

Until the year 1849, the national expansion which I have just outlined was due almost entirely to a desire for free land or cheaper land. 'For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm,' a refrain in an old song, expresses the conviction which peopled the prairie. There were no mines in the Allegheny Mountains and none of any account in the great Mississippi Valley; therefore no thought of gold entered the minds of any of the migrants till the discovery of gold in California took place, and the rush, great as it was, was only an incident, an episode in the mighty story of western settlement. The desire for land remained the dominant motive of the grand army, whose thousand miles of skirmish line remained unbroken by the defection of the few.

It may be argued that the hunger for land is, at bottom, a hunger for gold, and in a sense this is true, but mingled with the madness of the land seeker was the psychology of the home builder. Something nobly creative was in the mind of the boomer and plowman. The prairie settlers, as I have tried to define their actions, were always in search of wider, better farms. Their dreams of a 'free land' were associated with visions of game-filled valleys, of flowering savannas swarming with wild fowl, of sunny streams alive with fish. Something akin to poetry was in their passion. Without precisely defining it, I would simply say they were all responding to a lure as old as the race, for the migration of their European forbears had always been toward the sunset.

Along with these vaguely defined hopes of a more abundant life on the part of the pioneers went the keen joys of discovery. They had in them the spirit of the riflemen and the trail makers, but at the same time they were home builders. In this characteristic they differ from the miner, the buffalo hunter, and the trapper of the far border. The plow and the scythe went with the prairie settler even when he explored. Davey Crockett objected to near neighbors, but Richard Garland and his companions rejoiced in the increasing comfort of their communities. It is true that they were always moving from the settled to the unsettled, but they did so not because they despised their neighbors, but because they could not quite content themselves to end their days in an ever deepening rut of commonplace routine. As the charm of the new community wore away, they pulled up stakes and set forth once again, always seeking a fairy world the beauty of which would insure content.

Mistaken as all this may seem to us today, the hope which led these farmers was also potent in the action of town builders, railway engineers, and all the other 'boomers' of the new country. A love of untraveled regions combined with the hope of unearned increment is the force which built our inland cities and founded our inland states.

Pathfinding is the characteristic action of the American inventor as well as of our pioneer farmers. Dauntless exploration represents the mood of our inventors, our best architects, our noblest bridge builders. Sons of land seekers, grandsons of trail makers, our inventive geniuses are naturally inheritors of a desire for exploration, a love for the unknown.

Meanwhile, contemporaneous with this discovery of the prairies and the utilization of the pine forests of Michigan and Wisconsin, a corresponding conquest of mountain and plain was taking place. The domain of the buffalo and the red man was narrowing. The dominion of the cattle king was at hand. The settlement of the coast, the establishment of the Overland Trail, had opened a new industry. As the Civil War and the increasing demand for flour had stimulated the prairie farmer to sow more wheat and to invent machinery for harvesting it, so the increasing demand for meat had led to the discovery of the value of the short-grass pasturage which the open plains offered. With the defeat of the Comanche and the Kiowa the production of cattle on a grand scale began. The settler in Texas had discovered that herds of long-horned cattle could be bought very cheaply in old Mexico, and that these herds could be fattened as they moved to the north, feeding on the more bountiful grasses of Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska, and that they could be sold in northern markets at the end of their long trail.

AS EARLY as 1857, herds of cattle, driven by men of southern type, had begun to feed along the Chisholm Trail, and by the close of the Civil War three great rivers of long-horn steers were moving northward along these winding ways, on their journey toward the markets of Kansas and Missouri.

This amazing development of herding and driving cattle brought a new type of borderman. The cowboy, 'the centaur of the plains,' took the center of the stage. For more than fifty years he was to be the most picturesque, the most romantic, figure in our plains' history, and a stock actor in all our fiction. He displaced the forester, the rifleman, the axeman. Mexican in the derivation of his costume and his phraseology, he appeared alien to the northern farmer. Spanish in his 'outfit,' and essentially southern in his quiet drawling tone, he was nevertheless as typically American as Daniel Boone. He was the son of the plains, as Boone was the son of the forest.

The reign of the cattle king was short, for the westward-moving farmer, the man of whom my father was a type, drove his plow and his reaper athwart the long trail, and fenced the free range over which the cowboy rode. His vast, wasteful industry stood in the way of the westward march of the plow, and as the government free grass vanished, the cattle herder disappeared almost as swiftly as the buffalo had disappeared before him. The cowboy slid from his horse, hung up his spurs, and laid his hand to the plow or to the hoe in the ditch of an irrigating stream. He rides now only in the silent spaces of the silver screen. Soon he will be as traditional as the hunter with the coonskin cap and the long Kentucky rifle. Like the Sioux, he gave color and drama to our border but he was only a transient figure. Gallant and resourceful as he was, he was forced to give way to other less romantic men.

In this short sketch of the thrust of the pioneer and the steady expansion of the nation's plowed lands, I have avoided any account of the political changes to which the settler was exposed, for the antislavery war, colossal as it appeared at the time, is only, to my thinking, an episode of the westward march of settlement. The indirect aftereffects of the Civil War were greater than its immediate influence, for it led to land laws which enormously increased the army of homesteaders and preëmptors—veterans whose resolute action speeded the building of cities and hastened the admission of states.

Our material pioneering is done, but as we look back along the trail already dim in the gloaming of the past, we see the camp fires sparkle. We hear the call, 'Hello, the house!' and catch the hearty answer, 'Come in, stranger!' We see the white-topped prairie schooners slowly toiling through the river beds, and we thrill to the power and poetry of these border wars, now almost forgotten. Dark and bitter as those experiences sometimes were, they were rich in days of hardihood, of action, of self-sacrifice.

I am glad that I was born early enough to catch the dying echoes of their songs, to bask in the failing light of their fires.

Healing *the* Scars *of* War

THE real father of the Monroe Doctrine was George Canning, an English prime minister; for it was he that suggested to President Monroe through Mr. Rush, then our minister plenipotentiary in London, that such a move would not only tend to define the Republic's position as the preëminent power in the Western Hemisphere and to solidify sentiment between the peoples of North America and South America, but would also go far toward healing the scars left by our own War of Independence and toward checking the drift in the direction of absolutism in Europe.

In this, Canning—who had already earned the nickname of 'the Fox' in European diplomacy—undoubtedly had as his more immediate object the strengthening of Britain's own influence by obtaining for her a winning card in the great game of 'balance of power' which swayed the foreign offices of Europe. This balance was threatened by the Holy Alliance which, if carried out successfully, would have worked disaster to Britain, perhaps relegating her for centuries to a subordinate rôle to that played by France, Spain and Austria.

That Monroe did not originate the idea of the policy (miscalled 'doctrine') associated with his name need not lessen the credit due him for heroic boldness and marvelous sagacity in announcing as a fundamental attitude of the great Republic its firm opposition to any attempt to extend the European monarchical system over any part of the American Continent. His action might have plunged the still new and struggling nation into war with Spain and with all Continental Europe.

This contingency was, indeed, foreseen by Thomas Jefferson, whose advice Monroe sought in the emergency. And it says much for his really deep appreciation of British love of liberty that this archrepublican who had worded the American defiance of British tyranny should have spoken with so great gratification of this aspect of the situation. 'Nothing,' said Jefferson, 'would more perfectly reunite America and Britain than to have their sons fight side by side for the world's freedom'—a dream that waited until our own day for fulfillment.

In all these countries to the south of us the names of Canning, Cochrane, O'Leary, Brown, Edwards, Mac Namara, Beresford, and Whitelocke are household words. More than 9,000 British volunteers crossed the Atlantic to fight for the revolting Spanish colonists.

We are told by an eminent Argentine historian, Dr. Francisco Moréno: 'Without the Irish, English and Scottish sailors, who formed almost the whole of the officers and crews of the first Argentine squadron, it is possible that independence would have been delayed for many years . . . On land the roll of the army of the Andes is full of British names.'

Two great names among them are those of General Miller and Admiral Brown. The latter arrived in Buenos Aires as a poor Irish lad and later started the first regular packet service between Buenos Aires and Montevideo, a service carried on almost continuously since his day by British companies and British capital.

The first stockmen who established their homes on the remote Indian frontiers were Welshmen. In the settling of the country, large colonies of Scotch and Irish immigrants had important part. Mulhall, the famous statistician, counted 25,000 Irish in the province of Buenos Aires alone in 1877.

The records show that these early Irish colonists and their descendants, now merged in the Argentine population, often under Spanish modifications of Irish names, have had almost as large a part in building up the country as men of Irish blood have had in building up the agricultural and industrial wealth of the United States.

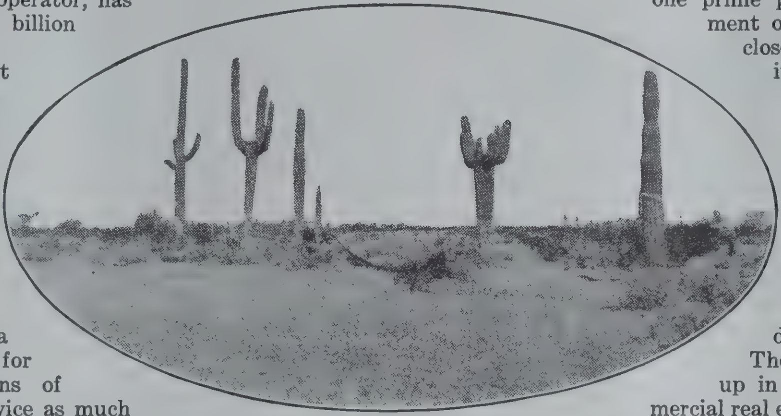
British engineers built the first railway in the Argentine, opened up trade with Paraguay, introduced large-scale farming, brought in blooded Durham cattle and merino sheep to improve the native breeds, set up the first meat-freezing establishment and put up the first wire fences.

Long ago, Argentina passed the United States as the largest exporter of frozen beef and mutton, and its wheat harvests run close to those of the United States and Canada in the feeding of the world.

Free Land *for the* Land Hungry

Uncle Sam *Has Disposed of a* Billion Acres *But Considerably More Remains*

By AARON HARDY ULM



Land like this is available in abundant free parcels.

WITHOUT advertising or artificial booming of any kind on his part, Uncle Sam, as a real estate owner and operator, has to date disposed of around a billion acres of land.

A billion acres! You will get some notion of what this amounts to when reminded that the vast State of Texas contains only 167,000,000 acres, or not much more than one-sixth as much land as the Federal Government has sold and given away.

Uncle Sam is still disposing of five to ten million acres a year, and has on his books for future transfer many millions of acres more. There is about twice as much land available in Alaska. These figures do not include what has been set aside for more or less permanent retention in the form of national forests, parks and other reservations. These reserves now comprise about the same aggregate area as, in the country proper, is still considered public land.

By *public land* is meant area that is at least potentially open to acquirement by citizens of the country for personal use or for exploitation. Much of it is actually open for such acquirement and can be had for the asking.

Are land prices high or rents exorbitant? Well, you may escape both by settling down on plots of this land, which may now be found in all states west of the Mississippi, except Iowa and Texas; and in the more easterly ones of Michigan, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi. Would you like to farm? If so, 160-acre plots in virtually all of the states indicated await you. Would you like to establish a cattle or sheep ranch? You may select a 640-acre tract in almost any of the Rocky Mountain, Southwestern or Pacific Coast states. Would you like to make a garden spot in the desert regions of Utah? The Government will be glad to give you 320 acres of land as naturally rich as any in the world, to use for that purpose.

But before you yield to the yearning which practically every American has sometimes felt for a homestead on the public domain, look into the facts with care. For though it still goes on—more than 13,000 persons entered upon it last year—homesteading is not what it was in the days of the covered wagon. But more as to that later.

Much land like this is open to homesteading.

In the past the Federal Government has owned in the country proper more than a billion and a half acres of land. This was acquired in various ways: by transfer from the original Thirteen States; by purchase, as in the case of that which comprised the great Louisiana Territory; and by conquest, as in the case of the large area taken over from Mexico after the war with that country eighty years ago.

How did the Government dispose of the billion acres for which title has passed to other hands? In various ways.

It is a long story, being in great measure the history of the country. One might say that land hunger, which these vast areas fed, really brought about the development of the United States as it now is; or, rather, that the people of the country have been engaged in practically one basic enterprise alone, which is the real estate business. For the development and exploitation of the vast land resources of the nation has been the foundation for virtually every other endeavor up to the present time.

Millions trekked to the West—for land. Railroads were built through uninhabited areas on account of land. For a long time immigrants poured into the country with one prime purpose in view—the acquirement of 'free' land. But that era is closed, because the land that made it is now almost gone.

Except in the case of gifts made for military service, Uncle Sam for a long time looked upon his possessions of land largely as a source of revenue only. Great blocks of it, as in the Northwest Territory, were sold to individuals and corporations who looked after the details of distribution and settlement.

The General Land Office was set up in 1812 substantially as a commercial real estate agency. Its only business was to sell land. By an act passed in 1807 persons were forbidden to settle on land before sale. But regardless of the law, thousands streamed into the uninhabited areas and settled down and established homes on lands to which they had no shadow of title. Laws were then passed that in substance condoned these violations of the act of 1807. These laws made it possible for the squatters to secure titles by purchase, which was made easy for them.

It was not until 1841 that Congress, in shaping the land policy of the Government, positively recognized the act of settlement as of more importance than the revenues derived from sale. Under the preëmption act a more or less uniform procedure was set up whereby persons who settled without warrant on public lands could procure title by paying into the Treasury a nominal purchase price and giving proof that they were settlers in fact and not mere land grabbers. They had to show, as under the homestead laws at present, that they meant business. That is, improvements such as the erection of buildings and the cultivation of the soil constituted the essence of the transaction.

Then came railroads, which eased and simplified—but which also complicate to this day Uncle Sam's real estate business. To them were given grants, for their own use and for exploitation, totaling more than 125,000,000 acres. More than 3,000,000 acres were disposed of for wagon roads.

In 1862 was passed the homestead act which made settlement and citizenship almost the only prerequisites to the securing of public lands. Under it settlers might procure tracts of 160 acres by living on the land for three years and making reasonable improvements. The only revenue returns to the Government were nominal fees. Persons who had only declared intention to become citizens might enter upon homesteads, but, as is true today, they had to be citizens when final title was procured.

In 1909, Congress provided for enlarged homestead entries on lands not considered as first rate for farming, and in 1916 provision was made whereby 640 acres might be homesteaded in areas more suitable for stock-raising than for crop-raising purposes.

A homesteader's shack.

Provision was also made whereby one might take over as many as 320 acres of certain desert lands and might acquire final title without living for any period on the tracts.

There are several other laws bearing on homesteading, such as those relating to entries on reclaimed lands and those under which special allowances are made for artesian wells set running in arid regions of Nevada.

The main laws, however, are those relating to 160-, 320- and 640-acre tracts of agricultural, homestead, desert and grazing lands.

Under the homestead act approximately 1,350,000 final entries for land, aggregating about 215,000,000 acres, have been made. In addition, about 33,000,000 acres of desert lands have been transferred in a similar way.

From all of its disposals of land to date the Federal Government has collected approximately $555,000,000.

The Government's real estate business, though in some ways not so large as in former times, is still vast and exceedingly complex. The General Land Office collects about ten million dollars a year in fees and from sales and leases.

The Government still sells, at auction or otherwise, considerable real estate. Every year, for example, tracts suitable for town sites are auctioned off in the form of lots to highest bidders. One on the Florida coast, near Miami, yielded a total of $386,000 recently. Five thousand persons attended the sale.

Indian lands, too, are frequently taken over and sold, the funds derived being held in trust for the red men. Sometimes an opening of rich Indian lands causes a repetition in miniature of the dramatic land rushes which used to take place on the turning over of attractive areas to settlers.

The last big rushes took place in the latter years of the past century in what is now Oklahoma. In 1889, 30,000 people lined up on the Kansas border and on the firing of cannon rushed into what is now Oklahoma in a frantic race for choice locations. The city of Lawton, which was the center of the scramble, had a population of nearly 10,000 and an organized government before a single house was erected.

A stop was brought to these dramatic occurrences by the 'first-there-first-claim' rule being supplanted by a system of drawings, which is sometimes used even now when there is much rivalry.

There are not likely to be any mad mob rushes for public land any more, for the reason that there are not likely to be any more openings of the kind which inspired those movements; that is, not in the country proper. Some day there may be a repetition in Alaska, where millions of acres of rich land await settlers, though now no great desire for it is manifest. Only 84 homestead entries were made there last year.

'The day of the old romantic kind of homesteading is about passed;' says William Spry, former governor of Utah and now commissioner of the General Land Office. 'If adventure and the overcoming of difficulties are the making of romance, the kind of homesteading which goes on now may be more romantic than was that which marked the development of the Midwest.

'For, though no one has to travel hundreds of miles afoot or in wagon through uninhabited and often hostile territory in order to reach lands now open to homesteading, the difficulties in the way of making a go of it after one has settled on a tract are greater ordinarily than ever before.

'This is because most of the land that is good for the old type of homesteading has been taken or has been reserved permanently by the Government.

'However, there is plenty of land that is good for some purpose open to those who want to homestead. That the difficulties are beginning to surmount the attractions is shown by the fact that there were fewer original homestead entries during the last fiscal year than during the preceding one.'

The land still available for homesteading is in great part on mountain slopes or in desert areas, much of it uninhabited regions. Much of it is good for grazing, but when taken for that purpose both experience and funds are needed. Hence most of the homesteading of this kind is now done by Westerners who already know the stock game.

Some of the lands available as so-called enlarged homesteads are adapted to 'dry' farming, which also calls for more funds and experience than the homesteader of old needed to possess.

For all Uncle Sam cares, anybody who meets the requirements of law can homestead on any of his land that is open for the purpose. And as public lands are surveyed and found not to be of the kind that is reserved or withdrawn, as, for example, rich mineral lands which are held or leased, they must be made open to entry by homesteaders.

Despite its increasing difficulties, homesteading will go on for many years to come.

For the remaining millions of acres still potentially available for the purpose in the country proper will long prove an enticement to the land hungry.

In the acquiring of homesteads on these lands there are being lived today stories of hardships overcome, of loneliness, of endurance and persistence that are as thrilling as any that were lived in the heyday of the American pioneer.

Some day a new trekking of pioneers will turn toward Alaska, where millions and millions of acres of fine farming lands that are as attractive naturally as were those of the northerly plains of the country proper await them.

The Duffer

(*Continued from page 7*)

professional league to be organized. The promoters decided that since nearly every boy in the country either plays basketball or watches it being played, he will become enthusiastic about the game, an addict to it. When he grows up he develops into a cash customer. And the best customers are the fellows that never were successful players as boys.

I have heard football coaches remark that not five per cent of the people who attend football games have any more than the most superficial knowledge of the game. They carry nothing more than a hazy idea. But if football depended for support upon those who are experts in their knowledge of the game you could load them all into one hall and this country would not boast a single football stadium.

'If the spectators had a thorough grasp of the technique of the various sports, I am afraid that they would soon cease to attend,' the late Walter Camp once told me.

'If they knew all the fundamentals and the technique they would probably be bored with most of the contests. Only the highly polished performances would interest them. Since they lack this knowledge they continue to be enthusiastic, for to them something new is always bobbing up and it holds their interest.'

One day I heard a conversation between two major league ball players.

'I never saw so many dumbs as you find in a ball park. Why those saps ain't got no idea what this is about,' said one.

'That's where we're lucky. If they had a good idea what it was about they wouldn't be saps enough to pay their money to see us play,' replied the other.

As long as we have the duffer with us so long will we have sports and the more duffers that engage in sports, the larger the field will be. It is estimated that more people play golf in the United States than engage in any other two sports combined. And golf, as we have already observed, has twice as many duffers as any sport you can mention offhand. The duffer, above all, should be encouraged; he keeps the game going.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'There's a great deal of talk going the rounds,' said the ***Jurist,*** 'concerning the necessity for abolishing the grand jury and the petit jury systems. It is argued by some that trial juries are inefficient, unskilled and unable to investigate and determine the facts, and that the grand jury is archaic and useless. There is no doubt that many lawbreakers escape deserved punishment through the stupidity and ineptness of jurors. Every case in which a jury returns a verdict that does not agree with articulate popular opinion furnishes an excuse for the denunciation of the jury system. But I, for one, believe that the grand jury and the petit jury deserve a support based on tradition and buttressed in experience. Neither of them is entirely efficient, but both have proved practical instruments. The average citizen drawn on a jury is still good and true and able to apply sound judgment and common sense in weighing evidence in ordinary cases. Attacks on the jury system are often due to ignorance of the facts. Every citizen who has ever served at least a month on a panel knows from his own experience that the mixed body of individuals it brings into temporary intimacy is creditable to the community which produces it, and that its members are generally anxious and able to perform the tasks intrusted to them with thoroughness and disinterestedness.'

* * *

'When the average Latin American draws water from a tap he makes use of a utility owned and frequently managed by persons foreign to his land and race,' remarked the ***Northern Investor.*** 'If he rides to work on a car he is carried by a corporation whose proprietorship lies abroad. If his work is industrial, his employer is likely to be a European or a citizen of the United States. A substantial proportion of what he produces will be exported to meet dividends and interest and to pay profits enjoyed by persons who never put foot in Latin America.

'When he pays taxes a large part of the payment goes to outsiders on account of public loans. When he takes a trip by railway he is likely to travel on a road whose very name connotes more of foreign lands than of his own country. If he deals largely with a bank, it is with the branch of one whose headquarters are in the United States or Europe, usually the latter.

'Still this Latin America is rated politically as a free citizen who lives under an independent government; and, in common with other natives, he is the nominal possessor of lands extraordinarily rich in natural resources.

'But, aside from the political equation, his possession amounts to little more than an "equity."

'On account of financial penetration the bulk of Latin America is divided up into "spheres of influence," somewhat as is the Far East outside of Japan. We of course dominate in Cuba, and to a fair degree in Central America. We also seem to hold the strongest hand in Chile, around which, some say, we are developing a relation similar to that of Great Britain with Japan in the Far East. Other "spheres of influence" in Latin America are dominated by Europe.'

* * *

'In every republic in this hemisphere there are groups of men who regard the institutions of the United States as ideal and and who believe Americans desire to help them without exploiting them.' So spoke the ***Man from Porto Rico.*** 'Unfortunately, Latin America has great multitudes who think that the main concern of the people of the United States is the making of profits. Therefore many Latin American politicians serve their own ends by promoting the idea that the North Americans are greedy and unscrupulous. They continuously blow breath into that figure labeled "The Colossus of the North," putting upon it new and hideous faces.

'The publications of Spain are regarded by the Latin Americans as the London *Times* has been regarded by the provincial Englishman for generations. They are largely anti-American. This means that throughout Spanish-speaking America there is a constant stream of suspicion and frequently of hatred against the United States. Always there is ridicule and just enough of fear to nurture the tradition that the United States loves to feed on Latin America.

'In every Latin American nation there is the feeling that sooner or later the United States will come with men and ships—first with the bankers lending money, and then with the army and navy to collect the money and the country along with it.

'Spanish America sees an army of capitalists advancing, followed by an army of soldiers. That this is not an entirely true picture does not change the belief. Nor does it banish the part of the picture which is true.'

* * *

The ***Columnist*** was supposed to be on a vacation; but he couldn't help talking shop. 'A mother-in-law may be an affliction, or she may be a blessing,' he remarked; 'but after the many years she has been the target of fun-making, I'm convinced that she is no joke. Either she is good, if she happens to be on your side of the house; or she is bad, if she belongs to the other party. If she happens to have both sons and daughters married, she has a dual personality—she is a sort of Dr. Jekyl or Mr. Hyde, depending on whom she happens to be visiting.

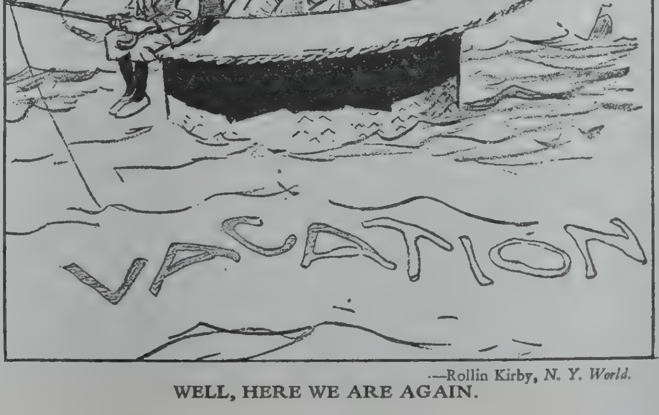
'But what would we columnists do without her? Years ago Walt Whitman used her; Bill Nye found her helpful—so have Cobb, Abe Martin and lots of others. The thought of a mother-in-law makes us smile unconsciously. I wonder why. It is not because in real life she is funny. Often she is very sweet.'

* * *

'The modern student can tell you more about chemistry than about the Creed,' said the ***Chaplain of a Great Western University.*** 'A friend of mine who had visited Oxford a few years ago told me that at an afternoon service at old St. Mary's, the university church, he had seen only four undergraduates present. Yet the mass of students are not irreligious. College students are queer, shy birds. It was once said of the American undergraduate, "There is no one quite like him." He is the most lovable and the most exasperating creature God ever made—an extraordinary combination of perversity and promise, genius and childishness.

'And the co-ed? She is not the "pious" type. She is as wholesome and charming as one could imagine, but frankly neglectful of church life. And while there is an apparent indifference to the social expression of religious consciousness in public worship, still I find a native reverence for religion among students.

'Halls, fraternities, private homes and sororities are the chaplain's hunting ground; and after the first shock the freshman becomes accustomed to the college minister. The place of religion in a modern university can be strengthened by the addition of schools of religion, and studies appealing to the intelligence of the students. The first great reason why there is so little religious fervor among undergraduates is the difficulty of squaring an inherited religion with the new and overwhelming succession of fresh views and facts which the college course brings.'



—Rollin Kirby, *N. Y. World.*

WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Question. What was the amount of income tax collected in 1926 and the cost of collecting it?

Answer. The income tax collections for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1926, amounted to $1,094,979,734.17 from corporations and $879,124,407.16 from individuals, making a total of $1,974,104,141.33, compared with $1,761,659,049.51 tax collected from incomes for the fiscal year 1925, an increase of $212,445,091.82, or 12.1 per cent. During the first six months of the fiscal year 1926 the collections embraced payments of the third and fourth installments of the tax due on incomes in the calendar year 1924 and additional collections on assessments made for previous years, all of which amounted to $844,649,733.47. During the last six months of the fiscal year 1926 the collections embraced payments of the first and second installments of the tax due on incomes in the calendar year 1925 and additional collections on assessments made for previous years, all of which amounted to $1,129,454,407.86. The miscellaneous collections arising from objects of taxation other than income taxes amounted to $861,895,750.86 for the fiscal year 1926. The expenditures in administering the internal-revenue tax laws for the fiscal year 1926 were $34,948,483.37 not including expenditures for refunding internal revenue collections and taxes illegally collected; the aggregate receipts of internal revenue were $2,835,999,892.19. This makes the cost of operation for the fiscal year 1926 $1.23 for each $100 collected, compared with $1.44 for each $100 collected for the fiscal year 1925, or a reduction of 14.6 per cent.

Q. Will you please tell me something about the Sultana catastrophe?

A. The steamer *Sultana* carrying home paroled prisoners of war was burned on the morning of April 27, 1865, in the Mississippi River near Memphis, Tennessee, as a result of the explosion of one of her boilers. Paroled prisoners of war to the number of 1,259 perished in the explosion, and 931 survived the disaster.

Q. What was the amount of duty on tea and other articles laid by England on the Colonies?

A. Townshend's revenue act of 1767 which went into effect November 20, 1767, provided the following rates of duty:

For every hundredweight avoirdupois of crown, plate, flint, and white glass, four shillings and eight pence.

For every hundredweight avoirdupois of green glass, one shilling and two pence.

For every hundredweight avoirdupois of red lead, two shillings.

For every hundredweight avoirdupois of white lead, two shillings.

For every hundredweight avoirdupois of painters' colors, two shillings.

For every pound avoirdupois of tea, three pence.

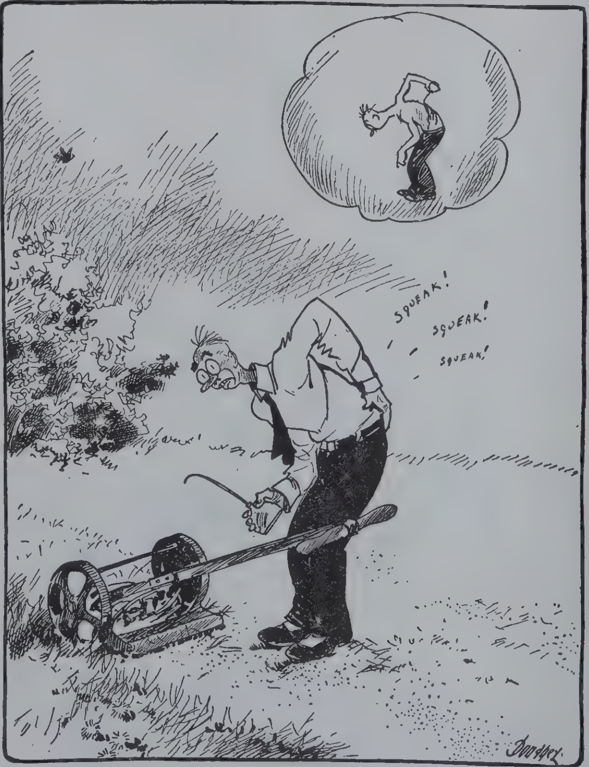
For every ream of paper usually called or known by the name of 'Atlas fine,' twelve shillings.

On March 5, 1770, the tax was removed on all save tea.

Q. Please give me the names of General John J. Pershing's staff during the period of the World War, and the official position of each.

A. The following officers served at various times in the American Expeditionary Forces at general headquarters in the positions indicated:

Commander in chief
General John J. Pershing
Chiefs of staff
Major General James G. Harbord
Major General James W. McAndrew
Brigadier General Fox Conner
Deputy chief of staff
Brigadier General LeRoy Eltinge
Secretaries of the general staff
Colonel Frank R. McCoy
Colonel James L. Collins
Colonel Thomas W. Hammond
Lieutenant Colonel Albert S. Kuegle
Assistant chiefs of staff
First section
Colonel James A. Logan, Jr.
Brigadier General Avery D. Andrews
Colonel Charles S. Lincoln
Second section
Brigadier General Dennis E. Nolan
Third section
Colonel John McA. Palmer
Brigadier General Fox Conner
Fourth section
Colonel W. D. Connor
Brigadier General G. V. H. Moseley
Fifth section
Colonel Paul B. Malone
Brigadier General Harold B. Fiske
Adjutant generals
Brigadier General Benjamin Alvord
Brigadier General Robert C. Davis
Inspector general
Major General Andre W. Brewster
Judge Advocate
Brigadier General Walter A. Bethel
Chief of artillery
Major General Ernest Hinds
Chief of tank corps
Brigadier General S. D. Rockenbach
Senior chaplain
Chaplain Charles H. Brent


SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!
Donahey

—Donahey, *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

AFTER CAREFUL THOUGHT, JONES DETERMINES WHERE THE OIL IS NEEDED!

Q. When and for how long did Daniel O'Connell serve in the British House of Commons?

A. Daniel O'Connell was elected to Parliament for the County of Clare in 1828 but could not take his seat because he refused to take the preliminary oath (it being contrary to his conscience as a Catholic). In 1829 the Catholic emancipation bill was passed and under its provisions O'Connell took his seat and became the leader of the Irish party in the House of Commons where he continued to represent Clare until his death, which occurred May 15, 1847, at Genoa, Italy.

Q. Please tell me the family name and the dynastic name of King George V of England.

A. By the marriage of Queen Victoria to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the House of Hanover came to an end and the dynasty became the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha with the family surname of Wettin. On July 17, 1917, King George issued a proclamation as follows: 'We, having taken into consideration the Name and Title of our Royal House and Family, have determined that henceforth our House and Family shall be styled and known as the House of Windsor'; he also determined 'to relinquish and discontinue the use of all German Titles and Dignities.'

BRIEFLY TOLD

In the last presidential election out of sixty million men and women privileged to vote, less than thirty million placed enough value upon the right of suffrage to drop their ballots in the box. Those who failed to vote outnumbered those who voted.

The fourth of March, 1789, was the day set for the opening of our first Congress, but the inauguration of our Government was delayed until April 6—over a month—before a quorum was found and the votes counted which made Washington President.

America's dentists are said to lead the world. George III had a Yankee dentist. Dr. Thomas W. Evans, the distinguished Philadelphia dentist, treated Emperor Napoleon III of France and sheltered the Empress Eugénie after the monarchy's fall.

The only thing in the four Gospels to which Hindus invariably take exception is the killing of the fatted calf. This is because they regard the cow as sacred.

An old English couple dwell undisturbed in a completely furnished rent-free house from which, twenty years ago, the owner was scared by the appearance of a 'ghost.'

A decree giving Mexican women equal civil rights with men has been prepared by President Calles and will be promulgated soon. Though not giving the right to vote, it will revise the civil code which at present gives women an inferior status to men.

In early Saxon marriages the father of the bride delivered one of her shoes to the the bridegroom, who touched her head with it as a symbol of his authority. Today only the idea of luck is associated with the custom of throwing shoes at both bride and groom.

Recent discoveries at Mount Sinai, Arabia, have brought to light new fragments of the mysterious Sinai inscriptions, which are stone carvings believed to be at least 3,000 years old.

According to the United States Treasury, the largest supply of monetary gold ever accumulated by any country in the history of the world, a total of $4,598,782,795, was held in American vaults on April 1 of this year. This is about half of all the gold in the world.

A drug called santonin, which has the strange effect of making an individual see yellow, has been discovered by a Scottish scientist. It is prepared from the dried flower heads of European wormwood.

A survey made by the bureau of railway economics indicates that American consumption of fruits and vegetables is twice what it was ten years ago.

The term 'highbrow' is said to have been first used by Will Irwin, the writer.

Clay tablets from ancient Babylonia and Assyria show that banking transactions, not so different from those of the present time, were carried on four or five thousand years ago. Checks and notes were made of clay, which was then hardened. Modern banking originated in Italy.

The demand for ostrich feathers has declined to the point where they are being used for dusters.

Appearing before a recent session of the Cantonal Tribunal of St. Gall at Geneva, a tradesman asked a divorce on the sole ground of 'abnormal obesity.' All his savings, he declared, were used to buy food for his wife, who ate as much as four adults. The jury gave a verdict of no cause for action.

Tapioca is a product of tapioca flour, which comes from the root of the cassava, a tropical plant similar to our sweet potato plant. Most of our supply is imported from Java.

Attired in a military jacket and waving a white baton, a woman recently stepped in the center of a crowded Paris boulevard, ordering all vehicles to stop immediately. Attracted by the unusual traffic jam, police hurried to the rescue. The self-appointed cop calmly explained, 'I read in the papers that women soon will be taken on the police force and I thought I would get some practice.'

Although the printed calendar or almanac was produced on the Continent in 1472, it was not until 1497 that the first one in English appeared. Like our present almanacs, the dates and divisions of the year were freely interspersed with prophecies and astronomical predictions.

The mother of Hume, the historian, considered him weak-minded as a youth.

Contrary to the common impression, most actual villains are not tall, dark men, says Francis Carlin, a one-time famous Scotland Yard detective. Records of the Yard show that 76 per cent of the criminals convicted are blonds, usually tall.

Hundreds of sacks of wild rice have been scattered by airplane over the marshes in the Manitoba northland to increase the food supply for ducks and muskrats.

Athens, Greece, is known as the 'City of the Violet Crown,' in reference to the beautiful effects of sunset light on the Acropolis.

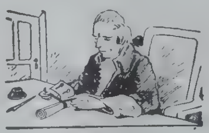
During the past 100 years the population of the world has increased from less than 1,000,000,000 to about 1,700,000,000.

The use of anesthetics was taught to other medical professions by dentistry. The use of nitrous oxide, laughing gas, in the extraction of teeth, was first attempted by Horace Wells in 1841.

A survey of tea and coffee imports shows that more than 73,000,000 persons in the United States are tea and coffee drinkers. Per capita consumption of coffee for 1926 was two cups a day or 14 pounds a year, while that of tea averaged one-half cup every 24 hours, or three-fourths of a pound for 12 months.

A savings bank in the form of a closed urn of baked clay with a slit in the top has been found in the ruins of Utica, an ancient Phoenician city on the African coast. It is believed to be at least 2,500 years old.

Woodbridge, Suffolk, is the home of a unique water mill which, although nine miles inland, obtains all its power from the tides of the River Deben. Rental records show that a mill, probably this water mill, was standing on the same spot 740 years ago.



Red tape, an expression signifying official formality and delay, owes its origin to the red tape usually employed in tying up public documents.

It is said that Anatole France, the great French writer, would go to any lengths to avoid the use of a semicolon.

Commercial frauds cost manufacturers and wholesale firms more than one thousand dollars a minute for each business day. These frauds consist of obtaining credit on false statements of assets, of concealing assets from creditors or referees in bankruptcy, and of other misrepresentations.

The discovery that the fiber of the cocoon spun by the silkworm could be made into cloth is ascribed to Se-Ling-She, a Chinese queen who lived about forty-seven centuries ago.

It has been estimated that there are 20,000,000 radio listeners in this country.

During the recent visit of the Duke of York at Auckland, New Zealand, the Maoris presented him with eighteen carved canes.

The tuna fish was not originally hunted for food but as a means of protecting the sardine interests of the Mediterranean, as the little fish were devoured in large quantities by the tuna.

According to Pliny, Cato believed that husbands started kissing in order to determine whether their wives and daughters had been drinking wine.

According to the latest estimate, every third person in the United States works for a living.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the limitations of education.

* * *

There is a poem on the second page of the cover, called 'Heat.' It is by Lizette Woodworth Reese, the Maryland author and poet whose most notable poem, 'Tears,' was inscribed on a bronze tablet erected in Western High School, Baltimore.

* * *

Than Hamlin Garland, author of the Middle Border series, and chronicler of the red man and the pioneer, there is no one better able to tell how the westward march of settlement began, how it continued, and what it meant to the country as a whole. It is well not to forget these things, and men like Hamlin Garland will not allow us to forget them. He presents us in this article with an epic of endeavor such as has made this country what it is. (p. 1)

* * *

Charles J. Finger makes books and therefore he knows books. In a tabloid article he reviews both the book reviewers and the books. Mr. Finger scarifies those writers whose lucubrations will not stand the test of intelligibility. (p. 3)

* * *

Sincerity is a virtue that seems to be getting rarer and rarer. It is to be admired in whomever found. L. M. Cramer, long resident in China, has given a vivid picture of the ordination of Buddhist monks in a temple in China. It was 'in the hour of the tiger' when the young men one by one submitted to having the symbols of their vocation literally burned into their heads. (p. 4)

* * *

Henry Ward Beecher had to face the hostility of Confederate sympathizers when he visited England during the Civil War, but he was 'an American unafraid and unashamed' and dauntlessly faced his critics. Albert Miller, noted magazine writer, gives a clear-cut sketch of Beecher's powerful personality which finally swept prejudice aside. (p. 5)

* * *

According to H. G. Salsinger, sports editor and writer, the duffer has too long been held up to ill-considered scorn. He contends that the duffer has his place in sports as well as the champion, particularly in golf, and this may be summed up in the words, 'Take away the duffer and where would the game of golf be?' (p. 7)

* * *

Just how an actress feels when she marries a title is piquantly presented by Lady Cynthia Asquith, herself the scion of a noble house and a London society leader. It would appear that the principal ordeal of the lady of the footlights is getting acquainted with the 'in-laws.' (p. 8)

* * *

It seems a strange thing to talk about 'eating in many languages,' but in such cities as New York you can do this. The process is simple. You merely choose a restaurant run by Chinese, Portuguese, Hungarians or —to use Thackeray's phrase—'Everythingarians,' and eat what the gods provide. A. R. Pinci, newspaper correspondent and magazine writer, also a cosmopolitan, assumes to advantage the double rôle of gastronomic guide and reviewer. (p. 9)

* * *

The folk songs of a nation redeem it from sheer and sordid materialism. It is among the mountain people that these songs mostly survive. It is generally thought that the mountaineers of Tennessee and the Cumberlands are the only real exponents of these lyrics of medieval times. But that the English folk songs also survive in Ohio is manifest from the typical specimens that Mary O. Eddy has collected from aged folk in outlying parts of the country. Carl Sandburg gives a few words of introduction and commendation. (p. 12)

* * *

An entirely new aspect of Mexico is presented by William L. Stidger, the well-known Methodist preacher and traveler. He says that the people get all that they ask for by asking for it in their own way. The methods used may not commend themselves to the average American citizen, however. (p. 14)

* * *

Hester Prynne and Amy Robsart are the 'great figures in fiction' which Lewis Worthington Smith presents in this article. There is a good deal in common between Hawthorne's heroine and the beautiful creature of Scott's *Kenilworth.* The writer of this essay is professor of English in Drake University, Iowa. (p. 15)

* * *

One of the most picturesque walled cities in Europe is that which contains the castellated residence of the Counts of Carcassonne. There is a fine double-page series of pictures of this feudal stronghold. (pp. 16-17)

* * *

Scott's *Waverley* would be like Shakespeare's *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark were it not for the Baron Bradwardine. The story of his prototype will be new to our readers. (p. 19)

* * *

Georgia is our oldest state university. Its story as told by George H. Dacy is worth reading. (p. 21)

* * *

It may not be generally known that 'fire from heaven' started the first locomotive. Dr. William E. Barton, biographer of Lincoln, relates this incident in telling of the triumph of George Stephenson. (p. 24)

* * *

Aaron Hardy Ulm, publicist and magazine writer, tells how Uncle Sam has millions of acres to give away to the land hungry. (p. 27)

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Aaron Hardy Ulm

REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Klamath Falls, Oregon.

A few years ago, I believe it was in *The Saturday Evening Post,* I read that science disputed the fact that Franklin discovered electricity with a kite.

I will say as a layman having just the average knowledge of electricity, that Franklin could have discovered electricity without the kite as well as without the silk attached if he had had a key or any other piece of steel in his hand.

My wife and I were homesteaders in Lake County, Oregon, and finally developed our homestead into a small cow ranch. When we first located there fishing was a necessity as well as a sport. We had been fishing in the river which was a short distance from the ranch (three miles, which in those days we did not think was anything) when a mountain thunderstorm came up and we got soaked, and of course had to hurry right home to find out how many chickens had been drowned.

We were on foot. On the way home I noticed a piece of wire, about No. 8, 9 or 10 and about two or three feet long. I picked up the wire for two reasons, one was curiosity as I wondered where it came from, and the other was that a piece of wire was always handy. I was carrying the wire in my right hand and was walking fast. At first at regular intervals I would hear a slight buzzing sound which I could not locate. I finally noticed that when I swung my arm to a certain position a noise came from the wire I was carrying. But I could feel nothing.

The sky was clear, the sun shining, and there was a gentle breeze such as generally follows a summer rain. My wife and I as we walked along fooled with the wire: when holding it in a certain position it would sing like a piece of metal vibrating. We were very wet and were probably acting as a ground contact, but the electricity was not strong enough for us to feel.

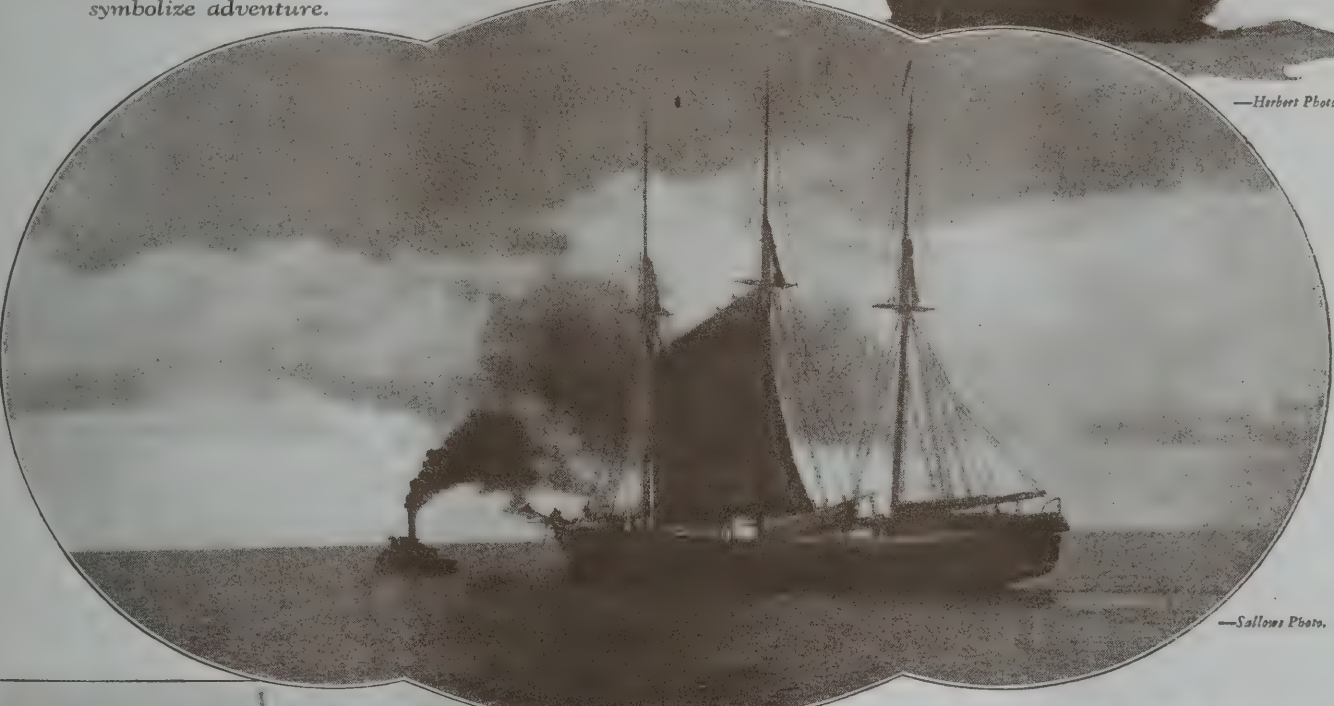
We had an acre of garden ground fenced in with five-foot close-woven stock wire. When we got home I made a crook in one end of our piece of wire to hang it on the garden fence for future use. I reached out to hang it on the fence but before being in contact with the fence it began snapping like a parlor match being scratched down a wall and I received a very faint shock.

T. J. EVANS.

SAILERS *of the* DEEP

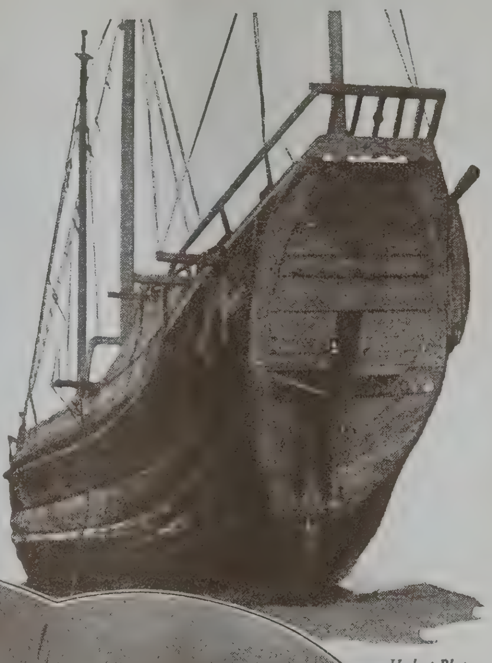
Afloat and Aground

Familiar sight on our Eastern Coast—a three-master being taken in tow on a calm day when the sails hang limp and the boat, without tow, stands a helpless thing—as Coleridge has aptly described it, 'like a painted ship upon a painted ocean.' Such useful carriers of freight, manned often by typically hardened seamen, have about them an atmosphere of romance and picturesqueness; they somehow symbolize adventure.

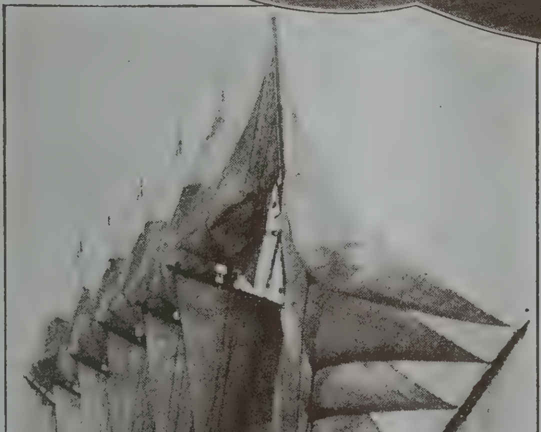


—Sallows Photo.

The famous Chinese pirate junk, Ning Po, reported to be the oldest ship in the world. This ancient 'ark' was launched in 1769 and brought to this country for exhibition purposes in 1911. The ship is of solid teak; her masts, solid tree trunks.

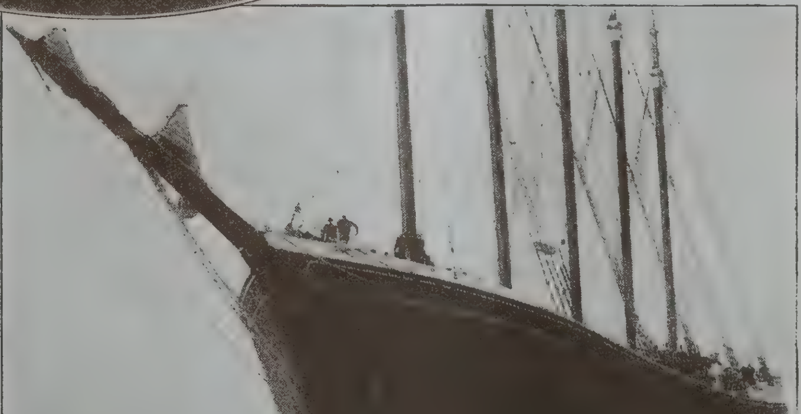


—Herbert Photo.



—Thompson Photo.

The last of the six-masters, *with all sails set.*



—Herbert Photo.

Nancy, *a five-masted schooner, was driven on the sands off Nantasket Beach, Massachusetts, by a raging storm; subsequently she was left high and dry. Crowds thronged to see her, and an arrangement whereby a charge was made to go aboard proved highly satisfactory.*

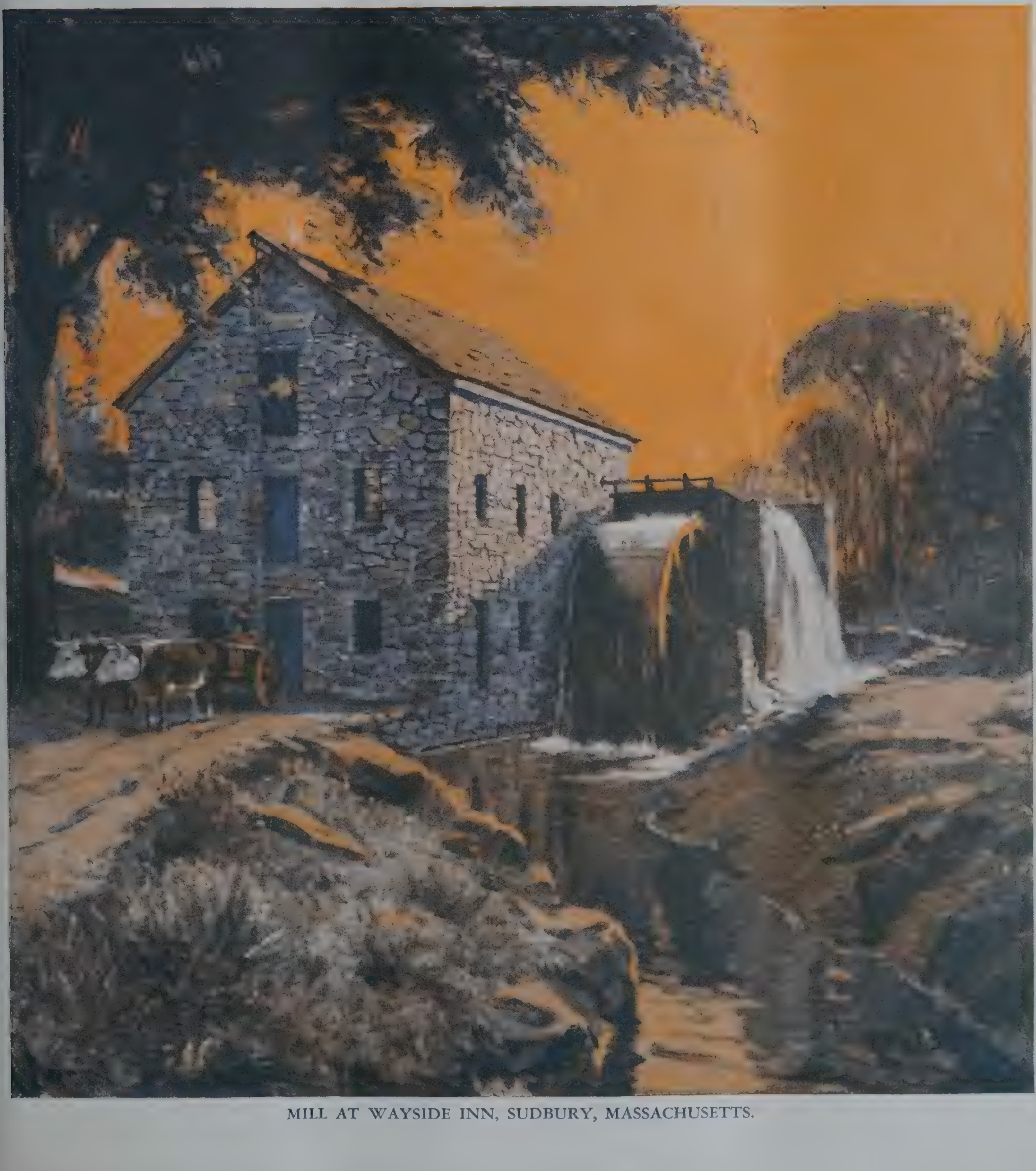
NEW REP
H W WILSON COMPANY
958-972 UNIVERSITY AVE
NEW YORK N Y

THE great word of life is Use. Some would say Economy. Not so. The word economy represents a half-idea born of fear. Economy is the rule of half-alive minds. There can be no doubt that it is better than waste, neither can there be any doubt that it is not so good as Use. Everything was given us to use. The principle of Use is the main guidepost. Use is positive, active, life-giving. Use adds to the sum of good. Start out on that principle.

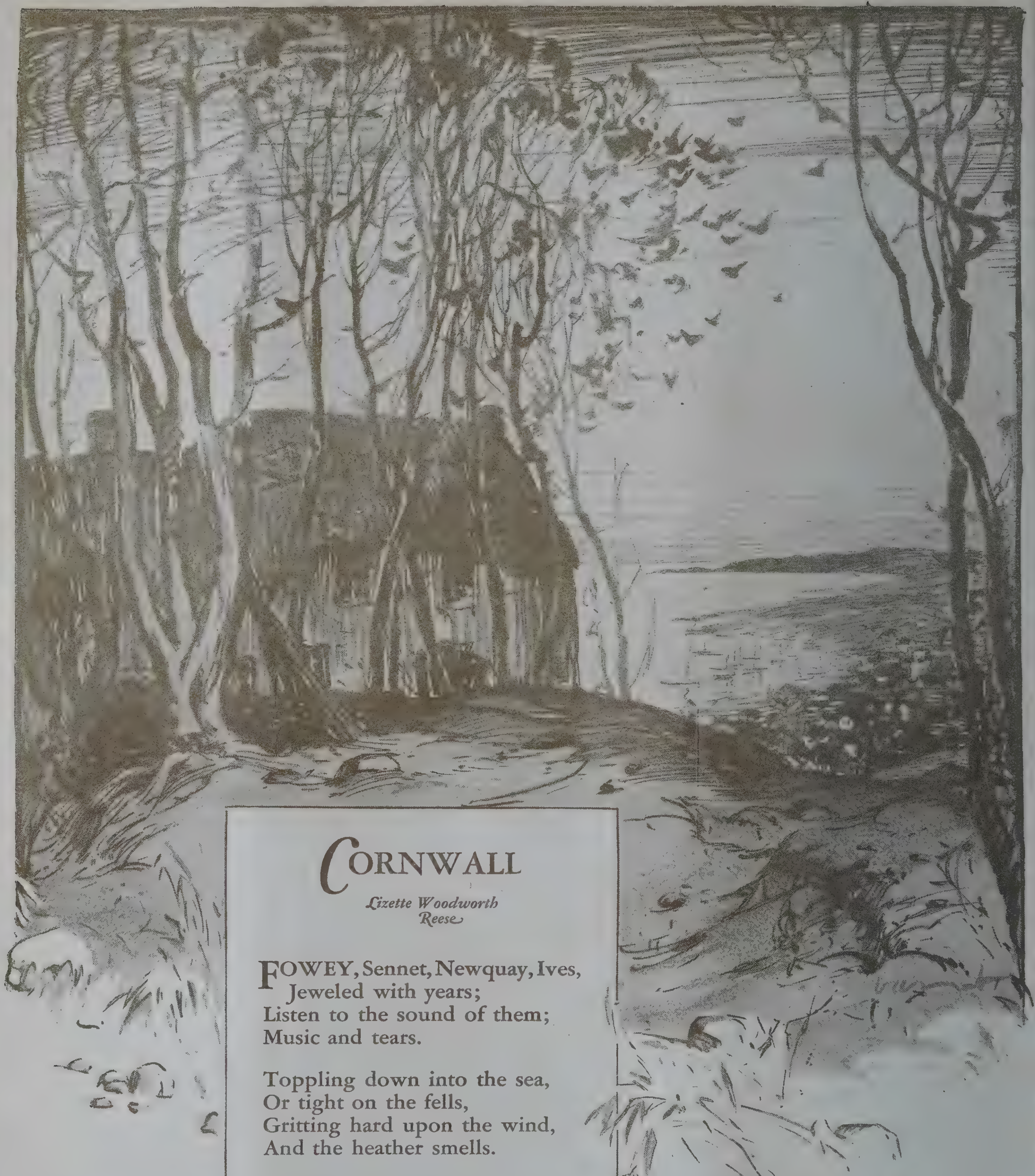
EA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

$1.50 a Year JULY 16, 1927 Five Cents a Copy



MILL AT WAYSIDE INN, SUDBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.



CORNWALL

Lizette Woodworth Reese

FOWEY, Sennet, Newquay, Ives,
Jeweled with years;
Listen to the sound of them;
Music and tears.

Toppling down into the sea,
Or tight on the fells,
Gritting hard upon the wind,
And the heather smells.

There I know an old house,
Where the rooks stay,
In the moody long trees,
Day after day.

How they call across the town
In the early spring!
How they cry at fall of leaf,
Each forgotten thing!

Drawing by
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

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1927

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Volume 27
Number 39

The Definition of the Middle West

By VACHEL LINDSAY

I am Anne Rutledge who sleep
beneath these weeds,
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln—
Wedded to him—not through union
But through separation.

—EDGAR LEE MASTERS.

A BEAUTIFUL friend that I hold very dear, who knows little of the Middle West, has suggested for the title of this article, *That Undiscovered Country.* Of course, by this title is implied the complete quotation—'from whose bourne no traveler returns'; that is, the land of the grave. I am willing to accept even these limitations to my title and point of view, and work out. I think you may like the process.

The Middle West is one of those regions calculated to act as a unit in great presidential campaigns when real issues are afoot; and it is a unit of expression in our attempts at national literary criticism. A novelist from Wisconsin or Ohio is called a middle western novelist. William Allen White, editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, Emporia, Kansas, is called a middle western editor.

I remember once drawing a map of the various regions of the United States in which I called the Middle West 'The Bryan Farms.' It is sometimes called 'The Chautauqua Paradise,' because of the great multitudes of Chautauquas there; though they may be found all over this United States.

First, let us approach the task of naming the states which have a chance to get into the middle western list: they are the states of what Hamlin Garland calls *The Middle Border;* that is, the region west of the Appalachians, and east of the Cordilleras, not south of Mason and Dixon's line. 'The Middle Border' was, in the time of Andrew Jackson and of Johnny Appleseed, the frontier. In that day, 'Mason and Dixon's line' was slowly being drawn by the reiterated phrasing of those words, in the speeches of John Randolph of Roanoke, the Virginia leader in Congress. The northern and southern halves of the Old West were being divided by the slavery issue, and finally were dramatized by Eliza's crossing the ice in *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

In *Uncle Tom's Cabin* days, the Middle West was *the* West. Mississippi was developing a powerful oligarchy, which culminated in the rule of Jefferson Davis, of that state, in Washington, D. C., as Secretary of War, just before the War of Secession. The far South was the center of solemn, self-conscious authority, and the prairie country was the West, 'wild and woolly,' where most anything might happen. What was the list of states, then, of which Abraham Lincoln ultimately became the representative? Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, and Kansas.

The western borders of this region were developing the tremendous range system whereby, over unfenced lands, free to all, great herds were driven north from Texas for the yearly slaughter. And the cowboy was being evolved.

The Middle West then was the region east of the cowboy, west of the forests on the western slopes of the Appalachians, and north of the slave country bordered by the Ohio and the Missouri. But it was not then 'Middle,' it was 'West.' And Lincoln was elected as a far western man.

VICTORY came to the North. The black dirt of the prairies, six to twenty feet deep, began to produce taller and taller corn; the Rockies began to develop a miners' West; barbed wire came, and the cowboy began to disappear; and so the Old West was pocketed and became 'Middle.' It became what it is today in its essential character.

But before we cease naming the states, let us say that the general Middle West state of mind spreads beyond the seven states we have listed.

Tobacco has gone farther north than the Ohio River; corn has gone south into Kentucky and Tennessee, and into Missouri; wheat has moved west through the deserts of western Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota; more and more land that seemed arid grows deep-rooted winter wheat from its winter snows; and the Middle West may be, in general, any prairie-corn, or prairie-wheat country between the Rockies and the Appalachians.

It is the first character of this country that, because the Indians burned its forests centuries ago to capture game, it is a treeless plain for the most part. In western Kansas, Nebraska, and North and South Dakota, the hasty settler has planted the cottonwood along the streams as the quickest growing windbreak. Nevertheless, the hot and rainless wind sweeps across the plain all summer; and the wheat seems to bake into its climax of harvest. The cottonwood still awaits the slower growing trees it hopes to shelter, and one must have a passion for the sky line; one must have an inevitable instinct for the horizon, such as that of Willa Cather, to understand this land.

But the far eastern borders of the Middle West were planted long ago. Forests were still there in many places, and the word 'backwoodsman' was synonymous with 'Westerner' before men plowed the plains.

The word 'Hoosier' was developed in the woods. The forests of the western slope of the Appalachians stretched long fingers into the plain. In these great reaches of forest, Johnny Appleseed planted his first orchards. It is natural that the borders of the Middle West which most closely touch the east of the United States should be best understood by the men of the seaboard.

Therefore, Ohio is the most popular middle western state, with people on the seaboard. They can get there in one night's run from any place on the Atlantic Coast.

When it becomes necessary in the routine of national party organization to give the Middle West its due, a presidential candidate is often picked from Ohio, the most endurable and understandable middle western state from the eastern standpoint; hence, the honor roll of Ohio presidents, and defeated presidential aspirants.

Let us get a little bit beneath the surface called politics. We find that the Middle West goes as far as the black-dirt prairie goes; a land on which it is almost too easy to build railroads and automobile highways, the grading and financing is so simple. It is not like finding one's way through terrible mountains. The prosperity which makes this so easy makes every other type of unification easy; and newspapers like the Kansas City *Star* and the Chicago *Tribune* speak for the whole region on many issues that are seemingly paramount.

But my beautiful friend, who reads much and well in the world of letters and thinks deeply, gives this region the title *That Undiscovered Country*, and gives it ironically. She means that if any man can get any fun out of a red-hot cornfield in July, let him. What do corn and hogs mean to Edmund Spenser or to Spenser's *Faerie Queene?* She means that all America is given to a pillowy-billowy smothering of those who aspire; and that free speech and aspiration are smothered by people of the middle western and Chautauqua point of view, wherever they may be in the United States.

Overeating is indeed a dangerous thing; and, on the whole, middle westerners have too much to eat, too many automobiles, too easy communication, too rich soil, and often an outrageous complacency: they often have the blinking expression that comes after a pious Sunday dinner.

BUT the Middle West is a mixture of streams of immigration; and there is a legend there so great that the present cannot down it, and the future is written in pages of flame. There first mingled younger sons and daughters of the Original Thirteen States; and the peculiar pride of the South mixed with the iron mind of the Emersonian. The result was a standard of self-reliance and freedom and dignity, which finds its ultimate hope in the tradition around Springfield, Illinois, and in the legends that haunt that place.

There are in my dreaming mind two pictures of the Middle West which have nothing to do with state fairs too prosperous, and Chautauquas too complacent.

I remember a nipping day, the first of January, when I walked with a lovely friend of mine to the Sangamon, just a little outside Springfield. We were there for the afternoon on a high bluff surrounded by a forest that was a contradiction of the formula of the Middle West. Such forests line all the rivers, now, of most of the middle western states, except in the cottonwood belt. On this bluff, in the snow, in the biting frost, we built the tiniest fire imaginable, of leaves and twigs, for our incantation above that river. The smoke went straight to the sky in a thread of blue. It was all a mystery and a hope; and the dreams around that fire it will take me a hundred years to tell. I could tell you twenty legends now, some literally true according to the schoolbooks, some born of the smoke of the gray leaves, all of them from that fire by the Sangamon, all of them as deep as life or death or love to me.

THOSE legends and those chronicles haunt me day and night; and they have nothing to do with hasty definitions of the Middle West. They stretch as far into the future as the speculations of H. G. Wells; and as far into the caveman past as the speculations of Clarence Darrow, the Chicago lawyer. And they have far more to do with the smoke and flame of life than men of this realistic type can know. Fires like these are built on many a bluff of the Sangamon, on many a gray day by little lovers, in forests that are as primeval as any forest of the newer West, and as far from the automobile and the filling station as the moon itself.

Such people as these at least have courage and free speech. The general assumption that there is neither courage nor free speech in the Middle West leaves out fire builders of this sort.

I can name twenty men of national position who say just what they please. Several of these men are of middle western origin. But this is not the issue of my article, the title of which is '*The Definition of the Middle West.*' One can never really define anything; one can only illustrate it. For quite an elucidation of that thought, read Matthew Arnold on 'The Grand Style.' For a humble illustration of this same thought let us point to the lovers and their fire, and then let me give you a most realistic narrative which may become another symbol, greater than a definition.

(To be concluded in an early issue.)

Passing Impressions of Famous Frenchmen

By
ELEANOR
LEWIS

IN LOOKING back to my life in Paris in the early eighties, I see four events which stand out in memory as landmarks: A glimpse of Victor Hugo in life; another of his funeral; the funeral of Leconte de Lisle, and a sermon by the once famous Père Hyacinthe.

In the words *once famous*, no derogation is implied. Not only was Père Hyacinthe noteworthy for his qualities, among which he had also most assuredly some defects, but he had the good or ill fortune to become the center of a violent controversy the bitterness of which did not permit impartial judgment. My remembrance of him, however, is one of pure gratitude for the revelation he afforded me of the beauty and power of the French language.

It was during a rather aimless Sunday ramble that I found myself in the little Rue d'Assas before an insignificant building surmounted by a cross. As it seemed to be a church of sorts, and as the doors were open, I went in. The room was small, but even so the worshipers did not half fill it. A short preliminary service was being held, neither Catholic nor Protestant, but, rather, a hybrid version from the two. The officiating priest did not seem at all unusual until he faced his audience and began his discourse. Then one realized the fine, even impressive, type of his features, and yet more the beauty of his voice.

Up to this time my French had been that of the average college graduate: I spoke it 'a little,' listened to it on the streets and in shops, attended occasional lectures at the Sorbonne and tried to converse about them with my teacher. But I was decidedly indifferent to the language. Now all in a moment I was shaken out of this indifference. The man speaking, whom I did not yet know as Père Hyacinthe, was using his native tongue as a past master of its possibilities, with the golden voice, the exquisite inflections, of the great orator. It brought instantly to mind our own Wendell Phillips. There was the same clarity of intonation and phrasing, the same full pure syllabification, the same accelerating intensity of thought and utterance which gripped the audience and held it in harmony with the speaker.

Circle—*Pere Hyacinthe.* Center—*Victor Hugo, reproduction of the last portrait made of him.* Left—*Leconte de Lisle.*

Père Hyacinthe may not have been a great man, and he certainly failed to stamp his impress upon the intellectual world, but those who have once heard him can never forget the experience.

In the late fall of 1884 I saw, briefly, Victor Hugo. With me, as with Little Billee in *Trilby*, it was Paris and youth—unsurpassable conjunction! the freshness of one's early impressions, the famous city for background, and against it in clear relief both great historic figures of the past and great figures of the present, notably among them that of Victor Hugo.

The young people of today can hardly realize how his majestic figure towered above his contemporaries or how deeply *Les Miserables* impressed his own long day and generation He was the idol of France, and hardly less worshiped in other lands. If in my personal impression of him there is a touch of comedy, it is more than compensated by the impression of his last triumphal march through Paris when, dead, he received more than royal honors. And as to the former—I saw him only a few months before his death; he was already in failing health, and not at all fond of Americans, or so I have been told. However it may be, this is what happened, or rather did not happen.

A friend of the poet was to attend a reception at the latter's house and very kindly sought and obtained permission to bring with him 'two young admirers of Victor Hugo,' one being myself, the other an eighteen-year-old lad who was thought to have considerable literary promise, in addition to being an almost rabid 'Hugolater.' I still recall clearly the long reception room with heavy curtains at the far end, and chairs arranged symmetrically on both sides. These for the most part were already occupied, but we found seats near the entrance door.

No one spoke except now and then in whispers, and it was only after some ten silent minutes that there was a little rustle of anticipation. Then the heavy curtains were drawn back by two footmen, and through the archway walked slowly, rather feebly, a figure crowned with a shock of white hair. All rose as he proceeded down the room, addressing a few words to each guest. He finally reached our little group of three. Upon the kindly gentleman who had brought us he smiled, and

(*Continued on page 20*)

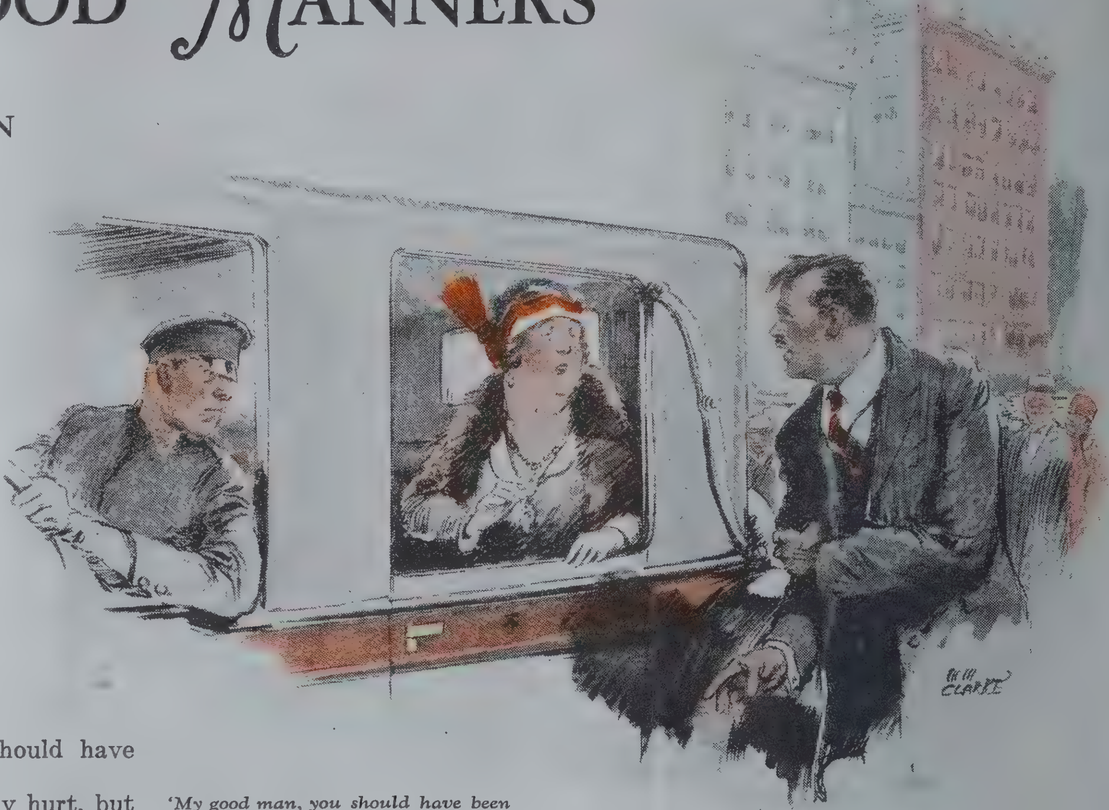
What It Means *to* Have GOOD MANNERS

By
THOMAS L. MASSON

Illustrated by
W. W. CLARKE

A MILLIONaire friend of mine, head of one of the largest corporations in America, was crossing Fifth Avenue in New York, when he was struck by the mudguard of a large limousine and knocked down. As he picked himself up, the car having stopped, a stout, flashily dressed woman on the inside, looking him over to see how badly he was hurt, said to him:

'My good man, you should have been more careful.'



'My good man, you should have been more careful.'

My friend was not badly hurt, but he was quite shaken up. The patronizing and offensive words, 'My good man,' to use a slang term, got his goat. He employed the best lawyer in town, brought suit, had the chauffeur of the car put in jail for ten days and made the woman pay a fine of a thousand dollars. And all because of her bad manners. If she had expressed the slightest sense of courtesy, he would have met her halfway.

Bad manners are always the result of ignorance, and this kind of ignorance is generally due to heredity, or lack of education. Yet with all the advantages of a cultured existence, bad manners are quite frequently obvious.

Another friend of mine, this time a woman, gave a party and invited a certain college boy, at the request of her daughter who knew him slightly. This boy came from an excellent family. He was intelligent, being at that time a student in one of the three largest universities in the country. He came with a girl of his own choosing, danced with this girl all the evening, ignored completely the hostess and her daughter, and left without saying good night. This instance is by no means exceptional. I know of a number very similar.

You may recall the well-known story of the woman who was standing at a social function in the presence of a Yale, a Princeton, and a Harvard man. She asked the Yale man for a chair; he told the Princeton man to get it; when the Princeton man brought it, the Harvard man sat down in it.

A very pointed but ably replied to instance of bad manners was shown when a medical man, at a meeting where all the members were very tall, turned to Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was short, and said to him:

'Doctor Holmes, how does it make you feel to be among so many big men?'

He replied:

'Like a three-cent piece among a lot of pennies.'

Wars have frequently been brought on by a display of bad manners at a critical moment. It is not too much to say that in this country hundreds of millions of dollars are lost by individuals through bad manners. It is, therefore, of considerable importance, not only to everybody in general, but to you and to me in particular to know what bad manners are.

Bad manners seem wished upon some persons by fate. Kindly at heart, indeed, genuinely unselfish and wishing to be always correct, they invariably say the wrong thing at the wrong moment.

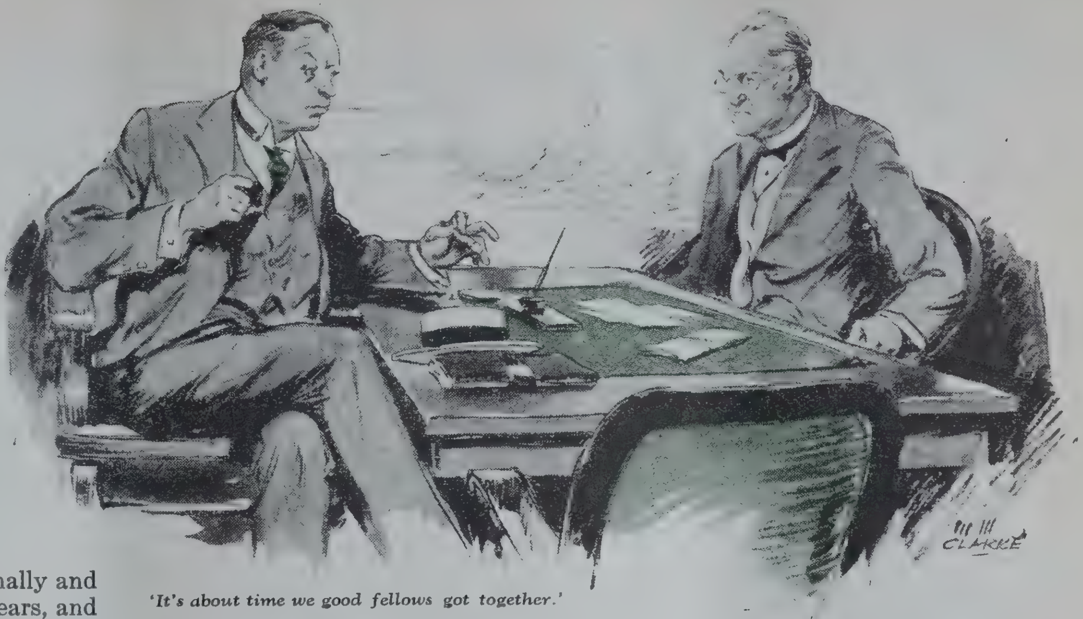
Bad manners are the cause of a large number of divorces. For example, a man came to me and said he and his wife were on the point of parting. He had been a good husband. They were not compatible. I suggested that he try being polite. At first he scouted the idea but when I convinced him how bad his manners really were, he agreed, and in two weeks his wife and he were reconciled.

Too often bad manners are caused by pure thoughtlessness. Another friend of mine, who had gone through a great grief, was staying in the same house with some young people. They knew of her trouble but their manners were so wretched that she was obliged to leave. After she had gone they inquired why. When the thing was explained to them, and their actions detailed, they were horrified and very remorseful. They simply had not thought.

Indeed, it may be said confidently that bad manners are never intentional. No one is so deliberately cruel as intentionally to hurt the feelings of another, or to do himself an injury by being discourteous to another. But the matter is much deeper than appears on the surface, because an offensive politeness may in itself be a form of bad manners.

I was one day talking with a woman who expressed a fondness for a certain kind of poetry. I offered to lend her a book of poems on this subject. She returned the volume to me with expressions of great enthusiasm and the remark that she had got so much out of the poems, was extremely grateful, and so forth. Yet she had neglected the slight duty of cutting the leaves. Was this bad manners? Well, it was thoughtless, it was ignorant; it was insulting my intelligence with obvious flattery at the expense of her own.

It is often said that you cannot tell the truth and have good manners. In my experience the reverse is the case. You can always tell the truth. When it is not expedient to tell the truth you can say so.



'It's about time we good fellows got together.'

A man whom I knew personally and indeed intimately for twenty years, and who was always putting himself out for others, committed the following *faux pas.*

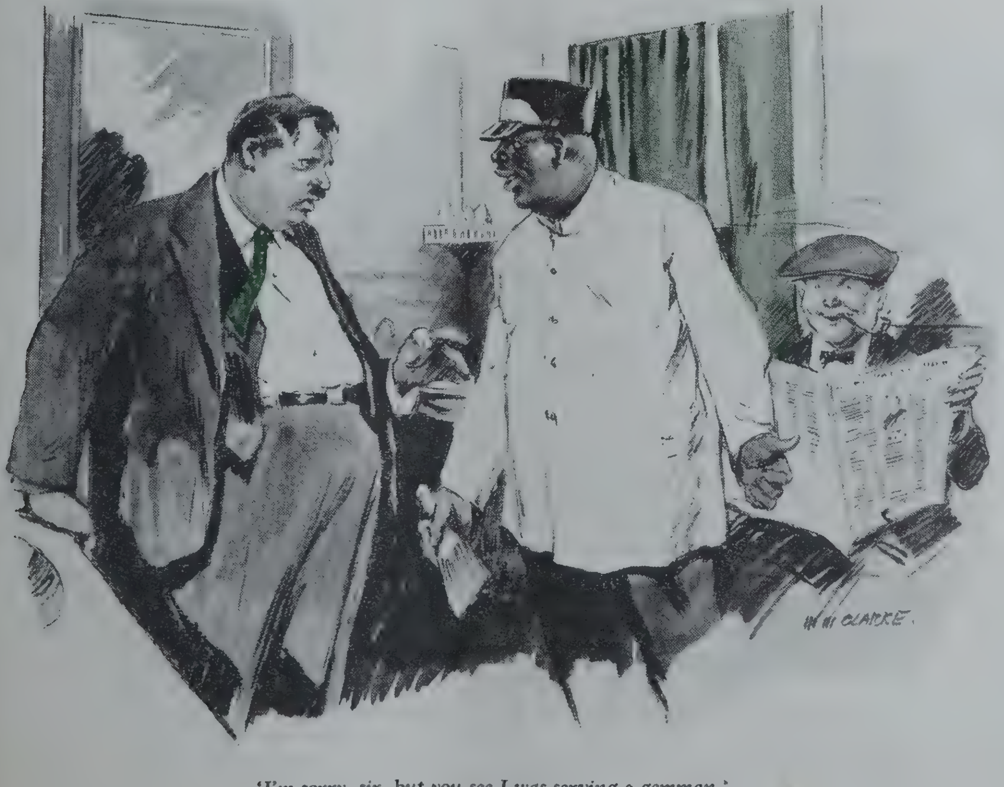
The business in which the man was engaged, and where over a long period he had been employed at a comfortable salary, was suddenly bought out by another company. The president of this company, and the new owner, was an old-time gentleman of unblemished character. When my friend learned of the sale, he called upon this gentleman, who never smoked, and lighting a cigar, he moved his chair up to where he sat and puffing the smoke in his face, remarked:

'It's about time we good fellows got together.'

My friend lost his job. The old gentleman in telling me later of the experience (he shuddered at it) said he was aware of the good qualities of my friend, but, as he expressed it, he was 'impossible.' Such an incident as this seems almost incredible, yet it actually happened.

There are three kinds of bad-mannered persons the roughneck, the boor (in England called the bounder), the egoist.

The roughneck is often found, however, to be a man of good qualities. He may easily be a hero. He may conceal the distinguishing marks of a true gentleman. Such a man is the one I described above. A roughneck is unacquainted with the niceties of life.



'I'm sorry, sir, but you see I was serving a gemman.'

It is useless to describe him further for he is recognized immediately. And he is a roughneck only in the presence of more sheltered people. A forest guide, therefore, may be a roughneck in Long Island society but in a forest settlement a gentleman.

The boor, on the other hand, is always a boor. Put him anywhere and he never changes. He will be a boor in dress clothes or plus fours. Once a boor, always a boor. And a boor is not necessarily a bore. A bore may be a gentleman, and still be a bore. While he is a gentleman he does not know that he is a bore. I know several of this type. While boring you, they will pay you all sorts of attentions, small courtesies, and the like. Of course, in a sense their manners are very bad, but only because they are inevitable bores and not because they are essentially bad-mannered.

The egoist is the really and truly bad-mannered one. His bad manners are a perfect fruit of his temperament. He is selfish, conceited, self-centered. He tacitly assumes that the world was made for his special benefit. He looks at everything from the standpoint of Himself.

And he is of two kinds: First, he is frankly selfish, frankly thoughtless. His ignorance of the relationship between himself and others is so profound that nothing can separate him from it.

Second, he achieves his results by a kind of deception that in the most advanced form is nothing less than wonderful.

A man of this sort will outwardly be the very quintessence of courtesy. He will overwhelm you with his attentions. And it is not until later you will discover that

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MR. CANDIDATE, *Are You Subject to Accidents?*

A Presidential History *Not Found in* Schoolbooks

By EARLE C. REEVES

ON THE balcony of a Philadelphia hotel in 1860 a young man named Albert Edward Prince of Wales stood and looked down upon a seething mob which had just learned that a shock-haired, gaunt giant named Abe Lincoln had been elected President.

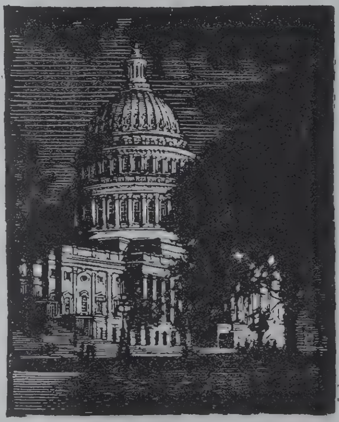
The feelings of that conservative city were decidedly mixed. So was its population. To the royal watcher it seemed that one-half had its fingers on the other half's throat. There was a grim reality to the rioting which put many partisans out for days; but no brains were spilled on cobblestones.

The handsome chap who waited forty-one years to be king might have been excused for sending a post card home announcing that red ruin was descending upon these unruly Colonies.

But we recovered quickly. We always do.

I have watched two general elections and four years of parliamentary maneuver in England, and so far as my observation went there seemed to be only three high peaks of unexpectability; these were Nancy Astor, American; Winston Churchill, half American; and Lloyd George, who is extremely Welsh.

Over here on the American side we have learned to expect the unexpected.



An impartial observer might have explained to that earlier prince—grandfather of the present Prince of Wales—that Lincoln had little logical right be to even a nominee of his party. William H. Seward was the first great leader of the young Republican Party, but he was blessed out of the White House by his friends. He had been elected governor of New York through the influence of an archbishop. That was count number one against him in some pivotal states.

His managers went into the Chicago Convention claiming assurance of two-thirds of the votes. Tasting the glory of impending victory, they staged a great parade through the streets. But while the parade was on, the 'sidewalks of Chicago' surged in and packed the convention hall. under the management of Colonel Medill and others who had arranged to puncture the Seward boom with a lank rail-splitter from downstate Illinois. The galleries were as noisy for 'Abe' as they were more recently for 'Al'—but with a different result.

A certain perversity seems to run through the great American game of stalking the White House. Sometimes it seems as if an intelligence test for political candidates should contain only such questions as:

Are you subject to accidents?

Do they happen for or against you?

What is your mistake average?

Do your enemies make mistakes in your favor?

Are you adept at arranging little things for opponents to stumble over?

We began learning the importance of such things as these about the time George Washington decided that being the richest man of his time was a more pressing job than a third term—since John Adams was perfectly able to carry on anyway. 'Politics' got its real start when Washington retired to look after his land and his slaves.

In the campaign of 1796 Adams was a 'despot' and Jefferson a 'demagog' (familiar term!), and defamation of character was a political pastime; but because the rules then in force made it so, these two unfriends had to serve four years as President and vice-president respectively!

Adams then thought he'd end this defamation of sacred officeholders, and so he had a law passed making it a crime. That was the first big mistake that cost a Presidency. Even at this early date the American public registered its determination that cussing out officeholders was an inalienable right: they defeated Adams next time.

By this time it had been decided that a presidential candidate should make the race with a vice-president of his own picking; so when Jefferson beat Adams he had a lack-sport named Aaron Burr as a running mate. But as they forgot to change the rules, November found Jefferson and Burr with equal electoral votes and Burr unready to admit that the 'father of democracy' was President. For the first time, the election was thrown into Congress, and was not decided in favor of Jefferson until mid-February. Burr had committed political suicide. Later, he was tried for treason, killed Hamilton in a duel, and dragged out a long life in poverty.

Adams drove another nail into his political coffin by getting angry and sneaking out of the Executive Mansion the night of March 3, leaving Jefferson to ride on horseback, in homespun, alone, to the Capitol to be sworn in; and to come home, tie his horse to the hitch-rack, scrape the mud off his boots and stride into his new house without so much as a handshake from the departing tenant. Stirring times, these.

Aaron Burr must have put the curse upon the vice-presidency, for during the next century only one vice-president was elected President. Secretaries of State became heirs apparent for a time—Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams being promoted for services rendered—and then for nearly a century only one 'premier' succeeded to anything higher.

Those two posts of honor constitute two 'errors' wise aspirants for White House residence aim to avoid to this day. As early as 1812, one John Langdon, of New Hampshire, declined the vice-presidency—but no stronger lightning ever struck him.

Another 'don't' for presidential candidates, distilled from the mists of time, is: 'Don't be too eloquent'; the glaring illustrations being Clay, Webster, Blaine, and Bryan, each the Demosthenes of his generation—but none of them President.

The grand old Federalist party of Washington received a blow when Adams tried to make sedition out of political blah; and it was virtually sunk without trace when the charge was made that prominent Federalists signaled with blue lights enabling a blockaded British fleet to escape during the War of 1812. And that little 'mistake'—whether true or not matters nothing now—was what put Monroe into office with an 'era of good will,' and gave him a reëlection that escaped being unanimous only because a New Hampshire gentleman said nobody except Washington should receive the whole electoral vote. Peace prevailed because no opposition was left.

Another little happening connected

with that disagreement with Britain helped make political history. Though peace was signed on December 24, 1814, at Ghent, General Andrew Jackson didn't learn about it for a month. Two weeks after peace was signed he captured New Orleans and became a national hero. Had there been cables or wireless, or even fast ocean liners, he would have ended his life as the senator from Tennessee.

Even so, he did not collect his heroic due on the first trial, because, though in 1824 he led in popular and electoral vote, he did not have a majority and the election was thrown into Congress. Henry Clay was fourth man in this election. He knew John Quincy Adams to be the real author of the so-called Monroe Doctrine and a statesman and scholar of rare merit. Moreover, Jackson hated Clay; so Clay elected Adams. Hates can be expensive.

But fate dogged Adams' footsteps. He was too scholarly and too much of a gentleman—and, furthermore, he let Government expenses climb to the horrible total of $14,000,000 a year; so Jackson came home in a lope four years later, bringing with him a corncob pipe which he smoked in the White House.

The breaks were for Jackson, and against Clay.

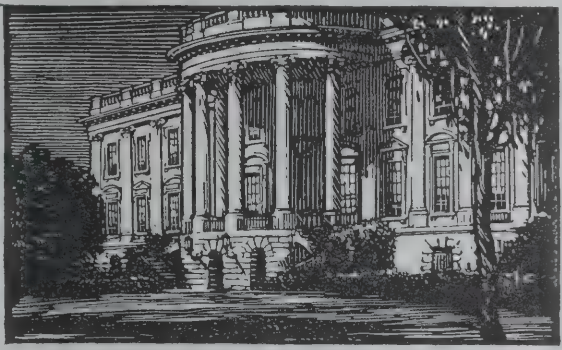
Henry Clay became the 'great Commoner' of the nation when, as a Congressman, he furnished the backbone that saved the Madison Administration in the face of the approaching War of 1812. Through the so-called Missouri Compromise, he saved Monroe when the slavery question threatened disruption. He elected Adams—a President-maker, who was nevertheless unable to help himself.

DIMMED by distance are two events that kept Clay out of the President's chair. In 1830 an Antimasonic party was formed, after violent popular outbursts over a charge that one William Morgan had been killed for revealing Masonic secrets. In 1832, Jackson and Clay faced each other in a bitter campaign—imperious in their leadership, and idols of the people, both. But Jackson won, and the fact that Clay was a royal arch Mason ruled him out of the presidential race for eight years.

In 1839 an insignificant 'abolitionist party' was formed, and though it was still comparatively insignificant in '44 it was active enough in New York to hold the balance of power and to swing the state and the national election from Clay to Polk. Though Clay was a dominant figure in national affairs for nearly forty years and was three times a candidate, some fatalistic trick seems to have cheated him of the first honor his country was able to bestow upon him.

Twenty-five years after the escape of the British fleet, that same Daniel Webster who is the hero of our schoolbooks could be incapacitated for the Presidency by the charge that he was a 'blue-light Federalist.' Was it destiny, or sheer chance?

The political gods who cast mistakes haphazard into men's arenas were kinder to General William Henry Harrison. The leaders for Whig favor in 1840 were General Harrison and General Winfield Scott. Each moved in a halo of military victories, but Scott was conceded to be the foremost soldier of his time. However, Scott having written a letter conciliating the New York antislavery faction, that letter was dropped in Virginia headquarters at the Harrisburg Convention, and the slaveholding 'old dominion' made Harrison the candidate forthwith.



After Harrison was nominated, the Democrats spread the terrible slander that he lived in a log cabin and drank hard cider; and they were greatly amazed when some political seer of the Harrison management took up the tale with great glee and made it a feature of the campaign. There were log cabin banners at every rally. Harrison won, largely because of two mistakes made by his enemies.

When Polk, the first 'dark horse' in convention history, won the nomination from Van Buren in '44, an experimental telegraph line had been set up between Baltimore and Washington by a certain Mr. Morse. To reunite the party, the managers nominated Senator Wright of New York. Wright was angry over Van Buren's defeat and lost the vice-presidency because, for the first time in history, a means of instantaneous communication was at hand by which he could obey that first impulse and reject the nomination. The telegraph unmade Wright; it made Jackson.

Envious of his success in the Mexican wars, certain powers in Washington removed Zachary Taylor from supreme command and sent General Scott to Mexico. Scott took most of Taylor's men and pushed on to further conquests; but Taylor fought a series of desperate engagements with a handful of troops, and came home as 'Old Rough and Ready'—an inevitable White House tenant.

When Scott was nominated four years later he took the stump and became the first presidential candidate to appeal directly to what we have since come to know as the 'hyphenated' vote—and got trounced for his pains. He won but four states, and so appeared in the picture for a second time holding the wrong end of a political mistake.

Then there was Samuel J. Tilden, of New York. Having brought Boss Tweed to justice, he moved as a conquering hero upon St. Louis in 1876 to claim his reward, which he got on the second ballot. Indiana proved the political value of a grouch by sitting glum and silent until the tumult and cheering ceased, when the vice-presidency was awarded to Hendricks as a Hoosier pacifier.

Henry Watterson averted a duel between General Morgan of Ohio and Colonel Breckenridge of Kentucky, by taking the latter out to dinner and working on his better nature—presumably with something wet.

The Republican Party had been having something wet too—namely, the Whisky Ring scandals—and it looked like a good year for the man who had tied a knot in the tiger's tail.

BUT it so happened that sundry fluent Democrats of Colorado had come east to tell the party bosses that if they would only admit Colorado as a state three new electoral votes would be delivered into the Democratic column. Colorado *was* admitted, and straightway had an election, which proved her to be not Democratic at all, but Republican.

Though Tilden had a plurality of a quarter-million popular votes, he lost by a single electoral vote because of this mistake about Colorado.

That year Blaine was the strongest personage in the Republican ranks, but on the eve of the Cincinnati Convention he collapsed on the church steps as he was going to service; his enemies made the most of the fact that no party can afford to nominate a sick man. Except for this same reason, Franklin D. Roosevelt might have been Democratic nominee last autumn.

Also Blaine had telegraph wires strung from the convention hall to his house—and that seemed to portend undue eagerness. Today a candidate can get it all by radio and none need know.

There followed then a Republican swing to Governor Hayes of Ohio, a comparatively

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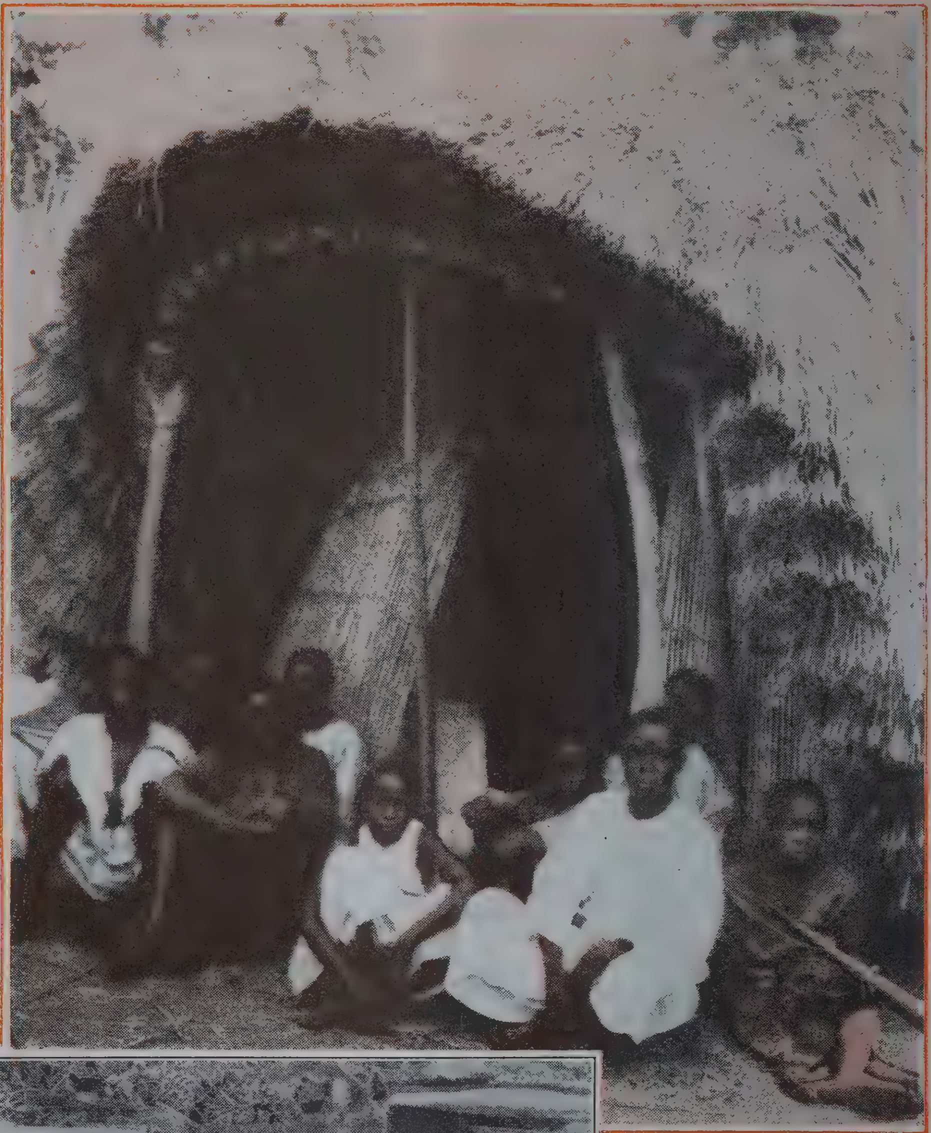
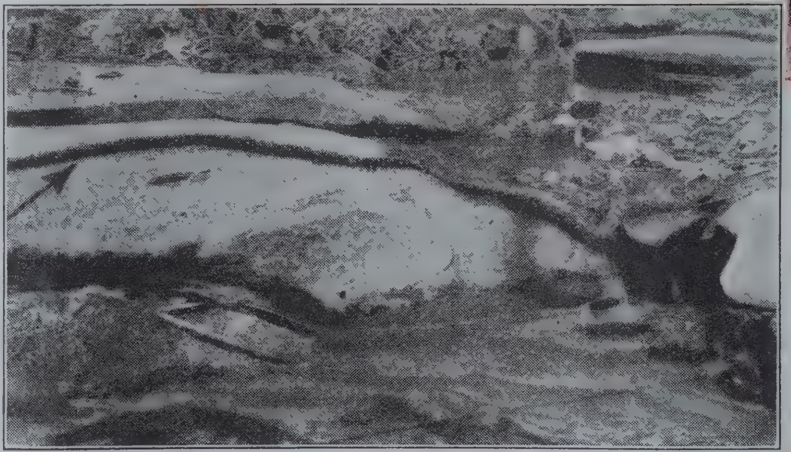
MAIOLI *and* ANTS

By PAVEL BOULIGIN



—*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

A family in front of their grass hut in darkest Africa. A sliding screen in the doorway adds protection at night.



Red ants on the march. They have formed a bridge three inches wide, two inches thick and eight inches long.

ONE of the serious troubles of Abyssinia and of all Africa is the *maioli.* I think that of the troubles invoked on the inhabitants of Egypt by Moses, the leader of the Hebrews, in revenge for Pharaoh's refusal of visas for the journey to the Promised Land, one plague must have been turned loose, and that is the *maioli.*

A long time has elapsed since those Biblical days, the *maioli* have multiplied, and are now on the march for the conquest of Africa. Anyway, for the first time they have invaded the Abyssinian province of Morocco, coming up from the direction of the British Sudan. That was two years ago while I was living on a coffee plantation in that province and experienced their victorious attack myself.

Two years have passed and now the first detachments have appeared in Feluga, a suburb of Addis Abeba, covering within this period not less than 150 kilometers, through stony deserts and over numerous creeks as well as across the broad deep river Auach, habitat of the toothed Azou, the crocodile and the fat-muzzled *goummara,* or hippopotamus. One year more and I predict that the demand for carbolic acid will take a leap in Addis Abeba, it being the only remedy for the wounds inflicted by these insects. They are impossible of escape—those bites; and the *maioli* are inevitable as fate, for which reason I surmise that they took their beginnings from the time-honored family of 'the plagues of Egypt.'

But what are they, these vanquishers of the black continent? They are insects many times smaller than a pinhead, and that is all I can say about them. As to their physical being—what kind of feet they have and what their facial appearance, I cannot say because I have never examined them through a microscope. I have felt them many times, however, quite unmistakably.

They usually attack the foot, though I once had a sharp skirmish with one on my elbow. In Africa it is very difficult to protect the foot from direct contact with the ground. One may wear high boots and hang them at night from the ceiling, but his night slippers sitting on the floor near his bed are sure to be occupied.

The presence of *maioli* in the skin can usually be detected the second or third day when the wound swells and begins to itch. Energetic measures must be taken for their removal. The best course of all is to intrust this operation to the native servants who exercise wonderful skill in the use of a plain needle. The tiny wound must be made many times larger than the insect which is removed, because it has already had time to surround itself with several hundred larvae. The wound should then be cauterized with carbolic acid; otherwise in the low damp localities so common in Africa, abscesses and running sores will result.

At night one must either stay in bed or wear his slippers; but if the latter, a dozen of the pests will surely need to be removed the next day, and bed for one week is the sure sequence . . . while time goes . . . also the rains . . . and the precious days for work on the plantation during the *cremt,* or rainy season! One's absence from the fields is meanwhile causing irreparable loss as the natives unwatched make no

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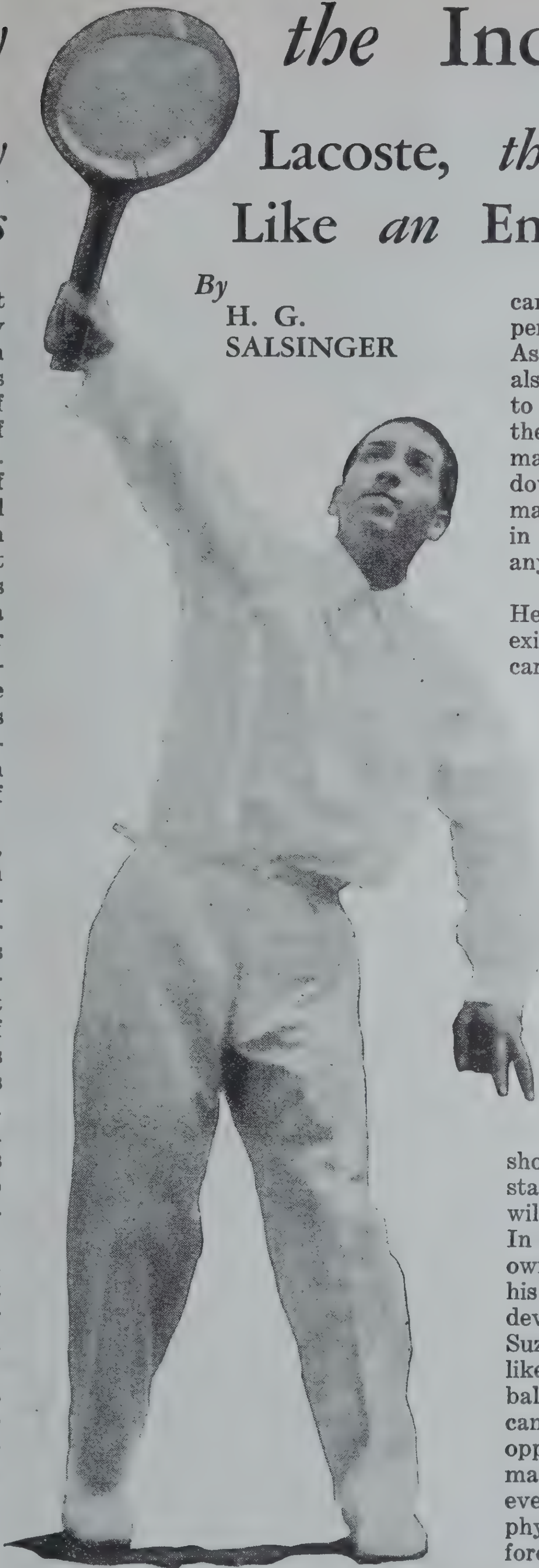
TENNIS *by the* Index System

As Played By Lacoste, *the* Frenchman *Who Looks* Like *an* Englishman

By H. G. SALSINGER



IF YOU met this man on the street and took a guess at his nationality you would put him down as an Englishman. If you observed his nature you would suspect him of belonging to Finland, Sweden or one of the other countries of northern Europe. If you were told about his system of operating you would immediately call him an American. Studying this man from any angle you would never suspect him of being a Frenchman but that is just what he is—René Lacoste, son of a wealthy French manufacturer, holder of the United States singles championship in tennis, the first man to take the American singles title to foreign shores since Hugh Doherty and the only invader who ever managed to win both indoor and outdoor championships of the United States in a single year.

Lacoste, as you may have surmised, will answer to almost any description except that accorded the typical Frenchman. He is unlike his average countryman and he is unlike the other members of the French Davis Cup team who carried the United States to the finals last year and who have an excellent chance of lifting the trophy this year. He is as much unlike Jean Borotra, his famous team mate, as two persons can be. Borotra, who had a better reputation than Lacoste among American tennis followers before the championship tournaments of 1926 started, is typically French. He is enthusiastic, nervous, excitable, quick, voluble, fiery. Soon after he made his American début he was nicknamed the 'Bounding Basque,' a descriptive term that fitted admirably. But, when it came down to the final stretch of title play it was Lacoste who went through while Borotra passed out with the pick of the American competitors. A curious mixture, as you may have guessed, is Lacoste but the characteristics that make him seem so foreign to his race are the characteristics that enabled him to break the grip that the United States had on the world's honors in tennis. He beat the Americans at their own game and by their own methods.

Lacoste's father wanted to see his son develop into one of the leaders of big business. René did not want to go into business; he wanted to play tennis. 'All right,' said his father, 'play tennis if you like but quit playing if you feel that you cannot win the world's championship.'

Lacoste went at tennis the way he would go at business. He copied the American system of paying attention to details. He even went the Americans one better; he kept books on tennis. He instituted a filing and index system and in this he carefully kept all records of individuals, including himself. He studied all the leading players and while studying them he made notes, recording their strength and weaknesses. These notes were all transcribed. They became part of his file. He set down their personal habits, their likes, dislikes. As he discovered their weaknesses he also made notes on what he should do to take advantage of them. If he saw them on succeeding dates he would make fresh notes, carefully setting down what improvement they had made, what changes had taken place in their play. If they went back to any degree that, too, was noted.

He was his own severest critic. He tried to find all the faults that existed in his own game. These he carefully recorded and then set about to overcome them. Wherever he went his files and books accompanied him. He kept his records up to date.

HIS attention was not devoted solely to stroke, as far as he himself was concerned. He studied self-control. It has been said that he modeled after Norman E. Brookes. Whoever he set as his example has nothing on Lacoste. He is not mercurial and he is not emotional. He was probably so at the start of his career but no longer. He has conquered these characteristics of his race.

Lacoste is sallow and stoop-shouldered. He does not suggest stamina. He is not a strong man but he will outlast stronger men on the courts. In his intensive study he considered his own physical shortcomings and built his game to take care of them. He developed control. In this he resembles Suzanne Lenglen. He went at it in a like manner. He learned to put the ball where he wanted it to go. He became adept in the art of making his opponent do the running. He, himself, makes every move count. He saves every possible ounce of nervous and physical energy. He has the trick of forcing his opponent's shots to come to him and of sending his own as far as possible from his opponent.

There are few times when Lacoste is forced to run and when he does run it is with a little hop that gets him to the desired spot at the precise moment.

William T. Tilden, the man whom Lacoste succeeded as national singles champion of the United States, remarked a few years ago that the man who succeeds in tennis must be equipped with a chess brain. Unless the mind is particularly adapted it is impossible to reach

(Continued on page 26)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Working and Doing

THE whole secret of a successful life is to find out what it is your destiny to do, and then do it.

When we speak of what we 'do' we usually mean what it is we 'do' for a living. 'What are you going to do when you are a man?' we sometimes ask the children.

We all have to work, but most of us have something to 'do' as well. If all that a man has to 'do' in the world is the mechanical operations he performs during working hours, then it would follow that if machinery should be invented to perform that operation for him, he would have nothing to 'do.'

We toil because we have to square our debt with the earth—we have to pay for the wealth she lends us in every material thing we use. But what do we do with the life that we thus buy? That is the true form of the question as to what we 'do.'

But there is something besides our toil—there is also our work. Our toil is what we have to do to bear our part of the work of production in which mankind is engaged, and the fruits of which are essential to our well-being. That is our toil. But our work is that which we would do all the time if we could. Happy is the man whose toil and work are one. There are many, however, not so happily situated.

Most of us are doing two things: that by which the body is kept alive, and that by which the higher part of our nature lives. We go to the job to pay expenses, and then we indulge ourselves in what we like to do, and maybe were meant to do.

BY HAVING something to 'do' is usually meant that one has the means of earning a living. But a man's real work is frequently something quite different. He may be mending shoes in order to make a living, but his real work may be in the region of science or literature. Burns plowed the soil for a living; but his real work was the writing of undying verse. A man's appointed toil may not be altogether in harmony with his tastes, but his tastes will show themselves in the work to which he has devoted the best hours of his life. It is through this work that his fellow men will be benefited.

But some day there may come to one the duty to do a disagreeable task, to take up a cause which will yield no reward—a cause which will at first surround one with misunderstanding and abuse, which will make one look like a fool before men. One naturally shrinks from it, but it will make itself known to one as a serious proposition regardless of likes and dislikes.

The appointed task may be less in harmony with a man's tastes than he expected. A man's real work is not always what he would have chosen to do. There is all the difference between choosing and being chosen. Sometimes our choices are our destruction.

But when a man is sure of what he has to do—and unselfish sincerity, simple willingness to do what is right, are the only compasses by which he can be sure—then he may also be sure of this: he is not the only one. Others have been notified and called out too. But maybe not to initiate the work. Maybe just to form the silent background, the receptive soil for the effects which your work will bring out.

No man ever stands alone in any cause, if it is a righteous one. When he calls his voice will be heard and answered. He will be made aware by a thousand means that what he trembled before as a stern, forbidding task, is really the silent interest of many people.

If a man is right he can afford to go ahead full steam. To be right means mainly to be in tune with destiny, and willing to obey. It does not necessarily mean to be agreeable, nor to be agreed with, nor to be popular, but it does mean to be useful in the purpose which destiny is trying to achieve. If a man is right he need not fear about standing alone. He is not alone. If he seems to be, it is only a test of his mettle and sincerity. Every idea that is right has many silent adherents. Destiny is kind; it never asks a human being to do anything alone.

There is a great deal of nonsense spoken about 'the lonely heights.' They are not lonely though they may be silent. The loneliness comes when a man settles within himself whether he is to be a mere form following a conventional routine, or whether he is to listen and obey the voice of changeful life. It is lonely for him while he is deciding. If he decides to do what duty bids him, then he is no longer lonely; he comes at once into the fellowship of all liberated souls. The only liberated souls are those dedicated to perpetual obedience.

Most of us will never get fame. In a way this is to be regretted, for if we could get it we should know how well off we are without it. Most of us will never shine as the captain-leader of great movements; but the real success and achievement of life is to be one of the foot soldiers of those great silent movements which, like the motion of the sea, keep humanity from stagnation.

There was a man whose toil was really that of a cobbler but whose work was the compilation of a monumental volume on the history of the civilization of the country to which he belonged. At the rear of his store he mended shoes all day, at the close of the day he took up the work which was to confer a lasting benefit on the minds of thousands of his fellow men. His book is to this day a standard of reference among students and teachers. He had to 'do' shoes for a living; his real work was the task of a lifetime.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Why War?

HERE is a definition of war and its causes:

> War does not originate from time to time simply in a sudden and uncontrollable impulse on the part of one great national mass to go out and slaughter another. War is possible, no doubt, because these masses are willing, under conditions, to fight. But these conditions are themselves an integral part of the problem. And that issue, broadly speaking, is the outcome of a series of maneuvers by which the masses concerned are brought into positions of opposition. Obviously, this maneuvering is not done by the masses themselves. Collectively and as individuals they have little if anything to do with the subtle and gradual shifting of international relationships. Their interests are directed to the more humble and prosaic task of earning a living. *The maneuvering is done by little groups of men called governments.* These little groups seek constantly and naturally to gain supposed advantages of one sort and another for their own nationals. Out of their efforts to enlarge or to strengthen or to maintain the interests intrusted to their charge, the masses they represent are gradually maneuvered into positions which, to say the least, cannot easily be surrendered. If the process continues, sooner or later, a situation arises in which an agreement between these small groups becomes impossible. Then, on the ground that their lives and families and property are somehow involved and endangered, these great masses of men and women, roused by every power of organized appeal and propaganda, are ordered under arms, and war follows. *The entire process is in control of the smaller groups. They make the issue. They declare the war. The masses they control simply obey.* Having put this power or left this power in the hands of their governments, they find themselves at the critical moment substantially helpless. And so, as individuals, they merely accept the decision and go out to pay the bills of war with their bodies, and perhaps with their souls, in the hope that if they cannot reap, then those who come after them may reap a benefit in some measure proportionate to its cost.

That definition was not delivered from a curbstone; it was delivered from the rostrum of Harvard University. It does not come from a soapbox orator; it comes from the man who holds the highest diplomatic post in the scope of the United States Government—Alanson Houghton, Ambassador to Great Britain. Ambassador Houghton is neither an alarmist nor a demagog. He is credited with being one of this nation's best diplomatists.

But Ambassador Houghton does not stop with merely outlining the genesis of war. He proposes a method for ending war. On some specified day in the near future, he suggests that the citizens of all self-governing nations vote on two propositions:

> First, that a declaration of war against other nations entering into the agreement shall be made only after the question has received the affirmative sanction of a majority of the qualified electors of each; and,
>
> Second, that in return for such reciprocal pledges, each nation shall agree not to attack the others for some specified term, say one hundred years.

Such a world-wide balloting day would be, probably, as significant in the history of the world as that on which Magna Charta was signed.

Where Talk Is Not Cheap

SIMPLICITY and directness are the fundamentals of good business. Yet they are lost arts in many of the nation's courts. Criticism has been uttered that if there is any way to make the path of justice more devious, complicated, confusing, and subject to verbosity, the props of legal procedure will be amended to do it. Five justices of the New York Appellate Court attest to that in their rebuke to other judges for allowing useless talk during trials. 'This was a simple robbery case,' they say, in referring to a particular instance. 'There were no intricate or difficult questions involved. The issues should have been tried and the case disposed of in a day or two.' But the case consumed a fortnight and the record contained 938 pages of printed matter, 'filled to a great extent with irrelevant colloquy between the court and counsel.'

Take a Ride

THE old suspicions of flying are passing. Aviation is beyond the thrill stage. People are becoming air-conscious. Recent flights have given them dramatic visualization of the extreme safety and controllability of modern aircraft. They are learning that planes can be landed at any time and almost anywhere.

The greatest need of aviation today is that the public get first-hand information about flying. Only by personal experience can the prevalent scarey opinion of aviation be wiped from people's minds. Once they know what flying really is, the matters of airports and navigation facilities will take care of themselves. A distinction must be made, of course, between military and commercial flying. Military flying is necessarily dangerous, and will become more so as better planes are developed which will be called upon to perform harder tasks. But commercial aviation has been raised to a level of safety comparable to the other great branches of transportation.

One of the outstanding men in the field of aviation gives this advice to those interested in its development: By all means boost for a real airport in your vicinity, a mile square in size if possible. Use the Air Mail; do everything in your power to increase its volume for the benefit of flying. But first of all select a safe ship (with the Department of Commerce inspection numbers on its wing) and a safe pilot (with a Department of Commerce pilot's license) and go up in the air for a ride. Do not ask him to do stunts, for you are studying a means of transportation, not seeking a thrill. By the time you have experienced what flying really is in a modern inclosed-cabin plane, with air-cooled engine, wide landing gear, brakes, automobile vision and limousine equipment, you will decide that you have discovered not only a comfortable but a thoroughly safe method of travel.

Their Imperial Majesties, the Czar and the Czarina of Russia, with their family.

From a specially posed photograph, copyrighted by Brown Brothers, New York.

The Abdication of the Russian Emperor NICHOLAS II

By GREGORY SHINKARENKO

TEN years have passed since Czar Nicholas II left the throne of Russia, one of the most pitiful figures in history.

From the ashes of his throne have arisen two pictures of the man: one painting him a persecutor of his people; the other showing him a ruler who lived out of his time, kindly, generous, trusting.

It is the latter view—the royalist view—that is presented here. It is a view frankly partisan. The author, a lieutenant in the Imperial Navy, was attached to the Czar's private yacht, Polar Star.

EMPEROR NICHOLAS II was Russian throughout. He loved Russia and the Russian people and believed in their essential loyalty and good character. Nobility and chivalry were the chief traits of his character, but at the same time he was extremely modest; and it was in this spirit that he exercised that high duty which was his, being the autocratic monarch of the great Empire of Russia: in his voice there was always heard the tone of polite request instead of command.

He was born May 19, 1868, the second son of the Emperor Alexander III. The first son and Heir, George, died in his youth of tuberculosis. Through his mother, Maria Feodorovna, the former Danish Princess Dagmar, sister of the British Queen Alexandra, Nicholas was cousin to King George V of England, with whom he spent many of his youthful days on terms of the closest boyhood intimacy and whom he loved tenderly. He acceded to the throne on the premature death of his father, November 2, 1894.

He possessed a calm and even tenor of character and was well disciplined in self-control. Composed in moments of stress and able to conceal soul anguish, he created an opinion among many that he was heartless; he really was not. Moreover, he was kind and just, but being cautious and deliberate also, he never made quick decisions for fear of doing some one an injury. He abhorred quarreling and sharp talk. These qualities created an impression of indecision and disregard for truth. Surrounded as he was with all kinds of people, among whom were those who intrigued against him, it was actually difficult for him to make a decision. Out of modesty he often doubted the correctness of his orders and consulted with those who were near him. But it was noticed that his first decisions were usually correct.

The Emperor did not like high-sounding speeches, parade balls and pompous receptions—hence the reports of capriciousness, love of power, despotism and of unwillingness to yield any part of his autocracy. That this judgment is absolutely false is proved by his abdication, which he acceded to only desiring the welfare of his people and country, with absolutely no concern on the other hand for himself.

Practically speaking, the nature of Emperor Nicholas II was not suited to the post he occupied, considering also the times in which his reign fell. Simplicity and quiet family life were for him preferable to all else, and for them he would gladly have exchanged the throne if sense of duty to country had not kept him at his post.

The Emperor was very industrious. He usually rose at 7 in the morning, took his bath and from 8 until late at night was busy with his work. From 9:30 to 10:30 the Emperor received Grand Dukes, court dignitaries, the chief marshal of the court, the palace commandant, the superintendent of his chancery and the commander of his compound regiment. From 10:30 to 1 in the afternoon the ministers made their reports, each minister being assigned certain days and hours. At 1 o'clock or sometimes 1:30, luncheon was served, after which the ambassadors and foreign guests were received or short tours of inspection were made. At 5 o'clock tea was served. The reports of ministers continued from 6 until 8 o'clock. Dinner was served at 8 after which the Czar spent the time up to 10 in the circle of his children in the Czarina's boudoir. From 10 till late at night, sometimes till long after midnight, he would be busy alone in his study.

Loving his motherland, Nicholas II, called in the Russian revolutionary press 'the Bloody,' ruled calmly and modestly its 160 million people, loving and trusting them boundlessly, though ever surrounded with endless intrigue, gossip, jealousy, plot, denunciation and treachery. Observing all this and feeling his solitude, the Emperor confided many of his thoughts and plans to the faithful friend who shared his fate to the end—the Empress Alexandra. Knowing this, wicked people made every attempt to sully the honor of the Empress, spreading sedition and dissension among the Russian people by connecting her name with all that was depraved. It was rightly said by one: 'If Raspoutin had not been, it would have been necessary to create him.'

The next greatest pleasure to the Czar after peaceful life in his family was the old army and navy, to which he devoted a large share of his time, trusting firmly in their faithfulness and strength. But the greater part of those old warriors fell on fields of battle during the war and were replaced by those of another stamp.

The Emperor was sincerely religious, and was a fatalist. He believed that nothing could happen if it were not God's will. And so he often laughed at any increase in guards and at other precautionary measures.

He liked a modest meal with only a small quantity of wine. He drank one or two wine glasses of Madeira at dinner or a part of a glass of champagne on official occasions or during some celebration. His favorite pastime was hunting, for which sport he went to Finland or Poland nearly every summer.

The Empress Alexandra Feodorovna could not have been better suited to the taste of the Emperor. She was born June 19, 1872. Before her marriage she was a Princess of Hesse and had the name of Alice. She was a daughter of Princess Alice of Hesse, who in turn was daughter to the British Queen Victoria. One of her sisters, Irene of Hesse, was married to Henry of Prussia, brother of the German Emperor Wilhelm; her second sister, Elisaveta Feodorovna, was married to Grand Duke Sergei

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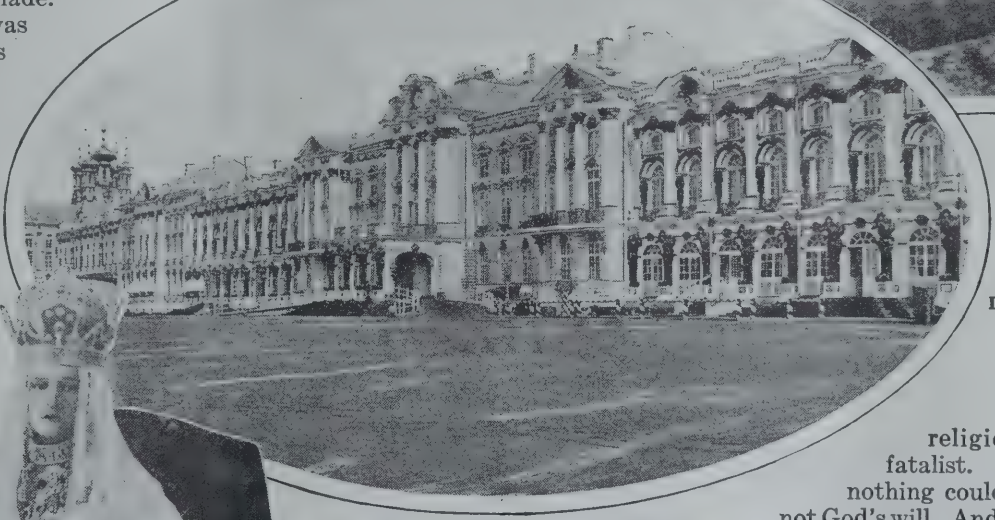
—Keystone View.

Inside of magnificent Alexander Palace in Petrograd, formerly the permanent home of the Czar, in which he was made captive.



Left—Czarskoe Selo Palace.

—Brown Brothers Photo.

—Keystone View.

The Czarina of Russia in ancient royal raiment.

FIGHTING DISEASE

Children playing in the flooded streets of a Louisiana town unmindful of possible danger from germs.

Marooned residents ferrying to their home by means of a cable strung above the water.

In the Wake of the Flood

By PIERCE CUMINGS

THE greatest peace-time health battle in the history of the United States is being waged in the water-soaked valley of the Mississippi.

It is a battle of men against microbes—a battle to save the 700,000 victims of the flood from the further ravages of disease. Its seriousness cannot be overestimated. No one dares predict what will happen, if disease once gains the upper hand.

So far men have been successful. Not only has there been no trace of epidemic; *the health of the people has been kept above normal.* The greatest problems, however, are now being encountered.

Never before has the nation faced such hazards to health. Problems a hundredfold greater than those met during the construction of the Panama Canal are daily encountered. Water supplies are universally contaminated. Thousands of bodies of dead animals are rotting under the blazing sun. Flies and mosquitoes, dread carriers of death, are breeding in incalculable numbers.

The flood waters which covered twenty thousand square miles of land are gradually giving way to slime. Houses are soaked and filthy, wells defiled. Vegetable matter is decaying. Thousands of persons who have been crowded in concentration camps, or huddled on levee tops just above the swirl of the flood, are returning to their ruined homes to take up life as best they can. But life now is a grave matter.

Food supplies are scarce; reserves were wiped out by the muddy waters. Fresh milk is difficult to obtain. Myriads of stagnant pools form a menace not only to returning refugees but to livestock and wild animals. Sewerage has been destroyed.

With refugees gathered in camps and central points, a supervisory eye could be kept over them. Scattered, they offer new opportunities to the cohorts of disease.

The emergency work of the flood is almost over. Everywhere the waters are receding. Only a few thousand victims are left in camps, of the 600,000 once cared for. The rest are returning to barren homes, each with a two weeks' supply of rations, and such seed for the ground and feed for surviving stock as the Red Cross can provide.

With the return, the health battle enters into a new phase—the 'clean-up' campaign. But the work which was carried on before is as vital as any ever undertaken in this country. On its success, and that of the present clean-up program, will depend the health of thousands of citizens, not only in the flooded territory, but throughout the country.

On April 28, a conference was held at Memphis. It received little newspaper publicity, for many conferences were being held at the time, and the Mississippi torrent was still rising to its climax. But for the victims of the disaster, and for medical men of the entire nation, it was a conference fraught with significance. Present were state health officers, presidents of state medical societies, representatives from the American Medical Association, the U. S. Public Health Service, the Army and the Navy, as well as from the Red Cross.

'This is the most important meeting of health officials and physicians ever held,' declared Dr. William Allan Pusey, chairman of the disaster relief committee of the American Medical Association, 'for it is the first time representatives of Government departments, state health departments, and medical societies have ever assembled to coördinate their work with that of a voluntary relief agency working out emergency health and sanitary problems.'

From the meeting there came a comprehensive program. Dr. W. R. Redden, national medical officer of the Red Cross, the man about whom the entire campaign revolves, declared that the policy of his organization was one of coöperation rather than supervision. It would furnish supplies, physicians, nurses and sanitary engineers upon request; but the actual work was to be carried on under direction of the various state health officers and their subordinates. In this way conflict was avoided, and responsibility was centered. The camps were maintained under direction of Red Cross officials but medical work throughout the flooded areas was supervised by the different department heads.

Typhoid, malaria and dysentery are the most dreaded of all diseases in the South. Dysentery, considered minor in other sections, kills more children there than any other disease. Medical men, therefore, focused their energies on these three. The skeletonized program included as essential:

Purification of water supplies.

Protection of food supplies.

Disposal of sewage and garbage.

Reporting and isolating of communicable diseases.

Immunization of the greatest possible number of persons against typhoid and smallpox, and of all 'contacts' in diphtheria cases.

To carry out this program in the concentration camps was comparatively simple. So it was, likewise, in the larger communities where the people remained by their homes in spite of the flood waters. But in the more remote regions, and in those localities where the victims took refuge on levees or on isolated spots of high ground, it was far more difficult.

On the rolls of the Red Cross are 42,000 nurses, subject to call for emergency work. There are also physicians, sanitary engineers and health officers, as well as volunteer medical students. But they by no means mark the limit of the organization's resources. When the Mississippi flood first assumed the proportions of a major disaster, Dr. Redden telegraphed to Federal and state health officials, asking what help he might expect. The response was magnificent.

'I will strip the service in order to meet the needs of the states in this crisis,' Surgeon General Hugh S. Cumming said, and his reply was typical of the others. He proved as good as his word, promptly assigning Senior Surgeon John McMullen to Red Cross relief headquarters as liaison officer, and Senior Engineer J. A. LePrince as malaria adviser. (Dr. LePrince had served under General Gorgas in Panama and is considered one of the best informed experts in the world on tropical diseases.)

Offers of men and supplies came from the Army and Navy, and nearly every state health department in the country. Only a few of the men were needed, but the supplies were gratefully accepted.

First efforts were directed toward maintaining health at the concentration camps. Temporary hospitals and dispensaries were established. Screens were thrown around all places where food was prepared. Water supplies were chlorinated. Adequate bathing and laundry facilities were provided. All milk that failed to comply with the minimum requirements of the Public Health Service was boiled. But these precautions were merely preliminary. Disease can usually be detected, isolated, and checked, when it occurs in a large community which is under careful medical supervision. Disease in outlying districts is another matter. And it was this latter that the medical men had to guard against.

Automobiles in temporary haven atop a levee.

Inoculation was decided upon as the best preventive. In a period of eight weeks 340,000 persons were given the complete typhoid immunization—the greatest number in the entire history of disaster relief service. Additional thousands received the first and second inoculations. Smallpox vaccinations totaled 161,000.

—Herbert Photo.

Dinner time at a refugee camp. Above—Overboard to make minor repairs on a rescue craft.

Many of the refugees had no knowledge of even the fundamentals of sanitation. They had to be taught that polluted water brings typhoid, that flies and mosquitoes carry malaria, that dead bodies are ideal mediums for the spread of disease. A program of education was carried on at the camps by means of motion pictures, lectures and the distribution of pamphlets. By the time they were ready to return to their homes, nearly every camp refugee had at least a smattering of what he should do to prevent illness.

Then began the 'clean-up' campaign—a campaign which is still under way and will be for weeks to come. As soon as the water begins to recede from a locality, clean-up units are sent in. The program calls for purification of water supplies through chlorinization, for disposal of sewage, for materials for burning and otherwise disposing of dead animals, for screening for malaria districts, and spraying oil for marshes and pools.

Burning is considered the best method for disposing of dead animals; so the inhabitants are supplied with large quantities of crude oil, and are told how to use it most effectively. Wells are tested by the medical units. The men are instructed how to clean them and to keep them clean; and chloride of lime is provided for purifying the water. Quinine sulphate is furnished virtually every family, because of the danger from malaria. The refugees are taught how to fight the mosquito peril by spraying stagnant pools, and spraying cans and oil are given them. Immunization is carried on at central points, in the effort to reach all those not inoculated at camp.

The supplies for the clean-up campaign alone (for a period of thirty days) include 44 barrels of crude oil, 2,480 barrels of spraying oil, 1,440 barrels of hydrated lime, 40,000 pounds of unslaked lime, 7 tons of dynamite for use in burying dead animals, 318,180 cans of chloride of lime, 210,750 yards of mosquito netting, 19,975,000 grains of quinine. A maximum force of 267

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A Free Fantasia *on* PEASANTS *and* Their ARTS *and* CRAFTS

By CHARLES J. FINGER

ONCE a lady of title and her party chose me as guide when they wanted to see something of southern Patagonia. It was no great trip and nothing of importance happened, though the lady wrote a book about it, making much of the killing of a puma, a guanaco hunt, and one or two similar incidents. She and her friends imagined that it was a tremendous adventure and that they were riding phenomenal distances every day; the truth is that a ride of twenty miles between sunup and sundown was as much as they could do.

You see, they wanted adventure, wanted something to write about and to talk about, and, as they instructed me carefully to see to it that they camped out every night—'heaven's vault for my bedroom ceiling,' was the way the lady put it—I contrived that they were always out of sight of whatever shanties might be handy, on the other side of the hill, or down the *vega*, for instance. However, on the third day they were dead beat. So, at sundown I led them to my own shanty, which was a one-roomed place with an indifferent roof. But I had hides and pelts aplenty, to say nothing of sheepskins on which, after a good meal, they slept soundly. Our supper, I recall, was roasted wild goose, fish, ostrich-breast soup, wild celery, and bread which my chum and partner had baked that day; and better bread maker than Jock never kneaded dough. Jock McLeod was his name, and he hailed originally from the Isle of Skye.

When the travelers were ready to start, which was quite late in the morning, eight o'clock or so—with Jock full of fidgets 'to be well shut o' them a',' as he said—what did my lady do but go poking about our shanty; presently she was full of 'Ohs!' and 'Ahs!' as she admired Jock's feather duster. Jock, you must understand, was as excellent a shanty chum as ever I had, neat and orderly, in spite of the rough looks of him. So he had made for himself a feather duster from the tail plumes of ostriches; for feathers in time became a nuisance when every week or so one of us caught an ostrich for food. Anyway, there was my lady all full of enthusiasm about the feather duster, offering to buy it; Jock was willing to sell for a quarter, or a plug of tobacco, for that matter. But the trade being ended, my lady became more curious.

She discovered, outside the door, Jock's mat. Jock, with his passion for cleanliness and order, had taken a sealskin, for we had plenty of them, and had trimmed off the edges to make a doormat. So there was another trade. The lady, becoming more keen on the scent for curiosities than ever, found that Jock knit his own scarfs and socks; so she wanted, and took, specimens. She wanted a bottle of the ink I had made from berries, and a rawhide whip which I had plaited. Also a round of cheese that Jock had made. And a loaf of Jock's bread, and other things 'too numerous to mention' as the bills of sale say. Nor did we ride that day, for my lady found that I played the bagpipes and knew old tunes, and that Jock knew old Hebridian songs. So we had a pleasant day.

THE moral of it all was voiced by Jock later. He expressed himself to the effect that it is a strange thing for the world to hold in high esteem those common things which have been gathered by others, and yet to neglect the common things at hand. For instance, many a man will be filled with enthusiasm over a book of old ballads collected by some one interested in such things, but will scorn songs and tales of old men around the fire-glow, though the ballads and stories are of the countryside and are quite as important as those on the printed page.

Let us take Jock's preachment a step further: many of us will pay high prices for a set of fire irons, or a hand-made linen cloth, or a candle mould, or a spinning wheel, never realizing that these, and other similar things, are in daily use; though, to be sure, to see them used we must leave the beaten track and step out on foot over hill and dale. Of course we must become simple ourselves if we are to know simple people, taking to Shank's pony in good old-fashioned way, for common people are too busy to loaf around railway depots or automobile filling stations; whereas with many people a notion of travel is sitting in a Pullman car or riding in a high-powered and very glittering machine.

All of which brings to mind a necessary and important question. It is this. Have you been stung by those waspish fellows who go about poisoning truth by injecting prejudice against country folk into the veins of those whose ordinary affairs keep them close to cities? If so, you have something

Spinning wheels are in daily use, though to see them we must leave the beaten track.

—*Associated Screen News Photo, Canada.*

to learn. And of that something there is this—that there are arts and crafts and ways of making a living still in practice which are likely to go on for generations, just as they have already gone on and on for generations; they will remain unchanged in spite of all new inventions. Machinery may become so perfected that man will fly around the world swiftly enough to get into tomorrow; he may find a way by which he not only can hear and see by wireless, but can taste and smell and feel too; but, for all of that, the simple arts must survive because they are as fundamental as the human backbone.

Man can no more dispense with them than put aside the golden rule as a good, common-sense philosophy which has stood the test of experience everywhere and at every time. The simple art of sewing with the needle is instance; or knitting; or work with the axe; or woodcarving; or shaping logs with an adz; or bread making. Take that last item. To be sure, there are millions of people who, because of their sad ignorance, would suffer the pangs of indigestion had they to make their own bread; but tens of thousands of families eat bread that is a pleasure to taste, sweet and wholesome, crisp and golden-brown, each baking just the slightest bit different from another and the variation a real delight. Or what of cheese and butter?

There are women unequaled in the art of making both these kinds of products. Did some of them choose to go to a city and sell their bread and butter and cheese as dainties, they might ask their own price and make a good income selling what is eaten at many a farm table. I know a man in the mountains who makes a living much more easily even than if he made bread to sell; one who has started a growing business with no more capital than a pair of sharp eyes, a pair of stout legs, and a pair of able hands. He digs up wild flowers and sends them to flower fanciers living in all parts of the country; his descriptions of the plants are little poems. But reverting again to what was said about going off the beaten track, I would say this.

Over the hills from where I live, not so very far away, unless you go by the proper mountain road over which no automobile has yet traveled, there are people who make their own candles; others who weave baskets which would sell for a good price as handsome ornaments; others who fashion wicker chairs which, comfortable to sit in, and pleasing to the eye, will last a lifetime. There are still others who weave, who spin, who turn pottery from native clays, who do their own blacksmithing.

And mark this, because it accounts in some measure for the permanence of these simple arts and crafts. There may be panics in the money market; there may be economic disasters and strikes and disorders and hard times brought about largely by the stupidity of those who call themselves masters and governors, or by the untrustworthiness of those elected to manage, but still the folk that I have in mind will go about their usual ways quite untouched. This is why the simple arts have survived while nations have decayed and dynasties fallen.

—Associated Screen News Photo, Canada.
The meek inherit the earth because they are fit.

The meek do, in very truth, inherit the earth. They survive because they are fit. They are fit because, their code of honor being high, they refuse to take anything remotely resembling an advantage of their fellows. Also, I would have you observe that, while our current literature is full of deeds of violence and darkness, the majority of people actually do lead lives of comparative blamelessness. Country folk know this fact, realize it to their advantage; which is why any old citizen who has led a long life of usefulness and has a reputation for sound honesty may spend his sunset days filling all requirements as village policeman.

As for economics, the countryman is safe and sound. 'Borrow when you have,' runs one countryside saying. Another, 'Interest milks the cow while you buy the feed.' So borrowing is confined to asking for the use of a plow or a harrow, with neither rent nor interest expected. To sum up, take country folk as a whole: you will find them well-equipped for any exigency of ordinary life. War, however, is not one of those exigencies. So, when I speak of waspish people who talk slightingly of simple folk of the countryside, it is with something like wonderment at the ignorance of such critics, for I have found those who live in what has been scornfully called the 'hinterlands' to be the very salt of the earth. They are preservers of the worth-while.

Let me tell you something of what I saw recently when many simple folk were gathered together. The meeting place was the city of Quebec, and the people came from the shores of the lower St. Lawrence, the Gaspé peninsula, which is that part of Canada touching Maine. Many of them were fisher folk, clear-eyed and sturdy, knowing nothing but life in its simplicity. There were lumberjacks too, and farmers, and makers of fishing nets, and wood carvers. It was not solely because they were craftsmen and craftswomen that they were brought together, but also because they knew old songs and old legends, and had the pleasant habit of singing at their work. J. Murray Gibbon of Montreal, an enthusiastic folk-song student, was active in organizing this convention, which was held under the auspices of the national museums of Canada.

There they were: women and girls at looms and spinning wheels; fashioners of rugs and blankets and linen cloth; flax beaters; net makers; wood carvers of great skill. They were dressed in their homespun, in full skirts, black-and-red checkered shirts, oilskins, blouses. They were workers doing exactly what Greeks and Romans did when they made their tapestries and damasks, the same mechanism being all-sufficient. Thus and so were Indian muslins made, and the shawls of Kashmir, the fabrics of Italy and the Netherlands, the Highland tartans, and the Irish linens. They spun as Penelope did, and, like Penelope, they sang as they spun. But their songs were not of the life of our day, nor of the place where they lived. That is the curious part of it all. The songs were of old France, the France of Louis XIII, and of earlier times. They were songs about barons and counts and dukes and princes of the blood. When they told of battles their references were not to war machines as we know them, but to musketeers and pikemen and archers

The simple arts must survive because they are as fundamental as the backbone.

and swordsmen. Listening, one had visions of men in glorious uniforms, of peasant women who wore bodices with colored sleeves, and skirts trimmed with velvet, of well-cultivated fields, and fat pastures, of solid farm houses, and of maidens in distress.

This, for example:

Ah! Who Will Guide Me Thro' the Wood?

(*Translation by J. Murray Gibbon*)

Ah! who will guide me thro' the wood?
I am so small to wander.
Maybe that gentleman so proud,
He looks a brave defender oh!
Are we now deep in the wood?
Are we at the end here?
Are we now deep in the wood?
Are we at the end here?

Maybe that gentleman so proud,
He looks a fine defender!
When we were in there deep in the wood,
He started off to scamper—oh!
Are we now deep in the wood?
Are we at the end here?

And this:

The Swallow, Messenger of Love

(*Translation by J. Murray Gibbon*)

Ah, thou so lovely swallow that flieth there,
Have you seen within these islands Alexis dear?
He went away, he went a-voyaging a long sojourn,
He'll make you sure a kindly messenger of his return.

The bird who is so friendly has flown away
All afloat on airy feathers wafted away,
Across the water and the ocean nor ever stay'd;
Upon the masts of a flotilla a rest he made;
And there perceived a vessel with high topsail;
Alexis was lamenting there at the wheel;
'Speak to me then, O faithful lover, speak to me then,
I am an envoy of thy fair one across the main.'

The lover all astounded to hear this said,
To obtain so strange a message of his fair maid,
'O say to her, my lovely swallow, as I have sworn,
I shall be ever chaste and faithful till my return.'

These songs they had not learned in any school, nor read from any book. Indeed, until recently, when such students and scholars as Ernest Gagnon, Marius Barbeau, J. Murray Gibbon and Edward Sapir commenced to gather them, they were not in print. Therefore the hearing of them opens as widely speculative a field as would be if, in an Ohio tobacco patch, one heard a farm lad without education of the school kind singing Ben Jonson's 'Hymn to Diana,' or some such ballad as 'Chevy Chase.'

Or as if some good-natured colored man, instead of singing 'The Coon Can Game,' suddenly burst forth with, 'Kua! Tau e Tona!' the song of greeting with which the Africans of central Africa greeted Livingstone, the first white man they ever saw.

And suppose you asked the colored man when he had read Livingstone's *Travels*, only to find he could not tell one letter from another.

Then suppose further that on questioning him you found that he had learned the song from his father's father who had been a slave, but who remembered the old jungle songs. The case would be roughly similar to that of the singers from the Gaspé peninsula.

(*To be concluded in an early issue.*)

Our Western Mail Carriers

By **ROBERT KEMPIS**

THE majority of people who enjoy the convenience of having their mail delivered at certain hours each day are unaware of the harassing and sometimes fatal circumstances that attend this work, particularly in some of the remote and wild sections of the West.

In many sections of the scantily settled Western States, bears, cougars, and wolves frequent the mail routes, tempted by the scent of the carrier's grub sack.

In the winter, fierce blizzards rage for days at a time, making the route of the carrier laborious and dangerous, taxing endurance, whether he goes on snowshoes, by team or by saddle horse.

For several years a lone woman carried mail through a densely timbered country, twenty-eight miles between terminals—border mining towns—twice a week, crossing a mountain pass of seven thousand feet altitude.

Part of the time she traveled on snowshoes, for the soft snow would not permit of her horse's treading it. Snow falls in this section to depths of six to seven feet in the valley and ten to fifteen feet on the mountainsides. Faithfully and fearlessly this woman delivered the mail to the waiting ones in their isolated camps.

During a terrific storm, a Pacific sou'wester, the worst since the memorable one of 1861, a mail carrier was bringing the mail to the coast from an interior town nearly one hundred miles distant.

For four days and nights, without a moment's lull, the wind blew a deluge of rain at a terrific gale, driving the huge breakers up over the tide limits until the lower streets of the town were deep under water and the boardwalks made floating rafts for daring youngsters.

Great, tall trees were uprooted and blown across the roads, streams overflowed their banks and the surrounding country became a great lake, on which floated many uprooted trees and various débris from ranches.

The short winter days brought early night and the postmaster grew very anxious, for he was aware of the dangers of the route, and that anxious watchers awaited him.

At six o'clock the mail was due, the watchers became alarmed; at 6:30 their fears increased and many were the conjectures for the delay; some feared the carrier was crushed under a fallen tree. Gloom settled over all as time crept on—seven o'clock; then eight, and when eight-thirty came, excitement became rife. A group of them gathered a crew of men, with saws, axes, bars, and chains and a four-horse team, to look for the carrier, but just as they were ready to start on their perilous trip (it was nine o'clock), someone shouted, 'There he comes riding a horse, and with the mail sacks piled high on its back.'

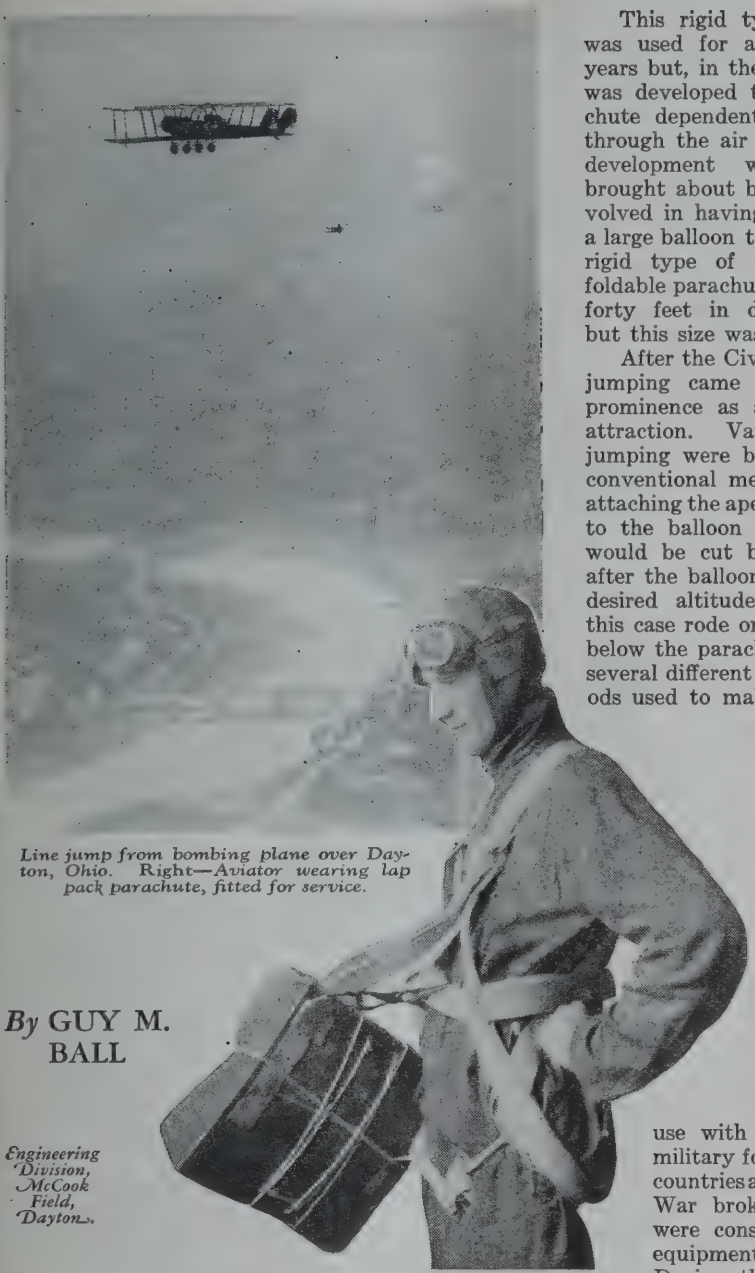
Wearily the postman dropped from the horse's back to answer his many inquirers.

He had came to a rocky part of the road, where the shaley rock had been loosened by the rain, and, directly over the river, the horses suddenly came to a stop; unaware of any possible danger, other than of fallen and falling trees, he dismounted from the stage and went to the front of his team; there he saw a yawning breach in the road only a few feet from their heads and seventy-five feet above the roaring river.

Unhitching the team, he loaded the mail on the younger horse and led it safely over the breach. Old Tom he led by a long rope. He followed on the upper side, and just as the horse stepped over the center of the breach, without a warning, the rock slipped from under his feet and over he slid, rolling down to the rocks at the edge of the river. The rushing waters caught his body and carried it on down to the ocean.

The carrier then mounted the younger horse, mail sacks to the front and back of him, and slowly made his way around the fallen timber, the nine miles into town.

PARACHUTE JUMPING



Line jump from bombing plane over Dayton, Ohio. Right—Aviator wearing lap pack parachute, fitted for service.

By GUY M. BALL

Engineering Division, McCook Field, Dayton.

THE name 'parachute' is descriptive of its purpose, being a Latin derivative and meaning 'to prevent a fall.'

The first parachute of which authentic information is at hand was constructed and used by a Frenchman about A. D. 1784. The first descent was made from one of the highest buildings of Paris at that time. The parachute itself was of a great size, built of heavy materials, and was of a rigid construction; thus, it was open at all times. Shortly after this, there were some jumps made in England, from a hot-air balloon, by men who had parachutes which were very similar to the first one used in France. Some were inverted saucer shape, some flat, and at least one was funnel shape, with the large end up; all of these were built to be open at all times. The records show that fatalities were frequent with this type of construction due to the parachute structure collapsing in the air.

This rigid type of parachute was used for almost a hundred years but, in the meantime, there was developed the type of parachute dependent upon its travel through the air to open it. This development was, no doubt, brought about by the expense involved in having to provide such a large balloon to carry the heavy rigid type of parachute. The foldable parachute averaged about forty feet in diameter at first, but this size was reduced.

After the Civil War, parachute jumping came into considerable prominence as a circus and fair attraction. Various methods of jumping were brought out. The conventional method consisted of attaching the apex of the parachute to the balloon by a rope which would be cut by pulling a cord after the balloon had reached the desired altitude; the jumper in this case rode on a bar or trapeze below the parachute. There were several different devices and methods used to make the jump more spectacular. Parachute jumping was not confined to human beings. From time to time, various animals were dropped with parachutes by the man before he jumped, the animals used in these drops varying from rabbits to horses.

Parachutes were adopted for use with balloons by the military forces of the various countries and when the World War broke out parachutes were considered as regular equipment for all balloons. During the World War, it became a common sight to see the observer jump from a blazing balloon. Black parachutes were also used to drop spies at night into enemy territory.

Parachutes were used for exhibition purposes from airplanes in 1912, but it was not until the summer of 1918 that they were used as life-savers. Early in the summer of 1918, the German airmen began using parachutes whenever their plane was disabled or set afire. It has been estimated that at least fifty German aviators' lives were saved by their parachutes.

With the present Air Service parachute, as developed at McCook Field, descents have been accomplished from as low as 100 feet. The altitude record for parachutes was made by Lieutenant A. W. Stevens, with this parachute, from an altitude of 24,000 feet.

The strength of the Air Service parachute is so great (approximately 10,000 pounds—total strength) that it is impossible for one of them to be damaged in a jump so that it would be dangerous for the jumper.

INVENTORS who derive largest profits know and heed certain simple but vital facts *before* applying for Patents. Our book *Patent-Sense* gives those facts; sent *free*. Write **LACEY & LACEY, 696 F St., Washington, D. C. Established 1869.**

A Schoolmate *of* Lincoln
By WILLIAM E. BARTON

℄ Katie Roby was the schoolmate of Abraham Lincoln, and his very firm friend. She admired the tall, awkward, diffident lad, in spite of his grotesque attire and lack of grace. He admired her and liked to be with her at parties and on similar occasions; 'but they were not lovers,' says Dr. Barton.

LUCK, *and the* Bedside Manner
By JOSEPH COLLINS

℄ Joseph Collins, one of the most brilliant neurologists in the country, in our next issue discourses on the 'bedside manner' as an asset of the family doctor. It is now well established that psychology plays an important part in governing a patient's condition.

Little Essays *From a* Northern Cottage
By HUGH WALPOLE
No. 2 of Series: '*An* English Lady'

℄ 'An English Lady' is the next of Hugh Walpole's series of Little Essays from a Northern Cottage. It is a lovingly constructed character sketch of the writer's mother.

Additional Features in Next Week's Issue *of*
The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Passing Impressions

(Continued from page 3)

they exchanged several sentences. Then it was my turn. I was presented as an ardent admirer from the United States, who felt that merely to see Victor Hugo would be the crown of her French visit.

This mere gaze is precisely what I got. Bowing deeply I looked up to find the poet's still-piercing eyes fixed upon me with an expression of extreme distaste. He removed them almost at once, muttering something which sounded like the French equivalent of a grunt, turned quickly to my companion, and my interview was over. In the boy's torrential outpour of eloquence I was only too thankful to feel myself forgotten.

To this outpour of praise, rapture, devotion, the Master listened mildly, even, it may be, with some amusement—it was so grandiloquent, so ineffably youthful. At last came the apostrophe, like a concluding burst of fireworks: 'O glorious Master, how I have dreamed of this moment! O how great thou art! This is indeed a great age (un grand siècle), but thou art incomparably the greatest in it.' To me, the American, the situation was fraught with comedy, but the Great Man's answer saved it:

'*Sans doute, mon ami,*' he said gently; '*mais le siecle s'en va, et moi aussi.*' (No doubt, my friend; but the age is passing away, and so am I.)

On May 22, 1885, he died, and all France mourned him. He lay in state under the great Arc de Triomphe, and for hours the people passed his bier in orderly procession, and later followed it in ever-lengthening file to the Panthéon, his final resting place.

As I look back upon this scene of nation-wide love and grief, I ask myself: Will Victor Hugo in the future hold the same high place as when he died? Already the dissonant note is struck, not only abroad but in France herself. M. Léon Daudet considers him both a poor specimen of a human being and an immensely overrated author, 'boundlessly rich in words, poor in the highest kind of imaginative faculty.'

Our English Henley said of him that it was 'attitude, attitude, and again and always attitude; in the beginning as in the end, attitude, and an almost unnatural mastery of rhythm and of speech.' 'That,' he adds, 'is the secret of his success.' A saner and surely a kinder judge is Kenyon West, who declares that 'as long as the heart has passions, as long as life has woes, Victor Hugo's best work will last.' This at least can be said: It has been given to few to impress so deeply their own age.

His successor in the French Academy was the poet Leconte de Lisle, only sixteen years his junior, and destined to survive him only nine years. He died in July of '94, and by an odd coincidence I was again in Paris at the time of his funeral. This time there was no mass tribute, but the mourners though comparatively few were undoubtedly most fit.

The services were held in St.-Sulpice, and the last tributes to the man, the poet and the friend were given beside his grave in Montparnasse. With indescribable interest I watched his associates of the Academy come into the church, and mentally fitted to them their well-known and famous names.

World's Farthest North College

Schoolma'ams *in* Alaska Get Married Before *the* End *of the* Second Term, *But* Men Teachers Do Not Stay

By THOMAS B. DRAYTON

THE hoary witticism that a thousand dollars' reward awaits the man who can produce two Alaskans in perfect agreement on any given subject has lost its point. We are all at last a harmonious unit in one matter. The basis of that harmony is our new university, and the unity of opinion now prevalent touches its importance as a factor in dissipating the more harmful fallacies current in the outside world concerning the general character of our country and people. Not that we really expect ever to overtake and confound the disseminators of these cruel libels touching our excessive temperatures, the number and ferocity of our mosquitoes, the pitiless rapacity of our tradesmen, or the periodical mad orgies of our untamed mountain waters.

President Charles E. Bunnell.

Long since, we abandoned hope of correcting these traditional errors—denials proving fruitless, and likewise embarrassing upon the arrival inauspiciously of observant strangers. But in many respects we have suffered unjustly and even grievously; albeit, singularly it seems, the world has ever been ready, and gladly, to revise its opinion in our behalf when given proof of our genuine sincerity, or, indeed, even when offered proof of higher type than transparent evasion of the issue.

Alaska recognized the actual need of a local institution of higher learning. In the aggregate we have a very considerable number of Alaska-born boys and girls who are passing beyond high school age, and many of them yearn to venture into fields of advanced learning not hitherto accessible nearer than some thousands of miles from their Alaskan homes. Each recent year has witnessed an ever-increasing number of our young people going out to colleges and universities in the States. A considerable percentage of these students form business or professional connections outside and never return to us.

While a collegiate training used to be, and in a diminished degree is even yet, given an importance in the general public mind somewhat in excess of its actual value, Alaska could well employ a larger percentage of college-trained men and women. Even our school-teachers in past years have been mostly recruited from the States; the men chiefly of the adventurous roving type and the women teachers being mainly interested in promoting matrimonial interests not successfully prosecuted in their former and perhaps more exacting homeland; but, as a rule, all of them capable enough and otherwise worthy enough.

Among these imported teachers a man seldom remains more than a year or so, and a woman usually snares some eligible Alaska bachelor during the first six months of her residence, but in any event almost invariably marries and quits teaching by the end of her second term.

In addition to the teaching profession, the country affords opportunities to the engineer, particularly the mining engineer. These also, like our teachers, we have been compelled to import, and the same is largely true of all other functionaries of any particular technical training. Our new university is expected to supply these deficiencies in Alaska's civic life.

Its legal name is the Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines; the precise reason for which nomenclatural designation, as intimated above, will be readily apparent to any reasonably nimble-witted investigator that bothers to read the Acts of Congress of 1890 and 1907 relative to the support of state and territorial colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts. But we Alaskans call it the university, and resent any other designation as being misleading and also as rather less consequential than the dignity that the institution needs and deserves. It is everything the legal name implies, but that is only a part of what the university now is, and but a fraction of what we Alaskans believe it will eventually be.

In addition to regular four-year courses of study leading to the bachelor's degree in agriculture and mining engineering, the university also offers courses in general science and civil engineering quite equal in breadth and thoroughness to those generally available in the higher educational institutions of the States. Business administration and home economics are other established courses leading to degrees, while a feature of great local importance is a series of short courses of study adapted to the needs of the mineral prospector, dairyman, housewife, and the active farmer and stockman.

If there is about the university any vague shade of conceit or self-sufficiency or superiority it lies in the purpose of the faculty and the growing consciousness of the mining students that they are going to be mining engineers indeed, and that the imprint of Alaska University training will eventually be accepted as evidence of their preëminent qualifications wherever the mining craft obtains.

The university buildings are located on a large tract of land on the outskirts of Fairbanks, or, to be technically exact, at North Latitude 64° 51′ 21″.

The large body of land upon which the university is situated was set aside for the purpose by a special act of Congress in 1915. Two years later the Alaska legislative assembly accepted the provisions and met the requirements of the United States laws relative to state and territorial colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts and appropriated $60,000 as an initial fund with which to begin operations. With this fund available the first building was begun in 1918. The assembly of 1919 failed to make an appropriation but the assembly of 1921 provided the funds for equipping and organizing the institution. Thereupon the board of trustees tendered the presidency to U. S. District Judge Charles E. Bunnell, and, as subsequent events amply demonstrate, made a tenstroke by inducing him to accept the job.

It is the last of the land-grant colleges, and, having become an established going concern, is now receiving annually $50,000 from the Federal treasury. The Alaska legislative assembly supplies its further financial needs if and as it has the money.

The university laboratories are equipped with the best obtainable scientific apparatus, and its library contains 5,000 volumes selected with special regard to the needs of an advanced student body.

On the opening day, September 18, 1922, six students were enrolled; more, by the way, than many other American colleges now great and prosperous had upon their opening days. Six professors and the president then comprised the faculty. Before the end of the first year sixty-two students had enrolled.

Fighting Disease

(*Continued from page 15*)

physicians, health officers, sanitarians and nurses is engaged in the campaign.

Although the work is not yet ended and will not be for weeks, Dr. Redden is of the belief that it will terminate successfully.

'We believe we shall be successful in protecting the health of the people until they are again in their homes,' he declares. 'In fact, five weeks have passed since refugees began to return to their farms, plantations and villages. Probably more than 300,000 have returned to the homes of which they were dispossessed by the flood. They have gone back to filth-laden houses, mosquito-infested pools and ponds, to contaminated wells, to destroyed privies, to land strewn with dead animals, moist deposits of animal and vegetable matter plastered with flies. In other words they have gone back to conditions fraught with danger of epidemics and to health hazards increased a thousandfold, and yet, there has not so far been a single outbreak of disease and only a slight increase in the usual types of disease.'

Chautauqua Lake, midway between New York and Chicago.

The Most American Thing *in* America

Chautauqua Movement *Was Initiated to* Make *the* Routine *of* Daily Life *a Little* Brighter

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

THEODORE Roosevelt called it 'the most American thing in America.' More than 300,000 persons have enrolled in its courses since 1874; approximately 75,000 diplomas have been awarded to those who completed its four-year course. Last year this course had 4,000 graduates.

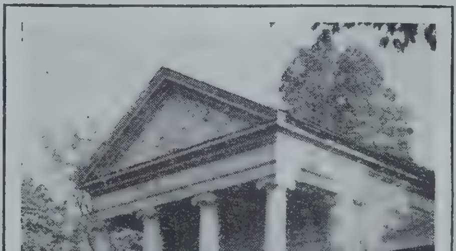
Lake Chautauqua, from which the 'idea' obtained its name, is located in southwestern New York and is only eight miles from Lake Erie. From this idea have sprung several other typical institutions: the summer schools; the summer Chautauquas; the traveling Chautauquas; and the independent assemblies.

Many historic personages have appeared before it; and numerous literary lights have first gleamed in its halls. President Grant, Susan B. Anthony, Theodore Roosevelt, James Bryce, British Ambassador; James Whitcomb Riley, Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Nelson Page, former United States Ambassador to Italy; General Lew Wallace—a few of those who have graced its programs.

Bishop John H. Vincent is credited with being the founder of the movement. The first Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, which he organized, had for its aim: 'To promote habits of reading and study in nature, art, science, and in secular and sacred literature, in connection with the routine of daily life, especially among those whose educational advantages have been limited, so as to secure to them the college student's general outlook upon the world and life, and to develop the habit of close, connected, persistent thinking.'

There are several slogans mentioned in connection with it today which express something of its purpose. 'A school for out-of-school people' is one. Another is: 'Everybody reads nowadays; don't read at random.'

'Recognition Day,' which corresponds to Commencement Day at college, is always in August. The exercises are held in St. Paul's Grove, and the 'graduates,' gathering from all corners of the earth, pass through a 'Golden Gate' which is unlocked but once a year and used only on Recognition Day. The 'Gate' is at the end of a lane which is marked by four arches of evergreen, representing History, Science, Philosophy, and Art. Only those who have completed the four-year course are permitted to pass through the 'Gate.'



The 'Hall of Philosophy.'

A Master at Knot-tying

By JOHN L. VON BLON

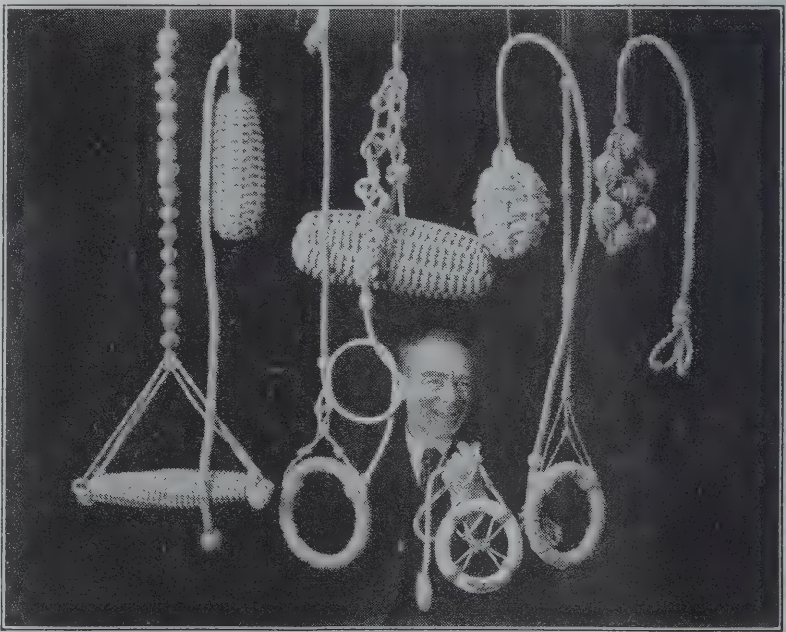
MARLINSPIKE craftsmanship, hallowed by romance and age beyond reckoning, is doomed soon to become a lost art. Older than civilization, this fine craft of the mariners seems swamped in the maelstrom of modern rush—a tragedy of progress. But a solitary figure looms as its temporary preserver.

Michael Colbert Long of Los Angeles is the man, and a personality of world interest by virtue of his unique accomplishment. As rope expert of the California Yacht Club he has completed the best display collection of marlinspike work extant.

Born in Portland, Connecticut, forty-eight years ago, Long when a lad of seven was taken under the wing of Herb Lindsay, a former pirate awaiting life's sunset in a shack beside the Connecticut River. Lindsay had been the premier marlinspike seaman of his day, the last of the matchless old school, and for ten years he unfolded to his apt pupil the unwritten ritual of the rolling deep, teaching him more than all others knew; and the boy, fascinated, grateful, eager, never ceased to advance.

Lindsay's career, though sadly checkered, had been romantic, amazing. Captured at seventeen in the China Sea by the notorious pirate Pablo Penaro, he was saved from death by his dexterous manipulation of the rope—the only soul aboard the scuttled prize not sent to the bottom. Eleven years he was held a privileged captive by reason of his prowess, meanwhile acquiring every subtlety of marlinspike art from the strong crew of adepts. Penaro's big ship, the *Luna Llena* (Full Moon), terrorized the unprotected commerce of the Spanish Main and the Atlantic and Pacific, attacking and sinking even men-of-war and essaying a murderous raid on the coast of Lower California. Finally escaping, Lindsay turned pirate on his own account, becoming a blockade runner during the Civil War and smuggling arms to the Confederacy.

Long kept up his odd, interesting artistry. He has made more than three hundred articles for dressing ship and other purposes. They include things useful and ornamental, from huge fenders weighing almost a quarter of a ton to the tiniest necklaces and other objects of personal adornment. Fearful weapons and instruments of fiendish torture, now fortunately obsolete in enlightened lands, are among his works.



Some of the dozens of types of fenders made by Long.

Long, of Irish fighting stock, was bred to the sea. His granduncle, Morris Long, a petty officer in the British Navy, was one of the party picked to bury Napoleon Bonaparte on lone, barren St. Helena. John Clarke, another granduncle, was captured with Admiral Farragut, then a midshipman, when Britain took the U. S. S. *Essex* in the War of 1812. His kin have fought for America in every conflict. Impelled by patriotism and love of adventure and travel, Long enlisted in the Navy in 1895.

After the close of the Spanish War, at the behest and through the influence of Lieutenant Commander Felton Parker of Boston, Long went to Hemenway Gymnasium, Harvard University, as student instructor in physical training under the celebrated Dr. D. A. Sargent. Here Dr. Fitz used him in giving psychological demonstrations and tests before his class. Some years ago he went to Los Angeles, became a physical training instructor in the city schools, and remains so engaged.

The marlinspike's original, a wooden tool called a fid, was only less essential than the crude loom with which the sails were woven. The fid, generally large, is still more or less used. Then came a smaller iron of similar shape known as a pricker and used for fancy work and taking stitches out of canvas, followed by the real marlinspike of finest tempered steel. For heavy cable work this assumes the proportions of a crowbar and is driven with a sledge. When rope and iron were introduced marlinspike seamanship must have undergone a revolution comparable to that of the textile industry with the invention of the power loom.

The ancient art is believed to have originated off the coast of China through stress of necessity. Eventually, however, the Spaniards beat the Celestials at their own game and maintained the lead always because of extreme pride in the appearance and worthiness of their galleons and other ocean carriers. It attained its highest perfection two to four hundred years ago, began to decline with the advent of steam and the virtual elimination of sails from all but minor traffic, and now is on the verge of being forgotten.

Every seaman worthy of the noble profession became a skilled rope worker in those days. Some attained to a perfection marvelous in the eyes of landlubbers. Their daintiest handiwork rivaled Valenciennes lace in its exquisite beauty. When the ship was becalmed, sometimes in the doldrums for weeks upon weeks, the sailor sprawled on deck with his marlinspike and wove, knitted and tied the trimmings that made her the wonder of every port. It was his pet pastime, the one esthetic side of his rough calling, and he found therein a keen joy and satisfaction. His boon companions were a pipe and a bottle of rum.

Mr. Long found in his art a medium for the expression of the most pious sentiment as well as the most shocking cruelty, as witness the holy joe, a good-luck knot in the shape of the cross, designed to shield his salt-blown body and unshriven soul from harm by enemy or storm; and the true lovers' knot, the inspiration of admiration, affection and devotion; then look at the diabolical cat-o'-nine-tails and the hideous gee whiz and other scourges that bring a shudder.

There isn't a knot that wasn't tied by the sailors of Cook and Captain Kidd and the jolly sea rovers of Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh; and it is likely that most of these were easy for the Chinese pirates a thousand, perhaps ten thousand years before. And they are all as an open book to 'Admiral' Long, who regrets that they cannot be perpetuated; but the art is difficult to learn, requiring mental capacity and effort, years of application, diligent concentration and thoroughness. Like poetry it must be born in the blood. It can be compared to nothing else, having intricacies all its own. Few can master it—and now nobody has time to take it up. Many sailormen of 1927 can scarcely splice a line.

Fancy fenders, says 'The Admiral,' are difficult and consume time in the making. Putting a good point on a rope end takes several days, especially when whipped in. The dress parade represents a week's task.

The holy joe looks easy but isn't, for it must stand squarely on its own base and be a true cross. Necklaces mean many hours of exacting endeavor. Sailors going to the South Seas in the olden days carried these as gifts to the native island girls, who danced for them until they dropped from exhaustion.

Among seafarers the true lovers' knot is equivalent to an engagement ring and when a maid accepts it she pledges her heart and hand.

Money *as* Maker *of* American History

Banks, Banking *and* Currency Control Political Policies and Party Programs

By M. T. WOODRUFF

ONE of the causes of the War for Independence was the passage of an act of Parliament prohibiting the Colonies from making their paper money a legal tender. The instigation of this measure is attributed to English merchants, but there is little doubt that the trouble could be traced to the growing power of the banking interests, which though first becoming a force in business in the 17th Century, even then had become arrogant. Nations had become obligated to the financial kings of the time, and the British Government was in their power and under their dictation. The blame may rest with business men, but it is known today how business men are forced to shoulder the burden of the usurer.

The Articles of Confederation, ratified finally in 1781, gave Congress the power to fix the weight and fineness of all coins, whether minted under its authority or by any state, but did not delegate to it the power of making its bills of credit a legal tender, hence the Continental currency was dependent for its standing with reference to gold and silver upon the faith and credit of the new nation. The right of a state to make its own paper a legal tender in its own jurisdiction was not interfered with.

The money question as it exists today seems not to have been a vital issue in the early days. It was more a question of banks. The prevalent idea seems to have been that the peculiar function of the national government was to coin money for owners of bullion as requested, and to provide subsidiary coinage. In the original draft, that section of the Constitution empowering Congress to coin money originally read 'coin and issue,' but the two words were stricken out. The reason must be surmised. It makes little difference, however, since judicial decisions have confirmed the right to issue.

It is positive that Jefferson was not in favor of a paper currency. His references to the Morris notes assure one of that. He considered gold and silver the only money, and was opposed to national banks. He was purely a Democrat, he believed in the common people.

WITH the single term of President Adams the Federal party ceased to exist. The old leaders attempted reorganization as 'National Republicans' and the Republicans adopted the name 'Democrats' which their opponents had fastened on them as a mark of disgrace. From this time may be traced with a fair degree of accuracy the progress of the Money Question as professed by the rival parties.

At the beginning, the general attitude of the parties on the Money Question may be set down as *pro* and *anti* banks, the Federals having established both the North American and the first United States national institutions. The control of the latter by Government ownership of a majority of shares was thought to prevent the danger of a money monopoly which most of the statesmen of the day feared.

The words of Jefferson may be taken as the Republican attitude. Jefferson declared: 'I sincerely believe the proposed banking system to be more dangerous than standing armies.'

In reality, the Money Question was then the dividing line between the general policies of the Federalist and Republican parties. The basic Federalist principle was, has been, and is, that a pure democracy is impossible; that the common people are not fitted for self-government; that authority must be invested in a special class equipped for the task. On the other hand, the Republicans of that day believed in the participation in government by the masses through a choice of representatives.

It was not until 1832 that either of the dominant political parties adopted a platform. The Democratic platform of 1832 is barren of mention of the money question, but in 1836 the Locofoco Democrats declared their 'unqualified hostility to bank notes and paper money as a circulating medium, because gold and silver is the only safe and constitutional currency; hostility to any and all monopolies by legislation, because they are violations of equal rights of the people; hostility to the dangerous and unconstitutional creation of vested rights and prerogatives by legislation because they are usurpations of the people's sovereign rights; no legislative or other authority in the body politic can rightfully, by charter or otherwise, exempt any man or body of men, in any case whatever, from trial by jury and the jurisdiction or operation of the laws which govern the community.'

The Democrats in 1840 reaffirmed the strict construction of the Constitution and declared that 'Congress has no power to charter a United States bank; that we believe such an institution one of deadly hostility to the best interests of the country, dangerous to our republican institutions and the liberties of the people, and calculated to place the business of the country within the control of a concentrated money power, and above the laws and the will of the people.'

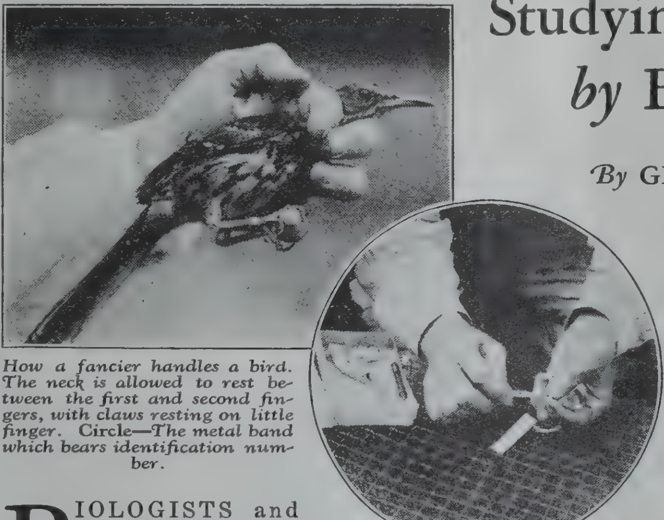
This was the celebrated 'log cabin' or 'hard cider' campaign, in which General Harrison defeated 'Mattie Van.'

In 1844 the Democrats reasserted the stand taken on money and banking, and the party seems to have been committed to the bimetallic base and the limitation of the power of the Federal Government to the coinage of gold and silver on private account. This would confirm the right of the state to charter banks of issue, a practice which continued until the creation of the national banking system during the Civil War.

From this point to the Civil War there was little thought in politics but to dodge the slavery question.

Studying *the* Birds *by* Banding

By GEORGE H. DACY



How a fancier handles a bird. The neck is allowed to rest between the first and second fingers, with claws resting on little finger. Circle—The metal band which bears identification number.

BIOLOGISTS and naturalists are studying birds by banding them to find out the secret systems of the fowls of the air that sow not, neither do they reap, yet they know when the summer is nigh.

Bird lovers in all parts of the country place nesting boxes and cages in isolated spots to which they attract the migratory birds with food bait. If the birds that are caught carefully and tenderly in this manner bear leg bands, the amateur biologists record the number, and report to the United States Biological Survey at Washington the variety and sex of the bird, the place and date of catching and the leg band number. After being fed, the flier is released.

In this novel way Uncle Sam is gaining first-hand information about the haunts, habits and journeys which the different families of domestic birds make annually. Such problems as whether migratory birds follow the same routes north and south each year are being answered by the birds themselves by means of their leg band records. Studies are in progress to find out whether cock robin, dickcissel and company return and use the same nests year after year. The scientific accuracy of the birds as weather prophets and storm forecasters is under detailed scrutiny.

The outstanding feature of the work is that the peculiarities of the birds are being studied without frightening or injuring them. You will note the proper way in which to hold a bird, as shown in one of the accompanying photographs. You will also observe the leg band on the right leg of this bird.

These bands are furnished free of charge by the United States Biological Survey to all amateurs who will agree to use them in banding birds in the prescribed manner.

To Have Good Manners

(*Continued from page 5*)

this is only a screen whereby he invariably gains his own ends. What is this screen? A large part of it is the most obvious flattery—flattery so evident that, even while he is laying it on, you know how raw it is; yet a good deal of it sticks. He knows that not all of it will stick, but he also knows that he is safe, for some of it does stick. Besides, there is nothing to be done in the face of raw flattery. If you disclaim it, then it makes it appear you are disclaiming it because you believe it.

Bad manners, no matter how you view them, are this if anything: They injure. They may hurt your feelings, and this only. They may rob you of something. They may just devastate your sentiments, your sense of beauty or your leisure. It makes no difference what the form; they always injure.

Strange as it may seem, bad manners frequently result from an injured sense of justice. Indeed, I am inclined to think that what we term righteousness causes as many kinds of bad manners as any one thing we have mentioned. I am, of course, for righteousness as a principle, but not as an appropriation. I respect righteousness but when a righteous man imposes his righteousness upon me, even if I need it, I resent it. For example:

ONE day I tried to get into a place with my car where a woman had parked her car in a wrong position; she had actually parked it against the law. Now, being in a pernickety mood, my sense of justice was outraged. And moreover, I was right. Impelled by this impregnable rightness, I lost my temper, and said to her, brusquely: 'Don't you know you have no business to do that?'

She happened to be the right kind of woman. She replied:

'If you had spoken to me like a gentleman, I would move my car. Now you can't get me to.'

There I was, in a regular row with a woman, she being legally wrong, and I being legally right, and I had actually spilled all the beans there were by being bad-mannered.

Now her manners were undoubtedly bad in that she parked her car so thoughtlessly, but mine were worse in that I did not offer her a way out. I injured her by assuming that her intention was deliberate when she was merely thoughtless. Essentially I was in the same class with the limousine woman who said, 'My good man.'

I recently witnessed an exhibition of good manners on the part of a colored Pullman porter that impressed me greatly.

A roughneck who had been drinking came into the smoking compartment. He immediately pressed the call bell, not once but twice, and then held it. The train had only just started and the porter, as fine an old-school darky as I have ever met, was busy. The roughneck rang and rang, then subsided moodily. After a respectable interval, the porter came. Immediately he received a torrent of abuse. He was called about every bad name in the calendar. When the roughneck came to the end of his expletives, the porter smiled and said:

'I'm sorry, sir, but you see, I was servin' a gemman.'

I do not mean to imply for a moment that one should necessarily be servile in one's attitude toward others, or take unnecessary punishment in order to be polite. Good manners mean essentially a sense of the fitness of things; bad manners the reverse. Not only can the truth be almost invariably told, as I have stated, but the truth is the only thing to tell, and I am convinced that in truth lie the finest manners.

Let me give two parallel cases.

A woman friend once asked me for one of my books. The only copy I had was one which I had inscribed to another friend, but I gave it to her telling her it was for another but that she could take it temporarily, and when more were printed I would give her another copy. A little later she came to me and said, 'I think your book is wonderful. I am reading it with the greatest interest.' Still later the person to whom the book really belonged and to whom I had inscribed it asked for it. So I went to my enthusiastic friend and said, 'I am sorry but I must ask you for my book.' She looked at me in astonishment and said: 'Why you wrote in it for me.' When I showed her the other woman's name she was very much confused. She had not even taken the trouble to read the inscription although she had praised the book.

The woman to whom the book really belonged kept it for several weeks and was silent about it. One day, inspired by a bursting conceit, I asked her how she liked it. She said promptly:

'I'm sorry but I don't. I mean this: I realize it is good, but it doesn't suit me so well as some others of yours.'

Which woman had the better manners? I claim the second one, for the reason that she respected me enough to believe I would understand the truth, while the first woman really injured me, or would have done so, because she tried to give me a false impression. The answer to the question, What are manners? it seems to me, is quite simple.

GOOD manners are merely the ability to put yourself in the other fellow's place, and the perfection of this ability lies in the speed with which you can do this. Good manners, like bad manners, are generally instantaneous. If you choose, you may term them spontaneous. My bad manners in the case of the woman and the badly parked car were a spontaneous outburst of righteousness. If, instantly, I had been able to put myself in her place, I would thus have been willing to help her out of the situation she had made for herself. I would have said something like this:

'Madam, I hope you will not mind if I ask you to move your car.'

One reason—and almost invariably the best one—for this attitude is that nearly always people know when they are wrong.

In a situation between two persons involving doubt, ask yourself what you would do if you were the other fellow. The object should be, not to put him wrong, but to set him right, and you can do this only when you see the thing from his point of view. The ideal of all material justice is first to give the person you deem guilty every opportunity to show he is not guilty.

This does not mean, however, that you yield anything on your own account. You can rebuke another and still do it with good manners, if you do it in the proper way. If I say to you, 'You are wrong!' my manners are bad. If I say to you: 'Are you wrong?' my manners are better. But even this depends somewhat on my manner of asking, the sincerity and understanding with which I ask.

Taken as a whole, our national manners are on a higher level than a decade ago. People as a rule are more tolerant of one another. There is more widespread courtesy.

We have still some paces to go, but we are on the road.

Mr. Candidate

(*Continued from page 7*)

unknown compromise choice. But Hayes became a one-termer chiefly because:

In three states of the South there were rival Democratic and Republican legislatures and two sets of presidential electors. Hayes agreed to concede southern Democrats the control of the state governments provided they would deliver him the presidential electors. In Louisiana, notably, this could only be done by buying off Republican legislators, and the Democratic Party had no money. So the Louisiana Lottery Company furnished the vote-buying money in exchange for a twenty-five-year charter to operate a lottery in the state.

Hayes himself did not make this deal, of course, but when next Ohio entered a Republican convention she sent a delegation instructed for General Sherman, but headed by General Garfield, who spoke so eloquently and who was so handsome that when the convention had gone thirty-six ballots deadlock over Grant and Blaine, it turned to 'John Alden' and forgot the 'Miles Standish' of the piece.

Consider further James G. Blaine, the 'plumed knight' of Republicanism, whose tongue was purer silver than Bryan's and who radiated magnetism of such intensity that he made you a lifelong friend in ten minutes and remembered your name forever after.

Scandal rumors being rampant, fifty prominent divines were to sanctify the Blaine candidacy by a visit and congratulations. The oldest minister was to talk, and did. Blaine was so busy thinking up his own extemporaneous reply that what the minister said went in one ear and out the other. He let it stand until the racket started the next day, when he 'issued a statement.' But the correction never catches up with the error. Though his sister was mother superior of an Indiana convent, the Commoner of the eighties was branded 'intolerant.'

Blaine lost New York, and with it the Presidency.

Cleveland forgot to invite Dana to dinner, and so lost an election though he had won a popular majority. Harrison brought in six new states, five of which turned Democratic on him. The accident of an eloquent speech gave Bryan a nomination and introduced him as the Commoner of modern times. A boss kicked T. R. into vice-presidential oblivion, most unsuccessfully. You can write your own book on the later part of this story

The first test for any aspirant to political honors should be: 'Mr. Candidate, are you subject to accidents?'

Abdication of the Russian Emperor

(*Continued from page 13*)

Alexandrovich, uncle of the Czar, who was Governor of Moscow and was murdered by a bomb thrown under his carriage on February 4, 1905.

The Empress was brought up by her grandmother, Queen Victoria. The only tie which bound the Empress to Germany was love for her brother, Duke Ernst of Hesse, and for the small town of Darmstadt. A little more than one month after the Emperor Alexander III's death she was married to the Emperor Nicholas II. In 1895 Olga, their first daughter, was born. And May 27, 1896, in accordance with the tradition of the Russian Emperors, the celebration of the Holy Coronation took place.

The Empress Alexandra Feodorovna did not like the pomp of balls, receptions and presentations, having been brought up modestly according to the severe etiquette of the British Court. But as Empress she was compelled to be present on such occasions in the Russian Court, which was considered the most pompous of all and which was rife with gossip, trouble, intrigue and denunciation. Unaccustomed to such ostentation, she was criticized behind her back by the court dignitaries for mistakes in one rule of etiquette and another until she shrank away from court functions, preferring the calm of family life to the noise and glitter of the court. This accounts for the rumors which were spread that the Empress was proud, cold, hating the Russian people and inattentive to their wishes.

But in fact the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna was a kind and sympathetic woman and gave a wealth of moral and material assistance to those who had need of it. As a proof of this stands her work as a nurse during the war, when many soldiers and officers were comforted by her efficient nursing and tender care. She was solicitous and mindful also of the poor. And she fondly pampered her children. In the relations in general between parents and children it would be difficult indeed to find a more congenial, united and patriarchal family.

The Empress Alexandra Feodorovna was well educated. She was an artist, designer, musician, embroiderer, and she spoke several languages fluently; to all these accomplishments should be added her beauty, grace and imperial bearing. On adopting the Greek Catholic religion, she studied it in detail and gave herself to it with all her heart and soul, even to the extent of bordering sometimes on the mystic.

The Emperor and Empress had three daughters besides Olga: Tatiana, Maria and Anastasia; and at last on August 25, 1904, was born the long-hoped-for son, who was given the name Alexei. There was no limit to the joy of the imperial parents. But soon their gladness was darkened by great sorrow. The boy was afflicted with the hereditary disease of the Hesse family, hemophilia, from which the Empress' uncle, brother and two nephews had died. This very sickness led to the introduction into the Imperial Family of the Siberian moujik, Gregory Raspoutin, by the Grand Duchesses Anastasia Nikolaevna, wife of the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevich, and Militza Nikolaevna, wife of his brother, Grand Duke Peter Nikolaevich, these sisters being daughters of the Montenegrin King Nicholas. They, with the assistance of Anna Alexandrovna Viroubova, the lady-in-waiting of the Empress, persuaded the Empress of this Raspoutin's mysterious power of prayer.

Medical treatments of all kinds, doctors and professors were tried without success. The only hope remaining was—God; and as a drowning person clutches at a straw so did Alexandra Feodorovna as a mother clutch at this last hope of saving her beloved child and as Empress of preserving his life to the country and to the throne. This sickness is said by medical authorities to cease being dangerous to boys after the age of sixteen or seventeen years; so that the heir Alexei Nicholaevich might indeed be living today had not the Imperial Family been murdered in 1918.

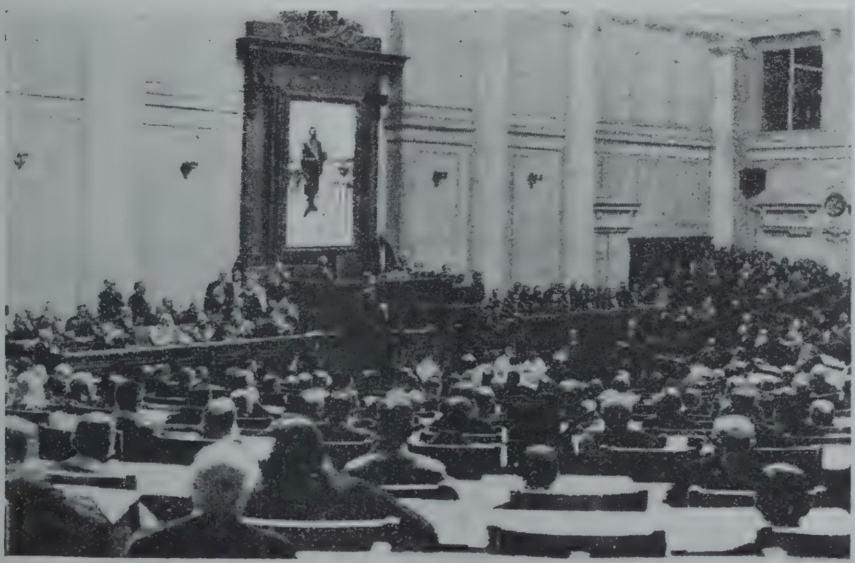
Hating and opposing war, the Czar made every attempt to adjust the trouble between Serbia and Austria by peaceful measures. But being the protector of Serbia, he could not allow Austria to crush her, and so he answered the artillery attack of the Austrians on Belgrade, the Serbian capital, by partial mobilization of the Russian troops. As an answer to this mobilization Germany, the ally of Austria, declared war on Russia. The Czar himself then announced the formal declaration to the people from the balcony of the Winter Palace.

After this announcement he changed greatly, and he and the Czarina gave themselves up with all their hearts to the needs of the war. He saw the enthusiasm of the people and was reassured in his trust of them as the whole assemblage fell to their knees and sang the national anthem of 'God Save the Czar.' Even more enthusiasm was shown by the people in Moscow when the Czar and the Czarina arrived in the middle of August to pray in the Moscow cathedrals, according to the tradition of Russian emperors. The streets of Moscow were crowded with people. The Czar and the Czarina, their daughters and the heir Alexei Nikolaevich, who because of his sickness was carried in the arms of a Cossack, passed through the crowds. The people fell to their knees, many of them kissing the ground on which their feet had stepped, showing thus their sincere affection for the Little Father and the Little Mother.

The years 1914, 1915 and 1916 were full of various changes, successes and losses. The most important among them was that the Emperor Nicholas II became himself the supreme commander in chief of the Russian troops instead of the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevich, whom he relieved and sent to the Caucasian front.

But then came the year 1917. In the spring a general Allied attack was to be made on Germany who would not have the strength to resist it. Germany would fall. Germany would disappear in the process of partitionment. But Russia was not desirous of German territory. Russia wanted an exit to the ocean from the Black Sea, closed to her since the treaty with Turkey in 1856. Victory in this war would open great seaways for Russian trade. A battalion of brave and fine-looking seamen of the Imperial Naval Guards was waiting in Odessa, ready to be loaded on to the ship which would transport it to the opposite shore of the Black Sea for the victorious march on Constantinople. The orchestra of this valiant regiment was already practising the new march which was designated as yet only by the three stars, * * *, but which was soon to be named 'The March of the Entry Into Constantinople.' Erzerum, the strongest Turkish fortress in the way of the Russian troops, was captured. And beyond . . . an open road to Constantinople!

(*To be concluded in an early issue*).



—*International Newsreel.*

The Duma in session, the Lower House of the Russian Parliament.

Maioli and Ants

(Continued from page 8)

more than a pretense of working.

The natives of course are also attacked by these *maioli*, but they have a different thickness of skin and a different sense of feeling—of this I am certain, for I have myself seen an *ashker* extinguish a charcoal fire with his heels.

The *maioli* are one great pest of African life, but I have promised to tell about two. The second is the ants and their love of moving. Comes the time when the ants decide on a nomadic life. This usually happens during the changeable weather before the rainy season, though I have seen such a migration after the *cremt*, when the dry season was already well advanced. The weather was even drier than we like. During such spells all the grass becomes burned and it is difficult to save the flowers and kitchen gardens; the soil cracks, and if your *ashkers* neglect for a single day to sprinkle the plots (which they are sure to do unless watched) the plants will at once begin to die. So I have found that there is something other in nature than rain which impells this migration.

When the march finally begins, the night can seldom be spent in peace. When you return from town on horseback and see the open door of a hut with the red eye of a bonfire within, you must know that the ant tribes have arrived, and that the tenants are trying to smoke them out. During the night you may be awakened by a neighbor begging for your matches, for it is only the rich and traveled Abyssinian who has a match in his own house.

The following night again you may be awakened by the neighing and stamping of horses and mules in the stables, the cackling of hens, and at last by the cries and oaths of the servants. Cursing everything in sight, half-naked *ashkers* jump around, frantically tearing dozens of large insects from their bodies. Screaming monkeys rush out scratching and grimacing with pain; they run into your lighted doorway looking for protection from man and master against the fierce insects, and trying to shield the sore spots under their little hands.

My small monkey 'Gouki,' a lemur, terrorized by bands of ants attacking her, broke her strap loose from the wooden partition in the stable where she was sleeping, rushed to my open window and skulked under my blanket. I rid her of the villains . . . inspecting every fold and wrinkle of my bed carefully afterward!

I awaited the attack. In the evening my *ashkers* banked the thresholds of doors and window sills with fresh eucalyptus branches, the peculiarly penetrating odor of which the ants dislike; it will often turn them aside from entering. But if it is decided at headquarters to pass through your house, nothing whatever will stop them . . . and you will learn it indeed very soon! Your small house has a great many inhabitants of which you were never aware. Before you know it, spiders, multipeds, grayish-colored beetles, are rushing pell-mell across your walls, sometimes falling from the low ceiling to your bed prudently moved out from the wall; mice race squeaking about the storeroom—it means that the ant scouts, looking for a way where the unpleasant eucalyptus does not block them, have entered their little burrows by passages leading from the outside through the earth walls.

Now is the time for you to move to the tent, which you have providently pitched the evening before . . . but I in my ignorance did not know these signs and, satisfied with my ramparts of eucalyptus inside and out and about my bed, I lay and read by the light of my candle. My book absorbed my thoughts. I did not notice anything alarming going on in my room till suddenly a huge ant with a white head and an unpleasantly thin waist dropped to my page. I snapped it off and began to listen to strange crackling noises from some place nearby.

I lighted a second candle, raised it —and ahemmed! The wall was covered with ten thousand ants moving in solid phalanx across the weathered wall paper of my room. The same moment I felt the bite of one . . . two. I reached my clothes with great difficulty—my luck! They were not yet occupied by the enemy—and hurriedly retreated from the house. I called my servants and for two hours we struggled to sweep the uninvited guests from walls and floor, but to no avail. New bands came marching from somewhere, with never an end to their swarming obstinacy!

Since then I never fight, but always quit the field immediately—a disgrace, but what can you do? It is not Paris . . . By morning's dawn the army is leaving and if only one detachment is marching, your next night may be slept out in peace. But if there is a rear guard, it too will pass through your house . . . inflexibly!

Tennis—Index System

(Continued from page 9)

the first rank in tennis. The game is not played with the body alone; physical work is only part of it; mental work is more important. The tennis player has to think two and three shots ahead, like the chess player. He, like the chess player, must always try to outmaneuver his opponent. Combine the chess brain with perfect control and you have a winning tennis player. It is the combination that made Lacoste champion of this country.

Tennis games are lost, rather than won. Lacoste discovered this by studying the box scores. He collected hundreds of scores, carefully listing and filing them. He soon learned that the man who makes the fewest errors generally wins. Errors, and not earned shots, decide matches. Lacoste decided that the best way to win matches was to let the other fellow beat himself. If he could continue driving the ball into his opponent's court then the opponent would, sooner or later, err.

The Frenchman developed a safety-first game. He refused to take a chance. He would not risk a shot that might carry the ball beyond the boundary lines of the court. He makes probably fewer mistakes than any other man playing tennis.

His form is perfect, a model that all tennis players could well copy. His strokes are made precisely according to the book. Every shot that he uses shows thorough mastery. He continued practising until he had each down to perfection. He executes them with no apparent effort. Some critics have observed that Lacoste lacks speed. His returns are too soft, they say. More zip, according to a number of observers, would make them more effective. But, Lacoste would not have the marvelous control that he carries if he put more power behind the ball. He could develop speed in his shots but he would sacrifice a certain amount of control and thus offset any advantage that the speed might give him.

Lacoste can anticipate shots. His ability to do this saves him steps and energy. He can conserve his stamina thereby. He constantly outguesses his opponents, moves in the right direction and is set for the ball when it arrives. He rarely has to move fast to reach a ball because he starts so much sooner than other players. He hardly ever offers at a ball that is not returnable and he does not chase these balls.

As soon as a point is decided Lacoste forgets it. The only shots that concern him are the shots ahead. He shows no emotion over a point won or a point lost. He never makes a gesture to indicate a tough break.

Those who have played against him say he is without a weakness. He rarely comes to the net but it is not that he is weak at the net. He can volley with the best of them but he believes that his base-line game will carry him further, and who is there to dispute this with him? You cannot easily argue a point with a man who lifted the national singles championship of the United States and whose game is based on years of observation, systematically recorded in alphabetical order and carefully kept in a huge filing cabinet. His game is based on cold figures and calculation.

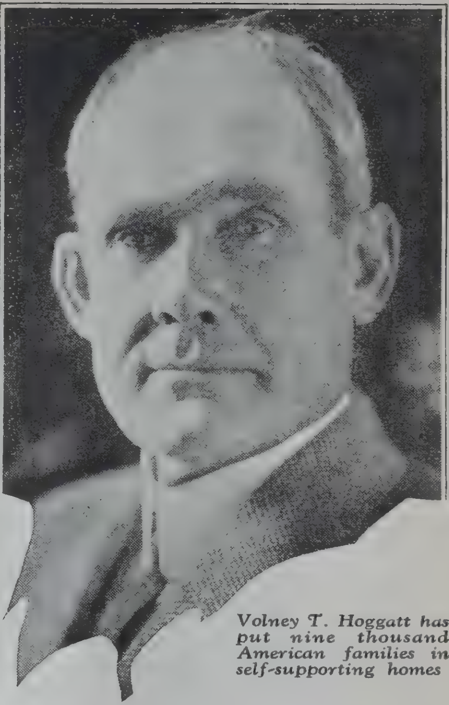
Three years ago a reporter, on the hunt for a feature story, asked William T. Tilden to name his successor. Tilden did. In brief, his prediction was this:

'The next champion will be René Lacoste. I may be wrong but I believe that Lacoste will become greater than any man playing the game today. I pick him because of his remarkable analytical mind. He can think a stroke ahead all the time, and you have to do that to win a tennis title. Lacoste, when playing, is able to forget the score. He concerns himself with the stroke to come. And, incidentally, he is more anxious to learn than anyone I know.'

Few agreed with Tilden. Both the United States and France had tennis players of higher rank than Lacoste. But, early last year Lacoste proved Tilden a good prophet at Tilden's expense. He defeated Tilden to win our national indoor championship. In that match Lacoste let Tilden beat himself. Tilden made ninety-two errors to Lacoste's forty-seven, but Tilden is again on top.

Putting Americans *in* Self-Supporting Homes

By HARRY H. DUNN



Volney T. Hoggatt has put nine thousand American families in self-supporting homes

VOLNEY HOGGATT was born at Ames, Iowa, where his father was one of those who founded the famous Ames College, which the young Hoggatt attended until he was graduated with honors. From Ames he went to Huron, South Dakota, where he was admitted to the bar, then to Oklahoma, where, in 1889, he became the first mayor of North Guthrie and first city attorney of Guthrie. Wandering eastward, he practised law in New York City, but, even a quarter of a century ago, it was not his type of city, and Volney Hoggatt moved northwestward to Nome, Alaska, where, on his birthday, June 10, he became city attorney.

He distinguished himself there by attaching the cash registers and receipts of more than one hundred saloons which refused to pay the tax imposed for the planking of the streets of the Alaskan city. The planks were laid, and—without any 'logrolling'—he has been laying planks for other people to walk on ever since. From Nome he went to Denver, where he became—fortunately for the people of Colorado—registrar of the state land office. There began one of the most amazingly American careers which any man outside of politics ever has had in this country.

Immediately on entering the state land office, Mr. Hoggatt discovered that there were hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile valleys, in the mountains and elsewhere, belonging to the state, but which were being used by the cattle interests as grazing lands, without payment of any rental to the people of the state. Through his instrumentality, Colorado followed the lead of Iowa and adopted a law under which no one can obtain state lands except by actual settlement and agricultural development.

The cattlemen, however, fought the law from every angle, but the state's highest court upheld Mr. Hoggatt's measure and he offered 400,000 acres of state lands, lying between Denver on the west and Limon on the east, for sale to actual settlers at $5 per acre. In the contracts under which these lands were sold, the farsighted Hoggatt wrote the agreement that each settler must build a pit silo, to cost not less than $25, and a habitable home. He must keep at least three milch cows and two good mares, while he must be able to show at the end of three years at least 40 acres planted and producing a profitable crop. The tracts offered were of 160 acres each.

'THOSE nations always have been the most stable in which the land is most widely divided, or where the largest number of people have a personal concern in it.'

So said James Anthony Froude, noted English author, high churchman and lecturer, born in 1818, died in 1894, who visited the United States in 1872.

How many real American citizens have a personal concern in every known and potential oil field in the United States today? It can be proved that every acre of oil- and gas-bearing land is owned or dominated by one artificial person—'the oil trust.' One of our fictions of the law, 'the coal trust,' dominates all the coal lands. Likewise, all the merchantable timber lands of the United States are controlled by the 'timber trust.'

If the trust deeds are foreclosed on our agricultural lands by the big loan companies, trust companies and banks, all artificial persons, what will be our future? The interest, the loyalty, the patriotism of the United States never can be found in money and in riches. The sovereignty of the United States can be found only under the roof of the paid-in-full American home.

If the concentration of wealth and land continues to flow into the artificial hands of the artificial persons called corporations and trusts in the United States, what stake will the natural human being, with a heart, soul and conscience—but without a roof of his own over his head—have that he should fight to defend?

This was the beginning of the idea which resulted in the placing of more than 9,000 American families in self-supporting homes on the so-called 'wild' lands of Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico—probably the greatest back-to-the-land movement the world ever has seen since the westward migration of the sixties in this country. Though he received no return for it, Mr. Hoggatt personally guided these settlers to the public lands, helped them pick out their farms, select their town sites, and even showed them how to proceed with the first steps in farming without irrigation.

When this task was well under way, the realization came to Mr. Hoggatt that, as long as he was in public office, he could not accomplish as much as he could if he had some means under his control whereby he could reach the hundreds of thousands in large communities who knew nothing of the vast area of the public domain, fertile but untilled, awaiting the plow in the Western States. With this end in view he became editor of *The Great Divide* of Denver, which he at once turned into an instrument for the restoration of the American soil to the American people.

Sunshine Valley in 1922, as Mr. Hoggatt first saw it, a sheep pasture. Today its 20,000 acres grow thriving irrigated crops and are the homes of 200 settlers.

The Conqueror *of* Difficulties

George Rogers Clark's Work *in* Winning *the* Northwest

AS A YOUTH, George Rogers Clark left Virginia and settled among the frontiersmen of Kentucky, the 'hunters of Kentucky,' as they styled themselves. There he was a companion of Daniel Boone, and a recognized leader, which implies that he excelled as a woodsman, a hunter and an Indian fighter. His diary of this period is replete with records of scalpings and Indian outrages.

It was at this time that the British, through Commander Hamilton, at Detroit, hired the Indians to fight for them against the settlers, furnished ammunition and gave rewards for scalps. As a consequence historians are coming to fix on the English much of the blame for the brutal massacres and depredations on the defenseless.

The Northwest was not, like Kentucky, debatable hunting ground, but the seat of powerful and warlike Indian confederacies, French hamlets and British garrisons. It was foreign land.

Disguised as hunters, in 1777 Clark, with two others, went into the Northwest to spy out the land of the Illini. They discovered that the French disliked the English rule, and that the country was not heavily garrisoned. So it was that a plan for the defense of Kentucky settlements grew to a scheme for the conquest of the whole Northwest.

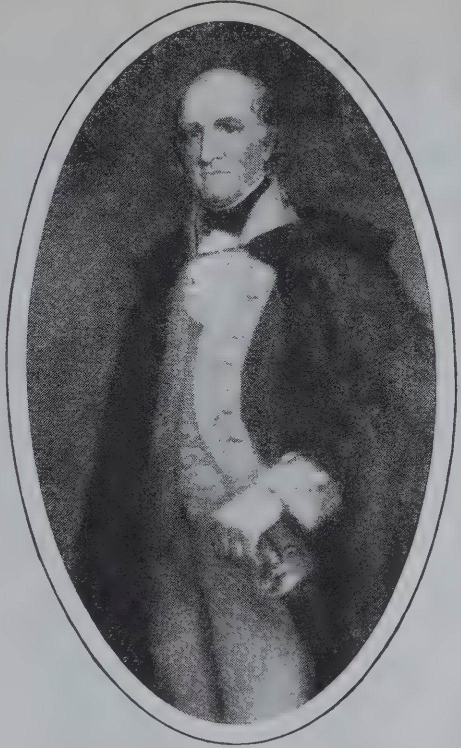
ALONE, Clark went to Virginia and finally succeeded in obtaining from Patrick Henry, then governor of Virginia, a commission to raise seven companies of fifty men each, ostensibly for militia duty in Kentucky, secretly for an expedition to capture the British post at Kaskaskia. Only 1,200 pounds could be raised, but each soldier was promised three hundred acres of land if the undertaking was successful.

Difficulties that seemed insurmountable loomed up in raising these troops. Men were scarce, and were needed in those new settlements. However, Clark finally gathered together his men, secured provisions and fared forth. There were further complications when the men learned their true destination, but a sufficient number were won over by Clark to make the attempt.

A surprise attack on Kaskaskia threw the population into a panic, and that post was easily captured. The French were glad to pledge allegiance to the Americans, and the Indians were also won over.

The victorious army then proceeded to Cahokia and captured that place without resistance.

Thoroughly aroused, the British dispatched a force from Detroit to Vincennes to recapture the territory. One man and one officer were holding that fort, but it was captured in approved military style, and the vanquished two marched through the line of the victors.



General George Rogers Clark. Portrait for the Indiana Society of Sons of the Revolution, painted by Otto Stark.

News of this unfortunate turn in events spurred Clark to action. In spite of floods then raging, he led his valiant little band on a discouraging expedition, fighting hunger, cold, and well-nigh constant danger from floods. As F. A. Ogg points out: 'There were no boats; provisions were running low; game was scarce; and fires could not be built for cooking. But Clark could not be turned back by such difficulties. He plunged ahead of his men, struck up songs and cheers to keep them in spirit, played the buffoon, went wherever danger was greatest, and by an almost unmatched display of bravery, tact, and firmness, won the redoubled admiration of his suffering followers and held them together.'

But there was an end even to that apparently endless journey, and, arrived at Vincennes, his men were marched and countermarched among the trees to give the appearance of large numbers. The habitants furnished fresh supplies of ammunition, and gave a good, hot breakfast to the men. In a comparatively short time Vincennes was taken, Hamilton imprisoned, and British sympathizers forced to take the oath of allegiance to America. A relief expedition was subsequently captured, and the much-needed supplies confiscated by Clark.

Forty men were left to garrison Vincennes, and the others returned to Kaskaskia to plan an expedition against Detroit. After much urging, Kentucky promised three hundred men, and Virginia was induced to promise aid; but Kentucky sent only thirty men, and other promises failed to materialize. In face of such disappointments, Clark led an attack on Detroit, but his forces were insufficient and the attack was unsuccessful.

Clark subsequently was appointed commissioner of Indian affairs, and proved most successful in his dealings with the Indians. The Miami Treaty, negotiated by Clark, was the first surrender of lands to the United States by Indians west of the Alleghenies, and the first acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the United States by any Indian.

Our National Guard

By MYLES D. SAVELLE

Captain of Infantry, U. S. Army

IT IS safe to say that if the reader of this article should ask the first man met on the street the name of the National Guard unit in his city the answer would probably be, 'Idunno.'

There is a perfectly good reason for such an answer, because the mission and purpose of the Guard is but little known and understood by our people. The Guard is poorly advertised and is seen only on such days as the Fourth of July, Armistice Day, and the like. It has no press agents and the service it renders is inconspicuous until it is called in time of need. Yet in several thousand communities over this United States there are companies, troops and batteries in our midst of which we know little and apparently care less.

The National Guard is composed of able-bodied men and citizens, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, who render to the state and country military service part of the time. In addition to their civilian pursuits they voluntarily give part of their time to military training.

The system is based on the National Defense Act and men enlist for three years and officers are commissioned for life for good behavior. Promotion is by competitive examination in all ranks. Any man may become a commissioned officer if he qualifies before an examining board.

THE Guard is paid, equipped and clothed by the United States Government. Instructors are detailed from the Regular Army to aid in training men and officers.

The rate of pay of the National Guard is based on the rates of pay for the Regular Army. For each drill of one and one-half hours the guardsman receives one day's pay of the corresponding grade in the Regular Army. Units are required to hold one drill or exercise each week and may hold five during one month.

The National Guard is governed by its regulations during time of peace, but comes under the articles of war and the army regulations when called into the service of the United States. The guardsman has a dual rôle, in that he may be called to service by the President or by the governor of the state. If called by the President he may be sent anywhere; if called by the governor he may be used only in the state. His oath of enlistment or acceptance of a commission provides that he 'obey all lawful orders of the President of the United States and the governor of the state' of which he is a citizen.

In 1919 the National Guard was nonexistent. Since then the strength of the Guard has increased every year. The test and qualifications required for officers have grown more severe, so that only the best may hold commissions and assume the responsibility that rests on the shoulders of a commissioned officer.

If the leaders in the community properly understood the importance of having the young man under discipline, obeying and upholding the law, and gave their support to the Guard, it would add immeasurably to good citizenship.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'Action of our Government in increasing the cost of passports in 1920 from two to ten dollars cost the American tourist ten times the amount spent previously for visas,' declared the retired **Consular Service Man.** 'The increase was levied by foreign governments as a sort of reprisal, and it was most effective.

'Many persons still do not understand why we increased the cost of passports. The war was over and there was no longer the necessity of resorting to extraordinary measures to keep out spies. If it was intended as a check on immigration, it failed. No immigrant, after planning and saving for years to go to America, would let eight dollars prevent him.

'The real result was that every government in a spirit of retaliation found it necessary for the American traveler to spend ten dollars almost every time he crossed a frontier. Belgium and Switzerland abolished the tax in 1922, but that was because of their desire for tourist business. Germany recently reduced the charge on American visas partly for the same reason.

'You can readily see who paid for the increased cost of passports. I frequently saw passports of American tourists which had visa stamps whose value totaled as high as $200. Each tourist, in fact, paid for the passports of several immigrants; and I myself figured the annual visa payments at about twelve million dollars. The sad thing about it is that so many of our tourists are not wealthy and this added imposition prevents many from enjoying Europe as they should.'

* * *

The **Old Practitioner** was on his way home from a national convention. 'All this hue and cry about new ways to safeguard our health amuses me—sometimes,' said he. 'I'll confess that medical science has brought forward many new things since I went to school. Many of them are beneficial. But much of your present-day advertising is being overdone.

'One reason I object to it is that the nostrums which are advertised are directed at relieving the symptoms rather than the underlying causes. If I were to speak broadly, I should say that a nostrum never cures anything, although it is often claimed to cure about everything.

'As a matter of fact, I do not believe there is a drug on the face of the earth that is capable of curing any serious disease. My objection is not to the relief, but to the claim of cure. After a period, the relieved symptom returns in full force, and another dose of the drug is required for further relief, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

'That's how the trade is built up. Every time a nostrum relieves a symptom for a new patient, the promoter has another permanent customer. It is this commercialized exploitation of a supposed cure that we old-fashioned doctors resent. Perhaps I am somewhat of an old fogy, belong to the old school, and all that—but plenty of fresh air, sunshine, water and plain food are still the best medicines in my humble opinion.'

* * *

'Speaking of French writers,' remarked the **Returned Traveler,** 'I come back from Europe with a greatly increased admiration for Gustave Flaubert, and particularly for that little-known play of his, *Le Chateau des Coeurs*—The Castle of Hearts.

'I had always regarded him as one who wrote depicting a character that "suffered from a pale cast of thought—ever bruising itself against humanity." He, as is well-known, allowed himself to be interested in nothing in life, unless it gave him material for writing. Accordingly, the dainty touches in this *Castle of Hearts* were particularly delightful.

'One expression will explain what I mean. The fairies near the end of the last act are trumpeted off the stage in haste; and a wee voice from the rear is heard to pipe up: "Wait, ah, wait for me! I have caught my foot in a ray of light!" Surely a beautiful conception . . .

'And there were such typical expressions . . . as when the Professor's wife, who has loved almost everyone else in the play, steals up behind him and winds her soft arms about his neck; and he exclaims with a start: "*Voila!* My *wife!* That loves me!"

'Even so when the city youth, seeking to win the sympathetic interest of the innocent country lass, asks her what her thoughts are; and she dreamily and unemotionally replies: "I think of the cows!"

'The whole play was such a surprise that we could not help wondering why it was withheld from publication until five years after his death. Perhaps there was some hidden reason. In some unguarded moment before the shadow of his dread nervous malady had overspread his heart, perhaps the tiniest of fairies unlocked it and let in that very ray of light over which she stumbled.'

* * *

'The plan to convert the House of Lords in the British Parliament into a body partly elected and partly hereditary and bearing the same name as the American upper house is expected to be submitted during the lifetime of the present Parliament,' said the **European Tripper.** 'This is an interesting step in the development of the British Government. The British Government never stands still, though a slow-moving body, the changes so slow they are scarcely noticeable; it has been constantly changing since the 13th Century, the date that marks its first formation.

'Called first by the king merely for debate, then for formal conference, Parliament, the House of Lords holding the commanding position, gradually took the reins of government into its hands. After Parliament had gained possession of the government, the House of Commons, first merely a body of petitioners with little confidence and overawed by the king and nobles, step by step through the centuries gained the upper hand.

'The Lords have lost the foremost place, have been pushed into the background, until today they feel they are little more than a figurehead and that a change is necessary, and they take as an example the United States upper body.'

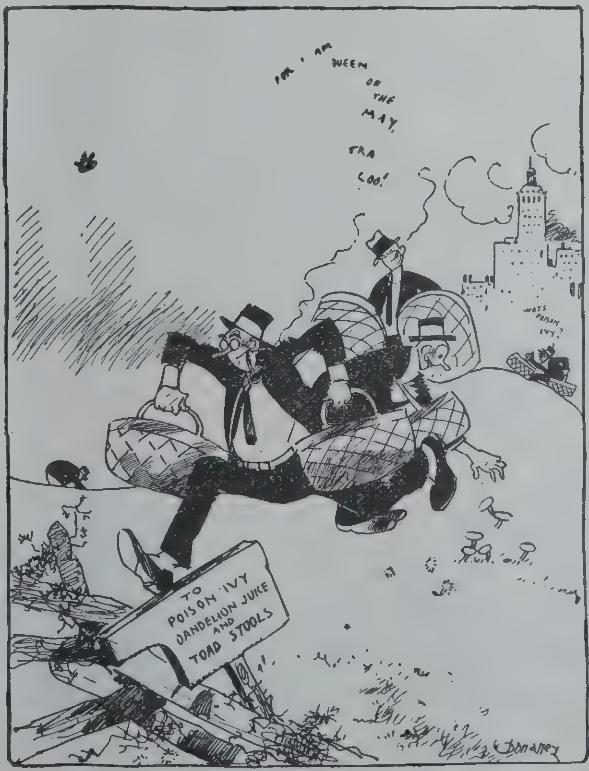
* * *

'Japan has not been injured seriously through the working of our exclusion law,' the **Man From the Coast** declared, as he read the latest headlines from the Geneva conference. 'While it may seem strange, it is none the less a fact that she has benefited her position while we have lost.

'Japan realizes now that there can be no such thing in the United States as the cry of Japanese propaganda; no fear that those who write favorably concerning her will be discredited on that score. She also realizes that a great and generous people must inevitably experience a reaction in favor of any other nation, especially a less powerful nation, to whom they have a suspicion they have done a wrong.

'The problem of the world's races and their relations is becoming rapidly one of the world's greatest. It is not so much a question of today as of tomorrow. Today we are only touching its outer edges and the most urgent demand of the times is that there should be brought to its solution, not fear or prejudice, but the utmost good will.

'A better understanding between the various races is the world's greatest need today.'


FOR I AM QUEEN OF THE MAY, TRA LOO!
WOTS POISON IVY?
TO POISON IVY DANDELION JUKE AND TOAD STOOLS
Donahey

—Donahey in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE GLEANERS FROM THE CITY.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. Can you tell me the city in which the late Theodore Roosevelt was wounded when on a speaking tour in the Northwest, where he was taken for treatment, and the date of the occurrence? Was the would-be assassin ever apprehended and convicted?

Answer. On October 14, 1912, Roosevelt, while in Milwaukee on a speaking tour of the West as the Progressive candidate for the Presidency, was shot and slightly wounded by John Schrank, a half-crazed fanatic. Roosevelt was shot on his way from his hotel to the hall where he was to speak. He rode at once to the hall and delivered his speech. Later in the evening he was taken by special train to Chicago where he was placed in a hospital; a thorough examination was made. He remained at the hospital until October 21, when he went to his home in Oyster Bay. The bullet was never extracted. Schrank was caught immediately. When arraigned in court in Milwaukee, on November 12, 1912, he showed signs of mental aberration. The court appointed a commission of five alienists to examine him. The commission reporting on November 22 that he was insane, he was committed to an asylum for the insane for an indefinite period.

Q. Please give me the vote of our Senate on the League of Nations proposal.

A. In the vote taken in the Senate on March 19, 1920, on the question of the ratification of the Versailles Peace Treaty of which the League of Nations was the chief issue, 57 senators voted in favor of ratification and 37 against it.

Q. Is there a reward offered by the United States Government for the process of hardening copper?

A. There is no reward offered. The Bureau of Standards recently issued a report on this subject, which may be obtained by writing direct to the Bureau for it.

Q. For how long a term is a copyright issued?

A. The original term of copyright runs for twenty-eight years; a renewal may be secured for another twenty-eight years within the year preceding the expiration of the original term.

Q. How many children did President John Adams have?

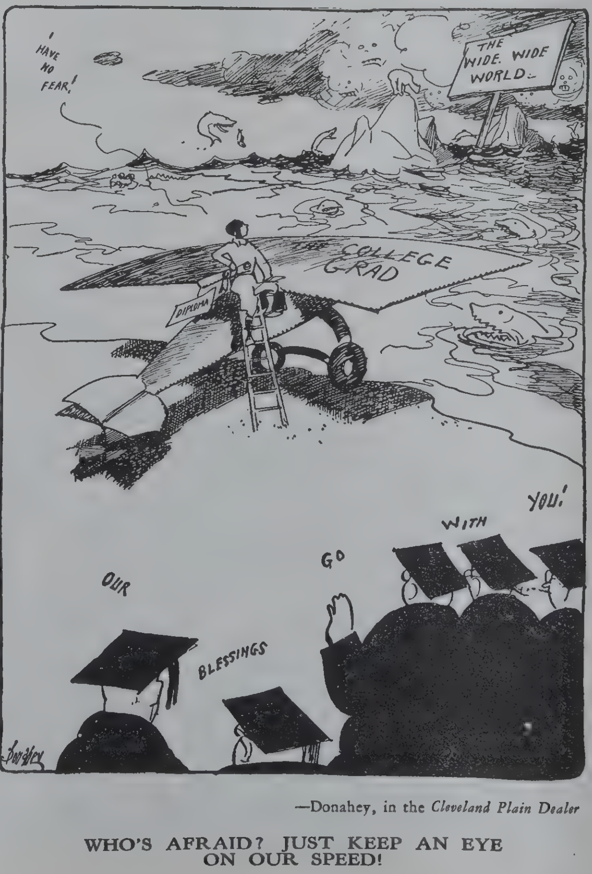
A. President John Adams had five children: three sons—John Quincy Adams (sixth President of the United States), Thomas and Charles; two daughters—Abigail, who married Colonel William Stephen Smith, a Revolutionary soldier, and another daughter, who died in infancy.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Q. Will you give me the flowers emblematic of the various states?

A. The flowers for the various states are as follows:

Alabama	Goldenrod
Arizona	Sahuaro cactus
Arkansas	Apple blossom
California	Golden poppy
Colorado	Columbine
Connecticut	Mountain laurel
Delaware	Peach blossom
Florida	Orange blossom
Georgia	Cherokee rose
Idaho	Syringa
Illinois	Wood violet
Indiana	Tulip tree blossom
Iowa	Wild rose
Kansas	Sunflower
Kentucky	Trumpet vine
Louisiana	Magnolia
Maine	Pine cone and tassel
Maryland	Blackeyed Susan
Massachusetts	Mayflower
Michigan	Apple blossom
Minnesota	Moccasin flower
Mississippi	Magnolia
Missouri	Hawthorn
Montana	Bitterroot
Nebraska	Goldenrod
Nevada	Sagebrush
New Hampshire	Purple lilac
New Jersey	Violet
New Mexico	Cactus
New York	Rose
North Carolina	Goldenrod
North Dakota	Wild prairie rose
Ohio	Scarlet carnation
Oklahoma	Mistletoe
Oregon	Oregon grape
Rhode Island	Violet
South Carolina	Yellow jessamine
South Dakota	Pasque flower
Tennessee	Passion flower
Texas	Bluebonnet
Utah	Sego lily
Vermont	Red clover
Virginia	American dogwood
Washington	Rhododendron
West Virginia	Rhododendron
Wisconsin	Violet
Wyoming	Indian paintbrush



—Donahey, in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

WHO'S AFRAID? JUST KEEP AN EYE ON OUR SPEED!

Q. How many officers were killed on the firing line during the World War and how many of them were West Point graduates?

A. Altogether 2,214 individuals lost their lives in battle while serving as commissioned officers in the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe, of whom 33 were graduates from the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Q. Will you kindly tell me the approximate present white and colored populations in the former slave states?

A. The 1920 census figures for the white and colored populations of the states which belonged to the Confederacy are:

	White	Negro
Alabama	1,447,032	900,652
Arkansas	1,279,757	472,220
Florida	638,153	329,487
Georgia	1,689,114	1,206,365
Louisiana	1,096,611	700,257
Mississippi	853,962	935,184
North Carolina	1,783,779	763,407
South Carolina	818,538	864,719
Tennessee	1,885,993	451,758
Texas	3,918,165	741,694
Virginia	1,617,909	690,017

Missouri and Kentucky, which were disputed territory during the War of Secession, show white populations of 3,225,044 and 2,180,560 respectively and colored populations of 178,241 and 235,938 respectively.

Q. What present member has served in the United States Senate for the longest time?

A. Senator Francis E. Warren has served for the longest time. He was elected as a Republican to the United States Senate, November 18, 1890, and served until March 4, 1893; he was reëlected for the terms commencing 1895, 1901, 1907, 1913, 1919, 1925, his present term expiring March 3, 1931.

BRIEFLY TOLD

GUTTA-PERCHA WAS unwittingly discovered by Dr. Thomas W. Evans, a Lancaster, Pennsylvania, dentist, while looking for a substitute for gold foil for tooth fillings.

THE FOOT OF THE modern girl has within the last decade outgrown the 4B size which for generations was the average size of the foot of the American woman. Athletics and dancing are said to be the cause.

BIRTHS EXCEEDED DEATHS in Japan by 940,000 last year.

BLUEBERRY OR HUCKLEBERRY leaves are the source of the latest extract to be successfully used in the treatment of diabetes.

ACCORDING TO NATURALISTS, many birds die each year of bronchial pneumonia because of too early migration.

STATISTICS COVERING A five-year period of a dental dispensary in the public schools of one American city show that diphtheria was reduced from 36.6 per cent to 18.7 per cent; measles from 20 per cent to 4.1 per cent; and scarlet fever from 14.1 per cent to .5 per cent among the school children.

BREEDERS AND TRAINERS OF canaries claim that both the voice and the temper of the songsters are spoiled by jazz music.

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT automobiles to the value of $300,000,000 are stolen annually in the United States.

CHINESE CRICKETS ARE trained to fight duels.

THE TERM 'WHIP' APPLIED to certain members of parliamentary bodies is derived from the 'whippers-in' of a hunt—men whose job it is to whip up lagging hounds and so to keep the pack together and obedient to orders.

AN ANCIENT TOLTEC POEM depicting the splendors of the city of Tula in its golden age has been unearthed in Mexico. It is known as 'The Song to Quetzalcoatl,' and was put into written form by the Spanish historian, Sahagun, at the time of Cortes' conquest.

THE DAILY BILL OF FARE for Peter, a hippopotamus in the New York Zoo, consists of 150 pounds of hay, 15 loaves of bread, 5 heads of cabbage, and 60 pounds of cornstalks.

IF THE WATER IS NOT cold an oyster drinks about eighty quarts of water daily but if the water is below forty-five degrees he is believed to go on a thirst strike.

INDIANS ARE GIVEN FREE tuition at Dartmouth College. Three full-blooded Indians will matriculate at Dartmouth this year.

A BED OF LIVE CLAMS WAS unearthed by a steam shovel excavating in the side of a bluff twenty miles south of Eureka, California, and about the same distance inland from the Pacific Ocean. The bluff was 120 feet above sea level and 80 feet above the Eel River. Placed in water the clams exhibited unmistakable signs of life.

AN OLD CIRCUIT RIDER of Michigan tells of receiving as his pay hay, oats, socks, mittens, and cash, to the amount of $59.56 for one year.

ROMANS OF WEALTH PAID as high as $5,000 annually for a good cook.

THE RECORDS OF AN OHIO court show that a man convicted of theft was cured by the sentence that he be 'divested of his apparel, tied to a tree and subjected to the bites of mosquitoes for one hour.'

FORTY THOUSAND ROSES are required to produce one ounce of attar of roses.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, A great lover of fish, refused to eat a shad that cost three dollars because he did not want it said that his table, as President, set an example of luxury and extravagance.

JERRY, BLACKEST OF ALL black sheep, has just betrayed his one-millionth victim. Trained to lead a procession of sheep through the long runways of the Chicago stock yards, upon reaching a certain pen he sidesteps and the rest proceed to their death.

WESTERN INDIANS USED cactus spines for needles.

EDMUND KEAN, THE NOTED English actor, valued the opinion of the common people in the pit more highly than that of aristocrats and dramatic critics.

AN ITALIAN WOMAN, NAMED Toffana, who lived in the 17th Century, was the world's most famous poisoner. She had more than 600 victims to her credit before she was apprehended and executed.

A LONDON SNUFF MANUFACTURER says that 65 per cent of the snuff now sold is bought by women of all classes.

ON ALL RAILWAY JOURNEYS the King of England pays full fare for himself, the queen and every member of the royal household in attendance.

THE MINIMUM AGE OF FOURTEEN years for employment in industry adopted by the Washington conference of 1919 has been ratified by fifteen nations.

A RETIRED RAILROAD locomotive, with its wheels removed, heats a Norwich, Connecticut, passenger station. It performs efficiently, supplying heat to the train shed, station and cars in the yard as required.

THE 'CHRIST OF THE ANDES' is a bronze statue standing on a 12,000-foot elevation above the sea. It was cast from the cannon of Argentine and Chile and the inscription on the monument reads: 'Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of Argentine and Chile break the peace which they have sworn at the feet of Christ the Redeemer.'

LEWIS WAKEMAN, A TEACHER in a school near Troy, Kansas, offered a stick of gum to the pupils for each mouse caught in the schoolhouse. The children responded with seventy-five mice.

SILK IS THE CHEAPEST OF all fabrics in Madagascar and women of all ranks wear it.

AS A MEANS OF REDUCING surplus stock, coöperative stores of Lukoyanovsk, Russia, have introduced a 'safety-pin currency,' returning small change in safety pins, one for every kopeck.

MADE IN ENGLAND IN 1751, the bell which was to become on July 8, 1776, our famous Liberty Bell, had to be twice recast after its arrival in America before it could be hung in the new statehouse in Philadelphia.

THE VOCAL CORDS OF women being shorter than those of men less energy is required for a woman to talk than for a man.

JOHN EVELYN, AN ENGLISHMAN, makes mention of the salad in his diary 220 years ago. An excerpt reads: 'Sallet is a particular combination of certain crude and fresh herbs, such as usually are, or may be, safely eaten with acetous juice, oil, salt, etc., to give them a grateful gust and vehicle.'

THE COOLEST FABRICS ARE those which allow the most rapid passage of air and perspiration vapor through them. In tests conducted by the United States Bureau of Standards, a sample of the cloth is clamped on the end of a cylinder, into which air is pumped. A gas meter measures the quantity of air escaping through the fabric in a certain length of time.

JACK SMITH, A COLLIE DOG of Lincoln, Nebraska, is a most consistent churchgoer. Each Sunday morning, rain or shine, he departs for church, six blocks away, getting there in time to welcome members at the door, although he refuses to go inside. When services are over, he returns to his home.

AN ELEPHANT'S BATH requires 150 pounds of soap and more than $100 worth of the purest Indian oil.

NOTES & COMMENTS & CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the relation between working and doing.

* * *

The cover design is an old mill in the glory of the afterglow of a summer sunset. There is a fascination about an old mill and a picturesqueness that cannot be explained. One of the most interesting of these is the old mill at Wayside Inn, Sudbury, Massachusetts.

* * *

Lizette Woodworth Reese, the Maryland poet and essayist, gives us some more of her delightful verses on page 2 of this cover. This time it is 'Cornwall.'

* * *

Vachel Lindsay is very much at home when he defines the Middle West, and this definition is not so easy as one thinks. Vachel Lindsay says in fact that one can never really define anything; one can only illustrate it. What is now called the Middle West was once the West, and it is as the West that this writer mainly deals with it. An epilogue about a hidden log cabin comes later. In it is the story of Lincoln's love, Anne Rutledge. (p. 1)

* * *

What happened to a young American lady who went 'lion' hunting in Paris is the theme of Eleanor Lewis. The biggest game was Victor Hugo. Was the venerable *litterateur* drawn by the youth and beauty of his fair young visitor? No indeed. He looked at her with 'an expression of extreme distaste, muttered something like a grunt, and passed on.' It was Eleanor Lewis who gave the interesting essay on Queen Margherita of Italy in this magazine a few months ago. (p. 3)

* * *

That manners make the man may be an old and trite claim—or bromidic if you prefer it—but that man makes the manners sounds different. All people have the privilege of using good manners if they so wish, but many don't wish; they think bad manners are smart and that the other kind is old-fashioned. Thomas L. Masson discourses on this subject with lots of anecdotage, and illustrations. (p. 4)

* * *

There is a kind of history that is not found in the schoolbooks. It is often the most interesting. This particularly applies to presidential campaign history. There are several might-have-been Presidents. Something happened, of course; accidents, they may be called. There's many a slip 'twixt nomination day and the White House. Earle C. Reeves, a Washington correspondent and syndicate writer of experience, reviews the unwritten record. (p. 6)

* * *

Pavel Bouligin was an officer in the Russian Imperial Army, and when Czar Nicholas II abdicated and Red revolution set in he joined the White Army of Admiral Kolchak. With the dispersal of this force Bouligin sought sanctuary in Abyssinia. There he has been ever since, acquiring a first-hand knowledge of the country and its people, not to mention its wild animals and insect pests. Chief among the latter are the ants. They eat anything not actually made of glass or tempered steel. (p. 8)

* * *

Experience teaches lawn tennis as well as other things. Lacoste, the tennis champion, 'the Frenchman who looks like an Englishman,' can vouch for the truth of this. He benefits not only by his own experience but by the experience of others. He makes a careful note of methods used in play—their success or failure—and from this index system he can check up on the play under almost all conditions. H. G. Salsinger, a writer on sports who is widely known, gives a study of Lacoste and his methods. (p. 9)

* * *

The main story of the abdication of the Russian Emperor, Nicholas II, has never been told until now. Gregory Shinkarenko, formerly an officer in the Russian Imperial Navy, who did duty on board the Czar's yacht, now gives the Royalist side. He also supplies a picture of the Czar's personality which will be new to most people. That he was not the tyrannical despot that some people thought he was is evident from Mr. Shinkarenko's narrative. (p. 12)

* * *

The story of the great Mississippi flood would not be complete without something about the vigorous campaign against disease that is being carried on by doctors and nurses. Many gallons of quinine and tons of disinfectants have already been used. The flooded area does not look anything like what it did before the waters rose. It is a sea of slimy mud punctuated with dead animals and polluted by decaying matter. Typhoid inoculation and other weapons are being used. It is the Panama Canal Zone fight against disease magnified a hundredfold. (p. 14)

* * *

The arts and crafts of the French Canadian habitants are not so well known as they ought to be, for, after all, these people were the Pilgrim Fathers of British America. Charles J. Finger, along with some literary friends, recently took part in a gathering of artists, literary men and peasant handicraftsmen held in Quebec, Canada. The exhibition of arts and crafts indicated that, amid the advancement of modern things, all that was good and beautiful about the medieval has not been forgotten in certain byways of the world today. (p. 16)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Pasadena, California.

The following was recently received from Inez Marks Lowdermilk, whose articles on China have been so much appreciated by our readers:

The reports from Nanking are most encouraging. Although there is not a foreigner in Nanking the University courses are being carried on with splendid spirit by the loyal Chinese faculty who did such very commendable work in preventing a general massacre of Americans on that terrible March 24. More than half of the former students are in attendance at classes and Chiang Kai Shek is very friendly. He removed the soldiers from University buildings, apologizing for their actions. If only the moderates can stay in control long enough to put down the Communists as Chiang Kai Shek is doing, there will be hope for a stable China.

INEZ MARKS LOWDERMILK.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Many of your articles touch too briefly on subjects which deserve serious consideration in these days of skimming the surface. One thought arises after reading your editorial, 'In No Man's Land.' Especially the reference to the merchant class. It is my opinion that the prices charged to the consumer for most of the supplies needed are far out of proportion to the amounts received by the producer or manufacturer, and that some effort should be directed to the reduction of so-called handling charges. I have tested some lines, by purchasing through jobbers staple goods which I have priced in general stores, and in many cases it showed 100 per cent for the retailer. Therefore the question arises, Is labor using the higher wages carelessly? Observation leads me to believe that a fat pocketbook destroys one's judgment of values.

If I have conveyed a thought of interest my purpose is accomplished.

HARRY G. WILLIAMS.

Seattle, Washington.

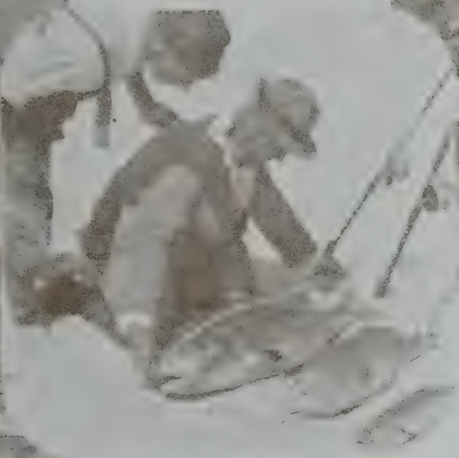
I can unhesitatingly say that I have never taken a magazine that I appreciated more. I hope that in the endeavor to improve, the happy simplicity of style may not be left behind. I do not think that editors as a rule realize the value of simply stated facts and general simplicity of diction. Brisbane, who writes often the most arrant nonsense, is read by enormous numbers who positively dislike him. But his extreme simplicity in stating his opinions and his generally easy-to-read style attracts them all. Your page of Briefly Told has this attraction and certainly it is the one page read first and always. We seem to be living in an age when mankind hates to take trouble—hence movies, funny pages and Brisbane.

JOHN G. BOULTON.

WOODLAND *and* Stream

Izaak Waltons *of* Today *Follow* Swift Currents *and* Untrodden Paths

The fish story: 'No exaggeration, he was that long. He wound ten feet of line around that old snag at the bend and snapped off the leader close to the line.' —H. Armstrong Roberts.



The conquest of the fighter, and the verdict—forty-eight inches over all. A tapeline is as necessary in the tackle kit as are hooks and lines. It is invaluable in case of arguments. —H. Armstrong Roberts.

While the coffee boils, the fishermen admire their catch, and contemplate the coming feast—five Dolly Vardens and Rainbows from Jacques Lake in Alberta, Canada. For two hungry men who have tramped the headwaters all morning, this is a 'consummation devoutly to be desired.' The early evening promises more booty from the shady swamp stream where big ones lie, head upstream, awaiting the luckless insect. —Herbert Photo.

A beautiful stream, much like others of its kind, winding through untouched woodland, but of vast possibilities and import, is Lake Itasca, in northern Minnesota, the true source of the Mississippi River. It is not a devastating giant here, but a quiet, rippling brook, leading from lake to lake and abounding in game fish. —Northwestern Photo Service.

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IF TIME be of all Things the most precious, wasting of Time must be, as Poor Richard says, the greatest Prodigality, since, as he elsewhere tells us, Lost Time is never found again; and what we call Time-enough, always proves little enough. Let us then be up and doing and doing to the Purpose; so by Diligence shall we do more with less Perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but Industry all Things easy, and He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his Business at night. While Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him, as we read in Poor Richard, who adds, Drive thy Business, let not that drive thee; and Early to Bed, and early to rise, makes a Man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

—*Benjamin Franklin*

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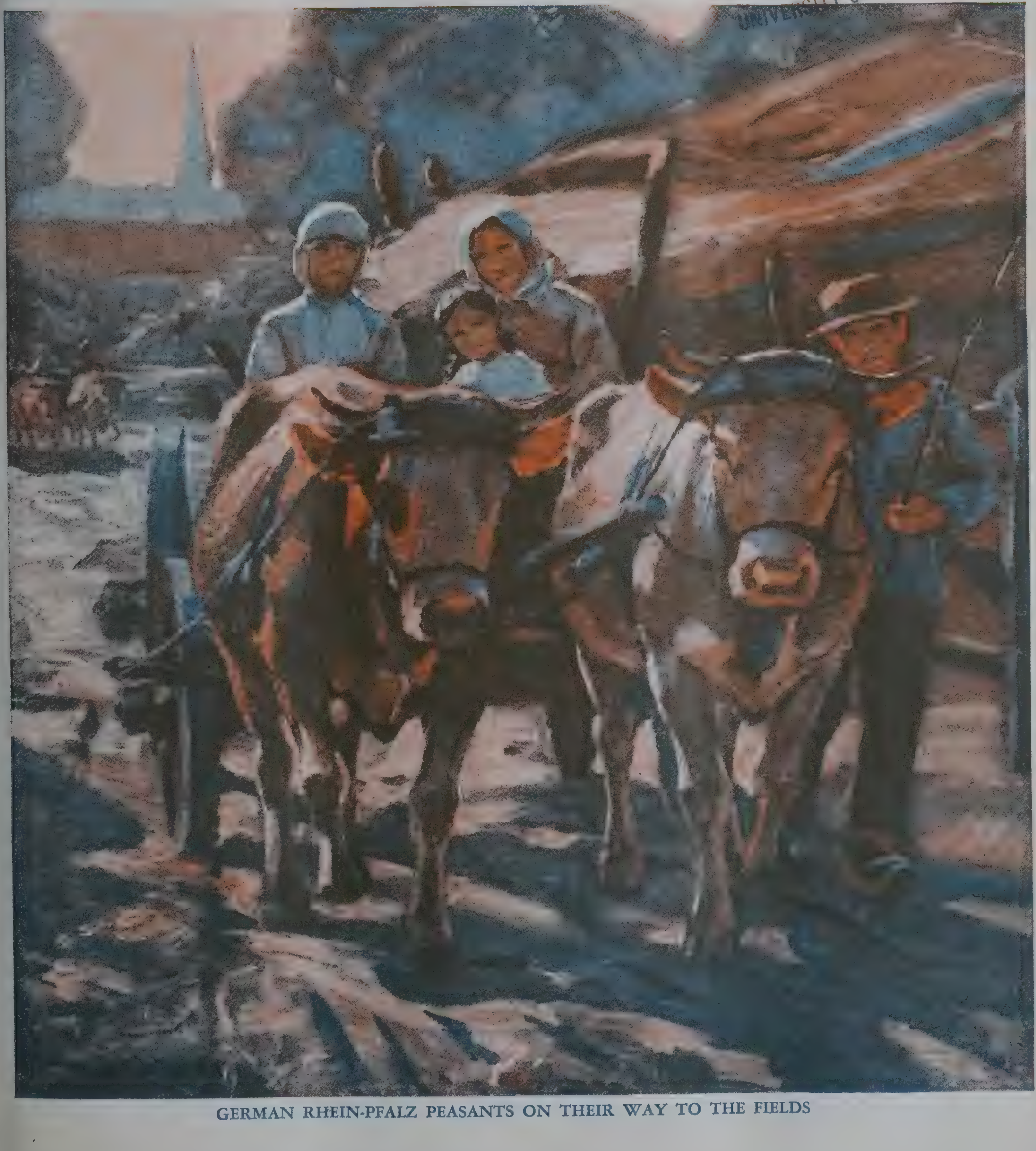
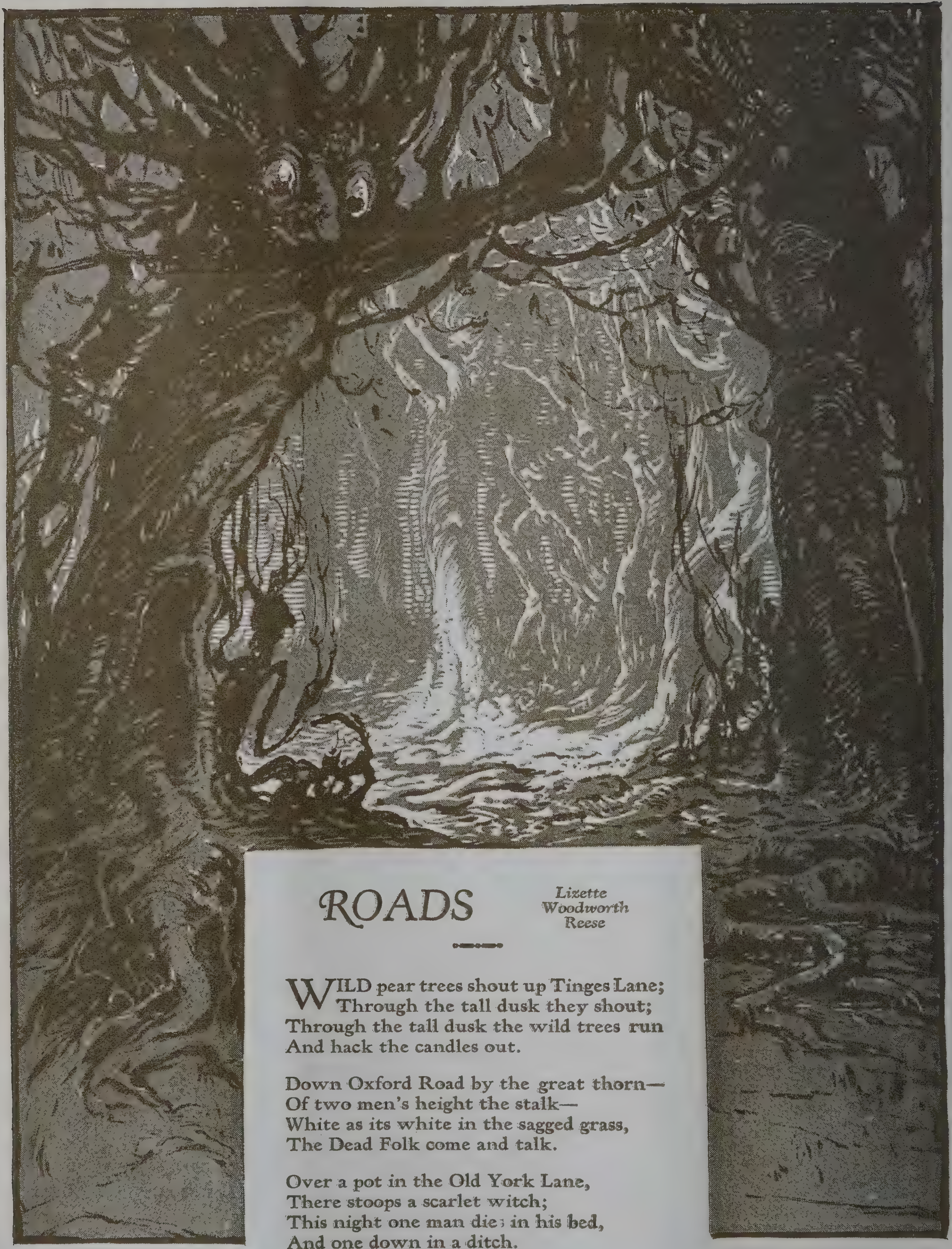


GERMAN RHEIN-PFALZ PEASANTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FIELDS



ROADS

Lizette Woodworth Reese

WILD pear trees shout up Tinges Lane;
Through the tall dusk they shout;
Through the tall dusk the wild trees run
And hack the candles out.

Down Oxford Road by the great thorn—
Of two men's height the stalk—
White as its white in the sagged grass,
The Dead Folk come and talk.

Over a pot in the Old York Lane,
There stoops a scarlet witch;
This night one man dies in his bed,
And one down in a ditch.

Drawing by
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

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LUCK, *and the* BEDSIDE MANNER

By JOSEPH COLLINS

ANYONE who has observed or experienced success will agree with Bacon that accidents contribute much to fortune. The relationship between success and virtue has been dwelt upon so insistently and articulately by moralist and uplifter that luck and manner have not had opportunity to present their claims.

Many things go to the making of a successful physician. Qualities of head and heart constituting character and personality are the most important. No matter what 'behaviorists' say he owes those to his forbears. Success stands in close relationship to two other factors: luck, over which he has no control and the 'bedside manner' over which he has some control.

I fancy that the majority of those who have had 'their day' may trace it to a stroke of luck, but none more unerringly than myself. The incident was so trivial, and so wholly beyond thought, plan or deliberation that no one will accuse me of egotism or conceit, I am sure, for telling it.

I had received the medical education available in this country in the latter years of the last century. It did not take many months of practical application of it to convince me of its gross and lamentable inadequacy. As soon as I could, I supplemented it by a year's study in laboratories and clinics of Germany and Austria. There, the mysteries of the nervous system were revealed to me, and there I experienced for the first time the lure of its disorders. On my return, I took an office in a more select neighborhood than that in which I had taken my first flight. The neighborhood was all right, but the neighbors were not very neighborly, at least from the viewpoint of one seeking patients. Worse still, nearly all of them had gone away for the summer. My escapes from the heat were limited to Coney Island, which had not yet been turned over to noisy vendors of hot dogs, raucous barkers of anatomical curiosities, greasy Levantines searching prey, and bearded Russians, Poles and Galicians, all celebrating liberty. One particularly hot afternoon spent in the outpatient department of Bellevue Hospital had reduced me to a state of depression and exhaustion which clamored for the reviving atmosphere and refreshing surf of that attractive island.

I made ready to go. Indeed, I was on my way and was passing the drug store on the corner, when the proprietor, an amiable, alert, ambitious American with whom I sometimes took refreshment after he had closed the shop for the night, hailed me to say that someone in the next street was seeking a doctor. Would I go? I would and I did.

I found a man of about forty, obviously living as a bachelor. He had the symptoms of what is popularly called 'summer complaint' but the pain was intense; he sought relief with calm and dignity despite his manifest suffering.

Instead of whipping out a hypodermic syringe and giving him an injection of morphine, I heard either a good fairy whisper to me: 'Examine him,' or the echo of what I had often heard in European hospitals: 'The only way to discover a patient's trouble is to use your senses and your sense.' Possibly, it was one of those flashes of intuition, the most precious of the physician's possessions.

He assured me that he could tolerate the pain while I heard his story and made the examination. His suffering was not dependent upon disorder of the digestive tract; it was due to one of those explosions that attend locomotor ataxia, called 'gastric crisis.' When that was ascertained, relief was given him promptly. He interpreted the visit made at midnight as solicitude for his comfort and well-being and asked me to become his medical attendant. I gladly accepted, not only because I was seeking patients but because I realized from the first that I had come upon an exceptional human being.

Without apprising him of the nature of his disease, or the necessity of vigorous, intensive, continuous treatment, I told him that I should like to talk to his family. The next morning, it was suggested to his brother, a man of prominent position in the educational and intellectual world, that in view of the seriousness of the disorder and of the fact that the person who made the diagnosis was quite unknown both as individual and as physician, some physician of distinction should be asked to corroborate or deny the diagnosis.

The patient consented and the only medical consultant who at that time had any knowledge of nervous diseases was summoned.

THAT there was only one seems astonishing now, but in those days, physicians admitted ignorance of nervous diseases without sense of shame or humiliation. Students were not required to study them and rarely had opportunity to observe cases save those the nature of which was so obvious that a layman could recognize them. It was a time when the psychoneuroses were largely 'imaginary,' other functional nervous diseases 'just nerves,' and organic disease of the nervous system 'incurable.' In no branch of medicine has such complete transformation taken place in one generation as in the neurological.

The consultant was a man who for years had chummed the wards and laboratories of Bellevue Hospital with the insistence and assiduity with which Colonel House chummed Wilson. He was a wizard and he looked the part.

He corroborated the diagnosis and congratulated the young doctor. My future was assured, my fortune was made. The patient became my mentor, counselor, friend, benefactor. I had not seen his like before, nor have I since. He had all the possessions of a man and many of those of a god. Handsome and distinguished, he was at once courtly and urbane, kindly and humane. He was generous, appreciative, understanding, just. It does not seem possible that a man could have keener sense of honesty, deeper comprehension of justice, livelier recognition of fitness or propriety, more compassion or less bigotry than he had. In college he was called 'Judge' and that is what his friends—and he numbered them by the score—called him all his life. His decisions were rarely questioned, never repealed. Friends loved him, acquaintances admired him and those who came in casual contact with him respected him. He took his punishment from Pluto with the courage and contempt that T. E. Lawrence displayed when he was attacked by the unspeakable Circassian, Bey Nahi, and his perverted servitors.

FOR twenty years and more he contested the progress of the disease, and though he was blind long before he yielded, his head was still unbowed.

Friends rallied to his moral and material support with the alacrity and enthusiasm of crusaders. That gesture was not necessary to testify their bigness, for the majority of them were leaders in the world of finance and business. A few of them became my patients, many my friends, and to a dozen or more of them was submitted later the conception and plan of the Neurological Institute. They became its sponsors and supporters and gave it distinction and the appearance of solidarity from the start. To them this community is indebted for its usefulness, this country for its example.

It would be difficult to invent a better example of pure luck than this. One may say the trap had been carefully and adroitly baited and the trapper had been giving it an attentive eye, but in reality the trapper was a hedonist, bent on pleasure. Had it not been for conditions which he neither planned nor prepared he might never have known that prey had even nibbled at the bait, let alone sprung the trap.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to see my professional career paralleling that of dozens of colleagues, with far greater native endowment, fuller education and more fertile background who find themselves approaching the last decade of life confronted with the necessity of earning their bread in the sweat of their brows and at the expense of their souls, and who when they pass on, get four lines in the newspaper, and that paid for by their families!

Luck comes to everyone. The person who denies it is one who has been so obtuse as not to recognize it and so stupid as not to avail himself of it. Sometimes what is seemingly misfortune turns out to be fortune.

'THE greatest piece of luck I ever had,' said one of my young colleagues, 'came to me in the guise of a blow, and what I considered at the time to be an injustice. I took the examination for a position on the house staff of the Massachusetts General Hospital and one of the questions was, "Give the treatment of acute rheumatism." Only the day before an assistant physician had shown us a case and told us specifically what to do. I put it down in my notebook and therefore was able to answer the question practically in the words the assistant used. I was "plucked" because of that answer. The examiner, a man who has now gone into that indefinite field that stands between medicine and applied theology, told me that he did not want a man on his staff who knew so little about his methods of treatment as I did. I felt that I was the goat and that the tin cans of Boston would not provide nourishment for me; so I came to New York and took the Joint Medical Board Examination, got ninth place on the list, and selected —— Hospital for my service, and here I am.'

His face was radiant and his chest distended when he finished his narrative. This man permitted me to see that his haberdashery was of a pattern affected by rich Americans, and I knew that he was prosperous. Years of intimate association had convinced me that he was inventive, resourceful and reliable.

* * *

I SHALL not attempt to estimate the relative value of luck and the bedside manner, save to say that the latter is a valuable asset in the practice of medicine and, to borrow a phrase from finance, a much more fluid one than the former. It has the advantage over luck that it is not wholly beyond the individual's determination.

A really first-class bedside manner cannot be acquired, but an indifferent one can be enormously improved. However, it must be said at once that its value diminishes proportionately to its artificiality. The best kind is an integral part of the possessor's personality, like the shape of his nose. It may be dolled up a bit, but like finger nails too highly polished, or lips too deeply colored, overdoing detracts instead of beautifying. The physician who has it 'naturally,' that is, who has it as an endowment and who has the discernment to adapt it to time, place and person, is bound to be a winner in the professional race.

What I have to say of it, both as an attribute and as an asset, is based upon observation and not self-revelation. I have carefully studied and estimated many examples of it, and many varieties also, for neither in material nor pattern is there much uniformity.

In a general way, all bedside manner is one of the following varieties: the brutal and mandatory, the suave and conciliatory, the meticulous and explanatory, the solicitous and hortatory, the casual and cachinnatory, the optimistic and nugatory.

There are the 'also-rans' who occasionally win a race though nothing in past performance or appearance suggests the chance of winning. Also there is that considerable number of doctors who are called either 'just in time' or 'too late.' All are members of the 'He-Saved-My-Life-Club.'

I FANCY the first group is less numerous than it was a generation ago, but I saw it frequently in the dying years of the 19th Century. The example I recall most vividly was a deep-chested German with hair combed pompadour fashion, who wore a white foulard tie and a swallow-tailed coat, dark in winter, light in summer. His voice had some of the qualities of a steamboat foghorn; each of his questions ended in a semichuckle which he always answered himself.

He would enter the sick room, head up, chest out, a half smile of personal contentment and self-appreciation on his face, sit down by the bedside, half-close his eyes and say, '*Nun, wie geht es Ihnen heute* (semichuckle); *besser ja?*' Should the patient attempt to say that he did not feel better, but worse, he was promptly sat upon, squelched and subdued; the doctor knew. The patient may have known he had a soul, but he did not dare admit ownership, and

(*Continued on page 26*)

NEW ALBION—*for the* Explorer *De Luxe*

By ADAM SIMONDS

THREE days after stepping on board one of the crack transcontinental trains steaming westward from the Mississippi Valley, you can disembark at salt water and find stretching before you one of the bays of the mighty Pacific. Or if you prefer a more leisurely journey by motor car, and if you loiter en route to visit this or that national park, you can still reach the west coast within a very few weeks and after practically no hardships.

Exploring in 1927, especially along those western trails which only yesterday were filled with constant peril, discloses the transformations which an advancing civilization has brought in the wake of the pioneer.

Instead of the circle of covered wagons at night about a common camp fire, the modern adventurer finds a tourist camp, tiny cabins centering about a municipal cookstove. Instead of the whiz of the arrow, he fears the bang of the blowout. The old-time dread of running out of water and dying from thirst has been superseded by the dread of a dry radiator, and consequent disaster.

The years which such dauntless navigators as George Vancouver and Robert Gray, such daring scouts as Meriwether Lewis and his friend Clark, required to reach the far Northwest, correspond now to days, if train is used; or to weeks, if auto is used; or to hours, by airplane—to reach the same destination. It is interesting to note that once you have reached this destination, you can easily lose yourself in a wilderness of beauty still unexplored. It is still a 'last frontier.'

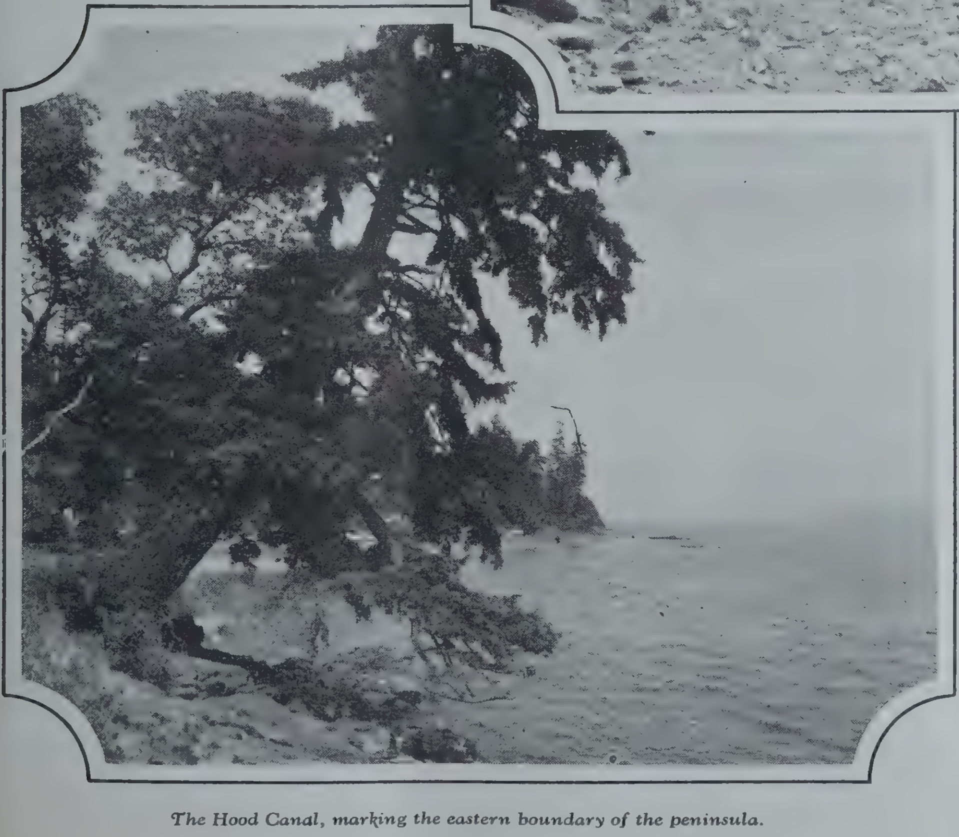
It was in May, 1792, that Captain Vancouver began his discoveries in what was called by him 'New Albion.' It was in May of the same year that Captain Gray, after accidentally meeting the British explorer in those waters, returned southward and sailed up the wide river now called the Columbia. That meeting between Gray and Vancouver off the Northwest coast, each taken unawares by the sudden encounter, must have been as thrilling as it was historic.

—Asahel Curtis Photos, Seattle.

On the trail with horse and pack north of Mt. Olympus.

Unknown to each other, Vancouver and Gray in that early summer were charting the three water boundaries of a great rectangle of land that jutted northward and westward, like a thumb, from the United States mainland. It is this rectangle, this 'Olympic peninsula,' that is almost as wild in its grandeur today as it was in the days of those early navigators.

Around its shore line on the east and north a modern highway runs.



The Hood Canal, marking the eastern boundary of the peninsula.

Along its western side another ribbon of road is being laid amid tremendous obstacles. But in its heart are spots where man has yet to penetrate. There are mountains yet to be named; lakes yet to be fished; streams yet to be traced. Stories of mineral deposits back in the mountains; of rich, rare ores and of precious stones, are whispered in cabins and hunting lodges.

Along the north shore is the wide blue channel of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, historic waterway which once seemed the mysterious Northwest Passage. Along the east side is Hoods Canal, a deep, seemingly endless arm of salt water which reaches down into the very heart of the Olympics. On the west side the ocean beats against lofty cliffs, except far to the south where there are wide sandy beaches.

To enter this outdoor playground, the explorer de luxe could not do better than follow up Hoods Canal from the south. A perfect highway just touching the shoreline leads along the base of the Olympic range. One cannot leave this highway except afoot or with pack horse, until the end of the canal has been reached. On the left the foothills shoulder skyward. At each bend in the road a turbulent stream dashes underfoot, sometimes almost a continuous waterfall from its source high up on the divide.

In this enchanted borderland one finds a blending of Indian and white man. On the right is the smiling, sunlit channel named by Vancouver. In the background far to the left is Mount Olympus, grand patriarch of the range. Between the canal and the mountains are such glorious streams as the Hamma Hamma, the Dosewallis and the Duckabush. And in that mountain glen the Hamma Hamma Falls splash their silver against a rampart of green and gold.

It is on the high side of the Dosewallis that you—if you know your Olympics and the season is right—can feast on bear steak done to a king's own taste. The log cabin is large and hospitable. At its very threshold the swift mountain torrent rushes by with an endless roar. Here on a summer evening one learns the magic of the woods and, perhaps for the first time, hears the vespers of birdland.

It is hard to resist the temptation to pack one's back and take the trail up to Alpine meadows; to snow fields; thence across the range and down the west slope to sea level again. The trail is safe enough and the climb is not arduous. But there is so much to be seen along the way that the time can hardly be spared.

Comes at length a turning where Hoods Canal reaches its outlet, and just ahead is the strait. On the right is Puget Sound and nearby, Whidby Island. If the day is clear you can discern to the northward the low hills of the island which bears the name of Captain Vancouver. Something tells you that Whidby also was given its name by the British explorer in honor of a capable assistant, Joseph Whidby. As you gaze at its yellow cliffs you reflect that it is second in extent in the United States only to Long Island.

Through the giant trees on the Olympic Highway.

You may also, if you are fortunate, catch a glimpse of Mount Baker, towering against the sky far to the eastward. That was the way it was first seen by that Englishman Baker, who brought the honor of its discovery to the Vancouver expedition. You turn westward toward the setting sun, past Dungeness and across the Elwha; and almost before you are aware, you are standing on the shores of an inland fresh-water lake set like a crescent amid the storm kings.

It is such a lake as you have read about in the poets. Its waters reflect its shadowy walls, the firs and cedars. In the far corners there are quick splashes—circles eddying from the spot where some trout has leaped. Nor are these ordinary trout. At least one variety is found nowhere else in the world.

Beyond Lake Crescent you realize for the first time some of the untapped riches of the peninsula. Huge spruce trees uprooted by some devastating gale are piled like toothpicks on each side. As far as the eye can see are great forest monarchs awaiting man's axe. It was from here that Uncle Sam got much of his spruce for airplanes during the World War. The trails again lure you; Sol Duc with its hot springs; the pack train and the wild game just beyond civilization. Ahead, you come suddenly to the end of the road, where mist and a distant boom warn you of the proximity of the ocean. Just a few miles down the river is the Indian village, 'La Pysht.' (*Continued on page 24*)

LITTLE ESSAYS *From a* NORTHERN COTTAGE

By Hugh
Walpole

An English Lady

A Little Portrait

SHE was born in the late fifties in a little western town and was brought up until her marriage in the very sanctity of Victorian domesticity. How secure and complete that was we are forever today being told, but in this case at least it was the security of geographical as well as sociological remoteness.

Truro, the town where she was born, was, seventy years ago, almost as cut off from the rest of the world as any of Jane Austen's villages. There was, it is true, the railway but travelling in the train was still an adventure, costly, rather dangerous and above all not necessary because it was felt that the town itself had in it resources enough for any human being. There was of course the magical adventure of London very, very occasional and rare, but in the main the small narrow streets, the high lanes thick in the spring with primroses and violets, the stir of the market days, the thrills of the county balls, the local garden parties, the many little private dances, the expeditions to the sea, Newquay and Perrenporth and The Lizard and Penzance, these were enough for anyone's lifetime.

SHE was the daughter of the principal doctor of the town, one of its leading citizens related to every family in Cornwall and cousin to the Barham of *The Ingoldsby Legends*. In those days Truro was simply a nest of relations, a family affair: Barham and Carlyon and Trefusis and Grylls, a very close and intimate society. There was at the time of her growing up a vast company of young people, there were no easy avenues of escape, and so they found all the possible pleasures and excitements in one another's company that there were to find. She was herself a member of a large and loving family; I saw her mother first and last when I was six years of age with thoughts centering in the main on food; I see her as a very old lady in a white lace cap in my memory rather like Queen Victoria and dispensing sweet curly biscuits known as lemon biscuits out of a round silver box. She gave me a Bible on the only Christmas day that I spent in her company and she comes back to me whenever I think of her in a mingled essence of Russian leather and sugary lemon.

The children were brought up strictly but by the hand of love; there was a real intense family life in which everyone was excited by the doings of everyone else. It should have been absolute security here but no one is safe and, if that generation was free of the alarms of all our modern progress, they were attacked on the other side by ignorance, old-fashioned ways and a tendency to place too much reliance upon an unfailing Providence.

The lady of whom I am writing was my mother and her world, which must have seemed utterly secure in its atmosphere of little tea parties, readings round the fire, lessons in Italian and water-colour painting, was suddenly broken up by a devastating epidemic of scarlet fever which swept the town, carried off a brother and a sister and left almost every house in Truro a place of lamentation and mourning. I suspect that my mother never quite recovered from this. All her life long there was to be in her a note of apprehension; she seemed often to be summoning her courage to meet some terrible catastrophe. After that epidemic she was never to feel quite secure again and I think, out of that very apprehension, she built up her character so that by the end there was simply nothing she was not able to face.

I have a little yellow photograph and from this, both prettier and shyer than any girl is allowed to be today, she looks out into a world that can, she knows, be terrifying. Nevertheless those early years must have been delightful; she was, I imagine, one of the belles of the town, everything that came her way was exciting and the very fact that in those days the fun was concerned with little things, that outside the excited circle of the adventures that you might have was always the vast dark unknown world of the adventures that you must not on any account have, added zest and spice to everything. My mother never lost that exultation over small pleasures; when she was over seventy I took her to *Saint Joan*, the last play in fact she ever saw, and it seems as though it were only yesterday that I watched her delighted pleasure and heard her little sigh as the curtain fell. 'Oh, I have enjoyed that, oh, I *have* enjoyed that!'

And yet I think there were great dangers in the inexperience of that time. It seems to have been the rule with parents of that day to tell their children nothing and to frown on every sort of question. It was my mother's fate in life always to be mentally honest; she could not conceive a lie whether to herself or to others and with that mental honesty there was an urgent never-ceasing longing that life should be of the finest; nothing would do for her but that. Some people shut their eyes and make of life what they would have it but my mother could never do that and as shock after shock of realization came to her her courage grew, but it was always a battle. She was no sentimentalist but intensely romantic in her ideal dream.

Indeed, I think that everyone who came into contact with her felt that she was a little 'fey.' Even in that early childish photograph she looks as though she had been lost, stolen or had strayed from her own country; that country had been beautiful and marvellous and this one was something quite other; she would never be altogether a citizen of it.

MY FATHER was the first Precentor of Truro Cathedral, coming there with Benson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. He fell in love with my mother and she with him and he in his way had had as remote and isolated an upbringing as she, but he could always make terms with life, having a faith and trust in it which he has never lost, believing implicitly that it was of such and such a kind. They were married in Truro Cathedral and the day after the wedding left for Auckland, New Zealand, where he was to have a church. The journey to New Zealand in those days was no easy business and their honeymoon apparently was spent in one of the worst of ships on a succession of the roughest of seas. Here was real life for my mother with a vengeance; she who had never ventured outside Cornwall, who had been surrounded by people who wanted nothing but to give her every comfort and pleasure, found the wide world stormy and terrifying. She had, I suppose, no realization of the suspicions and hostilities of other people; all her life until then had been based on the belief that people wished one well and would rather be kind than unkind, but the Colonial society of Auckland, rough and good-hearted and pioneering, interpreted her shyness perhaps as pride and her breeding as arrogance. She was so young and inexperienced as to charge herself with every fault. Before she left Auckland she understood their good intentions but those first years there shook her self-confidence; she was never again easily to believe that people liked her or wanted her and at the first suspicion of her own inadequacy she would withdraw feeling that she had made another failure.

Moving then to New York, where my father was a professor in a theological college, she met again another kind of startling experience. The noise and confusion of that life, a certain inadequacy of means, three small children and a persistent homesickness that would never leave her, homesickness that was of something behind and beyond her early Truro life, these things were forever forbidding her tranquillity.

THE Americans were then and are now more kind-hearted than any other people; she made some warm friends who persuaded her almost in spite of herself that her lovely gentleness of character, her integrity, her generosity and her quiet unexpected humour were possessions that they would value all their days. But when she came back at last to England she was sure of what when she had left it she had only dimly suspected, that she would never learn the ways of this strange foreign world.

We lived in Durham for seven years and became during that time a family. We became it partly in self-defense because my father was head of a college that was considered by the Durham Upper Ten to be slightly outside the pale. My mother was the least snobbish of all people alive, but her sensitiveness, her distrust of her own power of attraction, made her, if the world showed a rough face, withdraw into her own security. She began at this time to live only for us; she was most happily married, sharing all my father's interests and ambitions and achievements, but she did not care for these things at all in comparison with our own individual happiness. The rest of the family were happy; I was very unhappy and entirely by my own fault. We lived in an odd house hacked out of the college buildings as it were by accident and surrounded by an overgrown garden and orchard. I considered myself misunderstood and neglected; I read novels insatiably and told myself stories with Cinderella-like themes, mooning up and down the orchard and thinking how fine it would be to throw myself into the river if only I could at the same time survive that I might hear the universal lamentations. Now my mother never either then or later had much patience with moonings of this kind. She had a tremendous sense of duty and a queer ironic humour. I was always at the bottom of every class at school and appeared to her to be forever wandering lazily about doing nothing. Moreover, I was clearly very unhappy and for no very definite reason; so during those years we misunderstood each other and yet the very thing that separated us was the thing we had in common.

SHE knew that this funny world with its snobbish Cathedral society, the odd uncouth young men of the college, the queer untidy garden, the cold rainy winds of the north, the occasional rudeness of unimaginative people, the perpetual housekeeping (which she always hated, did beautifully and never until the days of her last illness would relegate to anyone else), these things were not real, and beyond them was some beautiful place where she once had been and whither again she would go. I too had my sense of an unreal world—bullying stupid schoolmasters, impossible torturing mathematics and Greek accents, untidiness and bodily discomfort and everyone apparently engaged about things that were stupid, and waste of time. I could not explain, I was dumb, and my mother because of her essential shyness also could not explain. I wrote endless romances to which no one would listen and I must say in my own defense that I didn't care a hang whether they listened or no. This again seemed to my mother a dreadful waste of time; the writers whom she at that time loved were the heroes and heroines of her Victorian youth—Browning and Tennyson, George Eliot and Mrs. Gaskell. I wanted to be romantic, mysterious, unusual, and my mother, loving me, was distressed that I should be so absurd.

IN THE years that followed I broke away and sought adventures in London and it was with the publication of my first book that my mother and I suddenly began to understand each other. She perceived that this driving urge in me was real and determined and I began dimly to perceive the splendid development of character that was in her. She had to fight against numberless things: against allowing the longing for her own real country to become too strong in her, against a rather sharp ironic sense that was, she saw, quite plainly, mainly destructive; against an intolerance of people's gaucherie and bad manners. She detested bad manners and failures of tact; she had been brought up in a world where everyone was courteous, where servants were devoted to their masters, where people had time to think of small kindnesses, where there was a sort of gentle etiquette of good conduct. A new world was now around her, better in many ways than the old, but lacking many of the things she loved; she had to fight herself into acceptance of this. Then she had to fight against her shyness, her sensitiveness to what she thought were rebuffs, her shrinking from intimacies in which she could not wholly play her part.

She took all her relationships with intense seriousness, she had a conscientiousness that I have never seen equalled in any human being save her daughter; there was nothing casual about her word or her promise and when she loved she loved with all her heart. I myself, growing much happier, began to have more understanding and I dimly perceived how splendidly my mother's character was developing; but it was not until the middle of the war that I realised her.

WE HAD always said in the family that mother could stand better than any of us a big crisis; but it was the little things that worried her—a stupid maid at a dinner party, something said that seemed to her in retrospect false or liable to be misunderstood, somebody in trouble whom she was not able to help, reports of some cruelty or meanness, these things disturbed her terribly, but with many another woman of that time the war brought out all the grandeur that was in her. She had no meanness of view nor desire for revenge; she was intensely patriotic without hating the rest of the world and she watched over her family with the utmost care and tenderness and understanding and yet had thought and care left for everyone else who was in distress. I was abroad during most of the war but was conscious through it all of a growing intimacy with her. When it was all over I came home (home being then Edinburgh) and we had a walk one day up and down round Arthur's Seat and finally found each other. I had developed during those years a kind of religion of my own which, when I spoke of it to anyone else, was so vague as to be useless. She led me to talk about it. We had never discussed religion before; many of the dogmas that meant so much to her were meaningless to me, but I found that, more than anyone else I knew, she could understand almost any religious point of view. Her own faith was the most enviable thing in the world,

(Continued on page 28)

Getting Story *of* Lindbergh's Flight

—Wide World Photo.

Three flyers who have beaten the Atlantic: Lindbergh, Byrd and Chamberlin.

Bottling Up News *for* Private Use

From a
PARIS CORRESPONDENT

THE history-making flight of Captain—now Colonel—Charles A. Lindbergh from New York to Paris demonstrated in the realm of aeronautics that the yawning, water-filled space between the two cities on different continents could be spanned by heavier-than-air machines. But this great flight gave proof of another thing, while shattering other theories.

When Captain Lindbergh drove his way from New York to Paris and landed at Le Bourget air field, there began a test of extreme importance to journalism. It was *whether news of great magnitude could be isolated and bottled in such form as to become an exclusive marketable commodity in the hands of one newspaper organization.*

A powerful New York newspaper attempted to purchase the story of Captain Lindbergh's achievement as one might buy a rare collection of antiques to be marketed quickly and neatly.

Before the American flier had filled the tanks of his *Spirit of St. Louis* with gasoline and had tuned his motor at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, that newspaper had completed a dicker with him to deliver over to its representatives in Paris his complete account of the flight. The aviator agreed, conditionally upon success, to deliver a signed account of his experiences, for which story he was to receive an honorarium worthy of the achievement. There was no wrong in this and, in fact, there was none in what followed—but it contained the proof that preconceived plans do not always work.

When Captain Lindbergh left Roosevelt Field he perhaps had little idea of what was to happen when he arrived in France. Little did he realize that almost overnight he was to become the most famous aviator in the history of aeronautics, an international hero and the best-known American citizen. Others realized in advance, however, that if the American youth succeeded, alone, cooped in the tiny cockpit of an airplane for more than thirty hours, brushed by the wings of the angel of death throughout a day and a night over the roaring waves of the Atlantic—he would be what he proved to be, a world hero. Consequently, representatives of the New York newspaper in Paris began, from the time of Lindbergh's departure from American shores, to build a strategic plan to isolate the flyer and to 'sew up' his account of the epochal flight, to bottle his impressions and emotions—figuratively to gag him until one metropolitan newspaper had been able to publish the 'cream' of the great news development. Such was the plan and it was, incidentally, an ambitious and legitimate one. Did it work?

Upon Captain Lindbergh's arrival at Le Bourget flying field, five miles from Paris, the newspaper's representatives were to be stationed at various strategic points, according to plan. One was to rush to the cable with the news of his arrival. A party of three were to hurry toward the *Spirit of St. Louis* as it landed and to beckon Captain Lindbergh to hurry out and follow them. Still another was to remain near a high-powered automobile, ready to hide the flyer inside once the field party had succeeded in beckoning him from the scene of his historic landing.

Safe in the high-powered car, Lindbergh was then to be whisked miles away to Paris and effectively hidden until his priceless narrative had been procured and rushed, bit by bit, over the cable to New York. Rival newspapers in the American metropolis were to be reduced to publication of little on this most important journalistic event since the war except pitifully meager crumbs of information which would pale into insignificance in comparison with the exclusive narrative.

Ludendorff and the German general staff once planned a great battle designed to end the war. What happened to Ludendorff's big offensive of July 15, 1918, was exactly what occurred to the other piece of strategy at Le Bourget air field and at subsequent points, on the night of May 21, 1927. The plan did not work. Alas!

The high-powered automobile which was to carry Captain Lindbergh back to Paris and into isolation was itself bottled by hundreds of other cars parked around it by owners who went to Le Bourget at the call of curiosity—so thoroughly bottled that it became wholly useless as an instrument of quick transportation.

Lindbergh arrived on schedule at Le

Bourget field, but the field party rushing forth on the mission of beckoning him out of his ship had not taken into account that a mass of spectators numbering some 50,000 would rush out at the same time, breaking down a steel fence and trampling a thin line of police before them. Consequently, when the field party arrived at Lindbergh's plane, it was very effectively accompanied by tens of thousands of extraneous persons, all beckoning to Lindbergh.

Lindbergh was lost, the car was bottled, the plan had failed—an admirable plan except for these unforeseen events.

What actually happened to the intrepid young flyer upon his arrival at Le Bourget was that a group of French aviators had proved superior strategists and had rescued him while the crowd was mistaking another blond youth, who seemed to look like the Captain, for the Conqueror of the Atlantic. Lindbergh was isolated, not by the newspaper representatives, but by the French aviators who took him to a nearby hangar and later motored him into Paris. They did not deliver him to a secret rendezvous but took him directly to the American embassy.

Captain Lindbergh landed on the French air field at 10:21 p. m. It was between three and four hours later that the representatives of the newspaper in question were able to 'unbottle' their automobile and thread it through thousands of other cars on the congested Le Bourget-Paris road, in order to reach Paris and begin the hunt for the lost transatlantic flyer. When he was finally located, sitting on the edge of a bed in the American embassy at three a. m., he had already begun to narrate the 'cream' of his great flight for reporters of many newspapers there assembled

The right of the one New York newspaper in question to 'sew up' Lindbergh reposed primarily upon his contract to tell his story under his own signature. This contract was logical and honorable in every way. What, however, seems to have gone amiss with the strategy was the circumstances at Le Bourget and the flyer's own conception of the modus operandi. He had not been a party to the attempted isolation plan. In fact, he was soon convinced by a group of reporters who sought him out at the embassy that at least a few details of his adventure were general public property.

THE plan to isolate the flyer and 'preserve' his story for one newspaper was defeated, not by the initiative of others, however, but by circumstances which make it difficult for any one newspaper to purchase and monopolize actual living, throbbing news development.

What the single New York newspaper succeeded in buying from Captain Lindbergh was his signature on a general account of the flight. But his first impressions were public property; the combined ingenuity of many correspondents and their pressure upon him for these was so determined that he could not well resist and remain the popular figure which he turned out to be. Withholding from the general public these immediate impressions in

(Continued on page 18)

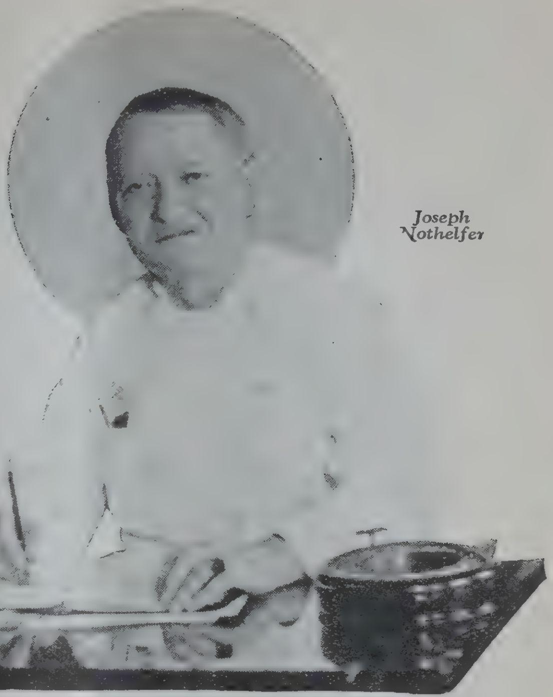
—Acme News Picture.

—(Oval) Wide World Photo.

Presdent Coolidge and high officials with Lindbergh at Washington reception. Oval—Paris crowd awaiting Lindbergh in night.

Lamb Chops for VICTOR HUGO

By NORMAN BEASLEY



Joseph Nothelfer

THERE came a great cheering from outside and we apprentices knew . . . we knew that Victor Hugo was coming into the Restaurant Magny.

'I peeked from behind the kitchen door and I saw Victor Hugo pushing his way through the crowd. His teeth were flashing as he laughed, and my master cried:

' "Joseph, hurry the lamb chops. Set out the nicest ones. Monsieur Hugo will be hungry today."

'And, surely, the great man came into the kitchen and, smacking his lips, shouted:

' "Joseph, lamb chops. Lamb chops."

'That was his favorite dish—lamb chops in jardinière of fresh vegetables.'

Joseph Nothelfer, chef of the Hotel Cleveland, in Cleveland, was telling of famous persons he had served—their favorite dishes. As he talked he paused, very frequently, at the mention of a famous name and smiled reminiscently. There were names out of history. Political leaders. Novelists, painters, actors, actresses, empire builders, rulers of nations. Those with names such as:

George Sand, Léon Gambetta, Alexandre Dumas, Admiral Schley, Sarah Bernhardt, William Howard Taft, William McKinley, Mark Hanna, Richard Mansfield, Julia Marlowe, Elbert H. Gary, Sir Henry Irving, Nat Goodwin, Emma Eames, Theodore Thomas, Jay Gould. Others—many others.

Joseph became an apprentice in Paris in 1872. In 1883 he came to the United States as chef in the Hotel Brunswick, in New York City. Three years afterward he went to the Hotel St. Nicholas, in Cincinnati, and it was while here that he received a note from Sarah Bernhardt which he still keeps. It read·

> 'I pity the one who is obliged to live in this smoky city, but the consolation is the famous good hotel St. Nicholas with its fine and excellent cuisine.
>
> —SARAH BERNHARDT.'

He remained in Cincinnati until the opening of the Hotel Cleveland in 1916. Thus, for fifty-five years he has been pleasing—or, certainly, trying to please—the appetites of those who eat in hotels and restaurants. And, in these days, who doesn't, at some time or other, go to a public dining room for satisfaction in food?

'Look at these names (and Joseph passed over a long list, names from which have been taken for use in a box printed elsewhere in this story), and in my mind certain dishes are connected with all of them,' said this delightful old artist of the kitchen. 'I cannot remember them all. Men—many famous men. Women—many wonderful women. In more than fifty years, you know, I have served a great many. Many, many more than I can remember. And I have been trying to remember for days.

'I recall that, when I was an apprentice, my master used to send me around making collections. This was a Monday duty. He equipped me with a big white apron and a satchel with a strap hanging across my shoulder. One of my regular calls was on Alexandre Dumas. This was the younger Dumas and he, too, wrote interesting books. He lived in a garret and he was poor—very poor, was never able to pay for his food when he ordered it; but my master always said:

' "Monsieur Dumas must eat."

'And, with each Monday, before I started out he would call me aside and whisper:

' "Joseph, be sure to see Monsieur Dumas today. He owes us many francs."

'Always I would call and always the servant would tell me:

' "Monsieur Dumas is out."

'I would tell this to my master and he would shake his head sorrowfully and say:

' "Well, another week. It won't make much difference. But, be sure to see him next time."

(*Continued on page 28*)

Favorite Dishes *of the* Great *and the* Near Great

Alexandre Dumas—nol au vent godiveau.

George Sand—filet mignon a la rossini.

Victor Hugo—lamb chops in jardiniere of fresh vegetables.

Leon Gambetta—chicken saute, truffles and fresh mushrooms.

Corot—friture of gougeau in fried parsley.

Admiral Schley—bouillabaisse.

Jay Gould—souffle of Irish potatoes, or sweet potato souffle.

William Howard Taft—filet of beef, larded, roasted au jus.

William McKinley—sirloin steak on the grill, browned potatoes.

Mark Hanna—sweetbreads, braised, with jardiniere of vegetables.

Sir Henry Irving—spring lamb chops a la Nelson.

Elbert H. Gary—filet mignon, fresh asparagus.

Nat Goodwin—St. Nicholas cocktail and assorted hors d'oeuvres.

Sarah Bernhardt—supreme of partridge with truffles.

Emma Eames—chicken saute with fresh mushrooms.

Theodore Thomas—sirloin on the grill.

Maude Adams—sweetbreads a la King.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Common Life and Character

THERE is probably not so much nonsense to be got rid of by the person leaving school nowadays, as there formerly was. Years ago no school was believed to have done its duty which did not send out every pupil filled with the idea that some day he (and now it would be also she) might become President. As the United States has required only 30 Presidents in the 151 years of its national existence, there has been a rather alarming waste of raw material.

The majority of the people are blessed by being destined to the very best kind of life there is, the life of plain persons upon whom all the liberties descend and who constitute the ruling class of the world. They will not be President, nor Congressman, nor town councilman, nor even secretary of their lodge; they will just be folks.

Nevertheless there are no such people as common people, in the sense that makes others uncommon. We are all common, or we are all uncommon, however you choose to look at it. A king is common, once you get to know him. The presidential office is not a common office, but the President is common. That is to say, people on the same plane of character are common possessors of much the same qualities; they are citizens of the same commonwealth.

> *THE common life and character make up the standard of existence. It is the common life which the majority of people now live. All that is good and worthy in it will probably constitute the rule of life in perfect society. When the blind leaders of social discontent announce that the majority are doomed to live common lives they do not see the uncommonness of our common life, nor do they see that the so-called common life is far and away the best life of all. The controlling power is character. The greater and better the character that is developed, the more the outer world is changed to conform to it.*

To say that a king is common and that the President is common is, however, not quite the whole truth; for these statements are made sometimes to soothe those who are in rebellion against being themselves. The major half of the truth is that no man is common; individuality, personality, the moral dignity of a human being as a creation of the infinite mind, these are the most uncommon things we can think about. No man is common. But in the compass of that fact, all men are common. They have a common uncommonness by virtue of their being human beings.

Then again, the book that the majority reads is said to be the best book. The food that the majority eats is held to be the most natural and nourishing food. The mode of life which the majority pursues is held to be the most satisfactory mode. The life that the majority leads may be called the standard, the normal life. Very well; that standard, normal life is the same life that we call common, and that some poor pitiable people regard as a life of failure. Life itself is at once the common and the uncommon thing. The majority are going to live the standard, normal human life. That life is common to all. It is the life that everybody must live in order to live at all; the life of labor and food, of day and night, of home and family, of body and soul—the same life which the President must live in his White House and the pioneer in his prairie home. It is the same life.

Life is divided into two main periods—the period when we take in and the period when we give out. Youth is the receptive period, and although that period does not end, there comes to keep company with it an expressive period when the individual makes his or her contribution to the general life. He does more than that, however; in his work he also makes a contribution to himself. The sum of earthly life is the making of character. It is inevitable.

We make character whether we want to or not. We make it whether we are conscious of it or not. We make it wherever we are and by whatever we do. There is no special location or no special occupation which is more favorable to character making than is another location or occupation. There is no station in life that is favorable to the production of a finer type of character than is any other station.

The more and better the character that is made, the more the outer world is changed to conform to it. The money question, the industrial question, the social question—all these wait for the settlement of the character question.

The reason high office is so powerless to bring about reforms, the reason titles and prerogatives are helpless in making a clean sweep of injustice, is just this—no office or authority gets any further than the character that creates and fills it. Character is the great authority. Given character, we can dispense with office. Presidents and kings and magnates of all degrees are but the servants of great characters. And great characters are independent of riches or power. They are rich and they have power, and are therefore invincible in whatever right things they undertake.

We have rather successful inventions, successful businesses, successful policies, but not enough successful men. The success of a man is to become a man in the character and power that make him a man. And this is all within his own control; no outer circumstance can control that, but he can use that to control outer circumstance.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

They Got Him

MAJOR CHARLES P. MILLS, former Army officer, able Federal prohibition commissioner for New York, has resigned. The position had been made intolerable for him. Vicious newspaper attacks were launched against him and his assistants. Wild accusations by convicted criminals were used as the basis for equally wild charges against his administration. Politicians declared their intention to 'get' him. They got him. Mills, transferred to a minor post, resigned. Leaving the service, he told some unpleasant facts about the manner in which the Volstead Act is enforced.

Politics, not personal efficiency, is the keynote in holding a job as prohibition administrator, he declared. When he accepted the post he was assured by Assistant Secretary Andrews that he would have no interference from political sources. He soon learned otherwise. The great problem was not the arresting of law violators, but the dealing with politicians 'who look upon the prohibition bureau solely from the standpoint of political favor and patronage.' Major Mills described a conference in Washington, *attended by high officials of the United States Treasury and a New York politician*, at which Mills was described as 'the most efficient administrator in the country.'

'We won't question his efficiency,' was the reply, 'but let's talk patronage.'

Mills' conversation on this point was apparently not entirely pleasing to the politicians, for, says he: 'I have incurred the displeasure of certain political groups by not acceding to all their requests; which I could not do and still administer the law. Last fall I had occasion to dismiss, for various causes, some twelve or fourteen agents. It so happened that five or six of these men were political district captains, and since that time there has been no let-up in the endeavors of certain politicians to have me transferred.'

Major Mills made one statement that is deeply significant. He said:

'In leaving the prohibition service after sixteen months as administrator, I am convinced that *with decent administration, free from political influence, the sources of liquor supply in the United States can be controlled by the Federal Government.*'

Greatness in Sport

THERE is something wholesome about the rowing game. For more than five years the crimson of Harvard trailed the blue of Yale across the finish line. For almost as many years the blue and gold of California trailed the purple and gold of Washington. Then, of a sudden—in the same season, in fact—Harvard topples Yale from her throne and California unseats Washington. A record of stamina, of perseverance and determination, which lends a pleasing atmosphere to this collegiate sport.

This year we saw at Poughkeepsie the unknown crew of Columbia, after years of trailing the Navy and the University of Washington, sweep to the front and battle her way to victory. It was a triumphant victory made more so by years of patient defeat that had preceded.

One Tree's Destiny

'ONLY God can make a tree,' sang the poet; and of all those made by the Creator, probably few have fulfilled so rich a destiny as the Endicott pear tree of New England. Others have been more famous. The Cambridge elm, the spreading chestnut tree of schoolboy lore, the oaks at Jackson, Michigan, where the Republican Party came into being, each had its hour in history. Under their branches, in the shelter of their shade, the great have stood.

But to the Endicott pear tree was given the precious service of building luscious fruit for America's two greatest men. In the alchemy of its bosom, it blended the sap from Mother Earth with the brilliant sunshine of a New England summer; and it handed down its sweet product—first to George Washington. —

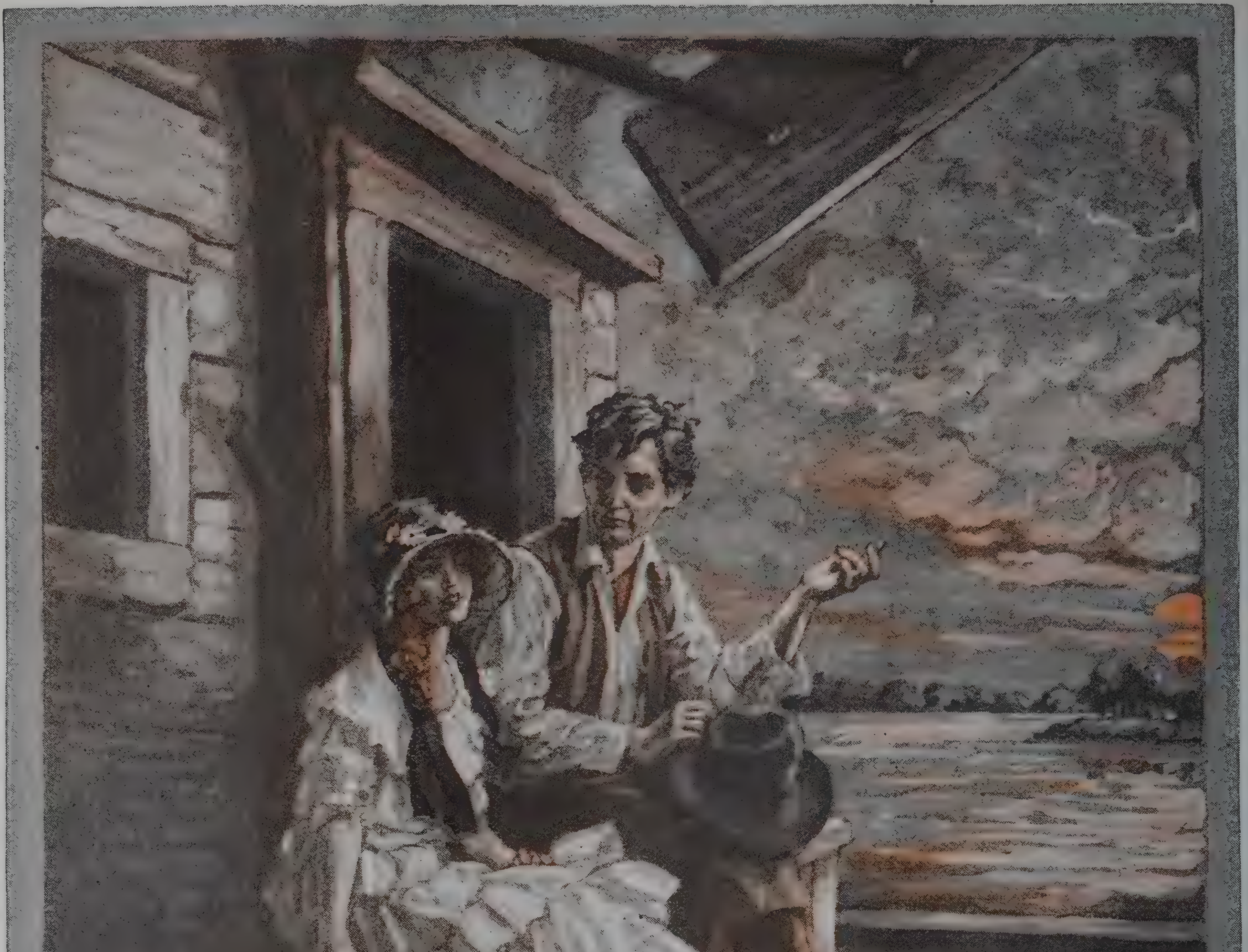
As the years passed, many a noted man partook of its blessing or was grateful for its shade. Daniel Webster admired it and nibbled one of its choicest pears. Then one day came its second great achievement; it dropped from its boughs a juicy gift for—Abraham Lincoln.

The tree is now 296 years old. It has been called the oldest planted fruit tree in America.

And So the Young Men Drowned

IT IS difficult to appreciate the viewpoint of a penitentiary official who permits young men to drown before his very prison walls, rather then release prisoners to rescue them. His explanation —that he feared lest the convicts, once allowed to leap into the water, would escape—does not explain. Judged from past experience, the next parole board will release several men from this same prison. In some modern instances elsewhere, wholesale releases have taken place, with nothing at stake half so valuable as a life.

Rifles should not hold back a good swimmer who is willing to breast a stream like the Hudson in order to save a life—even if the swimmer happens to wear stripes. Convicts should not be compelled to beg *in vain* to save lives—to beg of those whom society and the law have set over them as jailers, but who refuse to lift a hand in such a humane undertaking.

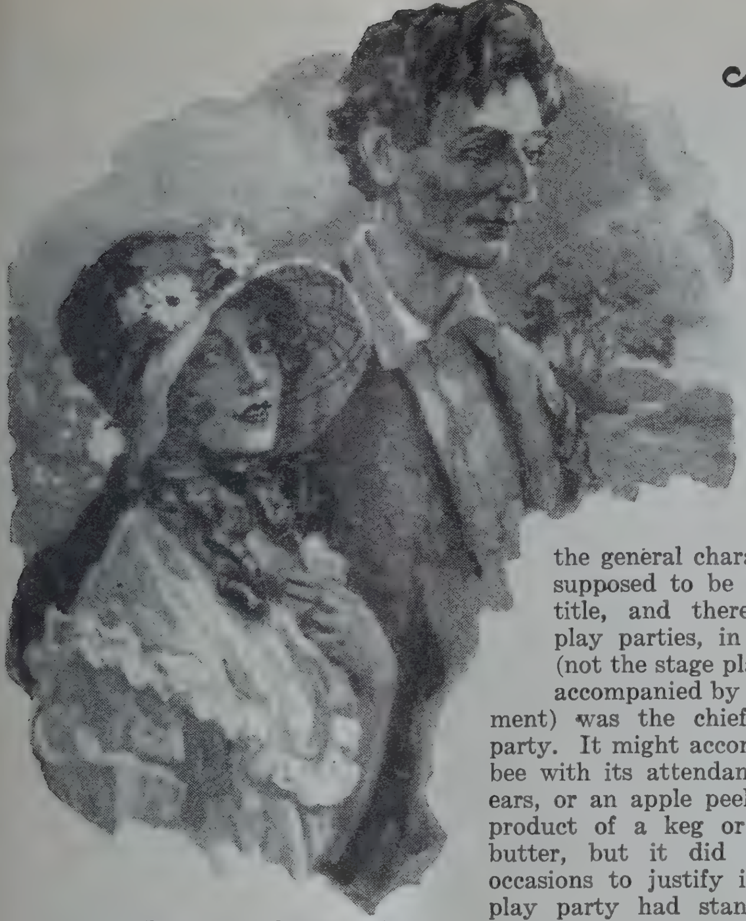


'It don't really go down; it seems so. The earth carries us under, as it were; we do the sinking, as you call it.'

A Schoolmate of LINCOLN

By
WILLIAM E. BARTON

Illustrated by
RAYMOND WARREN



Abraham talked to Katie of science and not of love. It was simply a boy and girl attachment begun in school.

IT IS interesting to recall that of the dim and meager traditions of Abraham Lincoln's boyhood in Indiana there is none that records his presence at a play party. It is not by any means to be inferred that he did not attend play parties; had he not done so we surely should have been informed of it, for that would have been something so completely distinctive as to mark him in the memory of his associates as a strange and unaccountable boy. We should have been told that, either because he was shy, or because he was wrapped up in his books, or because of this or that or the other eccentricity, he could never be induced to attend play parties. We have nothing so outstanding in his conduct with regard to this form of enjoyment.

The play party was a marked feature of social life at the time when the Lincolns were in Indiana. Dances were not held in high esteem by the sober-minded religious people of the frontier, but there was no such interdict upon play parties.

And now lest some reader, ignorant in this regard though intelligent in ordinary subjects that are talked about in books, should inquire what a play party was, and whether it was the same as some other kind of party, the answer is that a play party was a play party, and that is all there is to be said about it. There are card parties and tea parties and other kinds of parties the general character of which is supposed to be described in the title, and there are, or were, play parties, in which the play (not the stage play, but the game accompanied by music and movement) was the chief feature of the party. It might accompany a husking bee with its attendant search for red ears, or an apple peeling with its by-product of a keg or crock of apple butter, but it did not need those occasions to justify its existence. A play party had standing in its own right.

Imagine Abraham Lincoln at a play party. The boys and girls are formed in two parallel lines facing each other, and their first play perhaps is that of the sheep stealer. In real life no man was held more in abhorrence than the sheep thief, though the horse thief was by common consent a worse and more dangerous criminal. To steal a horse was an invitation to be hanged; while a sheep thief received imprisonment and contempt. But in the play party the sheep stealer was not so bad a culprit. Let us suppose that Abraham Lincoln stands at the head of the line, and opposite him, by either accident or design, Katie Roby.

It is a relatively new play, and it is the first time Abraham has participated in it. To commence with someone not familiar with it is part of the game. The boys and girls begin by pointing accusing fingers at Abraham:

There's the man that stole the sheep!
There's the man that stole the sheep!
There's the man that stole the sheep!
    He stole it while we was all asleep.
He holt the salt in his right hand;
He holt the salt in his right hand;
He holt the salt in his right hand;
    And bid the sheep, 'C'Nan! C'Nan!'

Abraham is certainly embarrassed by this accusation, and not less surprised when the company turns upon Katie the similar accusation as an accessory.

Simplifying the threefold repetition, they sing:

There's the lady that fried the meat,
    She fried it while we was all asleep;
She helt the knife in her right hand
    And turned it over in the frying-pan!

Having established her guilt as *particeps criminis*, they turn again on Abraham:

Irish potatoes, tops and all,
Irish potatoes, tops and all,
Irish potatoes, tops and all,
Kiss her now or not at all.

Now under the circumstances, what was Abraham to do? We have no record of his actual conduct, but presumably he did what other young men were accustomed to do.

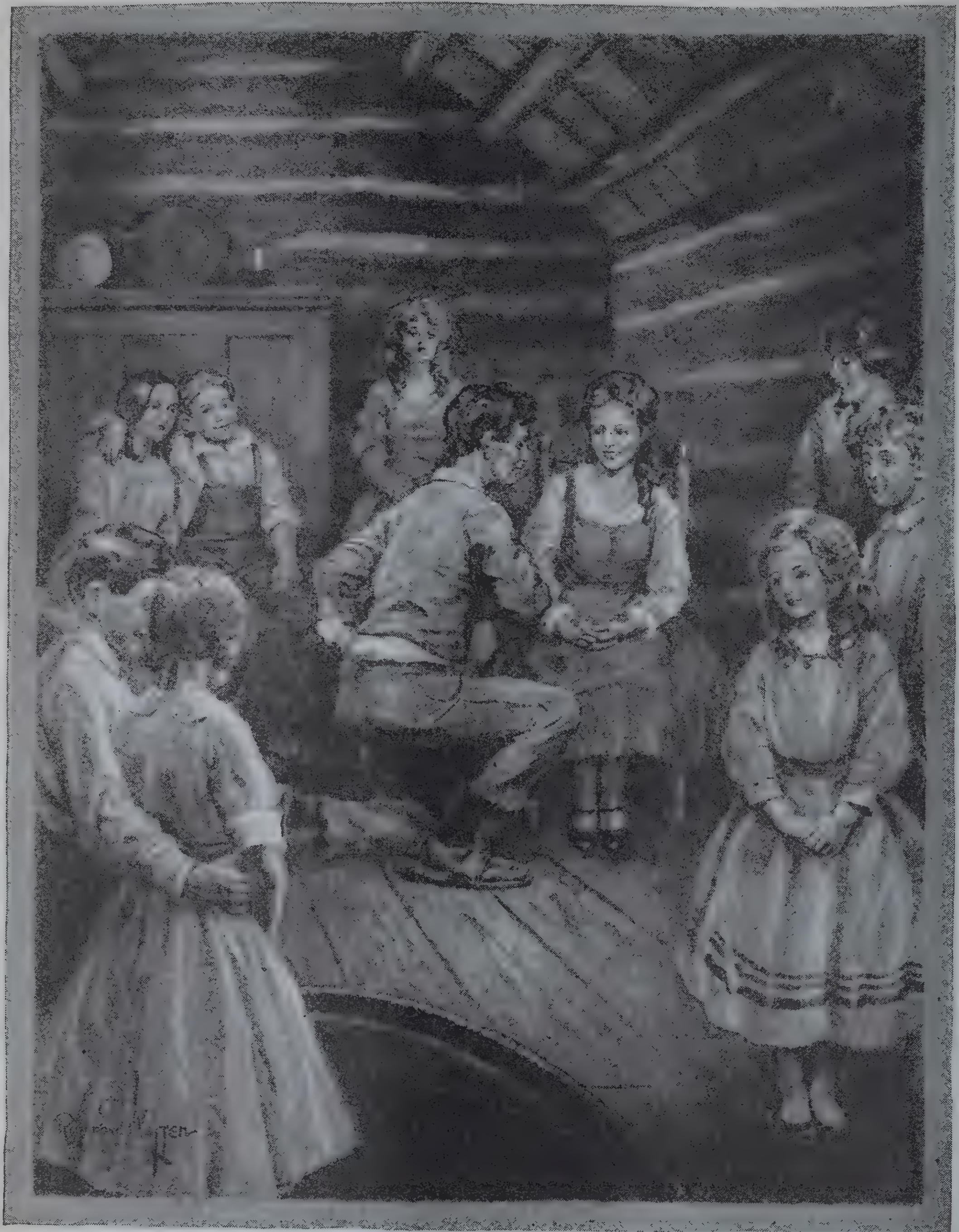
One swallow does not make a summer, nor does one play make a play party. Perhaps the next game is about the young lady who sits down to sleep. Two chairs are placed side by side but facing in opposite directions. In one of them a girl is seated. The company circle round her and sing:

There was a young lady sat down to sleep,
    Sat down to sleep, sat down to sleep,
There was a young lady sat down to sleep,
    So early in the morning.
She wants a young man to keep her awake,
    To keep her awake, to keep her awake,
She wants a young man to keep her awake,
    So early in the morning.
Oh, write his name down and send it by me,
    And send it by me, and send it by me,
Write his name down and send it by me,
    So early in the morning.

As these lines are being sung, the young lady who is supposed to have sat down to sleep, but who is never more awake in her life to all the possibilities of her opportunity, selects her confidante and whispers a name in her ear. That confidante possesses, and is supposed to be the only one who could possibly guess, the name with which the next stanza must begin:

Mr. Abe Lincoln his name shall be,
    His name shall be, his name shall be,
Mr. Abe Lincoln his name shall be,
    So early in the morning.

Mr. Abe Lincoln, thus chosen, sits beside the young lady, but has scant time or need to keep her awake, She has made her choice; there is no kiss or other token of affection. They sit together for a brief musical measure, and then she leaves him. The song goes on. There is now a young man, seated in the expectation of slumber; he needs a young lady to keep him awake; he whispers her name and has her by his side for a moment, then leaves her to select another young man to keep her awake, so early in the morning.



What a trial was before him who had to bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest and kiss the one he loved best.

There is another game, or was, during the boyhood of Lincoln and within the memory of at least one living man, called 'weavilly wheat.' 'Weavilly wheat ain't fit to eat,' according to this play, or at least is not fit for the hero named in this game who was possibly descended from the old Scottish times when Charlie was over the water, and there was not a maid in all the land but vowed 'baith late and early,' she'd to no man give heart and hand who 'would not fight for Charlie'; the times when the Highlanders 'came o'er the heather, came a' togither, for wha'd be king but Charlie,' survived in several frontier songs:

I won't have none of your weavilly wheat,
  And I won't have none of your barley,
Won't have none of your weavilly wheat,
  To bake a cake for Charlie.

There was one that told of the joy of the miller when he lived in the mill, the wheel turned around and it couldn't stand still. There was another about the farmer sowing his seed, standing and taking his ease, stamping his foot, and clapping his hands, and turning around to view the lands—'the lands' being partner for him by the hand of fate in the revolution of the play. And there was 'Skip t'm'loo.' It probably was 'Skip to my love,' but the pronunciation was 'Skip t'm'loo.' This was a play to delight a disciple of Hegel, for it was modeled on a thesis, an antithesis and a synthesis. It started off, every boy having a partner, with one single exception—one boy was 'it.' And it was his care to descend like the Benjaminites at Bethel and steal a bride. The moment at which he had opportunity to do this was the moment when all partners dropped each others' arms, and each man robbed became at once a robber, leaving another 'it.' For he was little less than a booby who, having the whole company to select from and nothing else to occupy his mind, failed and was 'it' for a second time in succession. The distribution being effected, the newly mated partners moved on, avowedly happier for the change. It would seem necessary only to resolve the whole of human life into one game of 'Skip t'm'loo' to have a solution of all the problems of the universe, with everyone happy. With this explanation, and a reference to the philosophy of Hegel for any further comment, the text of the play may be given:

Pretty as a redbird, Skip t'm'loo,
Pretty as a redbird, Skip t'm'loo,
Pretty as a redbird, Skip t'm'loo,
  Skip t'm'loo my darling.
Gone again, Skip t'm'loo,
Gone again, Skip t'm'loo,
Gone again, Skip t'm'loo,
  Skip t'm'loo my darling,
I'll get another one, Skip t'm'loo,
I'll get another one, Skip t'm'loo,
I'll get another one, Skip t'm'loo,
  Skip t'm'loo my darling.

It is fashionable to turn up the modern nose at those old plays, and snuff them out contemptuously as 'kissing games.' Not all, nor even many of them were kissing games, and whether the kissing games were more horrible and disgusting and whatever else you care to call them than the modern dances there is room for an honest difference of opinion. But there were kisses in the games in which forfeits were paid, as, for instance, that game 'Roll the platter,' which called for agility and much besides. When the forfeits were sold, they were held by one girl over the head of another, the latter blindfolded, and possessed of a most elaborate knowledge of penalties:

'Heavy, heavy hangs over your head,' said the girl who held the forfeit, let us say Abraham Lincoln's pocketknife, in full view of all but the blindfolded image of Justice:

'Fine or superfine?'

'Fine,' was the answer. If the forfeit had been Katie Roby's back comb, and if she had been going about with her lovely hair all down ever since she failed to catch the platter, the answer would have been, 'Superfine.' But a man's forfeit is 'Fine.'

'What shall the owner do to redeem it,' was demanded.

Then the oracle utters the bloodcurdling penalty, too terrible for description here, though the legal language may be employed:

'He must make a double-shovel plow with Katie Roby.'

'He must make a sugar bowl with Katie Roby and put three lumps in it.'

'He must bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one he loves best.'

MAKING a double-shovel plow, or a sugar bowl, or picking cherries, and putting four of them in the bucket, were extreme penalties, but they involved no grace but courage to go straight at the matter and have it done with, but what a trial was before him who had to bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest and kiss the one he loved best! For, even though the one he loved the best was grateful for his choice of her, what was he to say in excuse for having declared others to be prettier or wittier than she?

Did Abraham Lincoln attend these play parties? Certainly he did, and he participated in all these various games and endured, we know not with what grace and submission, penalties such as those that have been named but whose cruelties have not been here described.

Let it be here shamelessly recorded by one who has witnessed not a few of these affairs that they were not attended by terrifying results. They were rude and frank and promiscuous, but they were part and parcel of the social life of a fairly well stratified society, and while modern folk may affect to be shocked by them, they are not so badly shocked as would be the patrons of the play party by the bunny-hug and the cheek-to-cheek dancing.

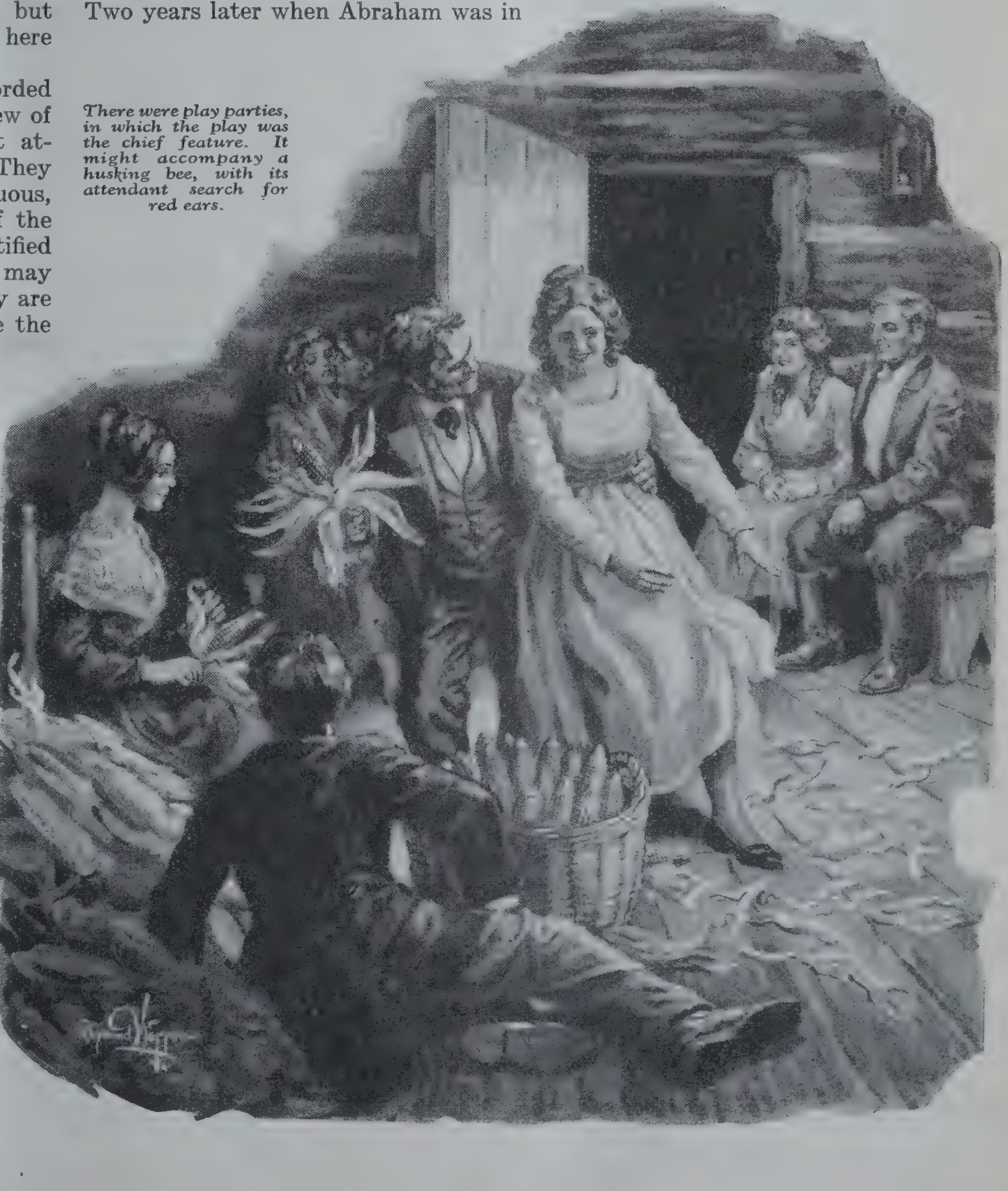
Abraham Lincoln attended two schools in Kentucky, and left that state when he was seven years old. The terms were brief and his attendance was irregular. In Indiana he attended three schools. The first was taught by Hazel Dorsey, whose school convened only a mile and a half from the Lincoln farm. The schoolhouse was built of round logs, and was just high enough under the loft for the teacher to stand erect. The floor was of split puncheons. The windows were made by cutting out parts of two logs, one on each side of the building. It is said that greased paper was placed over these apertures, but the author has known such buildings with no pretense of any paper, much less of glass, to keep out the weather. The chimney was made of poles and clay. The farmers furnished the firewood in rather long logs, which the older boys cut into four-foot lengths for the fireplace. The schoolroom probably had no broom, but was swept semi-occasionally by the older girls, who used a bunch of pawpaw or hazel bush to raise and redistribute the dust.

Abraham was ten years old when he attended this school. He evinced qualities of leadership which his schoolmates remembered. One of his companions wrote in after years that he always appeared quiet during playtime, never was rude, and seemed to have a liking for solitude. He was often chosen to assist in the adjustment of difficulties between his schoolmates, and, when appealed to, his decision ended the dispute. He was known as a lad of courage, but had few if any difficulties with his companions. He won their respect for his character, and later for what they deemed his scholarly attainments. For from the first he was an apt pupil.

It was four years after the close of Hazel Dorsey's school before Abraham Lincoln was privileged to attend school again. The second Indiana school was kept by Andrew Crawford, a neighbor. Two years later when Abraham was in his seventeenth year he attended his third school in Indiana—his fifth in all—kept by a man named Swauey. This last school was four miles away. The distance being so great, his attendance was irregular and brief. Crawford's school would seem to have done more for him than either of his other periods of attendance upon book education.

Lincoln's textbooks were *Webster's Speller*, the *American Speller*, *Pike's Arithmetic*, and *Murray's English Reader*. It was customary to teach a boy to spell through the entire spelling book before he was taught to put words together. The author has known a girl who attended school for two terms, spelling the book through three or four times without getting any definite idea of what the process was for, and who read with great delight a sentence that caused the significance of the educational process to dawn suddenly upon her—'Ann can spin flax.' Spelling was one branch of learning which was not neglected in the backwoods schools.

The Bible was used as a reading



There were play parties, in which the play was the chief feature. It might accompany a husking bee, with its attendant search for red ears.

book in many of the district schools. We know this in many ways; among others, we know it from a story of Lincoln's told by him to Senator Henderson of Missouri, and by Senator Henderson to Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson, relative to the small boy who stumbled over the names of the three Hebrew children who were cast into the fiery furnace.

CRAWFORD did more than teach the contents of books. He conducted a school of good manners. He would send one student out of the room, and bid him or her reënter as a lady or gentleman should enter a drawing-room or parlor. One pupil was detailed to greet the entering guest, conduct him from seat to seat, and introduce him properly to each member of the school; those to whom he was introduced were taught to respond in the etiquette of the day. We do not know how Lincoln acquitted himself in these formalities. He was very tall and awkward.

He had shot up almost overnight, and had reached his full stature, six feet, three and one-half inches, before he attained his seventeenth year. He weighed about a hundred and sixty pounds, was strong and vigorous, but slow in movement.

We owe to Katie Roby a description of him as he appeared in school:

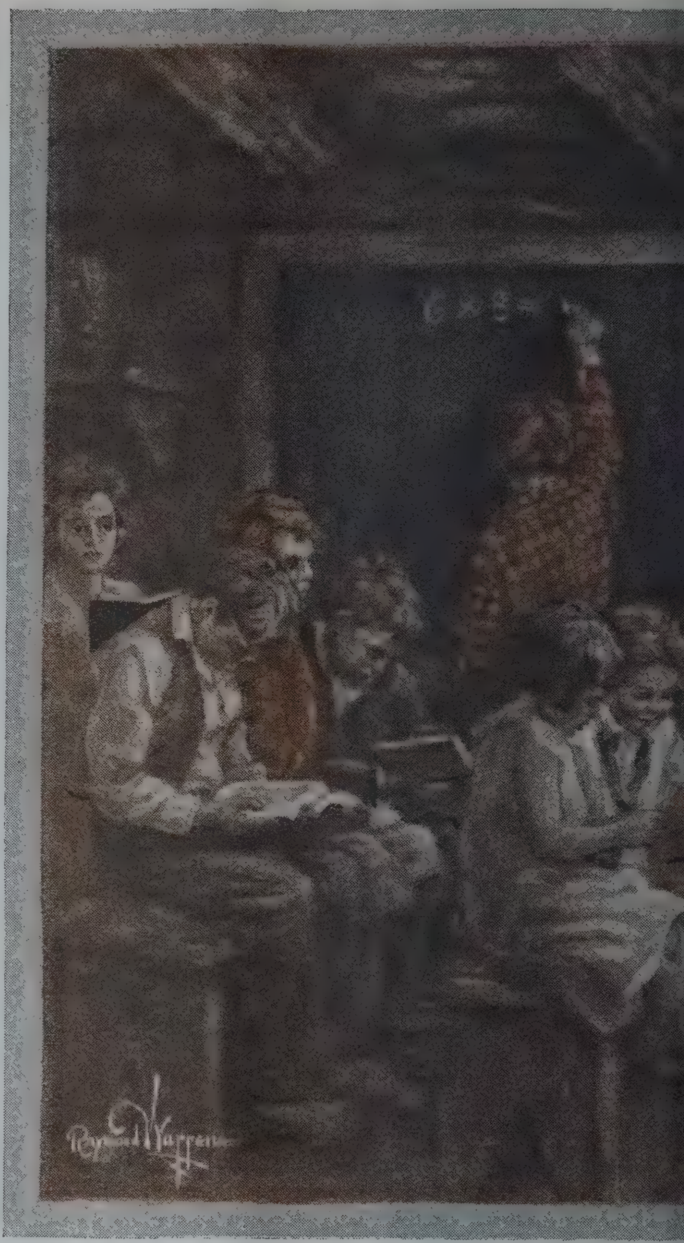
'His skin was shriveled and yellow; his shoes, when he had any, were low. He wore buckskin breeches, linsey-woolsey shirt, and a cap made of the skin of a squirrel or coon. His breeches were baggy, and lacked several inches of meeting the tops of his shoes, thereby exposing his shin bone, sharp, blue and narrow.'

Katie Roby was an observant girl of fifteen.

The description she gave was not flattering as to personal appearance, but she was interested in something more than Lincoln's looks. She knew he was not handsome, but he was worth a careful looking over. She observed him with sufficient care to remember for thirty-five years these convincing details of his personal appearance. Such careful observation was not wholly disinterested. She and Abraham Lincoln liked each other.

She remembered a spelling match in which Abraham, though on the opposing side, helped her out. In those days 'spelling down' was not only a regular weekly exercise in school, but a frequent evening recreation which took in as participants the whole neighborhood. Two captains were selected in advance, and they determined by the tossing of a stick and the piling of hand upon hand above that of the catcher who should have the first choice. Abraham was the almost invariable first choice, for he was recognized as the best speller in the community.

That is saying much, for in the backwoods settlements were people who had an almost uncanny gift of accurate spelling.



The words were pronounced by the teacher, and spelled first on one side and then on the other. The process began with easy words, and sometimes it was several minutes before anyone sat down. Everybody can spell through the first page of 'words of two syllables, accented on the first — baker, shady, lady, tidy,' and so on. The second group containing 'words of two syllables accented on the second' is harder—'abase, translate, embroil,' and so on. The next group of 'words of two syllables accented on the first' is still harder, containing, among others, 'banquet, coupon, curfew, clergy.'

But the opposing lines of spellers begin their serious thinning in the sections beginning with 'amity, abasement, blandish, sirocco, and luminary.' From there on through 'sycophant, superfluity, antipode and juridical,' the mortality is heavy even in a contest between experienced spellers.

The author has held the book and given out these fatal words in a contest that left few survivors beyond the middle of the book. In a spelling bee in Crawford's school, Abraham and Katie stood opposite each other, and the word 'defied' came down the double line.

It ricocheted from side to side, knocking over one contestant after another.

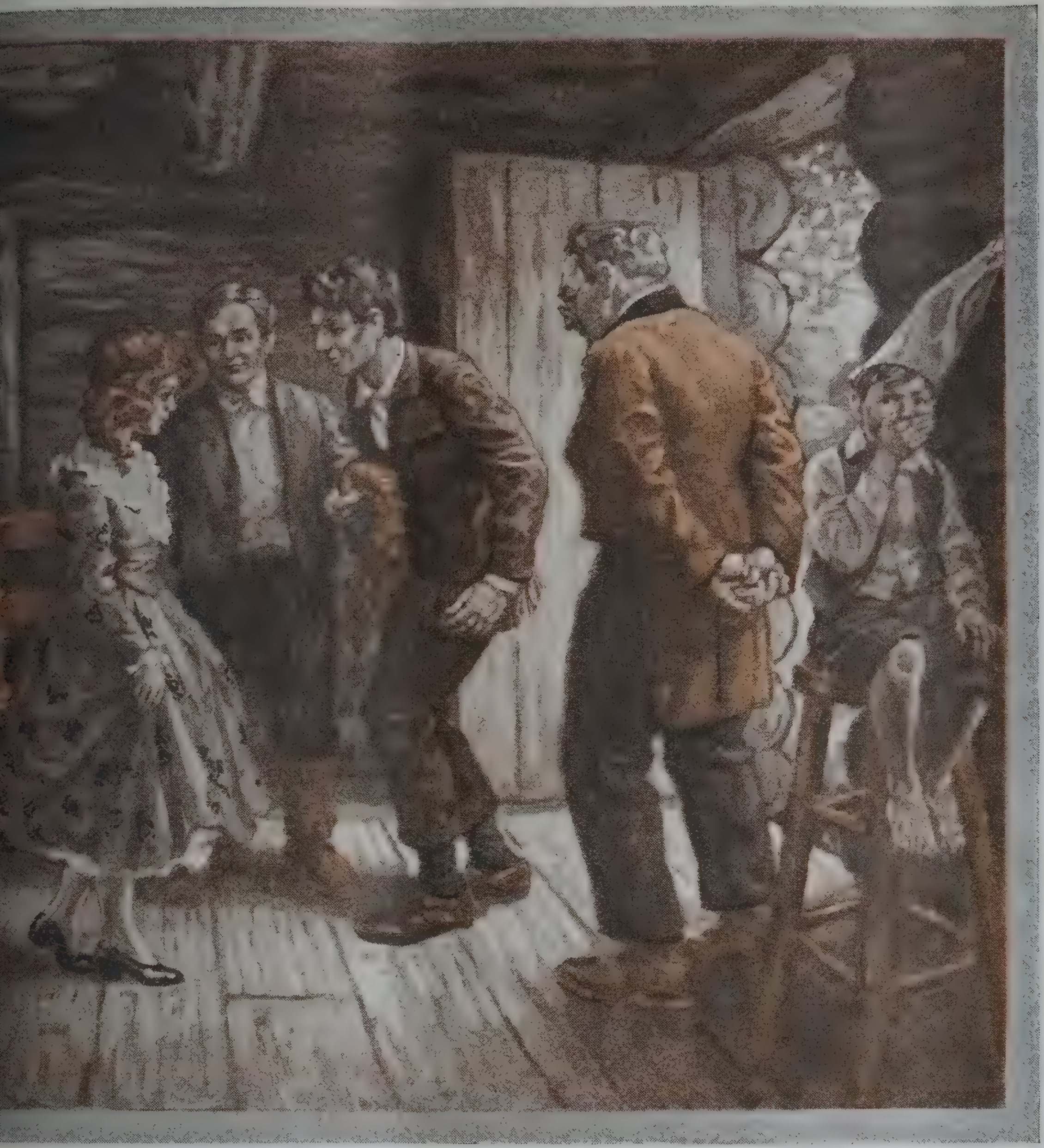
'Abe stood on the opposite side of the room,' said Katie in 1865, 'and he was watching me. I began d-e-f- and then I stopped, hesitating whether to proceed with an "i" or a "y"! Looking up, I beheld Abe, a grin covering his face, and pointing with his index finger to his eye. I took the hint, spelled the word with an "i," and it went through all right.'

Whittier tells of the little girl who was sorry that she spelled the word which gave her a place above him—'because, you see, I love you.' In later life, as he sadly reflected, he had often to give place to men who rose above him, but few of loved him enough to be sorry.

It was safe enough for Lincoln magnanimous to anyone who wa danger of misspelling 'defied,' for he w home with 'antiscorbutic' and 'words of five syllables, accented o fourth,' and with 'words of four o syllables, retaining the accent of primitives' of which the top word 'alcoholize,' and with those very dif words toward the end of the boo which some letters assume the sou other letters. But still there was a r for his willingness to see Katie standing across from him a little lo and not retreating toward her seat the best spellers were on their way t rear.

So he grinned, pointed his i finger to his eye, and Katie gave ov thought of spelling 'defied' with a She knew she could trust him. He helping her, not trapping her, thoug was on the opposing side.

Katie found occasion to admire A



d did more than teach the contents of books.
e conducted a school of good manners.

r his literary genius. On Friday ons Crawford had rhetorical exer-

s and girls 'spoke pieces' or ssays. Abraham wrote a number ys. One of these was a protest the habit of putting live coals on cks of terrapins to compel them to their heads and legs out of the shell. nd other examples of cruelty to s Abraham resented. In these days t a wild turkey, but was able to re- later years that he never afterward t any larger game. He was not given to hunting, and seems to have been a merciful boy and

other of his essays was on temper- s later was one of his first printed ses. He had another essay against

those days Abraham was a regular of a Louisville paper, and kept t of current events with rather remarkable facility, his antecedents and environment considered.

William Wood, whom Lincoln called 'Uncle Wood' was a subscriber to two papers, and Lincoln was an assiduous borrower and reader.

At this time his books consisted of the *Bible*, *Aesop's Fables*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, a *History of the United States*, the author of which has not been identified, and Weems' *Life of Washington*. The last of these books he earned by three days' hard work. He had borrowed the book from Josiah Crawford—not Andrew the teacher, but from him whom the boys called 'Blue Nose.' The book was damaged while in Abraham's possession, and he worked three days to pay for it. He always regarded this as an excessive price, and blamed the owner of the book; but three days' fodder-pulling at twenty-five cents a day would not seem extortionate, when we consider the low price of labor and the scarcity of books.

Lincoln became a good penman. His early handwriting is exhibited in certain of his books. Perhaps the earliest of these is the following often-quoted lines:

Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen.
He will be good but
God knows when.

Some sentimental writers have professed to find in this doggerel some foreground of the mind and character of Lincoln; but these lines were already decades old before Lincoln ever employed them. His use of these lines means merely that he caught up a current jingle and copied it.

Two other lines he wrote:

Good boys who to their
books apply
Will all be great men bye
and bye.

He wrote some more serious verse. The following ungrammatical stanza has been thought original with him; but though the writer has not identified, or attempted to identify, its author, he does not think these to be the thoughts of a boy:

Time, what an empty vapor
'tis,
And days, how swift they
are:
Swift as an Indian arrow—
Fly on like a shooting
star.
The present moment just is
here,
Then slides away in haste,
That we can never say they're ours,
But only say they're past.

Lincoln later wrote some stanzas of his own, and he exercised his gifts in other forms of composition, including some rude backwoods burlesques, which have been taken more seriously than they deserved. In all these matters he was testing his powers, and showing the beginnings, but only the beginnings, of that strength which later he displayed. But he learned to write a good hand, and to use clear and forcible English.

In manual labor, Abraham Lincoln was not regarded as an industrious boy. 'He was no hand to work like killing snakes,' said a neighbor woman. 'He worked for me,' said John Romaine, 'but he was always reading and thinking.

'I used to get mad at him for it. I say he was awfully lazy. He would laugh and talk, crack jokes and tell stories all the time; didn't love work half so much as his play. He said to me one day that his father taught him to work, but he never taught him to love it.'

He loved to read more than he loved to plow corn. He liked to lie down in the shade of a tree and study, moving around with the sun. He did his sums on 'boards' riven or whipsawed, odds and ends of lumber or split shingle, reserved for kindling. Sometimes he would figure on the wooden shovel which served as one of the fireplace utensils. When the shovel had been covered so many times that erasure was no longer possible, he would shave off the shovel, and begin anew with charcoal to cypher over the fresh wood.

Except at the Swauey school, which was so far away that Lincoln's presence was irregular and very brief, his attendance was prompt, and he was a general favorite on the playground and a good scholar in the schoolroom. He was the best speller, the best penman, and perhaps the best all-round scholar among the boys of the neighborhood. His attainments were meager, but substantial; and they exerted a marked and permanent influence upon his future. Poor as were his facilities for an education, and scant as were the qualifications of his instructors, Abraham Lincoln learned a great many valuable things in the days of his schooling in the woods of Indiana.

In March, 1828, Abraham went to work for James Gentry, the proprietor of Gentryville. Early in April, Mr. Gentry furnished his son Allen a flatboat, on which the latter made a voyage to New Orleans, accompanied by Abraham, who served as 'bow hand' at a stipend of eight dollars a month. This was Abraham's first entrance into the great world, and it meant much to him. While the boat was loading at Gentry's Landing, near Rockport, on the Ohio, Abraham saw a great deal of Katie Roby, whose family would appear to have removed for a time from Gentryville to the village on the Ohio. In the evening, they would stroll together by the great river, and talk of many things. She had grown older since the day when Lincoln helped her to spell 'defied,' and he had learned more than he knew three years before. He was now nineteen years of age, and she sixteen.

'One evening,' she related, 'as Abe and I were sitting on the banks of the Ohio, or rather on the boat spoken of, I remarked to Abe that the sun was going down. He said to me, "That's not so: it doesn't really go down; it seems so. The earth turns from west to east, and the revolution of the earth carries us under, as it were; we do the sinking, as you call it. The sun, to us, is comparatively still; the sun's sinking is only in appearance.'

'I replied, "Abe, what a fool you are!" I know that I was the fool, not Lincoln. I am now thoroughly satisfied that Abe knew the general laws of astronomy and the movements of the heavenly bodies. He was better read then than the world knows, or is likely to know exactly. No man could talk to me as he did that night unless he had known something of geography as well as astronomy. He often and often commented or talked to me of what he had been reading—seemed to read it out of the book as he went along—did so to others. He was the learned boy among us unlearned folks. He took great pains to explain; could do so simply. He was diffident, then, too.'

So far as is known, Abraham talked to Katie only of science and not of love. She married Abraham's partner on the voyage, Allen Gentry. She took pains to say in after years that she and Abe just liked each other, and were never really in love. It was simply a boy and girl attachment begun in school when Lincoln was young and continued in occasional meetings afterward, as Lincoln was merging into manhood and she into womanhood. Lincoln was diffident, even then, she remarked. Perhaps he did not think of love at all; perhaps he thought of it, but saw no prospect before him that could justify his making love to a girl. Perhaps Katie saw a more hopeful outlook in a match with Allen Gentry, son of the foremost man in Gentryville and part owner of a boat, than in the raw deck hand Lincoln, with all his learning.

She was able to tell with pride in after years of the friendship Abraham and she had for each other, and of the time he helped her spell the word, of the evenings when they wandered by the Ohio and dipped their bare feet in the stream and saw the sun go down and the moon rise. But they were not lovers; just good friends. She admired the tall, awkward, diffident lad, in spite of his grotesque attire and his lack of grace. He admired her, and liked to be with her. Such relationships belong to the expanding life of young people. It is well when they are as wholesome and mutually helpful as was the case with Abraham Lincoln and Katie Roby.

Bottling Up News for Private Use

(*Continued from page 8*)

favor of a more limited clientele of one newspaper and its syndicate papers would have dampened the popularity of Captain Lindbergh.

The 'cream' of the great adventure, therefore, was not bottled. Modestly related by the young flyer—clad in pajamas and sitting on an embassy bed—it was, in brief, as follows:

> I had to drive through a thousand miles of fog over the Atlantic.
>
> I could not get over this fog or under it. Sometimes I was within ten feet of the water, just skimming above the surface. Sometimes I was ten thousand feet above it.
>
> I didn't see a single ship during daytime. At night I saw the lights of one.
>
> At one time there was considerable sleet and ice on the bow of the plane and I was a little concerned.
>
> We (the plane and I) could have gone a thousand miles farther, at least.
>
> The thing I cannot get over is how short a time it took to cross the ocean.
>
> I saw flares on the French coast thirty or forty miles away. I saw the Eiffel Tower a short distance out.
>
> I wouldn't have got out of the plane so quickly at Le Bourget if it hadn't been for that crowd. I thought they were going to injure the plane.
>
> No, I am not sleepy at all. Just a little stiff.

These and other statements constituted the 'cream' of the great story of Captain Lindbergh's flight. He did not sell these words. He gave them away. And correspondents who heard them rushed to the cable and hurled them back across the Atlantic at urgent rates. They were not printed exclusively in one newspaper at the expense of lost prestige for others. They were generally published, and all the American public had a right to them.

Undaunted by failure to bottle him on the first and more important occasion, the same newspaper again contracted with Lindbergh to write a special series of ten articles detailing his reactions during the hectic sojourns in Paris, Brussels, London, Washington, New York and St. Louis. Here was another effort to make this American national hero an exclusive feature for that paper during seven days required to cross from Cherbourg to Washington aboard the U. S. Cruiser *Memphis*. Captain Lindbergh was asked to name a representative of that newspaper as his 'literary secretary' during the return voyage. Now the *Memphis* carries powerful radio equipment capable of communicating with American Naval stations at all times. Here would be the representative of a single American newspaper aboard a cruiser with the world hero and at his elbow a radio which would hurl through space every move, every detail, of the hero's voyage.

Certain American diplomats in both London and Paris did their utmost to aid the latest attempt to bottle the transatlantic hero. They succeeded in prevailing upon Secretary of the Navy Wilbur to agree to the 'literary secretary' idea.

However, the Navy Department immediately came under heavy bombardment from the three leading press associations of the United States—and the Secretary was obliged to permit reporters from these associations to board the *Memphis*. The 'literary secretary' was not to use the wireless except for dispatches signed by Captain Lindbergh himself.

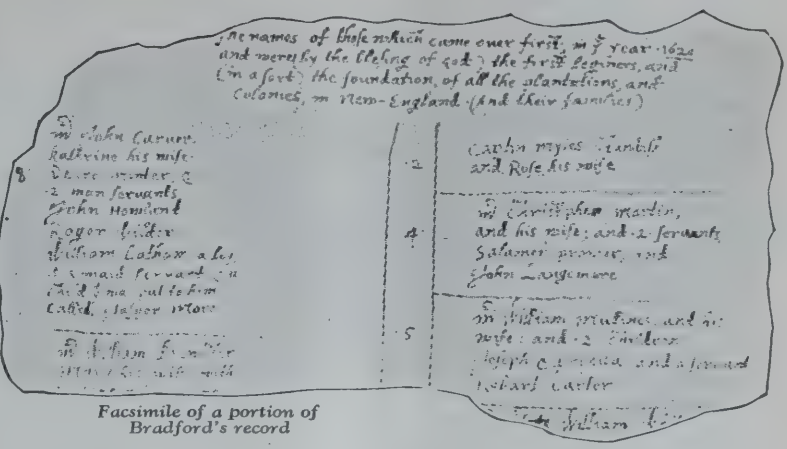
These individual newspapers argued that they sought no privilege of interfering with the contracted ten articles which their rival had bought from Captain Lindbergh, but that they believed this youthful American, sailing home to glory, was for the time being as much American public property—in the news sense—as the cruiser *Memphis;* that permission for one single newspaper to be so favored was discrimination in the purest sense. But as the Navy Department and the diplomats took it upon their shoulders to be agents of such discrimination, the representatives of individual newspapers did not sail. Little, however, did they know that at least one of these newspapers had a trained reporter aboard the *Memphis* acting as a motion-picture operator; and, like his rival, barred from using the wireless, he was a free agent to write at will once the ship reached American shores.

Thus, two attempts to tie up the news of the greatest American hero since Admiral Dewey met with failure.

The theory that news—a perishable and exceedingly volatile commodity—cannot be bottled for private use seems to have become substantiated.

The Mayflower Company

LATE in July, three hundred and five years ago, a company of Englishmen left that goodly and pleasant city of Leyden, on a great adventure. This city 'had been their resting place near 12 years; but they knew they weree pilgrimes'; so wrote their governor, William Bradford, thirty years later. The small ship 'came in a short time to Southhamton, wher they found the bigger ship come from London, lying ready with all the rest of their company.' This 'bigger ship' was the *Mayflower* and it carried a company of about one hundred to the New World.


ye names of those which came over first, in ye year ·1620 and were by the blesing of god) the first beginers, and (in a sort) the foundation, of all the plantations, and Colonies, in New-England (And their families)

Mr John Carver.
Kathrine his wife.
8 Desire minter &
2 man servants
John Howland
Roger Wilder
William Latham a boy
& a maid servant & a
child ye was put to him
called Jasper More
Mr William Brewster
Mary his wife with

2 Captin myles Standish
and Rose his wife

4 Mr Christopher martin,
and his wife; and 2 servants
Salamon prower, and
John Langemore

5 Mr William mullines, and his
wife: and 2 children
Joseph & priscila, and a servant
Robart Carter

Mr William [illegible]

Facsimile of a portion of Bradford's record

The plan had been to go to Virginia, but ships did not sail so accurately in those days; and so arriving at a good harbor the group elected to remain there.

Governor William Bradford wrote, about 1648, a history 'Of Plimoth Plantation,' being an account of the events of the life of that colony from its inception down to 1647. This precious document now reposes in the Massachusetts State Library.

'The names of those which came over first, in ye year 1620, and were by the blessing of God the first beginers and (in a sort) the foundation of all the Plantations and colonies in New England; and their families.

The Mayflower Company	*Thirty Years Later, 1650*
Mr. John Carver; Katherine, his wife,	Mr. Carver and his wife dyed the first year
Desire Minter	returned (to England)
& 2 man-servants, John Howland, Roger Wilder;	his man Roger dyed. John Howland married Elizabeth Tillie, 10 children.
William Latham, a boy; & a	. . . after more than 20 years stay . . . went into England, and . . . to the Bahamy Islands . . . and ther . . . starved for want of food.
maid servant	married and died a year or two after.
& a child that was put to him, called Jasper More	Jasper dyed (in the first year) of ye common infection.
Mr. William Brewster, Mary, his wife; with 2 sons, whose names were Love and Wrasling;	Mr. Brewster and wife died after a long residence. Wrastle dyed a yonge man unmarried. Love . . . dyed (1650),
And a boy was put to him, called Richard More; and another of his brothers The rest of his children were left behind and came over afterwards.	and left 4 children Richard More . . . is married, and hath 4 or 5 children Brother dyed the first winter.
Mr. Edward Winslow; Elizabeth, his wife;	Wife dyed the first winter; and he maried with the widow of Mr. White, and hath 2 children living by her marigable . . .
& 2 men servants, caled Georg Sowle and Elias Story; also a litle girle . . . Ellen More	(Story died) . . Sowle . . . hath 8 children (no record).
William Bradford, and Dorothy, his wife	. . Wife dyed some after their arrivall; and he maried againe . . ; and hath 4 children, 3 whereof are maried.
Mr. Isaack Allerton, and Mary, his wife;	Wife dyed with the first . . Himselfe maried againe with the daughter of Mr. Brewster . . (she died) . . maried againe, and hath left this place (to England).
with 3 children, Bartholomew, Remember, & Mary;	Bartle is maried in England . . Remember is maried at Salem, and hath 3 or 4 children living . . Mary is maried here and hath 4 children.
and a servant boy, John Hooke	Dyed.

The Mayflower Company	*Thirty Years Later, 1650*
Samuel Fuller, and a servant, William Butten,	Mr. Fuller his servant dyed at sea; and after his wife came over, he had tow children by her . . .
John Crakston . . sone, John Crakston	(both dyed)
Captain Myles Standish, and Rose, his wife,	His wife dyed in the first sickness, and he maried againe, and hath 4 sones liveing, and some are dead.
Christopher Martin . . . wife . . . 2 servants, Salamon Prower and John Langemore.	Mr. Martin, he and all his dyed in the first infection.
William Mullines . . wife . . children, Joseph and Priscilla . . . servant, Robart Carter.	Only his daughter Priscilla survied, and maried with John Alden, . . . and have 11 children. And their eldest daughter . . . hath 5 children.
Thomas Rogers, and Joseph, his sone	Dyed in the first sickness; Joseph . . . hath 6 children
Thomas Tinker, and his wife and a sone	All dyed in the first sickness
John Rigdale, and Alice, his wife	Died in the first year
James Chilton, and his wife, and Mary, their dougter	Both dyed; Mary . . . hath 9 children
Edward Fuller, and his wife. and Samuell, their sonne	Dyed son after they came ashore; Samuell . . hath 4 children or more
John Turner, and 2 sones . . .	All dyed in the first sickness
Francis Eaton, and Sarah, his wife, and Samuell, their sone, a yong child	First wife dyed; maried againe, & his 2. wife dyed, & he maried the 3. and had by her 3 children . . Samuell . . . hath a child.
Moyses Fletcher, John Goodman, Thomas Williams, Digerie Preist, Edmond Margeson, Peter Browne, Richard Britterige, Richard Clarke, Richard Gardenar, Gilbart Winslow.	Fletcher, Williams, Preist, Goodman, Margeson, Britteridge, Clarke . . all dyed sone after their arivall; Gardiner and Winslow returned to England; Browne maried twise . . in all 4 children.

'John Alden was hired for a cooper, at South-Hampton, wher the ship victuled and being a hopfull yong man, was much desired, but left to his owne liking to go or stay when he came here; but he stayed, and maryed here.

'John Allerton and Thomas Enlish were both hired, . . . both dyed here, before the shipe returned.

'. . . 2 seamen hired to stay a year . . . William Trevore and one Ely. But when their time was out, they both returned.

'These, being aboute a hundred sowls, came over in this first ship; and began this worke, which God of his goodnes hath hithertoo blesed; let his holy name have the praise.'

Thirty years later William Bradford added the notes concerning the fate of the original adventurers.

'And seeing it hath pleased him to give me to see 30. years completed since these beginings; and that the great works of his providence are to be observed, I have thought it not unworthy my paines to take a view of the decreasings & increasings of these persons, and such changs as hath pased over them & theirs, in this thirty years. It may be of some use to such as come after.'

This list is given in the right-hand column above.

At the end, Bradford wrote:

'Of these 100. persons which came first over in this first ship together, the greater halfe dyed in the generall mortality; and most of them in 2. or three monthes time. And for those few remaining are sprunge up above 160. persons, in this 30. years, and are now living in this presente year, 1650. besids many of their children which are dead, and come not within this account.

'And of the old stock (of one & other) ther are yet living this present year, 1650. nere 30. persons. Let the Lord have ye praise, who is the High Preserver of men.'

The Abdication of the Russian Emperor NICHOLAS II

By GREGORY SHINKARENKO

Lieutenant in H. I. M. Navy.

The fall of the Russian Emperor, Nicholas II, came just at a time when it seemed as though his power were at its height. He had assumed Supreme Command of the Russian troops, replacing Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevich, whom he sent to the Caucasian front. The road to Constantinople was open. A grand offensive was about to be undertaken which, it was fondly hoped, would result in the crushing of the enemy. And then came the Revolution!

This article, written by a former officer on the Czar's Imperial Yacht, is frankly partisan. It presents a picture of Nicholas different from that which has grown out of the Red Revolution. It is printed for its unique interest and its historical value.

—Brown Brothers Photo.

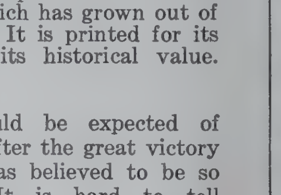
Representative from headquarters of the Russian revolutionary forces reading reports to members of the southern army.

WHAT could be expected of Russia after the great victory which was believed to be so near? It is hard to tell whether the contemplation was pleasant for other nations. But inside Russia the glory of the Emperor would have been at its peak! Now, and only now, before the general offensive of the Russian troops, it was necessary to do something to snatch from his hand the palm of glory.

Revolution was the answer; revolution backed by German money, with many an honest and sincere patriot thoughtlessly taking part, to be cruelly repaid in the end!

The Duma began its destructive work by allowing the pronouncements of Miliukoff on November 14, 1916, and of Pourishkevich in December of the same year. Thus November 14, 1916, should be considered as practically the beginning of the revolution.

There being no need as has been said to create a Raspoutin, since luckily for the enemies of Russia he already existed, this man was chosen as the instrument of destruction. The name of Raspoutin was linked up with accusations of treachery, bad government, scandalous defamation of the Empress and even of the Czar's daughters, rumors being diffused like poisonous gases among the people, the military troops at home and those at the front. And after the revolution had done its work, the revolutionary leaders could calmly relate at last that all such rumors of bad faith on the part of the Emperor and the Empress in their relation to Russia were lies, skillfully concocted and spread!



Raspoutin.

Five Russian patriots undertook on December 30, 1916, the not very clean work of assassinating Raspoutin. March 8, 1917, marked the first signs of riot among the soldiers of the Petrograd garrison already sufficiently demoralized, instead of February 27, as had been arranged by the Duma and its associated circles. Then the terrible fury and abandon of men freed from the shackles of law and order let loose in the murder of police, army officers and any well-dressed person, increasing in cruelty and assuming new forms with every passing day. Cadets and students of military schools and academies were raised up on bayonets in the streets and thrown into the canals; they were shot if attempts to save themselves from drowning were noticed. Naval officers with weights fastened to their feet were thrown overboard or thrust alive into the doors of the burning boiler furnaces on their ships.

From Rodzianko, chairman of the Duma, came the first messages concerning abdication in the form of telegrams to general headquarters. The Emperor left Czarskoe Selo, which was about fifteen miles from Petrograd and was one of his favorite residences, on March 8 for the last time, and arrived at general headquarters on March 9. General headquarters were in Mogiliev City. As usual he was accompanied by Count Fredericks, minister of the Court, a most devoted follower who is still living in Petrograd, not being considered dangerous to the bolsheviki because of his advanced age and shattered mentality. (He even thinks today that nothing has happened to Russia and that everything is as before.) The son-in-law of the count, General Voeikoff, who held the position of palace commandant and who now lives in Finland, was likewise with the Emperor; also Admiral Niloff, the Czar's flag captain; Prince Dolgorouky, chief marshal of the Court, who later was killed by the bolsheviki; General Narishkin, superintendent of the Emperor's chancery; General Count Grabbe, commander of the Emperor's convoy; Court Physician Fiodoroff; General Doubensky and the two duty aids-de-camp, Duke Nicholas of Lichtenberg and Colonel Mordvinoff.

Beginning March 10, General Alexeieff, chief of staff of the Supreme Commander in Chief (the Emperor), and General Voeikoff, the palace commandant, began to receive alarming reports by telegraph concerning the situation in Petrograd, but neither of them took measures to restore order. The Czar himself remained absolutely unperturbed, never having been made aware of the danger by either General Alexeieff or General Voeikoff.

Grand Duke Nicholaevich.

March 12 two telegrams were received from the chairman of the Duma with requests for permission to organize a new ministry to be responsible to the Duma. That same day, when General Alexeieff had reported the telegrams to the Emperor, the latter held a consultation in which General Alexeieff, General Voeikoff and Count Fredericks took part. The Emperor here gave his consent to the organizing of such a ministry with Prince Lvoff at its head. This decision was telegraphed by General Alexeieff to Chairman Rodzianko immediately after the council. But it was never announced to the Russian people.

A sharp change came over the Czar. He became apprehensive, thoughtful and sad.

That very evening he decided to go at once to Czarskoe Selo for the purpose of organizing the new government and of sending the faithful General Ivanoff to Petrograd with the Georgievsky Battalion to replace General Habaloff, commander of the Petrograd garrison, and War Minister Beliaeff, who were unable to quell the disorder.

On March 13 the trains of the Czar and his suite left general headquarters behind and started in the direction of Czarskoe Selo. General Alexeieff, chief of the Emperor's staff, accompanied him for a distance and on the way the Czar said that he would wait in Czarskoe Selo for news from him by telephone from general headquarters in Mogilev. But after the trains left Mogilev it was learned that railroad engineer Boublikoff, who at that time was transportation commissar in the provisional government which had already been organized, had given an order directing the Czar's train not to Czarskoe Selo but to Petrograd.

As the Czar's train arrived at the railroad station of Malaia Vishera on the way between Mogilev and Czarskoe Selo everybody slept, which once more pointed to the criminal negligence of General Voeikoff who had received word from the suite's train, which was about one hour in advance of the Czar's train, that the railroad stations of Luban and Tosna were occupied by revolutionary troops. The Emperor on his part, having given his consent to the formation of a new governmental institution responsible to the Duma, and sure that General Ivanoff and his faithful battalion had been sent to Petrograd for the restoration of order, was comparatively at ease.

But when the train arrived at Malaia Vishera and he heard the report of General Voeikoff, who had been wakened by General Tzabel, commander of the Railroad Regiment, also traveling in the suite's train, the Emperor ordered the train to go to Pskov City, which was headquarters for General Rouzsky, commander in chief of the northern front. The journey to Pskov City presented no evidence of anything revolutionary: large crowds of people as usual rushed to the tracks to do homage to the Little Father!

When the Czar's train arrived at Pskov March 14, however, it was noticed that scarcely anybody was at the station. The honorable guard did not meet the Emperor as prescribed by law, nor did General Rouzsky, who was later chopped down by the bolsheviki near Piatigorsk City. He came later with his chief of staff, General Daniloff, and his adjutant, Count Sheremetieff, and went into Prince Dolgorouky's compartment, where Count Fredericks, minister of the Court, addressed him as follows:

'You know that the Emperor gave his consent to the organizing of a new government responsible to the Duma. The Emperor is now on the way to Czarskoe Selo where his family is. When it became known that he could not pass to Czarskoe Selo, he gave orders to turn to you at Pskov, and it is for you to help him fix matters!'

General Rouzsky replied angrily:

'It is too late! I have said many times that it was necessary to work in agreement with the Duma and to grant the reforms which the country demanded. I was not heeded. The voice of sectarian Raspoutin had bigger meaning. Russia was ruled by him. Then Protopopoff appeared. The good-for-nothing government of Prince Golitzin was formed. Everybody talked of a separate peace . . .'

General Alexeieff.

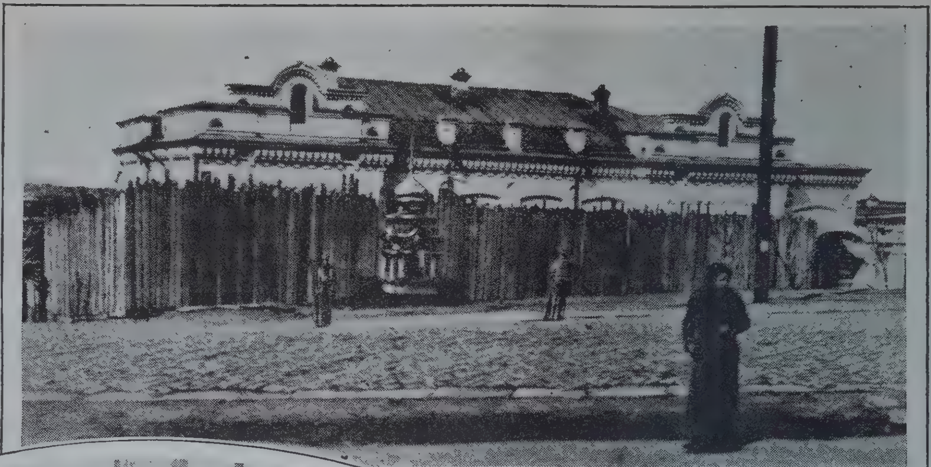
He was asked what was to be done under the circumstances. He replied:

'It is necessary now to yield to the mercy of the victor!'

Soon after this conversation, in which everybody sought to persuade General Rouzsky of the ruinous consequences of such a course at the present moment, he was summoned by the Emperor, with whom he remained till midnight. In this interview General Rouzsky warned the Emperor in sharp form that to pacify Russia and to bring the war against Germany to a successful end it would be necessary for him to abdicate in favor of his son, under the regentship of his brother, the Grand Duke Mihail Alexandrovich. (He, by the way, was afterward murdered by the bolsheviki near Perm City.) General Rouzsky told the Emperor that a government responsible to the Duma did not satisfy the provisional government, and that all the commanders in chief, General Evert of the western front, General Rouzsky of the northern front, General Broussiloff of the southwestern front, General Saharoff of the Roumanian front and Vice-Admiral Nepenin, commander of the Baltic Fleet, considered that the abdication of the Emperor was the only means in the present situation of saving Russia.

—Brown Brothers Photo.

The Czar under guard shortly before his execution.



Rare photograph of the place in which the Czar and his family were put to death.

—Brown Brothers Photos.

Soviet officials appraising the value of the crown jewels seized after the Emperor's death.

Incidentally, all these commanders first asked of General Alexeieff, chief of the Emperor's staff, by telegram the opinions of generals Rouzsky and Broussiloff on this question, and on being informed that these considered abdication a necessity, they announced their consent also. The last message of all, after General Alexeieff had sent him word of the decision of all the commanders in chief, was from the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaevich, in which he begged the Czar 'on his knees' to abdicate. All these communications regarding the necessity of abdication were sent from and received by the Emperor's chief of staff, General Alexeieff.

In his interview with General Rouzsky, the Emperor pointed with astonishment to the dates and asked him when the revolution could have taken place, saying that before leaving he had talked everything over with General Alexeieff, his chief of staff, who had told him not a word of it. General Rouzsky answered that it had all been in a state of preparation long before and was put into action 'after the Emperor left his general headquarters.' In discussing it with General Doubensky the Emperor said:

'If I am a hindrance to the happiness of Russia and if all who are at present the directors of its social interests are asking me to leave the throne and to give over the government to my son and brother, I am ready to do it. I am ready to give up not only my reign but my life for the motherland.'

The Emperor did not go to his bed for a long time that night of March 15 but wept and prayed with the photograph of the heir in his hand. He had waited for the return of General Rouzsky but Rouzsky had not come. The same day he called the Court Physician Fiodoroff and asked him whether the heir's sickness was curable or not; he received the reply that the sickness was incurable, that the heir might live a long time, but that he might also die suddenly. The Emperor then said that he could not give his son to the throne.

At 6 o'clock on the morning of March 16, the Czar was at work at his desk. General Rouzsky came at 10. They had a lengthy conversation during which abdication was decided in principle. But the manifesto of abdication was worked out the night of March 16 in the Czar's general headquarters by Mr. Basily, superintendent of the political office, under the direction and editorship of General Alexeieff. The text of the abdication is as follows:

> In these days of the great struggle against our external enemies who for nearly three years have been attempting to subjugate our motherland, it has been God's will to send us a new and sore trial. Internal strife threatens the further conduct of this urgent war. The fate of Russia, the honor of our heroic army, the welfare of the people, the future of our beloved country, all demand the continuation of the war to a victorious end regardless of all else. The enraged enemy is about to put forth his last great effort and the hour is near when our valiant army with the help of our glorious Allies will be able definitely to crush the foe.
>
> At this important moment in the life of Russia I feel it my conscientious duty to facilitate the close unity of my people and the concentration of all their powers toward the speediest possible victory. Therefore in agreement with the Duma I consider it best to abdicate from the throne of the Russian Empire and to withdraw from the administration of the supreme power.
>
> Not wishing to part with my son, I am giving my inheritance to my brother, the Grand Duke Mihail Alexandrovich, and my blessing on his accession to the throne of the Russian Empire.
>
> I exhort my brother to rule the country in absolute agreement with the representatives of the people in whatever governmental institutions may be established by them on those principles, giving them his inviolable oath.
>
> For the sake of the motherland greatly beloved I call upon all her faithful sons to perform their sacred duty, obeying the Czar in this difficult moment of our common testing, and helping him, together with the representatives of the people, to lead the Russian Empire on a path of victory, prosperity and glory. God help Russia.
>
> Pskov City, March 15, 1917.
> 3:03 p. m.
>
> Nicholas.
>
> Adjutant General Count Fredericks,
> Minister of the Imperial Court.

When the text of the manifesto of abdication became known among the members of the suite, they sent General Voeikoff to the Emperor to ask him to order General Rouzsky to return the signed document before he should report it to general headquarters with the information that it had been signed. General Voeikoff soon returned from the Czar with instructions to the superintendent of his chancery, General Narishkin, to go to General Rouzsky and get the signed manifesto. About half an hour later General Narishkin returned and explained that General Rouzsky refused to comply with the order of the Emperor, but would given an explanation to the Emperor personally.

At 10 o'clock that night a train with the delegates of the provisional government arrived—Goutchkoff, secretary of the army and navy of this government, and Shoulgin, member of the Duma. They asked how to find General Rouzsky and were told to go direct to the Emperor's coach where Count Fredericks, General Rouzsky, General Daniloff, General Voeikoff, General Narishkin, and General Savitch were in presence. The Emperor entered, invited all to be seated, and without a word being spoken handed Goutchkoff the manifesto and signed it. Goutchkoff asked him for a copy of the manifesto, which request was granted. After this the Emperor went to his rooms. Three hours later Goutchkoff and Shoulgin left for Petrograd.

Late in the night of March 17 the Emperor arrived at his general headquarters in Mogilev, where he was met at the station by General Alexeieff and the staff officers, with whom he talked a little. Then he went into his car. Emerging soon, he entered an automobile which took him to the palace, the house of the governor which was about one mile from the station serving that purpose.

The next day the Emperor received a report from General Alexeieff as usual. It was the last. That same day the Dowager Empress Maria Feodorovna, mother of the Emperor, arrived in Mogilev from Kiev. She spent the time in general headquarters until the moment of the Czar's departure for Czarskoe Selo.

On March 20 General Kisliakoff, who soon after deserted to the side of the provisional government and who was also murdered later in Poltava City by the bolsheviki, received a telegram from the commissar of transportation concerning the arrival at general headquarters of four delegates of the provisional government for the purpose of arresting the Czar and escorting him to Czarskoe Selo. These were the following: Boublikoff, Gribounin, Kalinin and Vershinin. They arrived at Mogilev a little later than expected because of making speeches at the railroad stations en route.

Before leaving for Czarskoe Selo on March 21, the Emperor wished to say goodby to the personnel at general headquarters. For this purpose all were gathered in the office of the duty general, which in prewar times had been a chamber of the Mogilev district court. At 11 a. m. the Emperor entered and greeted General Alexeieff and the soldiers, who responded in the established prerevolutionary style: 'We wish your Imperial Majesty health.'

The Emperor was dressed in a gray Kuban *tcherkeska* (Cossack uniform) with the order of St. George pinned on his breast. His face was sallow and drawn. He stopped in the middle of the chamber and addressed himself to all present in his last speech: Today he was seeing them for the last time but after all it was only in accordance with God's will and the result of his own decision. He explained that he had abdicated in favor of his brother, the Grand Duke Mihail Alexandrovich, for the sake of the motherland's best good and that he hoped it would result in the troops marching to victory. He said that the destinies of Russia were now intrusted to the provisional government, which he urged them to serve faithfully and loyally, remembering that only thus could the war be brought to a victorious end. At the close of his speech he thanked all for their faithful service to him and to the motherland.

THERE was dead silence in the chamber, not interrupted by even so much as a cough though several hundred were present. The Emperor started to bid farewell, shaking hands with the senior generals and nodding to the junior officers. The moment was tense. Two of the officers of the Georgievsky Battalion, the majority of whom had received severe wounds during the war, could not endure the nervous strain and fainted; in another quarter a giant Cossack of the convoy fell like a hewn tree. Sobs were heard and the Emperor, unable to control himself longer, hurried out with tears in his eyes.

Besides his personal farewell to the officers of his general headquarters, the Emperor wrote a farewell letter to the troops, which was to be published in the form of an order from the chief of staff of the Supreme Commander in Chief, under No. 371. But it was not destined to be made public. Goutchkoff, being secretary of the army and navy, prohibited General Alexeieff from publishing this last call of the Emperor, and General Alexeieff, who according to the Russian military laws need not take his orders from a war minister, obeyed him. The letter reads as follows:

> For the last time I address the troops so dearly loved by me. Following my abdication for myself and my son from the Russian throne, the rule has been given over to the provisional government, which was formed according to the will of the Duma. May God help them to lead Russia on a path of glory and prosperity.
>
> May God help you, brave troops, to save our motherland from the wicked enemy. For two and a half years you have borne the brunt of arduous service hourly; much blood has been spent, much strength given, and the hour is near when Russia together with her valiant Allies in their common ambition for victory will break the final effort of the enemy. This unprecedented war should be fought to complete victory.
>
> Who thinks now of peace, who wants it —that person is untrue to his country—her traitor! I know that every true soldier believes so. Do your duty, protect bravely our great motherland. Obey the provisional government. Obey the orders of your commanders and remember that every laxity in discipline is gain for the enemy. I firmly believe that unbounded love to our great motherland has not grown cold in your hearts. God bless you and may Saint George the Great Martyr lead you to victory.—Nicholas.

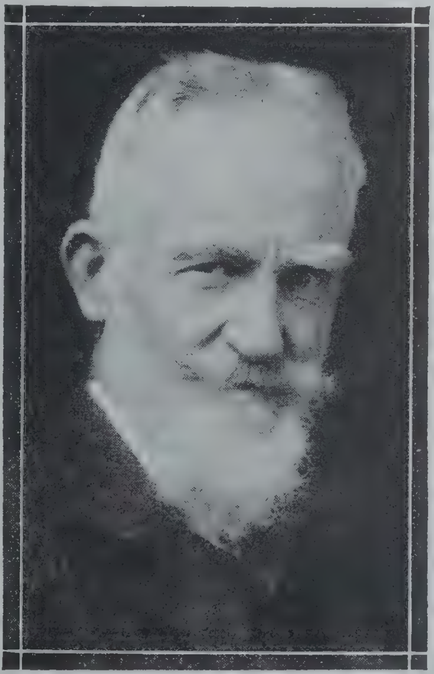
General Alexeieff reported to the Emperor that 'His Majesty would be transported under arrest.' When the Czar heard this he frowned and turned away. Leaving the train of the Empress-Mother, where he had spent most of his time after her arrival at Mogilev, the Emperor entered his own car and stood near the window looking out on all who had come to accompany him. About opposite his window was the window of the coach of his mother, who also stood and wept, blessing her son. It was the last time she was to see him alive. After the Emperor's departure, the Dowager Empress returned to Kiev. She went later to the south of Russia, and returned finally to her native land of Denmark where she is living today.

As the train started Alexeieff saluted the Emperor, but as the car with the delegates passed he took off his cap and bowed low. They were on the way to Czarskoe Selo. There Nicholas II was placed under arrest. A year and four months later, after the reins of power had passed from the provisional government to the bolsheviki, he, his wife, their son, their four daughters, and their little group of faithful servants were murdered in the cellar of the Ipatieff house in Ekaterinburg—July 17, 1918.

Bernard Shaw *and the* Superman

THEY have refused to hang Bernard Shaw in the Royal Academy. His portrait by the Hon. John Collier, an artist of eminence, has been turned down by the hanging committee. But although committees may come and committees may go, George Bernard looks as if he is going on forever, for he seems to possess the secret of perennial youth.

Mr. Shaw has often said that his safety is secured by the fact that the world takes him for a buffoon. If it understood him it would put him to death. May we venture to express the hope that the perspicacity of the public may never grow greater with respect to Mr. Shaw's aims and ideals, for verily his death would (to borrow Johnson's epitaph on Garrick) 'impoverish the public stock of innocent pleasures and eclipse the gayety of nations.'



George Bernard Shaw. —*Keystone View.*

Many of Mr. Shaw's peculiar views find characteristic expression in the following communications evoked by a questionnaire.

On the subject of exploitation Mr. Shaw expressed himself as follows:

'There is no war between exploiters and exploited. The whole people cordially consent to and approve of inequality, privilege, peerage and monopoly, because they all have (or think they have) a chance in the lottery. The exploiting system could no more stand today without an overwhelming consensus of opinion in its favor—especially among the working classes—than Monte Carlo could stand if people were not willing to lose money there.'

In reply to the questions, 'Do present conditions justify the affirmation that "might is right"? Do you conceive that this assertion ever had any justification?' Mr. Shaw writes:

'Your questions are enough to drive any man out of his senses! There is no more identity or necessary connection between might and right than between chalk and cheese. You had better start a discussion on the morality of Alpine thunderstorms and avalanches. Every man strives for might so that his will may prevail; and when he attains it, his will prevails whether it is right or wrong. That will, like gravitation, is a force in itself is true; and that the human race cannot really will its own destruction is a thing that we may at least hope for on the ground that it manages to survive. But under the rule of a standard morality, evolution is limited by the fact that at a certain point of development the individual in whom the advance is manifested (say the superman) is attacked and destroyed in the name of right by the other less developed individuals; so that in effect the race *does* will its own destruction on the plane of the superman. And the attack presents itself to these less developed ones as an attack of right on might; for to the ordinary citizen right means thinking as he does; and the superman who goes deeper into morals than he, is just as much a rascal to him as the criminal who does not go so deep.

'It seems clear, therefore, that the only chance for the superman is to acquire sufficient might to defy the efforts of the average respectable man to destroy him. Hitherto these attempts have not been successful on the physical plane.'

BOOKS *for* COOKS

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE cookbook would not seem to be a thing of great literary moment and yet, indeed, for many years the cookbooks were second in popularity only to the Bible. Those days are past. However, the road to a man's heart is probably still, in large measure, the same as of yore—via the kitchen. And there is today hardly a home in America that does not boast one well-thumbed cookbook.

The ancient Greeks had their Epicurus and the Romans had their Lucullus, whose names are still known with a doubtful fame as those of great gourmands. The earliest printed cookbooks trace their origin back to Rome. The first printed book on the subject was the work of a librarian of the Vatican, Platina. His *De Honesta Voluptate* was published in Venice in 1475 and appeared in five editions before 1500. Caelii *Apicius; De Re Coquinaria*, or About Cooking, was printed in Venice about 1486 and again in Milan in 1498. Most of the early printed books were on religion, but many a famous book on cooking is dedicated to some bishop or cardinal who had shown appreciation of culinary activities.

The earliest cookbook in English was by a famous scholar, Alexander Neckham, who lived in the 12th Century. But the first practical work was written in the 14th Century by the chief master cooks of Richard the Second, being entitled *The Forme of Cury* (old form of 'cookery'), and giving 196 receipts used in the royal kitchen.

We often read of the fasting in these ancient times and if the menus of royal meals read aright a period of fasting was inevitable following a royal meal.

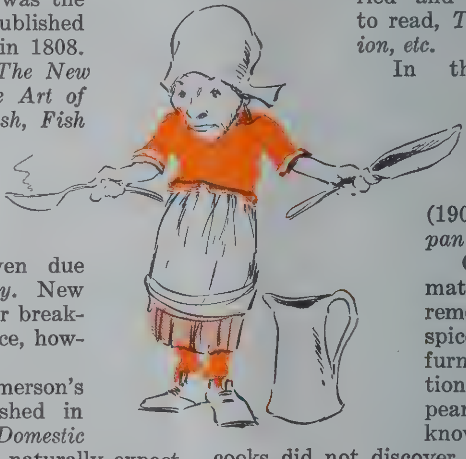
It is surprising to find whale and sturgeon on old bills of fare, with porpoise, seal and crane. Meats were of a variety hardly known today, no feast being complete that did not boast a dozen dishes of meat.

Of famous literary cooks Hannah Glasse of the 18th Century is first. However, Ann Cook, who wrote *Professed Cookery . . . With an Essay upon the Lady's Art of Cookery*, was a rival having an even more appropriate name than Glasse. No doubt the title, *The Art of Cookery made Plain and Easy . . . By a Lady*, had much to do with the popularity of Hannah's work.

In discussing the preparation of the hare, Hannah began: 'Take your Hare when it is cas'd,' meaning 'skinned,' which was misread 'when it is caught.' In this way arose the famous phrase, 'First catch your hare.'

Abraham Veale is said to have been one of the earliest writers on cooking in England, publishing a work in 1575. Patrick Lamb issued his *Royal Cookery* in 1710, and John Cooke's *Cookery* did not appear until 1824. But more famous than any of these was the work by a real Kidder (Edward), who qualified as a pastry master about 1740. Mary Kettilby's *Collection . . . in Cookery* of 1728 belongs in this interesting list, with William Kitchener's *The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life, by Food . . . and Peptic Precepts* (London: 1822).

An American treatise was the work of Lucy Emerson, published at Montpelier, Vermont, in 1808. This work was entitled *The New England Cookery; or The Art of Dressing all Kinds of Flesh, Fish and Vegetables, and the Best Modes of Making Pastes, Puffs, Pies . . . and all Kinds of Cakes.* This work was reprinted, without Lucy being given due credit, as *American Cookery*. New England pies (probably for breakfast) made their appearance, however, before this time.



A year before Lucy Emerson's treatise there was published in Boston *A New System of Domestic Cookery*. Here one would naturally expect to find baked beans prescribed for Sunday morning breakfast.

In Colonial America the books on this mundane subject were all reprints of English works. E. Smith's *Compleat Housewife* was published at Williamsburg in Virginia in 1742. But it is safe to say that fried chicken or beaten biscuit was not found in this treatise, nor yet the sweet potato in Virginia style! Susannah Carter's *Frugal Housewife* was published in 1772 in Boston and may have been a native product. The work was popular in England as well as in the Colonies.

The cooks were not literary and the kitchen is found associated with medicine and with cosmetics, with arithmetic and with gardening and the care of horses, and even with morals. Mrs. Haywood had *A Present for the Servant-Maid; or, the Sure Means of Gaining Love and Esteem;* the good woman meant the esteem of the mistress! It would not be so interpreted today. Later Mrs. Haywood revised this to add *Containing Rules for Her Moral Conduct . . . and the Whole Art of Cookery.* Those were indeed other days. This was first printed in Dublin in 1744.

It must indeed have been a man who wrote in 1737, *The Whole Duty of a Woman; or an infallible Guide to the Fair Sex, Containing Rules, Directions, and Observations, for their Conduct and Behavior through all Ages and Circumstances of Life, as Virgins, Wives and Widows . . . With . . . particularly Rules and Receipts in every kind of Cookery.* It was written evidently by a married man, as it was published anonymously. Before issuing a second edition, the author evidently remarried and changed the title to read, *The Lady's Companion, etc.*

In these later times authors make light of this serious business and we find titles, *I Go a Marketing* (1900), *With a Saucepan over the Sea* (1903).

Cooking is a serious matter! It must be remembered that the spices of the Orient furnished the inspiration which led Europeans across the unknown deep. And if cooks did not discover America, yet those who did were the representatives of an art whose proper practice is intimately connected with the welfare of the human race.

New Albion

(*Continued from page 4*)

The ragged rocks here do not impress one as happily as do those near Point Granville or Cape Elizabeth, where the beach is more attractive. One wonders whether some of the smiling natives may not trace their ancestry back to that day when a Chinese junk, blown from its course, stranded on the coast.

This extreme northwestern tip of the United States, as has been mentioned, will be joined some day soon to Grays Harbor and the Columbia River by a highway paralleling the seacoast.

Today the hinterland back of Lake Quinault, the wild freedom of the headwaters of the Hoh, the carefree existence of the outdoors-lover along the Clearwater, are unspoiled by the honk of the automobilist and the ballyhoo of the tourist camp. But already sites have been selected, hotels planned, and crews of men are blasting their way along the western slope of New Albion.

The task begun by Captain Vancouver and his American brother-explorer, Robert Gray, is slowly nearing completion.

WESTERVILLE, *the* Taxless City

By MARCUS T. WOODRUFF

IN A letter from a small city in Ohio, the writer makes this astonishing statement: 'We have planned to place all tax moneys into the sinking fund this year and use earnings and fees for operating expenses.'

That is the most astounding statement THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has found in its study of the curse of usury in the administration of American municipalities.

It means, in short, that the tax levy will be confined to the requirements of indebtedness contracted before the days of the present business policy, and that the city occupies the unique position of being the only one of normal conditions in which there is no taxation for running expenses.

Funds for current expenses come from the municipal operation of public utilities.

The taxless city is Westerville, Ohio.

It has a population of 3,200.

The assessed valuation of taxable property is $13,500,000 (about 50 per cent).

Ninety per cent of its streets are paved.

Nearly every street has sewers and water mains.

Every street is well lighted by electricity.

The city is under the city manager system.

It has a commission council of five members. The executive staff consists of the city manager, secretary, clerk-treasurer, auditor and counselor.

The writer of the letter is the city manager, who attributes the showing to that system of administration which was chosen some eight years ago. Credit for the showing probably is due more to the personnel of the city government than to the system, for in many cities having the same system the record has been of extravagance equal to that of the most ill-governed of politically run municipalities.

At the same time there is no reason why any incorporated town may not, by like methods, parallel Westerville's great prosperity.

Another point is that, despite the fact that private use of utilities generally costs less than in towns of its class, it is manifestly unfair that private consumption of water, light and power should bear the whole expense of city and school use of water, lighting of streets, and other purely public service.

The point is of small importance, perhaps, but when the indebtedness shall have been wiped out, the fact that no tax levy is made may lead to future extravagance which might not be thought of if taxes, however small, were levied for a proper share of public expense.

In his letter City Manager Richard Biehl makes the following points, in addition to those stated above:

The public library, one of Westerville's modern facilities.

City affairs are conducted on the plan of a private corporation, employment being limited to necessity and governed by capacity and efficiency. Each of the utilities is expected to pay its own way.

Total expenditures for all departments, including sinking fund for 1923, were $82,235.88. The tax levy was made to produce $16,700. Only 4 per cent of this levy was needed on operating expense, the balance being placed to the credit of the sinking fund for redemption of maturing bonds and interest charges.

The actual expense of the city government was (to quote from the letter):

'The city earned sufficient money from its utilities to pay $13,600 in improvements, all of its major operating expenses, and all managerial salaries. No charge was made the city for water or for current for street lighting, and we furnish the schools water gratis. We purchase electric current from a Columbus corporation and distribute it to our consumers at a rate 30 per cent below that charged its consumers in Columbus.'

Westerville is still under a burden of interest, but its handling of its 'bondage' will recall to our readers some suggestions heretofore made by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT as to how best to make the burden as light as possible.

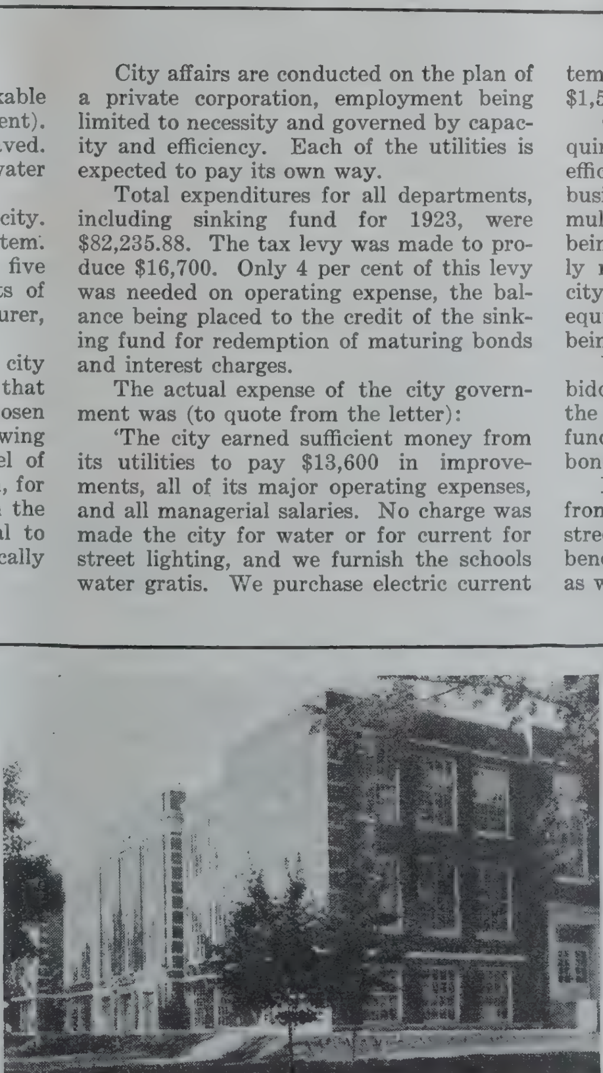
Bonds are issued for short terms and serially. Mr. Biehl says it is surprising the money that is saved each year on interest payments alone. The sinking fund is swelled by this and has a surplus which is constantly growing. It takes 65 per cent of the tax levy to meet the interest on obligations incurred from 15 to 22 years ago. These bonds have been refunded at a saving in aggregate interest of more than $50,000, and under the present system of financing interest charges decrease $1,500 each year.

City employes are well paid, but are required to attain certain standards of efficiency, and the result has been that while business has increased greatly and duties multiply, the additional expense is far from being in proportion. Westerville is thoroughly modern, has every facility of the large city, even to motorized fire and police equipments. It claims the reputation of being 'Ohio's Biggest Little City.'

Westerville's banks carry its accounts, bidding as high as 4⅓ per cent on balances, the city earning nearly as much on sinking fund surplus as it must pay on unexpired bonds.

In answering the criticism that profits from private use provide a means of free street lights and water, which are for the benefit of those who are not private users as well, Mr. Biehl places the matter on the basis of a private corporation operating the same utilities. 'The city owns and operates the utilities, being in effect a corporation in which each citizen is a stockholder, furnishing light, power and water at lower rates than private corporations.'

The argument of 'service at cost' so often pleaded in public operation of utilities is answered logically by Manager Biehl, and will bear study. It is certain that any free service by a franchise company would be paid by the users, and in this case at a higher rate. Besides, a moderate margin of profit is needed for emergency expenses, as in case of accident, 'visitation of Providence,' or other unlooked-for event.



The junior high school.

Alligators fight with tail and teeth, rapidly snapping their jaws.

ALLIGATOR Farming Pays

ALLIGATORS are the Methuselahs of reptiles. Most 'gators live one thousand to twelve hundred years. Neither germ nor contagious disease affects them.

When an alligator grabs a human being in its vise-like jaws, it does not chew off an arm or leg. It turns over and over and literally twists the appendage from its socket. The 'gator is a great coward and will flee from a dog. If cornered, however, the otherwise timid reptile will fight as desperately as a fierce tiger.

Skin hunting used to be a profitable industry in Florida as alligator skins sold for one to two dollars per lineal foot. Overshooting has reduced the numbers, and now wild 'gator haunts are found only in the remote sections of the Everglades and of Big Cypress Swamp. Alligator skin is one of our most durable fancy leathers.

An adult 'gator on a farm eats forty to fifty pounds of fish and meat daily. These reptiles hibernate for five months in the year, remaining five to ten feet below the surface of the water under natural conditions. In early summer, the female deposits fifty to sixty eggs in the warm sand. In two months, the young emerge from the sandy beach incubator and scurry immediately for shallow water. They are practically self-sustaining from birth. The father soon forgets his parental responsibilities, and if he can catch his baby sons and daughters, he will devour them.

Right—
Trussing up a 'gator for transportation.

Below—
A little fellow three years old.

Luck, and the Bedside Manner

(Continued from page 2)

as for parents, better-halves and children—'*Heraus mit denen.*' They did not count. The doctor was the whole thing and he would brook no contradiction.

One of his peculiarities was that he never looked directly at the person with whom he was talking; he seemed to look beyond, as though into a world peopled by his kind and inhabited by gods. For a quarter of a century he had one of the commanding practices in New York.

His wife was a confirmed nervous invalid.

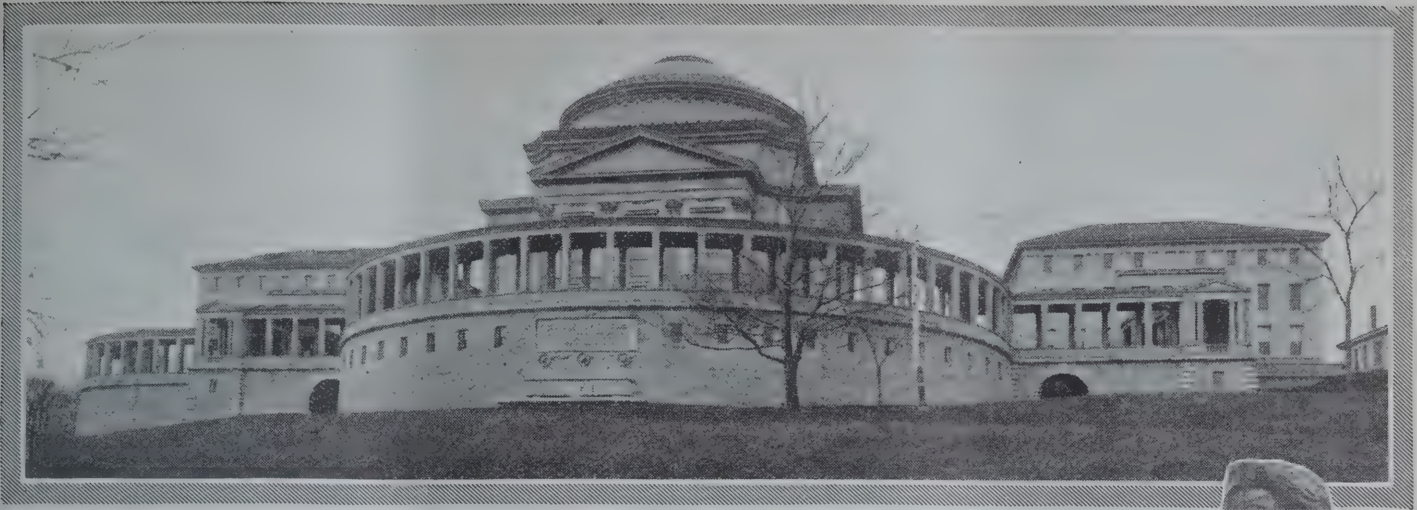
The second group has a large membership. Unlike the first which is particularly adapted to the needs of women, this one finds great favor with men, most of whom, if their wives are to be believed, are cowards when they are ill, or at least fear they are going to die. The possessors of this particular manner, and they are often men of great ability, are to be found throughout the profession, but it is a favorite with those who devote their energies to combating disorders of the digestive tract. The reason for this may be that funk and despair are early and persistent accompaniments of such diseases and the physician has learned intuitively or empirically that the possessor will tolerate neither harsh words nor ingratiating sympathy.

THE most perfect example of this manner that I have known was in a man of marked ability. With time to formulate an opinion of the nature of an ailment, his opinion was always valuable. To observe him enter a sick room, one could not fail to think he had just returned from the Garden of the Hesperides with one of the golden apples. Or that he had been told of the repeal of the Volstead Act. He radiated suavity and reflected solicitude. The coo and caress of his voice as he assured the patient that his examination would cause neither discomfort nor pain would have made any dentist's fortune, had the dentist possessed it a year.

As he proceeded with the examination, his face would light up with a smile, a blend of that to be seen in Da Vinci's masterpiece and upon the faces of Andrea del Verrocchio's madonnas. I have seen this smile spread over his countenance when his erudite fingers had come upon a mass in the patient's abdomen which would soon make his days a torture, his nights a rack, just as I have seen it bloom upon the face of a small boy when a mince pie that he hoped for, but despaired of, was put upon the table. In the conference room, he was deference itself to others, and reconciled disparate views with the ease of a conjuror doing his tricks. He nearly always won out with the doctor, and invariably with the patient.

Each of the varieties of manner previously named has a number of subdivisions, and this one has the most. The commonest is one the purpose of which is to find out what the patient wants, and then let him have it. He patterns himself after the sophist of Socrates. Sick persons, like well persons, indeed like all domestic animals save the cat, are partial to praise.

(To be concluded in an early issue.)



The HALL of FAME

Where Names *of* America's Great *Are* Inscribed

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

Bust of General Grant in the Hall of Fame.

THE originator of 'The Hall of Fame for Great Americans' was the late Henry Mitchell MacCracken, former chancellor of the New York University. Its fulfillment was made possible by the gift, in 1900, of $100,000 from Mrs. Finley J. Shepard (formerly Miss Helen Gould), which was later increased to $250,000.

One hundred prominent persons in all parts of the country were chosen as electors, and nominations from the public were asked for. They came in a flood. By May, 1900, more than one thousand names had been submitted.

The senate of the university selected the 100 names which had received the largest public support, and sent them to the electors, asking the electors themselves to submit others, which resulted in 234 names being taken under final consideration. Only 29 of these, however, received a majority vote, and were declared elected:

George Washington
Abraham Lincoln
Daniel Webster
Benjamin Franklin
Ulysses Simpson Grant
John Marshall
Thomas Jefferson
Ralph Waldo Emerson
Robert Fulton
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Washington Irving
Jonathan Edwards
Samuel Finley Breese Morse
David Glasgow Farragut
Henry Clay
Harriet Beecher Stowe
George Peabody
Nathaniel Hawthorne
Peter Cooper
Eli Whitney
Robert Edward Lee
Horace Mann
Mary Lyon
John James Audubon
James Kent
Henry Ward Beecher
Joseph Story
John Adams
William Ellery Channing

At first, the foreign-born citizen was barred from consideration, but the constitution was amended by striking out every discrimination between citizens of native and foreign birth.

The university set apart a site for a Hall of Fame for Women, but it was finally decided to classify the names of the women with those of the men. At times the battle of ballots has waxed furious, some of the electors being partisan to the extreme, sticking by their favorite to the exclusion of all others. The result has been that the names of many men and women who might justly be included in the roll of Great Americans have, as yet, failed to receive the three-fifths vote of the whole body of electors, necessary to elect. Getting into the Hall of Fame is no easy matter.

When the building was completed, it was announced that 150 panels would be provided for memorial bronze tablets, 50 to be inscribed in 1900, provided 50 could be selected by the judges, and after that, five names every five years, which, provided the full quota was agreed upon at each election, would fill the Hall about the year A. D. 2000.

The site is a very picturesque one, and overlooks the Palisades and Hudson River. The building is of granite, circular in shape, and the colonnade and massive substructure make it a feature of the western group of buildings of the New York University.

In connection with the Hall of Fame it is planned, as funds may be provided for the purpose, to establish a museum for the preservation and exhibition of sculptures, portraits, and other important mementoes of Americans who have been elected.

Organizations and individuals are invited to present bronze busts of persons who have been elected to the Hall of Fame, the busts to surmount the tablets in the colonnade. Many have already been put in place.

Since the world began it has been the delight of man to inscribe in high places the names of his fellows who have won especial distinction where posterity may everlastingly read and honor, and not forget. The Hall of Fame of the New York University holds a unique position in this respect.

Granite colonnade of the Hall of Fame.

Lamb Chops for Victor Hugo

(*Continued from page 9*)

'After several weeks I got to be good friends with the servant, and one Monday I said to him:

' "Monsieur Dumas isn't out. I saw him at the window before I came in."

'I hadn't seen him but I said it in a loud voice. The servant tried to explain that I was mistaken, and while he was telling me Monsieur Dumas appeared in the doorway and cried:

' "What is it, my boy? What is it?"

'I told him who I was and that my master wanted money. He laughed a big laugh, took me by the shoulders and exclaimed:

' "You are a good boy. You shall have the money."

'He paid me. Always it was that way. Monsieur Dumas "wouldn't be home" for weeks and then, suddenly, I would see him. Just like I saw him that first day in the doorway. His laugh would boom out and he would pay me.

'Then, there was Madame Sand. Gossip of today has it that she fretted away—really dying because of her heartbreak after Chopin died. That gossip isn't true. Madame Sand used to come into the Restaurant Magny. Oh, she used to come in very often. So very often. We had the food on counters, in the French style, and she would mince around finally selecting filet mignon—always filet mignon—and would flutter as she ordered:

' "Joseph, you know—filet mignon à la rossini. How I like it, you know. Be a good boy and fix it like you fixed it last time. That was yesterday, wasn't it? No, the day before yesterday."

'We liked to serve Madame Sand. She was short and what you call wide—fat, I mean. Happy. Always laughing. A pretty big woman, and it seemed funny the way she fluttered over the trays, picking just what she wanted and then telling us how she wanted it fixed. Going into detail. And we knew, all the time.

'After I came to New York one of my first American friends was Admiral Schley. He was then commodore on the cutter *Bear* and used to bring his officers to the Brunswick and order a fine bouillabaisse. Liked that better than anything else. He sent for me one day and said he wanted me to be the chef on the cutter for one of her cruises.

' "I'm pleased with you, Joseph," he said.

'I thanked him.

' "I'm fond of your fine bouillabaisse. I want you with me. To make it for me, every day."

' "Maybe you'll get tired of it," I told him.

'He shook his head—like that,' and Joseph gave his head a vigorous shaking.

' "I'd like to go," I told him.

' "Then it's settled. You go."

' "What will you pay me?" I asked.

' "Fifteen dollars a month is all I can pay you," he answered.

'I told him I was getting one hundred dollars a month at the hotel and offered to leave if he would give me ninety. He told me he couldn't do it and I regretfully told him I couldn't go. You see, I had my parents and my brothers and my sisters depending on me. They were in France but I was helping them, every month. When I told this to Commander Schley he just grunted and turned away to one of his officers, muttering:

' "These damned Frenchmen think only of money!"

'That hurt me, I guess. Commander Schley knew it, for he turned around again, smiled and told me he was sorry. Said maybe he was thinking too much of his own stomach.'

'How did you happen to come to America?' I asked Joseph.

He chuckled.

'American girls put the idea into my head.'

'How was that?'

'After the death of M. Magny the restaurant was closed. I was recommended to spend the season at the Pensionnat Yeatman, in Neuilly. This was a fashionable girls' boarding school where the daughters of wealthy American and English families were taught the secrets of French cooking.

'The school was run by two women—mother and daughter. When I reported, the mother was sitting in a hammock, and taking off my hat I told her I was the new chef.

'She looked at me—surprised.

' "Too young," she sniffed, and called her daughter. I gave her daughter a letter from M. Magny which he had given me many months before he died, and in which he said I was one of his best. You see from this that Monsieur Magny liked his pupils. The daughter read the letter and exclaimed:

' "He's from the Restaurant Magny. He must be good. What if he is young?"

'The two ladies had quite a jangle and the mother finally consented to let me go into the kitchen saying I could stay for a few days until she could get an older chef from Paris. I must have satisfied her, because I was there all through the season. The American girls kept telling me of the wonderful opportunities there would be for me in the United States, until I began to believe them.

'And, too, I didn't want, very much, to go back to Paris. Down there in the Latin Quarter, where M. Magny had had his restaurant, everything would have been strange to me. I would have missed all the famous people who used to come into the place. They had scattered. Men such as M. de Lesseps, who made such a name for himself at the Suez Canal and whose favorite dish was saddle of lamb with fresh vegetables, Léon Gambetta, whose oratory did much to bring in the French Republic—many of those famous people whose names I have given you.

'It wasn't too difficult for me to decide to come to New York.'

'What about eating—has the public changed in the years you have been serving it?'

Joseph smiled at the question and answered quickly:

'It changes, much. Americans are becoming more careful of their eating. Even twenty-five years ago the noon meal was heavy. It isn't now. That is, today those who eat in public are what we chefs call "light eaters" at noon—for the most part. They have learned that heavy meals in the middle of the day are not—what you call it . . . con—conducive, that's it, to good work in the afternoon.

'Americans prefer plain foods with no wide range of sauce garnishments; Europeans, on the other hand, go in heavily for sauces. Eating, with an American, is considered in the aspect of a necessity; Europeans, particularly the French, the Latin races, and the Russians, endeavor to make of it an art.'

An English Lady

(*Continued from page 6*)

absolutely certain, penetrated with a marvellous spiritual intimacy and confidence, the foundation of all her life and happiness, and finally mysterious as everything in her was a little mysterious, as though again she belonged to some country that must be unknown to us. But this did not separate her from me; it produced in her no arrogance nor condemnation of others; she took me on my own ground only wanting to understand me and to support me in everything that seemed to her good and courageous.

In these later years everyone, I think, who came into contact with her felt her to be something rare and fine. She was very difficult to know simply because she took so seriously her pledged word and was so sure that she was too usual and ordinary for people to waste time about her. She shrank sometimes from social things that seemed to her useless and waste of time and it was one of her chief troubles that she was not eager enough about the social duties that my father's position necessitated. More and more as the years passed she loved everything that was beautiful, pictures and music and scenery and books. In her young days she had had a very limited education but her artistic judgment was very seldom wrong although it was limited, of course, in its attitude to modern things by the generation to which she belonged.

We had one last expedition to Italy together. I think that that was one of the happiest jaunts in her life and always now when I think of her I see her as a little quiet lady, saying not very much, her eyes shining with pleasure, beautifully gracious to servants and railway porters and peasants, on the road, with a great dignity but with a delightful childishness breaking out again and again, an excitement of appreciation that all the stress and conflict of her life left quite unimpaired.

There came then some last terrible months in Mentone when, in an empty villa lent us by a kind friend set in a garden rioting with huge scentless flowers, life slowly ebbed from her. One last victory remained for her, at first when she was unaware of how serious her illness was she struggled for life which she loved, but there came a day when she suddenly knew the truth and from that moment she presented a most beautiful aspect of courageous acceptance. She hated to leave us but we were all aware in the last weeks that her temporary sojourn in a foreign country was over. One of the last things that she said to me was: 'You don't know what a comfort it is to think that I am never going to be shy again.'

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'Prospects of a crop for the first time in nine years are promising in the Big Bend of eastern Washington, this year,' said the ***Dry Farmer.*** 'At the end of each season of drought, the farmers have been saying, "Well, it's three times and out. We'll have a change now." But they didn't. And at the end of seven years they looked for a break—as that number seems to possess certain lucky values. But last year, which was the eighth, was the worst of all.

'For scores of miles in all directions the farms have been abandoned, the fields are full of Russian thistle, the fences are down, and the huge barns and fine houses are going to rack and ruin. The huge combine harvesters that required the strength of thirty and forty horses with which to garner in the golden grain, stand specterlike in the barn lot. Nothing alive is seen for miles and miles, except here and there a stray coyote slinking after the coveys of Hungarian pheasants that feed on the weed seeds.

'It's a melancholy sight to travel through the orchard districts of the valleys where, in scores of places, the yellowing leaves of the fifteen-year-old apple trees are falling to the weed-tangled ground. On their withered branches are scores of apples no bigger than marbles, mute testimony of the trees' last effort to reproduce in kind.

'The pretty homes are deserted and the water courses dry. Fences are useless in their present location, costly woven wire fences that were put up to keep out the jack rabbits when the trees were young and tender; with what hopes the owners planted and nursed them day after day, year after year, watching their vigorous growth. And now, when they have come to full maturity, and when the big red-cheeked apples that they would otherwise have produced are selling at three dollars and more a box, the caretakers have to stand by helplessly and watch them slowly wither and die. On one side are great warehouses and packing sheds. Costly spraying and packing machinery lies rusting in a desert country, like the "Mexican mummies" of Death Valley in California.

'It is a black picture, but not nearly so black as the future of some of the owners who had to move away. Men whose white hair and aged muscles put them out of the race in winning another fortune, and who six or seven years ago could have easily sold their ten-acre orchard for twenty thousand dollars. Now, it is worth nothing at all, considering the cost of grubbing out the dead trees.

'It only goes to prove that *water is life*, life itself. I have seen people fight as savagely over it as though they were protecting the lives of their offspring.

'Yes, water is life. Water is beauty. It is almost everything. It constitutes the attractiveness of so many of our landscape paintings, be it a lake, a river or only a brook. And each one of them finds birth in the fall of rain or snow. So, when water fails and streams fail, it is then that earth's children, civilized or savage, lift their voices in a universal plea by song, prayer or ceremony to the great Creator, that he loosen the sources and let fall the life-giving element, that through its magic the earth may again blossom and the people prosper and be happy.'

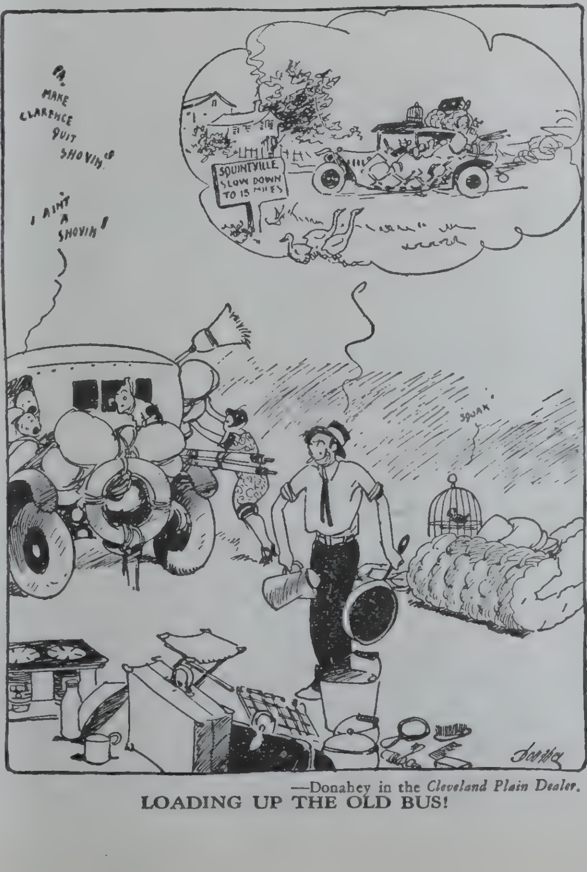
* * *

'The power of the Supreme Court to declare legislative and executive acts unconstitutional should not be exercised on a division of five against four,' said the ***Law Professor*** from a midwestern faculty. 'So far as I am concerned, the division should be on a basis of at least seven justices to two; the only question in my mind is how the reform can be brought about.

'I believe the proper way to get it is either by means of a constitutional amendment or by a voluntary limitation which the Court might put on itself. I do not believe Congressional action could help much. It would merely give the Supreme Court another act to be declared unconstitutional.

'The Supreme Court has put other limitations on itself. It has refrained from deciding political questions. It has refused to declare legislation unconstitutional except in "cases and controversies"; that is, it has refused to give advisory opinions. It has refused to declare legislation unconstitutional except when its unconstitutionality was clear.

'No act of the Supreme Court has done more to secure for it the high place it has held in this country than the voluntary limitations it has placed on itself.'


PA! MAKE CLARENCE QUIT SHOVIN'!
I AIN'T A SHOVIN'!
SQUINTVILLE SLOW DOWN TO 15 MILES
SQUAK!

—Donahey in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

LOADING UP THE OLD BUS!

'This writing business is attracting more and more suckers every day,' said the ***Well-Known Author.*** 'Most editors realize it and don't know just how to remedy it. So long as farm boys, drug-store clerks and immature flappers read advertisements about their fellows who are now making two thousand dollars a week after just a little study from this or that course, so long will we have this deluge of manuscripts.

'It's a wonderful thing for the postal service. In one magazine just recently I read forty-five different advertisements to amateur authors. Some were by critics; others by stenographic services . . . "type manuscripts in the manner that editors require"; and still others were for courses of instruction.

'What's to be done about it? There is nothing we can do; perhaps there isn't anything we should do. For we know that out of all this surplus of aspiration and effort, we may get and we do get new stars for the firmament of literature.'

* * *

'Teaching the small-town merchant how to advertise requires a deal of tact,' said the ***Country Editor,*** 'for it involves education in merchandising. Most of these merchants believe that the sole function of advertising is to list or describe the goods they happen to have to sell.

'First of all, we must show them that its mission is to create new habits of living. It must emphasize the utility and the beauty of their wares, and thus create desire. How to do this in Timothy Centre or Hemlock Corners is, in some ways, an interesting problem.

'In my town, I invested in a well-selected library of advertising books and presented them to the Commercial Club. Then I used advertising as my theme when I was called on to take my turn in addressing the club. I had the inevitable resistance of the mossbacks to overcome. I followed my speech by interviewing individuals. It took me just five months to develop the idea to the point where it began to produce results.

'Yes; it paid me many times over. The first indication was an increase in space used. For the first time in the history of my paper, the advertising department began to show a profit. But there is one thing which had to accompany it. An aggressive and constructive news policy had to be not only maintained, but steadily improved.

'You'd be surprised, perhaps, to hear me say that I have gone more than fifty miles to interview a farmer who had something of importance for my readers. To me, it was just as big and important a story as Lindbergh's return was to the reporters in New York City. To many of my readers—I think I may say with all propriety—it was, also.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Question. What is the average height and weight of American men and women?

Answer. Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, anthropologist of the Smithsonian Institution, has come to the conclusion, after many years of scientific measurement and study of those whom he designates as 'Old Americans,' and of the immigrants differing from the original stock, that a new American type is appearing. The normal American men and women of the old stock, or stock not affected by the immigration after 1840, are shown to be the tallest of any of the larger groups of the white race. The males are over an inch taller than the average Englishman and two-thirds of an inch taller than the Scot. The average heights are 5 feet 8½ inches for the men, and 5 feet 3 7-10 inches for the women. Weights average 150 pounds for the males (of the mean age of 37 years) and 127 pounds for the females (mean age, 36 years). Their pigmentation (skin, hair) is predominantly of the intermediate variety, both true blonds and pronounced brunets being infrequent. They are not 'Nordic' in type, except individuals. Their eyes, more often than not, are 'mixed,' that is, blue or gray or greenish with plain traces of brown; light without brown admixture; or brown. It must be taken into consideration that the older American stock, or that dating from before 1820, consisted principally of English and Welsh people or their descendants, with strong infusions of Scottish and Scottish-Irish, German, Dutch, Irish, and French, in the order named. However, English and Welsh people and their descendants constituted more than three-fourths, and English, Welsh, Scottish, and Irish not far from nine-tenths, of the early United States population, while during the last one hundred years this country has received, proportionately, more German, Irish, Scandinavian, Italian, Slavic, and Jewish immigrants and a considerably smaller percentage of Scottish, Welsh, English, Dutch and French. This will probably result in a population somewhat more German and Irish, with also a tinge more of Scandinavian and a stronger tinge of Italian, Slavic, and Jewish blood than formerly. The great bulk of the population remains, however, in origin of descent, British, or at least Western European. Dr. Harry L. Hollingworth, a Columbia psychologist, states that the average American man weighs 150 pounds and is 67 inches tall. Dr. Hollingworth's conclusions are based on records and statistics from many thousands of men and women who have submitted to tests like those given in the Army during the World War.

* * *

Q. Who brought the first Negroes to the United States?

A. The first shipment of Negroes to the New World took place in 1503 when the Portuguese landed some in Santo Domingo. The first shipload of Negroes to North America was landed at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1619 when a Dutch ship of war sold some slaves in exchange for provisions. They were not however brought to the continent in large numbers until England secured the Spanish contract in 1713.

* * *

Q. I would like to have the number of banks in the United States—national, state and private.

A. On June 30, 1926, there were 28,146 reporting banks of all classes in continental United States, Alaska and the insular possessions, classified as follows:

	Number	*Resources*
National	7,978	$25,315,624,000
State (commercial)	16,493	16,579,656,000
Loan and trust companies	1,656	12,205,196,000
Stock savings banks	904	2,196,427,000
Mutual savings banks	620	8,422,307,000
Private banks	495	174,152,000
	28,146	$64,893,362,000

* * *

Q. What states, if any, have passed laws prohibiting parochial schools?

A. Parochial schools are not prohibited by law in any state. In November, 1922, the voters of Oregon under the initiative provision of their state constitution passed a law which required all children between 8 and 16 years of age to attend public schools. This act, while not expressly prohibiting parochial schools, was in effect a prohibition of patronage to private schools. This law was to become effective September 1, 1926. On March 31, 1924, the Federal District Court for the District of Oregon issued an injunction restraining the State of Oregon from enforcing the act upon the grounds that it was unconstitutional. The issuance of this injunction was affirmed by the United States Supreme Court on June 1, 1925. Hence the Oregon law was never put into operation.

* * *

Q. How is Greenland governed?

A. Danish authority was formerly limited to the southern portions of Greenland. In 1917, however, the United States ceded, in part payment for the Danish West Indies, its right to any and all parts of Greenland acquired through discovery or by temporary occupation. Under this treaty Denmark now dominates all Greenland. Its royal officers control the administration of government, and the religion and education of the native population. Greenland is divided for administration into the North and South inspectorates, each being governed by a royal inspector appointed by the King of Denmark. Besides exercising magisterial powers, the inspectors supervise the agents of the Royal Greenland Trade Commission and of the Danish and Moravian missions, and they subserve the interests of the Eskimos. Home government exists among the Eskimos in the form of municipal councils, which are organized under the regulations formulated in 1872 by the Danish minister of home affairs. The local priest presides and, in the proportion of one to 120, native Eskimo members are elected from the 'providers' (skilled hunters). They adjust minor offenses and relieve distress among the old and the suffering through the distribution of the Greenland Fund, which is formed by allotment of 20 per cent of all sums paid for domestic produce by the Royal Greenland Trade Commission.

* * *

Q. When and where was the Battle of Hanging Rock fought?

A. This battle was fought on August 6, 1780, at Hanging Rock, South Carolina, between Colonel Hunter's Americans, some 800 in number, and about as many Loyalists commanded by Major Carden.

* * *

CORRECTION: In our June 18 issue in answer to the query, 'What is the Locarno Security Pact and what nations agreed to it?' we stated that the conference was held at Locarno, Italy. This should have read 'Locarno, Switzerland.'

SON. WHATCHA SAY WE PUT OUR FISHIN' TRIP OFF TILL TOMORROW—
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
LUNCH
CHAS. KUHN-27.

—Kuhn, in the *Indianapolis News.*

CHERRY PIE TIME

BRIEFLY TOLD

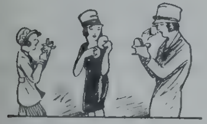
Under Vienna's 'spigot' tax plan each home or apartment is allowed one water faucet free of tax. Since with every additional outlet the duties rise apace, installation of hot and cold water in both kitchen and bathroom is a distinct luxury.

The most northern radio station in the world is that just planted by the Soviet government on Cape Desire, which juts into the Arctic Zone just west of Archangel, Siberia. It will be used to communicate with aerial Arctic explorers.

Platinum, employed by jewelers for about thirty years only, is now so popular in this country that it was found necessary to import more than $10,000,000 worth last year. The most surprising thing about this metal is its weight. A bar of platinum four inches wide, one-half inch thick and a foot long weighs 30 pounds and is worth about $30,000.

'Parasol' ants derive their name from the fact that they cut large pieces out of leaves for making nests and then march along carrying the pieces over their heads like umbrellas.

Owning an auto in China is distinctly a luxury. The license fee in one city costs $37.50 a month and when gasoline is cheap it is $1.50 a gallon. In addition, a jaunt off the main thoroughfare requires the services of at least four attendants.



Five million dollars a day is expended by the women of the United States in the effort to keep themselves beautiful.

Meissen, Germany, the town where Dresden china is made, will be one thousand years old in May, 1929. A feature of the festivities will be a chime of bells of porcelain to be made and hung in a local tower. The largest bell will be three feet high.

Ancient Egypt's sacred lotus was in reality an ordinary water lily.

Fish scales are now valuable, being used in the manufacture of imitation pearls. A Heathsville, Virginia, fisherman recently sold $100 worth of herring scales from one day's fishing.

Post-mortem examination of Ida, famed ostrich at the London Zoölogical Gardens, disclosed the following articles in her gizzard: Three gloves, a handkerchief, cord, an empty film spool, two large and several small nails, a pencil, four halfpennies, two farthings, a French coin, parts of a comb and a gold necklace, a collar button, bicycle tire valves, a clock key, a dozen short bits of wire, metal staples, screws, rivets, a glove fastener and a piece of wood four inches long.

The cleaning up of the 1,800 tons of waste paper and confetti thrown upon the streets during the welcome of Colonel Lindbergh cost New York City $16,000.

Lighting an American match in Peru may be cause for a twenty-dollar fine. A Swedish match company has a monopoly on the sale of matches in that country, which makes all others highly dutiable.

The crown worn by King George on state occasions has two officially appointed guardians. When it is housed in the Tower of London with the other crown jewels, the lieutenant of the Tower is responsible for its safety, but whenever it is removed the King's bargemaster must attend and guard it.

Every Sunday a group of golfers near Fort Stockton, Texas, assemble on the course and listen to the Sunday school lesson broadcast by the pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

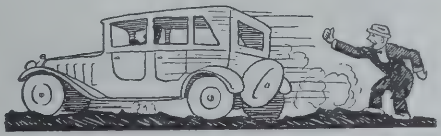
After a two months' trial at Stephens Junior College for Girls, Columbus, Missouri, the midday siesta has been adjudged a success and put into effect permanently. The coeds are not compelled to sleep, but most of them do, while all find relaxation.

Since a family of fourteen Alaskan blue fox cubs requires more attention than one mother can give, the manager of a fox farm at Antigo, Wisconsin, has drafted three house cats to act as foster mothers.

One in each four farms in the United States now uses the radio for business and recreation, announces the Department of Agriculture. The number of sets has increased from 145,350 in 1923 to 1,251,186 at the present time.

Chicago is spending $1,700,000 to build a bridge where there is, as yet, no river. When it is finished a channel will be dug beneath it and the Chicago River will flow where now are only railroad tracks.

An intoxicated violinist in an Argentine lumber camp is credited with the idea of extracting music from an ordinary steel saw, thus originating the 'musical saw' which is now so popular with jazz orchestras.



'Assassin' is the pet name hissed by pedestrians of Paris at chauffeurs who just miss them. They believe the chauffeur misses because his aim is poor.

Seeing New York by air is cheaper than by taxi. The same route covered by an airplane at a cost of $5 will run up a taxicab bill of $6.10, it is reported.

Wool is being made from pine needles by a process recently perfected in Germany. In addition to yielding fine strong fibers, the resin extracted from the needles can be made into briquettes giving a high heat valuable in the manufacture of illuminating gas.

The lifetime of a good watch, experts say, is 50 years. In its daily duties the balance and hairspring vibrate 18,000 times every hour, or more than 157,000,000 times a year, while an equal number of ticks come from the escapement.

In Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, stands a massive stone column erected in honor of the first three Spaniards to enter the city. On top of the column is a huge sundial which rests upon a tortoise, suggesting that time crawls rather than flies.

Because of the great number of laborers who have left the farms of France, farmers are installing modern agricultural machines as labor-savers.

Deprived of eggs, a sitting hen near Cedar Rapids chased a crow from her nest and took possession.

The trunk of a single walnut tree six feet in diameter, grown in Kentucky, recently sold for $625

Snakes have killed more than a million human beings in the last 50 years. An average of 20,000 are killed each year in India alone, and from three to five thousand in the American tropics, besides thousands in Australia and Africa where a large majority of reptiles are poisonous.

A woman placed her savings in a tin container which she concealed in a stove. It was forgotten during cooking operations and all that remained of the currency was charred bits of paper. Experts of the redemption division of the Treasury identified most of the embers and refunded her notes amounting to $1,200.

More than forty-five per cent of the windmills of Holland have been removed or demolished since 1926, according to a report from an official mill association in that country.

In India rickets are more prevalent among high-caste Hindu children who are kept indoors than among low-caste children who play in the sun.

Wyoming is attempting to round up the thousands of wild horses in the state.

Sunday Island, in the Pacific, is said to be the tallest mountain in the world, as it rises 2,000 feet out of five miles of water; this makes its height nearly 30,000 feet.

A terrapin with 'H. E. C., 1873' carved on the shell was found on a farm near Salem, Virginia. H. E. Caldwell of Roanoke says he remembers carving his initials on the back of a full-grown terrapin in April, 1873.

Because of the unusual cold summer, the warmest temperature so far being 35 degrees below zero, the natives of northern Siberia, thinking the gods are angry, have sacrificed scores of precious reindeer.

NOTES · COMMENTS · CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses common life and character.

* * *

On page 2 of the cover is a poem—'Roads'—by Lizette Woodworth Reese, the Maryland poet.

* * *

One of the country's greatest authorities on nervous diseases is Dr. Joseph Collins, professor of neurology, New York, and the author of numerous textbooks and articles on this subject. He contributes 'Luck, and the Bedside Manner,' a story which lets one into the methods of some family doctors. (p. 1)

* * *

Doctors who know how to doctor have other ways besides medicine to make a patient well. The 'bedside manner,' is one of the most important of these. Nurses require it as well as doctors. Holding hands with the patient is one of the methods said to be most effective. Telling them that they are looking much better is another; a judicially regulated smile is always an asset. The psychological significance of these things cannot be overestimated. (p. 1)

* * *

There is a region in the West—New Albion—which lies between Puget Sound and the Columbia River. It was Captain Vancouver who called it New Albion. He thought it compared favorably with all that was best in New Albion; but on this extensive strip of mountain, river and sea there is a grandeur that only a mighty country can hold. What a native of New Albion says about it makes one long to explore it, to find a 'valley of the moon' and stay there. (p. 3)

* * *

Hugh Walpole furnishes another of his 'Little Essays from a Northern Cottage.' This time it is about the English Lady in which the writer pays tribute to his own mother. It is a character sketch with a true human touch. (p. 5)

* * *

Newspapers go to great lengths in securing 'scoops.' One of them tried to bottle up the story of Lindbergh's transatlantic flight for its exclusive use, but it might as well have tried to put a lid on Mount Vesuvius. The Paris correspondent of one of the New York papers gives the inside story of how certain news sleuths for a time lost scent of the aviator on his arrival. (p. 7)

* * *

There seems to be no particular diet for men and women of genius. Taken collectively, they eat almost anything. Norman Beasley, magazine writer and essayist, located a retired French chef who had prepared meals for many famous Frenchmen and Americans, including poets, painters, soldiers, sailors, actors and others. What they ate and why they ate it makes a very good story. One might imagine that great singers dined on nightingales' tongues and poets on Parnassian ambrosia. But they didn't; a porterhouse steak with onions had a much wider appeal. (p. 9)

* * *

Katie Roby was a schoolmate of Abraham Lincoln. At play parties she sang the old folk songs with him and she was his close friend throughout. But, says Dr. William E. Barton, Lincoln's biographer and the compiler of Lincolniana, she did not love him enough to marry him. Nevertheless Katie Roby occupied an important place in the future president's life. Incidentally we get a glimpse of the customs and folklore of a very quaint day. (p. 12)

* * *

A list of the *Mayflower's* ship's company as given by Governor William Bradford is one of the most valuable of our historic documents. (p. 19)

* * *

Were the British people as a whole opposed to the Emperor Nicholas II finding sanctuary in their country from Red revolution? This thought arises on reading Gregory Shinkarenko's second article on that ill-starred monarch and his family. The writer, an ex-officer in the Russian Imperial Navy, reveals several intensely interesting episodes in the last part of the Czar's career which ended when, with his wife, their son, their four daughters and their servants, he was murdered in a cellar in Ekaterinburg. (p. 20)

* * *

For many years cook books were second in popularity only to the Bible, and the art of eating was more fully understood than the science of it. The ancient Greeks had their Epicurus and the Romans had their Lucullus. Their names are still remembered as those of great gourmands. The earliest cook books were Roman, and the *Commentaries* of Caesar himself had to take second place to books for cooks. Louis C. Karpinski, of Michigan University, has unearthed some wonderful data on this subject. (p. 24)

* * *

A taxless city is a distinct novelty. There is one in Ohio, and just how it is this way is enlightening. (p. 25)

* * *

'The Hall of Fame' is a short and eminently appropriate article by Frank Dorrance Hopley. (p. 27)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The writer and many millions of American men before the advent of Prohibition prided ourselves in top tenoring to the tune of 'Sweet Adeline'—in close harmony—unto the wee small hours of the morning, spending one-third to one-fourth of our incomes in these misnamed 'poor men's clubs'—those corner hell holes; now, we've all got to be content in going home to radio, lectures, reading, movies, helping kiddies in school work, and so forth—a little bit more domestic, it is admitted, but how much cleaner and better for us all.

New York City is sober and clean and, except the night clubs and a few nefarious speakeasies, it's getting along fine—no drunkenness on the streets—no lapping up of booze during the business day—men and women just attending their knitting in a safe, sane, harmonious, sober way.

Rome wasn't built and Negroes weren't freed in a day—and give this Prohibition law 10 to 15 more years and (we all must admit this) our country will become a virtual Utopia.

Booze and the corner saloon must not return to our midst—it would only bring chaos, business depression and what not. This 'liberty' of booze swigging must be kept from us officially.

There is just one other 'liberty' that should be denied us; that is, that unwholesome, unhealthful, miserable, dirty, mean habit that's fast becoming a stench in the nostrils of all self-respecting American men and women—the smoking of 'butts' by women in public places. This practice is ruining the health of the future mothers of the race. A young girl sitting opposite me while I'm penning this is on her third cigaret—and going strong—and from appearances she's playing 'hookey' from grammar school. The type I see in the restaurants and other public places are usually the anemic, pale and pallid type—and the ones not of that type will be so in time. C. H. KIMBALL.

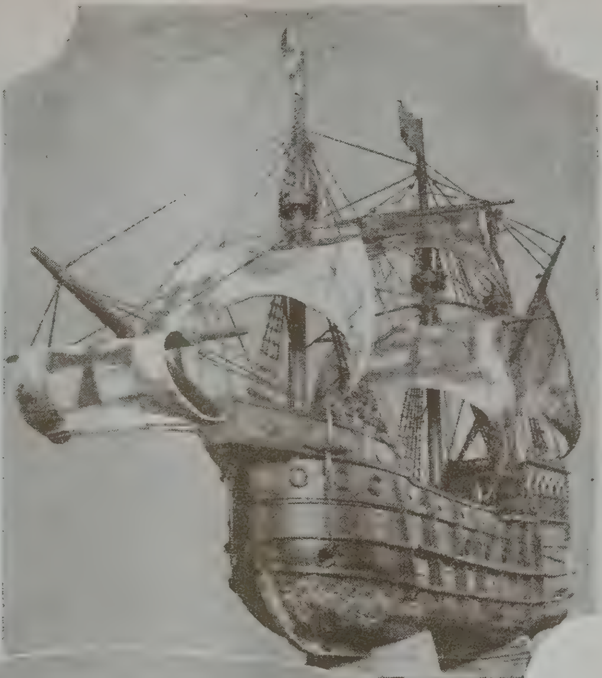
Portland, Oregon.

In renewing my subscription to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT I wish especially to express approval of your recent articles on education, bonds and finance, as being both timely and instructive; also of those on the proposed child labor amendment of a little earlier period. I mention the latter in this connection because these questions are all closely interrelated and because it is on a saner handling of these questions that our economic system, perhaps even our Government itself, can be made to endure.

Yes, I like the INDEPENDENT and do not see how I could get along without it. May its influence spread till it fills the land. F. G. HARCOURT.

Adventure *Symbolized* *in* SHIP MODELS

Links Former Centuries *to* Winged Years *of* Today



[—Herbert Photos.]

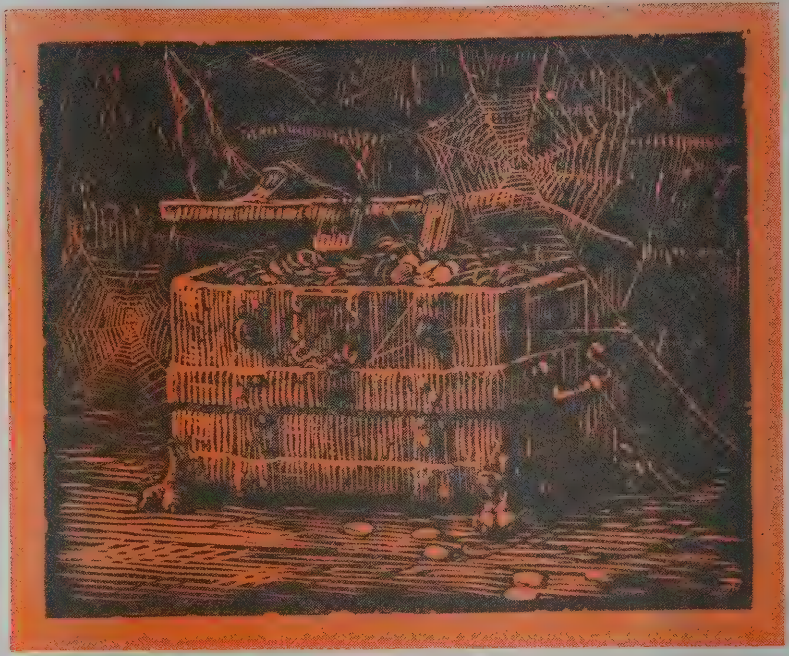
Making model ships began as more or less of a pastime, but the popularity of the product caused the work to be taken up seriously. In the picture above, one of a group of artists in a workshop in the Bronx demonstrates the first step—shaping the hull from a block of selected wood.

To manufacture these model ships with a margin of profit necessitates that the work be done on a production basis. When the two main parts of the body of the ship have been joined, next to be done is the stepping of the masts, painting of the hull to give a weathered appearance, and arranging of the rigging, ornamented sails, flags and pennants.

The next operation is hollowing out the hull and assembling the superstructure. The crew was housed forward; the officers occupied more pretentious quarters in the stern.

At top, right—
A masterpiece in a miniature replica of a galleon. It appears to be riding the waves before a brisk breeze. This effect is achieved by inclosing bent wires in the bound edges of the sails. Besides being a faithful reproduction for ornamental purposes, this model will ride an even keel in the water.

A-3900
THE ILLINOIS
AGRICULTURIST
URBANA
CHAMPAIGN ILL



IDLE money is an evil. It causes idle men: idle men among those who have the idle money and idle men among those who have no money at all. The time is coming—in the moral sense it is already here—when a man will be held to have no rights in money or property that he is not operating for the general benefit.

A

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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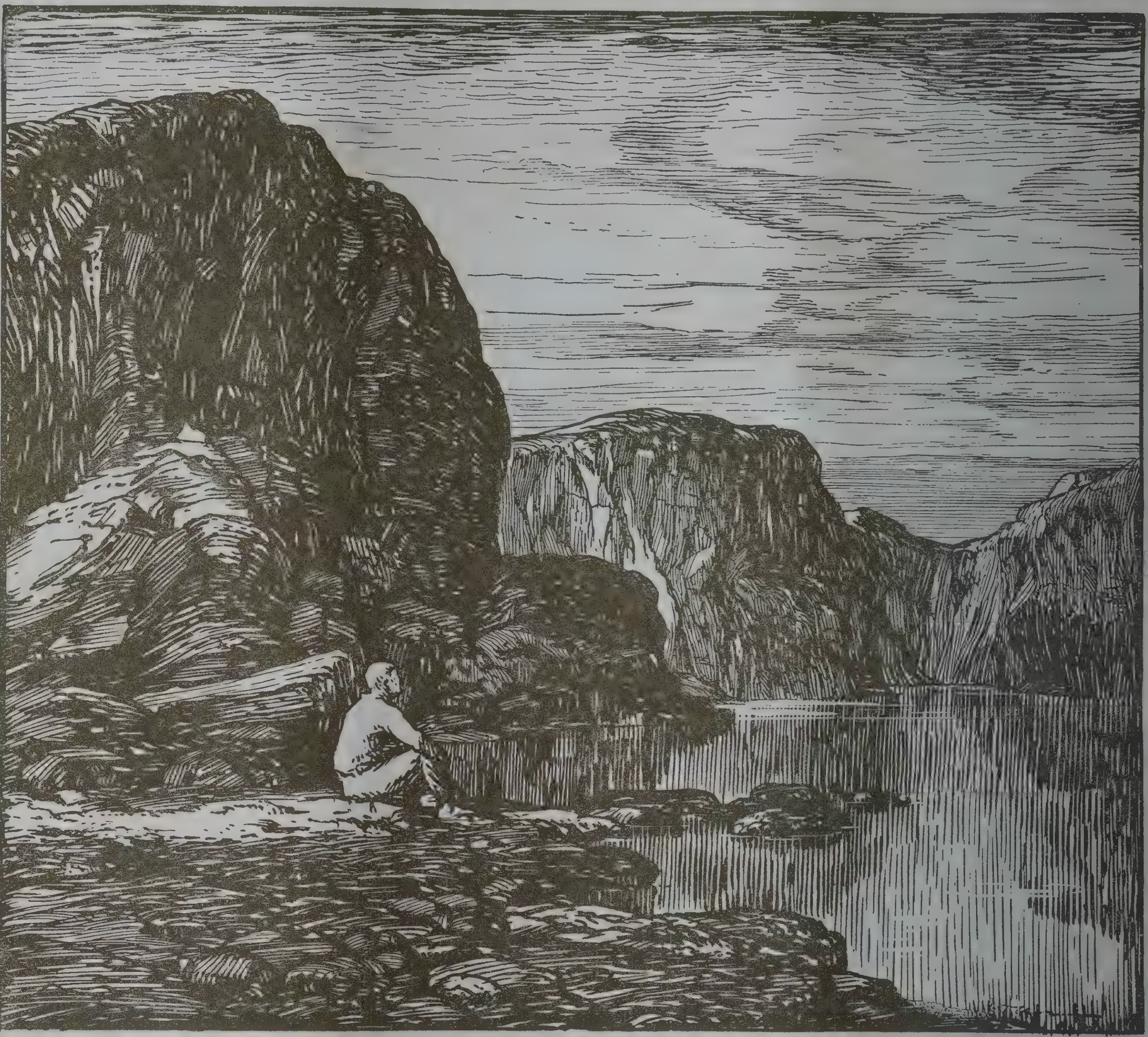
THE RESTORATION OF OLD NEW ENGLAND—Don C. Seitz



To Any Friendly Person

MARGUERITE
WILKINSON

IF EVERY thought, if every breathing
prayer
Takes winged form in passing from
the mind,
And like a bobolink flies, singing
and kind,
Or like a carrion crow divides the air,—
If every dream of those for whom we
care
Lifts pinions into Heaven, if God
could find
No fairer image than the dove's to
unbind
His glory bright above the Beloved's hair,

THEN, happy friend, when you are all
alone,
Listen for wings that flutter and shift
and beat
With moving music of inarticulate
words,
And watch for shining color of flight
unknown
To bodily eyes. In worlds where
prayers meet
You go like Aengus crowned with
living birds.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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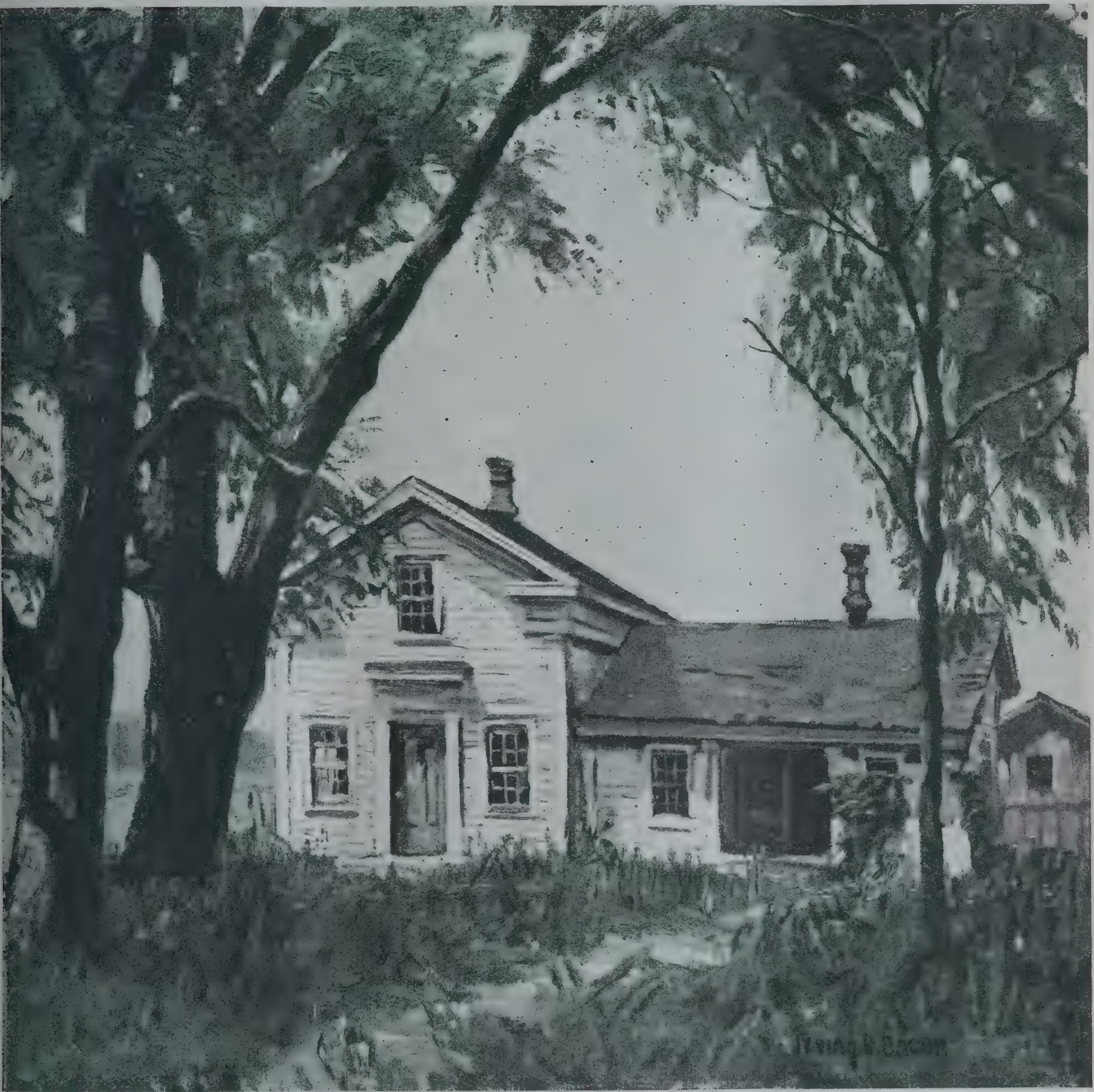


The Restoration *of* Old New England

By
DON C. SEITZ

THE motor car is restoring New England. This rock-bound region was decimated by the rush to the prairies that followed the building of railroads and the throwing open of Government lands. Soil seekers rushed away from the hills and chills, to the wide open spaces, leaving behind one of the most beautiful regions in the world, to become a land of abandoned farms and reasserting forests. The people concentrated in the factory towns were at first natives from the farms. Lower-priced foreign labor soon drove these out. The great ranges of the West sent cheap cattle to the market killing off such by-product enterprises as there were—notably the tanning of leather, and the profits on raising kine.

Thus agriculture languished, and to own a farm was to assume an obligation. Artemus Ward once expressed it poignantly. A young man had made fun of his baldhead. 'What happened?' he observed, in retaliation. 'In less than a month his aunt died and left him a farm in Oxford County, Maine. The human mind can picture no greater misfortune than this.'

THE statement became almost literally true. 'Getting a living' was a struggle; 'getting ahead' an exploit. For years the farmers saved themselves with their hay crop. The motor ended this, but what it has taken away it is bringing back. It is pushing prosperity into the hills. The 'summer visitor' of yore has been replaced by the motor excursionist, who leaves a layer of money behind. More than this, the motor has brought the farm to life by connecting it up speedily with the town. Farmers are able to find employment for their spare time and spare sons in the villages. Work is done easier and faster. The loneliness has been done away with. New England has been rediscovered and is being restored. The motor has forced the building of good roads.

Once nearly all the highways were horrible. Farmers 'worked out' their taxes in the most wasteful way, plowing up roads where rain and frost had done their best to harden the right of way, and scraping topsoil from the roadside to create quagmires. Through this mess, spring and fall, they goaded their horses, wasted time and wore out equipment. This silly system has been superseded by state supervision, under experienced engineers, with contractors who know their business. Concrete trunk lines have taken the place of muddy sloughs. Easy and fast connection has awakened the people to a sense of their opportunities. Money is coming in, where formerly it went mainly out, or did not come at all.

The pretty villages are no longer dead. In what were once remote roads, service stations establish new centers of activity and spread the money flow. After all, prosperity is not in hoarding, but in keeping the cash current moving. The motor car does it. The visitor has no monopoly of motion.

In my old town of Norway, Maine, save on 'Grange Day,' the street was usually barren of vehicles. Now the village has to employ a traffic cop and the streets are never without life. On a Saturday afternoon, not less than one hundred cars are parked along the curb. Sometimes the number is nearly doubled. Merchants find that 'city folks' look at their window displays and come in to buy. They have learned to 'stock up' for a better trade and make money by it. Incidentally, the townspeople are better served. When a connecting cement road was built to Lewiston and Portland, the merchants thought all their trade would run away. It didn't. Instead, more comes.

The farmer has gained even more than the merchant. One chap who was starving on a sandy plain found himself alongside a trunk line of cement. He woke up, filled his yard with beehives and now he sells something like one thousand dollars' worth of home-raised honey in the comb to passers-by. The bees do the work. In the fall he fills cars up with rosy apples and golden pumpkins. People pine for real pumpkin pie. The pie makers give them canned squash—a crime against the palate. What this man does, others are learning they also can do.

In one remote part of Connecticut, along the upper reaches of the Housatonic, a state highway has created a new land of interest and industry. Old orchards are being trimmed, flower gardens established and hives set up. Moreover, in sunny nooks, where once nothing grew, green fields of tobacco stand sturdily, bringing in a great return since it was found that Connecticut tobacco, despised as a filler, has become the 'wrapper' for the more choice Havana staple. The change wrought is amazing since the engineers blasted their way through to the Berkshires three or four years ago.

Not only have farm and village awakened, but the states themselves have come to life. Maine maintains a busy publicity bureau. New Hampshire booms its delectable mountains, and Vermont's legislature has unbuttoned what was always considered a pretty lean pocketbook, to be surprised to find how much was creeping inside by the motor route. Now it is going to build a trunk line on each side of the Green Mountains from the Massachusetts to the Connecticut line, and a syndicate has been formed to market picturesque spots to summer home seekers, who first heard of the state because of Calvin Coolidge.

MAINE thinks it picks up $100,000,000 a year from motor travelers. New Hampshire comes in a close second. Now Vermont is claiming her share. The change has been almost magical. The conservatives who drove their young people out are amazed to find other people can come in their places and flourish. I attended a Kiwanis luncheon of Norway business men not long since. Of the seventy-five present, only one, the cashier of the National Bank, was a native! They were all prospering.

So New England has been rediscovered, and is being restored.

Passing *of the* Wild Horse

By ROBERT KEMPIS

THE American horse today is a fine specimen, as a result of its careful breeding. And yet, with all the fine points of the pedigreed horse, it generally lacks that fine temperamental trait—'mettle'—which was one of the strong characteristics of the wild horse of the plains years ago, when in its highest degree of perfection.

Before they were deprived of their feeding grounds on that vast stretch of country, then unsettled, between the Rocky Mountain range and the Mississippi River, and from the border of the Dakotas to the southern limit of Texas, they ranged in large and small bands and fed on the luxurious and highly nutritious buffalo grass which then covered these plains and which produced the great energy and endurance they possessed.

When hunters attempted to capture a stallion, they would when possible separate him from his band and run him until he was overcome by loss of wind or by fatigue. A rider would then approach and shoot him in the neck above the bone; this stunned him sufficiently to enable the rider to rope him.

But the rider required much cautious persistence in order to avoid the ferocious attacks of some stallions before their being thrown and tied.

There were times when wild horses were harassed by other things than the white man and the Indian. During the hot summer months when the buffalo grass became seared by the great heat on the plains, they would have to drive at their utmost speed to save their lives from the prairie fires which would sweep their pasturage over vast sections.

There are many opinions regarding the origin of the wild horse of America, but there can be only one as to the origin of the superb specimen which roamed over the plains fifty years ago.

Hunters, settlers and pony-express riders, killed by the Indians, or dying from exposure and disease, left their horses free to seek their own sustenance, and to join the numerous wild bands; they thus assisted in producing an improved offspring. But today, all the finer points of Morgan and Hamiltonian stock have been eliminated by close interbreeding.

The large bands gradually diminished as the country was settled up, so that today only small remnants of former large bands range about the foothills of the Nevada and Idaho mountains, soon to become extinct. It is the passing of a noble specimen.

That Presbyterian Child—
Joseph Hergesheimer

Intimate Chat *With* Writer *Who Took* Eighteen Years to *Make* Good

By
HENRY
ALBERT
PHILLIPS

—Herbert Photo.
Joseph Hergesheimer, photographed at Hollywood, where he went to write scenarios. Left—Dower House, his Pennsylvania home.

A CHICAGO newspaperman recently remarked that Joseph Hergesheimer 'looks like a referee in a prizefight!'—so Mr. Hergesheimer told me himself. Whereas, I should say, after meeting him in person, that Joseph Hergesheimer would more probably be taken for the prize fighter himself. He is one of those bluff King Hal, beefeater types of fellow. He wears his hair convict style; at least it is cut very short in the back and does what it pleases on the top of his massive head.

He has a way of trying to rumple the graying hay-like growth, but it always manages to wriggle back rebelliously in an audacious and ridiculous bang over his squarish brows. I am sure that he would not look natural if it were possible to comb it and part it, and to iron out his rugged features. Everything about Joseph Hergesheimer is thickset—head, neck and body. He looks pugnacious and rebellious.

The first time I saw Joseph Hergesheimer he was sitting quite alone during luncheon hour in Hotel Algonquin, New York. He looked like a forbidding bear sitting there, surrounded by all the literary lions and lionesses purring at one another on every side. I reminded him of it when I visited him in his home.

'Oh, I'm scared to death of New York. That day you saw me in the Algonquin, I was not only scared, but I am nearsighted as well. It's a terrible combination against you that will make you lose your best friends in time.'

In other words, Joseph Hergesheimer turned out to be a rather jovial Scotsman when I met him under his own rooftree, far from the corridors of the Algonquin, in an old Dutch Colonial farmhouse on a country lane in West Chester, which is thirty miles outside Philadelphia.

'I just want to live alone here in this old house with its gardens. I'm just a natural boor, I'm afraid. I even make the neighbors mad with my unsocial habits. I really have few intimate friends—they are always welcome and can't come out too often. Like Henry Mencken, Alfred Knopf, George Lorimer and George Branch Cabell. I don't see many writers. In fact, I don't like writers as writers; they bore me. I don't know what they are talking about most of the time; and less what they are writing about. If I want writers here, I'll invite them.'

He told me this with a mischievous boyish good humor that was infectious. Curiously, Mr. Hergesheimer's right eye is very serious, almost sinister, while his left eye is merry and full of twinkles. He frequently rearranges his shell-rimmed glasses over his thick nose and looks positively impish while half-forming a new sentence with his unruly mouth and thick expressive lips. His voice is always a surprise—it is so soft and pleasant and small.

I asked him to tell me something about himself.

'The trouble with my life is that there is nothing notable about it. And curiously enough, I have very few records of my family. It has never particularly interested me, this shinning up your family tree the way they are always doing down in New England. All I know is that the family were respectable local people. My mother's father was a Scotsman, Thomas Mackellar. He came to Harper's as a typesetter, grew to be very successful and built up a considerable fortune. I inherited some of it, by the way. I had another grandfather who wrote Presbyterian hymns and poems that are a scream. You can see I have no family feeling. I work too hard at my writing to add social labors to it.'

The Hergesheimers, it seems, were Pennsylvania 'Dutch'—as they called the Germans who settled Germantown and other parts of Pennsylvania early in the 18th Century. Joseph was born and bred a Presbyterian child from this stock, in Philadelphia. In his case, the Presbyterian part of it never really 'took.' 'I never could quite get the Presbyterian idea of Heaven,' he said, 'while Hell was not only comprehensible, but actual, from the very beginning.'

I guessed why this was so from what he told me later.

'My father was an officer in the service of the United States Coast

Guard Survey and was absent most all the year. My mother, although she was left home with me, was more often away from it. So, as a child, not only was I reared in an atmosphere of lonely solitude, but I was delicate and sickly as well. I lived a vague sort of existence haunted by strange dreams that pursued me for many years, until I had to write them down to get rid of them. One of the more unpleasant of them, that I can still remember, was an aunt who used to specter our cheerless home dully illumined—like a will-o'-the-wisp—in black jet. More pleasant, was the memory of a small coachman's cottage in red brick festooned with wistaria, a grape arbor and a hedge of mock orange trees—that ingrained an almost pathetic instinct for future scenes of local color.'

IF MR. HERGESHEIMER now and then injected some mellowness into his recital, it should never be construed as sentimentalism. He is at once one of the bluntest and least sentimental people I have ever met.

'I was carefully preserved from evil associates and associations and patiently accepted as a "backward child." I was taught little or nothing except to be a good Presbyterian child and to go to bed early. So I grew up burdened by a painful timidity that still troubles me, although you might never think it. Very late in my boyhood I was sent to a Quaker school in Philadelphia where I remained two years, thus completing my religious confusion and my education at one and the same time.

'At length, with no particular talent or reason, I found myself at sixteen studying painting in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. To prove what a rotten artist with the brush I was, not a single daub or canvas I ever painted survives!'

'But writing—how did you ever get into that line of work?' I asked, for I had always to prod him into revealing anything.

'Oh, after muddling about in painting for a year or so, I just petered out of it into writing. But I found that I could not get out of writing so easily. It fairly clung to me, and having no other avocation at hand I kept at it desultorily. For years and years I wrote "short stuff," sent it out into the editorial jungle, got it back, tore it up, and wrote more of it.'

Again he stopped as though he had finished his story, or perhaps at the climacteric moment, like the good story-teller he is? 'And then?' I urged.

'Well, finally, to my great relief and surprise, *The Forum* accepted something. The editor expressed a kindly interest in seeing more of my stuff. I took him seriously and complied and thereafter for some time seemed to satisfy their meager circle of readers. This went on for several years, the readers becoming fewer and fewer. Then Mitchell Kennerly hove on the scene and gave a helping hand to the limping *Forum*, which he gathered into the fold of the publishing house which at that time bore his name. I fully expected to be discovered as the writer who had done much to reduce the circulation and let out. Instead, I was informed that Mr. Kennerly had taken an especial interest in my writings! This was in 1910.

'But it was not until that year of disasters in general—1914, nearly eighteen years after I had muddled out of painting into writing—that I became what you might call an honest-to-goodness author. In that year, Mitchell Kennerly published my first book, *The Lay Anthony*.'

From another source, I learned that the publisher's first reader made this report on the above manuscript: '. . . a book, beautiful, notable, thrilling. It has held my feebleness awake all night and left me tingling so I can scarcely write steadily.'

'*The Lay Anthony* didn't sell, however. Out of the first edition of one thousand copies, I believe only nine hundred were sold. I was not encouraged over my writing, but I tried again. In 1915, *Mountain Blood* appeared—and disappeared—practically a worse failure.'

THEN a new star rose to guide and favor the fortunes of Joseph Hergesheimer—'Alfred,' as he always affectionately calls him.

'Alfred'—Mr. Hergesheimer is referring to Alfred Knopf, of course—'had been manager of the publishing house of Mitchell Kennerly for upward of a year when he turned publisher himself. With all my faults and failures he took me on. The first American novel he published was *The Three Black Pennys*. Well, things have been going pretty well ever since. And I am so pleased at the whole darned thing—the way things have turned out, I mean—that I am having a glorious time over it!'

'But all this talk,' continued Mr. Hergesheimer soberly, 'about my making fabulous sums from my writings is ridiculous. I simply don't do it. It is like those authors who are always telling you about the sacks of mail they get in response to the appeal that their stories make on their readers. Oh, I get letters—a few. Aside from that, I'm too darned pleased, as I said before, and content with it all to wish for more.'

'Then you love to write?' I asked, misinterpreting his obvious joy in something.

'No, I don't love it!' he replied quickly with a show of distaste. 'Only the hideous necessity of writing makes me do it. I am not one of those who write until they bleed at the nose and then say they love it. I think anybody who says he does is either a fool or a liar! I'm afraid I don't ornament any literary "sphere." I'm just a writer and write as near as I can to things as I know them.

'What do I like to write?—You simply do things that you are. I am too lazy to write about things I don't like—although I may not always write about things that I like. A man who has written twenty-one novels should be known through and through by his readers—just through what he has written. Unfortunately, no matter what you may do, or try to do, if you are in the public view, you can't hide yourself. Since 1914, I have written twenty-six books—not all published yet, by the way.'

We fell to talking about authors and writing in general. We were sitting in Mr. Hergesheimer's library at the time, which I found so much smaller than I had expected—a couple of thousand volumes or so.

'How can you strike an attitude, when your books show you up for what you really are?'

'I have a lot of fun in writing articles about art. Art has always amused me. There is so much bunk in it and about it; so much silly affectation. Greenwich Village and its art is the sort of thing I mean. There is only one thing to do about it, only one remedy or cure for it, that is *work!* That is the only honest art I know. I am told that some of my books bring no little despair into this happy world over their art, or the lack of it. The professors and the highbrows shake their heads over them and say, Isn't it too bad! And the lowbrows shake their heads too and wonder what it is all about. But both classes seem to read them, which is the point after all—one vowing they are without art and the other protesting they are artistic.

SOLEMN people bore me to death, and every chance I get I take a whang at them. I love fun in everything.

'What do I like to write? Well, for instance, I want to write about twenty brisk novels. What I would really like to write is—history! And here is something worthy of note: with all my writing about periods, I've never been accused of writing an historical novel.

'There are several impressions abroad that I would like to correct: I've never lived in a seaport town—although I could take a ship up a Chinese river. My father was a seafaring man and I have a sea library that is invaluable. I have never lived in the Orient. Nor am I Jew. I am telling you these things, not out of modesty, but from the lack of it.

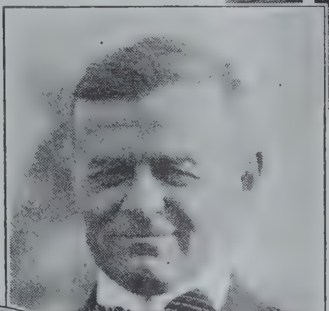
'There is a lot of quibble about what is a gentleman here in America. I took great pains

(Continued on page 26)

What FOOTBALL May Come To

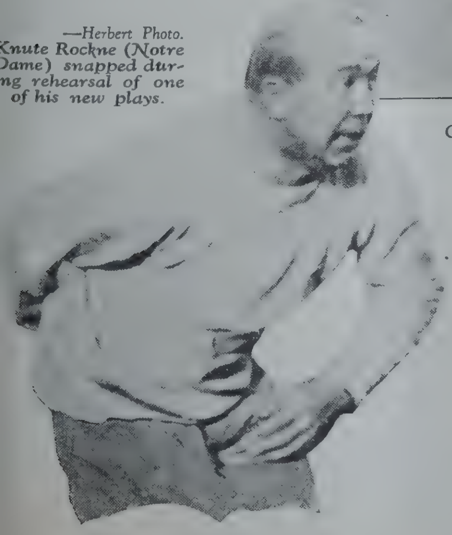
By
H. G. SALSINGER

—Lyndon & Co.
Fielding 'Hurry Up' Yost (Michigan).


—Strauch Photo.
Robert C. Zuppke (Illinois).

—Keystone View.
'Bill' Roper (Princeton).

—Herbert Photo.
Glenn S. 'Pop' Warner (Stanford).


—Herbert Photo.
Knute Rockne (Notre Dame) snapped during rehearsal of one of his new plays.

FOOTBALL will this season see the most drastic innovations in style of play that the game has known since the introduction of the forward pass. Two changes in the rules are responsible for this.

The rules committee made a number of alterations at its annual meeting last March, as the rules committee generally does, but of these changes two stand apart. One concerns a fumbled punt and the other refers to the lateral, or backward, pass. It is the change in the lateral pass rule that affects the game chiefly. The lateral pass has been legal for years but was used only rarely. The reason for its absence from nearly every important game was the penalty attached to failure. The forward pass gave greater promise and offered less risk. If a forward pass is fumbled by the receiver, or unintentionally grounded by the passer, all the attacking team loses is a down; but if a lateral pass, under the previous rule, was grounded or fumbled it became a free ball and the opposing team had a right to recover it and gain possession. This made the lateral pass a risky play, so risky that few teams ever attempted it.

The committee has changed the rule by eliminating the previous penalty. In the future a lateral pass will carry no more risk than a forward pass. The new rule covering the play provides that 'any player may at any time hand or throw the ball in any direction except toward the opponent's goal. If the ball after such a pass on the first, second or third down, strikes the ground within the field of play, or goes out of bounds either before or after having been touched by a player of either side, it shall belong to the side which made the pass at the point where it first struck the ground within the field of play or (if it goes out of bounds before striking the ground) at the point where it crossed the side line. On the fourth down the ball shall go to the opponents at the same point.'

The only way in which the attacking team can lose possession of the ball on a lateral pass (except on fourth down) is to have the defensive team intercept it before it strikes the ground, and this will be one of the most unlikely happenings in football.

It is possible for a player to pass the ball any number of times, from man to man, going down the field or behind the scrimmage line. There are no restrictions as to place.

In changing the rule on the muffed punt, the committee reduced the penalty for such an error on the receiving side. The kicking side may recover a muffed punt but may not run with it; this change eliminates one of the most spectacular of all features from the game. A team with a good kicker always played a punting game against a strong opponent hoping that a punt would be fumbled, giving the kicking side a chance to recover the ball and run for a long gain or touchdown. To eliminate this possibility teams got into the habit of letting the ball roll, whereupon the kicking side drew another big advantage being sure to gain heavily on any exchange of punts. But, under the new rule, the ball will not be allowed to roll so much as formerly. Receivers will take a chance on catching the ball. If they fumble it will mean loss of the ball and loss of the distance of the kick, but unless the fumble is made behind the goal line (which will not happen once in a hundred games), the kicking team will have no chance to recover a fumble for touchdown. The receiving side may still recover a fumbled punt and attempt to advance the ball. The rule is not changed so far as the receiving side is concerned, only the kicking side being dealt with. The rule does not apply to a kick-off, a free kick, or a kick-out after safety; it applies to no kick where all players of the kicking side are onside.

The changes in the rules, of which these two are the most prominent, will make the season of 1927 one of marked importance. It is now up to the coaches to figure out what football shall be like. They will provide the game with a new style; and just what style such eminent professors of play as Knute K. Rockne, Robert C. Zuppke, Fielding Harris Yost, Glenn S. Warner, Bill Roper, Dr. John W. Wilce, Tad Jones and other strategists

(Continued on page 28)

LUCK, and the BEDSIDE MANNER

By JOSEPH COLLINS

WITHOUT admitting that any bedside manner is sufficiently desirable to justify studied effort or daily prayer, I have this to say about the subvariety under discussion: it is one of the most hazardous for the reason that it is continuously in conflict with intellectual honesty, and if the possessor is not forever watching his step, he is bound to fall into a morass of hypocrisy.

The meticulous and explanatory variety is much favored by neurologists and pediatrists. This is one of the many things that the former learned from the Germans. I saw it first in full display in a sanatorium in Kissingen. I then realized that what I had seen in New York in the person of a physician who knew a lot about diseases but little about the possessors of them was but the image of the real thing and a blurred one at that.

I had opportunity later to see display of it by one of my friends which made the Bavarian variety seem affectation and pretense. It might be said of him that he had a specialty within a specialty. The inner one was concerned with telling the patient what to eat and how what he ate should be prepared. Trimalchio's chef never had more specific instructions for a banquet than had my friend's patients how to cook a banana. He had no printed slips furnished by ferment manufacturers telling what to eat and what to avoid. His instructions were put down in black and white with his own hand, and he did not confine them to diet. Urges, functions, commissions and omissions were all regulated and synchronized.

It was one of the most telling therapeutic gestures I have ever witnessed. Few could withstand its lure, and I recall that at one time I contemplated including in my matutinal appeal for heavenly aid that the few patients left to me would not learn of his art or of his practice. On deliberation, however, I realized that the impossible should never be asked for. The individual who receives such instruction as this man gave can no more help talking about it, especially at dinner parties, than tobacco can help absorbing moisture.

Lest it be thought that this magician's success as a physician depended entirely upon his bedside manner, I hasten to say that he was *molto simpatico*, as the Italians say, a lovable creature with an uncanny capacity to know what was, and what should be, within the human heart. Within his own, there was a fountain of kindliness, difficult to exhaust.

When I say that I never knew a successful specialist of children's diseases, I do not mean to accuse them of pedantry, but by and large they are sticklers for accuracy and small detail. Should Mussolini be removed, or tire of his job, I can suggest one or two doctors whose experience entitles them to apply for the post.

Pediatrists deal with persons who like to be dominated and with those who cannot resent dominion. Detail is a heartless tyrant. I realize that the activities of pediatrists have reduced the infant mortality rate in this country, but we paid a great price for it. One who observes a hundred-per-cent pediatrist in action can scarcely avoid the reflection: 'How did our ancestors survive childhood. They were brought up so differently from the children of today. Pediatrists are not wholly to blame; parents share the blame with them. But the former made the links of the chain that is fettering us and which prevents us from being what our forefathers were—adventurers, wanderers, explorers.

IT IS better to have ventured and got lost than never to have ventured at all!

The pediatrist's bedside manner is a composite of sternness, sobriety, sincerity and sententiousness. Any admixture of humor, imagination, playfulness, impairs it. Those who have it to perfection are laconic of speech, sparing of gesture, lavish of command, and they exact absolute obedience. Some of them carry around a photograph of the Sphinx which they study between calls in order that their features may take on some qualities of its expression. Hermes, they hold in holy horror.

Had Mr. Coolidge been a physician, doubtless he would have specialized in diseases of children.

The solicitous and exhortatory manner is especially adapted to general practitioners who make friends of their patients. It conveys a keen interest, not only in their bodily but in their spiritual welfare, and it includes their ascendants and descendants. It promotes the belief that personal acquaintance and time, not investigation and insight, make disease an open book. I have known many who had this variety of bedside manner and in moments of depression I have sometimes envied them. I recall one who after many years of general practice became a dermatologist, a beauty specialist they would call him today.

ANYONE who consulted him, no matter how trifling the ailment, concentrated his interest as a burning glass concentrates actinic rays. Invariably this made a favorable impression, and when it was spread over the entire family admiration and publicity resulted. The zeal he displayed to induce patients, their parents and children, to drink milk in a certain way, at a certain time and in certain amount, would have earned salvation for a misfit missionary. Had I not known of his probity, I should have been suspicious that he was subsidized by one of the milk trusts. He was devoid of humor and of imagination, and he had a one-track mind, and of narrow gauge at that, but his bedside manner gave him great favor with the laity. It contributed to his happiness, his prosperity and his vanity.

A subdivision of this variety, the bedside manner marked by extreme sympathy, is very common. It is usually accompanied by a pudgy hand—one pudgy hand holds the hand of the patient and the other pudgy hand pats it soothingly, while the person to whom the manner belongs murmurs smilingly: 'There . . . there, don't be alarmed; we'll take care of you; you are going to get well; you are the most courageous person I know.' Nobody in pain wants sympathy; he can give himself all that he needs and more than is good for him. What he wants is something to relieve him, and he wants it quickly. Whenever I have been in pain my medical attendant's bedside manner has not helped me a bit.

The most annoying bedside manner is the one that I have called the trivial. I recall once taking a patient to a colleague who has it to a superlative degree. I told him I had brought her for a decision whether her appendix should be removed. The first question he asked her was: 'Are you fond of dogs?' She admitted she was, and then for a half-hour he told us more about dogs than either Romulus or Remus knew about wolves. He kept it up until the visit ended, during which time, of course, he examined her. As we were making for the door he said, quite incidentally, he thought the appendix was good enough to keep.

I frequently see him at work, he is always avid to talk about anything save the matter in hand, to flutter about it articulately, as it were, as a butterfly flits in a field of flowers. He is one of the most penetrating diagnosticians of his day and he has a knowledge of his profession that would become a professor.

I have often wanted to ask him if his bedside manner was a defense phenomenon, a kind of gas mask, but I have never had opportunity, as he always talks of some incident of our early days together in the hospital, something that reflects my alertness and his obtuseness, for he has that most insidious of all forms of self-appreciation which consists in exalting others at one's own expense.

The last, the optimist, is not least in this instance. For a very good reason optimism is part of the make-up of every good physician. Many years ago there was a renowned doctor in New York who was a notorious pessimist. He was not a good doctor; he was a good diagnostician. The good doctor is one who keeps you from getting ill, tells you how to get well when you are ill, and who takes you to a detective if he cannot designate the variety of your sin.

THE man whose bedside manner is one of optimism, armed with negation, that is, the man who feels that he is usually right and his colleague usually wrong, is never a good doctor, even though he has a following as large as the late Dr. Munyon of uplifted-finger fame. The doctor who pats his patient's hand or slaps his shoulder and assures him that he will be all right tomorrow or next week is frequently not mistaken, for Nature abhors ill persons and strives to restore them; if she has not chance, she hastens to kill them. This is the kind of doctor who mistakes glanders for grippe and sciatica for sarcoma. He is not so prevalent as he once was, but nearly everyone knows at least one.

This presentation leaves many possessors of distinctive bedside manner undescribed. Something should be said of the pompous and pretentious, the solemn and the subdued, the brusque and the breezy, but it is not possible within the confines of a brief article to describe them all.

The bedside manner is at times an asset, at other times a liability. What the individual really ill, or thinks he is, wants to know is whether the doctor has the experience, knowledge and skill to cure him. The more businesslike the doctor is, the better patients like him and the more he impresses them: 'Have you ever had a case like mine, and did you cure him?' is the question they want answered. It does not interest them to know what the doctor's views on materialism or modernism are; or whether he thinks Maeterlinck is a genius or a mystic; Mussolini a menace or a savior.

They do not want to know the doctor's creed or his politics, whether he has taken up contract bridge, or what he thinks of *Elmer Gantry*. Indeed, if the patient suspects that the doctor devotes much time to these and similar things, or in fact to anything that comes under the head of engrossing interests outside of medicine, the suspicion enters his mind that the doctor has not time to devote to patients, or perhaps is too superior to combat disease.

Culture is a great aid to life, a powerful antidote to *tedium vitae*, but it has small value as therapeutic coadjutor.

The physician makes an impression upon his patient by his manner as well as by his matter. Often, the patient needs more skilful handling than the disease, and frequently the disease cannot be successfully combated until the confidence of the patient is won. Some persons we spontaneously like the moment we meet them. Patients are not beyond similar experience with physicians, and the first impression is influenced by the bedside manner. It often makes a successful doctor out of a poor physician, and the want of it, a scientific physician a poor doctor.

As physicians, we are constantly made aware we are serving two masters—patient and profession. Both are exacting. The former requires infallibility and the capacity to give and to give generously on every demand; the latter, a conformity to ethical principles, most of which are ideal, some of which are absurd.

All medical students should be obliged to go to church. There they will learn how attractive the natural manner and how offensive the artificial.

The clergyman who is speaking more understandingly and appealingly to the people of this country today than anyone in religion is a man whose appearance and manner in the pulpit do not distinguish him from a business man. He presents his thought simply, precisely and convincingly. He appeals to the intellect and emotions of his auditors, but he does not depend upon rising inflections of words and sentences, rolling of the eyes, swaying of the body, or gesticulating with the hands. One does not feel on leaving the church that he has been to a camp meeting, a beer garden or a vaudeville performance as I have frequently felt after listening to one of his brother-preachers who refers to him as a Baptist bootlegger.

Should the embryo doctor in search of enlightenment about professional manners stray into some other church, he would see something that it is prudent for him not to copy. There is so much tragedy in a doctor's life that adding the dramatic to it is superfluous.

THE bedside manner, finally, is a lever of success. The human impulse is a selfish one and the natural reaction to a tale of woe and to others' pain is retaliation. That, however, is not the physician's rôle and if he is patterned for such a rôle by nature it is up to him to change it. The good doctor always makes the patient feel he is an important factor in the physician's life. This feeling is engendered by his manner and solidified by his matter. Both manner and matter should be simple and sincere, for sincerity and simplicity are the weapons that win the struggle for love and idealism.

Scaring DEATH Away

By PAVEL BOULIGIN

I WAS in the midst of a grand nightmare when the sharp note of a horn calling the workmen to the plantation awoke me at seven o'clock in the morning.

'The *ashker* of the *Asatch* Matafari is here,' said Tasso, bringing my breakfast; 'he wants some medicine.'

'Go call him.'

A dirty young Abyssinian *Amara*, a servant of the governor, came in. The *Amaras* are a tribe of victors. They are very proud and when they speak with the *Gouraguies* or *Gallas* (the vanquished), not to say with *Chancala* or Negroes, they cover their noses with a fold of their *kouta*. Idling too is the respectable thing; and swinging naked feet on the sides of his mule, the noble *Amara* displays wrists that droop languidly so that everybody may see how delicate and tender are these hands unaccustomed to work—as much as to say, 'I have servants.' So, a proud *Amara* came into my house. He was spending his usual term in service as an *ashker* of the governor, after which he would be promoted to the position of *chome*, or chief, also. He asked me for some kerosene.

I asked him why he wanted kerosene and learned that his wife had earache and that kerosene must be poured in. His house not being far from mine, I took up my first-aid case and accompanied him. His *bek* was like everybody else's. It was built in the same way, that is, out of *tcheka*, or mud, and eucalyptus poles and branches, which formed the shell of the hut. The straw roof was skilfully made in cone shape, with a soda water bottle in the middle—though I can't say how it came there.

A tired, skinny young woman with large, sad eyes raised herself up from a dirty reed rug.

Her head, smeared as usual with foul-smelling oil, was tied around with a dirty rag. Her forehead was hot, and seemingly she had a fever. A piece of flax protruded from her ear; as I removed it pus came out. Behind the ear was a large painful swelling—what could I do for her? I washed her ear with a boric solution, bandaged her head—and left, realizing my helplessness.

I am no doctor, and have only a bit of a camping kit for first aid. Her husband, bowing low, accompanied me to the gate.

I asked what ailed the wife, and learned that at Easter he had given a great feast at which, becoming drunk from a local whisky called *tala* and from the intoxicating *tedge* made out of honey, he had picked a quarrel with his wife and had struck her on the ear with the palm of his hand. Expecting sympathy from me as I judged from his tone, he told me that his wife was no good—taking sick from such a small usual happening; and he was surprised indeed when I struck him a blow with my palm in the nape of his neck!

About four days later Tasso and several other natives ran into my room and began to beg for my gun. On my asking why it was needed they explained to me vaguely that somebody had been drowned and that they must shoot the demon. I did not understand but was interested in this new sort of hunting. I gave them my gun and also went myself to the river. The people flocked from all directions, the women wailing and lamenting. Through an overgrowth of cactuses and mimosa bushes I followed a wet footpath of slippery stones to the river.

—Herbert Photo.

An African native with an earache having the evil spirits that cause the pain driven out by a witch doctor, who blows through a horn into the sufferer's ear.

There on a large flat gray stone sat a half-drowned woman, just taken from the water. She looked around with wide eyes crazed from pain, cold and fear. It was my former patient. I ordered her to be taken home, put to bed and covered up warm, and I promised to send her tea and aspirin. But the crowd of women wailed, and the village chief respectfully informed me that the demon must first be scared away who had thrown the woman into the water.

That instant her husband stepped out with my gun, and officiating ceremoniously, shot from behind her shoulder into the water. The woman screamed and writhed in the arms of the other women—the shot had been fired near the sore ear.

On the way home I learned from Tasso that she had thrown herself into the river because of the unbearable pain and because of her husband's displeasure. Had he intentionally shot near her ear? Or was that shoulder required by their ritual? Tasso did not know. I gave the word to watch that husband closely.

Two days later I was wakened in the night by the report of rifle shots and by wild cries near my *gebi*, or palace as it is importantly called here. Scarcely roused from my slumbers, I took a *tchjibi* (dagger) from the rug above my bed—and now thoroughly conscious, I also took my gun. It was clear that there were robbers; no doubt they were now attacking some caravan of traders a few hundred steps from the plantation. What should I do?

Without lighting my candle, I opened the door. It being moonlight, to my surprise I saw my servants calmly talking together in the yard. Tasso came to me and said:

'The woman who was nearly drowned has just died, and they are shooting to scare death, lest others die.'

I explained that not long ago there were no guns in Abyssinia. Tasso, apparently not believing me but unable to dispute, sought a compromise.

'The *Chankalas* did not know about guns, but the *Amaras* always knew,' he answered.

Since that time I often hear night shots and sobs. This childless tribe is dying out rapidly. And it is always at night—probably in the daytime death is afraid of guns.

The Function of American Folklore

By MURRAY GODWIN

THE recent interest in American folklore, evidenced by the publication of several versions of the Bunyan cycle, a book of 'tall tales' from the Kentucky highlands, volumes of negro songs, cowboy ballads, sailor chanties, and shantymen's lays, has stimulated certain critics to a determined effort to define the word *folklore*. What, precisely, is folklore, and what is not?

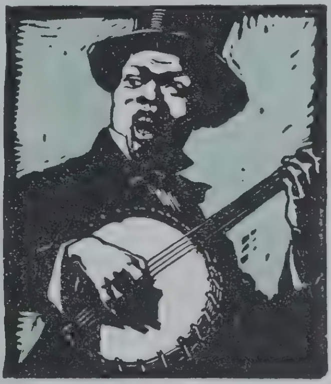
An article in *The Saturday Review of Literature* declares that a collection of shantymen's songs now in circulation is definitely *not* folklore. The songs in this collection, according to the article mentioned, smack too obviously of a labored attempt on the part of their authors to imitate the rueful odes which were published in the newspapers of the seventies and eighties. It would appear that their sentiment is that of the schoolma'am of caricature, their morality that of the *Holiday Chaplet*, their sense of tragedy that of the lamented 'melodrammer' of the last century. When a log-spinning rowdy hangs his socks on the stovepipe and devotes himself to a painful emulation of such models, the result is less like folklore than his lank and muscular frame, shoe-horned into 'store clothes,' is like Lord Chesterfield. For folklore, says the article, must above all things be earthy, simple, and natural.

This is the critic's argument; and it is a convincing one. And yet—

A wider definition of folklore is needed in America. In other countries, where for centuries an unlettered, primitive life has worn deep grooves for itself, apart from the artfully cultured existence of landholding or commercial classes, an independent, or only negatively dependent, illiterate and primitive culture has formed. Then, too, in other countries there has been a time when the whole body of the population has been in a barbaric state, during which it has given birth to great myths like the *Iliad* and the *Edda*. This culture, these myths, being spontaneous, simple, earthy, and natural, come properly within the critic's definition of folklore; indeed, it is from the study of such cultures and myths that the critic's definition has been formed. But, except in a very limited sense—never by any means in a national one—America, as we know it, has never had experience of either of these sets of conditions, and hence has never had any primitive culture or barbaric myth.

Must we decide, then, that America has no national folklore?

It is my contention that America has a folklore, national and extremely abundant; only we have been looking for it where it could not possibly be found. Perhaps we have been hampered by the critic's superstition that folklore, to deserve the name, must be the product of unlettered, earthy, simple, primitive people. For whatever reason, we have not thus far discovered a truly American folklore. Neither shall we discover one until we look to our definition.



Folklore is not *characteristically* earthy, simple, and primitive. The conviction that it must be so has become current simply because the folklores of other countries come under these specifications. What is really characteristic of folklore is its quality of naïvely expressing the wishes, desires, attitudes, and ideals of those who create it. A nation's folklore takes little account of *what is;* it is preponderantly and finally interested in saying, *Thus would we have it.* It is always a people's *yea* to life, in the face of circumstances which may say, *What does it matter*, or even, *It cannot be.* Folklore is most of all a metaphorical expression of a people's will, an expression that is unqualified as well as metaphorical, recognizing obstacles only for the purpose of definitely trampling them underfoot or of circumventing them.

Ulysses outwitted the sirens, Circe, and the Cyclops, not because it was probable that he should do so, but because the Greeks willed that cunning should triumph over sensual allurement and force. The giants in the Irish epic, the *Táin*, hacked and mangled one another in an incredible fashion, but did not die of their wounds, not because it was likely that they should survive but because to the Irish the fight was the thing, and to kill off a combatant would necessitate creating another before the conflict could go on. It was much more pleasing to the Gaelic will that the heroes should recover from their wounds during each night, and wake in the morning ready for another full day of joyful mayhem. The stark and muscular warriors of the *Edda* shed oceans of blood while murmuring such sentiments as might more fitly have adorned the ballads of troubadours, not because they found it easy to combine endearments with the dealing of sudden death, but because their plundering creators willed that battle, which was necessarily their trade, should not be lacking in lure.

Similarly, Paul Bunyan out-Gargantuas Gargantua in both stature and performance, not because it is probable that he should be a giant or accomplish such impossible feats, but because his lumberjack creators, however much they might be forced to compromise with the elements and things and men in the course of the day, willed to override them by myth in their leisure hours. Here, as in the ancient legends, we find the triumph of the will over the dull and stodgy fact.

But shall we stop here? Seeing that our definition permits it, and that the examples we have adduced warrant it, let us press on.

Let us press on to Hector Saint-John de Crèvecoeur, the author of *Letters From an American Farmer*, who flourished here in Colonial, Revolutionary, and early post-Revolutionary times. D. H. Lawrence, in his *Studies in Classic American Literature*, is rather disdainful of Hector Saint-John. This author, says Mr. Lawrence, 'tried to put Nature-Sweet-and-Pure in his pocket. But nature wasn't having any. She poked her head out and baaed.'

And considered as an interpreter of life in the realistic manner, Hector deserves all the disdain that Mr. Lawrence lavishes on him. But it is possible, with our conception of folklore as a gauge, to see in Hector Saint-John a creator of folklore and, as such, one who is not susceptible of being criticized from the realistic point of view. If, as Mr. Lawrence says, 'Hazlitt, Godwin, Shelley, the English romanticists, were of course thrilled by the *Letters From an American Farmer,*' under the impression that they were literal transcriptions of life on the border, that was, as we say, 'their hard luck.' Had they possessed a knowledge of folklore and a true historic sense, they would

(Continued on page 28)

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Finance and Industry

IT IS pleasant to see a truth for which one has contended come back in the form of authoritative acceptance from quarters where, before, that truth had not seemed welcome. This magazine has preached that Finance is not the mistress of Industry, but its handmaiden. We have proclaimed that the great function of Finance is to assist Industry and not to rule it. We have held the doctrine that money is at best a belt, a tool, a facility by which men may more easily enter upon creative work and exchange the products of their activities.

There was reason for such preaching because the opposite view has largely obtained in this country. For a long time Industry was looked upon as subservient to Finance, a mere feeder of dividends, and dependent for its life on the mercy of the controllers of money. The history of many industries in this country has shown only too vividly the fallacy of that attitude.

But now the enunciation of the principle of Finance as the handmaid of Industry is no longer dependent on outsiders like ourselves. It is beginning to be sounded by the financiers. At the convention of the American Institute of Banking, attended by two thousand members at Detroit, H. H. McKee, president of the National Capital Bank at Washington, made this clear and unequivocal statement:

> 'Banks do not create anything. They are simply the instruments or tools that are used by the men of industry and commerce to help them to produce and distribute their goods among the people.'

That, we feel, is a tremendous and welcome concession toward a principle which will go further to reconstruct finance than anything else could do. In the recognition of principle are all the elements of progress. This statement of Mr. McKee's is worth the study of every young banker in the land.

Of course, it is not complete. It is too early to expect completeness. The service of finance will not finally be limited, nor is it now, to the men of industry and commerce. The whole authority for the money system in the first place is 'We, the People of the United States.' The people have not been included as fully as might have been expected in the blessings of modern finance, and yet they have not been wholly deprived of benefit. But something more inclusive will come, and a new attitude be found, as is now being found in the relations between Finance and Industry.

The Core of It

CURIOUSLY enough it is from the European press that we get the clearest picture of the United States' position at the Geneva Conference. Such news as we get here in America is somewhat befogged because a full statement would require some confessions which have never yet been made to the American people.

The long and the short of it is that we have representing us at Geneva two men who know the situation and who do not believe that the United States should be used as provender for a European festival. These men are Admiral Jones and Hugh Gibson. They know what goes on behind the scenes and they know the sources of disquieting tendencies in international life. They know also that as a result of the Washington Conference we actually destroyed and sunk the finest navy then existing in the world, and received no compensating disarmament from other nations. That is a fact which has never been emphasized here at home, a fact which the American mind has not grasped. But Admiral Jones and Hugh Gibson both know it, and Europe knows that they know it, and it is well understood—except in the United States—that this forms the basis on which these two American representatives work.

They claim first of all that British naval strength shall not be permitted to become superior to American naval strength. This is of the essence of the Washington Conference Agreement. Our zeal for the idea of disarmament at that time led us, before any other nation had made a move, to give Britain the superiority by immediately destroying our great fleet. So that now our representatives hold that Britain must not accentuate that inequality, but that either she must come down to our standard or we shall go up to theirs. British argument runs that this is unfair since America has not the world-wide commerce to guard that Britain has; but regardless of their argument British representatives have evidently been compelled by Admiral Jones and Hugh Gibson to recognize the superior fairness of the United States' position, resting as it does on a Conference Agreement and confirmed by a greater naval sacrifice than any nation has ever sustained in war or peace.

Our representatives stood firmly also against the scrapping of the Washington Agreement, which was actually proposed to them. They insist that it run for the appointed term, by which time, unless every last sinew of American strength is rotted by insidious pacifism, we may have regained something like the naval prestige which we have sacrificed.

Ireland

WILL ROGERS advises tourists not to miss Ireland. He is evidently afraid that the recent political murder there will give travelers a wrong impression of conditions in the Free State. Will says that if you miss Ireland you miss more real scenery and hospitality than is in any other country in Europe. Will Rogers is remarkably truthful, even when he is funny, but he was never more truthful than in that remark. The hospitality of the Green Isle is a surprise and a rebuke to the sophisticated traveler. Poor the people are, and poorer the land grows through the loss of men by emigration, but the lift of the Irish heart and the lilt of the Irish voice still remain. The author is no Irishman, but after wandering among the *people* of various parts of Europe, he can say like Will Rogers that he lost his heart to the Irish people of the towns, villages and countryside of Ireland.

What People Read

THE circulation of newspapers and periodicals in this country increased 15 per cent during the last two years and now amounts to nearly 200 copies a year for every man, woman and child in the land. But the production of books and pamphlets of all kinds numbers fewer than four for each individual. There were only about 1 3/4 books produced for each of the population, and nearly half of these were textbooks for school use.

Unfortunately, in too many homes in this country it is considered old-fashioned to read books. 'Life is too short' and so the magazine of hectic complexion is the thing.

Americans are really growing stronger in the books that matter, and are largely confining their tastes in lighter literature to the fiction magazines. Anyway, it is not the number of books that a people reads but the quality of the books that are read that really matters.

Sapiro Case Settled

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT wishes to announce that the suit commenced by Aaron Sapiro for libel against THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT and Henry Ford has been terminated satisfactorily to all parties.

The suit was based upon statements appearing in a series of articles published in 1925 and 1926 by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT upon the subject matter of coöperative associations organized on the Sapiro plan.

The articles complained of by Mr. Sapiro dealt with the so-called Sapiro plan of coöperative marketing and the relations of Mr. Sapiro with the associations organized on this plan. They were prepared and written by a contributor to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, whose works and writings have in the past appeared in various periodicals in this country. They were accepted at their face value by the Dearborn Publishing Company. It has since been found that inaccuracies of fact were present in the articles and that erroneous conclusions were drawn from these inaccuracies by the writer. As a result of this, Mr. Sapiro may have been injured and reflection cast upon him unjustly. Such statements as may have reflected upon Mr. Sapiro's honor or integrity, impugned his motives or challenged the propriety of his personal or professional actions are withdrawn. Likewise the charge that there was a Jewish ring which sought to exploit the American farmer through coöperative associations is withdrawn.

Mr. Henry Ford did not participate personally in the publication of the articles and has no personal knowledge of what was said in them. He, of course, deprecates greatly that any facts that were published in a periodical so closely associated with his name in the minds of the public should be untrue.

The articles in question dealt with coöperative marketing. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has published repeatedly articles dealing with various phases of this subject and of other subjects of interest to the farmer. If the advancement and development of coöperative marketing has suffered by reason of the publication of these articles, then we sincerely regret it. We recognize coöperative marketing holds promise of substantial relief to the farmer and the grower.

Slums in the Offing

TAKE an airplane and view some of our larger cities from the air. You will be struck by the way builders are crowding the new houses. Why should this be? It is the boast of our land that, unlike the slum cities of Europe, we have lots of room in which to live and breathe.

Then why should our dwellings be so crowded together that between them there is barely room for two persons to pass? Why is it that the windows at the sides of these homes are darkened and rendered almost useless? Why is it that the sunshine, that great healer and life preserver, should be excluded? Is it because grasping speculators cut up the building sites into such minute patches that there are really two houses where only one should be?

The man who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a benefactor to humankind, but he who deprives his fellow men of air and sunlight in order that he may make the last farthing out of building land is a destructionist and reactionary.

Potential slums should be watched. Our larger cities are full of them. For years there has been a movement in Britain for the sweeping away of slum areas. In this country the opposite is the case. Slum areas are being planned every day. There should be sufficient space between new homes to insure that they at least get their due share of breathing space. There should be no slums in the offing. Take a look at our newly built-over areas from the sky and you will see that this overcrowding of home sites is real.

How HAWTHORNE Laid Literary Cornerstones

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

THERE used to be a thing known as 'creative criticism,' which approached its subject seeking to reach the soul within, rather than the clay without, and whose aim was to stimulate rather than to let down aspiration. But that device is now lost. What is the use of pretending, when we know that we came from the slime and must return to it.

Nathaniel Hawthorne had begun putting pen to paper as early as his college days; scraps of his boy-writing have indeed been discovered, but of a character too careless and boyish to serve as basis for theories. In fact, he was, like other boys, quite vague in his own mind as to what he would like to become; it was a matter of mood and chance suggestion. He hunted the black bear in the Maine Woods, and very likely foresaw a future for himself as a pioneer and trapper of what we now term the great open spaces, and God's outdoors. But he never overtook the bear, and other amusements obliterated that ambition.

He might have embarked on one of his father's India-going ships; but his father died when the child was four years old, and his mother's horror of the sea prevented further consideration of that project. There was some chance of his becoming a member of a Government scientific expedition; but that fell through. All the while his college chum and lifelong friend, Horace Bridge, was insisting that Hawthorne was a born writer, and must fulfill that destiny. There had never been a writing Hawthorne: captains, majors, judges, farmers, mariners, book readers perhaps, but no bookmakers; and Hawthorne imagines the frowns of their departed spirits, could they look down upon their degenerate offspring. But Bridge stuck to his point, and one wonders how this rather harum-scarum undergraduate should have begotten so shrewd a prophecy.—'While we were two idle lads together at a country college,' says Hawthorne, in a dedicatory letter written thirty years later, to Bridge himself, 'doing a hundred things that the faculty never heard of, or it had been the worse for us—still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction.'

Bridge not only implanted or at any rate cultivated the idea, but lost no opportunity to foster it and to shield it from frost and drought, after his friend had accepted the assignment. 'It was through your interposition,' observes Hawthorne, in the same letter, 'through your interposition, and that, moreover, unknown to himself, that your early friend was brought before the public, somewhat more prominently than theretofore, in the first volume of *Twice-Told Tales.*' That is to say, Bridge, who had money, guaranteed the publisher of the book against loss for paper, printing and binding, at the same time swearing the publisher to secrecy. It was a cordial and graceful act, and shows Bridge as a likable fellow. Personally, I don't remember him before *The Scarlet Letter* period; I saw him walking beside my father, with an arm round his shoulders, and giving him a little hug now and then. He was in overflowing spirits, seeing at last his youthful forecast fulfilled to the brim. 'I told you so!' is not always uttered in a tone so joyous and generous.

WHAT were Hawthorne's first essays in fiction we cannot precisely know, because his own critical judgment condemned them, and he put them in the fire instead of into an editor's hands. But he may have written some of these condemned sheets before graduating from Bowdoin; and the short novel that he did publish soon after, paying the publisher one hundred dollars for the job, he hastened to recall, buying back all he could lay hands on of the small edition issued (it was entitled *Fanshawe*, and like all his work up to *Twice-Told Tales*, was anonymous) and destroying them. The little book has now the value that sometimes attaches to scarcity; few copies exist; the one that I read was rather feeble, but smoothly written stuff, everywhere echoing Walter Scott, who was ending his great career at that time. In no respect did it foreshadow the Hawthorne whom we came afterward to know. It is interesting only for what it is not.

After obliterating *Fanshawe*, the young author, still in his twenties, set out to discover himself. Everybody writes nowadays, yet writing still remains the most difficult of the arts. The truth is that written and spoken language is a very rude medium for the conveyance of thought, and still more of emotion. The finer the spirit of the message, the less likely is it to be completely or adequately incarnated in words. Thus it comes to pass that great authors, in their great passages, use words indeed, but contrive to inspire into them a significance beyond and above their literal meaning. They create a magical atmosphere, which lends color and fragrance to common things; the secret which works the miracle is incommunicable; the writer himself does not know it.

An instance of this magic, of which few are aware, is illustrated in the story of 'The Great Stone Face,' in the volume entitled *Snow Image*, published in 1851. Twenty years after, in 1891, Robert Carter was editor of a magazine called *Appleton's*. Carter was an admirer of Hawthorne, had corresponded with him, and had urged him to pursue the vein opened in *The Wonder-Book*, and *Tanglewood Tales*. Hawthorne died in 1864, and his books were still read. A manuscript story was submitted to Carter for publication in the magazine; the writer said that he had translated it from a German original. It was not very well written, but it contained a striking idea, and Carter published it. Carter was a friend and counselor of mine, and after I had read the story, the title of which was 'The Profile on the Mountain' (or some such name), I called on Carter, with a copy of the *Snow Image* volume in my hand.

THE result of our deliberations was the discovery that Hawthorne's story, 'The Great Stone Face,' had been discovered in a copy of the old New England periodical in which it first appeared, and had been translated into German by its finder and sold to a German magazine. There it had, in turn, been found by the American translator, and changed back into English—but not into the English that Hawthorne used. Sentence by sentence the two stories were the same, but word by word there was all the difference that there is between India silk and cotton batting.

The German person, no doubt, had acted in good faith as a translator; the American had probably been unacquainted with Hawthorne's work, and thought he was introducing an interesting bit of German literature; and Carter had to blush because he hadn't known, or remembered, enough of Hawthorne to recognize the facts. The thing is a literary curiosity, and affords means for a study of style in literature which would benefit some of our young romancers of today. One might almost say that color and fragrance, tone and atmosphere, the music and magic of a master's use of language, are most of the game: a good idea badly dressed and presented is worth comparatively little. There is a legend that a Frenchman, putting into his own tongue Shakespeare's 'Hail, Horrors, hail!' came out with '*Horreurs, comment vous portez vous!*' ('Horrors, how do you do!')

Hawthorne, then, from his twenty-first year onward, was making a study of the writing art. But it is an art in which the artist always remains the student. It is never mastered; the room for improvement extends onward forever. After more than thirty years of constant application, Hawthorne could write in one of his prefaces, 'In youth, men are apt to write more wisely than they really know or feel; and the remainder of life may be not idly spent in realizing and convincing themselves of the wisdom they uttered long ago. The truth that was only in the fancy then may have since become a substance in the mind and heart.' Benjamin Disraeli, by the way, many years afterward, said the same thing in almost the same words in the introduction to one of his romances.

IN THE light of *The Scarlet Letter* and of the other two romances, the obscurity which had always attended the short stories and essays was deepened, by comparison at least; they must needs be inferior, having been written in an imperfect stage of the author's development; and were brought forth now only to float on the tide of the mature achievements. A handful of persons only had known their value; not many could be induced to improve their acquaintance with them. They had no wide popular appeal, and today they are almost unknown. And yet not a little of the best that Hawthorne has done may be found in the pages of these little pieces. They are more finely wrought and deeply thought out than are all save a few passages of the longer tales.

There are of course a march, sweep and resonance in the longer stories, and an emphasis and insistence upon their central themes, which make them easier to understand and digest. But in conception they are not finer. Hawthorne might have taken several of the ideas on which the *Twice-Told Tales* and the *Mosses* are based, and expanded them into books which would have rivaled their fame. He had no encouragement to do this however; he filed them down to the smallest compass, and made jewels of what might have been palaces. Knowledge might increase in him as he grew older, but the intuitive wisdom of which he speaks in the passage I have quoted came to him betimes, and the seclusion in which he worked freed him from the temptation to hasty creation; there had been no demand for his wares, and, having completed one of them, he would lay it aside, to be remodeled, polished and perfected until his own critical judgment was appeased.

The fact, moreover, that he wrote not anonymously only, but under many different pseudonyms, kept him from recognition; faithfully though he always worked for art, he continually worked against his popular and commercial interests. He perceived this, but seemed unable to prevent it. In a little tale, 'The Ambitious Guest,' he depicts his own predicament. The chief character in the story was possessed of 'a high and abstracted ambition.' He cared not for the wreath of glory that might be his during his lifetime; but would be content that, long after he was gone, the world should realize that the footsteps of genius had passed by. And in the short apologue of David Swan, his young traveler lies down to sleep by the wayside; and during his slumber, fortune, fame and success come near and would awaken him; but accident prevents, and he sleeps on unconscious. And in the preface of one of his books, he remarks, 'I sat down by the wayside of life like a man under enchantment.'

Again, he speaks of himself as of one who 'has been burrowing, to his utmost ability, into the depths of our common nature, for the purpose of psychological romance, and who pursues his researches in that dusky region, as he needs must, as well by the tact of sympathy as by the light of observation.' His aim was the understanding of life—the riddle of the Sphinx. He might liken himself to the hermetic philosophers of old times, searching for the fabled elixir; and indeed, as I have elsewhere said, he began while still a youth to meditate a romance on that subject, and he never throughout his life relinquished that purpose, and death overtook him on the very threshold of attainment. It would have been his own story, under a veil.

WITH such a conception of the highest end of imaginative writing, he could not attempt the portrayal of daily human existence, in its homely haps and mishaps and its trivial detail, which forms the substance of the realistic novel of past and present days. He must, as he says, array the ordinary facts of life in an idealized and artistic guise. This does not mean to employ the rather crude and obvious 'symbolism' of other writers, but to place his whole scene in a region as flexible and plastic as thought itself, yet not so remote as entirely to alienate the characters from common comprehension. It was a difficult, perhaps a hopeless undertaking. His books, he remarks, if opened in broad daylight, are apt to seem like volumes of blank pages; and he 'doubted of public recognition' quite as much as publishers could do. But he wrote for that gentle reader who perhaps exists only in the writer's imagination, created by his need of him, and passing away with his passing.

When the motives underlying all human manifestations are the object of analysis, it is perhaps inevitable that the persons themselves appear pale and wraithlike; or if not always inevitable, it is prone to occur. Yet we must regard this as a falling-short on the writer's part of complete success; the motives in life of man or woman are of the utmost importance, but the man and woman are not less important on their own plane, as carrying the motives into effect. Green earth and blue sea contribute to the landscape, as well as sky and cloud.

ONLY occasionally, however, does Hawthorne obey this demand; he is too prone to neglect the body for the spirit. He is aware of the defect, and labors to overcome it. The volumes of his collected 'Notes,' in this country and abroad, are filled with accurate and minute records of natural things and people; aspects of nature, human acts and appearances. With these in his mind he would take up his parable. But they would become dim as the story went on; the spirit overpowered him. In the longer romances, however, he was able to give more solidity to his material. Hester, Pearl, Chillingworth and Dimmesdale can claim mortal flesh and blood, and the scenes by the way are

(*Continued on page 20*)

Is There a PRESIDENTIAL TYPE?

By McKEE BARCLAY

Illustrated by the AUTHOR

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OUR only living ex-President, clothed in a dignified robe of somber black, now presides as Chief Justice over the Supreme Court of the United States.

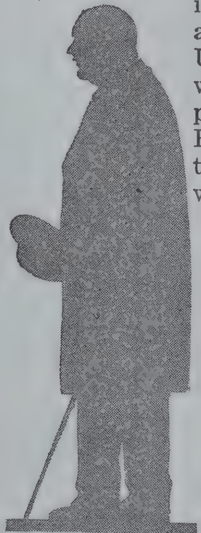
Scattered among the other 115,000,000 people who make up this country's population are fourteen future Presidents. The urchin who sells you your newspaper may be one of the fourteen. The callow 'cowboy' whose Oxford Bags provoked your smile of amusement yesterday may at some future day be the chosen hero of millions of voters. The governor of your state who has never been thought to be of presidential stature, or a plodding senator who doesn't rank high among his fellows, may sit in the White House within the coming decade.

The average age of the men who have been inaugurated as Presidents has been 54 years, so that the number 'fourteen' furnishes the best estimate of the length of the list of living Americans who will reach the goal of national leadership, if we disregard all possible two-termers. If we assume that someone, now a toddling infant, will be chosen for the office about 54 years hence, the probabilities are that another citizen who is at this time somewhere between the ages of 47 and 61 will be our next President and that twelve others will emerge at various periods of the next half-century.

A survey of the personalities of our past Presidents proves that the singling out of Presidents in embryo is a perplexing, if not a wholly futile, undertaking.

Though thirty men have served as President of the United States, no two of them may be said to have been of the same type. In fact, so wide has been the diversity of character that it is difficult to pick any two individuals who resemble each other in more than a very limited number of characteristics.

When our Presidents are assigned to the states which claimed them as citizens at the time of their election, we find that eleven states are on the roll of honor. The record reads: *Ohio*—William Henry Harrison, Hayes, Garfield, McKinley, Taft, Harding. *Virginia*—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Tyler. *New York*—Van Buren, Fillmore, Arthur, Cleveland, Roosevelt. *Massachusetts*—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Coolidge. *Tennessee*—Jackson, Johnson, Polk. *Illinois*—Lincoln, Grant. *New Hampshire*—Pierce. *Louisiana*—Taylor. *Pennsylvania*—Buchanan. *Indiana*—Benjamin Harrison. *New Jersey*—Wilson.

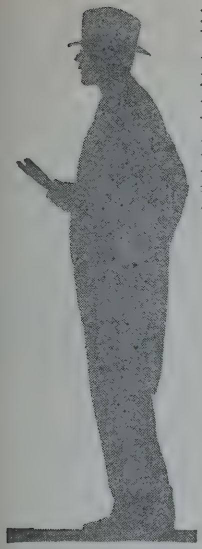


Birthplaces of Presidents are to be found in only ten states. Eight Presidents were born in Virginia. They were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor and Wilson. Seven Presidents, Grant, Hayes, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, Garfield, Taft and Harding, were born in Ohio. Van Buren, Fillmore and Roosevelt first drew breath in New York. Jackson, Polk and Johnson were born in North Carolina—and always remember that the South Carolinians claim that Jackson was born a mile or so south of the line between the two Carolinas. The two Adamses first saw the light in Massachusetts, Buchanan in Pennsylvania, Pierce in New Hampshire, Lincoln in Kentucky, Cleveland in New Jersey, and Arthur and Coolidge in Vermont.

No business man has ever been chosen President of the United States. The nearest approach to this sort of selection was in the case of President Harding, who was editor and publisher of a newspaper. He had, however, been in political life for twenty years before he was made President, having served as lieutenant governor and governor of Ohio, and as United States senator.

Only five callings have furnished Presidents. Twenty-two of our Presidents have been lawyers and, as only thirty men have held the office, we have had only eight Presidents who were not lawyers. The Presidency has gone to five soldiers, George Washington, William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor, Andrew Jackson and Ulysses S. Grant. Andrew Johnson was a tailor, Theodore Roosevelt a publicist or politician, and Warren G. Harding a publisher. In addition to the five soldiers named, all of whom, with the exception of Washington, may be classed strictly as professional warriors, a number of our Presidents have fought in our wars, some of them attaining high rank.

Monroe served



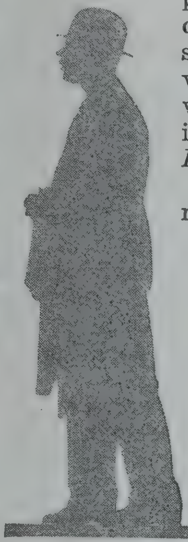
in the Revolutionary War. William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor and Buchanan were veterans of the War of 1812. Lincoln took part in the Black Hawk Indian War. Pierce won a brigadier general's commission and Grant a captaincy in the Mexican War. Hayes, Garfield and B. Harrison were Civil War generals. McKinley saw hard service as a private in the same war and came out a major. Theodore Roosevelt was a Roughrider colonel in the Spanish-American War.

Eight of our Presidents, at one time or another in their lives, were pedagogues. John Adams taught school at Worcester, Massachusetts, and his son, John Quincy Adams, after resigning from the United States Senate, became professor of rhetoric at Harvard. Garfield was for a time president of Hiram College, Arthur was a dominie at Pownal, Vermont, and Wilson was president of Princeton University. After completing their terms as President, both Cleveland and Taft joined the teaching profession, Cleveland going to Princeton and Taft to Yale University.

LINCOLN and Grant clerked in country stores and Jackson spent part of his life as a storekeeper near Nashville, Tennessee. At 40 years of age Grant was looked on as a failure because of the fact that he was only making fifteen dollars a week as a clerk in his father's hardware and leather store at Galena, Illinois.

Roosevelt and Wilson were prolific writers and several other Presidents rank high in the field of literature. Washington's state papers, and even his private letters, are treasured by lovers of style and eloquence. His farewell address and Lincoln's Gettysburg speech are recognized as two immortal utterances. The writings of the artistic and cultured Jefferson far transcend in literary merit his public speeches. Madison's diary, his twenty-nine contributions to *The Federalist* and the many historical papers written by him, occupy an important place as source material for all publicists who are interested in Americana.

Van Buren wrote a book, *An Inquiry Into the Origin and Course of Political Parties in the United States*, which was published by his son in 1867. Without achieving the dignity of expression of Lincoln, Cleveland at times approached the War President in loftiness of style. He wrote forcefully when dealing with matters of statesmanship and displayed a delightful brand of humor when handling lighter subjects.



Taft is the author of a number of legal works, his book on the trust problem having been accepted by the legal profession as one of the most valuable and authoritative works on the subject. Coolidge's literary fame rests on *Have Faith in Massachusetts*.

In the midst of the furor raised in the crusade against religious fundamentalism it is interesting to note that nearly all of our Presidents recognized church affiliations. Jefferson was not a member of any church, nor was Johnson, who is accredited to the Methodists because he accompanied his Methodist wife to a church of that denomination. Lincoln, who was not a church member, is generally classed with the Presbyterians. The division among the sects, as generally written down is:

Presbyterian—Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Lincoln, Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, Wilson. *Episcopalian*—Washington, Madison, Monroe, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Pierce, Arthur. *Methodist*—Johnson, Grant, Hayes, McKinley. *Unitarian*—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Fillmore, Taft. *Reformed Dutch*—Van Buren, Roosevelt. *Disciple*—Garfield. *Baptist*—Harding. *Congregational*—Coolidge.

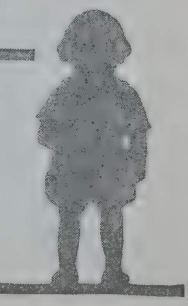
Seventeen of our Presidents were of English ancestry, six of Scottish-Irish, two of Scottish, three of Dutch, and one of Welsh descent. Jefferson was the Welshman, Monroe and Hayes Scotsmen, Van Buren, Roosevelt and Harding Dutchmen. The Scottish-Irish were: Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Arthur, McKinley and Wilson. Those of English descent were: Washington, John Adams, Madison, John Quincy Adams, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Garfield, Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, Taft and Coolidge.

Sixteen of our Presidents were sons of farmers; three were sired by clergymen, three by lawyers and three by merchants; a constable, a tanner, an iron manufacturer and a doctor were the fathers of the others.

Twenty were college graduates and one, Andrew Johnson, could neither read nor write with ease when he became of voting age.

TWO Presidents were signers of the Declaration of Independence, John Adams and Jefferson. Washington and Madison signed the Constitution.

Though thirty men have been President, one of them never lived in the White House. Because of the parsimony or frugality of Congress the 'President's House,' as it was then called, was not completed until Washington had passed out of office and had retired to Mount Vernon. John Adams occupied the White House for only four months. Those who have read the plaints found in the diaries and private letters of members of White House families will not have to be told that George Washington was more to be congratulated than condoled with for having missed the gloomy grandeur and discomfort of life in the President's House of that early period.



Nine Vice-Presidents have become President. Of this list three men, John Adams, Jefferson and Van Buren, after being elected to the subordinate office, won their way to the higher place at a subsequent election. Six Vice-Presidents served out terms of dead Presidents. They were Tyler,

(*Continued on page 23*)

A Free Fantasia *on* PEASANTS *and Their* ARTS *and* CRAFTS

—Photos, Associated Screen News, Ltd.

In the long summer evenings they spin and weave, singing songs of their homeland.

By
CHARLES J. FINGER

I HAVE said that the folk songsters of Gaspé knew many songs, but the word 'many' hardly fits the case. Their memory is wonderful; that word is not too strong. Indeed, if the people had not such excellent memories, what has happened could never have happened. There was a woman, Madame LeBlonde, between fifty and sixty years of age I should say, who knew close upon two hundred songs, words and music.

There was a lumberjack, Vincent-Ferrier, who could sing three hundred. François Saint-Laurent, a fisherman, recorded three hundred and ten on the phonograph for the National Museum of Canada, and he knows many more.

What that means will be best realized if you will interview your friends and neighbors with a view to discovering how many of them can sing correctly 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' without substituting 'Da-*dum*-do-dee-*day*' for forgotten lines.

Dependence upon the printed and written word has a tendency to weaken the memory. But here, in the case of these folk, is memory in all its excellence, memory individual and memory racial.

It is memory stretching back into the past, far back to the days when Champlain and the Chevalier La Salle fought their way into the wilderness; when Cartier and Sieur de Monts did the work of heroes in trying to establish settlements along the St. Lawrence; when Joliet and Marquette went westward; when Abraham the Scot, who was king's pilot as well as carpenter, pluckily faced life in a new land—and, by the way, had his good name handed down to posterity with those Plains of Abraham where Wolfe died and Montcalm received his death wound. There were other *voyageurs*, many of them, notably Maisonneuve, François de Laval-Montmorency, Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, and Louis de Suede who had been the child-playmate of Louis XIII.

Also there were missionaries full of zeal, and Theresa of New France who founded a monastery, and who wrought and taught, and learned the Indian tongues. And there was Father Brébeuf who befriended the Hurons and made songs for them as far back as 1640. If anyone should harbor a doubt that songs could be thus passed down from father to son unchanged for three hundred years, let him know that at Quebec I heard the Lorette Indians sing an old French Christmas song which had been turned into the Huron tongue by the good Brébeuf. That's proof enough.

BUT why, you may ask, did not the songs change as manners and customs changed in France, just as the songs of Australia changed as social England changed? If there were historical shiftings in France, why did not the new wipe out the old in Canada, as the new wiped out the old in France? For there were changes, what with the wars and quarrels with Holland and Spain, what with Law's financial bubbles, with the participation in the Revolutionary War under Lafayette, with revolutions and Bastilles and guillotines and all that kind of thing. And the answer is that, in the case of Canada, there was a chopping-off place, very definite indeed. There came a time indeed, when the settlers were quite set apart from their fellows in the mother country. Also, after that cutting-off, the French-English quarrel of 1759 made the separation wider, so that the early Canadians were thrown back on themselves. The manner of that chopping-off was this.

When these adventurers and missionaries first settled in New France along the banks of the St. Lawrence, they were left to shift as best they could, for the colony was almost abandoned by the mother country. France—that is, its rulers—was wasteful, luxurious, careless. By way of understanding things as they were, picture the state of a country where the household of a man of quality, if we are to believe Sieur Audiguier, consisted of seventy-five servitors; where a stable held sixteen saddle horses and fourteen carriage horses for the master, and seven saddle horses and seven carriage horses for the dame! Where a simple councilor kept a secretary, a master of the horse, two menservants, a porter, a house steward, a pantryman, a cook, two pages, six lackeys, two coachmen, two postilions, two footmen, four grooms—and his wife's helpers were two maids, a lady's maid, four women-servants!

LITTLE care would a land with such courtiers have for Canada or for those who tried to settle there. Only Colbert, of all the statesmen, tried to do anything for the new land, and that in rough and ready way. There is his written message which shows the contempt in which New France and her people were held. 'We are getting ready the hundred and fifty girls and the brood mares and the sheep to be sent to Canada,' he wrote. And there were orders too that all soldiers in the colonies had to be married within a week after the arrival of the cargo; otherwise they would be imprisoned. So voyagers and earnest settlers were thrown upon their own resources.

We picture them then, working hard, fighting wilderness and Algonquins. We also see them in the long summer evenings, their work done, making merry as best they can, singing songs of the homeland as they mend their nets, and spin and weave and carve. Those songs were remembered, child learning from parent generation after generation—each learner guarding them, preserving them in their integrity, passing them on until in our own day they are sung as they were once sung in the kingdom of Louis XIII; though in the mother country they are forgotten because of the superimposition of new songs.

I spoke of wood carving. It would be well for everyone who has access to garrets and lumber rooms where old things are stored, to keep an eye open for carvings. There were a few on exhibition at Quebec, but very few indeed considering the number which must have been made. One of the carvers, a man now eighty-three years of age, Louis Jobin by name, has made statuettes by the hundred. Into them he has put loving care, as a good craftsman should, little thinking that a day would come when they would be sought by art collectors from all over the world. There were eight specimens of his work, the carved heads of saints, of angels, the last seeming to me to be likenesses of children. Then there were carvings done by no one knows whom—of a squirrel with a nut, of a cook, of a man seated in a chair.

IT IS pathetic to reflect how much of that kind of thing has been lost or thoughtlessly destroyed. Such work grew out of real observation and feeling. The carvers were inspired men as well as experts. Then there were panels of impressive appeal, and wooden boxes ornamented with a wealth of detail, and church ornaments, such as stands for crucifixes and stands for candles. Those men who profess contempt for people of the hinterland would sing small if they but knew!

A word about legends and folklore. I recently wrote a story for a magazine. It was called 'Ob and the Oat Thief.' I had heard it some years ago from a lumberjack. It was about a curious creature like none in fairy lore, something like a gnome, but only dimly like one. The other day, on the shores of the St. Lawrence, I heard the same tale. The Gaspé folk knew it and knew it well. They also knew the story of the flying canoe, and the tale of the pirate ship that was turned to stone, and the account of how a mist turned into a floating figure and led fugitives in a canoe to safety. But I heard others, quaint tales and well worth taking notice of because they are not variants of Old World folklore. Here are a couple:

There was once, my companion said, a missionary whose name was Nicholas Viel, a good man and true. It was in the early days before the English had taken the land. It came about that Père Viel had to go from one place to another, on his mission; and so he engaged three Hurons to take him in a canoe. Near Montreal, at Sault au Récollet, what should happen but that two of the Hurons went ashore for some reason, leaving with the missionary the third Indian, one given to talk of his own goodness, but possessed of a hatred for religion. As the good père bent over to drink from the river, the Huron leaped at him, struck him, and then held him under the water until he was dead. But mark what followed. The water being cold (for it was early winter) the Huron built a fire to dry and warm himself; but as he crouched over it glorying in his wicked deed, it seemed to him that earth and air were suddenly full of roarings and shriekings and crashings worse than the greatest thunderstorm that ever raged. Nor did the fire have any warmth. What was stranger, there seemed to be no end to the water that dripped from him. Indeed, there was a little lake about him before long. He stood up to go away, but as the noise in the air grew more and more fearful, like the crashing of a thousand forests he found he could not move a step. Then, out of the darkness came a great hand, not suddenly but steadily, advancing like a cloud. The hand closed over the Indian and grasped him, as a man's hand might close over and grasp a leaf. When the two Hurons came back there was no sign of their fellow, nor was he ever seen afterward.

'But note this,' my companion went on; 'from time to time there is a fearful Something seen in that spot where Père Viel was so foully slain. For example, at one time a hundred and more years ago, some fishers were camped at Les Ecorres on a dark night. One of them, chancing to look up, saw a light as of a camp fire. Thinking it to be rivermen, or chance travelers who had lost their way, the fishers put out their canoe and paddled toward the fire gleam.

It was a long pull and a hard pull, and the current seemed to be against them most tremendously. But they were true men, and so had that strength which comes from good will. When they reached the place of the strange light, there they saw a Huron crouched over a fire, a miserable fellow who shivered and shook from head to foot. Nor did he look up in answer to their

In these folk we find memory in all its excellence, memory individual and memory racial.

Madame LeBlonde and her daughters. Madame knows nearly two hundred songs, words and music.

call. Going nearer, the fishers saw that water ran from his head and shoulders, and down his arms, a steady downpour that made a pool at his feet. When they were nearer still, what was their surprise to find that the fire had no heat, though it seemed to burn brightly! One of the men, thinking it to be due to his own coldness of body that the fire seemed to have no heat, threw a piece of bark into the blaze; but it neither scorched nor took fire. So thrusting his hand into what seemed to be flames, he drew forth the birch bark, and thus discovered for a fact that it was a fire without heat. The Indian said six words: 'He who is good does good,' and continued to sit, gazing into the fire without heat, while the water dripped and dripped. So the fishers went away and left him.

In town they told their tale the next day. One man, a lumberjack, laughed at them and called them fools, saying that he would go alone to the place, and would thus prove their tale to be a lie. He went, and soon returned. But he laughed no more; instead, he was grave and said nothing to anyone—would neither tell what he had seen nor answer questions. Thereafter he gave himself to good deeds, lending a helping hand . . . being a true friend . . . and over his door he wrote the words: 'He who is good does good.'

Here is another strange legend. The telling of it came just after we learned that Lindbergh had passed over Halifax on his way to Europe. My companion held that man had much to do in getting matters straight on the earth before he tried to 'fly in the sky.' At that moment seeing the rescue party flying northeast in search of the lost French fliers, he told me that everything reminded him of the story of one, Peter Scoulard—though I did not see the connection. I listened, however, saying nothing.

This Peter Scoulard, he told me, was a ferryman who, many years ago—perhaps two hundred—carried people from Pointe Lévis to Quebec. The voyage was made in canoes in fair weather, or sometimes in a sort of flat boat, when there were several passengers. But when ice was in the river, crossing was a dangerous business, and none but Peter Scoulard would attempt the passage. So we picture Peter as a bold man and willful, one daring to the point of foolhardiness. An arm-flourishing man, loud talking, boasting, blasphemous, he seems to have been. A cock-crowing sort of man, proud of his splendor, forever singing a battle hymn. He wore long hair, and a tam-o'-shanter perched jauntily on his head. His coat was knee-long, made of wool, bright with red and blue stuff, fringed at the bottom and furred at the cuffs. On his feet were moccasins, and round his waist there was wound a multi-colored *ceinture flechee.*

One day as the tide was on the point of turning he had a boatload of passengers. Now Peter and his three boatmen were skilled, and a river of floating ice was no great matter to them, for they could find a way through water lanes when other boatmen had given up in despair. But when the tide turned, there was the trouble; for ice islands became ice fields, and water lanes disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. And there was Peter, red-eyed from heavy drinking, all for going up to the wine shop for a bottle of wine to warm him on the voyage. 'Haste and haste, for the tide is on the turn. Better do without your bottle,' urged Jean. But Peter laughed scornfully. The harder the task the greater his pleasure, he told them. So he went his way and then shambled back, going the slower because of the fear of the others, passengers and paddlers.

Things went fairly well, by great good luck, until they were within a few yards of the Quebec shore; then the flatboat got jammed between two floes, with her bow headed downstream; and soon another ice block knocked a hole in the nose of her. So down went boat and passengers, and Peter alone got to land.

Now nine men out of ten would have been the humbler for such sad adventure, but not so Peter. The devil, he said, was his mainstay and would see him safely through; and, he boasted, when his end was near would be time enough to set about leading another and better life. But in spite of his blasphemies he had no lack of passengers, for of all river men he was most skilled.

Two years to the day much the same kind of thing happened. There was the river full of ice, the tide on the turn; the passengers were worried and impatient, and Peter red-eyed from heavy drinking was all for going up to the wine shop for a bottle of rum to warm him on his voyage.

'What do you suppose could happen?' he asked. 'Am I not a boatman of the first water? Have I ever drowned yet? Do you suppose I am going to have my head chopped off in mid-river? I'd like to see such a thing!' So he went up the bank, bought his bottle of wine, and shambled back, going slowly to enjoy the fear of the others.

Well, they made midstream and there met an ice jam. But this time Peter fell overboard. As he rose to the surface of the water, there came sliding a sharp-edged piece of ice which sliced off his head as a scythe might slice off the top of a turnip.

Luckily the passengers reached the shore in safety, but there was an end of Peter Scoulard. And now sometimes on a winter night, it is said, the ghost of Peter's head is seen. But woe betide him who sees it, for his end is near if he tells of what he has seen.

My companion in ending his story said: 'A man's folly is his worst enemy—that is the saying where we live.'

Lessons *in* Fidelity *From a* Bird Cage

SOME years ago at the University of Michigan a zoölogist made an intensive study, extending over several years, of the evolution of intelligence in turtles. While subjected to this college education, the turtles were taught to find their way to food through various mazes. Innocent rats were similarly enrolled in courses involving the learning of mazes, discrimination by sight (visual education), and even a certain familiarity with electricity by shocks. It is the hope in such studies that the world may learn what is going on in the mind of the turtle and may be able to apply the results of their research to human beings.

Recently a Russian scientist, Dr. Hilda Cinat-Tomson, working at the Institute of Experimental Zoölogy in the University of Riga, made somewhat analagous studies of the tender passions of the parrots, most faithful of all animals to their mates. A pair remain loyal to each other even unto death, and there are no second marriages.

In the first place, in these experiments a male was placed in a cage with several females. The result was simply discord, much scolding on the part of the ladies, and no affair of the heart at all. Two males were placed in a cage with one of the fair sex; it is recorded as a fact of scientific record that the first male to make any amorous advance received invariably an indignant repulse from the lady, who almost immediately thereafter received the less forward male.

A male bird disguised as a female received quite the same attention from his unsuspecting brethren as the real article.

Combs containing honey, pollen, eggs, larvae, and brood are removable for inspection.

The Bee's Buzz *Is Not a* National Stinging Anthem

By G. H. DACY

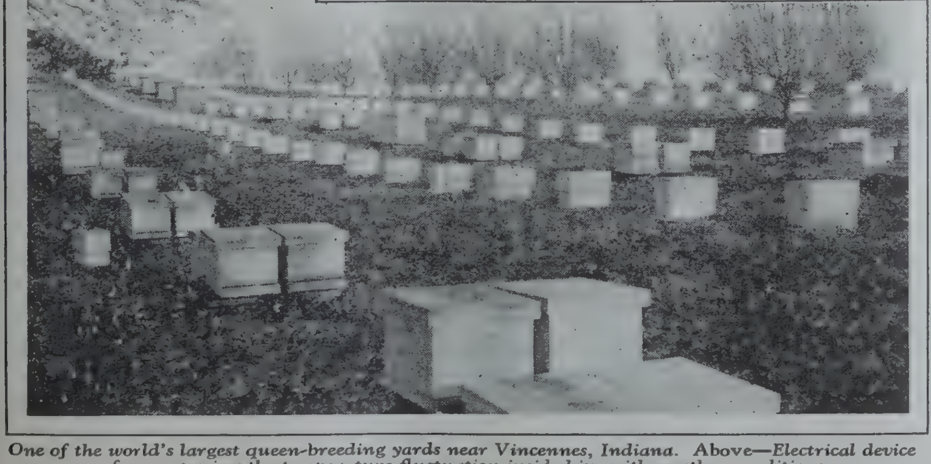
TO CERTAIN of the worker bees is delegated the task of ventilating the hive. As substitute electrical fans, these insects flap their wings in perfect rhythm and force fresh air into all parts of the hive.

Uncle Sam uses special open-faced hives covered with glass where his scientists can study the activities of the bees under a powerful microscope by both night and day. At regular periods all the inmates of the hive join in a sort of vibratory movement like a dance. Science believes that this motion enables the scout bees to tell their mates where the finest caches of nectar are to be found.

Baby bees grow faster than Jack's mythical bean stalk. Five days after the worker bee hatches out, she is fifteen hundred times as heavy as at birth.

During the summer, the average worker bee lives only two months, literally working herself to death.

Tropical countries are the homing haunts of stingless bees. These bees, instead of stinging, either bite or else eject a fluid which burns the human skin. There are 250 species of stingless bees. Science is now conducting experiments in crossing these tropical bees with the commercial honeybee species popular in the United States.



One of the world's largest queen-breeding yards near Vincennes, Indiana. Above—Electrical device for comparing the temperature fluctuation inside hive with weather conditions.

INVENTORS who derive largest profits know and heed certain simple but vital facts *before* applying for Patents. Our book *Patent-Sense* gives those facts; sent *free*. Write **LACEY & LACEY, 696 F St., Washington, D. C. Established 1869.**

Why you will want to read
The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
NEXT WEEK

Discovering *the* Colorado River

'DESPITE our abysmal ignorance of the great Colorado River, it has suddenly been discovered, and the storm of energy and oratory that were let loose about it in our recent Congress was a mere prelude to the battles that will be fought over it in the future.' Thus speaks the author, HUSTON THOMPSON, in the first of three articles. This writer in the company of engineers lately made an extensive survey of the Colorado, and discusses the subject with authority.

LITTLE ESSAYS FROM A NORTHERN COTTAGE

HUGH WALPOLE entitles his next essay **'On Loving *a* Little Cottage'**

WHEN this famous novelist was visiting overnight in one of the grandest houses in England, he thought only of his own little cottage with a passion of affection. Why does one house greet you politely but heartlessly, another house indifferently, while a third loves you? Hugh Walpole explains, discussing his own lovely place, with its sea, its mountains, its flowers, its squirrels, its lizards, its paintings and no end of other things that the place possesses.

Holding *the* Crest

By H. G. SALSINGER

TITLES are increasingly difficult to hold. 'It is easy enough to reach the top, but staying there is a real battle,' states this popular sports authority. Mr. Salsinger picks interesting cases among his acquaintances—Dempsey, Tilden, Hoppe, Cobb and others.

Those Strange *But* True Stories *By* McKEE BARCLAY

ASPIRING tellers of tales who succeed only in collecting rejection slips will eagerly permit **McKEE BARCLAY** to point out the trail which leads to real literary treasure trove. 'The plot's the thing with the story,' remarks Mr. Barclay, 'but writers who have talent for plot invention are scarce. They are blind to hints and inspirations for plots encountered every day.' The examples Mr. Barclay quotes, such as that of the rolling coin that solved a $75,000 rubber robbery, are fascinating.

Plus More Than the Usual Number of Extra Features

How Hawthorne Laid Cornerstones

(*Continued from page 13*)

convincingly portrayed. In the *Seven Gables* the realism is even more undeniable, and *Blithedale* seems almost a transcript of actual experience. The spirit still reigns in all of these books, but the flesh plays its due part. Nevertheless the whole structure is apart from the daily walk of mortal events, owing to a subtle treatment of which none but Hawthorne seems to be capable. He is emerging from dreams into reality, yet with the atmosphere of dream still around him. It is a memorable achievement.

But the short tales have a separate value of their own. Speaking of the familiar tone of his prefaces, Hawthorne says, such mention of external habits, casual associates, and the like, hide the man, instead of displaying him. 'You must make quite another kind of inquest, and look through the whole range of his fictitious characters, good and evil, in order to detect any of his essential traits.' And it is in the early tales that this inquest must be conducted.

In one place he calls these tales, 'attempts, and very imperfectly successful ones, to open an intercourse with the world.' In other words, they contain Hawthorne's philosophy of life; speculations and conclusions upon matters vital to all mankind. They constitute, therefore, the cornerstone of his view of the problem of man, God, and the nature which is the medium between them. A student who should group together in their right order all in the stories that pertains to this problem might be surprised to find what an unexpected light it sheds upon the secluded romancer. He would find nothing outwardly sensational or even overtly in opposition to orthodoxy; but the implications, in their aggregate, go to the roots of belief.

Hawthorne was a radical in the profoundest sense of the term; but if he tests the pillars of the universe, he leaves them still apparently upholding the frame of things. In the story called 'Earth's Holocaust,' he turns, almost playfully, the seamy side of civilization to the light, but leaves no defect or absurdity untouched. In 'The New Adam and Eve' he follows the wanderings of a new-created pair through the labyrinth of a great city, all the former inhabitants of the earth having been extirpated by some Divine decree; and their comments on what they find, and their perplexity over the traces of artificial usage, leave hardly anything worthy their approval except their own mutual love and their faith in a loving Creator; and these they did not find, but brought with them.

AGAIN, he pictures a respectable and blameless gentleman, a pillar of society and the state, who imprudently takes a peep into 'Fancy's Show-Box.' And therein he beholds himself guilty of every crime in the calendar; for though he had actually kept the Commandments, yet he had broken all of them in thought and impulse, and been restrained from the act only by dread of consequences or by blind accident. In lighter vein, he weighs the worth of things accounted precious in the world, and in the end finds all the treasures of the 'Virtuoso's Collection' to be no better than rubbish. There is no cynicism here, however; if the worthless are exposed, the true jewels are revealed in their stead; no folly but may be retrieved.

It was not only on such matters that he applied his resources as a writer. In the little series of comments on 'Old News,' he takes up a bundle of issues of newspapers of the 17th and 18th Centuries. I think that these fragments of the latest intelligence of that far-off time must have been in the Hawthorne family for generations; for in some of his boyhood letters to his mother and sisters, there are traces of their effect on his mind; and some of the earliest of his published sketches—as 'The Gray Champion,' which opens the volume of *Twice-Told Tales*—get their substance from such material. But in 'Old News' he brings forward the tattered and yellowed sheets themselves, and by their aid pictures the scenes, figures and customs among which they came into existence. The power of imagination to reconstruct the past and breathe life into it has never been more poignantly displayed.

IN THE first period we see Boston and its inhabitants in the days before there had been any thought of an existence apart from the mother country; all are loyal, and are proud of their ties; they welcome the presence in the city of royal troops, and when the siege of Louisville is in question, they volunteer for the service by hundreds, to return after the event free-mannered veterans, boisterous and victorious. In the second series the name of George Washington has supplanted the cult of George III, and to bring the contrast into relief, the writer imagines the newspapers being read by one of the old Tories, who was still faithful to the king, and who has become a pariah among his townspeople on that account. He reads the reports with anger, sorrow and tears, denouncing the rebellious acts and sentiments of his former friends, and praying for the time when their madness may have passed away, and they may return repentant to their allegiance.

It seems as if a writer who could make warm lifeblood run in the veins of a time long past, need seek no other field for his talent; here, and also in the volume of *Biographical Sketches*, Hawthorne proves himself a vivid and authentic historian, such as the best of English and American writers have never surpassed. But he was only trying his wings for what he held to be more important flights; he will not record merely, but create, though he creates even in recording.

Upon the whole, these little volumes may be regarded as the cornerstone of his achievement as a writer. They abide at the base of the edifice, but the edifice could not have risen to upper air save on such support. There is little in the superstructure whose origins may not be detected in the productions of his youth and young manhood. And before sitting down to write *The Scarlet Letter* he had completed his forty-sixth year.

The volume called the *Snow Image* was collected after the publication of the famous romance, and the eponymous story was written in West Newton, before he began *Blithedale*. In it, realism touches the furthest limit to which he approached in that kind. The homely interior of a household is depicted; the children at their play, the homely environment—and with these the graceful flight into the imaginative, which is made to appear as an inherent part of the whole, its soul and motive, without in any degree diminishing—enhancing, rather—the effect of reality. The great romances attempted no more than this, and not always with such success.

No one knows Hawthorne until he knows these books; and they justify the verdict that he was among the greatest of writers, whose product does not depend for its value on passing fashions, but is as sterling today as yesterday, and may still be valid in far-off times to come.

Who Came Here *First?*

By CHARLES J. FINGER

THE subject is Leif Ericson and his companions, who played a part by discovering America; for not only have the Scandinavians of Chicago honored him, but, according to say-so, signs in the form of picture writing have been found which tend to show that the early explorers crossed the continent. MacMillan, the intrepid, has looked up records in Greenland. Also someone has written a book to show that the name America comes, not from Amerigo the companion of Columbus, but from Americ, the Viking.

What seems certain is this. In 982, Eric the Red, an Icelandic outlaw, discovered Greenland. His son, Leif the Lucky, the first of the Christian religion to set foot on this continent, sailed for the new land from Norway, for it had been colonized by Icelanders. The first white child born on this side of the world was Snorri. The Greenland colony flourished until 1341. So there was a period of settlement lasting 350 years. Eskimo folklore has tales and legends of the white men which are probably tribal or race memories, though it is not safe to build too much on so frail a foundation.

There is this, too. According to the Landnamabok, Icelandic chronicles, one named Ari was storm-driven six days west of Ireland and there found a white man's land. The Eyrbyggja Saga, c. 64, tells of one Bjorn, 'a turbulent fellow of Iceland' and a trader between that country and Ireland, who was driven west of Ireland many days, in the year 1000, and 'came on a land well peopled, where they spoke the Irish tongue.' So there is a grain of hope for those who hold the Irish as having been early discoverers of this continent. And Ireland has a history ancient enough. Its inhabitants were mentioned by Caesar as having been advanced, as those who read Gallic Wars may remember. Ireland was referred to by Aristotle. Plutarch had something to say about the Irish. The Phoenicians knew of Ireland as a forward land holding a forward people. Strabo writes of them and of their shipping. So we may make our choice between discoverers, and when the choice is reluctantly made, there is still interesting speculation possible over the claims of the rejected rivals, and a man is left not quite sure that he has chosen well after all.

GUAM—*an* American Post *on the* Pacific

By
HELOISE LAZARO WHITE

—Photos, Flader and Mahew, Agana.

Aerial view of Agana, capital city of Guam.

COMPARATIVELY little has been written of the Mariana Islands of late years and most particularly does this apply to Guam, the only American possession of the group. The southernmost island and the most densely populated, Guam measures about thirty miles in length, and from four to eight and a half miles in width. The southern part is mountainous, the two highest elevations, Lamlam and Mt. Sasalaguam (Hill Mountain), measuring respectively 1,334 and 1,110 feet, while the northern part of the island forms a large plateau with an elevation ranging from two hundred to five hundred feet. The geographical location of the island is approximately latitude 13 degrees north, longitude 144 degrees east, and the sailing distances to San Francisco, Honolulu, Manila, Hongkong and Nagasaki are respectively as follows: 5,428; 3,337; 1,506; 1,822; 1,440 miles.

The few visitors have been service people, for Guam is a closed port, open only to Army and Navy vessels, and far from the beaten path of the commercial liners plying between America and the Orient. Civilized for over a century, and for the past twenty-six years under American naval government, the natives have grown accustomed to electricity, airplanes, radio and the other developments of modern civilization, but unlike most peoples of the world they have never seen that strange two-legged animal known as the tourist.

Agaña, the capital city of Guam, is the most important settlement. It has a population of 8,500 and is the oldest recorded town in Guam. Practically all the government activities are centered here; marine barracks, post office, executive buildings, commissary, bank and naval hospital, the governor's house, all lend an air of modern progress to an otherwise quaintly foreign village. The streets are very short and narrow with no sidewalks, and the houses with their thatched roofs are indiscriminately huddled together. Mats covered with drying corn or copra can be seen lying about in front of the huts.

Many business and social activities common to the average American small town are found in Agaña. Several churches, garages, drug stores, general merchandise stores, a printing shop, and a movie house show the gradual development of the island. Progress is necessarily slow, for the island is so isolated and small that everything must be done on a meager scale.

Good roads built of local *cascajo* connect these points, and there are about sixty miles of improved road in all. Narrow trails branching from the main road lead inland to different parts of the island where many small farms, locally termed ranches, are found.

In early morning or late afternoon one meets a number of natives on the roads, riding in small two-wheeled carts to which *carabaos* are hitched. Practically all the Chamorros (natives) own town houses to which they return at night after a day's work on their small ranches. As *carabao* travel has none of the elements of speed, this daily trip to and from the ranch takes up much time which could be devoted to work, and the custom is no small hindrance to agricultural development. Some of the financially prosperous natives own automobiles, but the *carabao* really furnish the 'horse power' of the island.

Neither horses nor cattle thrive well in Guam. The natives who own cattle insist on using them as beasts of burden; this destroys their milk-producing qualities and discourages reproduction. As a result, the service people stationed on the island are forced to use canned milk unless they choose like the natives to use *carabao* or goat milk. But there is a forbidding aspect about a muddy *carabao* which impairs the proper appreciation of her milk.

It is a surprising fact that the modern Chamorros, unlike most other islanders, care little for water sports, as the ancient inhabitants were reputed by early historians to be almost amphibious. That the population has changed in many ways is easily appreciated after one has delved a little into the history of the Marianas.

Guam, after its discovery by Fernando Magellan in 1520, was used extensively as a stopping place for whalers. The inhabitants up to this time are supposed to have been Polynesians, who brought with them their beliefs in sun worship. It was not until 1565 that Captain Don Miguel Lopez de Legazpe took possession of the Mariana Islands in the name of Spain, and later when the Spaniards attempted to civilize and christianize the natives, they found them very hostile. It was a question of years before anything like order was established, for the Spaniards had but a few men and no sooner was peace established than the natives would fight among themselves. Gradually, the male inhabitants were killed off, and the women began to marry the conquerors or some of the whalers, sometimes Chinese or Japanese or Filipinos who had drifted to the islands. Naturally, after nearly four hundred

Building a roof from dried thatch plants.

years, the modern native does not show great evidence of a Polynesian strain.

Much of the history of the ancient inhabitants has been gleaned from excavation work done under the auspices of the Bishop Museum in the last few years. On the northern part of the island of Guam and generally distributed over the island of Saipan (also of this group) are rows of monoliths with crude capitals. Some of these stones have been found to weigh thirty tons, to stand fifteen feet high, and to measure five and one-half feet square at the base. They are called *latte* by the natives. Up to recent years it was supposed that they were foundations of old houses and temples. A more plausible theory is now advanced, which holds that these monoliths mark the burial places of the ancient chieftains; for in digging around these *latte*, workers have unearthed human bones, broken and charred, ancient potteries, fishhooks and implements in mother-of-pearl, as well as additional evidences of ceremonial sacrifices and cannibalistic feastings.

The average Chamorro of today (this name was originally applied to the aristocracy only, but is now used generally) is very peace-loving, kind and loyal to his friends. When we were arranging the furniture in our house, I recall that my house boy asked a friend of his to assist him. The lad worked hard for several hours but, when I wished to tip him, flatly refused the offering, telling me that he never accepted money for helping a friend. Now had I asked the favor, he would have had no qualms about taking the tip, but the request coming as it did from his friend precluded any such possibility. I might add that he is a constant visitor to our kitchen and is no doubt responsible for an addition of several dollars each month to the grocery bill.

Though loyal and possessed of numerous good qualities, the masses of Chamorros are extremely lazy and undependable. Prosperity is no incentive to them as they do not know nor crave luxuries and are content to live grouped in little patched shacks, and to eat native vegetables, fruit, rice, fish, and occasional *carabao* and chicken meat.

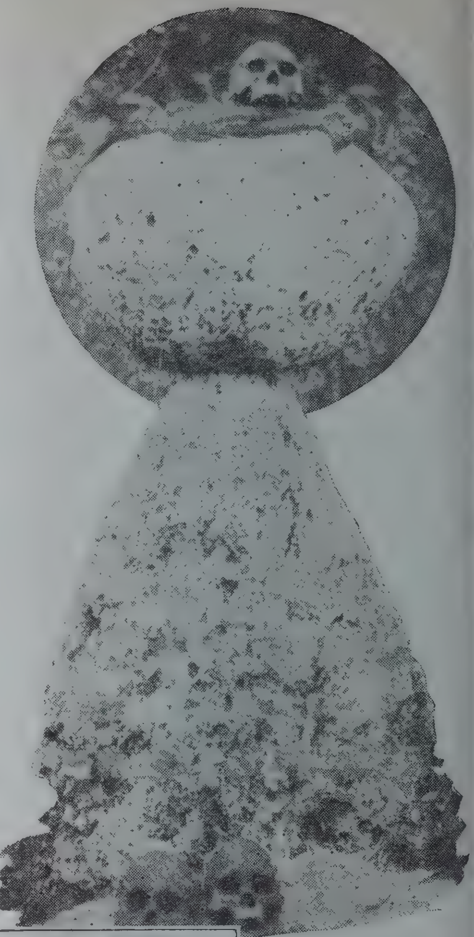
One or two changes of light clothes suffice, for the weather is warm, and personal cleanliness is not at a premium. Those whose ranches are more productive, do not trouble to market their surplus vegetables, and sometimes have to be coaxed to sell. Large-scale production, even in proportion to the size of the island, would admit of many hardships, as the soil is generally shallow and it is impossible to plow many stretches of land as the rock foundation underlying would soon break the plowshares. In these shallow fields the natives use an implement known as a *fosino* or scuffle hoe to clear away weeds and bushes which are later spread over the field and burned in order to fertilize the soil. In sections where plowing is practicable, a *carabao* is hitched to the plow.

The majority of natives own small ranches averaging ten acres, and despite the heroic efforts made by the government experimental station, agriculture is on an extremely low scale. Corn, rice and tobacco are raised in limited quantities, though the production never equals the demand. It is the same with vegetables. The native chiote, cerreguidillas, egg plant (this looks like an elongated bell pepper), plantain, alligator pear, mustard and taro leaves, as well as the wild yam, form delectable dishes, but as most of these plants are obtainable only a few months of the year, the Americans living here are sorely dependent upon canned goods. Fortunately, bananas, oranges, mangoes, and papayas can be obtained practically the year round, and the island government is now beginning to market a small quantity of vegetables produced on one of its farms.

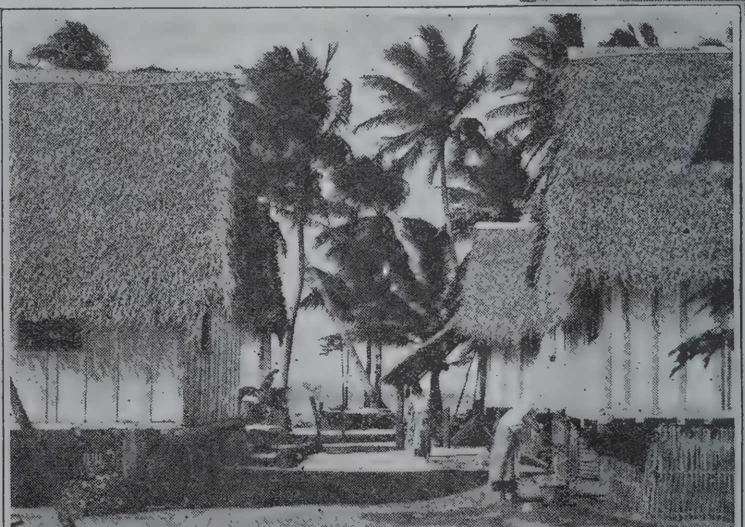
COPRA, which is the dried meat of the coconut, is the only export of the island. The natives barter this copra at the local shops and a few interested firms make a business of exporting it. Last year's shipment approximated 1,816,100 pounds, with an estimated value of $59,970.

Coconut trees do not require cultivation; the coconut is simply dropped on the ground—and grows. One of the picturesque sights of the island is a grove along the beach with row after row of these tall trees, their palmlike leaves bushing from the top and great clusters of the fruit nestling among the leaves. On a moonlight night it is like a bit of fairyland, for the moonbeams dance on the water and stretches of white sand beckon from between the trees while overhead a canopy of blue sky teems with a million stars.

The climate is on the whole fairly pleasant, the mean annual temperature averaging 81 degrees. This is nearly constant during the year, but the humidity is very great and in time, like any tropical climate, this one wears on the nerves of people unaccustomed to it.



Monoliths capped with crude cinerary urns, supposed to mark the burial place of ancient chieftains. Charred bones were found on these sites.



Native huts of Guam. The entire family cooking is done in the rear house, from which a lean-to may be seen projecting.

Typhoons occur occasionally, usually during the rainy season (June to November) but few of these do much damage. Earthquakes are a common occurrence, as the island is at the end of a submarine chain which extends north toward Japan, and is surrounded on the south and southeast by the Challenger Deep, one of the deepest oceanic depressions known. Like the inhabitants, one soon learns to take these for granted, for they rarely do appreciable damage.

Health conditions are favorable for a tropical climate, despite the fact the 99 per cent of the native population suffer from worms. Malarial and yellow fevers are almost unknown, and typhoid is very scarce.

On the whole, living in Guam may be compared to a long summer vacation at the seashore. It finally grows tiresome and we want to get home. Unconsciously we await a change of season; none comes; the vacation seems too long, but could we have a few months of change and bracing air, we would crave it again. Such is the lure of the tropics, for where else can one live with so little exertion, where learn simply to drift along, lazily unthinking? Even as we dream of returning to the States, we admit that once back, there will be times when we shall long for the languorous charm of the tropics and Guam in retrospect will be far more wonderful than the Guam we now know!

Is There a Presidential Type?

(*Continued from page 15*)

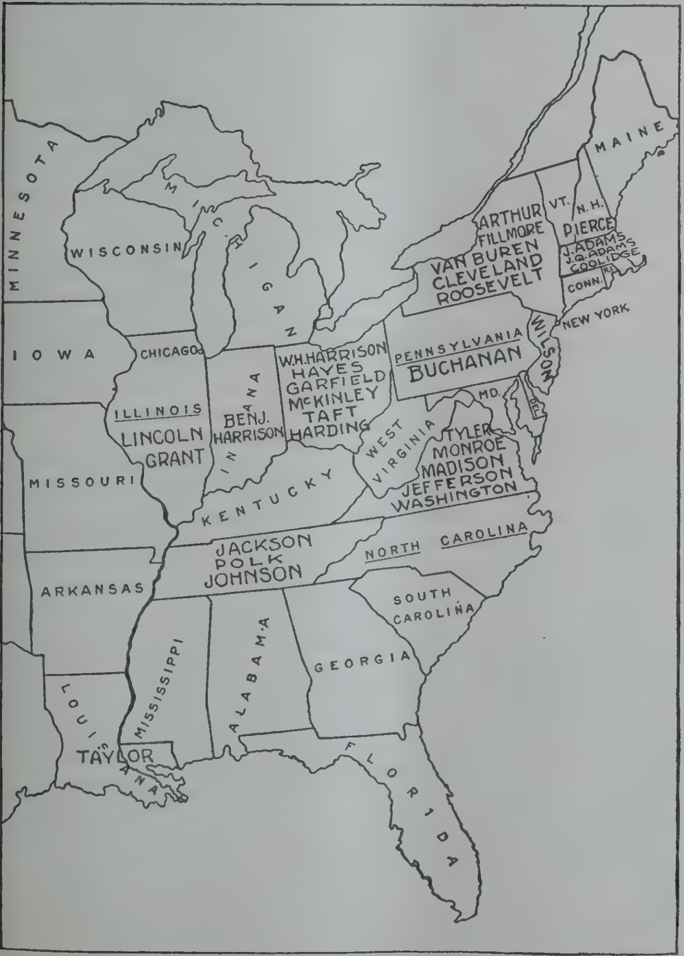
Fillmore, Johnson, Arthur, Roosevelt and Coolidge. Of the six only two, Roosevelt and Coolidge, won for themselves the Presidency in a general election.

Though some of our brainiest and most distinguished public men are to be found on our list of attorney-generals, not one of them has ever reached the coveted goal of all politicians. William Wirt, of Maryland, one of the ablest of them, ran against Andrew Jackson in 1828 as an Antimason candidate but, of the four candidates who were voted for, he was low man with 7 votes in the electoral college. Jackson, of course, was high man. He received 219 electoral votes. No Secretary of the Treasury, no Secretary of the Navy, no Postmaster-General, and in fact no head of any other division of the Cabinet, with the exception of those mentioned, has ever secured a presidential nomination.

Only one Speaker of the House has ever succeeded in reaching the Presidency. Polk, who was speaker for the four years ending in 1839, became President in 1844. Henry Clay and James G. Blaine secured nominations but were defeated in general elections. Clay was a party nominee three times.

Four of our early Presidents had diplomatic careers. John Adams, after acting as commissioner to France with Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee in 1778, became minister to Holland and, later, minister to England. Jefferson represented his country at the court of France. Monroe was minister to England. John Quincy Adams was in his twenties when appointed minister to Holland by President Washington. After serving at the Dutch Court young Adams, when only twenty-nine years old, was made minister to Portugal. So well did he acquit himself that when his father, John Adams, became President, Washington suggested that the appointment as minister to Prussia be given him. With the completion of this assignment his diplomatic career was suspended for a time, during which period he served in the Massachusetts state senate and in the United States Senate; but when Madison became President he was made minister to Russia, and later minister to England.

Before attaining the Presidency, Jefferson was governor of Virginia, succeeding that state's first governor, Patrick Henry, in 1779. Monroe was twice governor of the Old Dominion. Van Buren was governor of New York, Tyler served two terms as governor of Virginia, James K. Polk was governor of North Carolina and Andrew Johnson was governor of Tennessee. Hayes was elected governor of Ohio three times. After his second term he ran for Congress, was defeated and then, in 1875, was again made governor. Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, Wilson and Coolidge owed their elevation to the Presidency largely to the records they made as governors.



The geographical domiciles of United States Presidents at the time of their election.

History records some interesting coincidences in connection with the Presidency. John Adams and Jefferson died on the same day, July 4, 1826, the anniversary of the signing of the great document for whose adoption they had labored. John Quincy Adams was the son of John Adams; Benjamin Harrison was the grandson of William Henry Harrison; Frances Taylor of Orange County, Virginia, was the grandmother of Madison and her brother was the grandfather of Zachary Taylor. The Harrisons were descendants of Pocahontas and John Rolfe. Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were born in the same section of Kentucky, only a few miles apart, Davis' birth occurring a year before that of Lincoln. From these facts it will be seen that many of our Presidents were born on farms, that a large proportion of them were lawyers and that governorships seem to be the best stepping-stone to the White House; it will be readily seen that the law of popular choice in force in republics has not come any nearer to developing a standard type of ruler than has the law of primogeniture which creates kings. We have had straightforward, impetuous fighting men like Taylor, Jackson and Roosevelt, but even our soldier-Presidents do not conform to type. A milder-mannered man never scuttled a ship or ordered an assault on a fortress than Ulysses S. Grant, the man who said, 'Let us have peace.'

Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Wilson and one or two others of our Chief Magistrates were cultured men of scholarly tastes but dissimilar in many characteristics. Hayes, Garfield and McKinley, three Ohioans, were kindly, unassuming men—utterly different in temperament from John Adams, Jackson and Cleveland. And then Jackson was a belligerent partisan who always took the offensive while Cleveland, had he adopted soldiering as a profession, would have probably shone as the indomitable defender of an embattled fort or as a commander who would Grant-wise insist on fighting it out 'along this line if it takes all summer.'

No Death-Rays Yet

A BIT of sanguinary romancing that has marked all wars that have been waged since man's conquest of electricity is the tale of some kind of a ray that can be projected to destroy men.

These much-talked-of but wholly imaginary destructive properties have already begun to be attached to the 'super-X-rays' or penetrating cosmic rays investigated in this country by Millikan and to the powerful cathode rays which Coolidge, the inventor of the improved X-ray tube, has been able to project into the air.

The plain truth is that neither form of force is brand new, and neither can be used for destructive purposes at long ranges. Millikan found that these rays seem to come into our ken from the vast reaches of out space, that they penetrate anything and everything to a depth equivalent to sixty feet of water or five feet of solid lead, and that they belong in the general spectrum of radiant energy with wave lengths much shorter than those of the shortest-length, 'hard' X-rays.

The cathode rays likewise are not new. Dr. Coolidge, however, has projected them into the air for a distance of several feet.

Within their range they are really death-rays, for they have killed bacteria almost instantaneously, and a spot in a rabbit's ear exposed to them for fifty seconds 'died' and subsequently fell out, though apparently without pain to the rabbit. But the reports about the 'disintegration' of a mouse are pure fable. Moreover, they have very low penetration as well as very short range. A thin pane of glass, for instance, stops them completely. It takes from a quarter to a half million volts to produce them, and even though Dr. Coolidge now expects to build a million-volt apparatus, he does not expect considerably to increase their range.

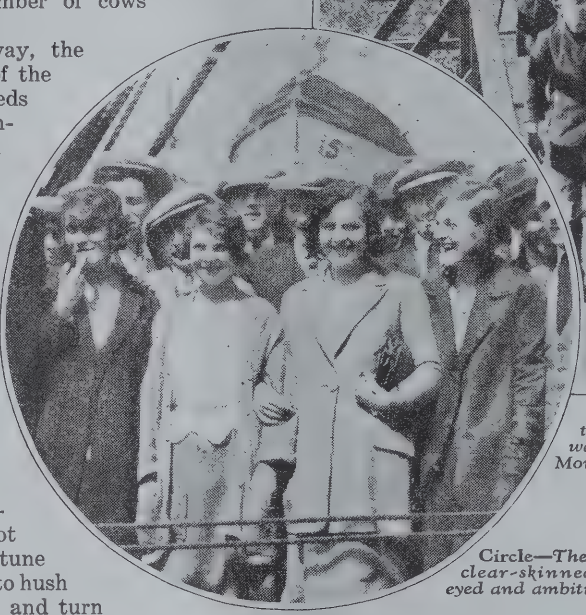
From the Wind-Swept Hebrides

By ESTELLINE BENNETT

THE islands of the Hebrides are bleak stony sentinels against the western coast of Scotland. The people of the Hebrides, blithe in the face of poverty, intelligent against the odds of isolation, are crowded in their little thatched black huts and on their scraps of ground, where with infinite patience and hard labor they raise a few potatoes and herd a small number of cows and sheep.

From Stornoway, the northern harbor of the Hebrides, hundreds of sturdy men, women and children sail away to the West every spring, to a country whose vastness, fruitfulness and sunny splendor not the most imaginative among them could vision. They depart regretfully from the home islands that cannot support them all, tune up their bagpipes to hush the homesickness, and turn their faces toward Canada. Nearly one hundred years ago, Canada had called a little group of the hardiest of their ancestors, and first emigrants from the islands of Lewis, Harris, Skye and Uist had blazed their way to homesteads in the far forests of the province of Quebec.

Hebrideans on their way to the westbound train in Montreal.


Circle—The girls are clear-skinned, bright-eyed and ambitious.

THESE new Canadians are of crofter or small farmer-fishermen stock, sturdy and unafraid, thrifty and hard-working, and in every sense a most desirable type of immigrant. Unlike those first Hebridean immigrants, they come into a country where the trails are blazed and the red roof of the neighbor's barn shows a warm friendly speck across the wheat fields.

The fields and moors of the Hebrides stretch bleak and black, with scarcely enough green to pasture a single sheep. Nothing grows freely but the heather. Peat provides plentiful fuel, but the struggle to wrest any food from the rocky soil would be heartbreaking to a less cheerful, courageous people.

Some of these immigrants came from the little sanctuary island of Eriska, where the shores of Prince's Bay still are purple and white in the early summer with the *convolvulus maritimus* that Bonnie Prince Charlie planted when he found shelter there after the Battle of Culloden nearly two hundred years ago. The bay, facing northwest, is outlined with broken rocks and the remnant of a low wall marks the spot where he landed.

A few rough stone huts lie in a hollow just above the bay—black poor little huts, with an old bit of tin over a hole which serves as a chimney, sometimes thatched, sometimes roofed with corrugated iron, but oftener with bits of old sails and sticks. The one that sheltered Prince Charlie is still standing, occupied now by a cheery, indifferent crofter.

But these voluntary exiles who now leave their little island of Eriska because of its inability to feed them all, face a different future from that of their forefathers who were forcibly evicted from the more prosperous islands and who eked out a meager hard-won living from the windy little slip of granite. They lived principally on root crops and fish. They use, too, a certain kind of seaweed that the women boil and serve with butter. To this primitive fare the islanders have added a small amount of barley, rye, oats and potatoes. Fishing is their main source of livelihood and much of their robust health, especially the happy huskiness of their babies, is attributed, says Dr. William George McCallum of Johns Hopkins University, an authority on vitamines, to the fact that they eat such parts of the fish as cannot be sold, and these are rich in wholesome fats.

The herring is their king of fishes and they have plenty of sea fowl. They pasture just enough sheep and cattle on their barren bit of land to give them proficiency in the care of such stock and a knowledge of the handling of dairy products. More perhaps than any other people, they have learned the art of converting one agricultural talent into ten.

In spite of their poverty, and the hard work necessary for the most meager living, they are refined in their manners and speech and rise blithely superior to the most adverse conditions. Every man is his own master and the pride of race is strong among them.

People who keep their buoyancy in the face of bleak moors, who grow strong and sturdy on the foodstuffs they cannot sell, and learn dairying with no equipment but one cow and a churn, do not come empty-handed into the great opportunity-laden land of Canada.

Most of the immigrants are between the ages of eighteen and thirty, but there is a good sprinkling of the large families for which the Hebrides are famous. Eight children make an average family and ten and twelve are not uncommon. Not one of the men stands less than five feet nine inches, nor weighs less than one hundred and seventy pounds.

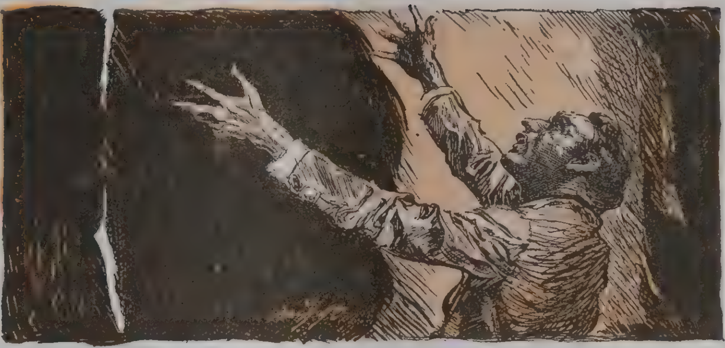
It is a far adventure from Stornoway to Quebec, and Hebrideans do not court strange experiences. Few of them have ever been to the mainland. Most of them have been to the town of Stornoway but once or twice in their lives.

Therefore, confronted with the fear of the unknown, some prefer to stay by their own peat fires and dig with heavy spades in the futile fields.

The Hebridean settlers in Alberta have now all been placed on farms. Those who preferred to do so, will work for established farmers until they learn something of Canadian farming. Most of them, however, already are established on their own small empires of 160 acres. An effort has been made, in so far as possible, to settle them among other people and not at great distances from towns and railroads. Ex-service men among them are in training at the Government farm.

Some Strange Trials at WASHINGTON

By CARSON C. HATHAWAY



He constantly interrupted the proceedings and publicly rebuked his counsel.

Illustrated by
AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

FEW Americans know that an attempt was made to assassinate the President of the United States in 1835.

On January 30, 1835, President Jackson attended the funeral of Warren R. Davis, member of Congress from South Carolina. The services were held in the National Capitol. As he came from the rotunda, he was suddenly confronted by a man armed with two pistols. The stranger snapped one pistol, the percussion cap of which failed to fire the charge. Instantly the assailant was set upon by Jackson's companions but, before he could be overpowered, he snapped the second pistol. It likewise failed to explode. He was then subdued and hurried off to jail.

'There is going to be one in about five minutes!'

In April, 1835, the prisoner was placed on trial. He proved to be one Richard Lawrence, whose relatives claimed that he was a landscape painter. He insisted, however, that he was Richard III of England as well as king of America. He explained that Jackson was usurping his rights and that the Government was more than presumptuous to put 'his majesty' on trial.

The prosecuting attorney was Francis Scott Key, Washington attorney, and author of the 'Star Spangled Banner.' During the proceedings, the prisoner constantly interrupted the court and complained bitterly of the discourtesy which was being accorded him. After a brief trial, the jury brought in the verdict, 'We find him not guilty, he having been under the influence of insanity at the time he committed the act.'

A few years later occurred a famous fraud trial. After the Mexican War, a commission was appointed to settle the claims of American citizens against Mexico. One bill for half a million dollars was presented by George A. Gardiner. He submitted affidavits that in 1844 he was working a valuable mine in the state of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, his investment amounting to more than $300,000. Five hundred persons were said to have been employed on the property. He stated that in 1846 he had been driven away by Mexican soldiers. So conclusive were his proofs that the United States Government paid him $428,750.

Suspicions were aroused later that there were flaws in Gardiner's story. He was indicted for perjury but fled to England. He returned for trial, to have the first jury in the case disagree. Before the second trial was held, investigators were dispatched to Mexico. When they returned, they proved in court that Gardiner, instead of being a wealthy mine operator, was actually a dentist who had formerly peddled on the western coast. It was shown that his elaborate documents were forged and that his whole story was a frame-up. '

'Guilty,' said the jury.

When Gardiner was removed after the verdict he called for a drink of water. He drank it and fell unconscious, dying in a short time, a suicide from strychnine poisoning.

In former days, the Old Willard Hotel, which stood near the Treasury Department, was the rendezvous of statesmen and diplomats. Into its dining room there came one morning in May, 1856, Honorable Philemon T. Herbert, congressman from California. Although it was eleven o'clock the congressman proceeded to order breakfast. The waiter was an Irishman named Thomas Keating. He looked at the clock, told the congressman the breakfast hour had passed and referred the late caller to the manager. At this suggestion, the caller used words that were short and expressive. Plates began to fly, followed by chairs, molasses pitcher. and a silver salver. To the aid of the Irish waiter came reinforcements that proceeded to pounce upon the irate legislator. Herbert finally shot the Irishman dead.

It is easy to imagine the headlines which would have resulted had the incident occurred today.

The Washington papers of 1856, however, carried merely three short paragraphs on an inside page, the bare announcement of the incident being accompanied by the words, 'Public curiosity would no doubt require of us a minute account of this melancholy occurrence but we believe that public justice forbids this gratification at present.'

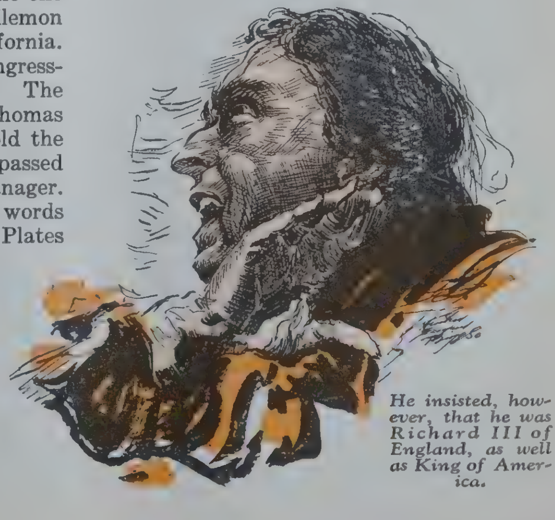
When the case came to trial, the first jury disagreed. The second acquitted the congressman on the ground of self-defense. In this exciting case, the prosecuting attorney was Philip Barton Key.

Three years later, Key was himself involved in a sensational case.

Daniel E. Sickles, congressman from New York, had been warned by mysterious anonymous letters that Key had been showing undue friendliness to Sickles' wife. He investigated and found that the charges were well founded. On February 27, 1859, Sickles and Key met within a stone's throw of the White House. There was a short and bitter discussion. Then shots rang out and Key fell mortally wounded.

The trial was a dramatic one, attracting enormous throngs. The prominence of the principals made the affair one of nationwide interest. One of Sickles' attorneys was Edwin M. Stanton, who was later to be Secretary of War in President Lincoln's Cabinet. Sickles pleaded the unwritten law. He was acquitted. The young defendant had attracted great public sympathy and on the night of the acquittal a crowd of more than two thousand persons, accompanied by a section of the Marine Band, serenaded the victor and his counsel.

In the oil scandals, much attention was directed to the refusal of certain witnesses to testify before Senate committees. A similar stir was created in 1876 when Hallet Kilbourn was called before a



He insisted, however, that he was Richard III of England, as well as King of America.

special committee of the House of Representatives in a case in which the famous firm of Jay Cooke and Company was involved. He refused to answer questions or to produce papers demanded by the committee and, when brought before the bar of the House, he again refused. At this defiance of authority he was arrested by the sergeant at arms and imprisoned in the District of Columbia jail. Here he remained for five weeks; then he applied for a writ of habeas corpus and was released.

He thereupon brought suit against the sergeant at arms and the committee for illegal imprisonment. At the first trial, he was awarded damages of $100,000. The judge set the verdict aside as excessive. Successive verdicts of $60,000 and $37,500 met the same fate. Finally the sum of $20,000 was agreed upon. A sergeant at arms is not usually blessed with twenty-thousand-dollar bank notes and Congress kindly appropriated the amount to salve the injured dignity of the witness.

The next court proceedings of wide interest occurred as a result of the death of President Garfield. On July 2, 1881, as he was about to take the train from Washington, he was shot twice by Charles J. Guiteau, a disappointed officeseeker. He died on September 19, 1881. The ensuing trial was a remarkable one chiefly because of the personal eccentricities of Guiteau. He insisted on being at all times the center of attention. He constantly interrupted the proceedings, publicly rebuked his own counsel for supposed incompetence and made frequent prepared speeches to the jury.

Twice during the period of the trial, attempts were made to shoot the prisoner. On one occasion an army sergeant fired into his cell window, the bullet passing through the prisoner's coat which was hanging on the wall. The second attempt was made by a mysterious horseman who rode behind the prisoner's van and shot at Guiteau, slightly wounding him. Guiteau promptly demanded that President Arthur offer a reward of $5,000 for the capture of his assailant.

'I wish you would put it in your paper that the Lord is opposed to my being shot,' he instructed a reporter.

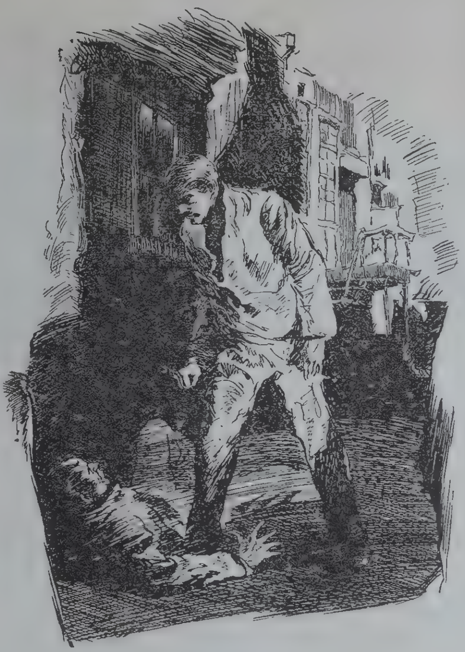
His trial was attended with remarkable publicity.

Autograph albums were frequently mailed in for his signature. Another strange exhibition of public foolishness occurred in a flood of worthless checks mailed to the prisoner. One of them bore the prophetic signature, 'U. R. A. GONER.'

When the verdict of 'Guilty, as indicted' was returned, the prisoner shouted, 'My blood will be upon the heads of the jury and don't you forget it. God will avenge this outrage.'

Shortly before the execution, a Pennsylvania firm offered to pay five thousand dollars for Guiteau's body, planning to preserve it and exhibit it in America and Europe. Half of the proceeds were promised to Guiteau's relatives, who failed to approve the scheme.

One curious incident of the trial occurred when Clark Mills, sculptor of the famous statue of Jackson in Lafayette Square, Washington, was called as a witness for the defense. He brought with him a plaster cast of Guiteau's head to prove that the prisoner was abnormal but he was not allowed to testify.



I was waylaid near my boarding house,

Memories of the famous Sam Houston of Texan Independence days are aroused by an incident that occurred in April, 1832. Houston met William Stanberry, a congressman from Ohio, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Stanberry had publicly stated that Houston was seeking to defraud the Cherokee Indians while pretending to help them. When the dust on Pennsylvania Avenue had settled, it was evident that Stanberry had been subjected to—but let him describe the incident himself, as he did in a letter to the Speaker of the House of Representatives:

> Sir:
>
> I was waylaid in the street, near to my boarding house last night about eight o'clock and attacked, knocked down by a bludgeon and severely bruised and wounded by Samuel Houston, late of Tennessee, for words spoken in my place in the House of Representatives, by reason of which I am confined to my bed, and unable to discharge my duties in the House and attend to the interests of my constituents. I communicate this information to you and request that you will lay it before the House.
>
> WILLIAM STANBERRY.
>
> April 14, 1832.

Houston was thereupon called before the bar of the House, where he had previously been a member, and, after protracted discussion, was mildly reprimanded for his conduct. Later he was arrested for the same assault. The question then arose as to whether the conviction by the House was a bar to further prosecution. The court held otherwise and he was fined $500.

One of the most illustrious of the early lights of the capital was David K. Cartter, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. The story is told that on one occasion an attorney appearing before him had been arguing that he was supported in his contentions by a long line of legal decisions. The particular argument advanced did not impress the judge.

He interrupted the attorney with, 'You insist that there has not been a court decision contrary to your contention for more than a century?'

'That is correct.'

'Well, there is going to be one in about five minutes.'

Joseph Hergesheimer

(*Continued from page 4*)

and strove very hard in the opening of *Balisand* to define the term so there would be no mistake in my meaning. There seem to be two conceptions: that of birth—which was Richard Bale's status—and that other more common interpretation, "one of Nature's Noblemen!" A delicious, meaningless phrase.

'Shop girls all think of a gentleman as a man sitting in a fine car who would stop it to let them cross the street. Whereas, in all probability he would not even see them and dash right along. If people only knew it, they would find the "gentleman class," the aristocracy, much the same as themselves in the matter of selfish codes. For as soon as one group acquires the power, then there remains nothing but to exercise it. That is the beginning of an aristocracy.

'In the same category, I find the love of anyone of the past—especially if he is supposedly harmless in the public eye—grotesque; while the hatred of our strong, wilful men is a baleful public trait. Look at our biographies! Lincoln, Washington, and so on—they don't leave them a decent leg to stand on, simply because they had a decided human side! The public dotes on harmless heroes. Respectable people in America really have a very stupid time of it. Men are uneasy with their families. They are hysterical and galvanic rather than amusing and entertaining. Most Americans really think it wicked to have a good time. It is all very mysterious to me.'

At this point luncheon was announced and we strolled from the library into the century-and-more-old dining-room, which, with the rest of the old house, is furnished in the period in which it was built. There I met the little wife with 'the gentian-blue eyes' that Mr. Hergesheimer has written about somewhere. To be exact, Joseph Hergesheimer has two mistresses besides his charming wife—one is his Creative Work that claims about five hours of his time daily; the other is his precious Old Glass which he goes about the house fondling with his hands or caressing with his eyes most of the rest of the time.

Still they are a very happy family. With only eight rooms, a contented wife, two jealous mistresses, a dog and one thin, efficient colored maid, there is not much room for guests.

The workshop is on the second floor of a typical Main Street building. The whole setting is at least a million miles from *Java Head* or *Cytherea* and their progeny. It consists of two large rooms with dreary outlooks. An efficient secretary occupies the first room. Beyond is the sanctum wherein *Tampico* was lately created. The walls are covered with a French pictorial wall paper several hundred years old, made by hand from wood blocks.

'Telephone!' he exclaimed in response to my query. 'I wouldn't have one here for the world. That's why I come here—to get away from *all* contacts. I allow no one to see me, to bother me. If anyone gets in here—unless I bring them in—Miss McCleary, my secretary, is fired. That is part of her contract.'

Then we motored back again to the little stone house on the knoll, half-hidden in a grove of trees.

Science *Versus* Preconceit

By S. F. AARON

Illustrated by
THE AUTHOR

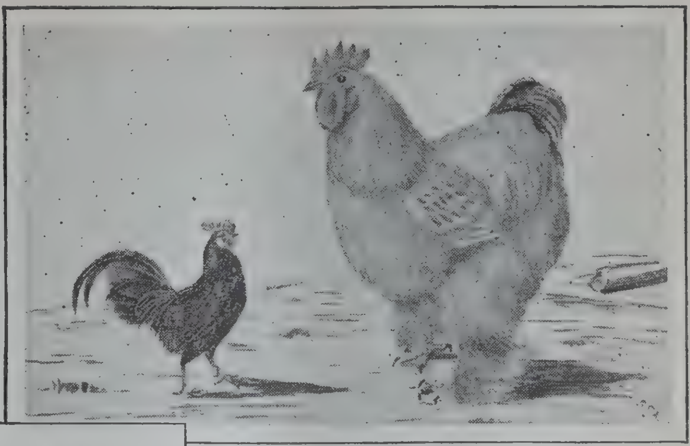
IT SEEMS strange that men trained in the biological laboratory, some who are thorough systematists of widely divergent life, and even nature lovers with wide out-of-door experience, have failed to grasp the essential influences of natural selection. They accept evolution because of its scientific necessity, but blindly, admitting that they know nothing of its origins. Some even go so far as to misinterpret apparent evidences against natural selection.

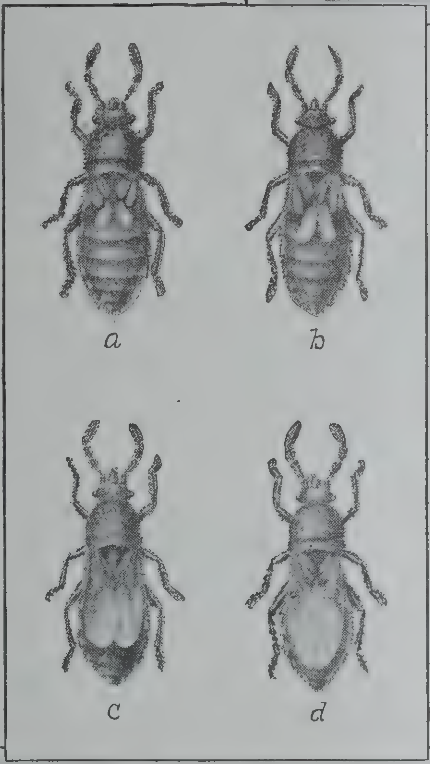
If investigators fail to comprehend a subject compelling the widest knowledge, what of the layman?

It is necessary to cite but a single line of development many times multiplied, to illustrate the inability of observers to make a correct interpretation of simple facts. This concerns the white tails of many quadrupeds and birds commonly preyed upon. Nothing is more apparent to the hunter than the white flag of the Virginia deer lifted high with every retreat of the animal, or the round flare of molly cottontail seeking safety with leaps.

What sort of selective development is this that actually attracts an enemy? Is it not all too apparent that Nature has done something unwise, and that natural selection has somehow slipped a cog?

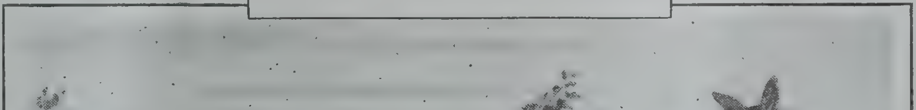
Satisfactory explanation is so obvious that the interpreter feels almost as though he were pointing the finger of derision at those who have missed it.





Examples of extremes in artificial selective breeding. No wild creatures thus widely differing as a result of natural selection would be considered merely as differing specifically but would be classed as very distinct genera or even sub-families.
Left—First, the short-winged and last, the long-winged species of the chinch bug, with two gradational forms that show development from one to the other.

The one brief period in the life of many creatures when survival demands instant and effective protection from numerous enemies is that of *extreme infancy.* The delicate, day-old fawn, squat in the long grass—the new-born rabbit in its snug, fur-lined earthen cavity—the nestling bird—these cannot be hidden from the sharp eyes and noses of many enemies. Militant defense is out of the question. Deer, antelope or mountain sheep cannot oppose puma, wolf or bear; molly cottontail knows nothing but retreat before fox or mink; the bird slips from brooding her young ones and although she may flutter away, pretending injury, this is not enough.



A drama of the open spaces. The white patch of the mother mule deer draws the eager, futile puma away from the helpless, crouching fawn.

Therefore camouflage is the thing. Away goes the mother, never too rapidly, alert to dodge the long spring or rush of any killer that, instantly attracted by the flaunting white tail seen before all else, especially among the dark shadows of night, may follow greedily.

Most of the *Cervidae,* except the powerful moose, easily capable of self-defense; all of the *Ovidae,* some of the *Caproidae,* nearly all hares and squirrels and a large majority of the ground-nesting birds have similar protection. Perhaps different portions of the body are white-streaked or spotted, and plainly visible from the rear. Most notable among them are the meadow lark, junco, vesper sparrow, chewink, some of the ground-nesting warblers, the whippoorwill and nighthawk, the dove and all grouse.

Exceptions among the sparrows and the warblers are those that nest mostly in bushes where the retreat from the nest cannot be quickly followed by an enemy. The marsh hare takes to the water, and so a white tail would be of no use for purposes of distraction. Some arboreal birds, as kingbirds, cuckoos, robins, mocking birds, blue jays, magpies and others, have developed white tails; the purposes are not apparent. Woodpeckers also have them; but it is very evidently in order that they may lure the climbing snakes, weasels, the demolishing opossums and racoons, away from their nest holes. The same may be said of squirrels, the chickarees being the only exception in that class.

The Function of American Folklore

(*Continued from page 9*)

have recognized in Hector's work the *Thus-would-we-have-it* of folk literature—the eternal assertion, in metaphor, of the will of a people. At the same time, the English romanticists were perhaps closer to a true appreciation of the *Letters* than Mr. Lawrence, who is able to see them as merely a pack of gratuitous falsehoods.

A great deal of Walt Whitman's work comes under the head of folklore. Old Walt, striding in his shirt sleeves along the Open Road, extending the right hand of fellowship to worker and vagabond, slave and freeman, saint and sinner; vicariously experiencing the joys and sufferings of all types and conditions of men; hugging the world to his well-mattressed breast, was giving brave expression to new, vital yearnings which, though inarticulate, were nevertheless general among a great body of Americans in his time.

One finds the same urge, expressed in a manner less absolute, in certain political and social movements of that period, and in some of the writings of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and even of Emerson. Whitman happened to be so constituted that he was able to give full expression to desires which in other writers were tempered by social and intellectual considerations, and so achieved authentic folk literature. With respect to his place and function in a national literature, Whitman is nearest of all our writers to Homer. In this connection it is interesting to note that, in preparation for his task, he spent many days beside the ocean, alone with the great myths of the Greek.

BUT our national folklore does not end with Whitman. His expression of the nation's will prevailed no more than Homer's did. That is not to say that the will to which he had given expression had never existed; it is to say that it was soon qualified and finally defeated, in the national sense, by a new will to material comfort, social and ethical respectability, political, religious, and economic stability, intellectual certainty, emotional orderliness, and success. This will, becoming general in the post-pioneer period, came to prevail entirely over the careless *camaraderie* of the Open Road celebrated by Old Walt.

The voice of Whitman became within his own lifetime the voice of one crying in a wilderness of domesticity. Old Walt, whelmed about by the legions of the new order, terrible and tame, sat in grim silence through his closing years in Camden, as very likely Homer had done somewhere in Greece. The slouch hat, the patriarchal beard, the open shirt, became as a solitary and grotesque oasis in a desert of derbies, sideburns, stand-up collars bound with discreet and reassuring cravats.

The new order, with its passion for domesticity, respectability, and success, developed a folklore of its own, and this folklore persists plentifully in our own day. The biographies written in the eighties and nineties are folklore in which the life of an historic figure serves merely as an appearance under which the national longings may be expressed. The novels of Harold Bell Wright, Gene Stratton Porter, Henry Sydnor Harrison, Kathleen Norris, Oliver Optic, and Horatio Alger are folklore; one does not know how to deal with these works, with any show of justice, save as myth-triumphs of the national will. The homilies of Dr. Frank Crane, Orison Swett Marden, Herbert Kaufman, and to some extent those of Arthur Brisbane, are to be regarded as welcome additions to our American folk literature. It would be easy to add to the list in every field of cultural endeavor. Naïvely, without pretense of challenging the reader's capacity for intellectual adventure, these works assert in their various ways the desires, attitudes, and ideals of the people in our time. 'Thus would we have it,' they declare, and the nation, recognizing without effort its own voice, joins in the chorus. It is because they are folk literature that the criticisms of the intellectual barbarians—of the Nietzschei, the Joyceae, the Expatrii, the Exotici, the Villonae, and other native tribes—fail to have any effect on them.

Folklore serves not the individual but the tribe, and probably it serves as a unifying agent. It serves, too, to refresh continually the morale of a society, by presenting in a succession of forms the fruition of hopes common to most of its members. Considered dynamically, folklore acts as a conservational force.

What Football May Come To

(*Continued from page 5*)

will develop from the possibilities provided by the changes in rules, will not be known until the season ends and the returns are in. However, it is certain that football will vary considerably this year from the football of other years: there is a suspicion that football will come dangerously close to Rugby, the game from which it originated. Year after year football has been pulled further and further away from Rugby, but it is now going back to the root. The lateral pass is the link which will bind the American college game closer to the English game than it has been at any time since its start. There will be many plays this year that have never been used before, plays made possible by the changes in rules; but these plays will resemble Rugby, rather than football as Americans have come to know football.

There was, apparently, an effort on the part of the rule makers to eliminate as much as possible the danger of injuries. Many moves in this direction have been recorded by the committee in recent years. This season the goal posts will be moved ten yards behind the goal line, which will make the distance between goal posts 120 yards but will leave the length of the playing field 100 yards as it has been all these years. One of the reasons for setting back the goal posts was the prevention of accidents. In the past players have frequently collided with the posts and several have been severely hurt. But the main reason for setting them back 10 yards was to get more versatility into the try for point after touchdown. Ever since the rules committee decided that a try for the extra point after touchdown could be made from directly in front of the goal posts, without regard to where the ball was carried across the goal line, there has been criticism over the scoring of the point. As a team with a fair kicker was almost sure to score the point consistently, it became rather a monotonous procedure. With 10 yards farther to kick it becomes a more difficult matter. Under the system in vogue for several years, the ball was put in play on the 3-yard line after touchdown. With the kicker 10 yards back he had to boot the ball only 13 yards, which is not much of a kick. But to kick 23 yards, as will be necessary under the new conditions, requires more than the ordinary drop or place-kicking talent. Those who advocated the change maintain that teams will try to score the extra point by rushing, forward passing or lateral passing, rather than by kicking. At least there will be more of this than before and consequently the attempt will have variety that it lacked previously. Of course, it will remain for the play of 1927 to give a more accurate line on this argument. Setting back the goal posts is certain to do one thing and that is, to remove the so-called 'cheap' kick from football.

Another change in the rules this year compels teams to 'come to an absolute stop, and remain stationary in their new positions without movement of the feet or swaying of the body for a period of approximately one second. This period may be conveniently measured by rapidly counting one-two-three-four.'

This rule is aimed at the shift. It does not abolish the shift, simply makes coaches who use it a bit more careful. There has been a tendency in the past to beat the rule, which before this year provided that teams must come to a complete stop between the shift and the start of the play. The officials were to determine whether teams did come to a complete stop; and if they did not they were to be penalized five yards. Some teams were in the habit of beating the rule, taking a chance on being set back five yards once or twice, because of the advantage they would get when they escaped the penalty. They knew full well that no official would penalize them on every play, and they were quite willing to take a penalty now and then because one good gain, made possible by the shift, would wipe out the disadvantage of several penalties.

In the Western Conference, teams will be compelled to stop two full seconds after coming out of a shift and before starting the play. This will mean the elimination of the shift in the Western Conference, for when a team stops two full seconds after shifting, the stop discounts the advantages that are gained by means of the shift. This shift was overworked during the 1926 season with the result that many criticisms were leveled against it in all sections of the country. While the rules committee did not eliminate it the play has been considerably subdued and the abuse will cease if officials follow the rule and count one-two-three-four rapidly. But, some coaches will ask, 'How fast is *rapidly?*' This question may result in another long wrangle that will, in the end, do away with the shift entirely.

Several minor changes will be found in the rules this year but they will not affect the play. What the spectator will find of interest is the changes that have been discussed here. What the resulting change in style will do to football none can definitely forecast at this point.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'The slums of London are almost gone. It has taken thirty-five years to eradicate them,' said the ***Architect,*** 'but it has been accomplished. As for Berlin, poor as she is, she managed to spend $40,000,000 last year alone toward the eradication of her slums. We have, in New York City, what is known as the "railroad tenement." It is a death house built on a twenty-five-foot frontage. On one side of the building is a hall. Along the hall doors open into rooms. Only the first room on the hall and the last one have any light. There are no windows because the building is built right up against another building. Such a tenement is like a corridor sleeping car except that each compartment in a sleeping car has a window. Hence the name "railroad tenement." These places reek with disease and have killed enough people to fill many cemeteries. They were built before the building code was in operation. No such buildings could be erected in our modern cities today. If we are to remove our slums we should begin with the worst type and do away with the railway tenement. The Whitechapel district of London was once a reeking pit of humanity where, in hot weather, children and weaklings died like flies. Today there are few if any slums in the world's largest city.'

* * *

'The subject of the girl of today has provoked tremendous discussion,' said the ***Police Matron*** from a large eastern center. 'Some insist that nothing is the matter with the girl—that all is well with her, and for her. To me such insistence seems idle and, indeed, harmful. The girl of today is much the same as she of generations past, but her environment has undergone a change. Even the stanchest advocates of the power of heredity concede great influence to environment. Her "problems and pitfalls" antedate herself by about two generations. In fact her troubles began with the industrial expansion of the 19th Century and the attendant development of life outside the home, toward which society has not yet made the correct adjustments.

'With indifference and laxity toward morality generally current, it is not surprising that the girl of today has a share in it. It is of no use to nag her, or to insist blindly that all is well with her. She must be regarded with sympathy and with an enlightened comprehension. Always we should bear in mind that it is difficult to reform; preventive education is much more worth while.

'In former years parents guarded their children more closely. They did not permit their daughters to be alone on streets, especially at night. Proper escorts and suitable chaperones were provided, when the need was really less than it is today.

'To accord with freedom from convention and visible protection, youth must be informed of the dangers that lurk in its paths—whether of pleasure or otherwise. This moral education should begin in the first years of a child's life in the form and proportion that are beneficial and comprehensible to a child. By *moral education* I do not mean merely the education pertaining to sex, but that which should govern the individual in all relations in life.

'Too many mothers have too little comprehension of the youthful needs, desires and temptations of their daughters. Too many mothers scold and nag their daughters, but never take time to give them sympathetic information. Parents of today have fewer children than those had a generation ago, and machinery has made easier and quicker the essential work in the home; yet, less time is given to the rearing of children than ever before.

'Just to tell a girl or boy that such and such a thing is dangerous is not sufficient. She and he must know the causes, the results and the significance of the danger signals. The moral education must be broad and deep. And society owes to youth and to itself an environment as free from evil as it is possible to provide.'

* * *

'Three years ago I was quite pessimistic over the results women had achieved with the ballot,' the ***Suffraget*** began. 'I have now got nicely over it. I realize that during the four years between 1920, when woman first began to exercise her franchise nationally, and 1924, she was passing through the kindergarten of politics and I think we all expected too much.

'Things appear differently now; perhaps it is because our perspective has broadened. I do not claim, of course, that tremendous accomplishments have been made but I do feel that progress has been made in the education of the woman politically.

'You recall that before 1920, dating back at least to the Civil War, the apathetic vote in this country varied between 70 per cent and 75 per cent. After woman had been added to the ranks the apathetic vote (in 1920) became 49 per cent. Only 25 per cent of the enfranchised women voted. It was enough to dismay even the most optimistic of us.

'But now, as we look back we can see where woman has been learning. In two states, she has been placed in the governor's office—how some of our patriot fathers of the early days would roll their eyes if they knew it! In the attorney-general's office a member of our sex has made a record which I think even men will approve. In other governmental and state offices, elective or appointive, woman has taken a larger and larger part. Across the water, Lady Astor has brought luster to our ranks by her intelligent and courageous service in the House of Lords.

'I think, all things considered, woman has made real advances politically; and the hardest thing of all is now going to be the exercise of patience, until the full development is attained. How long will it take? I wish I knew.'

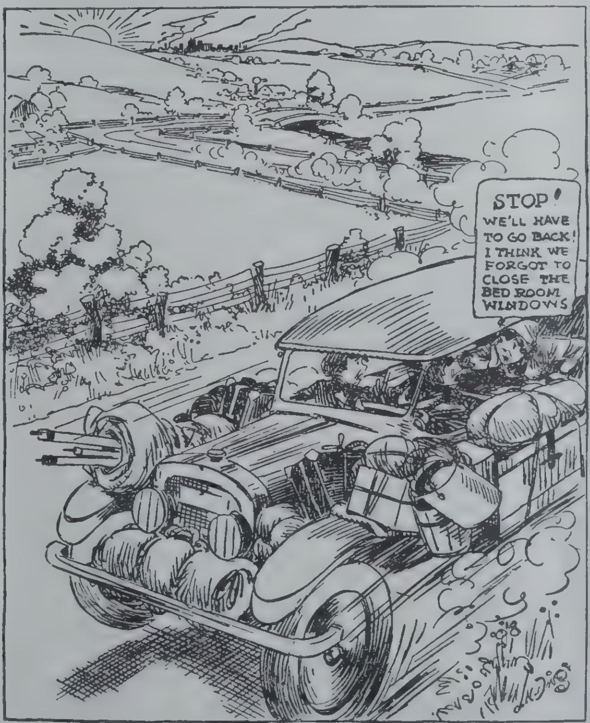
* * *

'Unless all signs fail we shall see the inaugural date for our Presidents changed before many sessions of Congress have passed,' said the ***Congressman.*** 'Three times in the last four years the Senate has sponsored a constitutional amendment to change that date, as well as the date of the opening of Congress. On two of these occasions the vote was almost unanimous. Three times the proposition was reported favorably by a House committee and as many times it died without coming to a vote.

'Under the Norris amendment the President would begin his term late in January; Congress would meet about January 1. As to the possible benefits, at least four are being mentioned:

'First, the short session would vanish; second, 'lame-duck' legislation, enacted by men and parties defeated at the polls, would disappear; third, Congress would meet in two long sessions with no fixed adjournment date instead of in one long and one short session; and, except in rare cases, filibustering would cease; fourth, the President would take office two and one-half months instead of four months after election.

'Changing the date for the assembling of Congress would not require a Constitutional amendment. Congress now has full power to set its own date. Of course this change should not be made without due study; but in my judgment it is certain to come. All that is needed is a little time.'


STOP! WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK! I THINK WE FORGOT TO CLOSE THE BED ROOM WINDOWS
DING

—Darling, in the *Detroit News.* (c) N. Y. *Tribune.*

THE VACATION SEASON IS ON.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. What has become of the wild pigeons that were so numerous years ago?

Answer. The wild or passenger pigeon that used to be so abundant in past days in the United States is now entirely extinct, the last known specimen having died in the Cincinnati Zoölogical Garden in 1914. The primary cause of its extinction is probably its having been killed for food; but the last colony disappeared rather suddenly, and it is not known exactly what became of these birds.

* * *

Q. I would like to get some information regarding the Government flying schools.

A. The primary flying school is located at Brooks Field, and the advanced school at Kelly Field, both near San Antonio, Texas. The following are eligible for appointment as flying cadets: (1) Enlisted men of the Regular Army; (2) civilians. Candidates must be, at time of application: (a) Unmarried male citizens of the United States; (b) between the ages of 20 and 27 years; (c) high school graduates, or possessors of the equivalent of a high school education; (d) of excellent character; (e) of sound physique and in excellent health. Application blanks may be obtained from any Air Service station or from the Chief of the Air Service. Civilian applicants resident within the continental limits of the United States should forward their applications directly to the Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C.; civilian applicants resident outside the continental limits of the United States should forward their applications to the commanding general of the department or to other independent command within or in the vicinity of which they are resident.

* * *

Q. Will you kindly give me some information about the Salton Sea?

A. Salton Sea is a lake in the wide Colorado Desert or Imperial Valley in Imperial and Riverside counties in southwestern California. Under ordinary conditions it is a salt marsh about 30 miles long, 12 miles wide and 280 feet below sea level, covered in places by shallow lakes. In 1905 and 1906 the basin was flooded by accidental influx of water from irrigation ditches fed by the Colorado River and it became a sea 42 miles long, 10 to 16 miles wide and 93 feet deep covering an area of about 470 square miles. In 1907 the influx of river water was finally stopped by dikes and since then the water area has been diminishing because of the great excess of evaporation over the very scant rainfall. By the end of 1919 the water had decreased to a depth of 21.4 feet with an approximate area of 300 square miles. At present the sea seems to have reached a more or less stabilized balance between accretion and evaporation somewhere around a 20-foot depth. It is far beyond its original size.

> *In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.*

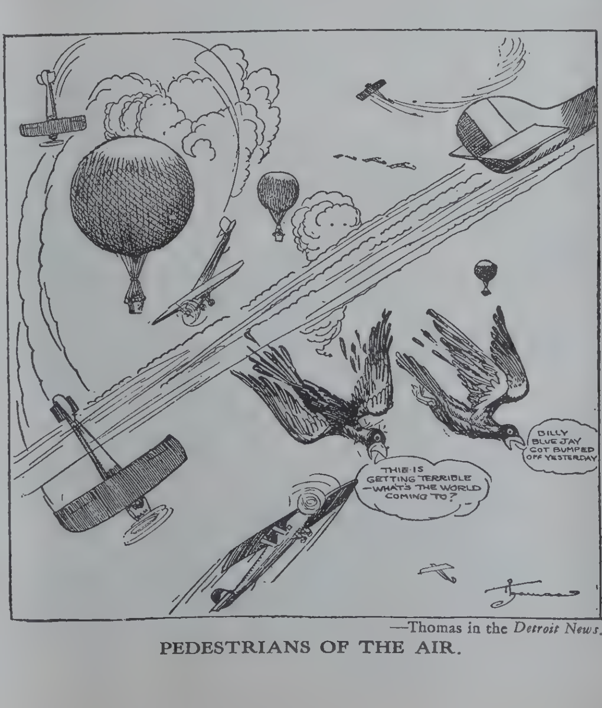
Q. What is the pay of a sergeant in the army?

A. The pay ranges according to the grade and length of service. For first grade—master sergeant—the monthly base pay is $40 with an increase of $2 a month for over four years' service and $2 a month for each four-year period thereafter; for second grade—first sergeant, technical sergeant—the base pay is $33 with a corresponding increase for each four-year period; for third grade—staff sergeant—the base pay is $28; for fourth grade—sergeant—the base pay is $24; with corresponding increases for each four-year period of service.

* * *

Q. I would appreciate some information regarding the Modoc War in California. Did it extend to Oregon, how many white people were killed, how many Indians were executed, and so forth?

A. The Lava Beds, the celebrated stronghold of the Modoc Indians during what is known as the Modoc War, cover about fifty square miles of country in northern California and are located in Modoc and Siskiyou counties, which reach the Oregon line; the Lava Beds do not extend across the line into Oregon. The story of the war is a long one, but briefly stated, it happened as follows: The injudicious acts of Government agents and superintendents of Indian affairs precipitated the *denouement*. The Modocs were forced to leave their country and go to the Klamath Indian reservation on Upper Klamath Lake, Oregon. The Modoc and the Klamath Indians were enemies. The former, becoming restive, left the reservation under the leadership of Captain Jack and returned to their old haunts on Lost River. The Modocs were finally persuaded to return to the reservation; but they left a second time, and the war followed. The whites killed were: Peace commissioners, Major General Canby and Reverend E. Thomas; eight officers, thirty-nine enlisted men, sixteen citizens; also two Warm Spring scouts. There were sixty-seven wounded. Eighteen settlers were killed and about as many wounded before the actual engagement with the troops. The following Modocs were executed: Captain Jack, Black Jim, Boston Charley and Schonchin John.


DILLY BLUE JAY GOT BUMPED OFF YESTERDAY
THIS IS GETTING TERRIBLE—WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?
Thomas

—Thomas in the *Detroit News*.

PEDESTRIANS OF THE AIR.

* * *

Q. Is New York City planning on building another large bridge across the Hudson River? If so, what type, what cost of construction, and so forth.

A. The Port of New York Authority is the agency that is constructing the first bridge to be built between Manhattan and New Jersey. When completed this will be the longest suspension bridge in the world, having a distance between towers of 3,500 feet. It will cost $50,000,000 to open it to initial traffic. It will be completed in 1932. The first contract was awarded several weeks ago for the tower foundation upon the New Jersey side. The bridge will cross the Hudson between Fort Lee, New Jersey, and a point in Fort Washington Park, Manhattan, between 178th and 179th Streets.

* * *

Q. What are the provisions regarding the delinquent taxes of Indians?

A. In cases of taxes legally assessed, the Indians are advised to pay assessments and where they have funds under Government control, authority is given by the Office of Indian Affairs for payment; but where there are no such funds, and Indians neglect to pay, or cannot do so, that office cannot afford them relief. This applies to taxable Indian lands generally. Congress has however provided that assessments may be levied against allotments of Omaha and Winnebago Indians in Nebraska, where the restrictive period has been extended, and that the Secretary of the Interior may pay assessments from any funds under his control belonging to the Indian owner of the land; but that if there are no such funds the secretary shall so certify, whereupon the tax shall be canceled by the county and shall not be a lien upon the land. Where assessments are made against what the department considers tax-exempt land the Indians are advised to pay under protest and are assisted in so doing, whenever possible. This is to avoid a tax sale, with the expectation of recovery provided certain suits in the name of the United States now pending in the Federal courts are decided in favor of the Government and the Indians.

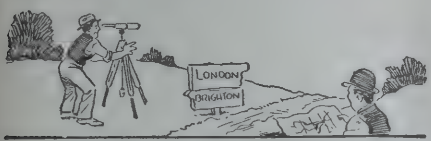
BRIEFLY TOLD

The deepest hole in the earth is known as the Philippine Deep and is located in the Pacific Ocean east of the Philippine Islands. It is 32,089 feet deep, the bottom being more than six miles below the surface of the sea.

Two Denver pathologists claim to have perfected a method for the use of potatoes instead of guinea pigs as mediums for cultivation of tubercle bacilli to aid in the diagnosis of tuberculosis.

Several weeks ago Myron T. Herrick, American Ambassador in Paris, received a letter from a 14-year-old Illinois boy, asking for his autograph and those of 'any other French officials.' The Ambassador sent the boy five autographs, including those of Foch and Poincaré. Accompanying the youth's letter of thanks was a dime, 'so that you may buy yourself a good cigar.'

Cast iron is being tried out as a paving material in France. Should the experiment prove successful, it will provide a use for the great quantities of old iron now being shipped out of the country.



Because of the law forbidding the king from traveling more than fifty miles from London without a minister in attendance, George IV had the milestones from London to Brighton give the distance as less than fifty miles.

The first year's salary of an early Michigan circuit rider consisted of hay, oats, socks, mittens and cash to the total of $118.

Fox hunters of the south do not kill their quarry with firearms but practise the hunt as do the English huntsmen.

Fruits, flowers and vegetables for the tables of the Aztec emperors were grown on isles anchored in the floating gardens of Xochimilco, near the present Mexico City.

The State of Ohio possesses in Greene County a natural history preserve of five hundred acres from which public worship must forever be barred. Such was the stipulation attached to the bequest by the donor, John Bryan. Otherwise, the preserve is open to all persons regardless of creed, race or color.

Ripon, England, has had an official hornblower for more than a thousand years. Taking up his position in the market square just before nine o'clock each night, he must send out a long, mournful blast on his horn before the sound of the last cathedral chime dies away. If an inhabitant can outblow the hornblower in a contest he gets the job.

Though unresponsive, as a rule, to natural beauty, Napoleon showed a marked preference for violets.

Scientists have been unable to discover definitely the sleeping place of the whale. Since these animals can 'hold their breath' for hours at a time under water, it is believed that they do so while asleep, waking occasionally and returning to the surface for a new breath.

An Englishman is walking around the world. He is making the tour to provide material for a book and also as a wager. He is not allowed to beg, borrow or steal, under the terms of the wager, but may collect funds by lectures and the sale of leaflets.

The walls of the fortress of the once great city of Teotihuacan in Mexico are of laid stone more than 200 feet thick.

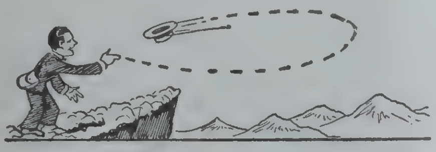
Longhorn cattle, known to cowboys as dogie, are rapidly nearing extinction. Multiplying rapidly on Texas plains during the Civil War, their movement to northern markets over long and difficult trails forms an important part of the Southwest's history.

Before books became so generally used, persons fortunate enough to possess any guarded them closely, often chaining those containing business records to their ledge. Thus they came to be known as 'ledgers.'

That nails have been in use since prehistoric times is a known fact, one over two and one-half pounds in weight having been found in the ruins of Troy and similar enormous specimens discovered in places where prehistoric man made his home. All nails were made by hand before the invention of the nail-making machine in Britain at the end of the 18th Century.

The name of the race which built the pyramid of Cholula in Mexico, before the period of the Aztecs, is unknown today. The purpose of the pyramid is also unknown. Its base covers more than 1,500,000 square feet.

A total of 862 kinds of forest trees in the United States are now known to the Forest Service. The first list of species compiled 28 years ago recognized only 604 varieties.



At Blowing Rock, high in the North Carolina mountains, a hat sailed in a semicircular direction will be caught by the wind and returned to its owner. Below is a chasm hundreds of feet deep.

'Maid Marian,' who appeared in London about forty years ago and measured 8 feet 2 inches in height, was probably the tallest woman that ever lived.

A summer school is conducted each year in the National University of Mexico, the oldest educational institution in the New World.

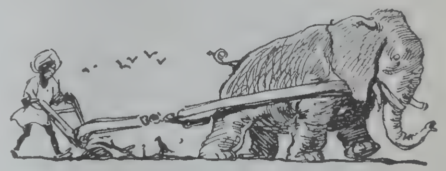
Lizzie Shelton, who died recently near Lexington, Kentucky, was the only Negro woman in the world eligible to membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution.

A dog was sacrificed each year by the Romans to Sirius, the dog star, because they believed this star influenced their herds and crops.

The village of Uyeno on the outskirts of Nagoya has the largest image of Buddha in the world. It is sixty feet high, with the face measuring twenty-four feet from the tip of the chin to the top of the head.

The first political speech of Abraham Lincoln, made in Sangamon County, Illinois, in 1832, when he was a candidate for the state legislature, contained only seventy-five words.

A London housemaid made and presented to Queen Mary a picture from minute pieces of postage stamps. It represented a bouquet of flowers and ferns, topped by a blue butterfly.



Elephants are used for plowing in the Belgian Congo.

The favorite cat of Susuhunan of Surakarta, a wealthy Javanese prince, died recently. It was buried in a costly casket, borne to the grave by twenty-four elaborately accoutered warriors, and followed by an escort of lancers on horseback.

The Prince of Wales and his younger brother, Prince George, hold equal claim to the honor of being the best dancers in the royal family. The Duke of York excels at tennis, while Prince Henry is easily the best cricketer.

All the underside of a starfish is endowed with the sense of smell.

The cornerstone of the building housing the National Conservatory of Music in Mexico City was laid on June 29, 1584, on the site of Montezuma's palace.

In Holstein, a state in northern Germany, there is said to be not a bobbed head among the native women. The women are up to the minute in other fashions but are proud of their long hair.

In an old paper dated March 15, 1823, horses were appraised at from $15 to $40, cows from $2 to $7, sheep at $1 each, and hogs at 50 cents a head.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

'To Any Friendly Person' is a poem on page 2 of the cover, by Marguerite Wilkinson, who has for years been a frequent contributor to the principal literary and popular magazines. Gerald Van der Heyden furnishes the art setting to these verses in harmony with their beautiful theme of wistful imagery.

* * *

New England, with some four centuries behind it, became old, but like a tree that sheds its leaves in the fall and is clothed with them again in the spring, it is once more becoming new. It is possible, however, that with its newness much of its old-time picturesqueness will disappear. For example, there is the old type of home as depicted on the front cover.

* * *

Don C. Seitz, writer of the Whistler stories and of numerous essays and sketches, gives a very instructive account of the progressiveness that is changing the aspect of New England, bringing it more in line with the best that the country can show. (p. 1)

* * *

There is always a large amount of curiosity as to how and why writers write. Their methods widely differ, for the making of books is a form of production that follows no particular standard. In a chat with Joseph Hergesheimer, who is a Scot on his mother's side, Henry Albert Phillips, special correspondent and traveler, gives many intimate touches in an interesting sketch of Hergesheimer at home in the 'Dower House.' (p. 3)

* * *

H. G. Salsinger, nationally known sports editor, says football will this season see the most drastic innovations in style of play that the game has known since the introduction of the forward pass. Two changes in the rules are responsible for this. What the resulting change in style will do to football none can definitely forecast at this point. (p. 5)

* * *

Some doctors try to make friends with their patients. In doing so they admit they are often baffled. But their object is attained through what Dr. Joseph Collins, the eminent neurologist, calls the bedside manner. In the second part of this subject he discusses the different varieties of the bedside manner. It appears that the solicitous and exhortatory manner is especially adapted to general practitioners. (p. 6)

* * *

Pavel Bouligin, an officer of the Russian Imperial Army, who sought refuge in Abyssinia after the Red revolution, has already given the readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT quite an insight into the manners and customs of that interesting country. The people, although Christians, have strange superstitions, one of them being that a person can scare death away by making lots of noise. It is a weird story. (p. 8)

* * *

A good many people wonder what folklore means and what it stands for. The function of American folklore is a subject that has been very interestingly treated by Murray Godwin. He says that folklore serves not the individual but the tribe, and that probably it serves as a unifying agent. It serves, too, to refresh continually the morale of society by presenting in a succession of forms the fruition of hopes common to most of its members. (p. 9)

* * *

Nathaniel Hawthorne began to put pen to paper as early as his college days. He burned much of his early work because it did not satisfy. Then he started all over again to build up a career and, almost unconsciously, laid the cornerstones of those literary structures which brought him fame. Just how he did this is told by his son Julian Hawthorne. (p. 12)

* * *

Is there any particular type of man that becomes President of the United States? This is the question discussed by McKee Barclay, cartoonist, editor, and magazine writer, who has for years made a study of Washington and the White House. (p. 14)

* * *

Charles J. Finger, whose writings are full of character, gives us the second part of his essay on the French Canadian habitant or farmer and his arts and crafts carried forward from an almost forgotten age. It shows how the personality of this simple-minded people, who followed Jacques Cartier from old Normandy, is demonstrated in the work of their hands. (p. 16)

* * *

Guam is a far-away American Naval post in the Pacific of which comparatively little is known by the ordinary citizen. It was discovered by Magellan after his famous voyage around the coast of South America. The methods of its inhabitants are still so primitive that cows are used as mediums of transportation, and among the strange insects that plague the stranger are what are known as 'Guam Eagles.' Héloise Lazaro White gives the salient features of this little-known land. (p. 21)

* * *

Washington has witnessed many strange trials. Much of the history of this country is bound up in these tribunals held from time to time in the National Capital. Carson C. Hathaway's research into this subject furnishes a good story. (p. 25)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Green Bay, Wisconsin.

In an issue of your paper I noticed an article written by Mr. C. P. Philbrick, Downey, California, upon the Custer Campaign, or Yellowstone Campaign, of 1876.

If it is entirely consistent with your policy to set Mr. Philbrick right upon the subject, I can furnish the following information based on facts with which I am familiar, having personal friends who served under Gen. Geo. Armstrong Custer before and up to the time of his death. I have heard the story from their lips, and they are thoroughly reliable and truthful. They were present at the anniversary June 25, 1926, on the battlefield in Montana, along with thousands of Indians from the reservations, many of them nearly 85 years of age, who fought Custer in his last stand June 25, 1876.

General Custer is buried at West Point; his remains were removed from the battlefield in the summer of 1877, being taken from the fork of the Big and Little Horn Rivers by the Steamer *Fletcher* with those of all other officers who were found and identified except Lieutenant Crittenden's, whose father instructed that he be left where he fell. Coffins were made for these men from cottonwood branches obtained at Fort Custer (side of Hardin, Montana). This fort was built early in 1877. The bodies were placed in the coffins lined with prairie grass.

Captain Keough was sent to Buffalo, and the other officers except those mentioned were taken to Ft. Riley, Kansas, and interred there. The cemetery lies two miles north of the Burlington upon the ridge, instead of south of it.

The bodies of all who were found lie under the monument which is covered on four sides by the names of 218 men besides the names of those killed with Reno on the bluffs four miles south of Custer's stand. Just before the anniversary, the body of one of the 7th Cavalry was unearthed by men fixing a bridge across the Little Horn but was not identified and the funeral was held Saturday, June 26. It may have been Lieutenant Henry Harrington of Coldwater, Michigan, whose body was never found, although Sergeant Chesterton of Mandan informed me they found the body of one of the 7th Cavalry men fifteen miles from the battlefield about a month after the battle; but it was not identified. Thus were three men unaccounted for—Harrington, Porter and Sturgis (the latter General Sturgis' son). For 50 years the Sturgis family have believed this, but at the anniversary, Sturgis' sister who lives at Billings, Montana, accidentally ran against the stone marking where her brother Jack fell. You can imagine the feelings of this woman under the circumstances.

JOSEPH P. GRIMES.

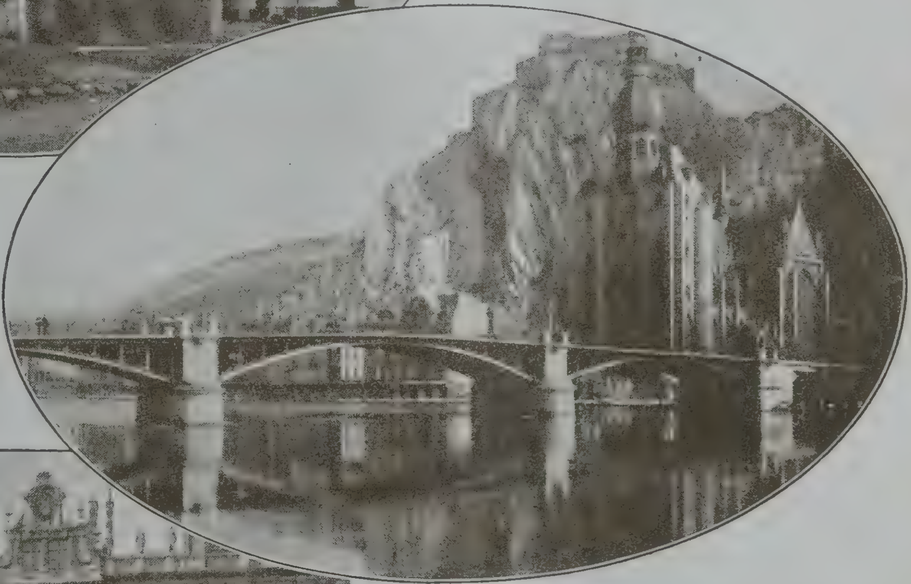
HISTORIC BELGIUM

Lures Lovers *of the* Quaint *and* Picturesque

—Pictures from Publishers' Photo Service.

Antwerp (from 'a an't werp'—'at the wharf'), situated on the broad and deep Scheldt 55 miles from the sea, is one of the greatest seaports of Europe. It serves as an outlet for German commerce as well as Belgian, and its history reaches back to the Seventh Century. Under the powerful protection of Charles V, Antwerp was probably the most prosperous and wealthy city on the continent.

The Chateau of Hougomont was garrisoned to form a defense for the heights above in the Battle of Waterloo. The heroic and successful defense against the furious attack at this point has left its scars. This is the Chapel of Hougomont, where many British soldiers received last rites.



Dinant, apparently with its feet in the waters of the Meuse, snuggles against the frowning, barren limestone cliffs which are crowned by a ruined fortress. With such a forbidding background, the buildings of the little town sink into insignificance, and even the splendid cathedral, at one side of the bridge, blends into the cliff as though a master hand had taken the cliff and by introducing harmony and regularity of line had fashioned a gem of man-wrought beauty. It is the church of Notre Dame, a splendid Gothic edifice of the 13th Century which was restored in 1855. The curious spire gives fantastic and original appearance to the building. At the back of the church are 408 steps leading to the citadel, which was sold privately in 1879.

Flower market at the Grand Plaza in Brussels, Belgium. It will be seen that the market has for a background some of the ancient guild houses, with their elaborately carved figures and quaint architecture.

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LACK of employment ought to be as rare in the United States as snow is in the Tropics and so it would be if we thought more of the collective welfare and less of individual profit. With the advance of inventive genius and with the perfection of human methods of business management, more and more jobs are going to be created. Here and there we see private employers who are doing their full bit to reduce the problem of unemployment, and they are not doing it as a charity but because a busy world is a good world to do business in. It is a buying and selling world.

H. R.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

August 6, 1927

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The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

AUGUST 6
1927

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Number 42

Discovering *the* Colorado River

By HUSTON THOMPSON

IN RECENT times the American people have suddenly become seized ith a curious psy- hological complex. everal years ago it ok the form of a igration to Florida rediscover a land scovered more than ree hundred years go. The Florida raze passed out bout as quickly as it me in. This year e phenomenon has sumed the discov- y of the Colorado iver—perhaps the ost undiscovered rt of the United ates. This does not ean that the Colado River has been known to our Gov- nment engineers d scientists and at it has not been e subject of discus- on in Congress in cent years.

It may be ques- oned, however, hether a dozen men ve traversed the ed River of the ockies from its urce, either at the ot of the western ope of the peaks in e Rocky Moun- ins National Park from the Wind iver Mountains of yoming to the Gulf California.

An impressionistic photograph from e skies would show the melting snows om the Continental Divide losing emselves in beautiful Grand Lake, causing the lake to overflow and start on its way down what was once called the Grand River of Colorado, but now, by legislative enactment, the Colorado.

This stream is augmented by the Green River which rises in the Wind River range in northern Wyoming and flows down through the Sweetwater country across the Utah line, where it finally joins the stream that started from Grand Lake and becomes the mighty Colorado, to be again increased by the run-off from the eastern slope of the Wasatch Mountains of Utah. Thus, it draws its strength and life from the three great mountain ranges.

The melting snow that started with crystalline purity from these ranges dashes its way through canyons of brilliantly colored sandrock and sweeps along with it the silt from the plateaus until this crystalline purity is annually yellowed with 100,000 acre feet of silt that it deposits at the Gulf of California—an amount said to be more than all the earth that was excavated from the Panama Canal. The color of the river undoubtedly was the reason for the Spaniards, coming up from the Gulf of California over 300 years ago, giving the name 'Colorado,' which, in Spanish, means 'colored,' that is, red.

The airman wings his way south across the Arizona border line into the land of Indian reservations, painted deserts, forests, grand canyons, irrigated and arid lands, that need but water to make them bloom, and reservoir sites that, when built upon, will create great artificial lakes and more horsepower than can be produced anywhere else in the world.

Skirting the northwestern part of the Navaho Indian Reservation one soon comes to Lee Ferry, which is four miles south of the dam site in Glen Canyon on the Colorado River. Note the name and location of 'Glen Canyon' and 'Boulder Canyon' some hundreds of miles below, for they will often be heard of before the control of the Colorado River is settled. Sandstone has been drilled to find bedrock at the site, showing a depth of 200 feet below the water. It is at this point that the people of Arizona, through their representatives, say there should be a reservoir 400 feet high constructed that would have

a storage capacity of 8,000,000 acre feet of water. (An acre foot of water is water to the depth of one foot standing on an acre of land.) They assert that such a dam would produce an artificial lake of an estimated length of 185 miles that would be navigable by motor boat and would bring within reach by boat the Rainbow Bridge of Utah, a natural arch of sandstone with a clearance of 309 feet and high enough to span the dome of the Capitol at Washington and surpassing in size and symmetry any other known natural bridge.

From the storage water at Glen Canyon the friends of this project argue that by means of a diversion dam at Bridge Canyon—several hundred miles below—3,000,000 acres of land south of it could be reclaimed from a desert into richly producing farm lands, and over a million electrical horsepower created.

FROM Glen Canyon on, there are a series of canyons in which there are possible dam sites too numerous to detail here. Most of the course of the river from this point on has been photographed by airmen and the public is familiar with its greatest of all scenic views—the Grand Canyon.

The airplane, which has been pointing south, now swings directly west for hundreds of miles. One should pause in the flight at the North Rim of the Grand Canyon and descend to what is one of the finest national forests left in America—Kaibab Forest—occupying about 500 square miles of yellow pine, fir, and aspen, a sanctuary not only for wild game but for human beings. At an elevation of approximately 8,000 feet it is cool, even in the summer time, and a magnificent place, with its grassy floor, for the camper. In this forest man has upset the balance of nature by killing off predatory animals, in order to protect wild game, such as deer. As a result, the herds have increased so rapidly that the problem of saving the deer from starvation has become a real one.

Several years ago, in order to relieve the grass of too much grazing, it was planned to drive part of the herd down in the canyon across the Colorado and into the Grand Canyon National Park, on the south side of the river, but a snowstorm disorganized the project.

Whatever waters are stored here by reservoirs will not destroy the beauty of the Grand Canyon. In fact, if all of the dams that are possible are built some day, one may be able to ride up the river most of the way from the Gulf of California by motor boat. At th place where the river turns from th west to go south are located the Boulde and the Black Canyon dam sites.

THE State of California and, i particular, the people of Imperia Valley, which is in the most southerl part of California and just a shor distance from the Arizona line, ar urging that the first and great dam o the river shall be built at Boulder o Black Canyon in order that it will control the flood waters of this giant o rivers and protect the 65,000 peopl and their investment of $150,000,000 o more in the Imperial Valley from bein swept away when the great freshet come tearing down the river. The point out that not only is the threat o the river constantly before them but als that already great damage to propert and loss of life have been caused by th floods. They assert also that such dam, if built to a height of 550 feet would store more than 26,000,000 acr feet of water, from which could b created 500,000 firm horsepower o electricity, and, should the water b pumped up to a height of 1,730 feet it could be carried by canal to Los Angeles and other cities.

It would also provide for irrigating 385,000 acres in the Imperial Valley and insure against the destruction by drought of crops on 460,000 acres now partially irrigated. They argue that with an all-American canal constructed we would avoid

(Continued on page 28)

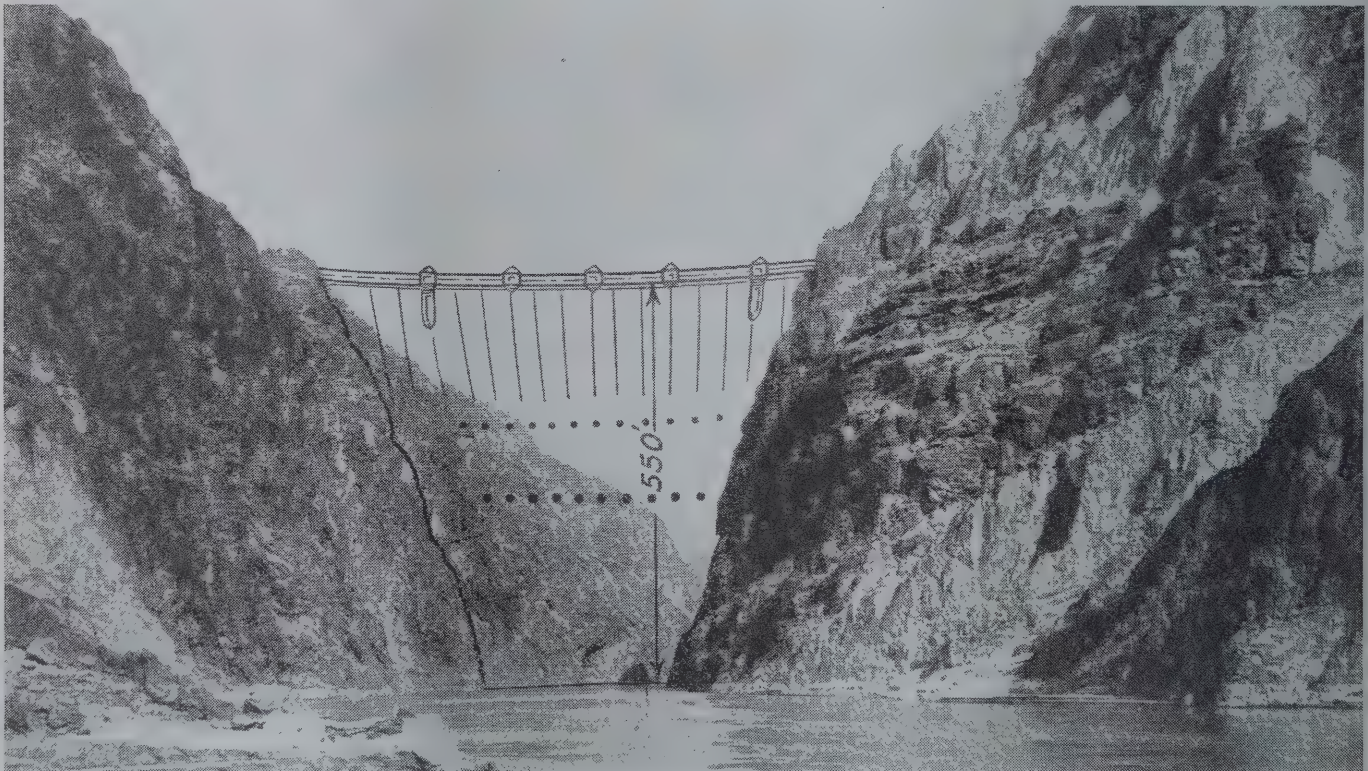


Diagram of proposed dam drawn on a photograph of the Colorado River taken from the engineers' camp.

LITTLE ESSAYS *From a* NORTHERN COTTAGE

On Loving a Little House

By HUGH WALPOLE

IT IS one of the compensations of this ill-balanced life that a little house is, by far, more lovable than a big one. I must not, I suppose, speak for the whole world, but for most of us this is undoubtedly so because we enjoy a supreme intimacy only with things and people of our own size. I was staying a week or two ago for a night in one of the most magnificent houses in England, one of the grand houses that have not as yet been drawn and quartered, that have still their fine parks smiling about them; the room where James I slept, the room with the great bed hung with green silk, is preserved immaculate.

As on that delicious moonlit night I leaned out of my turreted window, looked down upon the keep, saw the black irregular outlines of the outer walls rising from the long, sloping milk-white fields, I realised the magnificent beauty of this but thought of my own little house with a passion of affection. It may be that these affections have little to do with size; you meet a place and it is indifferent to you, another and it gives you a polite greeting without heart, a third and it loves you. This place has had only one owner before me; it was started in tragedy, being built by a gentleman who hoped with his wife to enjoy his old age there; but the lady died while the cottage was being built and as soon as it was finished he sold it. Of course the cottage realised its own tragic start and the two ladies who then lived in it for ten years gave it, I happen to know, an especial tender affection as though they were aware of its sensitiveness; and it must after that have regarded its new owner with exceeding apprehension.

At the first moment that I saw it I bought it and there followed after that, on my part, months of very anxious reconsideration. Through a whole winter I wondered whether I had not done a most foolish thing, considering drains and windows and leaking roofs, whether the room where my books were to be would not breed a perpetual damp, how about the water supply, and so on. And I am sure that through that winter the cottage also anticipated me with a shrinking dismay. For ten years it had been comforted and reassured; it knew its defects only too well, that it was small indeed for anyone who liked parties, that continual hot water had been always, and would be unless someone was very clever, a desperate problem, that some of its walls would not take pictures and that others would take them so securely that they could never be changed again, that the laurels in front of the house were damp and gloomy but that it would be a business to remove them, and that the trees beyond the garden were growing so fast that soon there would be no view of the lake.

Were I to prove impatient, hastily dogmatic, one of those desirers of instant perfection, one sighing for the town whenever he was in the country and complaining because the picture house was seven miles distant, why then the cottage knew that it would suffer months of agitated discontent, pass then through a long naked period of waiting to be sold and then be hustled into the arms of yet another intolerant purchaser. Many of these weaknesses I have, but just as with certain people the better part is uppermost so with this little house. I felt after the first night there that it longed for me to be happy. How do you know these things? By every creak of the door, by every whisper of the stair, by every little curl of smoke that goes twisting up the chimney, by every flower that opens in the garden and by every blind that swings aloft first thing in the morning to show you how the new day is looking.

AND then by something deeper than this. A house can look just what it pleases; you may hang your sitting room with Manets and Cézannes, fill your libraries with first editions and incunabula; you may lay down Persian carpets and stuff your garden with roses, carnations and lilies and yet it will remain apart, hostile and ugly. I have known an attic with a bed, two rickety chairs, some cracked cups and an Arundel print rich in friendliness and warmth of character, and you may say that it is the personality of its owner that makes it so. Not at all; the one I am thinking of was owned by an old crabbed man thinking himself the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare and snarling at the world.

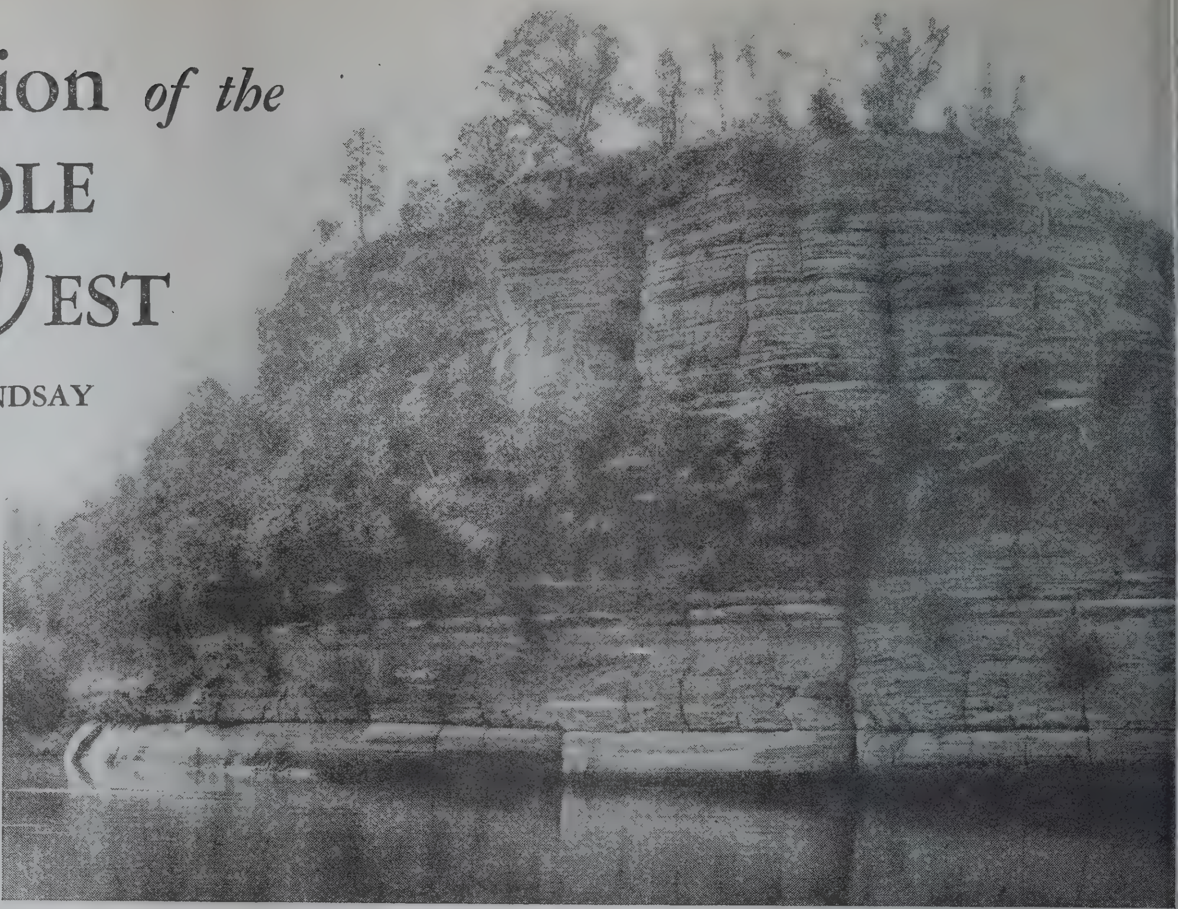
I WON'T deny that I am amiable and that my friends are amiable; I think that the majority of those who have slept in the spare bedroom have wished well to the world and all that is in it. I can't deny a passionate love of this country so that the stones of the house cut from these quarries and the soil where the stones are piled must be pleasantly aware of this. Nevertheless the house itself is responsible for its own happiness.

Although it would have wished, I have no doubt, to have been set a little higher on the hill (which is named Cat Bells) and it would have preferred perhaps to have stretched a little more broadly so that its rooms might be wider and its ceilings loftier, yet its pride in its position is one of its great glories. From the top of Cat Bells you may see the sea, two lakes, twenty mountains (we call them mountains because we feel them to be so) and a hundred running streams. In the acre of ground itself there are three separate gardens, a wood, a tempestuous river, one of the greenest lawns in England, a beehive, four squirrels, all the birds of the neighbourhood, some lizards and as choice a collection of English flowers as you will find outside the poems of Robert Herrick. It would be absurd for me to say that I have arranged that these things should be there; the house, once it saw that I was friendly disposed and enjoyed the intimacy of homely pleasures, did everything that it could to oblige me. I, for instance, never thought of the beehive but the sitting room clock whispered one morning that it would

(Continued on page 22)

The Definition of the MIDDLE WEST

By VACHEL LINDSAY



'Starved Rock' with its interesting geological formations, near Lasalle, Illinois.

—Ewing Galloway Photo.

SEVERAL doors to the south on Fifth Street in Springfield, near my home, all my life I walked by a rather unpretentious house. It was a two-story frame dwelling, looking about fifty years old, with a little porch, a tree or two, a small lawn, and a very small flower garden. All the dark cynics about the Middle West might easily say that in such houses was brewed its present heaviness, its complete lack of appeal to their imagination.

Springfield had a population of sixty thousand, and in any town of sixty thousand in the Middle West, two-thirds of the houses looked like that about fifty years ago. It was inhabited by the sort of quiet neighbors you never hear from; and no man knows how many quiet families have come and gone throughout its history.

At last someone bought that corner for a three-story brick residence, of some pretensions, and wreckers began to rip away the white clapboards and scrape off the shingles. Then the building became Springfield's wonder for a day.

It was actually a log cabin of the very earliest times, and a two-story log cabin at that. It had been inclosed in sawed boards and fitted with plaster and wall paper, and all modern conveniences; and the logs, almost a foot thick, had been long forgotten; the floors beneath the floors made of hewn logs had been a buried mystery; and the plastered-up fireplace had been a center of incantation long lost. Now all was open. The magnificent walnut logs were there for all to see; and the memory of Sangamon County, when it was the rail splitter's Far West, and not a mere Middle West, was before us. Though the wreckers had torn down this log cabin in a week, and though the new brick residence is on the corner now, that log cabin is eternal, and a symbol of all we desire in America.

I have dreamed of the fire I built on the bluff by the Sangamon River in my youth and of this log cabin. Let us tell a story which is read to us by that Ancient Mariner, on the edge of the prairie sea, that Ancient Mariner whose name is Springfield.

He says, 'I came to that corner one evening and found the log cabin there, complete in its ancient state, lighted by candles, and with the hearth fire burning. There were three women by the fire. These women were spinning. They were from *That Undiscovered Country*. They were from the Land of the Grave, which is eternal. They were three young fates.

'There were others in the room, western boys and men of the old time, about their evening affairs, reading, smoking, talking, their hunting shirts hanging on the wall along with old rifles and skins of animals. But the greatest thing about this log cabin was the hearth fire itself, leaping up the chimney, sending up into the air and over the village crystalline flying books, with wings and leaves of gold, books which are some day to come in visions to all the citizens of Springfield, telling to each man a separate and beautiful story of his future.

'Who are these three women by the fire? Surely two of them have nothing to do with the log cabin fancies of old Springfield. One of them is a woman who died ages ago in a dream of William Shakespeare. She is in the costume of Verona, and her name is Juliet. The other is the woman who dominated the greatest moment of France, in its grimmest chronicle. She is a woman who died for France. She sits here in honor before this fire, one of the three fates of this dream, and her name is Joan of Arc.

It is easy to tell who Juliet is, who Joan of Arc is; the world has been told for generations; and the very sounding of their names is the echo of their story. There is the great official trial and retrial of Joan of Arc, with every inch of her chronicle sworn and certified in open court; and there is the tribute of Thomas De Quincey and the magnificent tribute of Mark Twain. She is a girl whom great men, majestic men, men who have towered above their ages, fall before and reverence. The more mature their judgment and the more distinguished their command over the minds and souls of nations the more apt they are to be set aflame by the saintly fire of Joan of Arc. Juliet, the dream of William Shakespeare, lifted from the dusty chronicle, has become a living word for all time; a young girl of thirteen, but womanhood forever. Joan of Arc died for the love of France;

uliet for the love of Romeo; and these re two of the young spinners of the hread of fate, by this log cabin hearth re, in Springfield, Illinois. They are pinning the thread of the fate of a man ho will die for the love of a land.

Because of this, so long as they are uests in this mere log cabin, in this niddle western town of world pilrimage, they are handmaidens of the hird girl who sits in plain homespun ith them, a comrade forever in the lory of her name. Singers and very reat singers have already spoken her raise; and her dust still cries from the round. She is the golden-haired Anne utledge; and in perfect innocence he tells her handmaidens that she has ust come for a day, from the nearby own of New Salem on the Sangamon, om her father's tavern.

She sings as she spins, an ardent Iethodist hymn, very simple and very ien to these Old World maidens whose earts were given to the High Mass. nd then she tells the other two how he has come to Springfield to attend ourt for a day, and that her young an back in New Salem, keeping store, pproves of such amusements and himelf reads law by her father's fireplace New Salem tonight. Springfield is a ild adventure to this little girl. She as come over the very muddiest roads, orseback with her father, through the rimmest, marshiest, chills-and-fever ndscape, for the land is still undrained. here is no such thing as tile in the elds yet.

—Ewing Galloway Photo.

Interesting log cabin erected on an Indiana farm about 1861.

'Anne Rutledge has had a wonderful ay in Springfield, for she has bought alico at the general store, calico of a nd not sold in the log village of New alem, and she is going back with half a dozen sundries and a new law book for her boy, Abraham Lincoln; and with new shoes that she will wear when she walks with him to meeting and by the Sangamon River under the moon. It will be many a day before Abraham Lincoln comes to live at Springfield, old before his time from a broken heart, because of the death of this girl.

But this is a gala day with Anne; and her adventure in the tiny court room, a very gentle piece of litigation indeed over some farmer's boundary line, is to her a wild revel, just because her young man is studying law by the firelight in New Salem tonight.

The others understand. Juliet knows, for have there not been Montague streets and Capulet streets in Verona, and dreadful disputed boundary lines between them? And did not Joan of Arc try to discover what precisely were the boundaries of France, and trace them with the point of her drawn sword? So they understand little golden-haired Anne Rutledge's prattle of the boundary between two Indian-corn farms, settled in a sleepy Springfield law court. She pictures two gesticulating lawyers in butternut shirts and breeches, wearing yarn-knitted suspenders, and taking off their coats as a gesture in the climax. This question of boundaries will again go far. And when Anne Rutledge is in the dust, her young man, now reading by a New Salem firelight, will be trying to settle forever the exact meaning of that terrible phrase, Mason and Dixon's line.

The three girl fates spin on and on, by the fire, from which come flying books. Anne Rutledge has made a visit to Springfield.

Who Is *to* Own *the* Air?

By DON C. SEITZ

THERE is a tale out of the East to the effect that once a sharp farmer of imposts in the Kingdom of Cashmere went to the ruler of the beauteous vale and offered to buy the wind that blew across it. The price being liberal, and the property seemingly elusive, his majesty, who was hard up, as usual, consented to trade without inquiring how his customer expected to get his money back. He accordingly issued a patent to the farmer of imposts granting him the ownership of all the wind there was in Cashmere. His highness chuckled not a little when counting the cash received and really thought he had trimmed a sucker, to use a popular Americanism.

It turned out quite otherwise. No sooner had the impost farmer come into legal possession of the atmosphere than he forbade its use by all operators of windmills and sailors on the lakes and streams. The farmers were stopped from winnowing their grain, which, as it could no longer be ground, lost its value, though the people cried for bread. What was at first taken as a joke, became a stern reality. Against the outcry the impost farmer exhibited a perfectly legal contract with the government. He owned the wind, and that was all there was to it. Those who wanted to use it could pay the tolls and get a license. Otherwise, nothing doing.

As a result, the Cashmerians had to club together and buy back the wind at a fancy price in order to grind and winnow their grain, or to transport it about by water. They, therefore, were not at all amused by their experience.

Something of the same sort seems to be impending in the United States. A vast capitalization has been issued against the air since its supply of 'waves' has been discovered to be limited, and this capital is endeavoring to secure legislation that will take the chaos out of the radio situation, and transfer the receipts to its own pockets.

We are again face to face with the same problem that resulted in the placing of the telephone in single hands; that it is a natural monopoly by reasons of convenience and therefore should be so recognized and established. The telephone ownership has, by this process, become the greatest corporation in America, which, under the rulings of the United States Court, is entitled to eight per cent upon the 'reproduction' value of its plant. Will the same tale follow the acquisition of the air?

HOLDING the CREST

By H. G. SALSINGER

FRED STONE, the beloved comedian of the stage, once said to me: 'It is easy enough to reach the top, but to stay there—that's the real battle.'

Stone knows more about sports and athletics than most of the men engaged in them. It was he who trained James J. Corbett behind locked doors for one year in preparation for his memorable effort to regain the title from James J. Jeffries. He has played nearly every game known to the United States, so that what he says about reaching the top and staying there will be endorsed by every man who has won a championship.

It is getting to be more and more difficult to hold a title. In each field of athletic endeavor the number of competitors is steadily increasing. These competitors are being constantly better coached, and with rivalry as keen as it is no crown rests securely on any head.

William Harrison Dempsey, who was relieved of the heavyweight championship by Gene Tunney, said a few years ago:

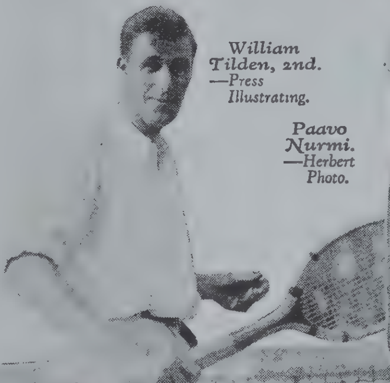
'You can never tell when you'll be through as a ring champion. Any guy is liable to pop you at any time. It only takes a chance blow, maybe a wild swing, to take the title from you. And you always got that in mind when you're a champion. You know that at any time you step into the ring you're likely to join the list of ex-champions.'

If a champion wants to remain champion for any length of time he cannot afford to forget that he holds the title; it has to be in his mind constantly. Not all of them do remember, and they live to regret.

The champion knows there are a dozen men, or more, eager to relieve him of the title. To keep the championship he has to take care of himself. He cannot break training. He cannot afford the luxuries that other men enjoy. He must enter upon a regimen of self-denial.

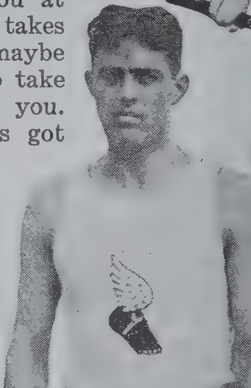
—Keystone View.

Edvin Wide, Swedish schoolmaster, who beat Nurmi.


William Tilden, 2nd. —Press Illustrating.

Paavo Nurmi. —Herbert Photo.

Willie Hoppe. —Keystone View.

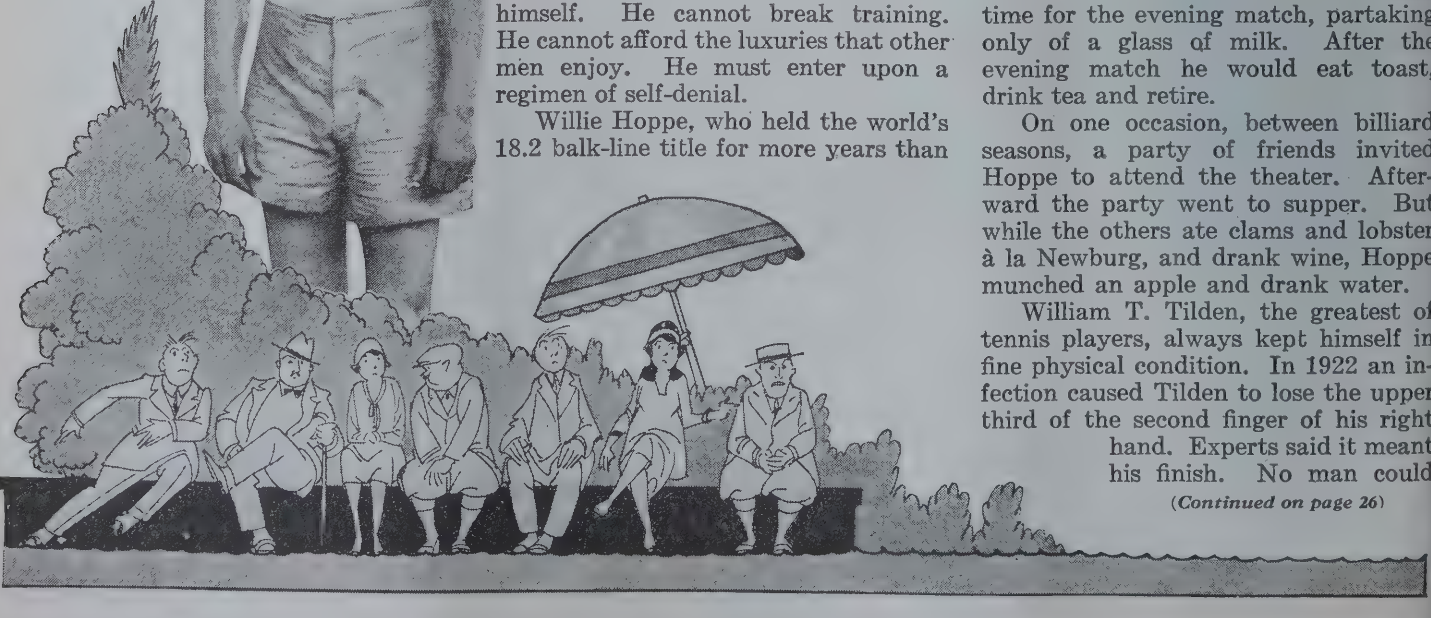

Ted Meredith. —Keystone View.

Willie Hoppe, who held the world's 18.2 balk-line title for more years than any man ever has and probably than any man ever will, kept in training fifty-two weeks of each year. Every day he went through a series of exercises and he never varied from the diet that his physicians prescribed. No champion ever kept himself in better condition than Hoppe. When he played afternoon and evening matches he would retire to his room immediately after the first, and would rest until time for the evening match, partaking only of a glass of milk. After the evening match he would eat toast, drink tea and retire.

On one occasion, between billiard seasons, a party of friends invited Hoppe to attend the theater. Afterward the party went to supper. But while the others ate clams and lobster à la Newburg, and drank wine, Hoppe munched an apple and drank water.

William T. Tilden, the greatest of tennis players, always kept himself in fine physical condition. In 1922 an infection caused Tilden to lose the upper third of the second finger of his right hand. Experts said it meant his finish. No man could

(Continued on page 26)



The World's Women Pioneers

By EDNA M. COLMAN

THE most striking chapters in the world's history today are those which relate the exploits and achievements of women who were actual pioneers in their chosen fields of art, science, business, the professions, inventions and politics, all of which once presented tightly barred doors to feminine applicants.

When institutions, professions and trades did begin to admit women, they did so grudgingly, and only when some more than usually courageous and indomitable woman managed by accident or carefully planned maneuver to gain an entrance. She was not aided, welcomed or even politely tolerated but was treated to the stern disapproval with which the old-fashioned masculine element has always viewed progressiveness in women folk. Women seeking education and professional opportunities were regarded as 'strong minded, advanced females' who had come out of their places in the home and kitchen and who refused to be put back into them.

When Harriet Martineau came to the United States in 1848, she found but seven vocations open to women and these were all to which she might turn to seek a livelihood. They were sewing, domestic service, tailoring, teaching school, music, nursing and millinery. Today, there is not a single vocation open to men that is closed to women. While a great deal of this invasion of women workers into fields once exclusively filled by men came about through necessity, and was a patriotic as well as an economic measure during the World War, women have for the past seventy-five years been steadily forcing their way into new lines of endeavor. The first of these to venture from the shelter of the home into the uncharted seas of men's work, and wrest therefrom success and recognition, deserve commemoration with unstinted praise.

All of the pioneering was not done in the past by our progressive great-grandmothers, our grandmothers or even our mothers, for scarcely a week passes that does not disclose to the now admiring world the successful venture of some modern Portia or Penelope in a brand-new enterprise. Nor is the major part of the pioneering done altogether by the masculine type of woman: far from it; some of the most daring adventures and nerve-shattering achievements have been put through by little, fragile, clinging-vine type women who might be expected to faint at the sight of blood or go into hysterics at the appearance of a mouse.

When Florence Kling of Marion, Ohio, was happily cantering along the country lanes with Warren Harding, who had far more of romance, sentiment and human sympathy than he did of cash or credit, she never dreamed that she would go down in the annals of American history as the first woman citizen-voter to preside over the White House. A romance, with a stern father's veto, and elopement and love in a cottage was the sum of her dream. The love that was strong enough to brave an adored and wealthy father's displeasure to cast her lot with a penniless young editor carried her over every later handicap.

—Bachrach Photo.

Florence Kling Harding, first woman politician and voter to preside in White House. Above—Dr. Mary Edwards Walker, first woman to receive Medal of Honor from Congress.

The first woman to assume the position of First Lady of the Land after the passage of the Suffrage Amendment, Mrs. Harding will always stand out of the galaxy of White House mistresses as typifying the new order of things. Her background and educational equipment made her an able exponent of the woman citizen, a coworker and equal partner with her husband. Unlike any of her predecessors, Mrs. Harding brought to her end of the presidential job a logical, trained business mind, equipped as fully to cope with political and economic questions as her husband. Her intuitions about people were uncannily correct.

Few other presidential ladies have had her grasp upon world events and political affairs. Few of them, as far as history shows, have concerned themselves with these matters. So upon Mrs. Harding's fragile though resolute shoulders rested the epoch-marking opportunity as well as the duty of setting before the world a concrete example of the recently amended American democracy, which has at last opened the previously barred doors to the women of the country.

In Mrs. Harding, the world saw an unpretentious, upstanding American woman, a voter, her husband's adviser and business partner, who rose step by step with him to the highest place and when he closed his eyes in death, hers was the last voice he heard.

While the nation was submerged in grief, this brave woman suppressed the impulse to slip back into the Valley of the Shadow, from which she had so recently emerged for the sake of completing every duty devolving upon her. 'I will not fail,' was the command she gave herself, rallying frazzled nerves, faltering will and aching heart to carry on. Her husband early recognized this strong will of hers, through

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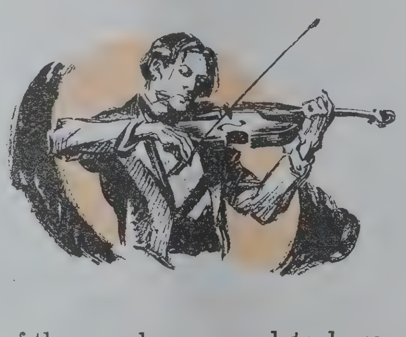
Finding *the* Ideal Fiddle

By CLYDE WIER

GIVEN, the necessary cash—go out and get the ideal fiddle. That sounds quite easy, for money makes the man, and so should make, or at least get, the right fiddle. And it would not be such an insurmountable task were it not for a few needless obstructions that always present themselves at inopportune times. Among these obstructions we find ignorance, fear of our neighbor's judgment, complacency of knowledge, the changing taste of the enthusiast, changing fashions in fiddles, lack of true discernment, the confounding of tone and the cabinetmaker's art, and the confusion of a work of art and an instrument of music.

Let us suppose that a lover of fiddles owns four cellos, a Strad, a Bergonzi, a Montagnana, and a beautiful nameless specimen. He has become annoyed with too much beauty and wants to eliminate three of the four. If the man is ignorant in respect to what constitutes a perfect cello, if he is merely bound by the spell of the beauty of cellos in general, then he will keep the Strad and let the others go, because it seems the right thing to do. Stradivari was the greatest maker: therefore his Strad is the best of his collection.



Grant that there is a little more elusiveness in the curves of the Bergonzi and a little more fire in the deep varnish that looks in places as if it had been poured on instead of being spread on with a brush, or that there is a certain ruggedness and verve in the fine Montagnana that does not appear in any of the others, or, finally, that there is something in the aspect of the nameless one that gives it an air of nobility unpossessed by the others—what of it? They go; and ever after, their erstwhile possessor feels a yearning in his heart for one or another of them—he can never say why. He was not well acquainted with their fine points, and so he did the easy thing: he kept what seemed best in the eyes of the world. And he made a good choice. Why isn't he satisfied? He will never realize why. Had he been sufficiently well educated he would have made the correct choice even if it had led him to keeping the nameless one, and he would have felt no regret in the loss of the others after once deciding to part with them.

So, broadly speaking, when the lover of violins keeps four or five about him, he does so, not because he needs them, but because he has not developed a keen discrimination. Therefore the difficulty of selecting one and setting it against the world is practically a hopeless one; for it is appalling how few violins the lover of strings ever meets which fully please him when he contemplates them.

MAKING no restrictions as to nationality, age, maker, but demanding simply model, preservation, appearance, the individual finds but few that meet his requirements. And how the individuals disagree among themselves, each clinging to his own and making sport of all that does not belong to him; casting aside all that is unfamiliar with but a glance and a shake of the head, without interest, without curiosity!

In a shop in Chicago, the shop of a great repairer and expert, a popular violinist once left his Stradivari for adjustment. As the different players of the city came in, the expert would hand the violin first to one and then to another. Most of them glanced at it and handed it back. A few after touching it with the bow made wry faces and put it down. Not one recognized it as a great instrument. Finally the expert told them that their ignorance was unbecoming, that they should learn to recognize a good violin without an introduction.

Now these men, all of them, knew a good violin from their own point of view. None of them happened to have an instrument like the one exhibited; it was unfamiliar, therefore uninteresting. They had what suited them and anything else was aside from the point. Moreover, men who play the violin day after day as a profession pay little attention to it beyond considering it as their tool. If it has a suitable tone, if it is easy and agreeable to play, that is enough. And there are thousands of violins that meet the demands of almost anyone who is interested in them merely as musical instruments.

But after one has become a fiddle fancier or fiddle crank or fiddle fool—the terms are almost synonymous—the case is very different. The matter of mere tone is almost too simple. There are literally thousands of fiddles—by fiddles I mean violins, violas, violoncellos, and even basses—that have tone good enough for the most fastidious. But when a man decides that he wants a violin more attractive in appearance than any other violin, more alluring than all the rest that go on and off the stage, with an air so charming that it would keep him away from a Broadway review or a physical culture beauty show, and at the same time possessing a tone in keeping with its appearance, he has to be rather circumspect in making his choice.

Not that such violins do not exist; they are, in fact, met with more frequently than a Venus de Milo or a Diana of the Ephesians among masterpieces in any land whatsoever. The difficulty is in knowing what to choose, and, having once chosen, in abiding faithful. A young man who loves a young woman and makes her his wife may not win the approval of all his friends; but few of those who disapprove will have the temerity to come and reproach him for his poor judgment or his lack of taste.

BUT let him take for his soul mate the fiddle of his choice; then all the 'I told you so's,' those prophets of the past, come one after another and begin to make his life bitter by picking flaws in the pride of his heart: 'the scroll is not original, the *ff's* have been recut, the back has a patch under the post and it is higher arched than the top, the string length is not right, the varnish has been retouched, the label is a fake, the button has been ruined by that ebony rim, the corners have been knocked off and their restoration is poor, all the edge within the right D has been bitten away by the frog of the bow of some careless player, the sweat of a fat chin has ruined the varnish on both sides of the tailpiece, the neck isn't set right, the ribs are too low.' So they go on.

And instead of saying, Go to, or, Get thee behind me, and remembering that the instrument under fire is his own violin which he bought on his own judgment for his own pleasure and not that of his friends, enemies, or rivals, he soon finds himself wondering how many of these critics are correct in their judgment. And unless he is an exceptional man he will soon be most unhappy. Already he has begun to suspect that if he had consulted these excellent people before buying they might have saved him from paying for most of the imperfections that they have called to his attention.

There is a touch of pathos in the fiddle fancier's inane desire to have everyone approve of his choice and admire his selection. He takes a childish pride in showing his treasure and is deeply hurt if its fine points are not at once detected and admired by anyone who may see it, quite unaware that few people recognize at first sight all the merits of a violin, no matter how readily they see its defects; and of those few people not 10 per cent will freely express their admiration even when they feel it. It seems better to look critical and say nothing. Anyway, the fiddle is not theirs; why should they rave over it? Besides, it may be for sale some day.

SO THE poor fellow begins to feel that his ideals are all wrong. And the inevitable follows fast—his fiddle is for sale, and very likely one of those very commenters who found the most fault buys it at his own valuation—not that he cares for it; but he could use it in his work—and gloats in secret over the bargain.

Were this the end, all would be well. But he cannot be content. He goes from maker to dealer and from dealer to maker, getting from each a different idea of what he should seek in a fine violin. One, a varnish crank, makes it clear that except the varnish be thus and so, the instrument can never be worth the price. That his own peculiar varnish is merely a stain covered with ordinary floor varnish he does not say, but he is prompt to condemn another's, particularly if it is an honest attempt at originality.

Another attaches no importance to varnish at all, but ridicules the Cremona varnish as well as other things Cremonese, and boasts that he could make as beautiful varnish as the ancients if the age demanded it; but the times have changed and the varnish also. No doubt Guadagnini felt the same way when he failed to reproduce the varnish of Stradivari.

Still another decries all artistic workmanship that is done purely for art's sake, harping on tone and expatiating on acoustics, a word to make even a freshman laugh; for such a maker's knowledge of that department of physics is about as near the vanishing point as it can well be, and the one who talks the most about it is the one who makes his instruments by rule of thumb or by blue print, hit or miss. He is all too eager to affect a theory which he neither understands nor practises.

To be sure, there are makers who produce good violins and a few who make also good cellos, but not through their knowledge of acoustics. They happen rather to be uncanny judges of wood and very deft workers thereof. Few of them can say just why one piece of wood is better than another. They know the right sort when they see it, which is all they really need to know.

But this pitting of theory against theory is very disconcerting to the idealist, who in time loses all faith in his own judgment, if he ever had any, and vacillates in his attachments, now cleaving to this one and now holding fast to that. As an idealist, however, he refuses to dissociate art and tone. He will not play a cello that looks cheap, no matter what its tone quality may be. If he hears one that pleases him and perceives that it is a poorly made affair with an exceptional tone, he loses interest at once and assumes the pose that to err is human. His fiddle must be beautiful to look at and must possess a tone in harmony with its appearance. This in itself is all very well and good.

BUT unfortunately the years play havoc with one's ideas of both beauty and tone. What one thinks ideal at twenty looks very flat and stale at forty. There lies the great difficulty. Aspiration, enchantment, education, disillusion—this seems to be the *cursus honorum* of the violin fan. I know a man who has owned sixty-seven cellos, many of them good enough for the best concert players and some of them very exceptional instruments, who has renounced all his antiques and is now getting a collection of new cellos made to his order by the various fine makers of today. And he is having more fun teaching these young things to sing than he ever had listening to the trained voices of olden days. In addition he is learning that the cello has an inner nature whose existence he had never even suspected. For example, he has discovered that daily practice will drive away the most tenacious wolf. For when he brought home his new Jean Becker cello, made to his order with the usual assurances, one of the first discoveries that he made was a huge wolf holding for lair the F sharp of the D string.

He felt very grieved at this, for in days gone by he had exhausted all the devices for eliminating these nuisances, only to find that they throve on persecution. But this cello being a very beautiful one, he decided to keep it as a specimen of modern workmanship and to say as little about the tone as possible. At times when particularly irascible he would sit down and play scales on that cello to provoke the beast, and the beast was always ready and willing. The vigor of his snarl became in time almost a joy to hear. Of course the maker justified the wolf by saying that the finer the instrument the more glaring any defect—which is an explanation bringing scant comfort.

However, time went on and the scale practice became a sort of 'daily dozen.' Scales in four octaves are a weariness to the player, as a usual thing; but in this case it was the wolf that died. Now he is gone, and up the hill on the G string at the F sharp station there survives just a small pup that will surely die of solitude before the winter is over.

The instrument is about as perfect as a cello can well be—beautiful to look at, agreeable to play, and noble and convincing to listen to. So there was a lesson learned. Take the instrument from the maker and play it or let it alone. Never touch the post or the bridge, nor experiment with the sizes of strings. The maker has attended to all this before delivering the instrument. Play it until it will do what you expect or until it becomes so hateful that you will use it some cold morning for starting a fire in the grate.

RECENTLY this man brought home another new cello. When he tried it for the first time the tone seemed pure and fluent in all positions on all the strings, but almost too easy to produce. In fact it played like an old, well-trained instrument. But his son, a fine piano player and consequently somewhat impatient of strings, laughingly remarked that the tone had length, some breadth, but no thickness. And that was really the case; the tone was all on the outside.

But its education has begun, and no doubt its voice will grow in power and beauty until it is in accord with its beautiful body, the varnish of which looks as luscious as the inside of a ripe grape skin. Meanwhile, it looks well in the collection that is gathering for the pleasure of future players who may not be so insistent on the old from overseas

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

A Cure For Poverty

THE very best charity we know anything about is to help a man to the place where he will never need charity. Nothing seems more useless than the trouble we take to ease the effects, when half the trouble would serve to destroy the cause.

We get up all sorts of entertainments and functions to raise money to grant a little temporary benefit, and when we get through we haven't touched the real problem. Surely the futility of it all ought to be apparent.

It is not the charitable mind that one objects to, for human sympathy is a great motive power, and no cool, calculating attitude will take the place of it. One can name very few of the great advances that were not due to human sympathy. It is in order to do something for people that every notable service is undertaken.

The trouble is that we have been using this great motive force for too small ends. If human sympathy prompts us to feed the hungry, why should it not give a much greater prompting toward making hunger impossible?

If we have sympathy enough for people to help them in their trouble, surely we ought to have feeling enough to help them out of their trouble. But in doing this we must look beyond the individual to the causes of his misery, not hesitating to relieve him in the meantime, of course, and not stopping with that.

> *AT PRESENT there is less poverty in the country than ever before. Our material life is on a much higher level than it has ever been, but before the summit is reached much has yet to be done. Far more people, however, can be got to relieve poverty than to devote their energies to removing it. Charity is no substitute for reform. Poverty is not cured by charity—it is only relieved. The cause of the trouble must be located and then removed. Nothing does more to abolish poverty than work. Every man who works is helping to drive poverty away. He not only benefits himself but becomes a benefactor to others.*

It is a curious fact that more people can be got to help relieve poverty than to devote their energies to removing poverty altogether. Men in positions of leadership say, 'What can we do?' Well, this is certain—whatever is done will have to be done by all of us together.

At present there is far less poverty in this country than ever before; our material life is on a much higher level than it has ever been. But comparing the present with what it ought to be, and what it could be, we cannot fail to see that much is yet to be done. How can we do it?

Our first duty we owe to ourselves. We must do our best where we are. We must be fair where we are. We must do honest work where we are. No one who throws down his tools is helping to abolish poverty. Whatever we do in the future we may be sure of this: We shall never be able to make any program go without work.

Work is a good quality to be developed. Every man who works is helping to drive poverty out of the world—first his own and then that of his fellow beings.

The man who does better and more productive work today than he did yesterday is a social reformer of the highest type. He is doing something genuine: he is squaring his own account with the world and helping others to square theirs. Every time a man stops work, he throws that much extra burden on others; he creates that much more poverty in the world.

It is not the men who are doing the talking who are solving our problems, but the men who are at work. When they talk, they know what it is about. And after work, the next duty is to think. Nobody can think straight who does not work. Idleness warps the mind. It is a wonder that we do not hear more about that fact—that the practised hand gives balance to the brain.

Thinking which does not connect with constructive action becomes a disease; the man who has it sees crooked; his views are lopsided. No man can think out our great problems for us. We believe in democracy because we believe that the collective mind is better than the single mind. It is the people thinking together and planning together and acting together that makes the great advances possible.

When really put to the test the people are cool-headed. That is one of the reasons changes seem to come so slowly; the people do not risk the big mistakes which end in the big tragedies.

Every age teems with theories requiring only to stand a while, before their falsity will be revealed. We don't have to test every theory that is offered. Let it stand. If it is right it will endure. If it is wrong the public mind simply outgrows it. No one can imagine how much worse off we should be if we followed every theory and every leader that promised us the golden age. So if our progress seems slow it is only because of the people's carefulness not to make a misstep.

But there is progress being made all the time, now in this direction, now in that, and then all along the line. And such progress is a social creation. It is the people moving up. And that is the only kind of progress there is. If we have not always gone forward rapidly, there is a very great fact to set against that fact: the human race has not had to retrace many steps because of false moves.

One of these false moves would be to make charity a substitute for reform. From the standpoint of efficiency such a move would be a failure.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Only a Child

AFTER all we must remember,' patronizingly remarks the London *Spectator*, 'that the United States is only a child in international affairs.' And strangely enough the British journal is referring not to the Washington Conference, where America scrapped expensive battleships in exchange for paper plans, but to the Geneva Conference, where this nation is attempting at last to place disarmament on a more equable basis.

The jibe is not without warrant. Valiant in war, this nation has been universally unsuccessful in its peace-time negotiations. 'We have never lost a war and have never won a conference,' one man wrote, and history—particularly recent history—bears him out. At Geneva, Ambassador Gibson and Admiral Jones have been doing excellent work. But their predecessors in the experiment of disarmament, and those lusty orators of the United States Senate who tried to vote this nation into the stew of Old World affairs by means of the League of Nations and World Court have furnished abundant proof that this country, in international diplomacy at least, is still 'only a child.' Isolation has been America's greatest single blessing. George Washington recognized that, even in the infant days of the nation. And Baron Rosen, canny Russian ambassador to the United States, years ago, summed the situation pithily when he said our national motto should be:

God bless the Atlantic Ocean.'

Rewriting Scripture

BIBLE tinkerers seldom are successful. The widely heralded 'Bible in slang' which was to revolutionize religion a few years ago has slipped into tranquil oblivion. So too have other modern versions. But past failures serve not to discourage those who believe the Holy Book should be 'brought up to date.' Two savants of the University of Chicago have just completed the latest translation of the Old Testament which, though it may be admirable from a scholarly standpoint, leaves much to be desired as a piece of literature. The story of Creation is alone sufficient for comparison. The new version declares:

> When God began to create the heavens and the earth, the earth being a desolate mass, with darkness covering the abyss and the spirit of God hovering over the waters, then God said: 'Let there be light,' and God saw that the light was good.

Heavy, stodgy and in an involved style that would be outlawed in any school of journalism in the land. Place this excerpt alongside the opening verses in the older version:

> 1. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.
>
> 2. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God was upon the face of the waters.
>
> 3. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.
>
> 4. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

There is a beauty, and a swing, and a simplicity to the older version, which makes it without peer among the books of the world.

Along the Mississippi

A STUPENDOUS problem still exists along the lower reaches of the Mississippi. One-fourth of the flooded territory is even now (in late July) under water, or just emerging. Not a single gap in the levee chain from Cairo to Glasscock has been closed. Thousands of people in the crevasse zones live in perpetual fear of new inundations. In the Melville sector the Atchafalaya River still rages almost at flood stage. Destitution, privation, even starvation face the flood victims. Of the nearly 700,000 sufferers, 200,000 are still in pitiful plight. Their crops are gone, their homes ruined, their livestock dead. Few have any resources left. Food comes only from the Red Cross.

To aid in financial rehabilitation, farm loan companies have been organized in those states hardest hit, the theory being that these would advance sufficient credit to tide the victims over the year. But these companies, according to general report, are not accomplishing much. Only those who have security to offer can get credit, critics say; and most of the security disappeared under the flood waters weeks ago!

What's Wrong With Religion?

THE amount of crime and the general disregard for laws, both human and divine, which are afflicting the world like a pestilence, are causing many good people to exclaim, 'What's wrong with religion?' The answer is that there is nothing wrong with any religion that is ethical, is sincerely believed in, and is sincerely practised. Not long ago a prominent divine declared from the pulpit that if he happened to be wandering in a Central African jungle and came suddenly on an aborigine engaged in the worship of a stuffed toad, he would take off his hat to him, as in him would be combined at least the ideals of faith and sincerity.

It is the lack of these virtues that is at the root of most troubles today. How can anything be good if it is neglected and tossed aside? There is nothing wrong with religion: it is the lack of religion in the individual that causes trouble.

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Those STRANGE *But*

By McKEE BARCLAY

THE play's the thing,' Shakespeare says, but in play writing the plot's the thing. As with the play, so is it with the story. While 'legion' is the name of those whose writing shows good diction and smooth composition, the writers who have talent for plot invention are scarcer. The rarity of the gift is responsible for the glamour which surrounds the names of Balzac, De Maupassant, Poe, Kipling, O. Henry, and the other immortals who make up the scant list of master plot makers.

At the present moment a multitude of rejection-slip collectors are pursuing a quest for workable plots for stories and plays. Having eyes they see not, for scattered through the newspapers that deal with everyday life are hints and inspirations for the tellers of tales.

Truth may not be stranger than fiction, but the true happening is often at least as strange as the invented romance. At times they are as like as two Dromios.

When the would-be Balzac reads his daily paper he is likely to overlook more than one story with a plot around which a prize-winning short story might be built. And some of them are maps to real literary treasure trove. In the day's happenings may be found the spoor of plots innumerable. The tracks are plentiful and the trail is plain.

Think what a Conan Doyle or an O. Henry might have done with the little Associated Press story of the rolling coin that solved the mystery of the $75,000 rubber robbery:

'A coin rolling out of a New York detective's hand today led three sleuths, in its fickle course, directly to a cache in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, where $75,000 worth of stolen crude rubber was hidden, with the result that two men were arrested on a charge of grand larceny. The elusive coin rolled underneath the doorway of a garage. The detective opened the door to retrieve it and was ordered brusquely from the premises by the two occupants. Suspicious, the detectives forced their way in, and upon searching the garage found a quantity of rubber, later identified as having been stolen the previous Monday from a Pennsylvania lighter in Brooklyn. A quantity of women's apparel, valued at several thousand dollars, was also found. John ____ and Joseph ____ were held without bail for a hearing.'

In the daily roster of crime, writers of detective stories will find an abundance of suggestions for ingenious plots. Where could one find a better foundation for an Arthur Train story of mystery, or a Sherlock Holmes yarn, than in the numerous stories of crime in these days of yeggmen, hijackers and holdup men?

The finger-print man of any metropolitan police department could supply enough ready-made plots for a lifetime of fiction writing.

The story of the Illinois man who imbedded the body of his slain wife in concrete and then inveigled her unsuspecting son into assisting him in dumping the mass which contained

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TRUE STORIES

the corpse into a well has a dozen features of unusual fact which go to make it stranger than ordinary fiction. For weeks the case held its position on the front pages of the newspapers of the country. Then, the harrowing account of the imprisonment of Floyd Collins in a Kentucky cave kept the lovers of morbid news stories charmed for weeks. Even today the phonograph companies are finding in rural communities a big sale for a record containing a ballad which is based on the gruesome tragedy.

SEARCHING at haphazard through the columns of the daily press one comes across many seemingly less theatrical dramas which deserve a place on the list of unusual happenings. By one, in which a tone-deaf man is cast for the part of the villain, we are reminded of that pioneer in the art of advertising, George Robins, an English auctioneer who flourished nearly a century ago. Robins advertised for sale an English country estate, naïvely admitting that it might not suit the man who objected to 'the litter of rose leaves and the noise of the nightingales.' This story, clipped from a Baltimore paper which tells of an individual of the type referred to by the auctioneer, will not, it is to be hoped, find many parallels:

'The firing of a shotgun in the vicinity of the 200 block, Southway, at 8:30 a. m. yesterday startled many persons in the neighborhood. A mockingbird fell from the topmost branches of a tall oak. Its song will be heard no longer. Since early spring this bird and its mate have announced to the Southway residents the coming of dawn. An investigation resulted in the arrest of Charles Haslup, Junior, twenty-two years old, 2900 block, Erdman avenue. Haslup was accused of hunting without a state license and of killing a singing, insectivorous bird. At a hearing before Magistrate James R. Cadden in the Central Police Court, Haslup was fined fifteen dollars and costs on the first charge and five dollars and costs on the second charge. The fines were paid by Louis R. Wilcox, 219 Southway, who, according to the police, said he had asked Haslup to kill the bird, as its warbling annoyed him. Yesterday afternoon in a high tree a single mockingbird perched alone. It was silent. Its mate was gone.'

From the Mexican border comes a story of a man who can foretell the actions of the forces of nature without the aid of either a goose bone or a seismograph. Only a Conan Doyle or a Sir Oliver Lodge would accept the alleged facts in their entirety; others may add salt to suit the taste. This is the tale as told by a New York *World* correspondent: 'Billie Hart has been predicting Texas weather for twenty years. His regular occupation is tending the International Bridge at Eagle Pass. His job keeps him outdoors all day where he can watch the sky and read natural weather signs. In his hours off duty he studies the weather reports of former years, writes his weather column for half a dozen Texas newspapers and answers letters. Daily this man who lives in obscurity receives almost as much mail as the President of the United States. Wires come from bloated bondholders, from financiers who want to play the cotton market, from farmers in the cotton counties and from ranchmen who must have grass for their cattle—from all classes of people in all parts of the country the inquiries come. Sometimes the letters from brokers contain money. Otherwise, the only pay he gets is in the love of his work and the prestige which his predictions give him.'

FOR a dramatic jumbling of tragedy and comedy the story wired in to a Washington paper by its Charleston, West Virginia, correspondent deserves honorable mention. With the near-tragedy part deleted, it ought to make an acceptable scenario.

'Wallace Sayre, twenty-two, student, returned here early this morning from Marshall College, Huntington, and entered his home with a key. Meantime Alfred Sayre, his father, had moved from the house Monday and R. W. Harvey and family had moved in. As young Sayre prepared to retire in one of the rooms, Harvey was awakened and, believing Sayre to be a burglar, shot him four times in the legs and hips. Ernest Anderson, next door, hearing the commotion, climbed out on the roof of his home and called for the police. In the excitement he fell from the roof and landed on his young brother. The elder Anderson broke both arms. The younger suffered a broken leg.'

(*Continued on page 20*)

A BOOKWORM TURNS

By AARON HARDY ULM

THERE was published in Paris not long ago a book which thousands of persons everywhere wanted to read. Publishers were so certain of this that the book, translated into various languages, appeared in many countries almost simultaneously with its publication in France. The writer of this was among those who wished not only to read but also to possess a copy. So he went to a big bookstore in a large city and asked for one. He was offered a copy of the American edition, in English. The price was five dollars. It was a gaudy book, well printed and well illustrated—but he could not afford to pay five dollars for it.

The writer walked up a flight of stairs in the rear of the store and, in a foreign language department maintained in an alcove there, found copies of a French edition. These sold for seventy-five cents each. The price mark on the cover showed that they were selling in France for what was then the equivalent of about fifteen cents in American money! In France the volume was within the reach of anyone; in the English form here the book could be bought only by persons able to pay five dollars a copy for books. What accounts for the huge difference?

Whatever does explain it may account also, at least in much part, for the more general fact that in 1925 there were published in France 14,943 books as compared with the publication of approximately 9,500 in this country. We have nearly three times the population of France.

The figures cover new books and new editions of old books still copyrighted and put forth by standard book publishers—that is, those which supply fresh reading needs. The figures do not cover miscellaneous reprints of books like the Bible or *Robinson Crusoe* that are produced by concerns which are more of a manufacturing than of a truly publishing kind. Figures including these latter are unavailable, except in partial form for this country. Those for the United States are of huge size but when analyzed, as they will be further on, are not nearly so flattering as their hugeness implies.

Here in the United States are probably the most backward, the most hesitant and reluctant, of peoples of all Western countries in the matter of buying, if not in that of reading, books. And this condition is owing probably to the fact that the country is still more backward in the matters of publishing and distributing books for sale. And as an item of proof this writer cites the incident concerning the French book which, in English translation and American imprint, could not be bought for less than five dollars, while imported copies of a French imprint could be bought for seventy-five cents each, which was more than fifty cents above the comparative price charged in Paris. This was not because the book was by a foreign author; the difference is owing to the book-publishing methods followed in the two countries.

THE writer comments on the subject not as an authority on book publishing or book selling, of which he knows nothing. But he does know something about it from the still more important angle of the book consumer. If the French publishing method prevailed in this country, he could and would buy twenty new books for every one he can afford to purchase under the American high-cost system. He is confident there are thousands of similar Americans who resent having thrust constantly under their noses books which they want and cannot buy, all because they are produced and distributed, apparently, by methods which presuppose that few Americans buy books solely for the contents.

There are thousands of other Americans whose desires are forestalled in origination by excessive costs. Books simply are not of their world.

No real book-lover will contend that these costs are excessive when measured with those of other things in terms of delights procured. They are excessive only on the basis of what might be done—and actually is done in some branches of publishing even in this country. When one can buy standard works out of copyright at five to twenty-five cents a volume; when one can get, as often has been possible, in a fifteen-cent magazine the full printing of a book, by, sometimes, a famous writer, before it is put forth at two to two and a half dollars a volume in book form; when one has only to wait for a year or two in order to get fresh printings of originally five-dollar books at a cost, say, of one dollar each—something must be wrong. No such state of affairs exists in any other realm of production and consumption.

Americans are now probably the greatest reading people in all the world—and, because of the situation as to books, the most superficial in their reading habits.

Figures covering money expended in supplying American readers with newspapers and periodicals make one's head swirl. The latest show that this branch of publishing is now a billion-dollar business—that is, more than that much is collected annually for newspaper and magazine subscriptions and advertising.

The circulation of newspapers and periodicals has increased 15 per cent during the last two years reported on and now amounts to nearly two hundred copies a year for every man, woman and child in the land. But the production of books and pamphlets of all kinds amounts to fewer than four per capita. Of books, all kinds, put out in America in 1925 there were 191,769,340 copies—a stupendous number but representing only about one and three-quarter books for unit of population. Nearly half of these were textbooks for school use.

THERE were fifteen million juvenile books, in the main pictorial atrocities purchased as toys for infants. There were thirty million fiction books, made up in large part of the successors of the old yellow-back reprints of such horrors as the novels of 'Bertha M. Clay.'

With half the population of the country living in rural territory, fewer than a half-million copies of volumes dealing with agriculture were put forth. The number treating of sociology and economics was slightly larger, averaging one for about every two hundred of the population. But that there is widespread taste for good reading is shown by the following figures for copies of books treating of subjects regarded usually as of interest among only 'educated' or devout folk:

Books on	*Copies put forth in 1925*
Biography	2,691,583
Fine arts	1,062,729
History	1,253,147
Poetry and drama	8,817,255
Religion and philosophy	12,244,224

The number of these books that were copies of newly written books is not known but the proportion was undoubtedly small. For only 6,832 newly written books were put forth during last year. New editions of copyrighted books, pamphlets and imported productions raised the total listings by standard publishers to 9,925.

Our listings have increased little in recent years, while those of publishers in other countries have jumped immensely since the war. The listings of publishers in France advanced by five thousand in 1925, while in Germany those of standard publishers leaped from 23,082 to 31,595—being more than three times those of American publishers. Despite a falling off there on account of manufacturing difficulties, newly written books put forth in the British Isles in 1926 outnumbered those in this country by nearly four thousand—and, on a basis of population, they more than doubled those of our publishers.

YET all authorities on it say that the American book trade has done better during the last six years than ever before. The big sales enjoyed by numerous works of kinds that never before attained large circulation have astounded both publishers and sellers of books. Works on philosophy, history, even economics, have outdistanced many best-seller novels.

'More than a hundred thousand copies of a recent book of biography have been sold within two years,' wrote Marion Humble for the American Book Publishers Association in 1925. 'Twenty years ago a sale of eight thousand copies of such a book would have been considered large.'

A book on philosophy has recently gone into the hundred thousands, earning fortunes for both the author and the publisher. But tens of thousands can't buy the book now because of its high price. The same holds relatively for numerous other books of recent publication.

The book publishers point out, with conceded credit to themselves, that while the cost of manufacturing and distributing them has gone up 90 per cent prices for new books have been increased only about 50 per cent.

But at least one book lover can't escape the impression that, while average prices may not have gone up more than 50 per cent, those charged for books of anticipated large sale have gone up a great deal more. That is, it seems patent that authors and publishers, instead of taking advantage of large sales to fix low prices for important works and thereby make them available when fresh to the largest possible number of readers, put the charge for a volume at the very highest possible figure in order to skim the last drop of cream from initial popularity and demand.

THE publishers point out the big element of risk in the production of books. The average new book has a circulation of two to three thousand copies. Probably a majority of those put forth yield no profits. Some of the smallest sellers rank highest in quality of contents. It is to the unexpected 'best seller,' or something similar, that the average publisher looks for the recouping of losses on the run of books which fill out his list.

Yet book publishing is the one big industry that is carried on in America in substantially the ways of a century ago—when about half of the population of the country was illiterate and prospective buyers of new books were no more numerous than the buyers of rare books now. The same holds substantially for retail distribution. An authority on the subject says that there are fewer book stores in proportion to population now than there were a century ago.

A BIG portion of the book trade has passed from the booksellers to the department stores, drug stores, cigar stores and news stands. Moreover, a big portion of the book-publishing business has passed from the standard publishers, the ones that control the new book business, to concerns like the Haldeman-Julius establishment at Girard, Kansas.

The first has proved beyond all doubt that there is a mass demand for even the ancient classics, millions of miniature copies of which have been sold by mail. The Kingston establishment has demonstrated that books of common type, bound in boards and well printed, can be put out for sale at ten to twenty-five cents each, and that the demand for them justifies mass production of writings which used to be put forth for the élite of readers only.

Thus there has been developed something similar to the French system in the publishing and distributing of books other than of the new kind. In France the system envisages new as well as old books.

This writer is told by a man who should know, that in France no book of importance is ever put out initially in a single form. The same plates are used for printing all forms. Some are on fine paper and handsomely bound. These are for the fortunate folk who can pay good prices for books of an enduring quality of manufacture. Other volumes are run off on cheap paper with mere paper bindings. These are for mass sales at low prices. This makes it possible for a new book to reach all kinds of readers, those who are poor in money, those who want books for immediate reading only, those who like to read a book before investing a consequential sum of money in it, as well as those who want well-made books for treasured libraries. Even these last often buy the cheap editions, which they may have rebound: in this way they are enabled to fill their libraries with books of uniform binding.

Similar publishing practices pre-

(Continued on page 22)

Norrland—Sweden's Wild West

By G. A. SUNBLAD

In the mountainous, heavily forested regions of Norrland. Photo shows a cabin erected by the Swedish Tourists' Bureau in foreground.

Oval—*Great Lake Falls.*

NORRLAND, the northern part of Sweden, is to that nation what the West is to this country. Therefore, it may not be out of place to give some attention to the development that has taken place there along lines astonishingly similar to those in the West, though on a smaller scale. We generally believe that there could be nothing of this sort possible over in 'the old country,' but let us see.

Sweden was at the height of its power in the 17th Century, when it possessed vast lands nearly surrounding the Baltic, where now are situated Finland, Petrograd, Esthonia, Latvia, East Prussia and Pomerania. This power and predominance in Europe was based on Sweden's having for several centuries been the biggest producer of gold, copper and iron. Then, and even so late as in the first half of the 18th Century, it produced one-third of all pig iron in the world.

Discoveries of rich mineral resources in other European countries as well as the rapid growth of the populations all around Sweden became, in the end, factors too overwhelming to allow this proud and dominant nation to be able to uphold its position. The visible turn came in 1709, when the Swedes suffered a complete military defeat at Pultava at the hands of the Russians. A century later there remained in the possession of the country none of the lands east and south of the Baltic. Gone also was the political and economic power.

Thus, distress and pure necessity 'made' Norrland. Nobody knew at that time what its worth would become in valuable resources. A few had the vision, however: a Swedish poet and bishop, Esaias Tegner, pointed out the way by saying that 'in Norrland, Sweden should win Finland back within its own boundaries.' The people, grasping the idea as a consolation and a last hope for a peaceful and tolerable future, set to work. With the aid of the great industrial era that swept the whole of Europe in the last century they colonized and built up Norrland in an up-to-date manner, so that today it ranks with the most highly civilized 'new' countries in the world; for instance, with the American Northwest.

However, Norrland was limited in capacity for absorbing the surplus population of Sweden and could not keep pace with the growing demand for work. Then something happened that turned out to be a safety valve for the overpopulation threatening the middle and south of Sweden, and, later, even Norrland.

As rumors began to come from across the ocean about the fertile lands over there, the big rush to America started. In 1850, exactly three-quarters of a century ago, while paying a visit to the Northwest, Frederika Bremer, the mother of woman's rights in

Sweden, envisaged the value of this country to the Swedes: they ought to come over and settle down.

The old stream of men and women which had flowed *eastward* over the Baltic since the days of the Vikings ceased entirely. Two new ones started, one *northward* to Norrland and the other *westward* to America. In winter, Norrland is worse off than our Northwest, because it enjoys very little sunshine, if any. In the ice-cold nights is to be seen the magical power of the northern lights that shoot with mighty tongues of flame and scintillating rays. Thanks to the warm Gulf Stream flowing nearby in the Atlantic the climate makes modern civilization just possible.

Climbing glaciers is a thrilling sport in Norrland.
Left—*A farmer-lumberjack.*

But in summer it is a real wonderland of life and sunshine day and night. All nature makes it a paradise. During a few months people forget what they have gone through in the long, hard winter. And in the southern parts of Norrland where there is no strange sight of a midnight sun, there are instead those bright, mysterious, shimmering nights that inspire to hope and poetry and song. There are no nights as they are generally known and scarcely any sleep during that time. The Swedes have a word that stands for day and night taken together; they call it *dygn*.

The colonization of Norrland took place in a strikingly similar manner to that of the West.

True, there had been Swedes living up here before, here and there along the coast, but they were few. The colonizers went northward hunting and fishing, burning woods and cultivating land in a primitive way, and they met a strange nomadic people, the Lapps, as their relatives in America met the Indians. Later, trunk railways were built through endless forests and marshlands, on high bridges over numerous streams and broad rivers, across forest-clad mountains and deserted fields, along fertile valleys and the rough seacoast.

This northern country is a land of forests, upon which rests Sweden's large industry of planed and sawed timber, of wood pulp and paper, all of which occupy a prominent or leading position in the different markets of the world. For instance, the greater mass of the wood pulp imported to America for the making of wrapping paper and cardboards comes from Norrland, and many an American newspaper is printed on paper which had its beginnings in these forests. The end of the development is not yet reached. The making of finished products as well as of by-products is under way.

In the West there is a tendency for industry to concentrate itself in big cities, but not so in Norrland. One will find the overwhelming part of the supermodern industries scattered along the rivers close to the seacoast, the reason for which is a matter of transportation. Consequently one will search in vain for big cities. This distribution makes real estate cheap and gives plenty of room for industry and home; it makes it possible for the whole family to enjoy a healthy country life in the midst of beautiful scenery. The people can usually afford to own their homes, or to rent one- or two-family houses.

The stranger will enjoy the neat, modern, well-built, red-white painted houses, always kept in proper condition and surrounded by small gardens full of flowers and vegetables; usually there is agricultural ground too. There is a view from every home of lake or winding river; and a little farther off in the hilly land stands the serious dark-green wood of the North with its

Norrland finds good use for its numerous waterways as transportation facilities.

freshness and grandeur. Add to this picture timber yards and a few factories, the windings of road and railway, a white church and an artistically built railway station, and, furthermore, a flagstaff at each house with the blue-yellow Swedish cross flag flown with the wind in a bright summer night, and you will have a typical picture of this new country.

Up here in the North agriculture alone does not pay as a rule. Agriculture has to be combined with lumbering and forestation, and consequently the farmer is a lumberman too. Both occupations have their 'slack times,' and so one lives his life in rhythm with nature. It provides plenty of work and an income the year round with seasonal changes which the farmer as well as his family enjoys. The case of the industrial worker is the same inasmuch as he is occupied with transportation at certain times of the year, with the floating of timber in the spring and with the loading of manufactured export goods during the rush at the end of the shipping season.

Now, Swedish forestation is probably the most modern and efficient in the world. The woods have not been destroyed. On the contrary, after having been utilized the woods are being replanted, and even marshlands, 'Norrland's prairies,' are being turned into forest land where they are less suitable for agriculture. Worthless land is being made valuable at low cost.

By this foreseeing of large-scale work the people gain four things. First, they continue to prosper from their timber marketing; second, a healthy climate is being maintained; and third, dangerous spring floods arising from rapid melting of snow are being prevented, the woods absorbing most of the water and giving it off slowly. Fourth, this secures a rather equal watershed all the year round, which condition is of the greatest economic value to the water-power stations.

NORRLAND is becoming famous for its potential water power. Great waterfalls and large lake reservoirs make up the power, to be utilized as fast as there is demand for it. Already there have been a few large water-power stations erected, the largest being Porjus; the counties usually have their own small stations for the supply of cheap electrical power and light to the farmers and the small home industry. The demand, of course, is greatest in the middle and south of Sweden; in order to equalize the supply and demand all over the country, an electrical trunk line system is under construction.

Every home and shop and many roads are lighted by electricity, so that work can go on all day long irrespective of the darkness of the winter. Light in the cities is more abundant here than in some of the big cities in Europe; it is being used generously. What a change it has brought to the people during a long, hard, dark winter!

To a greater extent than is believed in America, the homes are making use of modern machinery. They are equipped with electric light, telephones, radios, modern furniture of fine national styles, vacuum cleaners, and so forth.

The iron ores in both Bergslagen and Lapland rank among those of the highest grade in the world. For the manufacture of ordinary steel in quantity production they are being mixed with low-grade ores in Germany, England and France as well as in America, and as an export article of Sweden are second only to wood products.

The iron-ore trunk line which carries a tremendous amount of freight is one of the most interesting railways to be seen. It runs on open fjelds and through many tunnels. It is the northernmost trunk railway on earth as well as the first electrified one representing pure 'mass' transportation. It is a strange sight to watch the endless trains carrying *malm*—that is, ore—rushing down the fjelds under the midnight sun or under the northern lights of a wintry night.

With the exception of the *malm* line the railways are not of such importance as are those in America. Shipping by boat and floating rank first and second as methods of transportation. There is more weight floated than is shipped on the whole Swedish railway system, ore excepted.

THE economic use of floating instead of railways for the transportation of heavy goods has had its great influence upon the upbuilding of the country. Cities built at the mouths of rivers constitute the prominent ports, among which Gefle, Sundsvall, Hernösand and Umea are the greatest. Because of Norrland being the export center it has become a very good home market for Swedish agriculture and industry.

The horse still reigns supreme in agriculture and lumbering. In the cities and on the roads motor transportation has commenced, and on the highways there is good bus service. The roads are hard, though old-fashioned, hilly, winding and narrow, but work on their betterment has started here and there.

It was an extraordinary event in the history of air transportation when the first temporary industrial air line in the world was established to serve the erection of a water-power station in Lapland in 1919.

When the ice was weak no communication was possible. The only way to get quick service for passenger, mail and light freight was to make use of aircraft. As the climate above the Arctic Circle is terrific in winter, icy snowstorms make flying between the fields very dangerous. When after a year and a half the construction work was completed and the air line was serving its purpose, there had not occurred a single severe accident.

The school system is as excellent as it is in the West. In order to obtain specialized education one must go south, to Upsala and Stockholm.

Nowhere in Europe is the educational system so similar to that of America as in Norrland.

The country is really worth seeing and a trip can easily be combined with a tour to the Norwegian fjords close by.

Passengers *on a* Freight Basis

By HARRY PENCE

IT IS an old story but a good one. The little man, crowded by a fat man on a street car, declared with asperity, 'This company ought to charge by weight.' To this the fat man replied contemptuously, 'If it did the cars wouldn't stop for you.'

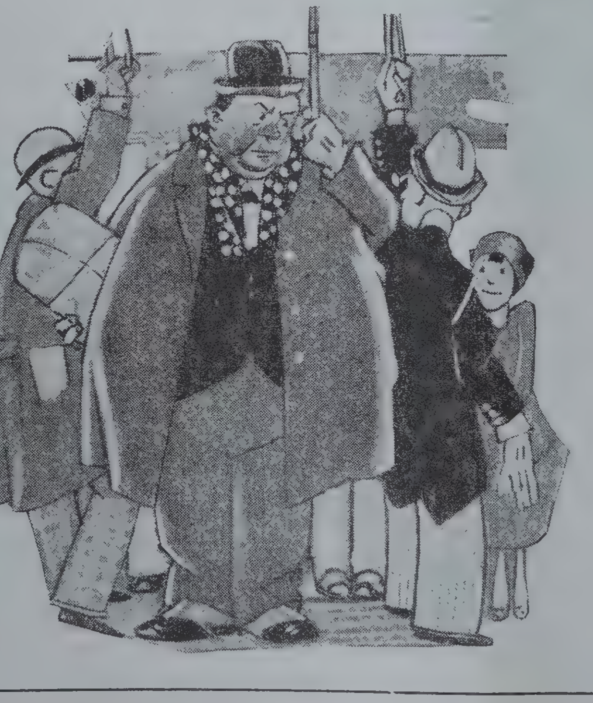
The author of the jest is not likely to have been a traffic rate reformer but he had a precedent and his joke suggests a basis for fixing even passenger rates when aviation becomes more general.

In 1917 the Cleveland Engineering Society issued a pretentious publication entitled *The Conquerors*, chronicling many notable victories of man over nature in the engineering world.

In his chapter on 'Transportation,' A. W. Johnston, of the New York Central Railroad, said:

'In 1820 a new stage route was established between Louisville and St. Louis, via Vincennes, Indiana, there being a break in the journey at Vincennes each way, and the time consumed indicated an average travel speed of 2¼ miles an hour.

'On this particular route the stagecoach company established a basis for carrying charges which caused a considerable fluctuation in the rates of fare paid by passengers. A traveler was arbitrarily considered to weigh 100 pounds, or as the stage rule put it, "One hundred pounds weight will constitute a passenger and be paid for accordingly, a greater or less weight in proportion." So if a passenger weighed 150 pounds he was rated as a passenger and a half and charged accordingly.'



China's George Washington

Sun Yat-Sen—An 'American Citizen'

By
WILLIAM
E.
BARTON

An informal photograph of Dr. Sun and his wife.

WHATEVER the future historian shall declare concerning Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, he was the leader that made China a republic, and of that republic he was the first president. He was the idol of young China, the glorified ideal of the student body in the universities, and the most hated of all to whom conservatism and the *status quo* are acknowledged deities.

Sun Yat-Sen was born in an obscure little village, and his life was largely associated with the city of Canton. Hongkong is not a Chinese city, and certainly Shanghai is not, but Canton is still China. One can see here the conditions of life in which he grew up. His father was a convert to the Christian faith, and a kind of colporteur. Sun himself early professed the Christian religion and was baptized by a Congregational missionary from America. Once at least, and perhaps oftener, Sun professed to be an American citizen.

He used the English language with precision and elegance. He had a keen and versatile mind and an excellent flow of speech. At the age of sixteen he entered the Canton Hospital, founded by American missionaries, and had his medical training under an American doctor.

Sun became a skilful surgeon. The Chinese doctor had to do his work in semipublic, and Sun was never seen to better advantage than when performing a major operation in the presence of the officials of a village. They were particularly interested in seeing him remove stones from the bladder, a rather common ailment in his section of China. They had to fan themselves to keep from fainting as he cut away, but when at length he held up the stone, he was greeted with a chorus of 'Ah's' that were as applause to an actor.

How he evolved from the physician into the politician, the reader of this article can learn from books. He died largely discredited, and he is remembered in Canton as having burned a considerable part of the city, that part still lying in ruins. There are men in plenty who do not love him, but I have not heard him charged with graft or lust for private gain. Sorrowful over the oppression of his people, he was the leading spirit in the revolution that overthrew the Manchu dynasty.

American teachers and missionaries, as I have talked with them, feel that Sun did not maintain the high level of his earlier principles. He came to believe that his honorable ends justified means which they think were wrong. They doubt whether he kept his faith and his religion. They think of him in his later years as vain, egotistical, almost fanatical in his faith that he was the one man who could save China. They tell of his bombast and his conceit. But they say that he kept himself clean from graft, and that he was loyal to China.

They criticize him severely, and I think justly, for his alliance with Russian bolshevism, and believe that his bringing Russia into the picture is a blunder which will yet work sorrow for China. And they think that he became bitterly unjust toward other foreign nations, including those to which he owed most, the United States and Great Britain.

Weakened as he was by disease, and defeated if not betrayed by his opponents and associates, he still was the strongest leader China has had in a century if not in a millennium. He was a man of boundless self-confidence, and he honestly believed, and may not have been far wrong in believing, that he alone was potent enough to have saved China. His face on the Chinese postage stamps was that of a resolute and heroic spirit. His personality was strong and winsome.

In a conversation with an American he once said: 'The British are calling for a strong man in China. America wants unity through strong leadership here. I am the strongest man in China. So long as I live there can be no unification that does not include me. You Americans profess to be our friends. Why do you not communicate with Washington demanding a policy for China? You Americans in China have no policy; you take it from the English, who want to crush China.'

It may be a decade and it may be a century before China is really a republic, but the tomb of Sun Yat-Sen will be a shrine for China's idealists, and his name will be imperishably written, not only on monuments, but in the slowly awakening spirit of his people.

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Those Strange But True Stories

(Continued from page 13)

Stories of bottles cast into the sea always intrigue the romantically inclined. Consider how little ingenuity would be required in the development of a readable romance from this true story of the journey of a young girl's message which roamed the seas for over forty years before the waves rolled it ashore:

'New York, May 15.—A dark green bottle, sealed with wax, was picked up at Rockaway Beach a month ago. Inside was a penciled note which indicated that an 18-year-old girl, with romance in her heart, had cast it into the sea at Kingstown, Ireland, on December 4, 1882, hoping "some nice boy finds and returns it to me." Today there came apparent proof that the bottle actually did ride the waves for more than forty-one years.

THE message found in the bottle follows: "This bottle is cast into the sea at Kingstown, in County Dublin, Ireland, on December 4, 1882, by Elizabeth Kinch, Pave Lane, Kingstown, age eighteen years. Hope some nice boy finds and returns it to me." Reading this message in newspaper accounts, Mrs. William Ryan, of this city, who comes from Kingstown, remembered that she once knew an Elizabeth Kinch. She wrote to "Elizabeth Kinch, Pave Lane, Kingstown." Mrs. E. Kinch Befine replied, saying she was the writer of the old note. Her letter resembles the 41-year-old note in general character of handwriting, according to persons who have seen both. It says in part: "I will relate the history of this letter as well as I can remember, first telling you I am no longer romantic, but a poor widow with only a small pension allowed me by the British Government. My husband died a few years ago of consumption contracted during the big war. He was on a ship and got gassed. As a young girl, myself and a companion were very fond of sailors, at that time very frequent in Kingstown harbor; we made up that both of us would write a letter and bottle it up and cast it out to sea." '

Samuel Feland, of Washington, D. C., has a letter which has accomplished a lot of sea voyaging and globe-trotting. According to the Washington *Star* the key to the story is given in this advertisement which appeared in its columns: 'If Samuel Feland, who was a corp. in 1st D. C. Vols., 1898, and who dropped letter corked in bottle overboard off Key West, will address A. A. Ruark, 1226 G st. s. e., he can secure the letter and learn of its remarkable voyage around the globe.'

The letter in question read as follows: 'Key west, July 6, 1898.—To whom it may concern: I am a volunteer in Company D, 1st Regiment, District of Columbia Volunteers, and will be glad if the one who picks this up will write to me at the following address. I am on the way to Cuba with the rest of my regiment; but if you write it will be saved for me. Corporal Samuel Feland, 117 11th st. n. w., Washington, D. C.'

Just before the outbreak of the Spanish-American War a British steamer, the *Restormel*, under Captain Merlin, sailed from Liverpool for Cuba. She was captured by the *St. Paul* as she tried to make Santiago, and was taken to Key West. Later the ship was freed and on the way back to England Captain Merlin picked up the bottle containing Feland's letter. For years he carried the letter with him, sailing in every sea. Finally while sailing from Japan to India in command of a Japanese steamer he happened to mention to a Washington man who was a passenger aboard the ship that he had recovered a letter dropped in the sea by a District of Columbia man. The Washingtonian offered to assume the responsibility of the return of the message. It was many months, however, before the letter was sent on its homeward trip. The traveler loitered in India for a time and then journeyed over the Himalayas into Tibet. Eventually reaching a port which afforded a foreign mail service he forwarded the travel-worn letter to a friend who lived in Washington. The latter turned it over to Ruark, who in turn located Feland and delivered the now yellowed letter.

Sniffing materialists balk at stories of miracles, and incidents which seem to the more credulous to be amazing deeds of supernatural forces are set down by them as results of the mere operation of natural forces in combination with mental science. This account of the almost incredible, near-miraculous cure worked by a bolt of lightning, which is vouched for by the Associated Press, calls for scientific analysis and explanation:

'Bakersfield, California, August 11.—Freakish and wholly local rain, thunder and lightning set a new record for unusual weather here today. More than eighteen inches of rain fell within forty-five minutes and the lightning and thunder were severe. The storm brought a measure of good luck to Noah W. Miers, sixty-seven, who has been suffering with paralysis in the left arm. While he was lying in his tent, lightning struck the tent, hitting a metal cooking utensil, and then struck Miers. A spot about six inches in diameter was burned under his left arm. A physician declared that the patient would recover, and Miers is chiefly pleased to find that he has regained the use of his left arm.'

EVEN floating bottle messages fail to bring the thrill that goes with the discovery of lost treasure. Whether it is the finding of a miser's sock full of coins in the walls of a house which is being dismantled by wreckers, the unearthing of a pirate's brass-bound treasure chest with its pieces of eight, or the salvage of a sunken galleon laden with bullion, a whale of a thrill goes with the tale. Those who know their Arabian Nights will appreciate this story of a Yankee Sindbad's good fortune:

'Greenwich, Connecticut, June 24.—An eel caught by Albert J. Kane, of Greenwich, at Field Point Park, Greenwich Harbor, has netted the fisherman more than five hundred dollars. Inside the elongated fish the fisherman found a platinum dinner ring containing seventeen diamonds and six sapphires. A Greenwich jeweler placed the value of the ring at $550 or more.'

Not so pleasant is the ending of the story of the Virginia tipler who had looked upon the corn liquor when it was white. How he sobered up to find himself the possessor of nearly a quarter of a million dollars is told in a dispatch to a Baltimore paper from a Washington correspondent:

'It is not often a drunken man awakes to find himself worth $225,000, but this was the experience of L. A. C____ of Richmond, Virginia. On Monday the Richmond office of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad sent a messenger to a train to mail a certified check to the treasurer of the company in New York. As the train was pulling out the messenger in his hurry handed the envelope to a man who he thought was a mail clerk. Later in the day a man walked into the North Capitol Savings Bank of this city, deposited the check, and was given a book of account. This morning the man awoke to find himself in Washington. Feeling in his pockets he found a bank book and a check book. He was startled to learn that he had $225,000 to his credit in the bank. Reading in the newspapers that a check for this amount had been missed in transit, C____, of the temporary fortune, went to police headquarters and gave himself up. He says he was so drunk he knew nothing of what had happened.'

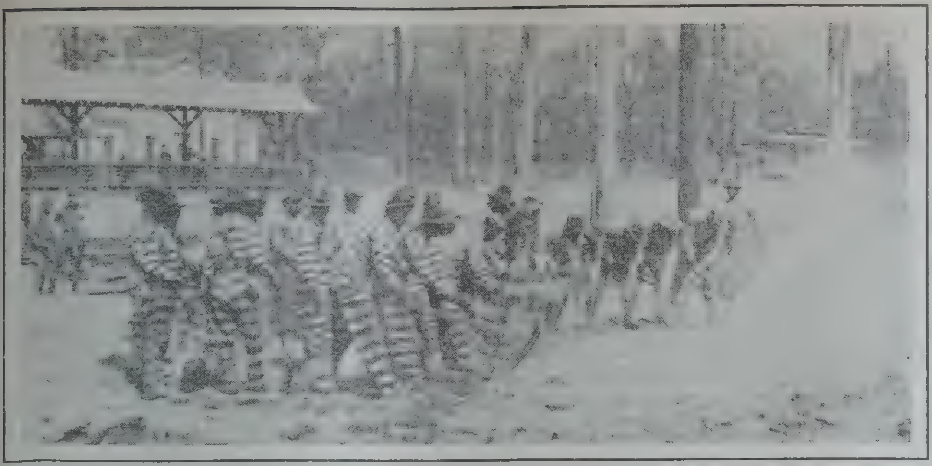
The story includes some seemingly queer banking methods but, after all, that only makes it the more interesting.

ALL fiction readers are familiar with the plot which deals with the burial of a body which is supposed to be the corpse of a man or a woman who is, in fact, very much alive and kicking. Here is a dispatch that carries a Louisville, Kentucky, date line, sent out by the Associated Press, which may prove to be grist to the mill of some short-story writer who is plot hungry:

'The fictional adventure of the man who stopped a funeral to view what proved to be his own corpse was rivaled in real life when W. Edwin Russell of Louisville went to Indianapolis yesterday to view the body of "Edgar Russell" of St. Louis. The resemblance between the dead man,who had been identified as the Louisville man, was so startling for a moment that the latter was almost persuaded he had died without knowing it. W. Edwin Russell, an antique dealer, notified of his "death" by the police at the instance of the Indianapolis police, who had been advised of the "identity" of the body by an acquaintance of the Louisville man, was so puzzled that he decided to view the body. He believed that he would find only a superficial resemblance, but found the man who had committed suicide November 7 under the name of Edgar Russell almost his exact counterpart, even to a shortened left leg.'

As we glance over the papers, stories of heroism seem to be so plentiful that we are constrained to believe that self-sacrificing bravery is a common human trait. Were all the heroic rescues which are recorded in the daily papers properly rewarded an establishment would be required for the minting of Congressional and Carnegie medals.

The best stories seem to have been set down by the hand of Truth. 'The world's a theatre, the earth a stage, Which God and Nature do with actors fill.'



—Press Illustrating Service.

Prisoners Like to WORK

Have No Use for Coddling

By F. H. SHERMAN

SHOULD inmates of state prisons be assigned to road construction, or be tucked away within the walls of these institutions? This is a question of national importance which Julian H. Alco, member of the California state board of prison directors, believes has been solved by the establishment of prison road camps. At the present time, there are 3,100 inmates of penal institutions going through a daily routine of labor, recreation, study and 'lockup.'

San Quentin prison is today so crowded that cells built to accommodate one prisoner must house two and three. Two ways of remedying the existing congestion are possible. One is to expend approximately six million dollars to construct a new prison. The other is to place more men at the present road camps maintained by the state.

Julian H. Alco of San Francisco is a man who has spent many years in prison work.

Mr. Alco has studied the prison problem carefully from all angles, sparing no expense in his investigations and asking financial aid of no one. He has spent weeks at a time in prison convict camps, living with the convicts, eating with them and working side by side with them on the grade.

He has for years helped paroled or discharged men to rehabilitate themselves, furnishing them clothing and necessary assistance, using the keen judgment in this work which results from years of experience.

As a result of his efforts he succeeded in passing, in the 1923 legislature, a bill known as Assembly Bill No. 1366, which has proved of great benefit in the solution of the prison situation.

Governor Richardson appointed Mr. Alco a member of the board of prison directors on account of his experience and training. This gave Mr. Alco an opportunity to further the road camp plan, carrying out, as it did, the spirit of the work from both the official and the prisoner's point of view.

Under the plan in vogue before this bill was passed, when a man was discharged from prison he received $5; if he was paroled, he had to have a position. But in either case, the $5 was far from adequate to tide him over to the first pay day or to help him secure a position and pay his living expenses. Ex-prisoners also found it difficult to resume the trades or occupations which they had followed before their incarceration, especially in the cases of professional men or bookkeepers; and even laboring men found that they were not physically fit to take a pick-and-shovel job.

The plan of having prisoners work on the roads in California has been in operation for a number of years, but the men for long received no compensation. Under the new law the prisoner may receive a gross wage not to exceed $2.50 a day from the California highway commission. From this amount all his overhead expenses are deducted, which include transportation from prison to road camp, depreciation, food, clothing, tobacco, days off on account of sickness, and so on. By strict economy and coöperation (the talent for which is lacking in the mentality of the average man in prison) he may earn an amount not to exceed 75 cents a day net. In other words, ten days at the road camp will bring him earnings which he could not accumulate in ten years of prison life.

This plan also permits the prisoner to reduce his time in prison, because every two days at the road camp counts for three days in prison. In other words, his time is cut down one-third by the road camp experience.

If a prisoner wishes to be economical, to mend and darn his clothing; likewise to take care of his shoes, he can easily save a good proportion of his wage and in that way demonstrate that he is rehabilitating himself to the satisfaction of his employer and of the prison officials. He is also able to anticipate his release and safeguard his freedom by accumulating sufficient funds to tide him over the rehabilitation period. He is fitting himself for a trade, both physically and mentally, through which he can secure a position when he is released.

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AMERICAN SCHOOL
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THOUSANDS *of* ALIENS in the United States cannot be naturalized or deported. In next week's issue JAMES J. DAVIS, *Secretary of Labor,* writes of this curious situation—

'*The* Men Without a Country'

a library. Prisoners are charged the lowest possible prices which the large purchasing power of the California highway commission makes possible, and are equipped with the best winter and summer clothing. When a man finishes his work with the highway commission, this clothing belongs to him or, if he is returning to some position where he will not use the clothing and bedding, he may turn them in to the highway commission and receive credit.

In instances where the families of prisoners are enjoying state aid, it is obligatory that the prisoner send two-thirds of his earnings to his family. Where a relative is not eligible for state aid, the prisoner, at his option, may send two-thirds of his earnings to this relative. In this way he establishes in the minds of relatives and friends the proof that he wants to do right.

Prisoners do not serve their entire sentences at the road camp but as a rule only the last year.

These camps are honor camps in every sense of the word. The prisoners do not wear prison uniforms, guards do not carry guns, the greatest insurance against escape and bad conduct being the fact that the men want to make good. The bill provides for a reward of $200 for an escaped convict, and this amount is charged to all the other prisoners in the camp from which the escape was made.

EACH camp has a small band and, where possible, a baseball team or other athletic combination. The relationship between the highway commission and the prisoner is that between employer and employe.

On the basis of 1,500 men, over $1,500 a day should be saved, because, as it costs the state about one dollar a day to maintain a man in prison and as every two days in the road camp counts for three days in prison, the state is saving $1.50 a day by keeping the man on the road.

Mr. Alco states that he has found that prisoners have no respect for reformers and organizations which pet, coddle or offer them charity, and it is his conviction that it would be better for communities to develop more moral courage by squarely facing the prison situation, putting these men to work, letting them become self-supporting and giving them a chance to prove their many resolutions to make good before they are released from prison, rather than to follow the easier channel of misdirected charity.

In coöperation with Mr. Alco, the success of this work is due to Ben Milliken, state superintendent of prison road camps.

While Mr. Milliken is employed by the highway commission, he represents the prisoners who are working at the road camps when their cases come before the board of prison directors.

Mr. Milliken states that the chief difficulty encountered in various states that have used prison labor on highways has been the dual control by highway commission and by prison officials. The first thing accomplished was the elimination of this dual authority.

The State of California favors additional camps. These camps are receiving the support of citizens as well as of prison and state officials because society at large is benefited, the prisoner's dependents are better cared for and, finally, the man himself is better fitted to take his place again among his fellow citizens.

On Loving a Little House

(Continued from page 3)

be nice to have bees, and bees we have (although not as yet, I must confess, much honey).

Then as to colour. I knew that because this is a dark and stormy country we must have bright colours, but the danger was lest, overinfluenced by the spirit of these times which demands the most startling contrasts, I should be forced into a gaudiness that in the passing of a few months would be shabby indeed. Here the house gently accompanied me to London, was with me when I bought my rugs and curtains, insinuated a preference here and without ostentation or conceit helped me to hold my hand.

There has been too the dreadful tyranny of books. Everyone who loves books knows how they will come flooding a place do what you may to prevent them. Books in any numbers were a new problem for my house to face—the passion of the ladies who were the former owners had been for music; but the house marvellously adapted itself to its problem. It is forever pointing out to me new corners where books may go, suggesting to me too books that may be removed as unworthy of their company—and off they fly to the local library in the town. If the house dislikes a book it simply removes it and I must honestly say that never yet has a book vanished without just and sufficient reason.

So also with the pictures. I have a mixed lot ranging from a collection of designs made for the Moscow Art Theatre, exotic and foreign and bizarre, to the water colours of Clausen and Muirhead Bone and Charles Holmes, the most English of country scenes, running streams and fields deep in grass and purple hills capped in mist. The house placed the Russian pictures in the passage below the stairs where they can be seen rather dimly, the brilliant colours fading into a general pattern; and if a picture that deserves light is hung obscurely the house always makes me feel this so that I pass it a hundred times with a sense of something wrong and on the hundred and first realise my mistake and bring it out into the light.

But the greatest gift that this house has given me is a sense of home. A bachelor who is forever travelling needs a home far more urgently than a married man who is forever staying in the same place. He is so pitifully independent that unless he has some centre towards which he may longingly look from the outer edge of his grim restless circle he is lost indeed. There are times when I am away from home when it seems to me that I am unhappy not to be living in such and such a place.

FROM snow-glittering Alpine heights I look down on my little hills and wonder whether they are not too small to be borne, or when I am on a fine rugged seacoast and watch great breakers plunging through the salty air I fancy that my little garden with its tiny flowers and murmuring bees will seem tame indeed. And I will not deny that I have returned from some of my journeys with trepidation. What about the primroses and violet clumps? What about the two silver birches and the collection of poets in the library and the purple rug in the dining room and the Lovat Fraser drawings in the sitting room and my first *Endymion* and my Thackeray manuscript and the two dogs Peter and Gunner, the cat Jeremy and the little wood that hangs over the spare bedroom window?

After the grand sights that I have seen, the wild and torrential rivers, the tremendous mountains and the boundless lakes, shall I be able to prevent that shabby discontent and hide even from myself the scorn for my little acre?

It is here that the house is most glorious. On my return from a journey it comes to meet me with no ostentation, with no eager cheapening of its appeal. It has its pride, its assurance of its own personality. As I walk up the steps to the garden gate and hear again the rough ripple of the stream above the house, the whisper of the trees in the little wood, and see the fire shining beyond the window, glance through the door into the library to find the books waiting rank upon rank, the picture of Walter Scott over the fireplace, the old model of the Dutch barque in its faded golden-red beside the window, and then beyond the wall catch the bleating of the sheep as they move upwards across the hill, I know that I have come home to a house that is friendly and constant and alive as only a few human beings in this world can ever be.

A Bookworm Turns

(Continued from page 15)

vail throughout the Continent, with the result that the average author there reaches—at least during the early life of the book—a much larger public than here. No doubt both author and publisher profit from the process, though earnings by the volume may be less than in this country. It means that people in Europe can and do buy books with the freedom that we buy magazines.

The manufacturing cost of the average novel selling for two to two and a half dollars in this country is about fifty cents—twenty cents each for typesetting and making of plates and thirty cents for printing and binding. The last could be reduced one-half by the use of cheaper paper and cheaper binding.

The author receives a royalty averaging thirty cents a volume. With six times as many sales he would make just as much at five cents a volume. Advertising cost averages ten cents a volume. Yet Haldeman-Julius is a big advertiser and sells his 'Blue Book' for five cents a volume. Overhead and selling costs average thirty-five cents a volume.

In standard book publishing the small operator seems still to be the rule. Of the listed books put out in 1926, nearly seven thousand were published by 173 houses. Only sixty-one put out more than twenty-five titles, only thirty-one put out over fifty titles, and only one—an international house—listed more than five hundred titles during the year.

Thus the standard houses kept on the road nearly five hundred traveling salesmen selling a product that, of all things, should sell itself.

The situation awaits someone who will apply mass production and selling methods to new books.

The World's Women Pioneers

(*Continued from page 7*)

which he could always count upon her staunch support and understanding; therefore he nicknamed her 'The Duchess,' as the captain of their domestic ship.

She earned her place at his side, in business as in the White House, for she put tireless work into his newspaper and into his public service.

Her hardest task while First Lady was to be just a listener, keeping herself from expressing clear-cut opinions of the matters she so thoroughly understood. Big national issues had a way of slipping into her conversation more readily than the regulation small talk so typical of social gatherings.

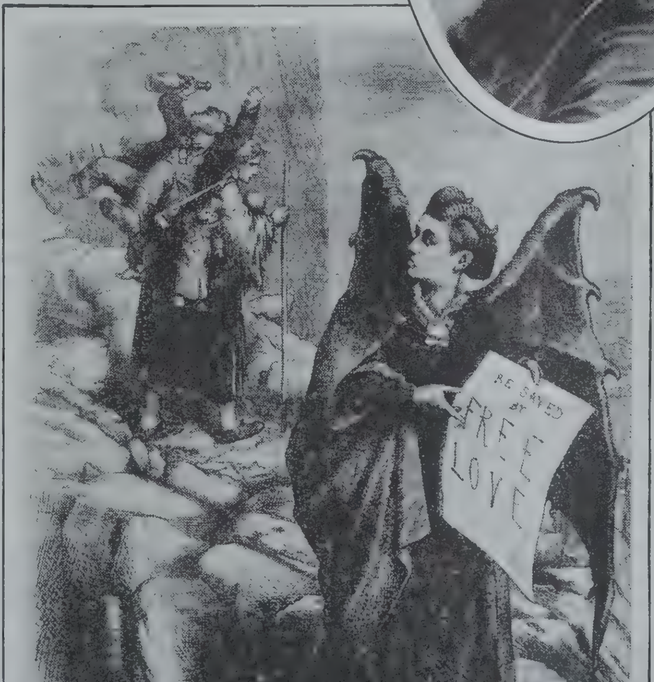
While the White House has been the dream and serious ambition of many women besides Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, their hopes, like hers, were centered in their husbands being elected Chief Executive, but there have been two women to whom alone belongs the honor of having each been nominated for the Presidency of the United States.

Brave and bold were the members of the Equal Rights Party in 1872, when they launched the candidacy of Victoria Claflin Woodhull for the highest office in the land. This, at a time when the suffrage movement, though growing, could not command a sufficient following to be taken as a serious factor in our political life, or to be regarded with more than scant tolerance, for women had not yet even found their way into recognition as officials or competitors in business or public life. Although the only result was the establishment of a precedent and that Mrs. Woodhull has a place in the Hall of Fame as the first woman in the United States to be named for this high honor, the Equal Rights Party were far from discouraged, for again in 1884 and still again in 1888 they nominated the well-known educator and astute lawyer, Belva Ann Bennett Lockwood, of New York State, to carry their standards into the White House.

When Mrs. Woodhull grasped the hopelessness of her ambition she turned her attention to literary and philanthropic and reform channels. She made a brilliant and forceful address before Congress on the suffrage question, and apparently lost her taste for political issues, for she became a noted lecturer, taking up her residence in England where she resided with her daughter and made a notable career for herself as editor of the *Humanitarian Magazine*, in which work she was engaged until her death at the age of eighty-nine.

Mrs. Woodhull Martin, in addition to being a noted lecturer on the scientific betterment of the human race and a lecturer on suffrage, has also written extensively. She is the editor of a large number of books of highly intellectual type.

Victoria Woodhull.
—*Keystone View.*



—*Cartoon by Nast in* Harper's, *1871.*

Wife with heavy burden to Victoria Woodhull: 'I'd rather travel the hardest path of matrimony than follow your footsteps.'

While Mrs. Belva Ann Lockwood was second in the presidential race, she was the first woman lawyer admitted to practice before the Supreme Court. For this privilege, she had to get a bill through Congress permitting women to practise law, and then worked tirelessly for three years to create a favorable sentiment before the barrier was lifted. When she finished her efforts, every court in the land was open to her and never again was a woman lawyer's application refused because of her sex, or, as in Mrs. Lockwood's case, because she was a married woman.

Few women have crowded more worthwhile service to humanity in a lifetime of effort than Belva Lockwood spread over her active eighty-seven years. Born in Royalton, New York, in 1830, with only limited chances for education, her desire for it became her ruling passion, and while other girls of her age were still absorbed in dolls and childish games, she was teaching the district school in summer and going to the academy in the winter.

Romance tripped her at eighteen, when she became the bride of Uriah McNeil, a young farmer of the community. Twenty-three found her a widow, with a baby daughter, and when ambition pushed grief aside, she went to the Genesee College, from which came a degree to crown four years of hard work.

Next came the principalship in Lockport, then the McNeil Seminary reared its head in Oswego, New York, but soon larger fields beckoned and with the lifting of the war clouds, she went to Washington in 1865, to teach and to study law. Another wedding in 1868 interfered with the progress of this career and it was not until the death of her second husband, Dr. Ezekiel Lockwood, U. S. Army chaplain, nine years later, that she again turned to study for distraction.

Degrees from Syracuse and from the National University Law School in the Capitol City gave her the assurance to make the long and spirited fight for admission to practise before the various courts of the land.

Mrs. Lockwood worked tirelessly for equal rights for men and women and drafted and secured the passage of a bill giving to women in governmental service equal pay with men for equal work.

Through her work for world peace, she acquired her greatest fame. For thirty-six years she was a member of the Universal Peace Union, attending the International Peace Bureau at Bern for more than a quarter of a century, and taking a leading part in every large gathering in this cause, beginning with the first Peace Congress in 1885. Mrs. Lockwood compiled the Peace Treaties of the United States and secured the introduction of the first bill in Congress for an international arbitration court.

Following the Peace Congress in London in 1890, though sixty years of age, she remained abroad long enough to take a course of lectures at Oxford. Age and infirmity were always discounted by her, for at the age of eighty-two she started off to Europe to carry a peace message to the women of the world and in 1916, just a year before her death, she gave an address on the reëlection of Woodrow Wilson, giving seven reasons for his choice. This was later used as campaign literature.

One might travel far and seek long for a more interesting character than that of Dr. Mary Edwards Walker, who put herself in the pioneer class on four first counts.

Dr. Walker was the first woman to receive a Medal of Honor from Congress. She was the first woman commissioned as an assistant army surgeon. She was the first woman to adopt men's clothes for her permanent dress and then legalize it by obtaining an act of Congress to authorize her use of it. She was the first woman prisoner of war to be exchanged for a man of her own rank. All of this grew out of her resentment at having been born a girl and her lifelong rebellion over the limitations hedging the feminine sex.

From earliest childhood, Mary Edwards Walker displayed an unusual independence of thought, spurning amusements, frivolities and vocations ordinarily chosen by girls and expressing her undying protest at her sex, by preparing herself to follow a man's work in life.

BORN in Oswego, New York, in 1832, the daughter of Alvah and Vesta Whitcomb Walker, who erected the first free school in that section upon their own estate, Mary had unusual opportunities for a girl of her day. Of Plymouth ancestry, and related to J. Whitcomb Riley and Robert Ingersoll, she thrived in a cultural and intellectual atmosphere that carried her direct from the school where her mother and older sisters taught so long, into the Syracuse Medical College, from which she was graduated in 1855 as a physician, establishing her practice in Ohio.

Always annoyed with the exactions of fashions which she would not follow and as expressed in the fashionable hoop skirts, high heels, false hair and rouge, Dr. Mary at the opening of her professional career devised and wore what she called the American reform costume. But even this in its ugly austerity was not severe enough for her ascetic tastes.

With the outbreak of the Civil War, she put behind her forever all traces of womanish weaknesses and volunteered for service in her professional capacity and was at once commissioned a first lieutenant and assistant army surgeon. In this rôle, male attire facilitated her work on the battlefield and in the hospitals where she served with a rare quality of valor and efficiency. Her self-sacrificing service and unfaltering courage completely submerged the woman in the proficient surgeon and officer, for no risk or danger ever deterred her from going to the aid of the wounded. Her bravery under fire, so often repeated, brought her the Medal of Honor from Congress and the grateful appreciation of the President.

Such experiences naturally precluded her return to her natural sphere of activity and with the close of her war service, she resolved never again to don women's garments. After she obtained the sanction of Congress upon her use of men's clothes, she wore them to the end of her life, despite the rudeness and discourtesy that never failed to be visited upon her in public when she was recognized. She despised tobacco and upon one occasion snatched a cigar from the mouth of a man in the elevator at the Capitol, angrily demanding:

'Have you no more respect than to smoke in the presence of a lady?'

The man looked about the elevator rather deliberately. There were but three men and the doctor in the cage. He then pointedly answered, 'If you want the respect due a lady, you should dress like one and maybe you'll get it then!'

The 'little doctor' got a great deal of fun out of life and people and her sense of humor carried her through many ordeals. Frequently she laid herself open to embarrassing explanations by strolling into places exclusively reserved for women, and her tendency to forget that her clothes placed her apart from women caused the common charge that she assumed all of the privileges of a woman, while demanding the rights of a man.

An ardent student, traveler and tireless worker in the cause of suffrage, her activities were early curtailed by injuries resulting from a fall and from failing eyesight due to war-time injuries. After her retirement to her estate she founded a hospital for consumptives and with it a school of prevention along plans originated by herself.

Dr. Walker wore her Medal of Honor with unabating pride until her death in 1919 and clung determinedly to her conventional frock coat, trousers and high silk hat to the end.

As so many of the notable women now famous in history battled for equal suffrage, more than usual interest must center around the first American suffragist, the first woman to demand the right to vote and to have a voice in legislation, and to make an appeal to the assembly to grant it. This was Mistress Margaret Brent of Maryland, than whom there was no more brilliant, progressive and interesting character in the whole galaxy of women of achievement. Far in advance of her day, Mistress Brent demanded the vote on the most logical grounds, more than two hundred and fifty years before it came to women.

In 1647, Governor Calvert died suddenly, and when stricken assembled Margaret Brent and Thomas Green and a number of others about his bed, and looking at her announced so that all present might hear, 'I make you my sole executrix! Take all, pay all!'

He then appointed his successor, Thomas Green, and ten days after his death letters of administration were granted to Margaret and she set to work at once to carry out the provisions of the shortest will on record.

Mistress Brent did not remain in Maryland to end her days, where there was so much need of her wisdom and courage and where she found herself continually hampered by her political limitations. She took up her residence in Virginia and spent her last years in the Old Dominion.

JUST about the time Calvert set forth for Maryland, the good ship *Griffen* made the Port of Boston in 1634 with her band of Puritan settlers from Europe. In their midst was a Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, forty-three years old, from England, seeking religious freedom in the New World. Although she came to find a new home and liberty, she remained to create disruption and to pay the extreme penalty for her beliefs.

Mrs. Hutchinson was of intellectual parentage, a relative of Dryden, and of Jonathan Swift and reared in a cultural atmosphere where she absorbed more learning than was considered necessary or seemly for the girls of her time. Attractive and youthful-looking far below her age, a loving wife, tender mother and devoted friend, her charm of manner and unselfish ways won her many friends who later became converts to her theories.

No intention of preaching was in her mind when she embarked for America, but on shipboard she became involved in lively discussions upon religious matters with the Reverend Zachariah Symmes, and at times her familiarity with the Scriptures, her clear-cut logic and forceful argument worsted him, with the result that he conceived a bitter animosity toward this gentle, lovable woman, and upon landing almost at once denounced her as a 'prophetess,' a term of grave danger in a time when all Boston was at loggerheads over the religious despotism then prevailing.

Fired with her own earnestness and her faith in her own interpretation of Scripture, Mrs. Hutchinson disregarded the danger signal and gathered about her a large following to whom she expounded her doctrines. She contended that the Gospel of Christ superseded the law of Moses. Her eloquence, with her ready ministry to all in need, soon attracted to her house a large part of the city's meager population, and naturally the clergy were all up in arms.

SOON she and her followers were wrangling with the same ministerial group over the confusing doctrines embraced in the Antinomian Controversy. Business was neglected and all other matters made subservient to the religious fervor which beset the people.

For any person to differ in thought was bad enough, but openly to flout and dispute with the wise and godly men of the church was regarded as actual treason, and when a mere woman took such a stand, measures to suppress or eliminate her were regarded as imperative.

A trial before a court of magistrates in Cambridge, in November, 1637, was called as the result of her teaching doctrines contrary to those laid down for the spiritual guidance of the colony in which she elected to live, and she was ordered to appear.

The record of this trial has been called the most shameful of any record in the annals of Protestantism.

Without the support of a friendly face, Anne Hutchinson was required to stand all day in the cold bleakness of a winter storm, in a windy, chilly room without either food or drink or the privilege of sitting down, even after she had fallen to the floor from weakness. Question after question was hurled at her by the half-dozen wiseacres of the law and church, who were already convinced of her guilt of heresy. Though she answered clearly, quoting passage after passage of the Bible to prove that she had done no wrong, a decree of guilty was passed and she was excommunicated from the Boston church and ordered banished from the State of Massachusetts, to take effect on the last day of March.

When Anne inquired of Elders Winthrop and Endicott, 'Wherefore am I banished?' Winthrop curtly replied: 'SAY NO MORE! The court knows wherefore and is satisfied.'

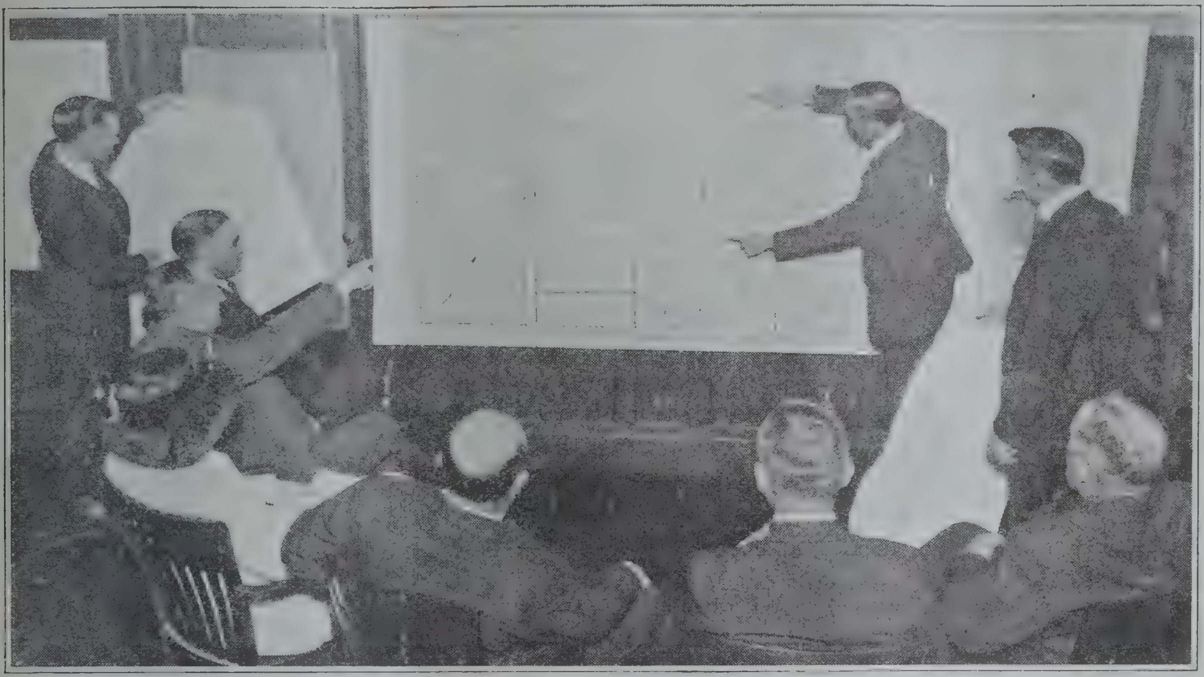
So greatly did the elders of the colony fear this woman's power over her followers that the court issued the following order:

'All whose names are underwritten, shall upon warning give all such guns, swords, pistols, pewter shots and matches over to our custody upon penalty of ten pounds.'

March found Mrs. Hutchinson and a substantial group of her adherents establishing a colony in the Rhode Island forest, but again she was driven forth by these very heads of the church who feared she would found a new sect.

Then she sought refuge among the Dutch of New Netherlands, where religious beliefs were not so closely scrutinized.

Every Man *His Own* Assessor



Owner's committee preparing to appraise local property under plan of self-assessment.

An Effort *to* Establish Equitable Taxation

By

JOHN SLOAN

IN AN effort to establish a uniform, proportionate system of tax assessment which shall be just to the property-owner and at the same time furnish the necessary basis for the collection of funds for the operation of city and county governments, particularly the former, a number of municipalities in the United States have inaugurated the method of allowing the property-owners to assess their own property, both real estate and improvements. This kind of assessment is based on 100-per-cent valuation and is subject to approval by a property-owners' committee and to revision by the tax assessor. It has been in operation for as long as seven years in some cities, notably Los Angeles, California, and none of the dozen or more cities—scattered well across the continent—have abandoned it once they undertook to establish values in this way.

The advantages are many, the method of operation simple and, once set up satisfactorily to owners and assessors, the values so determined become basic, furnishing, with due allowance for movement of centers of population and of trade, a definite and continuous foundation for all future assessments in the community. By the concurrent maintenance of 100-per-cent valuation, favoritism in valuation is done away with and at the same time the tax rate is reduced. Due to these two results, the distribution of taxation is more nearly just, the levy upon each property-owner closer to the amount he should pay, and, as a rule, the actual sum paid is less than in the system whereby one man, the tax assessor, fixes the various valuations. Back of these factors lies the possibly greater result of closer watch on municipal budgets, and appropriations, by all the property-owners of the city or county. Since he fixes the amount he is to pay toward the annual total of the cost of operation of government in his city or county, the property-owner becomes more watchful of the amount that government is to expend. Without exception, this result has followed the adoption of the new valuation and assessment plan in every city that has taken it up. The plan has worked out best in cities which have city managers, and which are operated on a business basis, probably because one man, the city manager, is more amenable to the advice and suggestions of the property-owners, either in groups or as individuals, than is a council, a board of aldermen, a board of supervisors, or similar governing organization.

The majority of the cities and counties undertaking this method first incorporate in their charters, either by drawing up and adopting a new charter or by amending the old, the provision that, in preparation for the first tax assessment after the charter or the amendment becomes effective, a scientific revaluation of real estate and improvement values shall be made under the direction of a man familiar with this sort of work, who is not a resident of the city or the county making the change. This provision that an outsider must be brought in to direct the property-owners in their first self-assessment has been found to be of the utmost importance. It eliminates all influences—political, personal and financial—from the leadership of the movement. City managers in all the California cities which have adopted the method consider that this prohibition of local 'experts' results in unbiased valuations of property, and that it has a large part to do with the just placing of the main burden of taxation where it belongs.

The next step is the appointment of a property-owners' committee, consisting of a considerable number of property-owners from widely scattered sections of the city or the county, as the case may be. An effort is made to get on this committee equable representation from all classes of business, all the professions, retired as well as active men and women, and particularly from the home-owners, who in many cities, under the previous plan of valuation and assessment, bore an unjustly heavy share of the cost of government. Two or three valuation engineers are then employed, together with the necessary field men, clerks, and similar assistants, and the city is thoroughly surveyed as to values. The foundation stone on which the system stands or falls is, of course, the appraisal of value, not only of each piece of real estate and its improvements standing alone, but of that piece of property compared with every other piece of property in the community.

THIS appraisal is based on a system of computation in which mathematics, inflexible and accurate, take the place of the personal estimate and the human factor involved in the work of the average assessor. Since any system of computation must have a standardized unit as a basis for all the mathematical operations carried out under it, the first and most important work of the men who are valuing their own property must be the establishment of such a standard. This standard bears to the general assessment valuation of the community the same relation that such units as the pint, pound, inch and acre bear to the sum total of the commercial and industrial transactions of everyday life in America. This standardized unit of quantity in land values—since improvements can be appraised with ease from their construction costs, qualified by depreciation—must be recognized by the entire community as the expression of the judgment of the community as to land values, so that that judgment may be uniform throughout any taxing district.

These cities have adopted a standard unit foot for the measuring of land values. This is one foot of frontage, 100 feet deep, located in the middle of the block being appraised, where its only value is due to single-street accessibility, and the opportunity of reaching the life and trade of the community at that one point of contact. The 100-foot depth represents 100 per cent of lot value. Lots deeper than 100 feet are increased by a slight percentage above the 100 per cent, while lots shorter than 100 feet are computed by the use of some percentage less than 100 per cent. The parts of a lot nearer the street front are relatively more valuable than similar areas remote from the street frontage. This law of the relative effect of depth on the value of city lots is expressed in a depth-percentage table, as follows:

Depth	*Percentage*	*Depth*	*Percentage*
10	25	25	47.90
15	33.22	30	54.
20	41	35	59.20

With this standard of quantity recognized the problem then becomes one of following a method of analysis of the factors that create and maintain land values in cities, and, when the work is being done there, in counties as well, the centrally located acre being taken as the unit of value in the appraisal of land outside the city limits.

THESE factors involve traffic on foot passing a given point, and the hours at which it passes, the purpose that brings it past, and the quality of the individuals constituting that traffic. Transportation facilities, street cars, width of street for automobile traffic, parking opportunities and regulations, transfer points, physical characteristics of the land itself, accessibility, and the important factors of light and shade on the sides of the street—all enter into this discussion.

The property-owners' committee, taking the above table of depth percentages for its city, converts it into a table of lot values for fifty-foot lots of varying depths, and expresses its ideas of unit foot values accordingly. To obtain the value of any lot, of inside frontage and away from corners, on any of the streets in any city adopting this method, the unit foot value is multiplied by the percentage for the depth of the particular lot, as shown in the table, and this result is multiplied by the frontage of the lot in feet. The product will be the appraised value of the lot. Suppose, for example, that we have a lot 50 by 138 feet, whose unit foot value is appraised at 80 dollars. In the depth percentage table, the 138-foot depth calls for 113 per cent of the unit value, which becomes a front-foot value of $90.40. This, multiplied by the frontage, gives a lot value of $4,520.

Once the appraisal is approved by the people who own the land, and the buildings and other improvements thereon, the appraisal sheets—which, it should be remembered, carry 100-per-cent valuations on everything—go to the city council, city manager, and city assessor. The expense of the municipality for the coming year or two years, as the case may be, are then estimated, and the percentage of taxation necessary to meet this budget fixed.

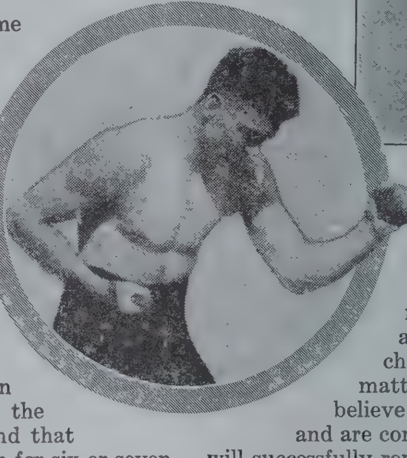
Holding the Crest

(Continued from page 6)

play tennis with a crippled hand since he would be unable to grip the racquet: it would slip. But, in 1923, Tilden was better than ever before.

'After leaving the hospital in midwinter and after recovering from the amputation, I started to practise,' said Tilden. 'My racquet did slip after a few exchanges. So I forced greater power and sharper angles into my shots in order to draw my opponent out of position more quickly and to shorten the rallies.'

'Ty' Cobb when he was manager as well as player.



Jack Dempsey when he still held his title. —U. & U. Photo.

Tilden remained supreme in tennis through three years after losing the full use of his right hand.

Through nearly two decades Ty Cobb was the leading player in baseball. While others loafed through the winter months between the close of one season and the start of another, Cobb kept in shape by long hikes and careful diet. Until he was elevated to a managerial position Cobb never reported in the spring for the training grind that ball players are put through for six or seven weeks before the season opens. Cobb always reported two or three days before the season opened. This angered some of his team mates who would complain to the manager of the team, Hughie Jennings. The manager always answered them: 'If you fellows could be depended on to show up in the condition Cobb is in you also wouldn't have to report. We wouldn't need any spring training if you all did what he does.'

Guarding his title against the field of challengers is not all that a champion has to contend with; a greater danger lies in the admirers who flock to the side of a title holder. This hero worship has helped take the crowns from many kings of sport. Most of the worship is not sincere, either, but selfish. Many people want to bask in the reflected glory of the champions for what personal advantage they can get out of it.

James J. Jeffries understood all this and he shrank from the crowds. He said: 'The day they count me out, not one of them would say "Hello" to me if he met me on the street. They won't know me no more.' Robert Fitzsimmons did not shrink from the crowds. The freckled blacksmith basked in the adoration of the multitude. But on the night that he lost to Jeffries on Coney Island, Fitzsimmons left the ring, walked out of the building and home—all alone. Not a soul paid any attention to him from the moment he lost his title.

Dempsey was unpopular as champion. The main reason was that he was never a 'mixer.' Dempsey carried the same viewpoint as Jeffries. He realized that they wanted to know him only so long as he held the limelight. 'They didn't flock around me before I won the title,' said Dempsey; 'why should they crowd around now?'

All champions do not show this aversion to hero worship. Most of them keenly relish it. As soon as a man wins a title in any sport the gates are opened for him and he is invited to the high and broad roads. They lead to athletic ruin. But few champions ever see the matter in that light. They believe themselves invincible and are convinced that their ability will successfully repulse any challenge. You may say that such a frame of mind is dangerous; but it is also necessary. If a man does not believe he is absolutely superior to his opponent he rarely is. He has to develop that frame of mind in order to conquer. But that same frame of mind often wrecks the career of a champion. He becomes overconfident. He takes too many chances.

The late Harry Greb, the most scientific big man the ring has known for decades, always said that he trained on wine and song, and that he needed nothing further. As long as he made the weight limit he was worried by nothing. Where other boxers trained religiously before a big match, Greb would carouse. He believed himself superhuman, too swift and too clever for any opponent. And then, one night, a Negro parson from down in Georgia, known to the ring as Tiger Flowers—and he had been knocked out eight times—stopped Greb and took the middleweight championship from him.

It was Battling Nelson, the 'Durable Dane,' who told the world, 'I ain't human'; and his successor to the title, Ad Wolgast, said the same thing. But not many years later both were physical wrecks. Wolgast and other opponents battered Nelson while opponents and nature settled Wolgast.

Track and field athletes and champions in every line have fallen suddenly and unexpectedly. There would be no plausible explanation in print for the sudden collapse, but those on the inside would tell how the 'white lights got him.' They could not resist the temptations that come to champions.

'They don't come back,' is an old say-so, but it is based chiefly on the supposition that a man who falls has been burned out by competition and the gay life. He has nothing left in the way of physical and mental resources to bring him back. Holding the crest is truly a much more difficult task than reaching it.

New Glimpses *of* Old Hamath

A Drowsy Syrian City *on the* Orontes River

By MARGARET REID

OLD as the hills' and quaintly beautiful is the drowsy city of Hamath on the Orontes River in northern Syria.

In a number of places Sacred History establishes this antiquated town as the northern boundary of the Israelitish Kingdom: From Mount Hor ye shall point out your borders unto the entrance of Hamath, was the command given to Moses.

No doubt Abraham wandered over this route with his patriarchal flocks and servants, and tarried in the friendly open space that now stretches before Hamath like a grassy front yard.

To the modern traveler viewing this ancient glory from the citadel on the hills, very little imagination is required to people those pastures with some weary tribe of Israel. Almost can one see the thirsty flocks crowding around the wayside wells eagerly awaiting the refreshing drink bubbling within each stone-walled rim.

Truly a restful spot in which to pitch a tent at sunset and to spend a quiet night.

As imagination travels forward down the centuries the thoughtful observer is inspired by a vision of the Apostle Paul passing along this same old roadway on his many holy missions from Jerusalem to Antioch.

In the present day the approach to Hamath from the south leads through desolate Mohammedan burial grounds. The Moslem gives little care to his cemetery; he wastes no sentimental attention on this lonely 'God's acre' and therefore the plot is no more than a jumble of stones that resemble a thousand tipsy candles on an abandoned birthday cake. The marker for the grave of a woman is unadorned, but that for a man is carved at the top in the crude representation of a 'Tarboosh,' or Turkish fez.

It is a relief to leave this dismal scene behind and to hurry forward into hoary old Hamath, the city of lights and shadows, the very antiquity of which thrills and inspires pleasurable delight at every turn.

Black-vaulted streets hundreds of years old run under buildings and end in a blaze of sunlight.

Hamath's special exhibit which calls forth the greatest civic pride is her 'Long Market' which stretches under one roof for at least a mile as if a mammoth department store had been assembled on the level, with one aisle for the customers' convenience. Here may be purchased the silk towels and striped sheets for which Hamath has been famous for thousands of years; or if you prefer you may acquire a pair of almost equally famous scarlet leather slippers.

The houses of Hamath are all in the comfortable, pretty style which originated with the Egyptians some six thousand years ago and which has been adopted by all succeeding peoples down to the present.

White limestone is the prevailing building material, the house being built around an open court which is laid out with stone-paved paths, grassy plots and flower beds.

In the finest homes there is often a fountain and alcoves resembling an American sun parlor where the family gather to drink coffee and gossip gayly with their friends.

This central courtyard is really a charming spot with roses and honeysuckles climbing about in profusion, and pomegranate, fig and almond trees adding color and refreshing shade on hot days.

If the house has a second story, it is reached by an artistic stone stairway leading upward from the courtyard.

The furnishings of the Hamath house are a distressing mixture of Oriental beauty and European tawdriness. Beautiful rugs are thrown lavishly about the stone-paved floor; window curtains of beautiful Damascus silk hang in voluminous folds from ceiling to floor, and chairs and couches shimmer in silken upholstery of scarlet and gold.

But alas! in the midst of this glorious Eastern harmony there towers perhaps a huge shiny *golden oak* sideboard crowded with china slippers, tawdry red vases and other bric-a-brac, and perhaps a huge sea shell sent from America by relatives and labeled 'Souvenir of Atlantic City.'

One of the important industries is rope making. Rope is exported to all the other cities and villages in the Syrian plain from Aleppo to Damascus; the rope factories are just any long or unencumbered stretch of green anywhere in the city, and the principal workers are old men and children whose chief duty it is to keep various wheels and pulleys in motion while two of the head workers twist and weave the fiber into strands.

Possibly the most celebrated feature of Hamath is the queer old waterworks system.

The Orontes River is the source of supply for the city. Ninety-six wheels constitute ninety-six separate pumping stations. These wheels are not municipally owned, but are individual possessions. A wealthy man owns a wheel alone, but those less fortunate financially pool their funds in groups of five or six and buy a wheel together.

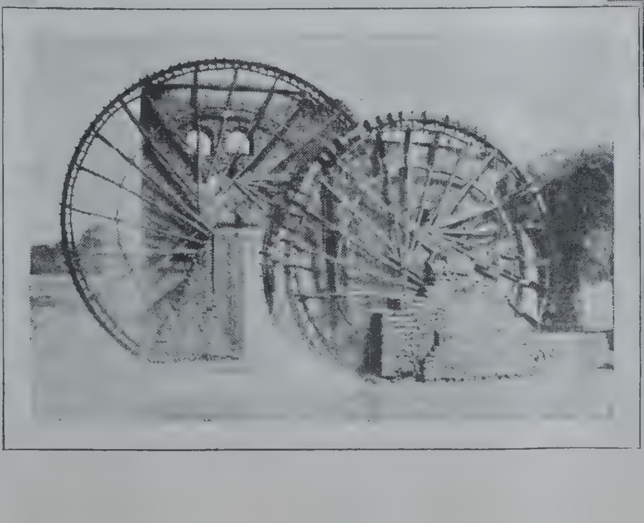
The power turning the wheel is furnished by the current of the rushing Orontes River. Little troughs fastened to the rim of the wheel scoop up the water and carry it to the top where it spills into a duct that spans the distance between the wheel and the shore. Thence through still other conduits the precious water flows for miles through the city to homes and gardens.

The system is not specially sanitary, for channels are open, part of the time on street level, and prove too great a temptation to the small urchin with bare feet and a sailboat.

So lies hoary old Hamath, lulled to the slumber of a thousand years by the continuous sleepy whine and whir of these ancient wheels singing the secrets of many ages.

Dismal aspect of a Mohammedan burial ground on the way to Hamath.

One of the numerous water-pumping wheels on the Orontes River, the sole source of supply for the city.



Natives in the shopping center of Hamath, known as 'Long Market.'

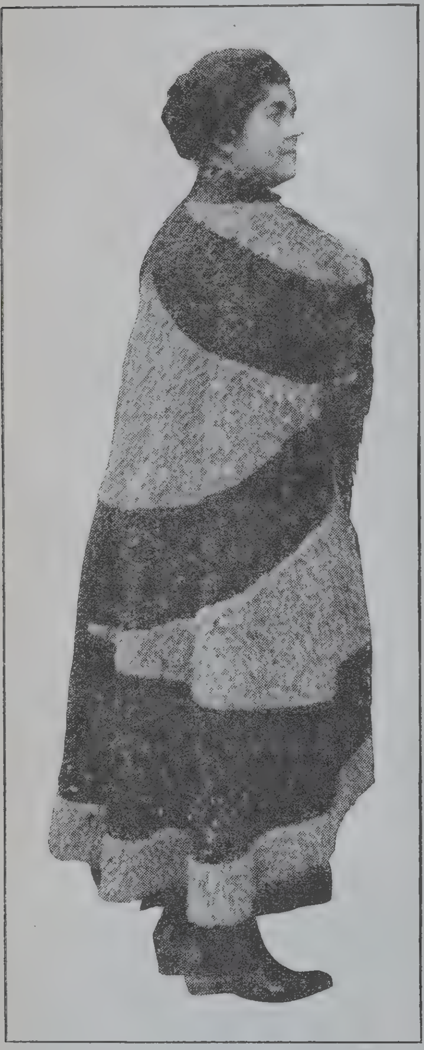
A Million-Dollar Cape

By G. H. DACY

THE most valuable feather cape in all creation—a garment valued at $1,000,000—is shown in the National Museum, Washington.

This remarkable cape, made of almost priceless bird feathers, has never adorned the shoulders of feminine aristocracy. It is the treasured war cloak of one of the most famous chieftains of the Sandwich Islands.

It took dozens of expert workers a century or longer to make the cape which is three and one-half feet long and measures eleven and one-half feet around its lower edge. It is made of tufts of thousands of tiny feathers of tropical birds which are now extinct. King Kamehameha of the Sandwich Islands presented it to Commodore J. H. Aulick of the U. S. Navy. It was worn years ago by King Nehuaskalani, being the most valuable garment in his ceremonial wardrobe.



What war paint was to the American Indians, these feathered capes and helmets were to the natives of Hawaii and the Sandwich Islands. Only the kings, princes and chieftains of the highest rank were eligible to wear these feathered garments—badges of defiance and courage.

The intricate handicraft of making these marvelous capes is a lost art. Previous to 1820, the land of the hula dancers had no written language. The Hawaiians who were the most expert of bird plumage coatmakers left no records of how the work was done.

The feathers of the mamo, Oo and Iwii—extinct birds of brilliant plumage—were used in this unique cloak manufacture. These feathers were used as mediums of barter and exchange. A nobleman's importance was reckoned by the elaborateness of his ceremonial cape.

The hunters smeared the limbs and branches of trees with a mucilaginous material so that the fancy fliers would stick on the limb. The hunters would then come along, pluck the prized feathers and then liberate the captives. The king's orders were that none of the rare birds should be killed. Later on, this restriction was raised with a change of rulers and in a few decades the valuable bird families were destroyed.

It took a half-century of hunting, as a rule, to gather enough of the diminutive feathers for a king's cape. It took scores of years of hand labor to manufacture by hand a crude sort of cloth from a fiber something like ramie grass. The tufts of red, yellow, and black feathers were then fastened to this cloth. The capes were so skilfully made that they looked like garments of scarlet bordered with gold. When the rare birds became extinct, the feather cape manufacture declined and ultimately was forgotten. The million-dollar cape at Washington and several others in the leading museums of Europe are the only records that remain of the marvelous Hawaiian art work.

The Colorado River

(Continued from page 2)

the necessity of bringing the water through a canal, as is now done, that dips into Mexico and which, therefore, is subject to the sovereignty of the Mexican Government. By the construction of such a dam, water and power could also be furnished to Los Angeles and other southern California cities and another artificial lake backed up through the canyon of the river for ninety miles.

The country from here on alternates between canyons, deserts and irrigated spots, and includes the famous Mohave region. The river on leaving the Black Canyon frequently becomes meandering and, owing to its unstaple banks, is ever changing until the hills close in on it at the lower end of the Mohave Valley and the stream is encompassed within the walls of the Mohave Canyon with a channel 240 feet wide and walls of granite rock. Here, too, a dam could be built to raise the water 155 feet high, store up 10,000,000 acre feet and back it up for a hundred miles or more, but such a control of the river would necessitate wiping out the little town of Needles, where the Santa Fe Railroad crosses the river from Arizona and enters California and there would have to be a new location for the stretch of trackage that would be submerged by the reservoir.

The Salton Sea, to the right and over in the northern part of the Imperial Valley, is a constant reminder to the people of the valley of what can happen in that cup-shaped area several hundred feet below sea level when the Colorado River goes on a rampage, breaks through its banks and flows over the rim of the cup. One could also see the Laguna Dam in the bed of the river, which diverts the water that is used in the Yuma irrigation project, a few miles south of it.

The thread of the Imperial Valley canal is visible where it crosses the border line into Mexico and meanders along using the bed of the Alamo River as the method of carrying the water through Mexico and back again north into the Imperial Valley of southern California. One of the sore points of the residents of the Imperial Valley is that they must not only give up half of the water that passes down through the canal to those on the Mexican side of the line, but must also be subject to the Mexican Government, because the canal passes through Mexican territory.

ON THE Mexican side of the border line there are about 200,000 acres irrigated at this time from the canal and possibly a million in all that could be irrigated if there were storage regulation of the flow. The Californians are urging our Federal Government to divert the water for the Imperial Valley at a point shortly below the Laguna Dam and construct a ditch in a westerly direction toward the Imperial Valley that will all be within American territory.

After one has passed Laguna Dam, the town of Yuma and the irrigated section nearby come into view. The town is located near the junction of the Gila and the Colorado rivers. The former stream drains much of the south central part of Arizona and is fed by many rivers, among them the Salt River on which the Roosevelt Dam is located. The run-off from this river frequently comes down in tremendous and sudden floods that carry great quantities of silt and are a threat to the Imperial Valley and the Mexican landowners along the river.

Near the junction of the Colorado and Gila at Yuma, the river turns west for a few miles, flowing along on the top of a ridge. Then the channel sweeps around and veers south toward the Gulf with the river still on the top of the ridge. After a few miles it begins to divide and slip down in numerous streams off the right side and disappear under the cover of the jungle. The view from an airplane reveals a glimpse of the lost streams. They play hide-and-seek for about twenty miles when they reappear.

Many millions of dollars have been spent to hold the river within bounds. On the Mexican side there are seventy-eight miles of levees and in the United States thirty miles, the money for practically all of which came from the United States. There is a constant attack by the river against these levees and despite the fact that there are railroad tracks built up close to the river banks and train loads of stone ready to fill in the breaks, the mad stream breaks through and every time it does so causes destruction of property.

Now that the river has been discovered man proposes to change its career so that it shall become a tranquil slave to him. Its power is to be turned into possibilities for reclaiming deserts and producing energy so controlled that it will make life more comfortable and safer for the conqueror.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

Every Westerner should go traipsing to New York at regular intervals and every New Yorker should go traipsing out West and interview the business arena of tomorrow. Westerners should know and appreciate their New York, and New Yorkers should know their West. Personally, I am always grateful to New York for fresh ideas, for new incentive.

So spake the ***Girl From the West Coast*** who was on her way home from Manhattan. 'John Burroughs said that the farther east one went, the more man-made things would he find; and the farther west he went, the more God-made things would he find.

'New York stimulates me; although why, I can't say. I might camp all summer at 42d and Broadway and never see anyone I know. The hectic rush and crush and roar of the crowds is nowhere more tumultuous than at the end of the day at the subway stations; and yet it was in one of these subway stations that I received my first bit of human treatment from a stranger.

'I was alone with piles of baggage around me. I had to get a nickel out somehow, in order to telephone to friends. I didn't have the change; but as I stood wondering what to do, a New Yorker, sensing my dilemma, stepped up, handed me the coin and then hurried off without waiting for my "thank you." That's why we love New York.'

* * *

The ***Man From North Carolina,*** on a visit to his summer cottage on the shores of Lake St. Clair, called at the office to tell us about things down South, particularly about the present status of the southern Negro. Our friend showed that the Negro is not without honor in his own country. 'Take, for example, the case of Thomas Jeffries, a typical "befo the war" darky who has just died at over eighty years of age, and who has been for more than fifty years janitor of Wake Forest College, my alma mater.

'He was known to thousands of former students as "Doctor Tom," and his integrity, unfailing good humor and quaint sayings had made him an institution. "Doctor Tom" was for many years the principal speaker at a smoker held by each senior class shortly before each commencement and he invariably attributed to Shakespeare such advice as he deemed appropriate.

'Said "Doctor Tom" in speaking of himself: "I think my success is come by tendin' to my business an' always usin' exertions to gainin' frien's stid o' gainin' foes. All de people dat graduates an' goes away look as if dey is as glad to see me an' greets me as if I was de president of Wake Fores' College. I have trusted in de Lord an' I haven't put nothin' befo' Him an' I've always had a reward."

'"Doctor Tom" was a great old character and loved by all the students who went to the college during his régime. I wish that I had written down all the things that he ever attributed to Shakespeare. You would frequently hear him paraphrase some statement of a big man as quoted in the daily press by saying: "And, young gemen, as Shakespeare says—" et cetera. I think on the whole the old students who did visit the college were a great deal gladder to see old "Doctor Tom" than they were to see the president of Wake Forest College.

'His funeral services were held in Wingate Memorial Hall where all the larger college events are held and officials of the college acted as honorary pallbearers. Tributes were paid to the memory of "Doctor Tom" by the college faculty and other influential white citizens. I think this clearly demonstrates that a worthy Negro is not without respect and honor even among southern white people, some opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.'

* * *

'If the sums of money now being spent for armament and the military establishment could be devoted to an international travel fund,' suggested the ***Sophomore*** from Columbia University, 'it might do away with all danger of war. Most of us would like to travel and see how the fellow on the other side of the world lives. At present the cost is prohibitive as far as most of us are concerned. But if travel became a Governmental concern, like education, or if it became a part of education, we could readily enjoy its benefits.

'Why couldn't the antiquated war vessels be used to afford a means of travel to our young men in an educational way? Of course, it is possible now to "join the Navy and see the world"—but I have in mind seeing the world through different eyes than those of a sailor. I mean through the eyes of a student.

'Surely if our young men and those of other lands, at a certain period in their college education, received as a part of their course two years in foreign lands, the misunderstandings and the prejudices which now exist would be wiped out. The young Nipponese would understand the Californian; and the young Russian would lose some of his desire to overturn all alien institutions.'

* * *

'The lure of the great out of doors is now in everybody's life,' said the ***Preacher.*** 'The mountains beckon, the trout streams invite, the ocean calls.

'This is the season of vacations and of camp meetings.

'It is interesting to note that the Simpson Park Camp Meeting at Romeo, Michigan, antedates the organization of the National Camp Meetings three years. This camp was started in 1865 by the Reverend John Russell, founder of the Prohibition party.

'There is a note of reality in these camp meetings that attracts thousands. The great tabernacle at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, seats 10,000 persons and is too small for the camp meeting multitudes. The number of children and young people who throng these camp grounds give promise of their perpetuity.'

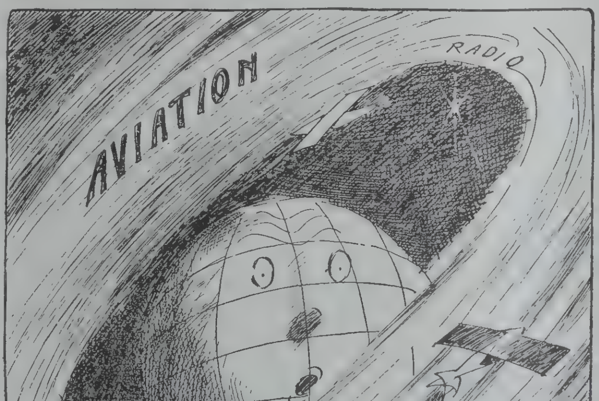
* * *

'Booms are dangerous things under certain conditions and circumstances,' said the ***Man From Texas.*** 'Pent up in limited space they are like a charge of powder between two anvils—there is a loud noise often followed by disaster.

'Now we have booms in Texas, but with the whole front side of the United States in which to expend their force, they simply sweep gently over the landscape like a benison of prosperity, and leave behind them no horrid wrecks, aching voids, sore heads nor cold feet. A boom never "busts" in Texas—it merely evaporates, or ripples off into another county and nobody notices that it is gone.

'Now there's Galveston—second port of the U. S. A., to say nothing of some others which have helped lift Texas above New York as an exporting state. Galveston was first brought into prominence by Jean Lafitte, the picturesque pirate who settled there a century ago.

'Jean is dead, and the black flag no longer floats over the island city, but his tribe persists. Our modern pirates are not nearly so romantic as Lafitte, but they are more efficient, and take no chances of having the governor offer a reward for their heads, as he did. Should Jean's successors, who are engaged in business and finance and other forms of legal hijacking, fall afoul of the authorities, they hire the best lawyer in town, who gets them off with a light sentence, at most.'



—Donahey, in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

MAKES THE OLD BOY DIZZY!

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. What is the population of the world? Of China? Russia? India? Japan?

Answer. The population of the world is estimated at 1,748,000,000; of China at 400,000,000; Russia at 133,442,065; India at 318,885,980 and Japan at 142,000,000.

Q. What is the average cost of a destroyer of the type of No. 301?

A. The average cost of the group of destroyers of the type of No. 301 was $1,890,000.

* * *

Q. How many men were killed in the Revolutionary War?

A. The War Department has never made an official compilation of the number of men of the Continental forces killed in the Revolutionary War, due to the fact that the department has not been able to secure all the records of that war in the possession of authorities of states and in some cases private individuals. Upon the basis of such investigation of the subject as has been made it appears that at least 4,440 soldiers of the Continental Army were killed; 6,004 were wounded and 6,642 were captured. These figures do not include 2,000 missing in action and unaccounted for, and represent in each case a minimum.

* * *

Q. Does the Department of Agriculture furnish an analysis of food and water that might contain poison?

A. Samples of foods, including water, are constantly being collected by authorized agents of the department and analyzed by department analysis in the enforcement of the Federal Food and Drugs Act. This law, however, provides for giving out information concerning results of investigations conducted in connection with the enforcement of the act only in the form of Notices of Judgment issued subsequent to court action. The department has no authority to analyze samples of food products and report direct to the individual or corporation desiring the analysis made. The only condition under which it could properly make an examination of foods or water that might contain poison would be in investigations under the Food and Drugs Act.

* * *

Q. Is it possible to get some information about longevity claims of United States Army officers?

A. In the act of January 29, 1927, provision is made for settlement of those claims of officers for longevity pay and allowances certified by the Court of Claims based on service at the United States Military Academy and those claims which were disallowed by the accounting officers between 1890 and 1908. Application can be made only by the officer or his widow or legal representatives of blood relations of deceased. Interest is not paid in these cases. For further information write the General Accounting Office, Washington, D. C.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

* * *

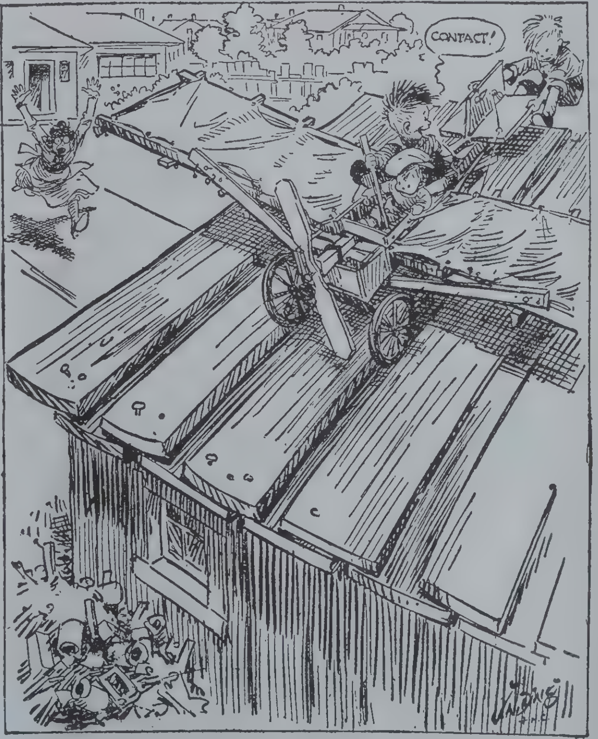
Q. I would like to get a list of the United States senators from Ohio from 1856 to the present time.

A. Benjamin F. Wade, 1851-1869; George E. Pugh, 1855-1861; Salmon P. Chase, 1861; John Sherman, 1861-1877; Allen G. Thurman, 1869-1881; Stanley Matthews, 1877-1879; George H. Pendleton, 1879-1885; John Sherman, 1881-1897; Henry B. Payne, 1885-1891; Calvin S. Brice, 1891-1897; Marcus A. Hanna, 1897-1904; Joseph B. Foraker, 1897-1909; Charles Dick, 1904-1911; Theodore E. Burton, 1909-1915; Atlee Pomerene, 1911-1923; W. G. Harding, 1915-1921; Simeon D. Fess, 1923-1929; Frank B. Willis, 1921-1933.

* * *

Q. I would like to get the names of the generals and lieutenant generals who served in the Confederate Army.

A. General in chief: Robert E. Lee; Generals: Samuel Cooper, Albert Sidney Johnston, G. T. Beauregard, Joseph E. Johnston, Braxton Bragg, E. Kirby Smith, John B. Hood. Lieutenant Generals: James Longstreet, Thos. J. ('Stonewall') Jackson, Leonidas Polk, Theophilus H. Holmes, William J. Hardee, John C. Pemberton, Richard S. Ewell, Ambrose P. Hill, Daniel H. Hill, Richard Taylor, Stephen D. Lee, Jubal A. Early, Richard H. Anderson, Alexander P. Stewart, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Wade Hampton, Simon Bolivar Buckner, Joseph Wheeler, John B. Gordon.



—Darling, in the *Detroit News.* Copyright, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*

RECENT EVENTS HAVE GREATLY STIMULATED INTEREST IN AVIATION.

* * *

Q. How many men were drafted in the World War, how many went abroad, and how many were under fire?

A. Under the Selective Service Act passed on May 19, 1917, and subsequently amended, a total of 24,234,021 men were registered and 2,810,296 were inducted into military service. During the war 2,084,000 American men reached France and 1,390,000 saw active service in the front line.

* * *

Q. Did not two Englishmen cross the Atlantic by air from Newfoundland to Ireland about seven years ago?

A. Yes. On June 14 and 15, 1919, Captain John Alcock (knighted later), aviator, and Lieutenant Arthur W. Brown (knighted later), navigator, made a nonstop transoceanic flight from St. Johns, Newfoundland, to Clifden, Ireland, in a Vickers-Vimy biplane, with a Rolls-Royce engine. The distance covered was 1,960 miles in 16 hours 12 minutes. The flight won the London *Daily Mail* prize of $50,000.

* * *

Q. I should like to know something about the President's traveling expenses. How are the funds accounted for, and so forth?

A. The yearly appropriation of $25,000 for traveling expenses covers also 'official entertainment' expenses. From 1915 to 1924 the whole sum of $25,000 has never been spent by any President; the unexpended balance amounting to from $1,099.76 to $22,150.39. The funds thus advanced are accounted for the same as funds advanced to other disbursing agents of the Government, all payments being supported by vouchers, and so forth, approved and certified by the President. The unexpended balances are returned to the Treasury. The expenses of operating the *Mayflower* are paid from appropriations for the Navy, the President's personal expenses of subsistence and entertainment while on the *Mayflower* come under his traveling expenses. In addition to the salary and the traveling expenses, the President is entitled to the use of the White House or an Executive Mansion. Special appropriations take care of the upkeep.

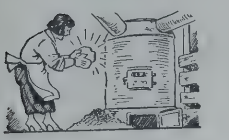
BRIEFLY TOLD

The United States College of Veterinary Surgeons at Washington, D. C., founded thirty-five years ago, has just graduated its last class. The passing of the horse has made necessary the closing of the college.

Before the time of the trousers pocket, man carried his valuables in a little bag of cloth tied about his waist. Often, however, a thief would slip up behind, slit the string with a knife and make off with the treasure. A thoughtful Frenchman, 300 years ago, sewed the bag in the lining of his garments, thereby instituting the first trousers pocket.

Many London factories and business offices have posted an order forbidding girl employes to powder their noses during business hours. Prior to this order the average London business girl powdered her nose four times an hour, taking two minutes to do it each time.

When Caspar Wistar, 182 years ago, gave land for the building of the Trinity Reformed Church at Tulpehocken, Pennsylvania, he stipulated in the deed that one red rose should be the annual rental. Each year the heirs of the donor are presented with a single red rose.



A Cape Charles, Virginia, woman found a clinker jamming her furnace grate. When dislodged it was found to be heavy and yellow in appearance. A jeweler assayed it as twenty-carat gold, worth eighty cents a pennyweight.

Patrick Henry is said to have taught Thomas Jefferson how to play the violin.

The word 'silk' is believed to have originated from the Chinese word for fabric, 'si.'

Daniel Webster objected to taking over the Oregon territory because it was so far away that the terms of office of congressmen might expire before they could reach Washington.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti had published none of his poems when his wife's death occurred in February, 1862. So great was his grief that he buried in her coffin the manuscripts of all his verse. They were rescued by Charles Augustus Howell in 1869.

According to a recent experiment completed in Finland to estimate the energy consumed in dancing, the fast mazurka consumes 10.87 calories; the polka, 7.56; the fox trot, 4.78; the schottische, 4.76 and the waltz, 3.99.

According to a record kept by the editor of the *American Medical Journal*, the average age for a doctor is 62.8 years.

German creosote, a crude form of carbolic acid, used by Lord Lister in May, 1866, was the first antiseptic used in surgery.

The boots made by an Eskimo and worn by Commander Richard Byrd in his Arctic flight have made the trip over the North Pole twice. They were loaned to Lincoln Ellsworth, a passenger in the *Norge*, when it crossed the pole.

There were 27,398,170 pupils enrolled last year in the 263,280 schools of the United States.

When Indian chiefs call the tribesmen together for a powwow nowadays they use newspapers instead of the old signal fires on mountain tops. An advertisement in a daily reaches thousands of tribesmen.

Peter Henlein, a locksmith of Nuremberg, made the first watch in 1500. The awkward instruments, without crystals and with only one hand, were known as 'Nuremberg eggs.'

Robert Raikes is said to have held the first Sunday school in 1812, when one Sunday morning he gathered the street boys of Gloucester, England, into his house and held a free school to keep them off the streets.

When asked the question, 'Who is Calvin Coolidge?' the pupils in a high school in Paris gave the following answers: An aviator; the inventor of the Paris subway; a big diplomat, my father knows him well; and a relative of Lafayette.

The native pearl divers of the South Seas are able to stay under water as long as two and a quarter minutes.

The larvae of the oyster are so small that more than one thousand can be placed on a square inch of shell with very few touching each other.

On the beach at Redondo, near Los Angeles, California, stands the castle 'Flotsam,' built entirely from lumber that the sea cast up on shore. It is the home of Louis Dart who, broke and ill some months ago, decided he must have a home on this beach. His dwelling when finished had cost him but twenty cents, the amount expended for a lock.

Among a group of ancient volumes shown recently in Chicago was one with leaves of thin beaten copper, decorated in lacquer and gold. The covers of this book are of wood.

Because of the curtailment of women's garments, the average weight of trunks carried by the traveling public has been reduced to eighty-five pounds.

The university at Pavia, Italy, founded in A. D. 825 by Lothair, grandson of Charlemagne, is the oldest in the world.

Abraham, Isaac and Jacob Waggoner, seventy-one-year-old triplets, claim the distinction of being the oldest triplets in Tennessee and possibly in the United States. They have lived all their lives within ten miles of one another, have never been ill enough to require a doctor's services and do not smoke, chew or drink.

'Horse' is frequently used in the names of plants and fruits to denote a large, coarse or strong variety. It is supposed that 'horseradish' acquired its name in this way, being regarded as a coarse kind of radish.

Under an act of the British Parliament passed in 1360, punishment for eavesdropping may still be imposed.

A bald-headed bachelor on the faculty of the Ohio State University buys 10,000 hairpins every year. He uses them to attach labels to ears of corn in the laboratory.

A doll's house in a match box, requiring thirty-five years' effort on the part of Charles W. Alfridge, of Battersea, England, has just been finished. The four-room miniature, completely furnished in every detail, is presided over by a tiny doll.

Bill Jenney, a sixty-two-year-old clockmaker who for the last thirty-two years has been winding and tending the 1,050 clocks of the Savoy Hotel, London, claimed many years ago that at any hour of the day or night he could tell the time within half a minute. This uncanny ability baffles the British Medical Society, members of which have tried by numerous tests to dislodge what they call his 'acute psychoastral poise.'

The oldest Christian church in the world, built during the Third Century, stands within the shadow of Mount Ararat at Etchmiadzin in Soviet Armenia. Gregory the Illuminator, whom the Armenians believe converted them to Christianity, is supposed to have been its founder, and it is for that reason known as St. Gregory's Cathedral.

Blue is the favorite color of Queen Mary of England. The Queen carries her color preference even to the royal gardens, where plants with blue blossoms of all shades predominate.

John Henry G. Pierson of New York City, who was graduated this year from Yale University, broke all scholastic records of that institution by going through four years of work with an average grade of 96.

In tropical countries giant fireflies are imprisoned in a perforated gourd, which serves the owner as a lantern.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the ethics of charity.

* * *

The cover design is a reproduction of one of Stanley Woodward's pencil sketches. It represents a corner of a New Hampshire farmyard.

* * *

Not so very long ago the industrial world discovered Niagara Falls and 'white coal' was transmitted to both sides of the international border to furnish hundreds of thousands of horsepower to provide light and motivation and other benefits. Now it is the Colorado River. It has been flowing on for many centuries without much thought being given to its possibilities. (p. 1)

* * *

Huston Thompson, formerly chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, and a publicist of note, gives the history of the modern 'discovery' of the Colorado and what it means to the country as a whole. The construction of colossal dams to furnish power and water for irrigation is being discussed. There are rival schemes from Arizona and California. (p. 1)

* * *

A little house that will stand for centuries is better than a big house that only lasts a generation. A little house, a big garden and lots of books is some people's idea of comfort and happiness, and it is apparently Hugh Walpole's. The author of *The Cathedral* and *Harmer John* lives in a little house in the lake district of the north of England. Just like the Lakist poets, of whom Wordsworth was an outstanding example, he finds inspiration that makes his stories intensely human and appealing. (p. 3)

* * *

Vachel Lindsay's second article on the definition of the Middle West might well have been entitled an *interpretation* of the Middle West through the personality of one of its daughters—Anne Rutledge, Abraham Lincoln's early love. Lincoln came to live in Springfield, Illinois, a man 'old before his time, from a broken heart, because of the death of this girl.' (p. 4)

* * *

Vachel Lindsay, with that quick imagination of which he is capable, assumes the rôle of the Ancient Mariner and pictures Anne Rutledge as one of three sitting round the fire in a log cabin. The three women spinning by the fire are the three young fates. The other two are Juliet, beloved of Romeo, and Joan of Arc, martyr and patriot. They are spinning the thread of the fate of a man who will die for the love of a land. (p. 4)

* * *

Athletic champions come and go and as a rule go far more rapidly than they come. It is getting more and more difficult to hold a title in any branch of sport, because as fast as a championship is gained it is attacked and recaptured by some other athlete who has tried out some more effective method. H. G. Salsinger, sports writer and editor, gives many reasons why 'holding the crest' is difficult. (p. 6)

* * *

When a woman writes about women her remarks are always interesting. Edna M. Colman reviews the pioneers in women's social and industrial development. Some regarded these pioneers as so many cranks and busybodies, but one thing they deserve credit for, and that is their perseverance in reaching their objectives. Most of these women pioneers have passed away, but their work remains. (p. 7)

* * *

To find a good fiddle is not so easy as it sounds, and you must have a good fiddle before you can have good music. There are more points about a fiddle when buying it than there are in the buying of a home. When you know these points you may find the ideal fiddle. Clyde Wier of Brown University, who has already contributed a series of talks on stringed instruments to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, gives many practical hints on what to avoid and what to look for when buying a fiddle. (p. 8)

* * *

An article that McKee Barclay, cartoonist and magazine writer, calls 'those strange but true stories' brings attention to items in daily newspapers which show that although 'Life is real, life is earnest,' it is full of romance, mystery and amazing coincidence. Movie scenarios, stage plots, and printed romances which seem improbable to the point of impossibility may be paralleled by the news item which will be served up in tomorrow's paper. The best stories seem to have been set down by the hand of Truth. (p. 12)

* * *

Aaron Hardy Ulm tells just why a bookworm turns. The bookworm in this case is indignant because books are much dearer and scarcer than they ought to be. Even reprints and second editions are sold at a much higher figure than seems justifiable. In Europe, particularly in France, the cost of books is counted in cents while in America it is counted in dollars. (p. 14)

* * *

It only takes little more than a week to reach Sweden from this side of the Atlantic, and it is a perfectly safe country to travel in. It has towering mountains, thundering waterfalls and hardy and picturesque peasantry. Norrland may be called Sweden's Wild West. It is full of surprises for the stranger from afar. (p. 16)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Reverting to his letter about the Custer massacre which appeared in our last issue, our correspondent continues:

General Custer was not in the least mutilated; he was shot in the right side and temple but looked as natural and as peaceful as a child when found with his body resting between two dead cavalry men. All others were mutilated shockingly. Mr. Philbrick must have confused Tom Custer with his brother, as this same 'Rain in the Face' cut Tom's heart out and has boasted of it. The detachment under General Godfrey found this to be the case when burying the men.

From a check-up of 'Rain in the Face's' talks from time to time there is found to be some padding done, especially in his statement concerning the death of the veterinary and the surgeon of Fort Lincoln. He killed them both, but not at Fort Lincoln as he stated; it happened in August, 1873, on the Yellowstone River. This was due to his eternal hatred for Tom Custer who had arrested him and put him in the guard house at Fort Lincoln. He swore vengeance after his escape. And how well he kept his word!

Custer was soon afterward ordered to the front. 'Comanche' was found by the 7th Cavalry, not by the 10th, was led to the steamer 'Far West' and placed with the wounded on the boat, behind the steering part of the boat where there was just room enough for him to stand; he was taken to Fort Lincoln with fifty wounded from Reno's fight. He was nursed to life at Fort Lincoln—was never mounted again, by order of General Sturgis, the father of Jack, who took charge after Custer's death, and was for years paraded with the troops. He finally died, was mounted at the World's Fair, Chicago, and is now in the Kansas Museum at Lawrence, Kansas. General Sturgis' daughter, Mrs. Dousman, at Billings, Montana, has the original order that her father issued regarding 'Comanche.'

As for Curly, he could not talk English and ran to the steamer 'Far West' anchored twelve miles away; this was the supply steamer for the troops. He was almost crazed but could explain nothing to Captains Marsh and Baker. They finally grasped it that Custer had been wiped out.

The battle ground shows plainly that once they were in there, there was no possible escape. The poor fellows fought with desperation, expecting aid which never came; and when they retreated, they found the enemy blocking every coulee by the score; they all fell bravely and honorably.

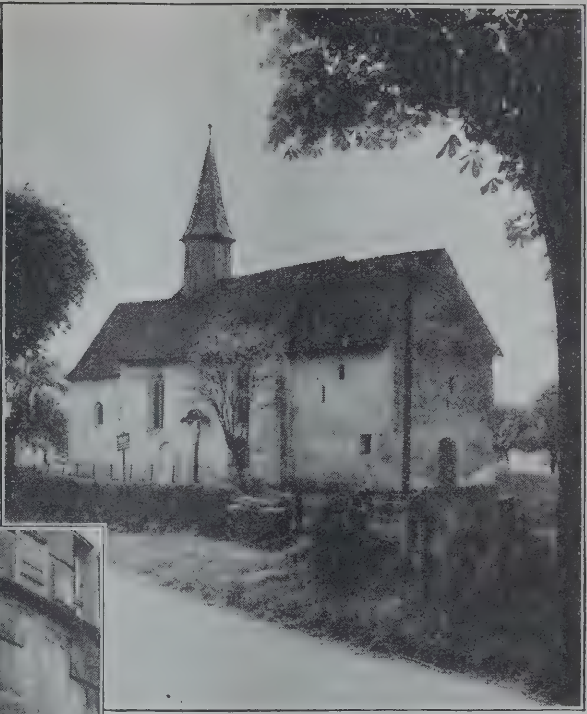
Custer's four relatives fell with him.

JOSEPH P. GRIMES.

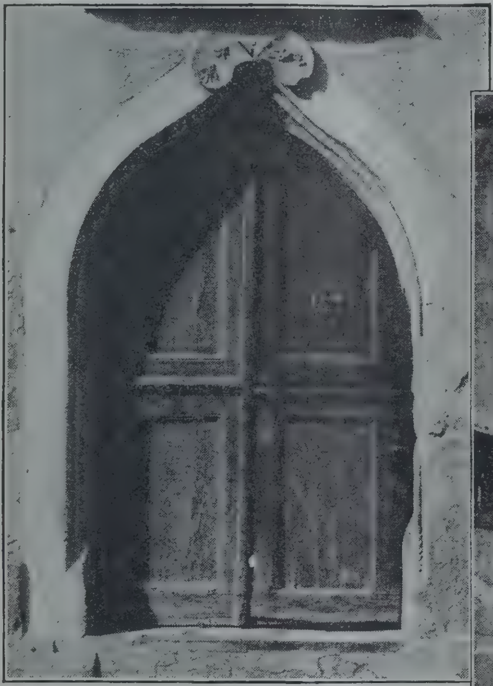
Century-Old Stone Structures

Preserve Beauty *of* Past Master-Builders *in* Germany

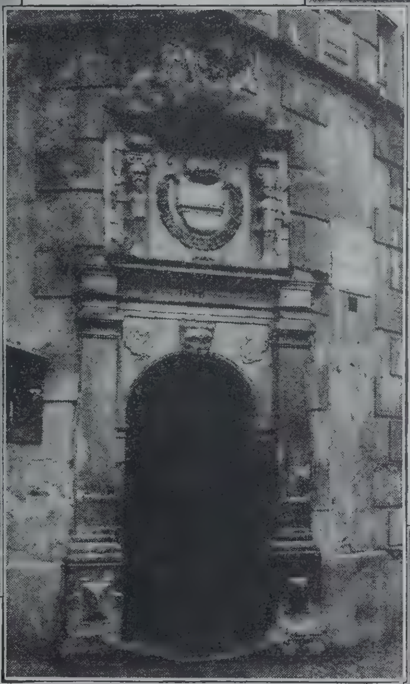
—Photos by K. Obert, Freiburg.



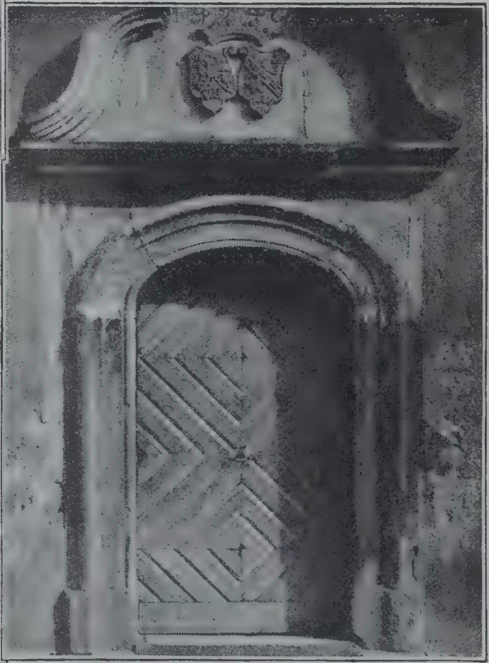
The oldest church in Germany, belonging to the Ninth Century, is found near Goldbach, Lake of Constance. It has the simple lines, very thick walls and arched windows of early days. The mural paintings inside are of particular interest, dating from the 10th Century.



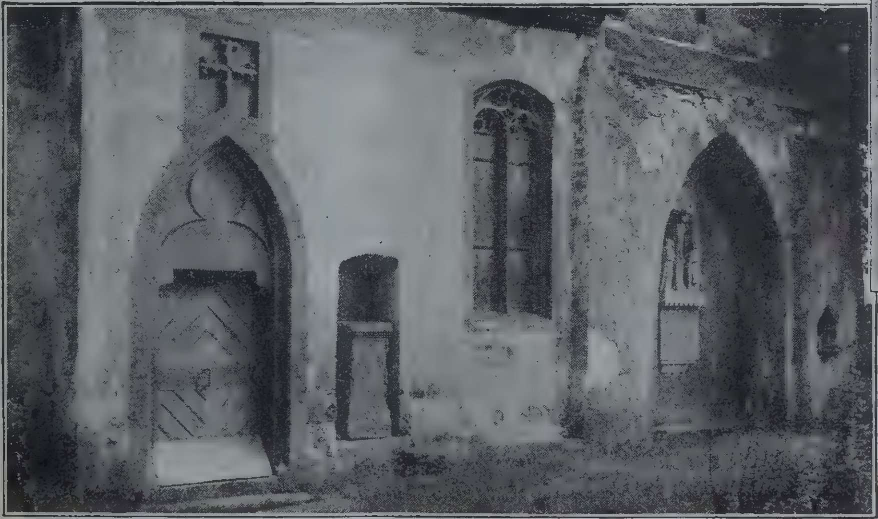
This historic house entrance in Endingen, Germany, shows quaint designing. The arched entrance, with coat of arms overhead, is provided with stout wooden doors, planned to withstand attack.



Another historic arched entrance, dating from 1604, is artistically wrought with pilasters on each side, surmounted by an ornately decorated panel.



In Sasbach am Kaiserstuhl, on the Rhine, is found this historic entrance, with its semi-eliptical arch. The archway is crowned by the coat of arms of the original owner, over which is inscribed the date, 1746. The door, too, is carefully wrought in a concentric diamond design.



Roman sacrificial stone in a niche in the wall of the interesting old chapel of St. Michael near Gundelsheim am Neckar.

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THE cheapest and easiest thing in the world is to show your authority. You can show your authority till doomsday and make people fear it too; but you will never make them respect it.

* * *

DEA ~~R R~~

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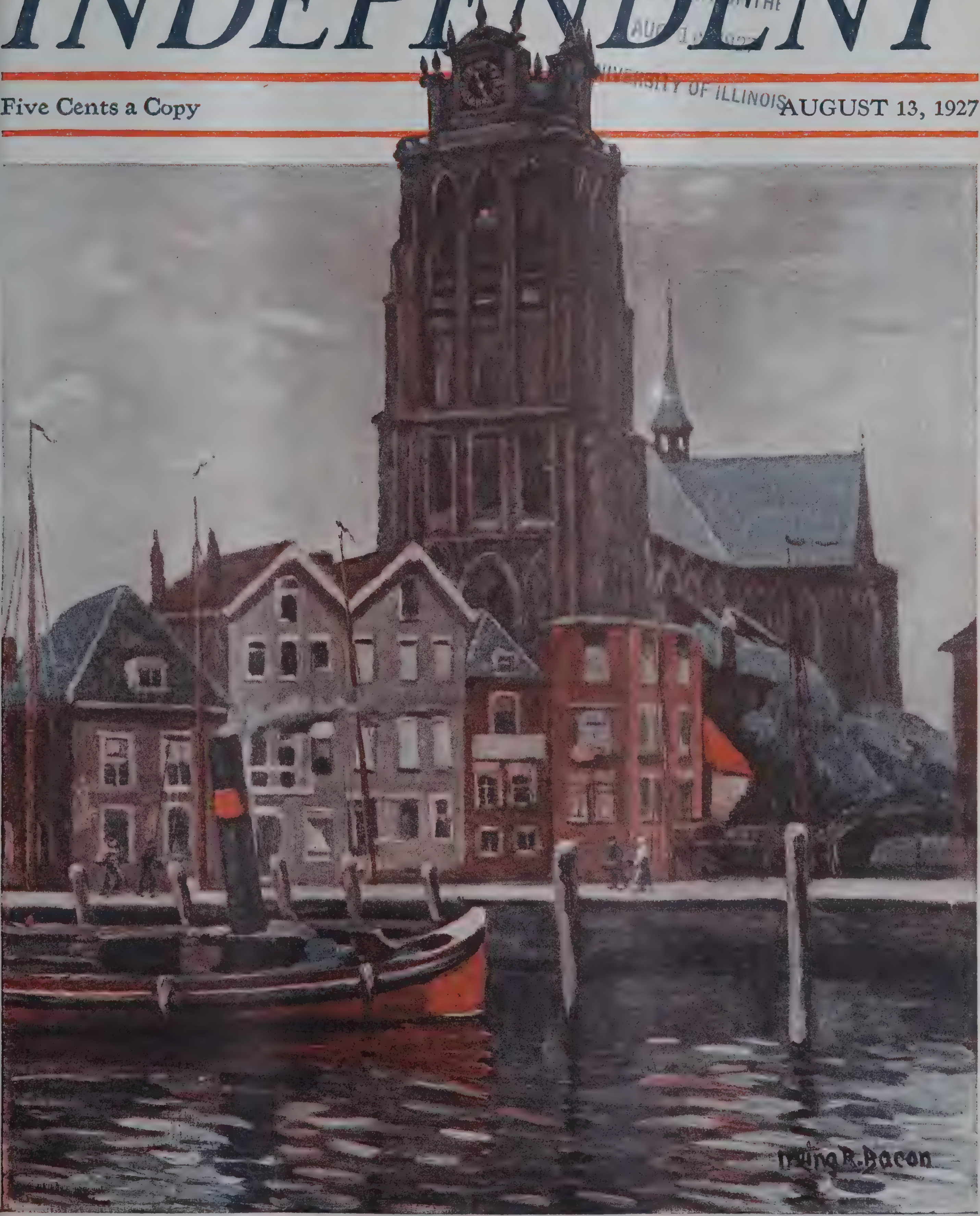

GROOTE KERK OF DORDRECHT, HOLLAND.

—Ewing Galloway Photo.

GATES

Katherine Marie Barton

I STAND upon the summit of today
And look away . . . away . . .
To where the low blue gates of evening close,
And wonder where time goes.

So much I thought to do is still undone.
Have I too swiftly run?
Oh, where are all the little deeds of gold
A day of mine should hold?

And where, the irised wayside joys that should
Have sprung where my feet stood?
Night comes. No star looks down on my regret.
Time gone—quite gone! And yet

I hear the purple wingbeats of tomorrow—
With brave resolve I borrow
Hope, as dawn's slim latticed gates swing wide,
And step, red-plumed, inside.

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Number 43

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Border Patrol is instrumental in frustrating the attempts of thousands of aliens who would enter this country illegally.

The MEN Without a COUNTRY

Piecemeal Legislation *Has Left* Thousands of Them *in* Our Midst; *The* Secretary *of* Labor Proposes *a* Remedy

By JAMES J. DAVIS

WE HAVE literally hundreds of thousands, and possibly more than a million, aliens residing in the United States—most of them thoroughly assimilated into our business and industrial life—who, should necessity arise, are not in a position to prove the legality of their residence here.

This is a serious situation. These aliens, if they arrived prior to June 3, 1921, when our first quota immigration law became effective, are in the main not deportable. They could be deported, if at all, only on some charge other than illegal residence.

Yet the large proportion of them having the legal right to remain in the United States cannot become citizens. They are under this disability because technically they do not begin their legal residence in the United States until they are lawfully admitted. Their failure to prove, by the records of the Immigration Service, that they have been lawfully admitted, even though that may be a fact, precludes the use of their actual entry date as the beginning of the period of residence required for naturalization.

Because these aliens cannot become naturalized they are debarred from voting and exercising many other rights which citizenship confers. They cannot unite their families, if separated, by bringing in their wives and children outside the quotas. They cannot practise law, or settle on public lands. In a number of states they are debarred from holding land at all, from practising accountancy, and even from inheriting property. They are unable to travel abroad and return home.

Some of these aliens have lived in this country so long that their children born here have grown up and now exercise the right to vote, as native Americans, while they, the parents, are denied it.

Furthermore, although no period of residence in the United States, however extended, of itself confers citizenship, in certain foreign countries lack of residence does forfeit citizenship. Consequently many of our aliens by reason of their long absence have been expatriated in their native lands while denied naturalization here. They are legally, as well as in practical effect, 'men without a country.'

Obviously the ill effects of such a condition are not limited to the alien. They present a danger to our Government and our citizens generally. The situation is an intolerable one in a country of free institutions, and a result of the piecemeal enactment of legislation governing the alien problem. And it is closely related, administratively, to the immense and important task of sending back to their own countries the thousands upon thousands of aliens who are here in violation of our laws and are deportable under those laws.

IN THIS latter class, broadly, are all those who entered without visas after the passage of the Second Quota Law in 1924, many who came between 1921 and 1924, anarchists, immoral classes, and aliens found to have committed a crime before or after entry. The immigration laws lay down many different conditions of deportation for various classes of aliens.

The time has come to set our house in order by giving legal domicile to all those residing here who can qualify under present immigration standards but who are unable to become naturalized because unable to prove their lawful entry and who, at the same time, cannot be deported because of their extended residence, and by providing for the expeditious removal of those who are not desirable.

In view of the accessibility in all parts of the United States of naturalization officers, and the relationship which should exist between naturalization and the permanent residence of aliens in the United States, I have repeatedly recommended the enrollment of aliens with such officers.

This would result in a definite record of the aliens now excluded from citizenship because no record, or an incorrect one, was made when they entered the country. Its primary purpose would be to facilitate the absorption of these aliens, permanently residing here, into the citizenry.

The enrollment should be a form of *nunc pro tunc* proceeding, giving legal domicile to all aliens who upon investigation by the naturalization and immigration officers are found to meet the requirements for admission to the United States under the general immigration laws.

IN PRACTICAL effect these people would be given, by legal dispensation, the same status as lawful residents and candidates for naturalization which would be theirs had they complied fully with the immigration laws at the time they entered the country. There are many reasons, some of them good ones, why they did not so comply.

They came into the country years ago as visitors or tourists, often in all honesty planning to remain only a short time. They drifted over the land borders without proper examination and inspection. They slipped in as stowaways, an easy matter in our early immigration history. They stayed, often married here, became established in our industrial, business, and agricultural life, and now are a potential part of our desirable class of citizens. Their situation today is distressing.

There are even cases where aliens entered legally for permanent residence, went back for a visit, and then through ignorance of the law or misunderstanding returned as 'visitors,' thereby forfeiting their immigration status.

—Harris & Ewing Photo.

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis.

JAMES J. DAVIS was born in Tredegar, South Wales, in 1873. He came to the United States with his parents in 1881 and began work as a puddler's assistant in the iron works at Sharon, Pennsylvania, and Pittsburgh. He was appointed Secretary of Labor by President Harding and continued under President Coolidge. His experience makes him an authority on immigration.

To confer blanket citizenship upon all aliens here illegally is, of course, not the intention. It would be unfair to reward success in evading the law. What is intended is to reach the aliens of such classes as those indicated here, who have been established in the country for a number of years and are qualified fundamentally for citizenship.

Unmistakable evidence that an enormous number of aliens are in this category—sometimes without knowledge on their part of anything irregular in their entry or present status—was found by the Bureau of Immigration during the last two fiscal years. These were the first years in which there was provision for issuance of 'reëntry permits.'

These permits are issued to noncitizen residents of the United States desiring to go abroad temporarily, in order to facilitate their return. They confer upon the lawful holders a nonquota status, although not a general exemption from the immigration laws, such as the health and literacy requirements.

Many applications for these permits had to be rejected because the applicants were unable to show that they ever had been lawfully admitted to the United States, although some of them had been here for many years. They were unable to visit relatives in Europe, or make a business trip out of the country, without giving up their families here, their business interests, and the associations of years, because they would not be permitted to come back to the United States until they could be readmitted under quotas.

THEY were not subject to deportation as long as they remained here. But once they left the country voluntarily, even for a day, they faced a situation like this. The right to enter the United States must always be established under the terms of existing law. Today that law consists basically of the 1924-quota restrictions. The burden of proof of nonquota status by reason of previous lawful admission is placed by the act of 1924 upon the alien seeking to invoke it.

Hence an alien returning to the United States after temporary absence abroad is not entitled to enter by reason of his previous admission and residence unless he furnishes proof of the legality of that admission.

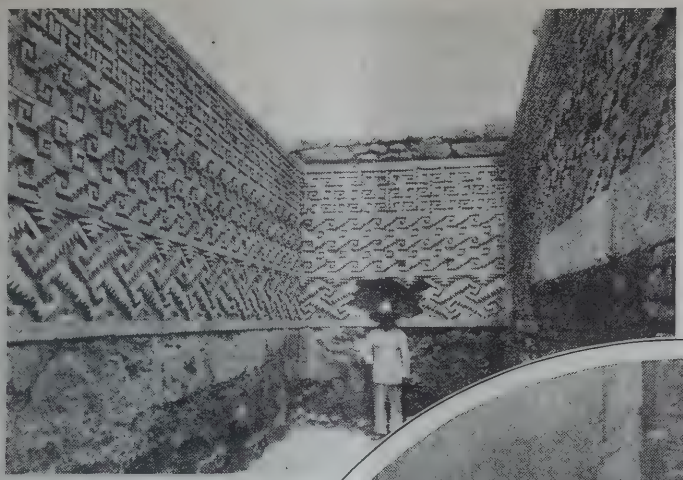
This provision of the law is sound. What is wrong is the existence of an immense number of unnaturalized aliens, unable to prove legal residence, in tragic juxtaposition with a law which in their particular cases spells danger to themselves and to the community.

Under present conditions nothing can be done for these aliens except where special considerations of law as well as of humanity are shown. Always cases of aliens who have resided peacefully in the United States for years and have reared families, and have run counter to the law through ignorance with no intention of any harm to the country or any of its inhabitants, receive the most sympathetic consideration.

SOME months ago we encountered a deportation case in Chicago, which involved a man who had been in the United States since 1923 and was charged with being in excess of the quota. He had an American-born wife and child with him in Chicago. This man had come from Canada but was a citizen of a European country and at the time he entered was subject to the 1921 quota law.

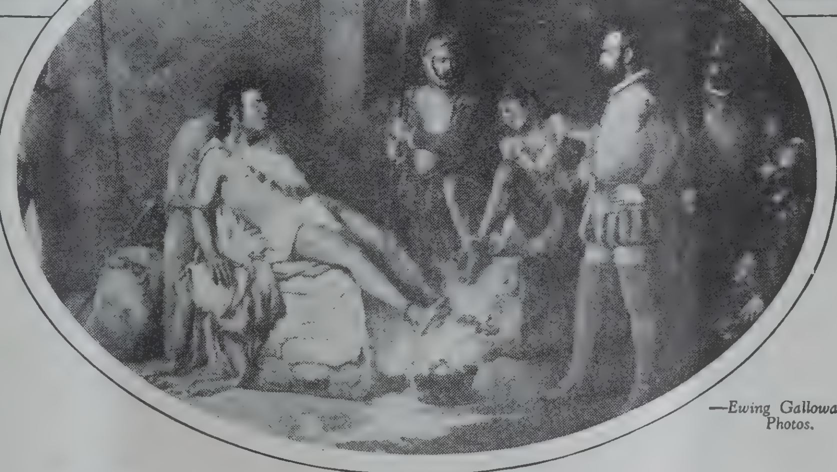
But under the laws in effect when he came in, if an

(Continued on page 25)



Great Temple, at Mitla, Mexico, an Aztec religious center.

Aztec sculpture on 'Citadel' at Titeohuacan, near Mexico City.



Left—*Torture of Guatamotzin by invaders, to force him to divulge the hiding place of his gold.*

—*Ewing Galloway Photos.*

MEXICO, *the* Pot *of* Gold *at the* Foot *of the* Rainbow

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

FIVE years ago when I traveled through China a great load of coolies landed at the tip of the Shantung Peninsula at Tsingtao, the former German city. These coolies had been in France for two years, fighting the battles of the Allies back of the lines, digging trenches, and doing the menial tasks that helped to save Democracy.

I watched those men march down the gangplank of the *Asia* to get their pay. They filed past a little box office and each was handed transportation back to his home and five silver dollars.

I asked what kind of money this was and was told that it was 'five dollars Mex.' I looked at these white and shining pieces and sure enough they had been coined in Mexico.

This was a revelation to me. Here we were, on the other side of the earth, and money made of silver dug out of Mexican mines was the surest and safest medium of exchange.

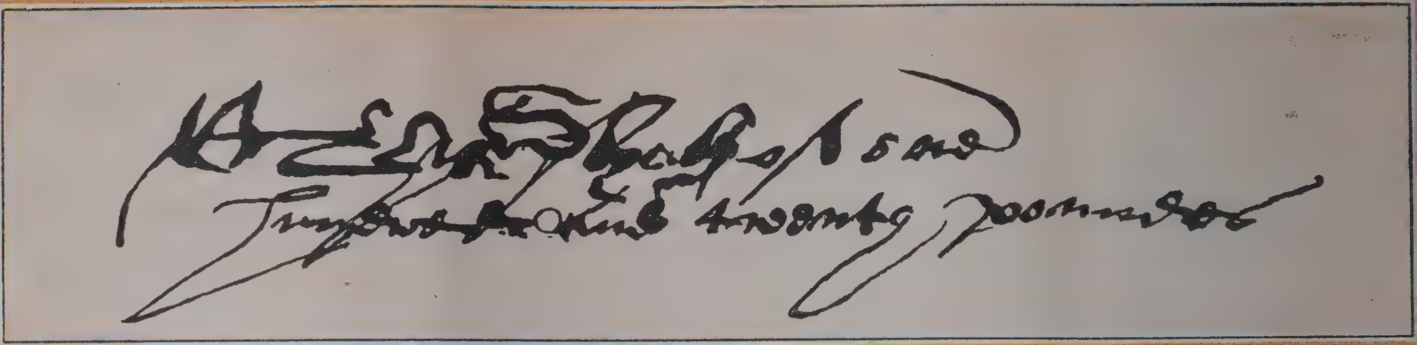
In China at that time—and I think the same condition continues—in every province the coinage system changes, and so when you have Shanghai money it is not good in Canton, and vice versa, Canton money is not good in Peking. It was a burden to be constantly having to change money at some little shop so that every time you moved you would have acceptable currency. It was as bad as if we, here in the United States, were obligated to convert our money into a different coinage every time we crossed a state line; as if money, legal in New York City, were not acceptable in Chicago, and Chicago dollars not good in San Francisco or New Orleans. But the dollar Mex. was good over all China.

This coin contained such a large amount of silver that in recent months the Mexican Government had to reduce the proportion of this metal.

The reason for the reduction was that speculators began to buy up the coins and melt them down, making fortunes on the silver itself. This dollar was shipped out of the country to the United States, to the South Sea Islands, and to the Orient. For untold cen-

(*Continued on page 26*)

A great money producer amid arid Mexican wastes—the San Rafael Silver Mine Number Two at Pachuca, Chihuahua, Mexico.



Wllm Shakspeare
hundred and twenty poundes

The Boston Public Library signature and writing, enlarged almost twice its original size.

A SHAKESPEARE AUTOGRAPH

That Explains Much

By A. J. PHILPOTT

IN THE Boston Public Library there has been a Shakespeare autograph for forty-six years which has puzzled experts in autographs as well as Shakespearean scholars. Underneath the autograph are four words, evidently in the same handwriting, which, if genuine, gives the Boston Public Library more of Shakespeare's handwriting than has been found elsewhere.

The autograph reads: 'Wllm Shakspeare,' and the four words under the signature are 'hundred and twenty poundes.' What relation these four words bear to the signature—if any—is wholly problematical.

Ever since the library came into possession of the autograph the great question has been, Is it genuine? In the opinion of experts the writing is an autograph of a person who called himself William Shakespeare; that is to say, it is an original signature, not a copy, nor an imitation. Still this is not saying that it is the handwriting of William Shakespeare the great dramatist, although it certainly is in the chirography of the period in which Shakespeare lived. It means that the autograph was written in 1603 by a person whose actual name was 'Wllm Shakspeare.' 'Wllm' was the customary abbreviation for 'William' at that time.

Judge Mellen Chamberlain, who was librarian of the Boston Public Library at the time the autograph came into its possession, says, in a monograph which he wrote telling how the autograph was secured, 'There are many reasons in favor of its genuineness, and too few objections to warrant an adverse judgment.' Judge Chamberlain was a Shakespearean student of considerable ability himself, and he gave some sound reasons in favor of the genuineness of the autograph.

Yet, in spite of all this, the autograph has not been taken very seriously by those most deeply interested in Shakespeare autographs, of which there are very few in existence, and these not any too well, or too clearly, written. This one is clearly written.

The trouble has been, heretofore, that no sound reason could be advanced why such an autograph should appear in the particular place where this one was found. It is written on a scrap of paper that was found where it had been inserted into the 'filling' of the binding at the back of a copy of Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*, which was printed at London by Richard Field for George Bishop in 1603. It is a folio volume of about 1,500 pages and was considered the finest bit of printing done in England up to that time.

An important thing about that scrap of paper on which the signature of 'Wllm Shakspeare' appears is that it never could have been seen unless the binding came apart at the back of the volume. In the course of time one of the covers broke away from the binding and between the sheets of the 'lip' which held this cover, inside, to the back, was found the scrap of paper containing the autograph. There it was and there it is to this day.

How did it come there?

If that can be explained then it may be possible to explain the signature itself; and when all the known facts concerning the printing of this volume and concerning Richard Field and William Shakespeare are coördinated and analyzed it may be possible to show that this particular autograph is not only genuine but is by all means the best Shakespeare autograph so far discovered—written when he was in his prime.

The other known autographs of Shakespeare were clearly written at a time when the great dramatist was suffering either from palsy or from some infirmity which made it extremely difficult for him to write at the time. Of such is the signature on the will.

Another thing. The facts brought together in connection with this autograph in the Boston Public Library may serve to clear up some of the mystery which has always attached to the wide field of knowledge and the extensive vocabulary which Shakespeare had at his command.

An artist can no more paint a great picture without a precise knowledge of pigments and pigmentary values than an author can write a great composition without a precise knowledge of the words which he uses. No writer in the English language has ever used such an extensive vocabulary as Shakespeare, nor has any writer used words with a keener sense of word values and word meanings.

HE DIDN'T go to college, and if he had gone, it is indeed doubtful if he could have acquired in any college or university so extensive a vocabulary. And, of course, it is sheer nonsense to suppose he could have acquired such a vocabulary in the grammar school at Stratford. It is just as nonsensical to suppose that he could have unconsciously picked up such a vocabulary in the course of conversation with his fellow men—even if they were all scholars.

Where then did he get this general knowledge and such an extensive vocabulary?

William Blades, a London printer and student of the history of printing, offered a reasonable solution of this problem in 1872 in a little pamphlet which he published. In this same pamphlet he offered a solution of the mystery attaching to the first four years of Shakespeare's residence in

London—what he did during those years before he went on the stage.

Bear in mind that William Blades knew nothing of this autograph in the Boston Public Library.

Nobody but a printer like William Blades could have seen the facts he uses in the light in which he uses them. But, of course, his assumptions, based on these facts, were either ignored or treated in a humorous way by the critics. This was natural enough because there are so few students of literature, or critics, who know anything about the technique of printing.

In his pamphlet William Blades assumed that Shakespeare had worked in a printing office during his first four years in London and that the printer for whom he worked was Thomas Vautrollier. He based this assumption on the fact that Shakespeare's boyhood friend in Stratford, Richard Field, was working in a London printing office when Shakespeare went to London and that Field got him a job in Vautrollier's office.

STRANGELY enough it is this same Richard Field who printed the volume of North's *Plutarch* in the Boston Public Library in which the autograph was found. But, as has been said, William Blades knew nothing of that.

Halliwell and others knew that Shakespeare and Field were acquainted but attached no particular importance to the fact. It took William Blades to see the importance of the matter.

Briefly the facts of Richard Field's life and of the life of Thomas Vautrollier are as follows:

Richard Field was born in Stratford about the same time as Shakespeare—1564. Both undoubtedly attended the grammar school at Stratford, the only school there at the time. Field was the son of a tanner and Shakespeare the son of a butcher who was also a glover. So the two families must have known each other very well. In fact Halliwell says that Field's father was 'a friend of Shakespeare's family.' And both families were of the same social rank. In 1592 Shakespeare's father was engaged in appraising the goods of Richard Field's father at Stratford.

Early in 1579 young Field was taken to London and apprenticed to George Bishop, printer and publisher. This was the same George Bishop for whom, twenty-four years later, Richard Field, in business for himself, printed the North *Plutarch* which is in the Boston Public Library and which contains the Shakespeare autograph.

In London at the same time was another eminent printer, Thomas Vautrollier, a Frenchman who came to England at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign and was admitted a brother of the Stationer's Company in 1564, giving him all the rights and privileges of that guild. Naturally he knew George Bishop.

One of the interesting things about Thomas Vautrollier is that he printed the first edition of North's *Plutarch* in 1579. It was a popular book, for it ran through many editions.

Vautrollier, like many of the early master printers, especially on the Continent, was a learned man and a translator. The books which he printed in London were of a high grade and many of them were educational in character—books on religion, law, medicine, insanity, grammars and classical romances. He was both intellectual and energetic and at one time got into some trouble with the government because of his supposed interest in the cause of Mary Queen of Scots. He fled to Edinburgh but returned and died in London in 1588. That same year his daughter married Richard Field and a year later Field took over Vautrollier's business.

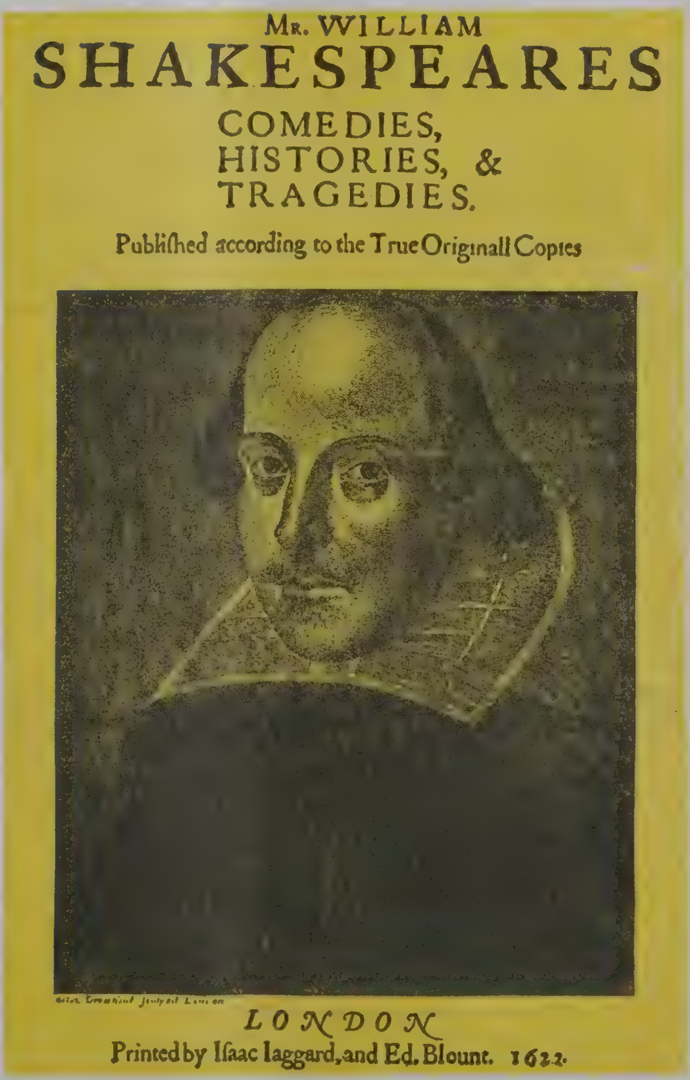
These are some of the reasons why William Blades came to the conclusion that Shakespeare worked in Vautrollier's printing office during those first four years after he went from Stratford to London, and before he went on the stage.

What more natural, says Blades, than when Shakespeare got to London, penniless, and not knowing which way to turn, he should call on his boyhood friend Richard Field and that Field should help him, and get him work in his prospective father-in-law's printing shop? And what more natural than that Vautrollier should take a quick liking to the robust, quick-witted William Shakespeare? It would be like bringing together 'two of a kind.'

Vautrollier's shop was in Blackfriars, near the theaters and the taverns and all the active life of London of that day. Vautrollier was the type of man who would be interested in the stage and in stage people; and certainly the whole thing would have fascinated such a nature as Shakespeare's.

Another reason which Blades gave for his assumption that Shakespeare worked with Vautrollier either as compositor or copy reader, or both, was that this would explain how Shakespeare came to have such an extensive and redundant vocabulary and also how he came to have such an apparently intimate knowledge of history, science and the classics, a knowledge which coincides exactly with the kind and character of knowledge contained in the books printed by Vautrollier. In point of fact Shakespeare quotes verbatim, in some of his plays, whole sentences from North's *Plutarch*.

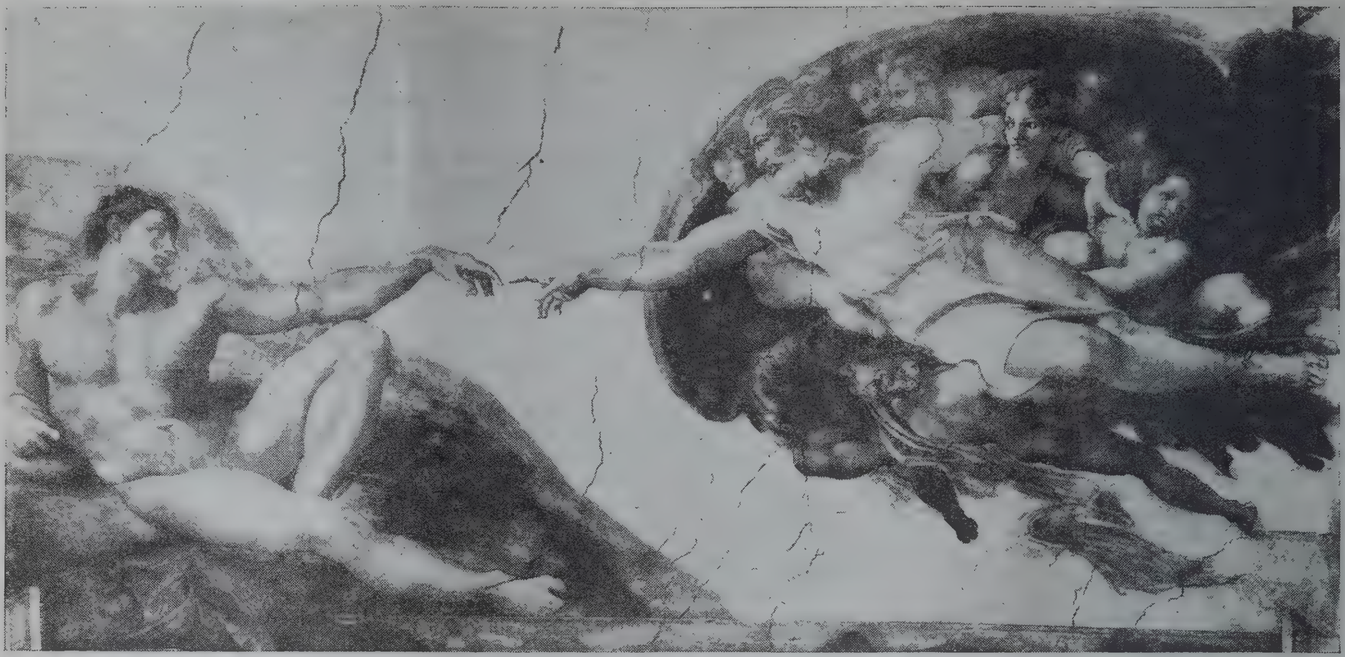
AND, of course, if Shakespeare were either compositor or copy reader in Vautrollier's printing shop he would not only come into contact with this varied knowledge but would be enabled to acquire, without much effort, the extensive vocabulary he possessed. For the old-time compositor not only literally handled words but knew the structure of words as well as their meanings, as only a (*Continued on page 25*)



Mr. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.
Publiſhed according to the True Originall Copies.

LONDON
Printed by Iſaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

Title-page of the First Folio, the most important single volume in the history of the text of Shakespeare.



'The Creation of Man,' by Michaelangelo, in the Sistine Chapel at Rome.

ART *May Be* 'Long,' *But Not* 'Long-Faced'!

By REGINALD POLAND

WE CAN see beauty practically everywhere, if we so much as try to open our eyes, and it is still true that, 'If eyes were made for seeing, then Beauty is its own excuse for being.' Too much time has been spent in arguing as to why art should exist; it needs no apology.

Now, then, do we like nature because we have seen its interpretation in pictures or pictures becauses we have lived next to nature? (Probably one enhances a love for the other.) Corot said, 'You should not give me, personally, too much credit. I simply paint what I see.' Perhaps—but his vision was surely more than human. Fritz Kreisler is reported to have said, 'I want an artist to paint for me the woods, the valleys, hills and streams in a much more beautiful way than I can see them myself.' That is the way; the painter can see more clearly without being confused by the variety of extraneous matter that often camouflages the truth.

One hears that perhaps everything, elements and all, may be reduced to one force, to force vibrations. Certainly there are simple, common, underlying principles in the universe more or less in harmony with each other. Truth, Goodness and Beauty are bases of life and when combined have been called the *summum bonum,* the greatest good.

Harmony enters into art as into other truths of life. A picture uses nature as its 'alphabet,' its means of 'telling the story.' To get along in life we must observe natural laws. We cannot 'fall up,' if we step from a height into space. That which registers as a deformed thing in art cannot be right because it is unnatural; the likeness of the normal, however, is in harmony with us and often also life-enhancing. Like attracts like. A note when sounded will cause the violin string of the same tone to vibrate sympathetically, though discords will cause 'cold shivers' and make even the dogs howl mournfully! Harmony means not only lack of friction but also, more positively, tranquillity and happiness. The word 'art' comes from a Greek root meaning 'the fitting,' that is, the harmonious.

WHEN an organization such as a factory is operating smoothly, evidently a working system and good plan are responsible. Such order is a mark of the artistic whether in an accurate watch, an automobile factory, or the picture of 'The Last Supper' by Leonardo da Vinci. From chaos the world, the greatest work of art, evolved when order entered into it.

A picture with its order, composition or whatever you choose to call it, tends to enrich life. Beauty comes with such pattern and results in happiness. 'Laugh and the world laughs with you . . . ' The enigmatic but enchanting smile of Mona Lisa is due to the joy which the sitter experienced as she posed to the strains played for her and Da Vinci. And the two things which most delighted this artist were the smiles of beautiful women and the charm of winding streams. Both are evident in this famous portrait. It deserves its fame, giving beholders the joy contributed to it by the painter and his subject.

Esthetic joy is contagious. The more art is shared, the greater is its return. This is easily proved. In traveling alone one should derive much satisfaction, but certainly definite happiness if accompanied by friends of similar tastes. Art is a social matter. Unless this were so, its creators would not need to visualize their masterpieces concretely, but merely in the 'mind's eye,' for themselves alone.

Time and again I have caught myself humming or whistling when modeling. Why? Probably because I am trying to create a natural form in an orderly design that is somewhat akin to my own life. If successful, my clay figure will then embody my song of joy which was itself a part of the universal rhythm.

Every art object needs a reason for its existence. It must mean something. This creation of an idea like the other components, design and at least sufficient technique to be convincing, should bring a wealth of satisfaction to artist and beholder. The real artist is ever creating from his superabundant ideas. Whistler had to leave West Point because he persisted in covering his sheets of surveying problems with his artistic interpretations.

Such expression or creation of ideas is most important for great art. A story runs that William M. Chase, in imagination, painted his most perfect pictures on a blank canvas. He said that, perhaps, some day he might be able to translate these masterpieces into visible paintings—but probably not. This American leader found his truest happiness in the pictures of his imagination. What a pity, however, that they could not be realized, so that others might also share his treasures.

WE HAVE used the word 'creation'; 're-creation,' possibly is better. The artist takes nature, selects, eliminates, rearranges, emphasizes and interprets as he believes he can do so to the benefit of man. With his superior sight and viewpoint he intensifies life and gives us a refreshing picture. Thus in its enjoyment we get a 'second wind,' a new 'lease on life.'

Who does not thrill with the sight of Michaelangelo's 'Creation of Man' on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel? In it, God the Father swoops down scarcely to touch the common clay which is already in the likeness of man and appears alive with the spark from the extended finger of the Creator. For whom is not life more dramatic and intriguing upon seeing 'The Night Watch' of Rembrandt with its armed and uniformed shooting company in its quarters? It is as effective and ordered as a tableau in the theater. Its 'spot-lighting,' mystic shadows, pleasant lemon yellow, mellow gold and positive maroons combine with the tactile appeal of forms and space to enhance our own being. Of course, one might multiply examples, for similar to this picture is Velasquez 'Maids of Honor' ('*Las Meninas*'), called 'The Theology of Painting.'

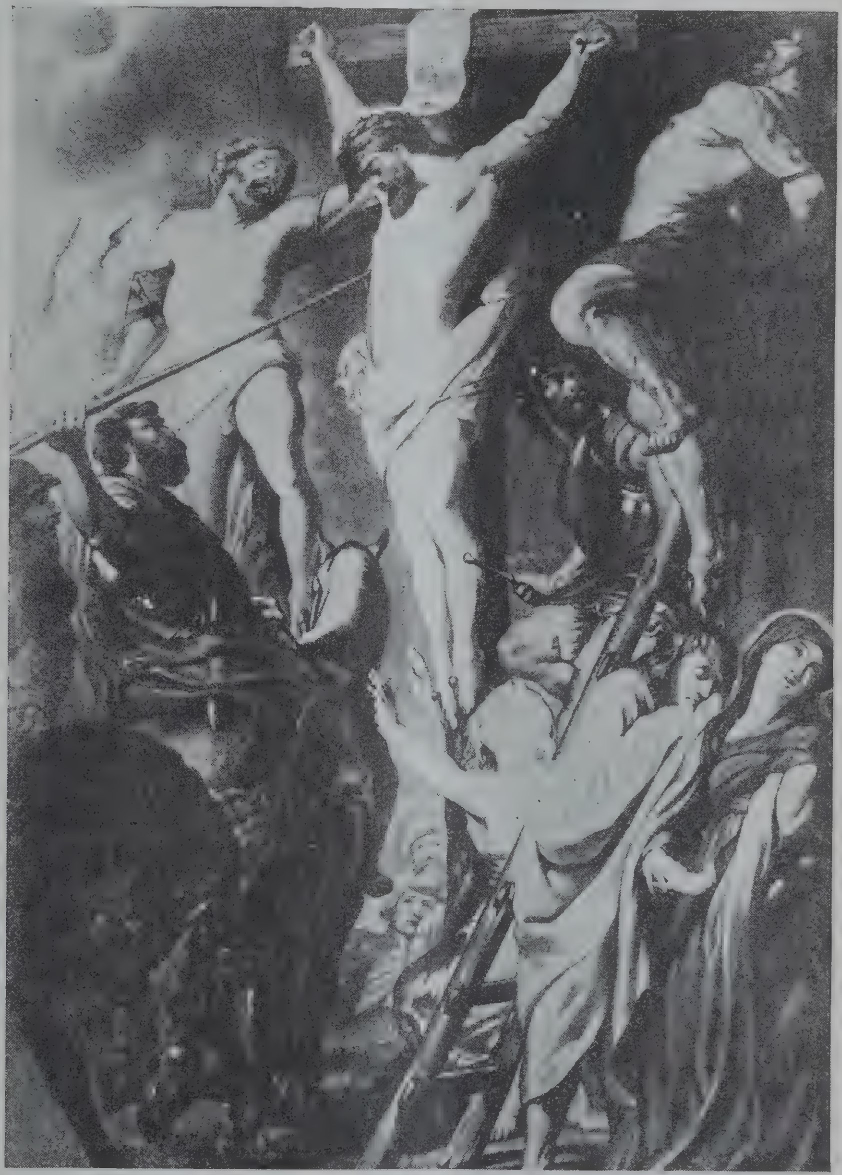
A physical stimulus is added to our study of Rubens' masterly conceptions. This is most obvious in his 'Rape of the Sabines,' wherein the canvas almost resounds with the vibrating of fleshy forms as is the case in the equally muscular 'Elevation of the Cross.' Even more lasting and quite as stirring is the 'Coup de Lance' of Christ on the Cross. Here Rubens interpreted a drama in which the human body and the spirit are both concerned. How greatly such art can influence mankind!

Art can please one and all if they have an open mind and are neither pessimistic nor poisoned by false happiness. We remember a wealthy business man who purchased a landscape by Corot of cattle slaking their thirst in a cool stream beneath the willows. The picture was a great consolation and definite joy to him in the irreparable loss of one dearest to him. Incidentally, he was incensed that friends came to see his 'fabulously expensive Corot,' for he wished no money consideration to be confused with art. Later, though he suffered financial embarrassment, he never parted with that or any other picture to tide him over his misfortune. Rather they made life seem more worth while than when he was prosperous.

Another similarly successful man purchased his first fine lithograph, incidentally paying very little for it, for often superlative prints cost much less than other forms of art. Later he telephoned for other examples, saying that he preferred to use his money for something valuable in terms of beauty rather than in 'road-house parties' which left nothing but a disagreeable memory.

Equally significant, though opposite, is the case of a poor Westerner, who sold eggs, saving the little that she could until she had enough to buy an etching or two. She appreciated the artists' ideas of the Rocky Mountains, the ragged pines, the graceful quaking aspens and sheltering cottonwood trees. She did not let the prosaic farm life, nor even the natural beauties, suffer. She even had to make sacrifices to possess the prints, but having done so, of course, prized them all the more.

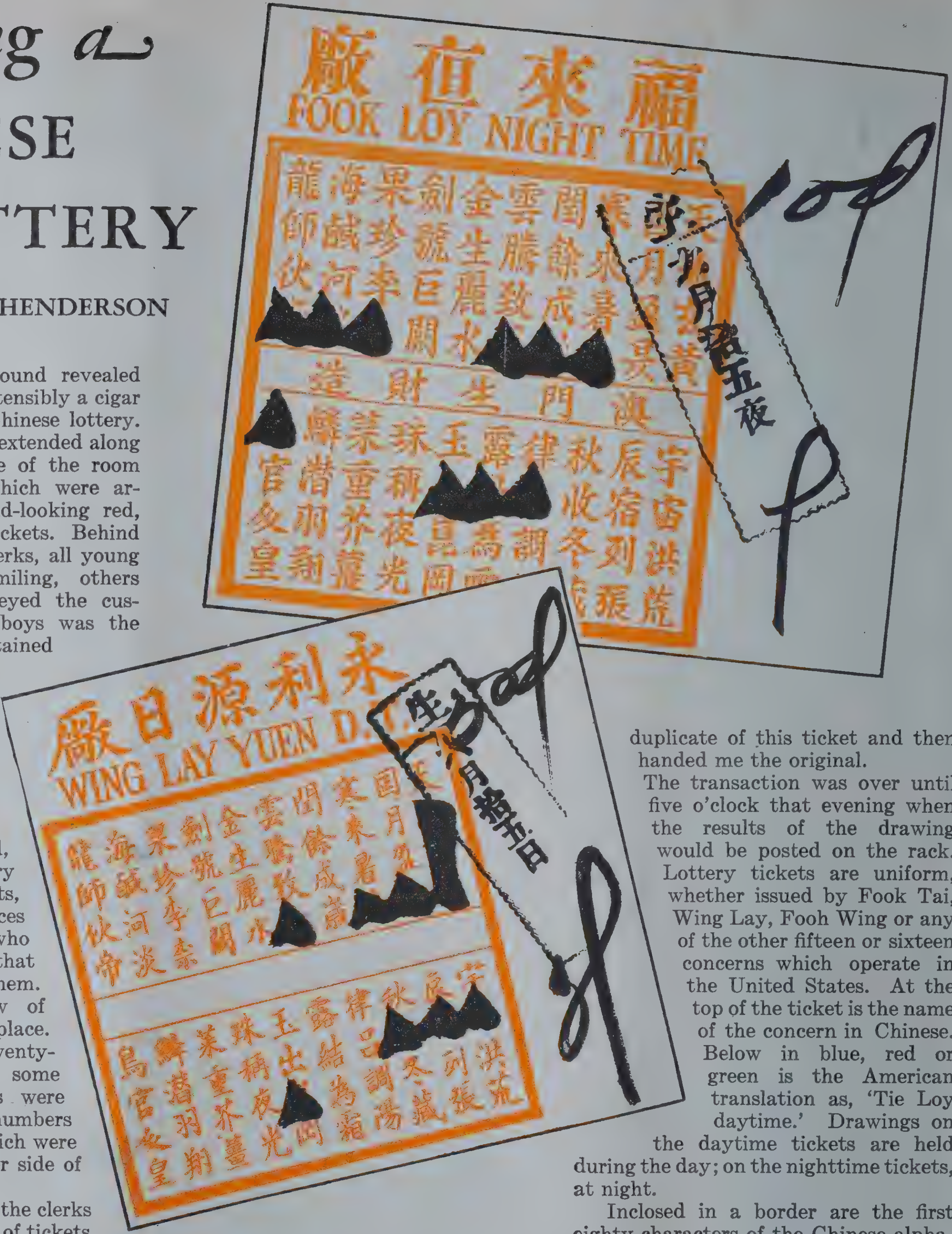
A young couple have no money for the acquisition of original art works. For some time they have borrowed true and attractive reproductions of paintings that are framed and loaned, like library books, by the Detroit Institute of Arts. They have not been ashamed to show them to connoisseurs, to poor or to rich, for they know that much of the quality of the (Continued on page 24)



'Christ on the Cross,' frequently regarded as Rubens' masterpiece.

Visiting a CHINESE LOTTERY

By GEORGE C. HENDERSON


福來宜廠
FOOK LOY NIGHT TIME
永利源日廠
WING LAY YUEN D.T.

ONE glance around revealed the place—ostensibly a cigar store—as a Chinese lottery. In front, and extended along an entire side of the room was a counter upon which were arranged in trays the odd-looking red, green and blue lottery tickets. Behind this counter were the clerks, all young Chinese boys, some smiling, others scowling, as they surveyed the customers. Before these boys was the cabinet or tray that contained the neatly arranged tickets of the various companies. At hand was a pot of ink, a brush for marking the ticket and a stamp for making Chinese characters.

As the arrivals entered, the clerks became very busy, handing out tickets, marking the square pieces of paper for those who thought it was luckier that way, and stamping them.

A disreputable crew of men lounged about the place. Some were playing the twenty-five-cent slot machines, some sat on benches, others were looking at the winning numbers of the last drawing, which were posted on racks on either side of the room.

I walked up to one of the clerks and surveyed the display of tickets. Some twelve or thirteen different lottery companies were represented there: Fook Loy nighttime, Wing Loy Yuen daytime, Fook Wing Quai daytime, American nighttime, Fook Tai daytime, Tie Loy daytime, Fooh Quy Chong, Union daytime, Fook Chung daytime, Tan Toi nighttime, New York daytime, Tang Toi nighttime and Fook Look Sue daytime. I selected a Wing Loy Yuen and a Fook Wing Quai ticket and handed them to the boy with a dollar. 'You mark it,' I suggested.

He waited several minutes before complying. I saw him glance out of the corner of his eye toward the end of the room and, following the look, I saw an American regarding me keenly. Just as I saw him, he made a motion, which apparently meant that I had not been recognized as a menace, because the boy smiled and took the money. Evidently this American was familiar with all the detectives, sheriffs and deputies and he was stationed there to prevent an incriminating sale to an officer.

Dipping his camel's hair brush in the pot of ink, the Chinese boy deftly marked ten of the spots in black, wrote '5 o'cl' and stamped the paper in red ink with a Cantonese design. He finished it off with a mysterious flourish which meant nothing to me. With meticulous care he made a duplicate of this ticket and then handed me the original.

The transaction was over until five o'clock that evening when the results of the drawing would be posted on the rack. Lottery tickets are uniform, whether issued by Fook Tai, Wing Lay, Fooh Wing or any of the other fifteen or sixteen concerns which operate in the United States. At the top of the ticket is the name of the concern in Chinese. Below in blue, red or green is the American translation as, 'Tie Loy daytime.' Drawings on the daytime tickets are held during the day; on the nighttime tickets, at night.

Inclosed in a border are the first eighty characters of the Chinese alphabet, divided into two sections of forty characters each.

After the Fook Tai drawings have closed, the secret clique of the Fook Tai company makes a 'master ticket.' On this master ticket the ten winning characters are marked. Just how the Chinese devise this ticket no one but themselves knows. At any rate it is posted on the rack in the room and copies of it are sent around to pool halls and cigar stores in surrounding cities, so that the gamblers may compare their own tickets with it.

In many cities hundreds of men and women play the lotteries without ever entering one of the 'joints.' Chinese laundrymen, vegetable peddlers, gardeners and professional

(*Continued on page 22*)

World's Greatest DISTANCE MEN *Found at* 5,000 Feet *Above Sea Level*

By H. G. SALSINGER

UP IN the Sierra Madre of Mexico lives an Indian tribe known as the Tarahumaras. Few white men have ever visited their native haunts and the few who have came back with tales of endurance far beyond anything known to the civilized nations of the world. They told of Tarahumara Indian men who ran 52 hours at a stretch, and of girls and older women of the tribe who ran from 25 to 40 miles.

Thomas Rodriguez, a Y. M. C. A. secretary in Mexico, visited the land of the Tarahumaras and he discovered the tales that had been told of their prowess as runners were true. He made friends with them and in time he was able to bring a few of them into the cities to prove that reports had not been exaggerated. Last spring he succeeded in bringing three girls and three men into Texas and here, for the first time, an English-speaking people was able to view the super-runners of the Sierra Madre.

AMPEON DE CH

—International Newsreel.

Three members of the Tarahumara Indian tribe who broke Marathon records. Left to right—Jose Lorres, Augustin Salido and Thomas Safiro.

Girl runners of the famous Indian tribe. Left to right—Lola de Curarara, Juenta Pacencia, Juanita de Curarara and Martina Baquetero.

In their American début three Indian bucks attempted to run from San Antonio to Austin, a distance of 86 miles. They started from the city hall in San Antonio and finished in the Texas University Stadium at Austin where the annual Texas Relays were being held. One of the Indians was forced to drop out after running more than sixty miles; the other two went the remaining distance and ran nearly four additional miles. When they ended their run they were not panting. They had, to all appearances, expended no more energy than if they had walked rapidly for three or four blocks through a downtown street.

Three girls started, on the same day, to run the Marathon distance (26 miles 385 yards) and one of them finished. She ran more than the Marathon distance, covering 28½ miles. She, like the men, was not out of breath when she finished, nor was she even breathing rapidly.

In this day and age of athletics, when records tumble almost weekly and we talk of the great advancement in the science of competition, there arrive these Indians who, until this year, had never sat in an automobile and had never been ininside a railroad coach, and who give an exhibition such as no civilized athlete would even attempt.

They are still near the savage stage, these Tarahumaras, but they can show their heels to the athletes of the civilized nations over the longer distances. In their American début, where they were handicapped to such an extent that running was almost impossible, they demonstrated that the world's greatest runners are not listed in the record books.

The one American performance that approaches the work of these Indians is credited in the official records to J. Saunders of New York. Back in 1882 he took a notion to establish some distance marks and he set out to run as long as he could. *(Continued on page 26)*

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Only Cure for Waste

TO USE what you have is much better than to 'save' what you have. The only cure for waste is proper use. We cannot destroy matter. We can miss our opportunity with it, and misuse it, that's all. Our own interests are all locked up in the principle of use.

It is rather a strange arrangement of nature that only the most precious values can be wasted. You can waste time, you can waste labor, you can waste material—and that is about all. You cannot waste money. You can misuse money, but you cannot waste it; it is still somewhere. You can waste your own opportunity to use it for benefit, but that is all.

> *ECONOMY is no cure for waste; use is the word. The only cure for waste is proper use. Economy is the rule of half-alive minds. It is, of course, better than waste, but it can never be substituted for use. Use is alive, positive and active. It adds to the common good. Our interests are all locked up in the principle of use. There are two kinds of waste: that of the prodigal who misuses his substance, and that of the sluggard who allows his substance to rot through nonuse. Both are creators of waste. The strict economizer is in danger of being classed with the sluggard. The remedy in both instances is use.*

Time, energy and material are worth more than money, because they cannot be purchased by money. Not one hour of yesterday, not one hour of today can be bought back. Material wasted is wasted beyond recovery. These things are in the front rank of values. They are the precious elements out of which all wealth is made.

It is worth noting that these precious values are not of human creation. We have done a great deal with our human intelligence and energy, we have accomplished much by the manipulation of natural material and forces, but the severely modifying fact remains that ourselves and all we have worked with, and the very intelligence we have worked by, were not our own creation. So, while mankind may be pleased and even thankful, it ill becomes it to be boastful.

All our values were given us. Mind-values, power-values, material-values were all here. And we, the human race, have simply been cutting our eyeteeth on some of the elementary problems. The tree makes apples, mankind makes engines and philosophies—the tree cannot boast itself to be very original and powerful; it does what it was given power to do.

But mankind always has promise of being permitted to do still greater things. Its present progress has every sign of being only preparation, but there must be energy and use. There must be no standing still.

One circumstance, however, acts as a safeguard against the improvidence of individuals. The waste which we practise upon the original store of wealth is always repairing itself. That is to say, the time we waste is wasted for us as individuals, but the unused hours and days return to their original source, that of endless duration.

Hours and days are doled out to us as small coin to see how we will use them.

The earth never ceases making what we need and is prepared to fill the future needs of which we have not now the slightest foreknowledge. If men waste energy, it is lost to them as individuals—the great reservoir of energy on which all life draws is not exhausted. But everything depends on use.

Some would substitute the word economy for use. This is wrong. The word economy represents a half-idea born of fear. Its history is something like this: the great and tragic fact of waste is brought home to the mind by some circumstance, usually of a most materialistic kind; or there comes a violent reaction against extravagance—for even nature rebels against our unwise courses (which is the reason why so many people break down from 'overwork,' which is not overwork at all); and, as a sudden revulsion against it all, the mind catches hold of the idea of 'economy.' It flies from a greater evil to a lesser one; it does not make the full journey from error to truth.

Economy is the rule of half-alive minds. There can be no doubt that it is better than waste, neither can there be any doubt that it is not so good as use.

There are two kinds of waste: that of the prodigal who throws his substance away in riotous living, and that of the sluggard who allows his substance to rot through nonuse. In the precious things of life the strict economizer is in danger of being classed with the sluggard.

Everything is given to us to use. There is no evil from which we suffer that did not come to us through misuse. There is no function which human beings can fulfill that is not good. But we have all about us the spectacle of whole nations having to make laws against things, not bad fundamentally, but bad in their misuse.

The worst possible sin we can commit against the things of our common life is to misuse them. 'Misuse' is the wider term. We like to say 'waste,' but waste is only one phase of misuse. All waste is misuse; all misuse is waste.

The principle of use is the main guidepost.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Fair Play

AN OBSCURE item in a New York newspaper the other day told that Major Augustus Heise had been restored to duty as a federal prohibition agent. It added that he would not be returned to his former post in New York because of 'unfavorable publicity' which had centered about him there. Instead, official Washington would bow to that publicity by sending him elsewhere.

On June 24, Major Heise was suspended *without pay*, following wild accusations against him by a Negro on trial for bribery. The accusations ranged the gamut from 'third degree' methods to Chinese torture. Manhattan newspapers, alert for anything to cast discredit upon prohibition, rushed to the aid of the Negro. Witches were burned again. Biased accounts appeared in their news columns, scathing denunciations on their editorial pages. *Heise*, not the Negro, was treated as a criminal. His name was made anathema throughout the country. The 'Heise scandal' threatened to become national in scope. Even the drys deplored his supposed actions. Largely as a result of the publicity:

> The Negro was acquitted.
>
> Charges against Heise were lodged with the federal grand jury, and he was haled before that body by the United States District Attorney.
>
> Heise was suspended without pay.
>
> He was denounced by official Washington *before he had been heard*, and intimations were strong that he would be promptly fired.
>
> His superior, Chester P. Mills, was censured and transferred to a minor post. He resigned.

Now, weeks later, the truth filters out. The absurd charges against Heise were untrue. *So found the federal grand jury. So found official Washington, when it took the time to investigate.* But the facts are either ignored by those newspapers which so zealously prosecuted the case before, or are buried in back-page positions where they will not be seen by one-tenth of the people who read the accusations. Major Heise stands vindicated. His reward is transfer to some other city because of 'unfavorable publicity.'

Learn It

OFFICERS and directors of banks are compelled to know the texts of the banking acts. Business men are always seeking information about credit and contract laws; workmen's compensation and income tax acts. Golf players pride themselves on knowing the rules of that ancient and royal game.

But these same people, and many others, are usually ignorant of the text of the Constitution of the United States. While many of them are opposed to suggested changes in the Constitution, they are unable intelligently to discuss the thing they seek to defend. Americans need more facts, especially in dealing with citizenship problems. No person who has prospered and who professes a desire to see the nation well governed has any excuse for failing to familiarize himself with the Constitution.

The Governors Confer

THE Governors have gathered and talked and dispersed, and the impression seems general that their meeting was more in the nature of a picnic than an important conference. Only eighteen of the forty-eight were present at Mackinac Island, and even these made a rather sorry showing.

The disappointment at the lack of accomplishments is probably due to the high expectations which were held at the inception of the annual conferences nineteen years ago. At that time it was freely predicted that a mass of uniform legislation would result. Reforms which could not be brought about in any other way would be accomplished. The 'Board of Governors' would form a new safeguard for states' rights. But for one reason and another the conferences have dwindled in attendance and influence, rather than increased. They have dealt with current events rather than fundamentals. They have been useful at times in discussing problems of the moment, but they have fallen far short of the hoped-for destiny. And in the reaction of disillusionment, the public which once expected everything has come to expect nothing.

The Decline of Oratory

GREAT, round words from behind which not even the most efficient vacuum cleaner could extract an ounce of reality have upon some of us an amazing effect. We grow enthusiastic over becoming noises from a decorated platform. Aroused by high-sounding piffle, we seize meshless nets and chase imaginary butterflies across vacant lots under the impression that we are really accomplishing something in the way of a great reform. It is easy for men to thump a table, to gesticulate grandly, to cultivate a deep and resonant voice. Those things constitute *oratory*. And oratory impresses some people merely because of its own weight. A great deal of bombastic nonsense is uttered—and accepted—under the magic spell of the word.

But the orator's sphere is lessening and his day is passing. Why? Because people are beginning to realize that no matter how much orating is done, all achievements and changes that are permanent, decisive and irresistible proceed in our time from the silent laboratories of chemical and mechanical engineers. Even in the golden age of verbosity, the United States seldom elected orators to the Presidency. The nation knew instinctively that talkers are seldom doers.

BLACK and WHITE in AFRICA

By W. H. WORRELL

Contemporary portrait of the architect of the Great Pyramid. His features are plainly those of a White man. Left—Portrait-statue of a scribe of the old Egyptian empire. There is nothing African about this face.

TO EUROPEANS all Africans look pretty much alike: black. Yet examine them more closely, and you will find that they differ from one another in outward appearance quite as much as Chinamen from Japanese; that their habits of life are as varied as those of the peoples of Europe; and that their languages bear no more resemblance to one another than Hebrew to Hottentot.

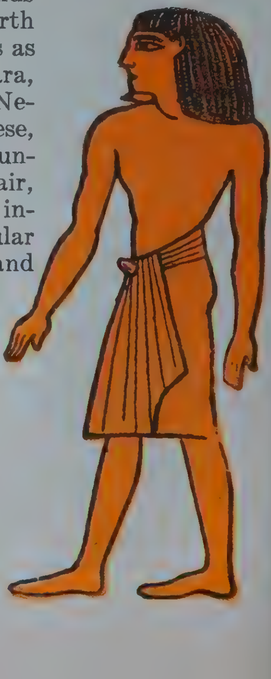
Underneath these outward differences lie even greater differences in natural ability. There are the miserable Pygmies, who nourish themselves, as best they can, with roots and berries. They have been driven into the very heart of the equatorial forests; and hold their own there merely because stronger Negro tribes will not, or cannot, live under such adverse conditions.

Then there are the wretched Strandlopers, whom the Dutch found picking up dead fish upon the seashore. But, on the other hand, there are the redoubtable and gifted Gallas and Somalis of East Africa, and the well-organized Housas and Ful tribesmen of the western Sudan. The Housas are a peaceful and reliable merchant folk who trade over vast areas; and the Ful are a determined people who are known afar for their military prowess. Not much inferior to these are the great Bantu people of Equatorial Africa, a branch of which, the Zulus, have been made famous by Rider Haggard. All of these are superior to the true Negro, and all of them have some measure of white blood.

By 'White' men in Africa we do not mean, of course, the Dutch, or British, or any other sort of European colonist who within recent times has gained a foothold in the Dark Continent; nor do we mean the Arabs, who came in under the banner of Mohammed in the Seventh Century, anno Domini; nor even those remarkable invaders from the land of the Queen of Sheba, who settled in Abyssinia at the beginning of the Christian Era, and who today occupy a seat in the League of Nations. To understand what is meant we shall have to go back to prehistoric Africa.

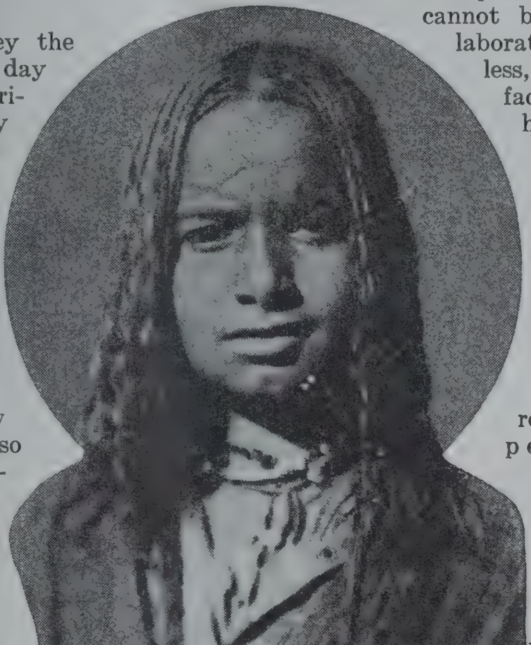
At one time the southern part of the Dark Continent was occupied by the race which we now call 'Bushmen': wizened, yellowish people, with sparse, woolly hair that grew in tiny tufts all over the head, whose speech abounded in sucking sounds or 'clicks.' North of them, perhaps as far as the Sahara, were the true Negroes, or Sudanese, with more abundant, woolly hair, whose languages involve the regular use of tones and word melodies, while lacking—from our point of view—the most necessary grammatical distinctions.

To the north of these, again, was the



Sahara, a garden spot in those days, the home of a genuinely White people who had been cut off from Europe by the subsidence of the great land bridges across the Mediterranean. Europe had been covered with a sheet of ice, and its inhabitants had retreated to northern Africa. As the ice-sheet melted, the Sahara began to dry out; and the people again went northward into Europe, or sought an escape to the south, in the lands of the true Negro and the Bushman. There was a crevice in the great limestone plateau of the Sahara, in which flowed the bounteous river Nile. Its sources were fed from unfailing rains of the Abyssinian highlands and the region of Victoria Nyanza; while its rolling waters yearly renewed the soil with rich black silt.

In that valley the sun shone every day of the year. Security was assured by trackless deserts on either hand. Here the White men found the almost ideal conditions which led to the first great civilization. The Saharan Whites, whom we shall now call 'Hamites,' also invaded the eastern 'horn' of Africa, and continued southward, struggling with, and eventually blending with, the Negroes and Bushmen, until they at last reached the Cape of Good Hope.



A woman of the Hamitic nomads who live east of the Nile. Both white and black blood are evident.

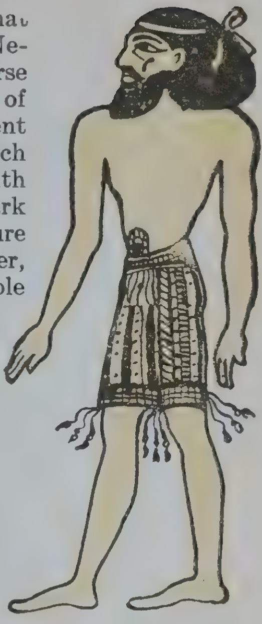
Naturally, those Hamites who turned northward, settling all about the Mediterranean basin, and upward into the British Isles, did not come into contact with the Negroes and Bushmen, and consequently are as truly White as the Nordics or Alpines of Europe. In their old home land, the Atlas Mountains, in Morocco, they still exist as 'Berbers'; and their complexion is so light that they have been mistaken for Europeans. Both France and Spain have learned to respect these people. The Rif tribesmen under Abd-el-Krim were only subdued with the greatest difficulty, by France and her organized industries of war.

The Hamitic race of Africa, then, is the same as the Mediterranean race of Europe: a race in no way inferior to the Nordic, though distinct and different from it. The great early civilizations of Egypt and Palestine are Mediterranean; and Greece and Rome resulted from the interplay of Mediterranean and Nordic.

The fine quality of British stock is due no less to the Mediterranean strain of the old dark-haired race of Britain than to the blood of the Vikings. It comes to the surface strongly in the common people of England, and particularly in the Scots and Irish. At the other end of the scale we find, at the Cape of Good Hope, the inferior Hottentot people, whose sole claim to the possession of Mediterranean blood is the presence of certain peculiarities in their language.

Psychologists assure us that there is no evidence as yet of any differences in the intelligence of different races. Racial superiority or inferiority cannot be proved in the laboratory. Nevertheless, it is a striking fact that Negroes have never produced a civilization, nor even successfully borrowed one, although they have repeatedly been in contact with civilized nations. Their capacity for progress seems to depend upon the amount of White blood which they possess.

In this connection it should be remembered that the American Negroes are of diverse origin, and many of them have ancient white blood which they brought with them from the Dark Continent. The pure Negro has, however, certain undeniable qualities, such as a capacity for music and a natural social charm. 'Deep River' is, I think, the greatest accomplishment in American music; and it is purely Negro in origin. We should not forget in justice to note that the art of smelting iron was discovered by Negroes at a time when highly civilized White men were using copper and bronze.



How do we know that there is White blood in Africa? The first evidence is general appearance. Place a true Negro beside a Galla or Somali, or even a Zulu, and the contrast is striking. Some of the African groups are as light as mulattoes. Others are very dark, but have the features of White men. Some of the Hima chieftains indeed resemble the noble race of the Pharaohs.

Their languages betray more or less of the White man's psychology. For instance, like ourselves, they distinguish 'gender' or sex in language, not only in living things but in inanimate objects. We make the sun 'masculine' and the moon 'feminine'; while the rest of the human race hardly bothers to distinguish 'he' from 'she' even when speaking of persons. Then, again, they have a curious trick of dividing things into two classes: Big Things and Little Things. This division has something to do with sex, but is not exactly the same; for a live cow is 'masculine,' because it is 'the best kind,' while a dead cow is 'feminine,' because it is good only for meat.

So also, when a woman rules a tribe she is called 'he,' and the woman's husband is called 'she' and 'the wife,' because he plays second fiddle to the chieftainess.

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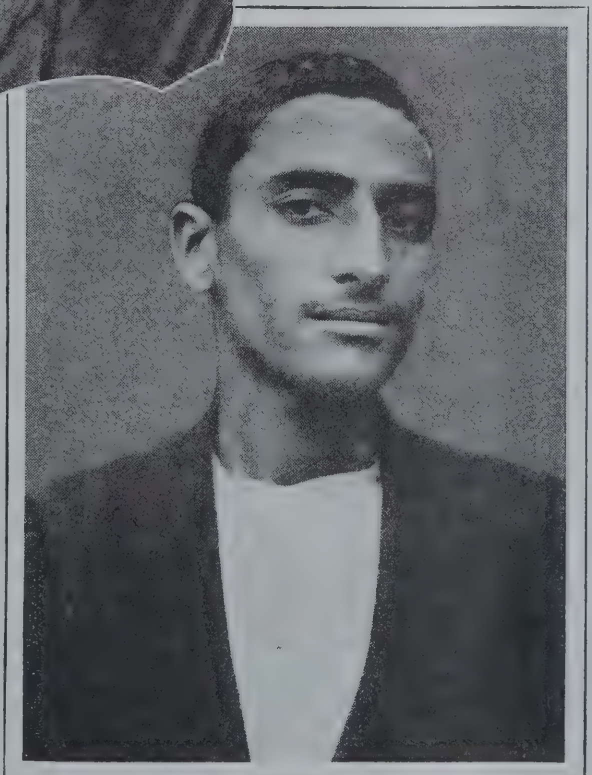
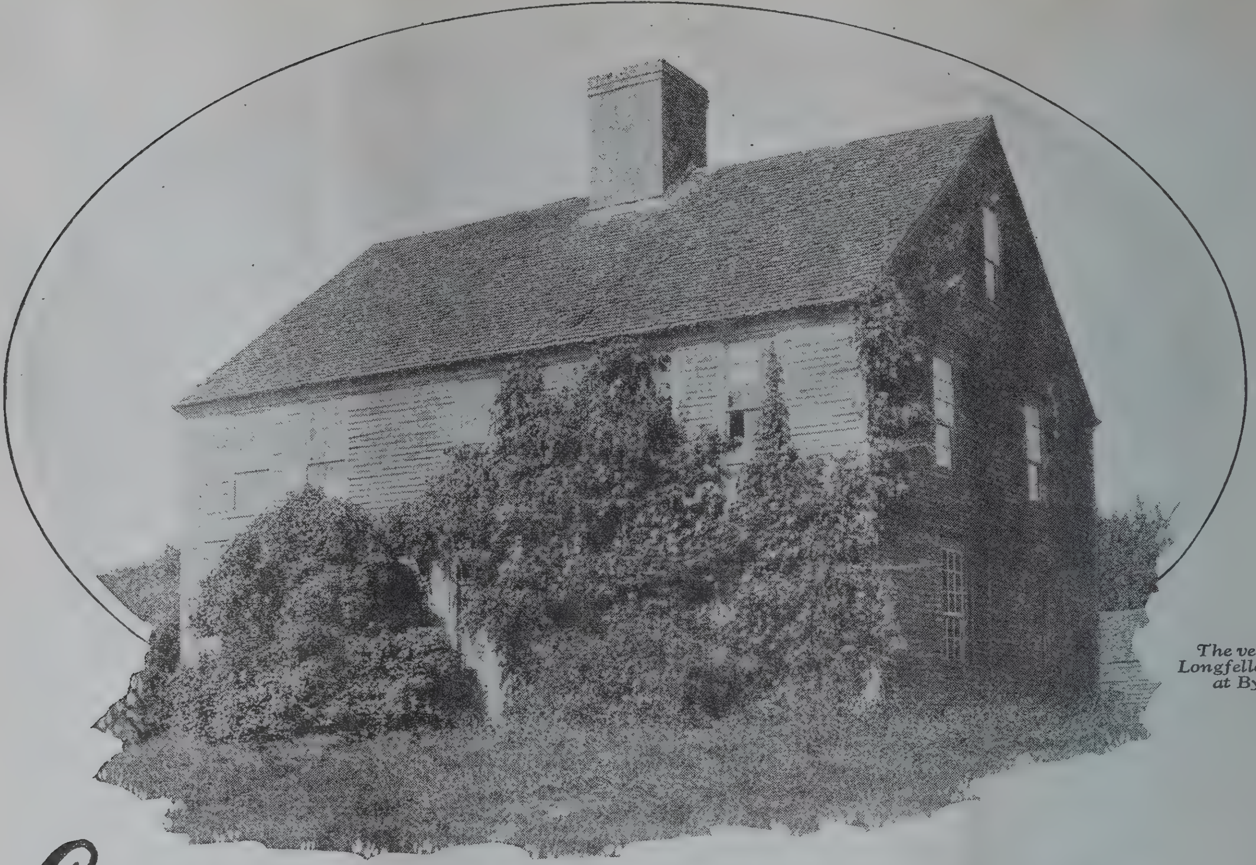


Christian peasant boy from Upper Egypt. His features resemble the portrait-statues of the Pharaohs.



The venerable Longfellow house at Byfield.

LONGFELLOW'S Ancestral Home

The Old House Still Stands in the Parish of Byfield, Massachusetts

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

THE old-time Parish of Byfield, known in early days as Newbury, Massachusetts, lies midway between Georgetown and Haverhill. It comprises an irregular tract of rolling country, given over to farm lands and notable historic houses. Here came William Longfellow, the first of the name in America; he who married, on November 10, 1676, Anne Sewell, sister of Judge Samuel Sewell and daughter of Henry and Jane Dummer. William Longfellow lived on the Sewell grant just above the old Mills in Byfield proper. This is proved by a clause in Henry Sewell's will dated August 17, 1678.

'I give and bequeath to my Son-in-law William Longfellow and my daughter Anne, his wife, during their natural life, a tract of Land with the house upon it, commonly knowne by the name of highfield with a parcell of meadow adjoyning thereunto, containing about seven or eight acres, being on the east side of the falls-river, bounded on the southwest side with a little brooke & the great river & the northeast side with a small creeke & Stony brooke running into it, also an equal part or moyty of my great meadow, formerly possessed by Launcelot Granger, and after their decease to the heires of the said Anne of her body lawfully begotten, or to be begotten, & for want of said issue to my sonne Samuel Sewell to enjoy to him and his heires for ever.'

This will was not proved until May 24, 1700, ten years after the death of William Longfellow. Meanwhile the deed of the house and land was conveyed from Henry Sewell to his daughter Anne Longfellow, the house and land being handed down from generation to generation until with the passing of Uncle Joseph Longfellow and his son it was sold out of the direct family line.

The old parish is unique, for in reality it is composed of three separate communities: upper Byfield which lies nearest to Georgetown; south Byfield where the historic houses are located, and the Dummer Academy district.

On the estate of William Longfellow who married Anne Sewell is the site of their original homestead, while nearby is the farmhouse where their descendants have lived. The weather-beaten old farmhouse is still standing, covered with vines, and was a favorite visiting place of Henry W. Longfellow. Not many years before his death he paid his last visit to the ancestral home, going there in company with Charles Sumner, Major Benjamin Perley Poore of Indian Hill, and my father, a kinsman of Longfellow, the late Honorable W. D. Northend.

Adjoining this estate is the Abraham Adams house where one of the first settlers of Newbury built—Captain Abraham Adams who had followed the sea for his livelihood and on one of his trips brought back seeds of apples which he planted on the division of the Sewell grant where he lived. The handful of seeds later developed into a splendid orchard.

The old house still stands, many of the original shingles and clapboards being in a good state of preservation. There are numerous legends related concerning this house. Under the attic eaves is shown a bunk known as Booth's Bin from the fact that an Indian slave of that name slept there.

It was nearby that a little band of twenty-five Indians settled, becoming very friendly with Mother Anne, who enjoyed sauntering down across the fields to sit with the old squaws.

One day, being urged to partake of the Indian hospitality, she accepted, when a slight rustle in the branches caused her to turn her head just in time to perceive Quanto, the brave, come quietly out from the shadow with a great black snake twined around his

Right—Byfield church, inside of which two persons, in the same pew, may sit one in Rowley and the other in Georgetown.

Below—Adams House, where Anne Longfellow, from across the fields, came to live as the wife of Abraham Adams.

arms and shoulders. Removing the kettle cover, he threw the writhing snake into the soup. Needless to say, Mother Anne's household duties immediately called her home.

The old church, since replaced by a modern one, had many notable preachers, prominent among whom was Moses Pearsons who died in 1783. He received a salary of but eighty pounds yearly. It was during his settlement that the new church was erected and that congregational singing was omitted, for the New Englanders were rarely able to sing more than three or four tunes and these were tortured and twisted as every unskilful throat saw fit.

Choirs were a never-ending subject of discussion and on March 9, 1775, twenty-one men were chosen to 'pitch ye tune.' Parsons, like everyone else in Byfield, owned slaves, three in number. Upon being charged with this, he called his slaves together and offered them freedom. The two men accepted, but Violet refused. 'No, no, massa,' she said. 'You have had the best of me and you and yours must have the worst. I will belong to your children when you are gone and by them I mean to be cared for.'

She was nearly ninety years old when she died, a privileged personage who liberated her mind upon any topic to any person at her own pleasure, having all the money she chose to ask for and spending it as she liked.

Few members of the family were clothed more gorgeously. In her old age, she was troubled with rheumatism, calling upon the family physician to help her. He was a testy old man and out of patience with her constant complaints.

'Violet,' he told her, 'you should not call on me so often. Your pains are constitutional and you must learn to bear them.'

'Oh, dear,' was the answer. 'I s'pose I must. Massa had the rheumatiz bad, and Susy had it, and Theop and Billy and Eben have it, though not so bad as I do, and I s'pose it runs in the family.'

The old church with its high square pews and imposing pulpit stands on the line of division between Georgetown and Rowley so that a man and his wife may sit in the same pew and one be in Georgetown and the other in Rowley. Little wonder that one of the parsons felt perplexed even after a year's sojourn as to where his congregation did reside. If he located them in Georgetown they were sure to be in Rowley and vice versa.

Dummer Academy, the summer residence of

(Continued on page 25)

A bit of Nature's beauty in simple form. Marshland in Byfield, Massachusetts.

Glittering cascades on Clifty Creek.

A Scenic Wonderland in Southern INDIANA

By
ALBERT A. HANSEN

MADISON, Indiana, is an old-fashioned hospitable town of seven thousand souls situated on the banks of the Ohio River opposite the wooded hills of Kentucky. Located in a small valley, the city is encircled by a series of hills that rise like a protecting wall to a height of more than four hundred feet above the river and it is in this region that some of the most remarkable natural scenery in America may be found.

Perpendicular cliffs defy climbers.

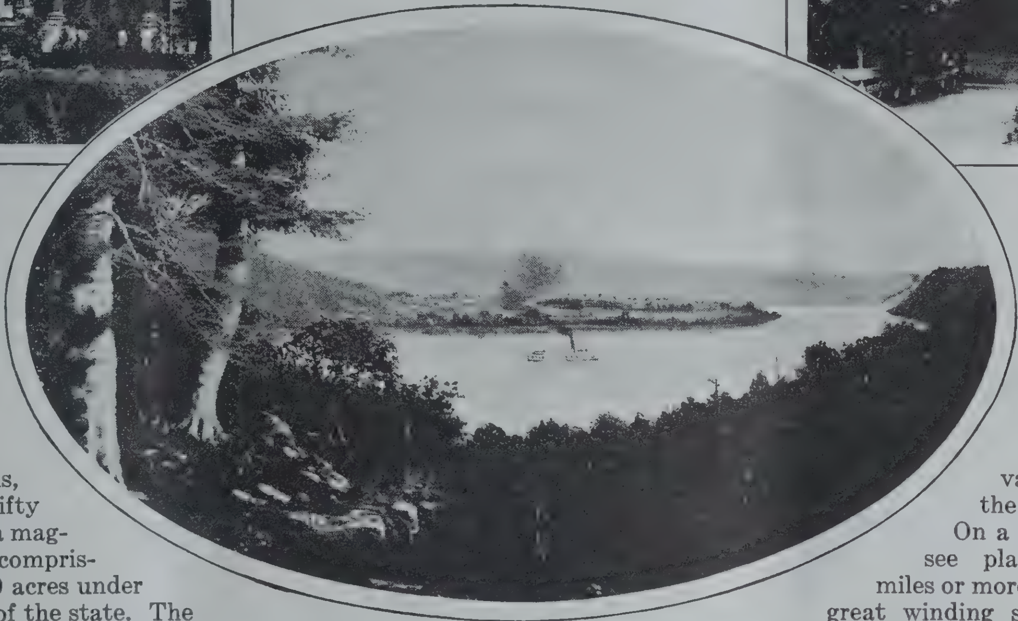
Crow's Falls, typical of thirty others.

Although lacking the immensity and magnitude of Rocky Mountain and Appalachian scenery, it is doubtful if there is anything more genuinely beautiful on the American continent than the marvelous gorges, rugged bluffs, deep rocky ravines, delicate waterfalls, inspiring vistas, huge caves and other natural wonders that are scattered in marvelous abundance among the emerald hills that form a rich setting for historic Madison. Why the praises of this great Hoosier beauty spot have remained so long unsung is a mystery, since few folks outside of Indiana have ever heard of the matchless Madison wonderland.

Perhaps the best known of the numerous and beautiful waterfalls that surround Madi-

Water veil of Clifty Falls.

Students of architecture find inspiration in the homes that are reminders of Madison's early glory. This is the Lanier Mansion on the banks of the Ohio River.



Hanging Rock, crowned with a cascade. Oval—One of the vistas of the Madison wonderland as painted by an artist. An old-fashioned side-wheeler is shown on the Ohio River.

son is Clifty Falls, located in the Clifty Falls State Park, a magnificent wild area comprising more than 400 acres under the guardianship of the state. The park is in reality a great ravine that cuts into the plateau for a distance of two miles, and through the length of this natural trough runs a stream that forms a series of thirty cascades and waterfalls of remarkable beauty.

The largest of these is Clifty Falls, almost fairylike in a beauty that is peculiarly its own. The crowning beauty of the falls is a succession of charming cascades from which the water finally plunges over the cliff, spreading gracefully into a thin veil that breaks into a glittering mist on the rocks a hundred feet below. The falls are at the head of a deep canyon of indescribable beauty. From the dizzy heights on the edge of this ravine, the full grandeur of the scene can best be appreciated.

But Clifty Falls, with all its rare beauty, is but one of over a score of similar waterfalls and their accompanying ravines found in this gifted section. Among the most picturesque are Crow's, Chain Mill, Heart's, Dead Man's, Butler's and Rose Hill falls.

Heart's Falls derived its name from two hearts carved on the rock, which, according to a romantic legend, represents the work of an Indian lover. There are two Chain Mill Falls, the names alluding to the manner in which the water power was formerly utilized in driving the buckets on the mill chain, although all trace of the mills has long since disappeared with the exception of the well-worn millstones that are still splashed by the running water.

Not far from Clifty Falls is Rose Hill from which a magnificent view may be obtained of the Ohio River as it flows lazily and majestically down the valley until lost in the mist of distance. On a clear day one can see plainly for twenty miles or more up and down the great winding stream, its bosom dotted with old-fashioned side-wheelers, its shores lined with inspiring scenery.

More than four hundred feet below, nestled in a peaceful valley, lies Madison, a beautiful city in a beautiful setting. To the right may be seen the Devil's Back Bone, a long ridge that was once an island in the Ohio River when the stream flowed to the north of the ridge instead of to the south as it now does. The vista from this rocky pinnacle cannot be surpassed anywhere in America and many who have traveled the world around declare that they have seen nothing finer. The impressive view from Rose Hill has inspired the name 'Switzerland of America,' sometimes applied to this region.

During the middle of the last century the possession of the only railroad that tapped the Ohio River made Madison the metropolis of Indiana and the 'Gateway of the North.' During the prosperous fifties Madison was

The road to Canaan—offered by the Hoosier state as a match for the world's beauty spots.

the center of Hoosier finance, learning and culture, the largest and most important city in the state. The old paddle-wheelers left Madison loaded with pork and other products, since Madison was at one time the largest pork-packing city in the world. Pork products were sent to the East and were exported to Europe to the extent that the Crimean War was said to have been won on Hoosier-packed pork from thriving Madison.

It was during these bustling days that J. D. F. Lanier, the noted financier, accumulated a fortune that later was patriotically placed at the disposal of the state during the stirring days of the Rebellion. In commemoration of this deed, the handsome Lanier home on the banks of the Ohio River in Madison has recently been transformed at public expense into a memorial museum. Madison today, with less than half the population of the halcyon days of the fifties, is but a shadow of its former greatness, but the handsome old homes, fine churches and huge packing establishments bear eloquent witness of past glory.

Training *the* African Boys *and* Girls

THROUGHOUT dim, undoubted centuries before the distinguished Chief Scout and Founder—Sir Robert Baden-Powell—had earned in his beloved Africa the name of 'Wolf-That-Never-Sleeps,' Equatorial Africa had its equivalent to the Boy Scout institution. It also had its Girl Guides.

Down in the forests of Kamerun, French Congo and the Nigerian frontiers, among the equatorial tribes, the treatment of the adolescent was basically similar. The writer became closely identified with one of the tribes during four years of forest life.

Within the instruction center the squads of initiates from the various villages are entirely in the hands of the wise old elders. There are no sympathetic parents within call. Knowledge befitting the coming men of the tribe is to be their portion. Their acceptance in the order is marked by a special dress. It consists, often, in a close-hung screen of palm fronds, enveloping the 'Scout' from his waist downward. They have their signs and signals, and frequently a special variation of the local dialect.

In certain districts no common male person may address the novitiates should they be met with.

They are given the tribal laws, and made acquainted with the punishments attendant upon any infraction of these: Forest lore and instruction; the tribal animosities and the grounds for these; the tradition of their people.

The principal purpose of the collecting of the boys, however, is for physical instruction. Then is made known every possible aspect of those intimate physical matters which in less primitive regions are taken as understood and must not be talked about.

From the seclusion of the forest the initiate returns to his people an educated man. He is quite a personage, an eligible bachelor.

The education of the girls is no less complete than that of the boys in those matters regarded as of paramount importance by the African bush native.

Confessions *in* Literature

By MURRAY GODWIN

THE confession of one's faults to another is a practice enjoined on purely religious grounds by certain creeds. At one time the idea of confession as a religious duty was, as we know, accepted by the entire western world. Then there came a time when its validity was questioned, along with that of other ideas, and at length its universal acceptance became a thing of the past. It became a matter of conscience only within a few large denominations. It became a matter of choice; one believed and practised, or one did not, according to one's point of view.

While the conflict between those who believed, in this particular regard, and those who did not, was still in progress, feeling ran high, and confession was upheld or denied on theological grounds. Simple examination of the idea by a merely interested spectator was impossible. But today, when toleration has succeeded its opposite, one may take occasion to inspect this idea from a more earthly angle in order to discover in it—if it be there—some evidence of that 'instinctive wisdom' which the philosophers have believed all religious teachers to possess, and which should certainly be present in their works.

Is there a really *human* need for confession, the act itself, apart from any benefit which may accrue from its performance as a religious duty on a supernatural plane? We all feel, it is true, the urge to confide in some friend when we are troubled by a problem or an affliction that seems too heavy to be borne alone. We know that there can be no real shifting of one's mental or emotional burdens, either in whole or in part, to the 'shoulders' of another; but we know, too, that the very communicating of one's trouble to one's friend seems to lighten the terrible strain. But this is not precisely confession. There are some things which we feel we cannot confide to friends, not because they are matters so serious (in the moral sense) that we fear our friends might be estranged in the process—though this in a few instances may be the case—but because in them our very self is so deeply involved.

Lately I read a book bearing the strange title, *Nightshade*. Its author's name remains unknown; not so his troubled soul—*that* transpires (as they say) in terms of experience through the pages of the book. He has lived during his youth and a fair portion of his manhood in a small town somewhere in New York State. He practises law there, as his father did before him; he coaches the high school girls' basket ball team; he is looked on with kindliness and confidence by his fellow townsmen, old and young. Yet, behind this front which he presents to the town lurks a down-hearted, somewhat sensual fellow who regards himself as a failure, as a sort of 'slacker' in the battle of life.

It is no romantic qualm that has been cultivated for the sake of atmosphere, but an authentic consciousness of the discrepancy between the potentiality and the achievement. To this half of his personality the town has been poison. Yet he cannot leave; the town has got 'into his blood' through some congenital rift in his character, and has rendered him incapable of stepping aside and away from the stream that bears him onward toward his last horizon. But this other self of his, though its full expression has been interdicted, has grown in a twisted way into a sad commentator on what it regards as his wasted life.

On occasion his sense of the discrepancy between what is and what might have been becomes so keen as to plunge him into dissipation—a happening which is regarded more charitably by the townspeople than the 'realists' would believe; and this serves to loosen the strings of the inner necessity sufficiently for the lawyer and citizen to act his part—until next time; and one feels in reading the book that it will continue to do so. Thus the evil balance is maintained, outwardly; but within the man himself the desire for expression and synthesis—for light and health—grows overwhelmingly insistent . . . I should say 'grew': for it has already achieved its object and, in achieving it, has given us a very interesting book.

Now, if this were an isolated phenomenon—if this book were the only book—but it is a specimen from a very large class. One could without difficulty recall the names of at least a score of recent novels—'novels'—which are simply confessions from beginning to end. Names are disguised, sometimes very plainly, and incidents are related, perhaps in an order different from that in which they actually occurred, but that is all.

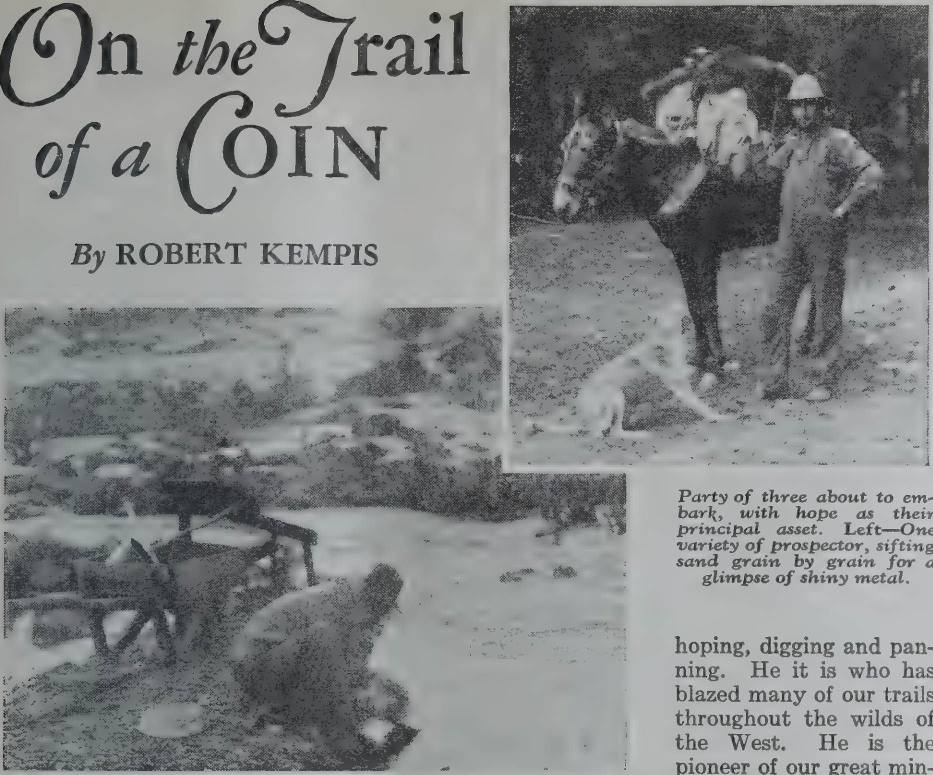
This is at bottom why so many of our younger writers manage to write a first novel which astonishes us by its intensity and truth, and a second which astounds us by its painfully fabricated texture, its wooden characterization, its poorly integrated ideas. They confess and feel relieved, but presently their confession has gone through six large printings. There is nothing for it but try it again; so they try it again and naturally fail badly, for how can one contrive an interesting confession when one has nothing to confess?

'Straight autobiographical literature has in late years grown from a mere trickle to a raging flood. It has also become increasingly unconventional; it no longer partakes of the staid formality of the epitaph; in certain instances it is labeled outright, *Confessions* . . . However, to separate in this class of literature the material which is purely autobiographical from that which might with justice be called confession, would be a tedious undertaking at best. One may note only that the need for confession, as we know it, may achieve its object in traditional literary channels as well as in more typically modern ones.

It is another matter with the more ephemeral literary forms taken by expression in our day. Beyond a doubt the 'True Tales' and 'Real Life' type of magazine, which seems lately to have become so prevalent, is made up almost wholly of confession, not particularly pure but decidedly simple; the romantic trimming being added as an afterthought by the eternally rationalizing human mind.

On the Trail of a COIN

By ROBERT KEMPIS



Party of three about to embark, with hope as their principal asset. Left—One variety of prospector, sifting sand grain by grain for a glimpse of shiny metal.

AFTER complacently dropping into our purses the shining coins which we have received from the paying teller at the bank, most of us go our way without a thought of the routine through which they have passed before arriving at the bank.

Of course, it is well known that they are brought to the bank from the United States Mints. But many, even those who have visited a mint and have seen the coins being produced by the ingenious machines, are not acquainted with the method by which the mints procure the bullion from which the coins are made.

The mint at Philadelphia obtains bullion generally from the large smelters in the West; also from the mints at San Francisco, Denver, and New Orleans, and in small amounts from the old mint at Carson City, Nevada, all of which produce coins, except the last one, which now only assays ore for the miners.

The mints in the West buy bullion from the numerous large mines and smelters, and from individual miners throughout the West. Then as bullion is needed by the mints at Philadelphia and New Orleans, it is shipped east under strong guard.

Much of the bullion is bought by the smelters from individual miners, who toil and sweat in their underground workings or in an open cut on the mountainside or on the burning desert; also from those who, clad in rubber hip boots, slush around in the placer diggings along the streams of the West and Alaska.

They obtain it from yet another, the man who with gold pan extracts the glittering metal from the small streams as he tries to trace up a rich vein, toiling faithfully and hopefully; for he may make himself rich if he is fortunate enough to strike a good pay streak.

Persistent and patient, he tramps with burro generally, but sometimes alone, over deserts and high mountain ranges, through great forests and over brushy ridges, always hoping, digging and panning. He it is who has blazed many of our trails throughout the wilds of the West. He is the pioneer of our great mining and smelter industries, and has made our large coinage possible.

On a hot summer's day he leaves the shady trail and the cool rippling stream, patiently to tramp over dusty arid plain, or briny scorching desert. He also combats the cold rain and the fierce snow—often terrific blizzards—in his mountain home, all alone. Miles away is the settlement from which he must carry on his back his sometimes scanty supply of food; and for drinking and cooking purposes he must haul water a quarter of a mile up the steep mountain trail. At other times, in the heat of burning sun, he must tramp miles with pick, shovel, gold-pan, mortar, grub sack, frying pan, coffeepot, and then a bulky blanket atop his heavy load.

Seldom complaining, always hopeful, he works from daylight until dark during the long summer days, testing rocks and soils, in the anticipation of striking the rich streak which will yield enough to take him back to his home and friends. Sometimes, but rarely, he has the companionship of a dog to break the loneliness of his isolated life. Generally contented, always freely hospitable, he will share his last flour and bacon, or his blanket, with a needy, deserving fellow whom he may chance to meet on the trail, or whom chance may lead to his camp and to his mess of frying-pan bread and bacon.

When he strikes a rich mine, he works it faithfully until he sells or dies. If the latter is the climax, there is a lone grave near a shady stream, at the foot of a mountain, or beside a pile of rocks on the desert, marked with a wooden slab or a few stones—but perchance he lies in the solitudes uncovered and unmarked.

As the beautiful coins for our need and comfort pass under smile or frown, some do not know, others forget, the great debt of gratitude we owe to the lonely pioneer miner who so faithfully toils at collecting the tempting metal, pure and untarnished, from the great storehouse of nature.

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Features to look for in EARLY ISSUES

Why *the* Liquor Interests Went Unpaid

A real contribution to a discussion sadly in need of fact.

By WILLIS J. ABBOT

THIS writer has interviewed various persons whose opinions relative to the prohibition law are of importance, and the resulting article is a real service at this time when so many people are expressing sympathy for the distillers as being put out of business without either compensation or time to prepare.

NANCY HANKS, *the* Mother *of* LINCOLN

TRUE story of the courtship of Tom Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, who became the parents of Abraham Lincoln. More stimulating than any piece of fiction ever written.

> 'That evening five grown people sat around the fire. The most important words that were spoken were certain unrecorded words that passed between Tom Lincoln, 26, and Nancy Hanks, 22. They made no undue haste about their approach to each other, but they looked at each other and neither was blind . . .'

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

The Dyspeptic Critic

By HUGH WALPOLE

EVERARD TALLBOYS, critic and author, became so tiresome that his acquaintances decided he must either be saved or murdered. They must separate his pen from his indigestion. In endeavoring to help Tallboys, three of his friends are led into the most romantic adventure of their lives. A short story complete in one issue.

An Unusually Generous Offering of Short Subjects

Ohio Honors *Her* Presidents

Imposing Memorial Stands *as* Tribute *to the* Buckeye State's Sons

By HARRY PENCE

PERHAPS the most imposing final resting place of a former President of the United States is Grant's Tomb in New York City, but as an historic shrine, hallowed by time and indifferent to material embellishment, Mount Vernon readily outranks all. Grant's Tomb is more a tribute to a military genius than to a Chief Executive. Virginia has been content to permit her celebrated men to repose in modest sepulchers.

Ohio, it must be remembered, has given the nation as many Presidents as has Virginia, although their tenure of office has been much briefer. Death has taken heavy toll. Of the six who died in office, four were from Ohio.

The first President from Ohio to be felled by a murderous bullet was James Abram Garfield, born near Cleveland, to which city his body was brought after his death, September 19, 1881. A few years later a handsome memorial was erected with funds raised by popular subscription and cost considerably more than $100,000.

President McKinley was reëlected in 1900 and began his second term the following March, but his public career was abruptly terminated by the bullet of an anarchist at the Pan-American Exposition, in Buffalo, New York, on September 6, 1901. He lingered till September 14.

Few will ever forget the series of memorial services held in almost every city and village in the country.

IT WAS inevitable that a nation enjoying unwonted prosperity, feeling itself for the first time in its history to be a leader among the nations of the world, and attributing these desirable conditions to the policies typified and sponsored by the late President, should seek to manifest its devotion in some enduring form. Even before an association, officered by the illustrious and the great, could begin activities many small funds had been raised in many communities for a lasting memorial to McKinley. More than one million persons contributed, the pennies of school children making a sizeable portion of the ultimate sum.

In 1907 a mausoleum of shining white marble was dedicated on a hill near the city of Canton and the surrounding grounds beautified in keeping with the memorial itself. At the head of the stairway leading to the entrance is a life-size bronze statue. The memorial and grounds are maintained from the proceeds of the fund administered by a commission composed of personal friends of McKinley. Though the grounds are open to the public, they are not a public park.

The sudden death of President Harding plunged the nation into mourning. It was determined that the most fitting memorial would be one in which his remains might rest till the end of time. Again the people were given an opportunity to contribute and again they made a generous response. The design of Eric F. Wood and Henry Hornbostel was selected for the structure. The Harding Memorial Association has procured an appropriate site on the outskirts of the city of Marion and plans are being rapidly matured for the construction of the memorial, which will cost more than $500,000. Until its completion the remains of the late President reposes in a vault in the cemetery at Marion watched day and night by an honor guard of soldiers.

The former residence of the Hardings has been given to the association to be maintained as a shrine, housing mementoes and relics which are being gathered from many places.

The fame of the late President is further perpetuated by the rechristening of the old Marion road, eastward to Lima and southward to Columbus. This is now the Harding Highway.

Garfield and McKinley were assassinated and Harding died while President. The memory of a fourth and older Ohio President casualty is being worthily revived. William Henry Harrison contributed his full share to the winning of the West. His victory at Tippecanoe broke the power of that redoubtable Indian Tecumseh, and as an administrator of the old Indian Territory he proved both zealous and able. His part in the War of 1812 would insure him a place among American immortals had he never been elected to the Presidency. Defeated once in 1836, he was elected in 1840, but occupied the office only one month.

His remains were returned to his old home at North Bend, Ohio, near Cincinnati, where he was buried in a plain, stone tomb on the brow of a hill overlooking the beautiful Ohio River. Not even Grant's Tomb occupies so picturesque a spot. His son deeded the tomb and the plot of ground surrounding it to the State of Ohio, but for many years the resting place was shamefully neglected.

In recent years, however, patriotic Ohioans have atoned for this neglect. An association has taken over the grounds and converted it into a park. The original tomb has not been disturbed, but upon it has been erected a shaft of unpretentious dignity, while the approach has been appropriately beautified. Nature has done the rest, and from an object of reproach the tomb of William Henry Harrison has been made a veritable shrine.

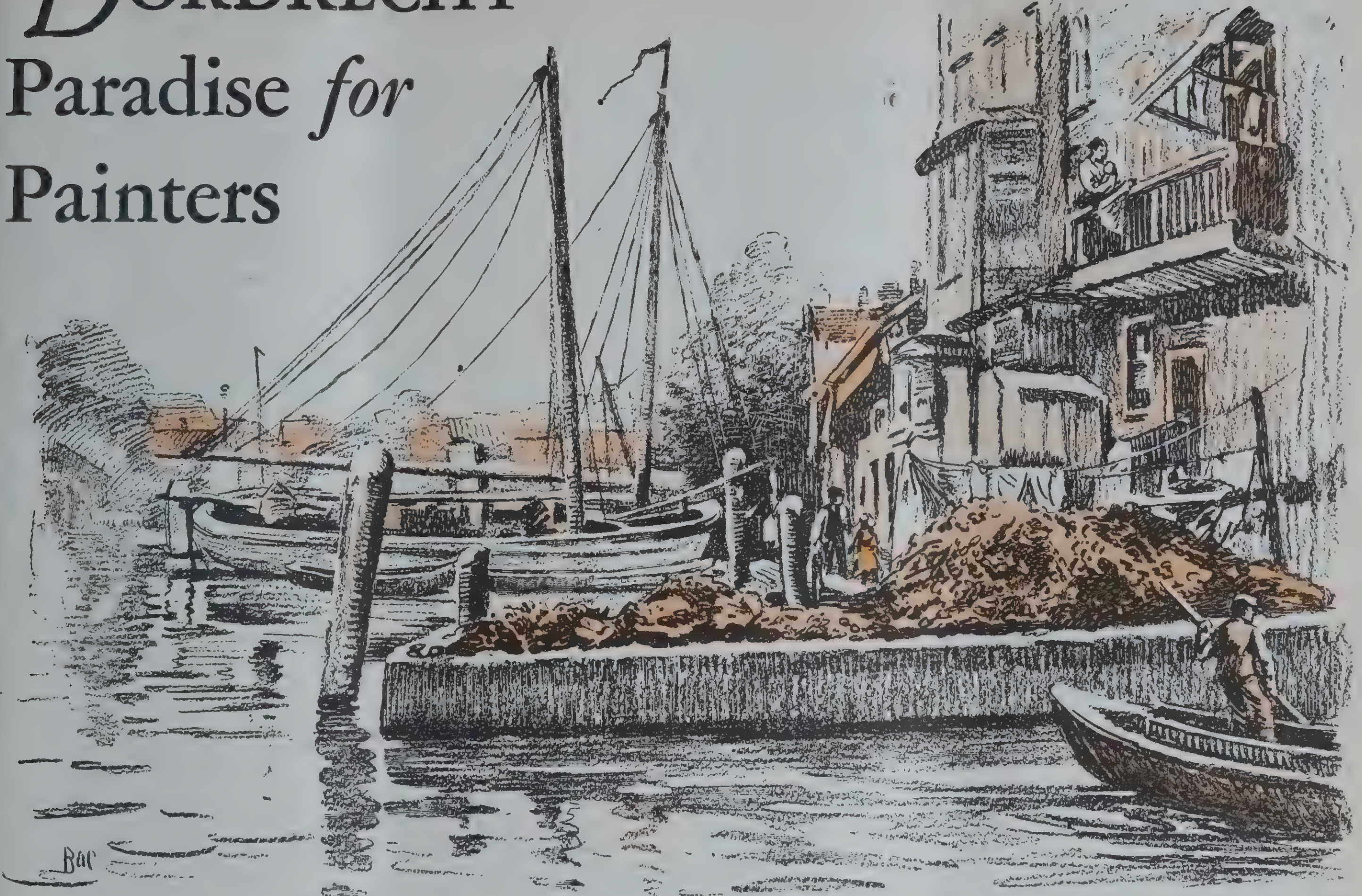
ON APRIL 27, 1922, the citizens of Clermont County, in which is located Point Pleasant, birthplace of General Grant, celebrated the centennial of his birth. President and Mrs. Harding and a distinguished party made the trip there by steamboat from Cincinnati and the citizens spent three days in commemorating the event at Point Pleasant and at Georgetown, where Grant spent his boyhood. The house in which he was born was not there. It had been removed and rebuilt in Columbus, where some years ago a state society believed that it would be more accessible to visitors. Point Pleasant's tribute to his memory is a highway which connects the isolated village to the outside world. This is being improved and one of its features is the Grant Memorial Bridge.

Rutherford Birchard Hayes ran for the Presidency at an unfortunate time. Postwar hatreds still rankled and his title to election was sadly clouded. He was an able jurist, a statesman and publicist, thrice elected governor of Ohio and winning distinction in the office. Content with a single term he withdrew, at its close, to his beautiful estate at Spiegel Grove, near Fremont, and spent the remainder of his days in tranquil retirement. His wife, Lucy Webb Hayes, is celebrated as the first mistress to banish liquor from the White House. She and her distinguished husband lie side by side in Oakwood Cemetery, Fremont, but the Hayes home at Spiegel Grove has become a memorial in their honor.

Benjamin Harrison was born almost within sight of his grandfather's tomb and spent his boyhood and youth in his native village and in Cincinnati, but his subsequent career belongs to Indiana, of which state he was a resident at the time of his election to the Presidency. He died and was buried in Indianapolis.

William Howard Taft was born in Cincinnati. He is our only living ex-President and is Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

DORDRECHT—Paradise *for* Painters



By JANE L. HICKS

Illustrated by IRVING R. BACON

RECENTLY the returned artist came upon me with some of his irresistible marines and landscapes of Dordrecht, scenes that would start the bells ringing in the heart of any admirer of the quaint and picturesque.

His glimpses into this delightful place were supplemented by a chance happening on that charming account of Holland that E. V. Lucas gives us in his *An Adventurer in Holland.* So charming is this second-hand impression of Dordrecht that I venture to make large use of it, with all due apologies to Mr. Lucas for any plagiarism it may contain.

Dort—as Dordrecht is affectionately called by those familiar with her and who have succumbed to her charms—should be approached by water to be seen as she has been pictured by her great son, Albert Cuyp, and countless artists since his day.

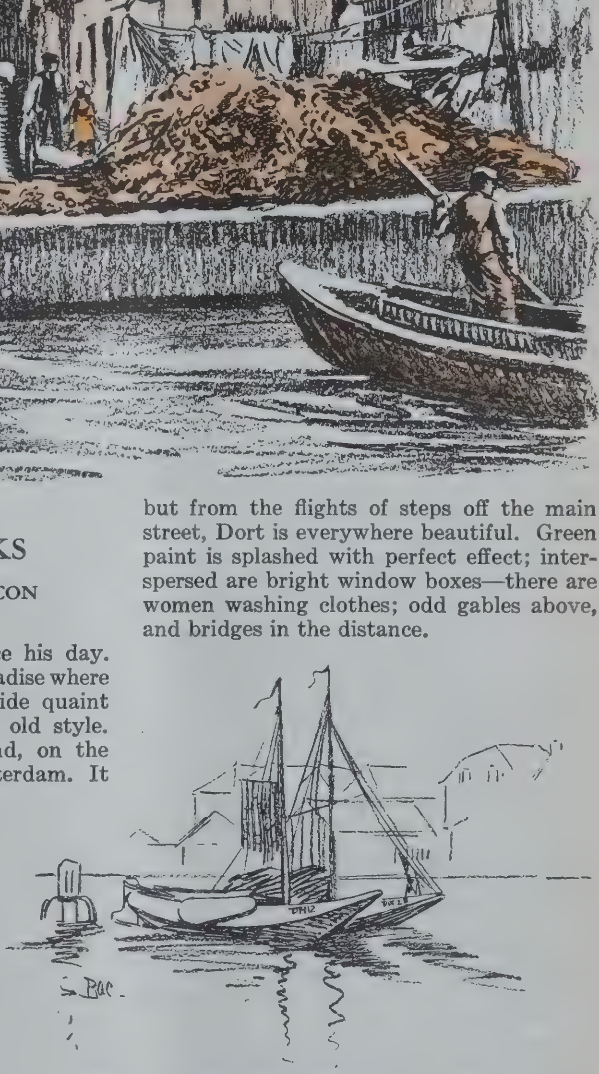
Indeed it is still an artist's paradise where men smoke Dutch tobacco outside quaint taverns and gossip in the good old style. Dort is a city of South Holland, on the Meuse delta, ten miles from Rotterdam. It was founded in 1012.

The town is the subject of interesting tales, as all old towns are.

The best known of these tales is that about the milkmaid who saved the town from the Spaniards by giving warning to the burgomaster.

The states council in memory of the merry milkmaid's good service caused the coin of the city to have the milkmaid under her cow to be engraven, which is to be seen upon the Dort dollar, stivers, and doights to this day.

Dort is the most painted of all Dutch towns, and no other town sits with more calm dignity among the waters, nor has another town such a quaintly medieval canal as extends from end to end, far below the level of streets. A series of little bridges cross this canal throughout the town, and her admirers assure us that seen not only from the bridges but from the flights of steps off the main street, Dort is everywhere beautiful. Green paint is splashed with perfect effect; interspersed are bright window boxes—there are women washing clothes; odd gables above, and bridges in the distance.



Over the streets, converging façades incline toward each other like deaf people. It is the result not of age and sinking foundations, but of design. The law many years ago decreed that roofs should so far project beyond the perpendicular as to shed their water into the gutter, so that passers-by may go by unharmed.

Dort's greatest artist, Albert Cuyp, was born in 1605 and died in the town of his birth in 1691. His body lies in the Church of the Augustines. He has been called the Dutch Claude, but he is more simple, more human than Claude. He painted principally pastorals, also good portraits and many charming scenes of his own Dort. Reproductions fail to give his gift of diffusing golden light, his most precious and distinguishing possession.

Another of Dort's sons, Nicholas Maes, is by some considered above Cuyp in interest and power. He was born in 1632, a great year for Dutch art, for it was also the birth year for Vermeer of Delft and Peter de Hooch. Maes is probably the greatest of Rembrandt's pupils.

Another pupil of Rembrandt, Ferdinand Bol, also belongs to Dort. At one time his pictures were considered finer than those of his master, but we are wiser today. He had, however, a fine free way, united to a delicate charm to which Rembrandt paid little attention.

By perverse judgment, Dort has honored Ary Scheffer more than any of her really great sons. It is his statue which rises in the center of town, and his sentimental and saccharine inventions fill three rooms in the museum. We are reminded that Dort had no right to be intoxicated with the excitement of having given birth to Scheffer, since his father was a German, a mere sojourner in the town.

Dort also owns a master sculptor, Jan Terween Aertz, born in 1511, whose carvings in the choir of Groote Kerk are among its chief glories. It is amazing that such spirit and movement can be expressed in wood.

By the irony of fate, Dort, possessor of Terween's carving of the Triumph of Charles V (pendant to Triumph of the Church and the Eucharist), in 1572, only a few years after the carving was made, held the congress that decided the fate of Spain in the Netherlands.

So it is that Dort, that paradise of painters, was created by the combined efforts of Nature and man to be one of the quaint and distinctive towns of the earth. Having been created, she brought forth her own artists to record her charm and beauty. And so she stands today, a mecca for lovers of the picturesque, a magnet for artists.

Chinese Lottery

(*Continued from page 8*)

Oriental gamblers go from house to house and from office to office enlisting an ever-increasing army of lottery fans.

I know men who have been investing fifty cents or one dollar a week in Chinese lotteries for years in the vain hope that they will win one of the capital prizes. This is one of the outstanding examples of the implicit trust that the gullible will place in games of chance and especially in those devices that are surrounded by a cloud of oriental mystery.

Nor does he consider the odds against him. There is nothing to prevent the lottery proprietors from so manipulating the drawing that the capital prize will always remain with the promoters. Some of these prizes amount to as high as $31,266 where $25.50 is paid for a ticket. On an ordinary fifty-cent ticket such as I purchased, if five spots on my ticket corresponded with five on the 'key,' I would receive one dollar but if the entire ten spots were identical with those on the 'key' ticket, I would receive $1,600. I may say that in all my experience among Chinese, I have never known an American to win a capital prize.

I do not fear contradiction when I say that the odds are a thousand to one against the bettor in a Chinese lottery.

A Journal *of* Other Earths

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

THE spirits of Mars are the best of all among the spirits who are from the earths of our solar system; being for the most part celestial men, not unlike the men who were of the Most Ancient Church on this earth . . . The spirits of each earth represent some particular province in the Grand Man, and hence each is in a state different from that of the spirits of other earths.'

This extraordinary paragraph was written in Latin one hundred and seventy years ago, and was published in London in the year 1758, together with much other material of similar tenor. The little book—of 118 pages—which contains it gives an account also of five other earths in our system, and of our own moon; and then the traveler ventures beyond our solar region, into the vast of space, and brings us tidings of five planets, forever unseen of us, in what he calls 'The Starry Heavens'; and returns to his own home here, after that inconceivable journey, to tell what he found.

It is about sixty years, I think, since I first picked it up and plunged eagerly into it. I read it through from cover to cover, and laid it down little wiser, but more perplexed than before. But I was able to understand why it had never been 'popular.' It postulated everything and proved nothing. Even its postulates were mysterious.

What was meant, for instance, by the 'Grand Man' in the previously quoted paragraph? The entire narrative was studded with references to a thousand matters whereof I knew nothing. And at the end of it all, you might discover that you could not agree with all or any of it!

And yet permit your mind to entertain the claims of this Marco Polo of Space, and how almost intolerable is the interest of his tale! For he has seen these people, their dress, dwellings and countries; has conversed familiarly with them; knows their minds and natures, notes their likeness or unlikeness to ourselves.

But did he visit these other worlds in his personal flesh and bones? He claims no such miracle; his material body stayed at home; it was his spiritual body that made the journey—the real, imperishable body, the immediate form of the mind. And in the world of spirits, spaces are not fixed, as here, but we are in whatever place we intelligently wish to be. Why Emanuel Swedenborg, humblest of men, was selected for this office and why his election occurred at the time it did, instead of at any other date in human history, is explained, together with a great deal more, which those who will may know.

The face of a Martian was like our own, but the lower part—where beards grow here—was black; the rest, not white, but tawny, perhaps of the hue of South Sea Island natives. Fibers of tree bark, held together with a sort of gum, made his dress. His food was fruit, chiefly 'a round fruit that grows up out of the ground.' These people have the art of making fluid fires, for light in darkness. That is nearly all that we are told of the physical aspects of Martian existence. Nothing of 'canals,' of seasons, of air to breathe, of polar snows, of the biological details which we are eager to know. Swedenborg seemed to be very moderately curious on such matters.

The information concerning the inhabitants of Jupiter is much more detailed, and nearer to our own understanding. The population, we are told, is as great as it could support; its earth is fertile and abounds in all things, but the inhabitants desire nothing save what is useful and necessary; their intercourse is confined to relatives; none covets another's possessions. As to their appearance, their faces are like ours, but more fair and beautiful, sincerity and modesty beaming forth from them. They consider the face to be the mind in form, and for that reason they cleanse their faces much, and have a covering made of the inner rind of a tree, of a bluish color, which they wrap around the head and so cover the face.

The people of Saturn are upright and modest and worship the One Only Lord, except some of them who call their nocturnal light, which is great, the Lord: this is the light that comes from the great ring and from moons. But these are heretics. The ring does not appear to the inhabitants as a ring, but only as a snowy light in the sky, varying in direction. They live grouped in families, and the children, when they marry, are separated from the home of their parents, and care no longer for it. They have small use for food and clothing, living on fruit and vegetables, and are clad lightly.

And what of Venus, our poets' Planet of Love? Two kinds of men live on it: those who are mild and humane, and those who are fierce and almost like wild beasts. The former occupy the side of the planet which is turned away from our earth, leaving the savages to face our lovers in the evening and morning sky. With these, our traveler did not speak, but 'was told by angels what their quality is.' 'Their chief delight is in plundering and feasting on their plunder. They are for the most part giants, twice our height; they are stupid, not asking what heaven is, but caring only for their land and cattle.'

People on the moon appeared of the stature of children of seven years, but stouter, like dwarfs, and 'what was strange, one carried another on his back.' Their voices were loud and terrifying, being sent forth from the abdomen, like eructations. Their faces were long, but not unattractive. They do not speak, like others, from the lungs, but from air collected in the abdomen, 'because the moon is not surrounded by the same kind of atmosphere as the other earths.'

The account of the Mercury people is long and begins the volume; but they are perhaps less comprehensible to us than the others, and I shall leave them to other students.

* * *

We are now come to the brink of the abyss which divides us from the Milky Way and its galaxies; across which Swedenborg passed devoutly, but whither I shall not follow him. The way lies open, and I will only remark that nothing monstrous or sensational will be met with, but that kindred traces of our own human nature are everywhere, always in the human form.

The Scots *and* Their Stone *of* Destiny

By WILLIAM STIDGER

THERE is strange and unusual romance in stones. The world over, stones have been used to mark great epochs in history, and, as Shakespeare said, there are 'sermons in stones and books in running brooks.'

All through beautiful Brittany huge monoliths indicate where certain primal religious rites took place. On top of Mount Taishan, in China, a huge monolith marks the spot where man first worshiped.

Not long ago, I stood in front of that marvelous bit of black basalt called the Rosetta Stone. It is in the British Museum. It was discovered by French army officers, buried in the sands at the mouth of the Nile. Scientists took a quarter of a century to decipher the inscription on it, and when they had read its story they found it was the key that unlocked the history of the past ages. Why? Because there were three sets of writing in hieroglyphics carved on its flat surface.

The first was in the priestly language, the second in the language of the common people, or the vernacular, and the third in the Greek. When scientists had deciphered the Greek they were able to read the other two.

But, perhaps the strangest legend concerning a stone is that which surrounds the Scottish Stone of Destiny. This stone rests under the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey.

The story is told that Jacob slept on it at Bethel, slept on it that immortal night when he wrestled with God while fleeing before his brother Esau whose birthright he had stolen, and had his great vision.

From Bethel, the stone was carried to Egypt, possibly by Jacob's family, although little is known of this part of its history.

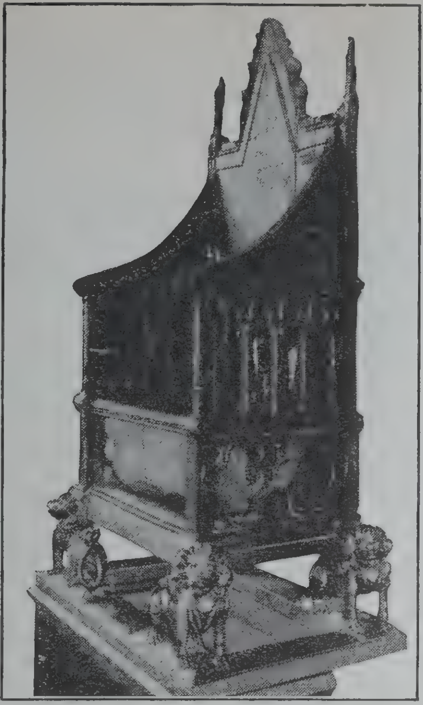
ITS next journey, which was about 700 B. C., was to Ireland. How it got to Ireland historians do not tell, but there is no doubt about its being there. From Ireland it was later taken to Scone in Scotland where it rested for five hundred years. Edward the First of England took it from the Scots and brought it to England where it was placed beneath the seat of the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey.

Sir Walter Scott has a verse about this sacred stone:

> 'Unless the fates are faithless grown,
>   And Prophet's voice be vain,
> Where'er is found this sacred stone,
>   The Scottish race shall reign.'

The stone is mentioned in the histories of the English, Irish and Scottish peoples. It was even discussed on the floor of the House of Commons while I was writing this article in London.

The discussion arose because a Scottish member, Mr. Kirkwood, in giving notice of a bill to remove the stone to Holyrood, insisted that the Scottish people wanted it returned.



Edward I of England removed the stone and the regalia of Scotland after the Battle of Dunbar, fought March 30, 1296, in which he defeated John Baliol.

This stone is very closely connected with the well-defined legend that the Anglo-Saxon-Celts are the lost tribes of Israel. It is of red sandstone, and Lord Apsley, who spoke on the matter in the British House of Commons, said that he had slept at Bethel himself several times, and that the Stone of Destiny was exactly like the red sandstone found there.

Black and White in Africa

(Continued from page 13)

Another widespread and unfailing sign of the White man's influence is the trick of contracting the throat and raising the larynx, which is called the 'pressure tone.'

This exists today and can be established with certainty for the earliest Egyptian period, on evidence from the hieroglyphs. All these peculiarities are foreign to the pure Sudanese Negro and the Bushman.

The only great civilization native to African soil is the Egyptian. Its course is just the reverse of what we should expect. It begins suddenly, reaches its culmination within two hundred years or so, and then steadily declines. We suspect that the original impetus was given by an infusion of White blood from the Delta, when king Menes joined the 'Lower' kingdom to the 'Upper' at about 3300 B. C.

We can imagine, also, that the steady decline resulted from the steady 'boiling out' of the White ingredient; for the Nile Valley in the end proves deadly to all but those who are perfectly adapted to its climate; and the possession of too much White blood would be a disadvantage.

The present-day Egyptian peasant looks exactly like the portraits of his ancestors, and sometimes even like the Pharoahs; but he has lost his stamina and his skill. The race which reared the pyramids without machinery cannot now hang a door or paint a window sash. The modern Egyptian is yellowish or coppery, with slightly frizzled hair. He has the softness of the Negro in his voice, his movements, and all his ways. He is extremely likable, but lacks ability. The affairs of Egypt are forever in the hands of Asiatics and Europeans. For more than two millenniums Egypt has been ruled by aliens.

In the legend of Osiris we glimpse the early struggle between White and Black men in Egypt. The story is that the great and good god Osiris was slain by his wicked brother, the god Set. His consort and sister, the goddess Isis, collected the fragments of his dismembered body from many places and erected a shrine in each. Finally, with the help of her divine son Horus, she drove Set forever from the land. Now, the people of Set seem to have been blacksmiths, perhaps Negroes, while the people of Isis and Horus lived in the Delta, and were probably white.

The religion of Osiris is the most exalted faith that Egypt produced; and while it dominated Egyptian thought for ages, it never displaced the strange and, to us, repulsive, worship of animals which is the central fact of Egyptian religious thinking as a whole. The Osiris religion taught that after death the souls of men entered into the presence of the god and were judged. The heart of a man was weighed in a balance against an ostrich feather. If it was burdened with any of the forty-two sins, he could not enter into the reward of the blessed.

ON THE other hand, the common people of Egypt continued to worship various animals: the baboon for his wisdom, the ram and the bull for their strength, the jackal for his cunning in the wilderness. Some of these, like Apis, the bull of Memphis, and Amon, the ram of Thebes, acquired almost national importance. Some attempt was made to transform them into human beings by giving them the bodies of men while they kept the heads of beasts and birds. But, nevertheless, they remained animals to the very end of paganism. Sacred cats, alligators, and bulls were carefully mummified.

Even the accidental killing of an animal of the sacred species was punished by death. Now all this seems very strange to White men. The Negro, however, is a lover of animals. To him they are brethren, as in the Uncle Remus stories of our Southern States. The animal gods of Egypt were Negro.

In present-day England we see very few of the tall, light-haired people who brought the English language from northern Europe, and very few of the brawny red-haired people who originally spoke Welsh, Irish, and Gaelic. Instead, we see everywhere—particularly among women—dark-haired, rather short people, with fine features and blue or hazel eyes. They represent the old British race, which is reasserting itself.

It is a part of the romance of human history that everything is related in some measure to everything else. Most of my readers are sprung from the people of the British Isles. In their veins runs some of the blood of the pyramid builders, along with the boasted blood of the Nordic blonds.

Art May Be Long

(Continued from page 7)

original is there. And naturally excellent reproductions, like these, are better than even second-rate originals. You may also borrow these color prints and hang them on your walls. No doubt they will make you desirous of owning similar art for permanent happiness.

Everyone can get something from art—the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker. We have often guaranteed that every visitor must depart from such a collection as the Detroit Institute of Arts with a pleasant remembrance of at least one treasure. It may be an Egyptian mummy in a gilded and painted case, a rhythmically undulating classic Greek marble figure, or a richly glazed vase of peach pink, apple green or moonlight blue from China. Perhaps it will be a picture so perfectly, even stereoscopically, painted as to appear reality itself, or a 'modernist' pattern of almost abstract form in scintillating colors, a veritable kaleidoscopic jewel of many glowing gems, dynamic and dominating in its emotional appeal.

You can remember the treasures of the galleries and thus make your own collection mentally for future reference whether you buy or not. No one can destroy nor take these treasures from you. Time will but make such precious possessions more definite and lasting.

After learning how others have so beautifully interpreted nature, we can 'go and do likewise,' at least in our mind's eye, if not with actual paint. Perhaps nature has intentionally withheld something that only those who are willing to make some effort may reap the reward.

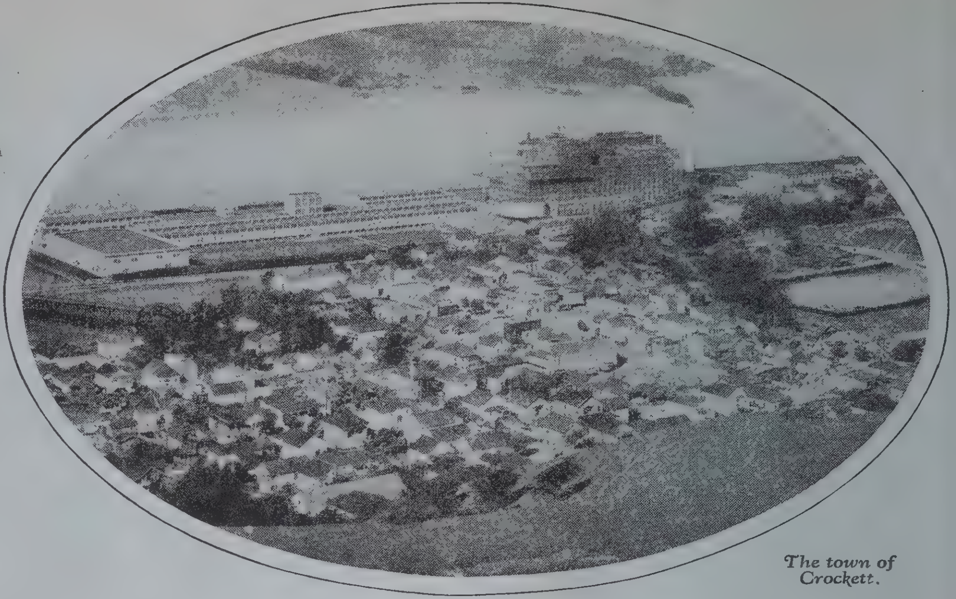
Longfellow's Home

(Continued from page 15)

Lieutenant Governor Dummer, still stands being now used for educational purposes. It was said that at the housewarming he mounted a white steed and rode down the front stairs much to the consternation of the guests. This event which took place in the month of August in the full of the moon, tradition relates, is repeated at the present day and whenever there are two moons in the month, the nocturnal escapade takes place on the occasion of the first one.

The old house is replete with visions, for in the kitchen a little child was wont to appear, a golden-haired, blue-eyed girl of five years. She would balance herself upon the doorsill peeping in and out as any child would do, but was never seen in any other part of the house. Her pleasant, smiling face became so familiar to the occupants that they called her Elizabeth. It was during the oiling of the kitchen floor one day that a child's ring was discovered embedded in a crevice. In trying to remove it, a trapdoor with a sceret spring was disclosed with an old ladder leading below. Upon exploration, in a secret recess, was found a large round cheesebox containing the bones of a child. After they had been properly buried, 'Elizabeth' appeared no more.

Tales there are no end, so we take leave of the old-time parish that it may enjoy its past unmolested by modern-day intrusion.



The town of Crockett.

Give Workers a Home

Beautiful Surroundings as Inducement to Good Service

By JOHN SLOAN

PROVIDE the workingman with beautiful surroundings, and you will have neither strikes, walkouts nor heavy labor turnover.

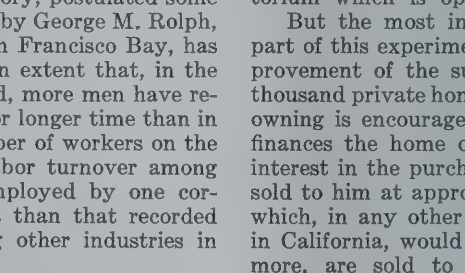
This interesting theory, postulated some twenty-three years ago by George M. Rolph, out on the shore of San Francisco Bay, has been proved to such an extent that, in the town where it was tried, more men have remained on their jobs for longer time than in any other similar number of workers on the Pacific Coast. The labor turnover among two thousand men employed by one corporation has been less than that recorded proportionately among other industries in the same section.

The experiment was tried out at Crockett, a town which operates under county government, with a county justice of the peace and two constables as its officials. This town is about thirty miles from San Francisco. The California and Hawaiian Sugar Refining Corporation, a semi-coöperative organization, owned and directed by sugar planters in the Hawaiian Islands, supports the town.

No attempt is made to control the town or to direct public opinion, except toward beautification of homes, gardens and the mile-square area of Crockett. Parks, playgrounds, an auditorium, and a public tennis court have been established, without expense to the people of the town, while the streets pass between walls of shrubbery and flowers, and the homes seem to be placed in parks, rather than on the usual paved thoroughfares and sidewalks. There are two large parks, several smaller breathing spaces, covered with flowers and walled in with trees; the best tennis court on the Pacific Coast, presented at a cost of $11,000 to the town by Wallace Alexander, when he was president of the corporation, and an auditorium which is open day and night.

But the most interesting and valuable part of this experiment in beauty is the improvement of the surroundings of the one thousand private homes in Crockett. Home-owning is encouraged, and the corporation finances the home owner at a low rate of interest in the purchase of a house and lot, sold to him at approximately cost. Homes which, in any other town of the same size in California, would be selling at $5,000 or more, are sold to the workers here for $3,500 to $4,000, and the reduction in higher-quality houses, situated on larger lots in better locations, is in proportion.

In order thus to convert the town into one huge garden, the sugar refining company established a nursery, and put an expert gardener in charge. This nursery started with five acres, and the gardener had four assistants; in 1924 it covered ten acres, with fifteen assistants. In 1923, this nursery distributed among the householders of Crockett 150,000 trees, flowering plants and shrubs. Up to September 1, 1924, more than 100,000 plants had been given away. More than two hundred varieties of these three forms of plant growth are kept constantly in stock at this nursery, ready at demand for distribution to the homes of the town. This distribution is not limited to the families of workers in the refinery, but anyone living in Crockett may have an abundance of plants for his yard free of all charge, no matter how large that yard may be.



A Spanish-type bungalow in Crockett, surrounded by shrubbery and flowers.

Shakespeare Autograph

(*Continued from page 5*)

lexicographer could. That is how Benjamin Franklin, who never went to school after he was thirteen years of age, came by his wonderful vocabulary and his complete knowledge of the meanings of words.

But what of the autograph in the Boston Public Library? How did the library come by the autograph?

Judge Mellen Chamberlain, librarian at the time, tells the story:

'The history of the volume is this: It was brought to the library, together with the first folio of Ben Jonson, in the autumn of 1880, by a Mr. Samuel Gasking, an Englishman from London, who claimed to be a proof reader seeking employment, and said that he had several old volumes picked up in a London secondhand bookshop, which he was willing to dispose of at reasonable prices.

'As the library lacked these volumes they were purchased at something less than the prices usually quoted in English sale catalogs. Mr. Gasking drew the librarian's attention to the signature and other writing which he thought might be that of Shakespeare; but he did not seek to enhance the price on that account.'

As I happen to know how the old-time bookbinders worked I think I can explain just how that piece of paper containing the Shakespeare autograph came in the book.

When the binder in Richard Field's shop—in any of the old shops—had the leaves of his book stitched together he took the volume and put it into a screw clamp at the end of the bench on which he worked, where it was firmly held together with the back up. He rounded this back with a mallet and then he took any useless pieces of paper that happened to be within his reach at the moment. He laid these strips on the bench, put a bookbinder's straight edge over them and with a sharp knife cut them into strips the desired length and width. Some of these strips he pasted on the rounded back to cover the stitched channels and the back ends of the folded sheets.

In the case of folio volumes like North's *Plutarch* it was customary to strengthen the hinge of back and covers by means of strips of parchment and paper that were glued to the back and adhered to the lower inside of the cover boards. This was in addition to the loose ends of the binding strings that were adhered to the covers, inside. It is on a piece of paper that was inserted between the strips of parchment that were used to strengthen the back binding of this volume that the Shakespeare autograph was found.

THAT piece of paper happened to be lying on the bench within reach of the bookbinder at the time and he used it. The fact that there happened to be some writing on it made no difference. In point of fact there is writing—handwriting of the period—on the strips of parchment. Some of this writing is in Latin. It would not have been possible to do any of this writing, on either parchment or paper, after the book was bound.

Another curious thing is that there is a wormhole—which runs through the parchment and paper passing through a space before the word 'and' in the line 'hundred and twenty pounds.' That wormhole goes through 310 pages of the text and was there when the library purchased the volume.

That binding was placed on that volume in 1603 in Richard Field's office, an office to which Shakespeare was a frequent visitor; the office in which his own first literary ventures were printed; the office which Vautrollier owned and in which William Shakespeare himself very probably worked for a few years when he first came from Stratford to London—the office where he acquired his knowledge of words, his knowledge of ancient history and the erudition which has so mystified students.

The only difference between this Shakespeare autograph and the existing autographs of Shakespeare is that this one is much better than any of the others because it was written by a hand that was neither palsied nor weak from illness—as the others plainly were. This was written when Shakespeare was in his prime, about thirteen years before he died.

There is one more debt which I am confident Shakespeare owes to another London printer, Isaac Jaggard—nothing less than the saving of his masterpieces to the world.

Men Without Country

(*Continued from page 2*)

alien had resided in territory contiguous to the United States for five years immediately preceding his application, he could be admitted in excess of the quota. Apparently this man could not quite meet even this requirement, for although he had come to Canada before the war, he had served abroad in the army during the war and his last unbroken physical residence in Canada had continued only three years.

We ruled, however, that service in the Canadian army after enlistment in Canada did not constitute a change of his residence when he served abroad. The deportation warrant was canceled.

This case, of course, involved the Immigration Act of 1921; the result would have been different had this man arrived since July 1, 1924, because on that date the present law took effect, under which the only geographical basis for nonquota status is birth in a nonquota country; residence alone, no matter how extended, would not remove the quota barrier.

In attempting to confer a regular status upon the qualified undeportable aliens it should be emphasized that no police registration or regulation is contemplated. Objection has been raised to enrollment on the assumption that it is an espionage proposal. The object is far removed from that. The enrollment could be put into effect on a voluntary basis.

Even a voluntary enrollment of aliens with naturalization officers would serve to benefit those who took advantage of it, and it would enable us to know those aliens who have intentions of becoming citizens.

These officers desire to assist aliens who may wish to become citizens and to keep in touch with them until they become naturalized. The enrollment suggested should take the place of the declaration of intention, or so-called first papers.

The record made voluntarily by the alien would relieve him of much of the usual expense of proving residence by the furnishing of witnesses.

A Strange Friendship

By BEN HUR LAMPMAN

THE steward was recalling old days, while the mollyhawks kept pace with the ship, and now and again a flying fish burst from the changing emerald alongside and went planing away. A big man he was, heavy-veined, ponderous, with a way of balancing on the balls of his feet, as though he had known the prize ring. The engine was throbbing as perfectly as a sound pulse. Blue vastness of sea.

'Them birds is mollyhawks,' said the steward. 'Sailors catch them sometimes with baited hooks. Put them on deck and they can't fly; can't seem to take off. Reminds me of a story I meant to tell you. A leopard and a chicken was pals. You wouldn't believe that, would you? There's a lot of things you wouldn't believe.

'I bought this leopard from some niggers at Boma, a trading post far up the Congo. He was the meanest cat I ever saw. We fed him chickens. See this scar on my thumb? And this one across the back of my hand? That's where he clawed me one time. At any rate, we used to feed him chickens. You'd throw one in the cage and he'd have it in a pounce. A scrunch or two and the bird was gone, feathers and all. Scrunch and a snarl. He was death on chickens!

'So one time a runt chicken that run around the deck goes teetering up to the cage, and darn my hide if that chicken doesn't walk right through the bars. The cat blinked at it, and crouched, and sat up and blinked again. The chicken goes picking around here and there as unconcerned as you please. It goes up to the leopard and takes a swipe at a fly, and says something in chicken talk. I'm a liar if that cat didn't just punch it easy—like with one paw—and lie down again, and go to sleep. After that they was great friends. The bird roosted in the cage every night, and visited there every day. Throw in another chicken and it was a goner, but not the runt.

WE KEPT the cat four months before I got a chance to sell him, and for the last month the chicken stayed in the cage all the time, because it was too big to get out again, and anyway it was lonesome outside.

'That's the truth. I left the ship a little while before she went to glory at Stanley Falls. She was carrying a cargo of black gunpowder, and the lighters came alongside to take it off. Niggers was careless with their pipes. Knocked the dottle out anywhere.

One of those bloody heathens tapped his pipe on the head of a leaky powder keg. The whole forward end of the ship was blown away, and they found a winch drum half a mile ashore. There weren't any white men killed.'

World's Greatest Distance Men

(*Continued from page 9*)

He managed to run for 22 hours 45 minutes and at the end of that time he collapsed. He had covered 120 miles 275 yards and his run established all distance records from 55 miles to 120 miles.

Going against the record performance for distance, the two Tarahumaras who ran in Texas covered 89.45 miles in 14 hours 44 minutes, while J. Saunders, in his record-making run, required 15 hours 14 minutes to cover 89 miles. The Indians not only beat the best of American records but consider the handicaps under which they ran. They were far removed from their native haunts for the first time in their lives. The temperature at home is low and the air thin and dry. Their previous running had been done at an elevation of something like five thousand feet above sea level and always on virgin soil, with plenty of spring. From San Antonio to Austin they were forced to run over paved and hard gravel roads and under the glare of a hot sun. Their feet were cut and blistered and at times they very nearly choked from the gas fumes of automobiles that crowded the roads over which they ran and which became so congested at times that they were forced to halt. Had they been permitted to run on a cinder track, with spectators kept out of the path, they would probably have run one hundred miles in less time and easily have gone miles farther, smashing all known records.

The greatest runners of the Tarahumaras have never been watched in action by white men. Attempts have been made to reach them but as soon as they catch sight of strangers they flee. Among them are some who will run three days and nights at a stretch, according to the few half-civilized members of their tribe.

The name Tarahumara means 'runner with the ball.' In their own land it is their custom to run behind an oak ball, not quite so large as a baseball. They kick the ball, pursue it, and, when they catch up to it, kick it again. This is repeated, for miles and miles. They carry a bamboo stave when they run. This is used for steep grades. Nearly all of their country is hilly, making the use of staves necessary. They occasionally partake of native food while running. It is called pinole and is made of maize, ground with brown sugar. They also drink liquid refreshments made of native herbs.

The Tarahumaras do not try for distance, time, pace or rhythm. They have no conception of them. The aim is for endurance, each runner trying to outdo the others. They do not run like the civilized athletes of the world. The civilized runners use the balls of their feet but the Tarahumaras reverse this; they run on their heels. Most of the time they move with a shuffle and a glide, the feet barely leaving the ground.

When Mr. Rodriguez finally induced the Indians to compete in a track meet he found it impossible to get them to wear track suits. They wanted to appear in native dress. This, of course, was not possible. The white man then had an idea. These stoical Indians have the savage passion for color, and the color that would appeal mostly to them was red. So the white man traveled back to the city and had track pants made for the men and bloomers for the women of the brightest red he could buy. He then bought white track shirts for the men and middies for the women and had wide red ribbons sewn across the fronts of these. When he returned and showed them to the Indians they all wanted to take part in the meet. Now, unless they can wear their glaring red, they refuse to compete.

The Tarahumaras ran in Mexico City, setting a few records, and receiving wild ovations from the civilized crowd that watched them finish, but they do not want to run in Mexico City again, at least the best of them do not. When they finished their race they received but few presents and they objected, the most modern trait they have shown since they were discovered. In Texas, the men received guitars, violins, mouth harps and bright toys. The women, too, received bright-colored toys and red silk shawls. They want to run many, many miles in the United States and receive many gifts, for they believe these white men under the Stars and Stripes appreciate athletic feats, while the Mexicans do not.

Mexico expects to enter the Tarahumaras in the Olympic Games next year but the Tarahumaras must be taught many things about running before they will be able to win points for their white rulers.

The Pot of Gold

(*Continued from page 3*)

turies Mexico has enriched the world with its gold and its silver. From the days of Montezuma, a name which in itself suggests sumptuousness, through the days of Cortez and the Spanish Conquest, through the Revolutionary days down to the present, Mexico has been known as the Eldorado of America.

Every state in Mexico, with one or two exceptions, has gold and silver mines, a total of about twenty-five thousand mines in all.

The Indians first discovered the deposits of gold and silver in Mexico and used the gold for ornaments. Then came the Spanish who took over the crude mines the Indians had opened.

In 1521 the first silver was taken from Mexico and sent to Europe. And the mines from which it came are still producing heavily.

For three centuries, from 1521 to 1821, the Spanish controlled and exploited Mexico, and three billions of pesos in gold and silver were taken from this treasure house and sent to Spain.

It is said by authorities that the greatest gold mining camp in Mexico if not in the world, and, most certainly, the largest on the American Continent, is at Real del Oro.

We have our gold romances in America. We had one in Georgia, but it was soon forgotten in the rush to California in 1849. In California placer mining, hydraulic mining, and shaft mining has each had its glorious day. Then came the discovery of gold in the Klondike. All three of these great fields are more or less denuded of their treasure, but from the discovery of America down to the present time, Mexico has been the great gold and silver mine of the world—constantly exploited and constantly producing. Three-fourths of Mexico's rich fields are still unopened, however.

In fact, a mining expert told me in Mexico City that very few new mines had been opened since the Spanish Conquest of Mexico; that most of the mines now in operation were mines that were begun by the Spanish. The Americans and English are merely continuing the working of these old mines on a more efficient system. What may happen when American capital begins to open new fields of richness no man can prophesy.

Vox Populi in Polls

NEWSPAPER polls and straw vote contests mean nothing so far as they seem to represent the actual feeling of the majority of the people. It is an odd quirk in human nature that comes out in polls. It is easy to get an adverse opinion on any subject, for the world is full of people keen to kick on something. *Patches* magazine contains a meaty little comment which we quote in part:

'There is something to be said about newspaper polls in general and the prohibition poll in particular. The prohibition poll completed recently was no exception to the rule. Cigar stores, club rooms, barber shops, cafés, etc., not only talked about the poll but participated in it, and got their habitués to do so. The Rotary and Kiwanis and Commercial clubs, the church organizations and the multitude of women's organizations took no active part. Moreover, it was a city poll. The country folk were not in it at all. To be still more specific, the cities were largely those noted for their wet tendencies. And finally, practically every newspaper engaged in making the poll has been and is openly against the present prohibition laws; so naturally their readers were the ones voting in this poll.

'This is not theory. Let some practical tests be applied. The poll showed New Jersey to be wet in the ratio of about thirty to one. Last year there was a state election in New Jersey, in which one candidate was supported by the drys and the other by the wets. Out of a total vote of about 700,000 the wet won by 40,000. Nothing of a thirty to one ratio about that. The poll showed New York to be wet by something like fifty to one. Within a week after the poll closed, the wets defeated a prohibition move in the New York State senate by a narrow margin that fell very, very far short of fifty to one.

'In 1922, Ohio, with a dozen big industrial wet cities, held a prohibition referendum to liberalize the strict liquor laws. The newspaper polls indicated the wets would carry the election overwhelmingly. On the other hand, the drys carried the state by 125,000.

'Some wet enthusiasts in control of certain Wisconsin municipal governments sent out questionnaires and pledges to over seven hundred municipal governments, asking them to go on record in favor of modification of the present prohibition laws.' In two months' time only twenty-eight responded favorably, according to the statement in *Patches*.

The Canadian Rockies

By T. M. VESSEY

THE Banff-Windermere road was the first motor road ever built to cross the central Rockies. Through it one may visit Lake Louise, the Valley of the Ten Peaks, Moraine Lake and Paradise Valley; and there are direct connections with Spokane, Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles. The traveler may swing eastward on his return journey, and visit the Grand Canyon, Salt Lake City, and Glacier and Yellowstone National parks.

When construction crews were making a deep cut in the road in Kootenay Park.

To one who has not known them it is impossible to describe the delights of the new motor highway. From the eastern wall of the Rockies to the upper reaches of the Columbia River is a little more than a hundred and twenty-five miles, and every mile is a surprise and an enchantment. It does not matter whether the motorist enters by eastern or western gateway, he is swept at once into an enchanted world. The magnificence of the mountain ranges, the immensity of the scale on which they have been laid out refuse to be put into words.

Something is left out in every picture or photograph. Only the eye can gather the sense of height and vastness, the infinite serenity and majesty which thrill the beholder on his first glimpse of the Canadian Rockies. The endless succession of ranges billowing off to the distance as far as the eye can see, the countless variety of forms, peak after peak rearing its glorious bulk more than a mile up into the radiant blue, the shifting play of light and shade, the indescribable variation of color, the very opulence of the sunshine itself, are a joy and a revelation.

That is high praise; but eloquent as it is, it falls short, as mere word painting must, of what is actually conveyed by a sight of that grandest of all natural canvases, the Rocky Mountains.

The road runs clear through the central Rockies, and is one of the world's modern feats of engineering. The length of this stretch is one hundred and fifty-five miles, and every furlong of it is through some of the most remarkable mountain scenery this continent has to show.

In its 125-mile course through almost virgin territory, this highway crosses two mountain ranges. Sinclair Canyon is shown here.

How Our Commercial Club *Made* Good

By FRANK S. SULLIVAN

OUR town has a 'commercial club,' and so, I presume, has every other small town; but ours has 'made good.' I helped organize the first commercial club in our town about twenty years ago. The efforts were abortive; at least the birth was premature and the offspring immature. The young progeny got busy, however, and put forth its puerile efforts to draw trade to our town. But as every other town on the map paid higher prices for farm produce, and sold goods for less, no net results were obtained, and the Commercial Club finally wearied and sank into a comatose condition, from which now and then it would arouse to exert some spasmodic effort, all futile.

Finally, as the automobile came into extended use, tourists commenced to pass through our country bound for Colorado and other western resorts. Our town derived little benefit from this. Tourists, on entering the county, would pass through a rival town fifteen miles northeast, and thence, following directions, would take a road that led directly to a town in the west of the county, passing our town several miles to the north.

It finally dawned on our Commercial Club that if the town could offer attractions in the way of good roads leading in and out of it these would be a drawing card; and so the club got busy in earnest, with the result that a road was opened through the very worst part of the county, passing through our town from east to west, and shortening the route by several miles. And such a road! It traverses waste land, crosses canyons, winds around inaccessible peaks, swerves to avoid a precipice, and is picturesque withal. It is the first road of its kind to receive Federal aid, and is said to be the best dirt road in America. As tourists were quick to learn of it travel was soon diverted to pass through our town.

And then, when someone conceived the idea that a good camping ground would be a very desirable addition, the Commercial Club got busy again and purchased a two-acre tract of ground adjoining the town site, on which fortunately were growing a number of large shade trees.

The crowning glory of it all is a swimming pool with concrete bottom and sides.

In this work the Commercial Club has been assisted by the social and fraternal bodies. One organization financed the lighting; another put in seats; a third contributed tables. All contributed to the pool. Most of the labor was donated.

One enterprising citizen thought of the plan of having the tourists register, and so he provided a great leather-bound book, properly ruled, to record the name and address of the traveler, the place to which he was bound, and his 'remarks' as well. It is interesting to read these remarks. All comment favorably upon the camp or some particular feature of it. In the first six months after this book was installed more than twenty-five hundred tourists registered. And they go hence on their journey, east or west, north or south, and sing the praises of our camp and of our town.

Helping MOTHER NATURE

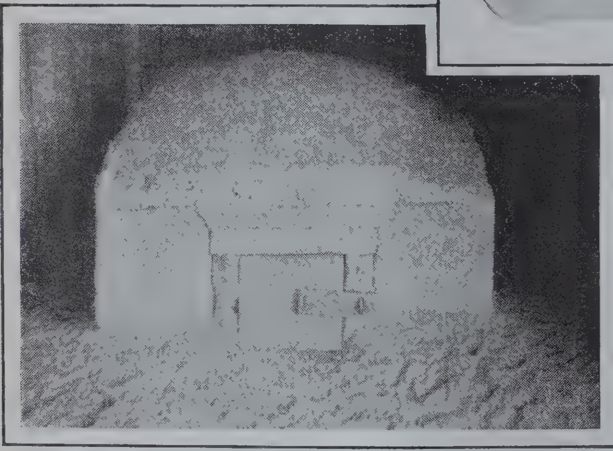
By
JOHN L.
VON BLON

Displaying a full-size chinchilla fur.

ON A SMALL herd of less than fifty specimens depend the world's hopes of perpetuating the dainty, timid chinchilla. This bearer of the most precious fur is nearly extinct in its lofty Andean habitat. From vast numbers the gentle little creature has been reduced to a pitiful remnant to gratify feminine desire for costly raiment. Here is almost a repetition of past lamentable animal tragedies. Fortunately it seems to have been circumvented at the crucial moment.

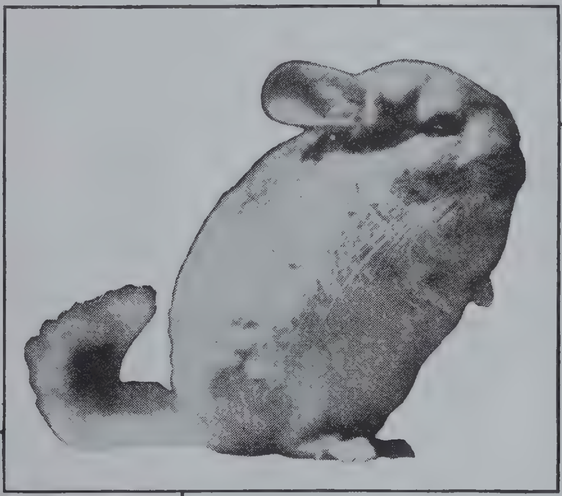
M. F. Chapman of Los Angeles has effected a transplantation of a herd from Chile to the United States. There is splendid promise of the perpetuation of the animal in North America. What it will mean is beyond conjecture.

From thirty-one, comprising four generations, which were in his pens in southern California, in 1925, they have been increasing steadily. Nowhere is another outside their homeland though the zoos of the globe long have sought them. Mr. Chapman estimates that he will have 3,000 by 1931. One pair of babies kept six years will normally produce 126 pairs. He expects to develop a huge fur-farming industry, and would not sell any of his animals at any price. Exportation from South America is strictly prohibited and the herd could never be replaced. It is the one hope of preservation and permanency.



Concrete container for chinchillas, designed to afford coolness, quiet and safety from fire. Inside, these retreats measure about twelve by eighteen inches.

The chinchilla is slightly less than a foot long with a tail of seven to eight inches that curls upward somewhat like a squirrel's. Its head resembles that of the cottontail rabbit, and its body is plump. A burrowing mammal, it lives underground in colonies at 12,000 to 19,000 feet elevation on the eastern slopes of the Andes in Chile, Peru, Bolivia, and the Argentine Republic. The fur is dense, soft and fragile, from an inch and a quarter to an inch and a half deep, a decided slate-blue about half its length and merging into a delicate French pearl-gray, handsomely mottled with black at the end of each hair. On the sides and belly it is creamy white. Nature produces nothing more exquisite. In the slightest breeze it ripples and changes color like water in a fountain. It cannot possibly be imitated with any degree of success except from the questionable furrier's mercenary viewpoint. The hairs are in tufts like the bristles of a toothbrush, perhaps five hundred to each, very delicately tinted and shaded.



A dainty chinchilla bearer brought from the Andes Mountains and acclimated to the climate of California.

The pelts were first exported, then only to Europe, early in the 19th Century, and did not for a long time attain wide popularity. In 1898 Chile, the principal source, sent out 32,000 dozen. During 1925 the production dropped almost to zero. Corresponding conditions obtain in neighboring countries. Less than thirty-two years ago the market price of skins was twenty-five cents each. Today the trapper receives one hundred dollars or more for every one he can obtain. In *The Fur Trade and Wild Animals*, by William T. Hornaday, is illustrated a full-length evening coat or wrap and the caption states that one similar was sold in 1920 for $55,000.

All attempts to take chinchillas out of South America or to rear them in captivity had miserably failed because of the high altitudes necessary to their existence, when Mr. Chapman solved the problem. He overcame the difficulty ingeniously by bringing them down very gradually from the mountains. Capturing them in a bleak, rigorous region, he kept them two years at 11,000 feet, giving them the utmost care and providing every requisite. The next stage was 9,000 feet, where a year's stop was made. Then other long halts, successively lower until, after a period of nearly six years, he was ready to sail with the original even dozen for a land of far different clime and a reverse season.

This was the supreme test. While passing through the tropics the chinchillas had literally to be packed in ice. Often they would become overheated, drop, and stretch as though dying, but invariably they demonstrated their amazing hardiness by responding to cold applications and speedily reviving, with no ill effects. Within four days of their new country they had to be wrapped in blankets to withstand the change to lower temperature.

They are now kept in large screened buildings, well ventilated, with double roofs, one of concrete, and divided into pens six by twelve feet. In each of these is a concrete oven-shaped box eighteen by twelve inches, inside measurement, and placed partly underground. Coolness, quiet and protection against fire are the objects. For security there are heavy padlocks.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'The banana plant grows rapidly, and it is a fascinating pastime to watch it grow from the bulb root to the fully developed tree-like plant,' said the ***Man from Honduras.***

'The real trunk or main stem of the plant is underground, and is a thick, fleshy rootstock, known as the rhizome, on which large buds or "eyes" are developed, somewhat as the eyes develop on the potato. The bananas are, in fact, planted very much as potatoes are planted, by selecting a piece of rhizome containing a bud, or eye, and placing it in a hole about twelve inches deep, with the eye toward the bottom, and then covering it with earth.

'The infant plant is carefully tended. In about four weeks the green leaf-sheath shoots above the ground. After that growth is very rapid. The first leaves are tightly rolled and sharply pointed. New leaves keep pushing up through the center and the stalk increases in height until it is several yards above the ground.

'As the plant approaches maturity, it produces a flower bud which later becomes a bunch of bananas. The stem which bears the fruit pushes up from the rhizome through the center of the leaf sheath, until at the end of the ninth month after planting, the flower bud emerges at the top of the trunk, looking like a huge ear of corn enveloped in its husks or bracts. As the flower bud increases in size its weight causes it to bend downward; the covering or bracts then drop off, disclosing the young bananas, quite small and pointing outward, but bending upward as they become larger.

'After I had harvested my first crop of bananas from this tree, or plant, I was surprised to learn that it would not bear again as other fruit trees do. Each plant developed to maturity from the rootstock bears but a single bunch of bananas, and if one wishes to continue banana raising one must either plant another rhizome or, as I did, cut the plant off short near the ground and allow it to sprout again.'

* * *

'There is money in raising fur-bearing animals for the man who starts modestly, learns the business, and then expands his holdings,' said the ***Biologist.*** 'But there are losses in store for the tyro who starts with a big ranch, no knowledge of the business, and only a desire for quick profits. Most fox farmers raise animals for breeding purposes, and comparatively few have adjusted the business to a pelt basis.

'In Canada, where the industry originated, and especially on Prince Edward Island, where there are approximately fifteen thousand foxes, fox farming is conducted on a much more extensive scale than in the United States. Its promise of good financial returns to those willing to master its problems give indication that within a comparatively short time in this country it will rival in proportions the industry in Canada.

'The best location for a fox farm is where the winters are cold and the fox may have opportunity to develop fur in keeping with the needs of the climate. The industry is thus confined by climatic conditions to the Northern States. There the raising of foxes for breeding and for the fur markets flourishes. Most of the foxes raised in captivity are on farms, or "ranches," with pens for from twenty-five to fifty pairs, although in occasional instances the ranches are much larger, containing pens for as many as one hundred and fifty pairs.

'It is not advisable to kill a fox for the pelt before it is eighteen months old, for at that time its fur is most valuable. Comparatively few foxes raised on American ranches are sold at the present time, however, for their pelts. Most of the ranchmen obtain higher values than the worth of the pelt by selling the live animals for breeding purposes.

'The breeding of fur-bearing animals in captivity should be encouraged. The production of skunks, beavers and muskrats, as well as foxes, has been proved successful when intelligently managed. Inferior animals, temperament, feeding and breeding problems, sanitation, diseases and parasites, all raise questions to be faced by the average stockman and farmer. Every person engaged in the rearing of fur-bearing animals will meet these same problems sooner or later, and success in the business depends largely on just how completely they are solved.'

* * *

The conversation, as might have been expected with a ***Dietitian*** present, turned to modern food and its accompanying ills.

'Nervous troubles are not the result of town life but of town food,' opined the ***Feature Writer.*** 'Our cooks spoil what they set before us. Good food is cooked until it is fit for little or nothing.'

The Dietitian, who was attached to one of the nearby hospitals, did not agree and politely said so.

'Fire does not necessarily kill vitamins,' he went on. 'Much food nowadays is cooked so that plenty of them are left.'

'But even so, a raw apple is better than apple sauce,' rejoined the Writer. 'Everyone admits that fresh fruits and vegetables are high in the health list.'

The Dietitian quoted the old saw about 'an apple a day.' 'You may have in mind the belief that germs are introduced into the system through meat,' he remarked. 'Don't forget that vegetables and fruits ferment also; and the same germs can be introduced into the system through them.'

'Doesn't the fact that the apple is raw tend to make it more healthful?' the ***Editor*** injected. 'How about brown sugar? I have believed that it was better than white; and similarly with whole wheat flour. How about it?'

The Dietitian agreed as to the whole wheat, although he preferred rye even to it. But he balked at the brown sugar. 'If we are to consider that better, why not use commercial glucose or corn syrup?'

The Feature Writer rose to go. 'You mentioned rye bread. I'd like to have your opinion of mineral oil. Can it increase our longevity, as some of the advertisments claim?'

'It has its place,' answered the Dietitian. 'But it certainly hasn't killed the pill business.'

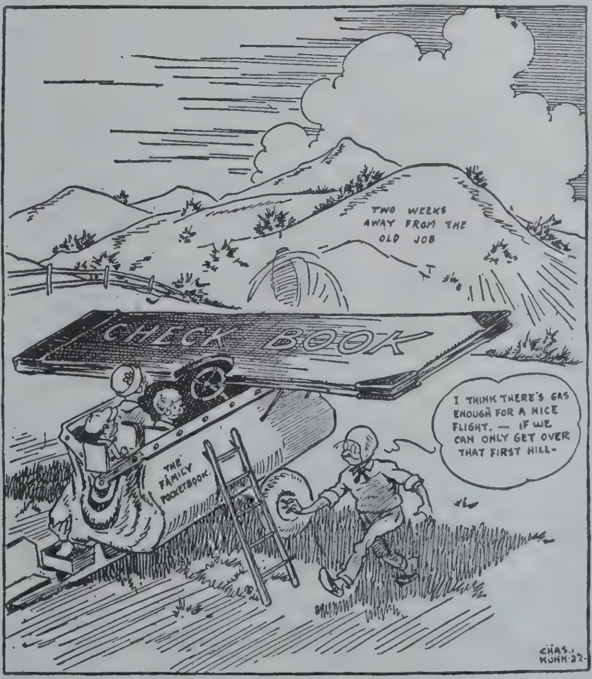
* * *

'Does the Community Chest idea, well-intentioned though it be, signify just one more step in the process of communizing us all?' inquired the ***Social Worker*** from Chicago. 'Although it is designed to facilitate charity and directed almsgiving, does it not destroy much of individual responsibility as well as initiative?

'Please don't understand that I have any fault to find with the Community Fund system. It has been evolved to meet certain needs in our large cities; and with all its faults, it may be the best solution yet offered. The point I make is the significance of the movement, and of others like it.

'We have so many community efforts nowadays that it keeps the average man on the jump keeping up with them; and his bank account at a low level to support them. There is so much supervision and super-supervision and directed neighborhood activities that little room is left to exercise individual responsibility.

'Certainly the ideals are well-meant—but where is the limit? Dinner clubs, improvement associations, relief societies and drives of all kinds—all interfering in some way with the home. Soon the community will be the center of life and the hearthstone will be relegated to the museum.


TWO WEEKS AWAY FROM THE OLD JOB
CHECK BOOK
THE FAMILY POCKETBOOK
I THINK THERE'S GAS ENOUGH FOR A NICE FLIGHT, — IF WE CAN ONLY GET OVER THAT FIRST HILL—
CHAS. KUHN '22

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

THE NEXT BIG HOPOFF.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Question. How many men were killed in the Civil War?

Answer. In the Union Army 67,058 were killed on the field and 43,012 died of wounds (total 110,070); 224,586 died from disease and 24,872 from accidents and other causes, making the total number of deaths 359,528. In the Confederate Army 94,000 were killed or mortally wounded and probably 164,000 died from disease, accidents and other causes.

* * *

Q. What was the Children's Crusade?

A. The Children's Crusade was a religious movement in 1212, preached in France by Stephen, a peasant boy, and in Germany the same year by Nicholas, also a peasant boy. Some 90,000 children left their mothers and their schoolmasters in the spring 'to rescue the Holy Land from the infidels.' Ships were placed at their disposal. The French contingent embarked at Marseilles in August; part perished the same month by shipwreck on the island of San Pietro, and the rest were sold into slavery to Mohammedans. The German contingent reached Genoa in August and was utterly dispersed by various disasters before the next spring.

* * *

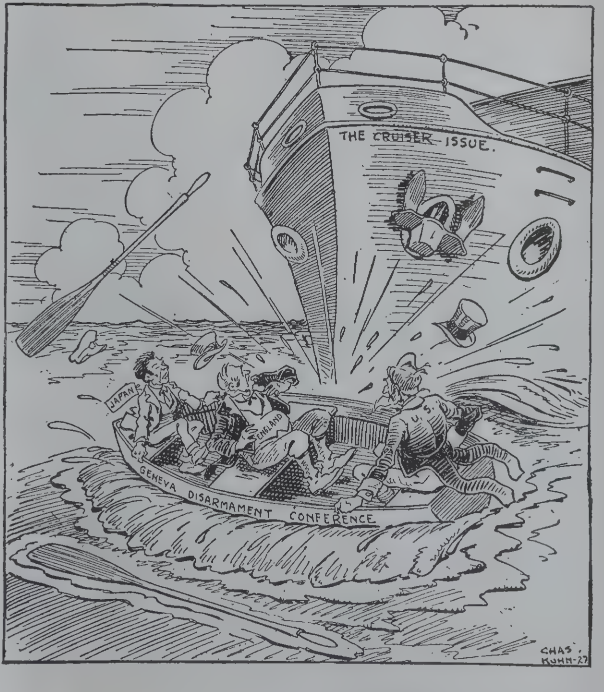
Q. I should like some information on Old Ironsides.

A. Old Ironsides is the nickname sometimes applied to the *Constitution*, a 44-gun frigate, the most famous vessel in the United States Navy, because of the hardness of her planking and timbers. She was launched on October 21, 1797, being one of the six war vessels ordered by Congress early in 1794 on account of Algerian piracies, but was not completed and equipped until the following year, when she put to sea under Captain Nicholson. During the war with Tripoli, 1801-05, she was Commodore Preble's flagship and in 1805 took part in three of the five bombardments off Tripoli. In July, 1812, under command of Isaac Hull, she escaped from a British squadron off the New Jersey coast after a spirited chase of three days, and on August 19, off Cape Race, fought her famous battle with the *Guerriere*, a somewhat weaker English frigate which she left a total wreck after a short engagement. On December 29, under the command of Captain Bainbridge, she captured off Bahia, Brazil, the *Java* (38 guns, Captain Lambert). On February 14, 1814, under Captain Stewart, she captured the *Picton*, 16 guns, and a convoy in the West Indies. On February 20, 1815, after a fierce engagement, she took the *Cyane*, 34 guns, and the *Levant*, 18 guns, on the Mediterranean between the Madiera Islands and Gibraltar. The English lost 19 killed and 42 wounded out of 320; the Americans, 6 killed and 9 wounded out of 451. Soon afterward the *Constitution* was closely pursued by a British squadron, which recaptured the *Levant*. Reported unseaworthy in 1830 she was ordered dismantled, but was retained in deference to the popular sentiment aroused by Holmes' poem, 'Old Ironsides,' and in 1833 was rebuilt. She went out of commission in 1855 at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was subsequently used as a training ship, was again partially rebuilt in 1877, crossed the Atlantic for the last time in 1878, and was stored in the Boston Navy Yard in 1897.

* * *

Q. What was the treaty of 1857 with Denmark?

A. Before 1857 Denmark had imposed maritime taxes called 'Danish Sound Dues' on all vessels passing through the sounds connecting the North and the Baltic seas; these taxes were based, according to Danish interpretation, 'upon immemorial prescription, sanctioned by a long succession of treaties with foreign powers.' Contending that navigation of straits connecting open seas was free to all, the United States in 1826 had negotiated a provisional ten-year treaty stipulating that 'neither the vessels of the United States nor their cargoes shall, when they pass the Sound or the Belts, pay higher or other duties than those which are or may be paid by the most favored nation.' In 1855 before the renewal of the treaty for the fourth time the United States emphasized the fact that it would not pay for the privilege of using the maritime highway connecting two seas, but that it was willing to contribute its share for the maintenance of the 'lights, buoys and pilot establishments.' These aids to navigation were adjudged at $393,011 by the treaty of 1857 with Denmark.



—Kuhn in the *Indianapolis News.*

RAMMED.

* * *

Q. What was the origin of the word 'Boxer' as used in the Boxer war in China?

A. 'Boxer' is a very free translation of the name of the Chinese secret society 'I-ho-ch'uan,' the literal meaning of which is variously said to be 'Righteous League of Fists,' 'The Fist of Righteous Harmony,' and so forth.

* * *

Q. What part did Thomas Paine play in the Revolutionary period with reference to the founding of the United States?

A. After hostilities had commenced between the mother country and the Colonies, Paine, in 1776, wrote his well-known pamphlet *Common Sense*. The object of this pamphlet was to recommend the separation between the Colonies and Great Britain. After war was declared he gave up his position on the magazine on which he was working and joined the staff of General Greene. In 1777, while with the Army, he wrote the first of a series of political appeals called the *Crisis*, the first number of which started with the words: 'These are the times that try men's souls.' This was written at a time when the American cause seemed lost, but the burning words of Paine, which were also ordered read to the Army, aroused new courage. Other numbers of the *Crisis* were published at short intervals.

* * *

Q. How are giant redwood trees felled?

A. Felling one of these enormous trees is an operation requiring great experience and skill on the part of the woodsman who must cause the vast trunk to fall precisely where he intends it to lie, and must take care that it is not split or broken by the concussion, to prevent which a bed is smoothed and prepared for it. A platform is first erected surrounding the trunk, from six to eight feet above the ground. With a long saw in the hands of two men an undercut is made through the trunk, not quite to the center, and from the opposite side a crosscut is sawed, ending a foot or two above the undercut and leaving a section of solid wood between. When the exact place where the tree is to fall is selected the choppers ascend the platform and with axes hew out an angular-shaped piece having the undercut as a base. After this cut is made the crosscut is wedged till the tree topples.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Of all the coins struck from the presses of the United States Mint during the past fiscal year, the dime showed the greatest gain in numbers, rising from 41,131,000 in 1926 to 49,606,000 in 1927. Nickel coinage increased by some 6,000,000 and quarters by about the same amount. The number of 'bronze cents' fell off considerably as did also silver dollars. Half-dollars struck were merely for memorial purposes.

As a milling establishment at Johannesburg, South Africa, was destroyed by a blaze, firemen poured in tons of water. Great quantities of crushed oats began to boil, burst the walls and poured down the streets.

During a recent mirage at Cape May, New Jersey, ships that were twenty miles at sea, hull down beneath the horizon, were seen clearly. Persons walking on the sands at Cape Henlopen, thirteen miles away, could also be recognized.

Property of the English Crown is always marked with the broad arrow. So long ago did the custom originate that no one can tell when it was first used or what was its meaning. There is a penalty of £200 sterling for removing the mark from any article.

A water clock used by the British in olden times consisted of a bronze bowl with a small hole in the center. This was floated in a large pan until water entering through the hole at a regular rate made the bowl sink.

Oyonnax, France, has for several centuries been one of the world's important industrial centers for the manufacture of combs. At first the material employed was wood, later beef-hoof, real horn, tortoise shell, and at present celluloid. Today there are more than three hundred manufacturers of combs in this one town, providing employment for about five thousand persons.

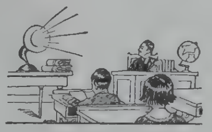
Testing the tempers of its railmen as an accident preventive, the Austrian State Railway gives each candidate twenty-five keys to twenty-five drawers. If a man can find the right keys to the right drawers without losing his temper, it is assumed he can be trusted to keep his head in an emergency.

Due to the readiness of the ape to imitate movements it is the opinion of psychologists of Yale University that a chimpanzee might be taught to talk with its fingers as do deaf-and-dumb people.

According to a Norwegian explorer, among some Eskimo tribes bad temper is considered a sign of being possessed by a devil, lying is a crime punished by death, and marriage is compulsory.

To protect women from being run down by automobiles at night, hats with designs painted in glowing chemicals that are visible at some distances have been fashioned in England.

A bald-headed man in Kansas who believes in realism has two wigs, one with somewhat shorter hair than the other, which he substitutes about every ten days to make it appear he has just been to the barber.



The principal of the Junior High School in Marion, Ohio, in order to avoid the necessity of running from room to room when he wishes to make an announcement, has had the entire building wired and equipped with loud speakers.

The six childless Presidents of the United States were Buchanan, Washington, Madison, Jackson, Polk and Harding. Buchanan was the only bachelor.

The magnificent gold plate used by the king and queen of Great Britain at state banquets consists of a dinner service for one hundred guests, complete with tureens, meat dishes, entrée dishes and covers, a fruit service, and a coffee service. Golden candelabra, from three to four feet high and branching in all directions, are used as table decorations.

A can of white lead caused the death of seventeen cows in Wisconsin. The cows thought the lead was salt.

Attacked by a large flock of crows, a pet cat in Jeanette, Pennsylvania, was literally torn to pieces.

The Sumerians who lived near the Tigris and Euphrates rivers made wheels for their chariots as early as 3000 B. C.

Fancy safety pins made by craftsmen of the bronze age sometimes weighed half a pound.

The United States uses about four-fifths of the world's gasoline production.

In the native quarters of China the streets are made crooked on purpose to confuse the Evil One, who is always supposed to travel in a straight line.

The will of Jarius Hillbornn who died recently in Minot, Maine, sets aside $30 a year for twenty-five years to defray the expense of an annual dance for the young people of the community.

Within the past year nearly nine thousand pairs of twins were born in England and Wales.

The Turkish calendar, based on the flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina, has been supplanted by the Christian calendar.

Omaha Indians donated the land for the first college in Nebraska.

Roads constructed of cast-iron plates with a slightly corrugated surface are being tested in France.

The adhesive postage stamp was invented May 6, 1840, in Scotland and adopted by America in 1847.

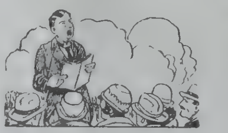
Football paid the University of Pennsylvania $314,956 during the 1926 season.

The average life span of ants is from eight to ten years, although some specimens in captivity have reached the age of fifteen.

An animal breeder of Olympia, Washington, believes that he has developed a species of barkless dogs.

It is reported from Pendleton, Oregon, that the younger generation of Indians are more interested in the modern dances and jazz music than in the old tribal dances.

On a farm near Miller, South Dakota, a cat adopted six young wolves after her own kittens were killed.



The ability to sing is an accomplishment rated highly by English politicians, for voters demand entertainment in connection with speeches. Even Lloyd George, it is said, is not above breaking into song when addressing public gatherings.

Nearly $3,000 in precious metals is reclaimed annually by a jewelry manufacturing company in Kansas City, by filtering the water in which the workers wash their hands.

It is claimed that wood wasps are able to bore through such metal as sheet lead.

Japan has developed a cherry tree that produces flowers and leaves the year around.

It is believed that the Phoenicians originated the art of soap making.

There are 7,083 islands covering a total area of 114,400 square miles in the Philippine group.

Letters written by Thomas Jefferson during his lifetime totaled about thirty thousand.

There is a fan in the possession of Queen Mary of England made from the wing feathers of woodcocks. There being only one such feather in each wing, 3,600 woodcocks were required to make the fan.

Instead of benches in the 'Church of the Rolls,' in the poorest section of Berlin, long rows of tables are provided and unfortunates are fed soup and rolls as the pastor delivers his sermon.

NOTES · COMMENTS · CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the distinction between economy and use as a cure for waste.

* * *

The cover design has been specially drawn by Irving R. Bacon, apropos of the article on Dordrecht, Holland, which appears on page 21.

* * *

On page 2 of cover there is a poem by Katharine Marie Barton—'Gates' —'the low, blue gates of evening,' which has a subtle appeal in every simple stanza.

* * *

Few are aware that in the United States there are thousands of men and women who are without a country they can call their own. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, explains just how this is. These men consist of aliens who have not become naturalized Americans, and who have been so long absent from the country of their origin that they have lost their citizenship there. Many of these aliens are men of good standing, and Secretary Davis proposes remedies for ameliorating their lot and removing their disabilities. (p. 1)

* * *

William L. Stidger, traveler and preacher, shows forth the wonderful potentialities of Mexico in an article which shows the natural resources of that country as the 'pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow.' There is abundance of gold and silver and gems and oil, but the country seems unable to settle down to derive the benefit of these. This is where the stranger tries his luck, but the pot of gold seems as elusive as it is anywhere else. (p. 3)

* * *

There is a Shakespeare autograph in a museum in Boston that has a peculiar interest. It was found in the back binding of a very old book. Just how much it affects the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy cannot yet be estimated. But, after all, what good does it do the world to know whether it was Bacon or Shakespeare who wrote *Hamlet* or *Romeo and Juliet?* They are here to stay no matter who their creator was. (p. 4)

* * *

Reginald Poland, an authority on art, says that we can see beauty practically everywhere, if we so much as try to open our eyes. He thinks that art needs no apology, and that although it is 'long,' according to the Latin proverb, it is not 'long-faced.' A proper appreciation of art is essential to the well-being of a people. That is what art museums and galleries are for. (p. 6)

* * *

The Chinese are fond of gambling, and on the Pacific Coast the lottery is a favorite medium for trying their luck. George C. Henderson, a San Francisco newspaperman, thought he would visit one of the lotteries in Chinatown and see things for himself. He took a chance and the result is interesting. (p. 8)

* * *

What H. G. Salsinger, sports editor and writer, calls the bronzed super-runners of the Sierra Madre, Mexico, are the Tarahumaras, who live in the mountains 5,000 feet above sea level. They certainly have made some remarkable long-distance records, both men and women, and they do not pretend to be athletes either. Yet Marathon holds no marvels for them. The secret of the endurance of these Indians is fresh air and exercise. Mountaineers have it. (p. 9)

* * *

When one thinks of African natives one thinks of black men. But there are and have been white Africans and Africans that are descended from white men, although this may not be very apparent except in their mentality and general deportment. The Riffs of Morocco are examples of such a race. So are the Zulus and Mashonas. They have white blood in them, so anthropologists tell. (p. 12)

* * *

Mary Harrod Northend, whose quaint stories of New England have so often appeared in our pages, is the author of the story of a visit to Longfellow's ancestral home. The story affords an insight into the history of the poet's ancestors and how they got planted in New England. (p. 14)

* * *

A tourist who first went to Scotland to visit the scenes of *The Lady of the Lake* and then toured southern Indiana, would find many points of resemblance, and that is saying a lot. But on coming back to southern Indiana that part of America would appear to him to be on a bigger and grander scale than the celebrated Trossachs. (p. 16)

* * *

Holland holds great attractions for the wandering artist, especially where there are boats and canals and quaintly gabled houses; men in voluminous knickerbockers and women in amplified skirts. Dordrecht, a paradise for painters, is like that. (p. 21)

* * *

A chinchilla farm in this country is a novelty. There is one in California. These little animals are nearly extinct in their native Andes owing to the ill-considered raids of fur-hunters, but there has been enterprise enough in this country to take the matter up so that there is not now so much danger of chinchilla fur coats becoming so rare as the bird feather capes of the kings and queens of Hawaii. (p. 28)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Though I do not necessarily agree with all the opinions expressed in your excellent periodical, nevertheless I expectantly look forward to receiving each week's issue.

Your editorials are masterpieces of concise statements of salient facts and cover a range of subjects in a manner in which some of these subservient newspapers would not dare attempt for fear the circulation would fall off or their advertising revenue decline.

F. L. COWAN.

Madison, Wisconsin.

I am a subscriber to at least six different publications, but I am always eager to receive THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT because all of the articles interest me, and I would appreciate very much indeed receiving it regularly. JACKSON REUTER.

Detroit, Michigan.

Received your form letter as to renewal of subscription. I should like to state, that I like your magazine very much and am still reading it. I did not renew my subscription because I haven't had the price to spare for a long time; however, I have somehow managed to secure my weekly copy from the news stands. A. HASSING.

Vicksburg, Mississippi.

I have to commend your magazine on the editorial 'Death by Mail.' The present laws of Mississippi impose a heavy penalty for carrying concealed weapons. It is necessary in order for a person to obtain firearms that the name and address and the number of the weapon be registered.

Notwithstanding this effort on the part of the state to protect its citizens it is a well-known fact that nearly every irresponsible Negro has supplied himself with firearms from mail order houses.

WALTER C. CLARK.

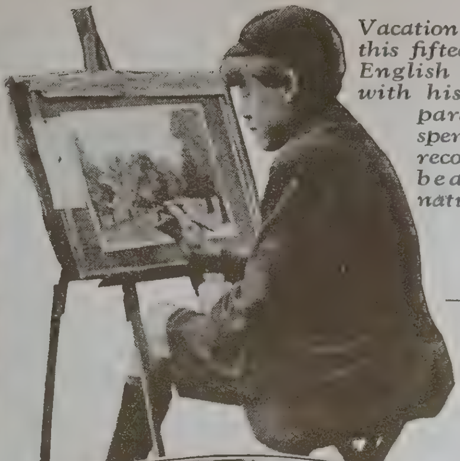
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Brother Louis has been receiving THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for the last year from you. He looks at the pictures and reads a few articles that interest him; I read everything from cover to cover each week. I think it is a wonderful magazine. Every article in it is very interesting whether on history, science, current events or what not, and it is well worth reading.

I carry mine to the office and back and read most of it in the street car. I subscribe to a lot of different papers, but THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is the only one that I find no fault with. RAYMOND E. KRAUS.

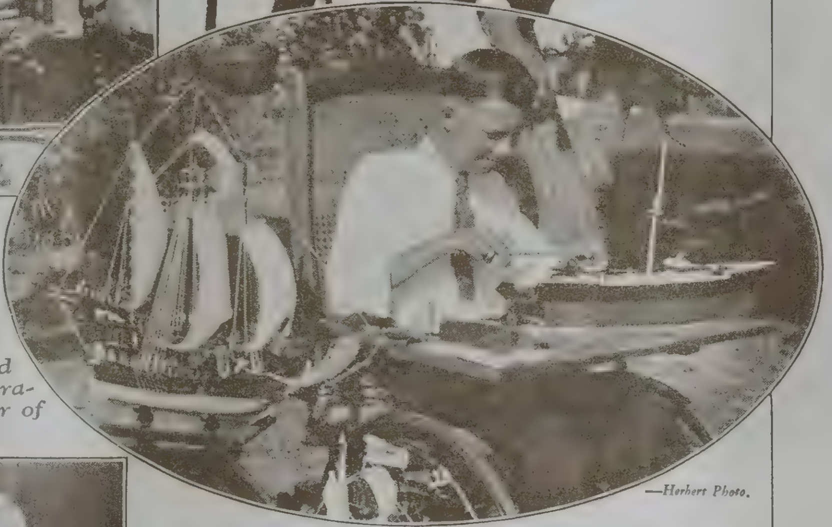
—Herbert Photo.

Maine claims this dexterous artist who fashions birds and other creatures with a jackknife.



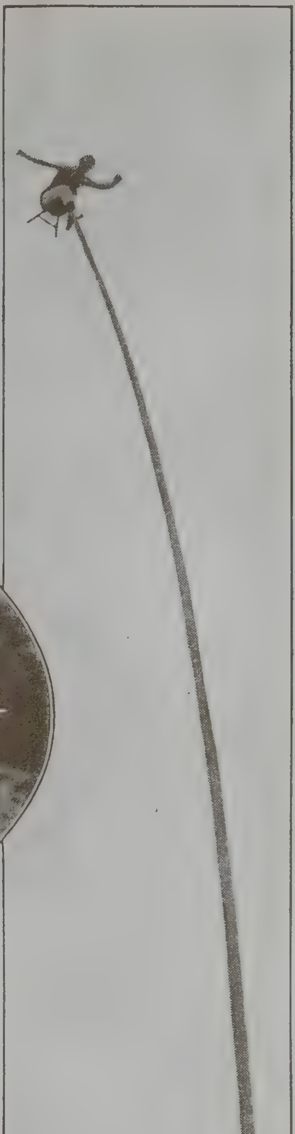
Vacation means that this fifteen-year-old English schoolboy with his painting paraphernalia spends his time recording the beauties of nature.

—Herbert Photo.



Oval—
This sixteen-year-old Californian, partially paralyzed, is a skilled fashioner of model ships.

—Herbert Photo.



—Pacific and A lantic Photo.

Balancing artist in a circus treated Berlin throngs to this 'sure cure for nerves'—seated on a chair atop a limber pole.

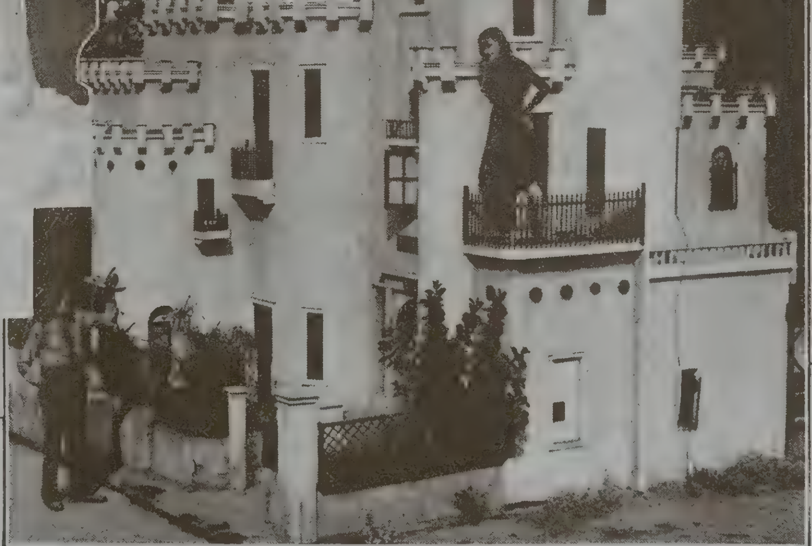
Individuality *in* Occupations

—Herbert Photo.

As a tribute to Lincoln, the Belgian artist, Valentine Henneman, in Bangor, Maine, made this snow model.

'There is a little house,' begins this true modern tale—a miniature castle, residence of its builder in Alhambra, California. Castle and furnishings are in perfect proportion, and its owner built it himself in one summer.

—Pacific and Atlantic Photo.



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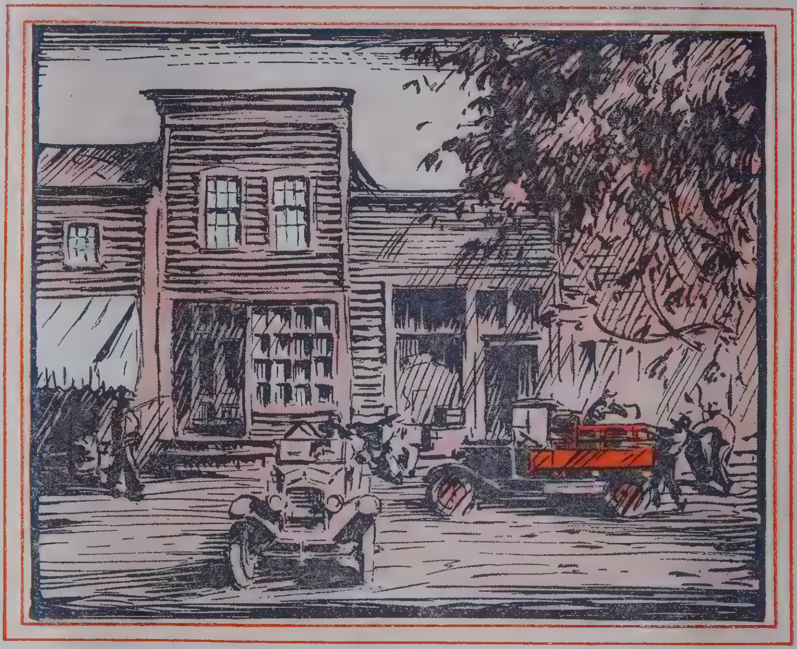

LINCOLN said that this Nation could not survive half slave and half free. The human race cannot forever exist half exploiter and half exploited. Until we become buyers and sellers alike, producers and consumers alike, keeping the balance not for profit but for service, we are going to have a topsy-turvy condition. Until society and its relation balance, the account is going to be wrong.

EA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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AUGUST 20, 1927

WHY THE LIQUOR INTERESTS WENT UNPAID **Willis J. Abbot**

—Publishers' Photo Service.

DESERT FANTASY

Glenn Ward
Dresbach

THE starry tide had risen
And covered, far and wide,
The sands; the moon had added
Her splendor to the tide.

Against the azure headlands
That lifted far away
The endless waves in silence
Tossed silver clouds of spray.

And as I watched, a moment,
It seemed the ledge must be
A little rock-bound island
In some enchanted sea.

So, like a shipwrecked sailor
From out the night, I came
To gather twigs of cedar
And sit beside the flame.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

AUGUST 20
1927

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Why the LIQUOR INTERESTS *Went Unpaid*

Their Refusal *of a* Reasonable Compromise *Cost Them Dear*

By WILLIS J. ABBOT

MANY reasons are cited by individuals for their antagonism to the prohibition law. Very few are frank enough to confess that they oppose prohibition simply because it interferes with the satisfaction of their appetites for alcohol. Most of them base their position upon a passionate devotion to personal liberty, or a curious conviction that prohibition encourages rather than prohibits the use of intoxicating liquor. Some like to defend themselves on the ground that they begrudge to the bootlegger the profits which formerly, in the form of internal revenue, went into the National Treasury. Hardly anyone will admit any lingering sympathy for the saloonkeepers who were put out of business, although curiously enough many express the thought that the millionaire distillers and brewers were ill-used when the prohibition law was enacted.

Very recently I encountered an Englishman who held to the latter view. We were discussing not prohibition but democracy, and he suddenly turned the course of the conversation to what he held to be the brutal and indefensible things done by democracies.

'Take the United States, for example,' he said. 'At least twice in its history it has in the name of reform perpetrated abominable outrages upon property rights. It has violated its own Constitution by taking individual property, or at any rate destroying it without compensation. The two instances I refer to are the abolition of slavery without compensation to the slave owners who had acquired their property in what was at the time a perfectly legitimate manner, and then some fifty years later the Government comes along and destroys the value of the great breweries and distilleries of the nation, properties worth millions upon millions of dollars, without either compensation to their owners or the allowance of a reasonable time in which the sufferers could prepare for the disaster forced upon them.

'I don't think either of these cases was in accordance with justice or the American spirit, and I believe that had due compensation been offered for the slaves the Civil War might have been averted, and that today had more fairness and liberality been manifested in dealing with the brewers and distillers, the attack upon the prohibition policy would not be so savage nor promise so much of ultimate success.'

It sounded well, and the plausibility of the plea is enhanced by the fact that it is being made by very many anti-prohibitionists in the United States today—including some distillers and brewers who refused the very sort of compromise to which my friend referred.

For neither in the case of human slavery nor in the later overthrow of the drink slavery are the facts as he stated them. It is perhaps unnecessary to recount the discussion prior to the Civil War as to the wisdom of compensation for the slaves in the event of emancipation. It is enough to say now that this theory was rejected as scornfully by the slave dealers as it was denounced savagely by the ultra-abolitionists. A New England poet put the argument of the latter in one verse which went far toward ending the discussion:

> Pay ransom to the owner,
> And fill the cup to the brim.
> Who is the owner?
> The slave is the owner and ever
> was, pay him!

Perhaps not precisely that view arose to block the question of compensation to liquor dealers in 1918. Of course, the thorough-paced prohibitionists would listen to no suggestion of compromise with evil. But on the other hand the brewers and distillers, themselves arrogant in pride of power and possession, certain that they could defeat in Congress the people whom they described as Puritanical theorists and Blue Noses, repelled every suggestion of that sort.

ONE of the most active workers for prohibition, to whom I recently spoke of the currency of this complaint that there had been no effort at compromise, made the following account of a very interesting incident in the struggle. It seems to demonstrate thoroughly that the liquor interests were less desirous of accepting a compromise than the most rabid of the prohibitionists were of granting one.

'Two very interesting propositions came unofficially to representatives of the Anti-Saloon League while the Eighteenth Amendment was under discussion in Congress,' said he.

'The first came from a representative of the distillers. He wanted to make a compromise. Would the Anti-Saloon League be willing, he asked, if the distillers should quit fighting, to agree that prohibition should not go into effect until five years after ratification of the amendment? During the five years, according to his proposal, the Federal tax on distilled spirits should be doubled, half of the money to go into the Federal Treasury and the other half into a sinking fund from which, at the end of the five-year period, the Federal Government should purchase the distillers' properties.

'We received his proposition with some degree of astonishment and asked him to find out how many distillers would agree to such a proposal. He went away to canvass the trade but could get only a small number to agree. The great majority were unwilling to give up their chances for profit and preferred taking a gambler's chance at beating the Eighteenth Amendment.

'The Anti-Saloon League, of course, was entirely noncommittal to his proposal, but we were interested to find out if he could get unanimity of action from the camp of the wets which he represented. When it was entirely clear to this man that only a small percentage of the distillers would go along with his idea, which he considered a fair proposition, he went to New York and sold out all his interests in the liquor business.

'The second proposal was made to me by a representative of several large breweries. It was practically the same as the first proposal. I was sure he would not get any considerable number of brewers to agree to the plan and told him so. However, I asked him to canvass the industry and told him that if he could get a majority of the brewers to indorse the idea I would bring it before my colleagues for consideration. He resented my insinuation that he couldn't get a majority of the brewers to go along with him on any fair proposition to wind up their business. "You fellows who are fighting for prohibition," he said, "are so narrow that you can't conceive of a man in the trade being honest."

'I told him I believed the honest men in the brewing business were hopelessly in the minority; that he couldn't get a third of the brewers to indorse his plan. He left, seemingly confident that he could put the idea across.

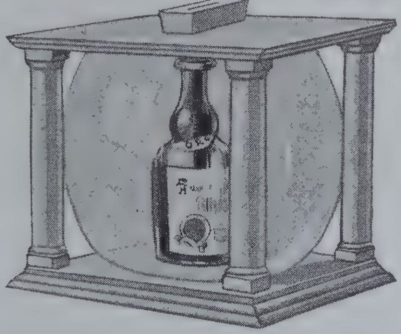
'After waiting a considerable time for a reply, I sent word to him that I should like to know of the progress he was making. No response came. This satisfied me all the more that he was in bad with his own crowd. Later I pressed him for a reply and he came to Washington to see me.

' "You seem to know more about the brewers than I do," he told me. "I have dealt with only one or two concerns. They were honorable and I naturally supposed that they all were. But I can't get 15 per cent of the brewers to agree to any proposition along the line of the one I suggested. They would rather take the chance of beating prohibition."

'At that time the Federal Government was collecting nearly $250,000,000 a year in taxes on distilled spirits and beer. The proposals made by these two men would have raised a sinking fund, if accepted, amounting, with interest, to more than $1,500,000,000 over the five-year period which would have been available for compensating them for the physical loss of their properties caused by prohibition.

'Possible compensation to the liquor interests had been the subject of considerable discussion in the press and by some dry workers. It has long been contended by some so-called middle-of-the-road advocates that if a provision had been made for compensation, there would not be the feeling against prohibition which is found today in some sections of the United States. The fact that the trade itself was unwilling to work out any compensatory plan but instead chose to fight it out to the bitter end without quarter partly tells why the question of compensation was not seriously considered.'

This statement, of course, gives no indication as to whether the officials of the Anti-Saloon League, who were in charge of pressing prohibition legislature in Congress, would have agreed to a compromise involving delay and compensation for the liquor interests. It does, however, indicate very clearly that the liquor interests themselves were unable to agree upon the presentation of such a compromise, and would undoubtedly have rejected it had it been proferred. It is, of course, not an unusual thing for powerful interests, when threatened by a popular revolt, to underestimate the power of the attack and to rely arrogantly upon the force and authority which they have been accustomed to find so effective.



No one familiar with the delays of the struggle at Washington, which finally put the Eighteenth Amendment in the Constitution, and the Volstead Act on the statute books, will ever forget the astonishment of the lobbyists for the brewers and distillers when they actually discovered that the power on which they had so long relied had lost its potency.

Whether it would have been better, viewed from either the standpoint of expediency or justice, to have compensated the liquor manufacturers for their losses is a matter that will always be debatable. Yet the judicial side of it has been passed upon by the United States Supreme Court.

Not long after Kansas had gone dry, the liquor interests of that state attacked the constitutionality of its prohibition law on the ground that it failed to provide for compensation. The case was fought all the way to the United States Supreme Court which laid down the final decision that no claim for compensation could be entertained because the man who went into the liquor business took a gambler's chance as to whether he would be permitted to continue that trade. The court put the business on the same plane with lotteries and decided that the distiller whose plant was closed by operation of law had no more recourse than did the Louisiana lottery when it was likewise put out of business by legislation.

Naturally this decision by the highest tribunal in the United States encouraged the advocates of Federal prohibition to go ahead without giving further thought to the question of compensation. But the progress of the struggle demonstrated irrefutably that even had a proposition of this sort been made to the liquor interests it would have been rejected. Defending an unworthy and even lawless occupation, they fell out among themselves with the proverbial result.

At one time the distillers turned savagely on the brewers with the charge that if the latter had not so multiplied saloons in great cities, and so developed the political power of the saloon, this storm of indignation would not have been aroused. The brewers in their turn denounced the distillers as producers of a fiery liquor which stimulated all that was worst in the human mind, and was responsible for nine-tenths of the drunkenness and crime laid at the door of the saloon. The rogues thus having fallen out, the progress of the reformer was made easier.

Perhaps as each side told so accurately and vigorously the truth about the other, the burden placed upon those who took the attitude, 'a plague on both your houses,' was materially lightened.

MARK TWAIN a Soothsayer of the SOUTH?

By HARRY E. BARNET

One of the more recent homes in Stearns.

Type of crude cabin abandoned for the new.

The houses snuggled in among the hills and the little railroad leading to the place where 'Squire Hawkins' talked to 'Nancy.'

IF YOU stray from beaten tracks in the phenomenal New South, you're bound to meet up with the quaint touch of the unexpected, because there's something Old South and unlooked-for along every byroad—as in the case of the coal mining and timber 'company town' of Stearns, Kentucky.

Although it is located across the boundary line in another state, Stearns is the metropolis of the aloof mountain region that Mark Twain observed, in the opening chapter of *The Gilded Age*, had a 'reputation like Nazareth, as far as turning out any good thing was concerned.' And with this hard name in mind when you're ranging southern Highlands, you reckon before you see it that Stearns must be a hellish sort of town, whose commonplaces are likely to be exciting events to a stranger. But when you arrive there, you're confronted by something more impressive: a well-balanced mixture of the element of production, with the intangible something that was the essence of the traditional land o' Dixie.

The spirit of Stearns is lithe. None of its social life is overwhelmed by its industries. The town glints many things. Now, a mite of the grand manner of old-time Natchez; and again, something gay and gracious from the Blue Grass country as Henry Clay knew it—these mingled with the kind of hustle and bustle characteristic of present-day Birmingham and Atlanta. The whole is a spirit that is congenial amalgamation of outward differences, welding five thousand mountaineers into a unity of purposeful and profitable living.

The artists go to Stearns on the hunt for new subjects; and sometimes wander in the adjacent mountains for weeks at a time, studying odd types of people, absorbing the spirit of the landscape, before settling to work. It was thus that one artist hobnobbed with a few anomalous characters through three months. Then he painted them in natural poses, which tell an original and lengthy story at a glance.

Art collections in America and abroad are spotty with sympathetic studies of various types of these mountaineers. Native-born who pose, as well as their neighbors who always watch them at it, get a big kick out of this artistic business. Bystanders and models are dead set for accuracy. They quickly point out slips of detail at the time they're made, although the slips are trivial. And the mountaineers think their own kind of thoughts about whatever goes on.

'Looky at that 'ar man, a-playin' he's God,' drawled a model the while an artist shaped his image in clay, 'a-bornin' me ag'in out o' mud!'

Stark necessity is the only reason for the individuality of Stearns. Production of coal and timber there is the basic idea. But to get it, the company that owns the town was forced to set up a community which would be a spectacle corresponding to the striped sticks of Jacob. Moreover, like Jacob, the company was compelled to wait.

In other words, some years ago the very thing happened (Continued on page 23)

Barefoot girls of Poland, whose education is being given more attention by the present republic than by the Czarist regime.

POLAND Revisited

By H. H. KARPINSKI

—Ewing Galloway Photos.

Polish peasants and their typical small thatched cottage in a farm district.

BORN in Warsaw, capital of Russian Poland, three-quarters of a century ago, I came to America when a very young man, 'strange wonders to see,' and remained against the advice and wishes of my family and friends. At the time and up to 1918 that part of Poland was under the dominion of Russia, and though I visited many times with my family we always met outside the Russian Empire, for my passport would not protect me against the pretensions of Russian police officials.

Being lately in Europe, and Poland having become an independent state, a republic, I visited the country after an absence of fifty years. I crossed Europe by way of Belgium and Germany and reached Warsaw, my native abode. Warsaw is a city of a million and a half inhabitants—of very prosperous appearance, of many beautiful palaces of former Polish aristocracy, some commercial buildings, in fact many of them more ornate than our commercial edifices; many splendid monuments, fine and extensive parks, a university, a polytechnic; a royal palace of one hundred and eighty rooms, filled with costly furniture, old-master pictures, statuary, Gobelin tapestries, antique clocks and valuable bric-a-bracs, only lately returned to Warsaw from St. Petersburg as a result of the Versailles Treaty; many very fine bridges across the Vistula River, an extensive and very efficient trolley system, and things too numerous to mention.

However, as a result of the long war and the German occupancy, the buildings present a shabby and dilapidated exterior, due to lack of capital for their reconditioning. The whole country, in common with all Europe, suffered from the war to a terrific extent. At the first sign of possible defeat the Russian Government confiscated all currency and capital of all the banks and carried it away to the interior of Russia. Then Germany occupied the territory for two years and in that time systematically robbed the country of its metals, textiles, machinery, and everything of value which was easy of transportation. The German military authorities made a house-to-house search, and confiscated everything made of brass and copper—samovars (tea kettles), kitchen utensils, even doorknobs (and to give them credit, they replaced the knobs and brass face plates with steel ones)—pretending to pay for the metal in German paper marks, valued at that time 100,000 marks for a cent. Otherwise Warsaw was not suffering from the effects of the war.

I met numbers of old friends and relatives and found them all without exception very much impoverished and mourning for lost sons, husbands, brothers and sweethearts, though I confess I was edified with their intensive patriotism and unshaken faith in the future, in face of the loss of their wealth and dear ones.

On the eighth anniversary of the republic, there was held in Warsaw a great parade and review of Polish troops by Marshal Pilsudski, and they truly presented an inspiring picture. Some of the regiments in the picturesque costumes of Polish Uhlans with their shakos, their lances, astride well-matched horses, brought tears to the eyes of many of the spectators, especially the older men and women, who never expected to see the restoration of Poland, though they had hoped and dreamed of it.

I went to the estate of my nephews (or what was left of it), situated very near to the Russian frontier. They had possessed a very progressive farm, furnished with up-to-date and expensive machinery. It consisted of more than three thousand acres, one thousand acres of which were in a forest of oak, spruce, and pine, with a very elaborate master house of many rooms and costly furniture, built within the last twenty years. The house was made of brick, for they had a brick yard on the farm; there were other buildings to the number of forty mostly of brick.

BUT what a difference in my reception at the railroad station of Terespol! I was met at the station by a nephew with a springless farm wagon to carry me over very bad roads sixteen kilometers distant to Kotezyu, the family estate. In 1903, when my son visited there he was greeted by a liveried servant and a fine carriage with four thoroughbred horses, besides a separate team for his baggage which consisted of only a hand satchel.

The Germans occupied this territory for two years and with characteristic efficiency brought with them a sawmill, established a narrow-gauge railroad to connect with the German system, and cut every available tree of oak, spruce and pine for building purposes, carting away to Germany thousands of flat cars of this valuable timber. Then the Bolsheviks came intermittently for two years and destroyed the rest of the buildings with all their contents. The livestock to the number of 300 cows, 75 horses, and lesser animals, were driven by the Russians into the interior.

Thousands of Poles suffered the same fate. In the adjoining county not a single master house was left standing, many of them, made of marble in the Renaissance style of architecture, filled with priceless treasures of Gobelins, paintings, statuary, costly antique furniture, et cetera.

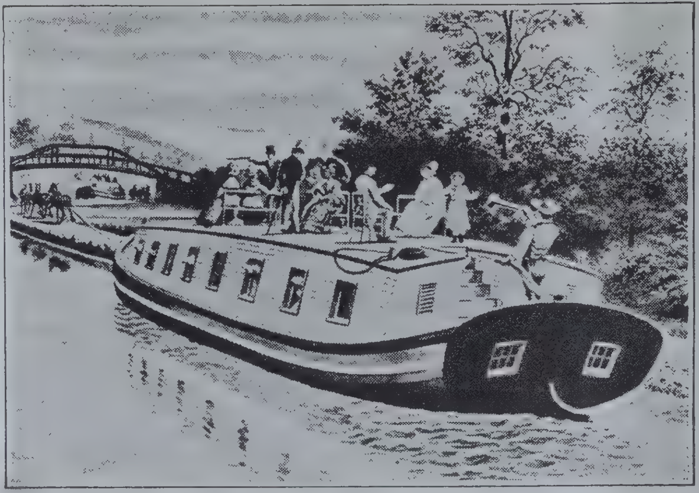
Among the owners of this destroyed property was Prince Sangusako, direct descendant of Polish royal families, an old gentleman of eighty years. He lived alone with his forty servants in a marvelous marble palace of one hundred rooms. The Bolsheviks came one night, dragged him out of the house, killed him, and in sheer wantonness set this wonderful palace afire, taking out of it only a few priceless Gobelin tapestries and cutting them into aprons and capes for their women. Besides their orgy of devastation and destruction they murdered men, women and children in cold blood.

THE Polish Government has, it seems, socialistic and communistic tendencies and in the new régime have ordered the parceling of large estates, allowing each member of the family of owners to retain only about five hundred acres, the rest to be parceled out to peasants and colonists. As the city markets are distant from such estates, between fifteen and twenty or more kilometers, five hundred acres is too much for a market garden and too small for commercial grain, milk or wool producing, upon which three products the large estates have depended for their income and taxes.

The visit had a very depressing influence on me. I lost all desire to see any more sights. One consoling thought is the wonderful patriotism of the people and their faith in the future. Not a word of complaint at their losses, at their hardships, at their necessary deprivation of former luxuries.

After a short visit at Christmas holidays with my son and his family I decided to return to America, the land of the free and the brave.

Free port of Danzig, on the Vistula River, since the year 997 contended for by the Danes, Swedes, Pomeranians and Teutonic Knights. In 1466 Danzig declared itself a free city, under protection of Poland. In 1793 it became Prussian, was taken by the French in 1807, and restored to Prussia in 1814.



Reproduction from an old painting, showing the luxurious packets on the old Erie Canal.

The Romance *of the* Barge Canal

Inland Waterways *as Aids to* Transportation

By WALTER H. MAIN

IN 1831 the first steam railroad train in New York State snorted its way from Albany to Schenectady, scaring the horses with its frightful noise and smoke, and burning the ladies' parasols with the sparks from its stack.

Then began the prodigious contest between water and rail transport which continues to this day.

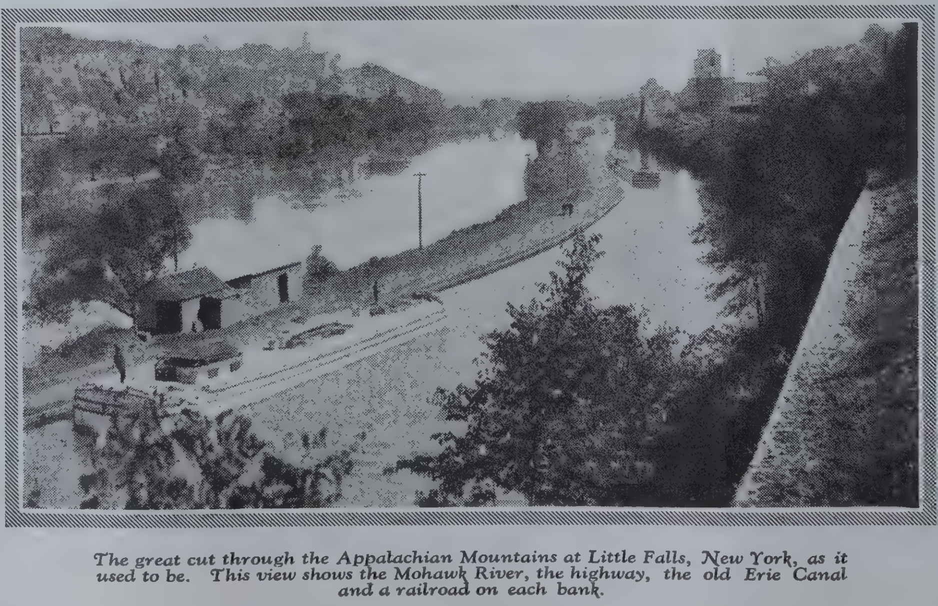
You know something of the fight over rail rates. You perhaps do not know 'Cap'n Bill Clark.' William Clark was the skipper of a line of boats on the Erie Canal. He was shrewd and made money. Came a day when Cap'n Bill Clark ran afoul the railroad. The story runs through many chapters and covers a score of years. It reaches to Wall Street and to the halls of legislation at Albany.

In substance, it amounted to this: Cap'n Bill Clark believed the railroads were using unfair means to prevent the Erie Canal and the boatmen he represented from getting their fair share of the grain cargoes from Buffalo to New York.

Cap'n Bill was a fighter. A skipper who could not fight had no place on the old Erie. But he had the audacity to carry his fight right into the legislature, into the railroad offices in New York. He would as soon stand up to a Commodore Vanderbilt or to a Chauncey Depew and call him a scoundrel as he would fight for first place at one of the canal locks.

The final issue of it was that his fight for the canalers cost Cap'n Bill his home, his boats, his savings, and everything he had. When I last saw him at his home in Constantia, New York, he was shattered in health, but he could still give from memory the dates of the passage of this or that canal legislation at Albany.

This or that governor has been named as being the originator of the Barge Canal—nothing of the sort; the Barge Canal was the child of the brain of great, hulking, big-hearted Cap'n Bill Clark. He helped them draft the bills. He was an invaluable source of information. He was the propagandist who sowed the seed in the newspaper offices up and down the state. Ask Don Seitz of the *Outlook* if this is not true.



The great cut through the Appalachian Mountains at Little Falls, New York, as it used to be. This view shows the Mohawk River, the highway, the old Erie Canal and a railroad on each bank.

The idea of creating a 1,000-ton Barge Canal across New York State was born of the consciousness that railroad competition, combined with political chicanery, was fast destroying inland water transportation. The case which Cap'n Bill Clark had carefully built up and propagated was taken over by the officials. While Roosevelt was governor of New York, engineering experts went over the whole question of a ship canal between the Hudson and the Lakes and found it unfeasible.

But something had to be done. The people had seen their waterways clogged and abandoned, victims of shortsighted competition. Bill Clark had pointed to the dried-up Chenango Canal which, extending from Utica to Binghamton, once had been the means of bringing coal at low rates from the mines of Pennsylvania directly into the heart of New York State. Its crumbling locks and filled-in channel were mute indications of the hostility of coal-carrying railroads. If that sort of thing went on, the people soon would have no waterways, no restraining competition on rail rates, no control over the commerce which had built up the great commonwealth of New York.

For it must be understood that New York State, as well as New York City, owes its preëminence to the canal. Within a zone measured roughly twenty miles each side of the waterway from New York to the Great Lakes are all the big cities and between 80 and 90 per cent of the population of the Empire State.

A period of about eighteen years, ending in 1918, was consumed in the construction of the Barge Canal, one of the marvels of modern engineering. Compared to this achievement, the construction of the Panama Canal resolves itself into a fight with the yellow fever. One single flight of five locks at Waterford, New York, lifting the Barge Canal 169 feet, is double the lift of the entire Panama Canal. Here is a waterway without counterpart in the world. Abandoning the course of the Erie Canal, with its magnificent aqueducts and stone masonry locks, enduring as time itself, the engineers boldly took the Mohawk River, the stream which in prehistoric times trickled its way through the mud bottom of the sixth Great Lake and with cunningly devised movable dams made a series of lakes extending halfway across New York State.

Canal builders theretofore had considered a canal a dug ditch: these engineers made their waterway out of a canalized river.

The great work was done in 1918, the year the United States was engaged in the World War. The Federal Government took over all means of transportation, and the State of New York turned over for national defense its waterway, which had cost in the neighborhood of $150,000,000. The period of subsidized traffic following the end of the war was not conducive to profitable canal operation. It was not until 1920 that the Federal Government handed back the Barge Canal control to the State of New York.

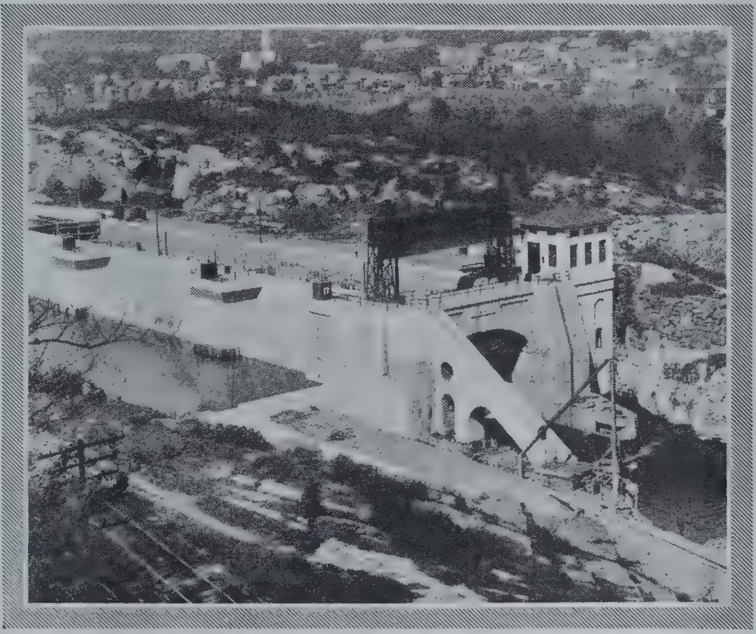
The seven-year period since 1920 has seen an amazing evolution in canal vessels.

To the older boat builders a canal was a canal, and a canal boat was a canal boat. To them a canal boat meant only one thing, namely, a snub-nosed wooden boat hauled by mules.

But here was a waterway, with no towpath for mules to walk on. Instead of locks 90 feet long, it had locks 310 feet long. Instead of six feet of water, it had twelve feet. Instead of making their placid way through an unruffled channel, canal boats began to find themselves hauled by steam tugs through rivers and the length of Oneida Lake, on which a canaler of the old school would be alarmed out of sight of land.

Gradually new and strange craft appeared on the Barge Canal. The Federal Government put a grain fleet on the waterway, the like of which never had appeared before on the face of the waters. Specially designed propeller boats, with oil-burning engines, came chugging up the canal. They were a cross between a submarine chaser and a canal boat, and each one hauled three consorts. The four constituted a unit, with a total carrying capacity of 2,000 tons. That is to say, every time four of these Government boats were locked through, it meant an equivalent of a train of eighty freight cars each of twenty-five tons' cargo.

When it is known that the water freight rate on grain from Buffalo to New York is from five to twelve cents a bushel lower than the rail rate, the anguish of rail carriers may be imagined, especially since water-borne freight makes better average time.



Little Falls as it now is. This shows one of the highest lift locks in the country, with a capacity to lift a 2,000-ton boat 41 1/2 feet.

When it comes to actual statistics on grain, the Farm Bureau Federation calculates that in 1921 the Barge Canal handled 13,619,958 bushels. During 1922 it carried 20,458,276 bushels, making a total for the two years of 34,078,234 bushels at a saving of approximately five cents a bushel, amounting to $1,703,911 in the two years.

In 1923, figured on the same basis, the 22,386,101 bushels of grain saved $1,119,305 in freight rates.

LUMBER cargoes from Oregon go around the continent, through the Panama Canal, transship in the Hudson River and go through the Barge Canal. Some of this lumber goes as far west as Duluth, saving even in that long water trip freight charges under rail rates over the Rockies.

Most important in the romance of the mountain pass is its influence upon mankind and upon the character of the nation. Cut off from the coast by the mountain chain, the region west of the Alleghenies was in danger of becoming a separate region by itself.

French influence had early been exerted. The line of outposts of the early French explorers extended from Montreal well into the region which later was peopled by the Yankee stock from 'down east.' It was the Yankee migration which ultimately determined the character of the West.

Then came the Civil War. Internal dissension was likely to rend the land in twain. Do you recall that the final draft which stemmed the rebellion came from the region of Michigan settled by New Englanders? Sons of men who had been swayed by the early abolitionists shouldered their guns to stay the onrush of the Confederacy.

Slavery itself came to its limits when it encountered the population of western states, whose forbears had migrated from the East, passing through this narrow defile in the mountains which has been fraught with so much human destiny.

To go back to the beginning of things, the rift in the mountain chain that has been so potent in welding this country into a single nation was not always there. It is only a matter of thirty or forty thousand years ago that the rocks were cleft.

Originally, geologists inform us, the Appalachian chain extended an unbroken range from north to south. Some of the oldest rock that exists on earth is found here. The Laurentian hills were, perhaps, the first land to appear above the surface of the water.

The years roll on into millions. The waters of the Great Lakes poured through the channel of the St. Lawrence. There came the latest glacial period. The ice fields, descending, clogged the St. Lawrence channel.

Then the waters of the Great Lakes, seeking outlet to the sea, flooded a great part of what is now central New York, creating a sixth Great Lake—Lake Iroquois on the geologists' maps. The great alluvial deposits, the muck lands of central New York, are the dried bottom of that great lake.

The waters poured through here long enough to wear an opening in the otherwise impenetrable mountain barrier.

And then the waters ceased to flow. The latest glacial period came to its end. The melting ice left boulders that adorn mid-New York meadows and left ineffacable marks of the grinding glaciers to tell the story. The Great Lakes returned to their original outlet, the now St. Lawrence channel. The sixth lake dried up. The floods had done their work.

Woodrow Wilson *in* Paris

By
CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER

AMID the crash of saluting guns the French convoy swept through the narrow channel into the wide and hospitable Rade de Brest. The *George Washington*, with her all-important freight, kept on through the lane of battleships and anchored in full sight of the great docks eastward of Vauban's age-old citadel. Cheers, triumphant cheers, rose above the boom of guns and dulled the accumulated blast of many whistles. Woodrow Wilson, the 'Man of Peace,' the 'Savior of France,' had arrived!

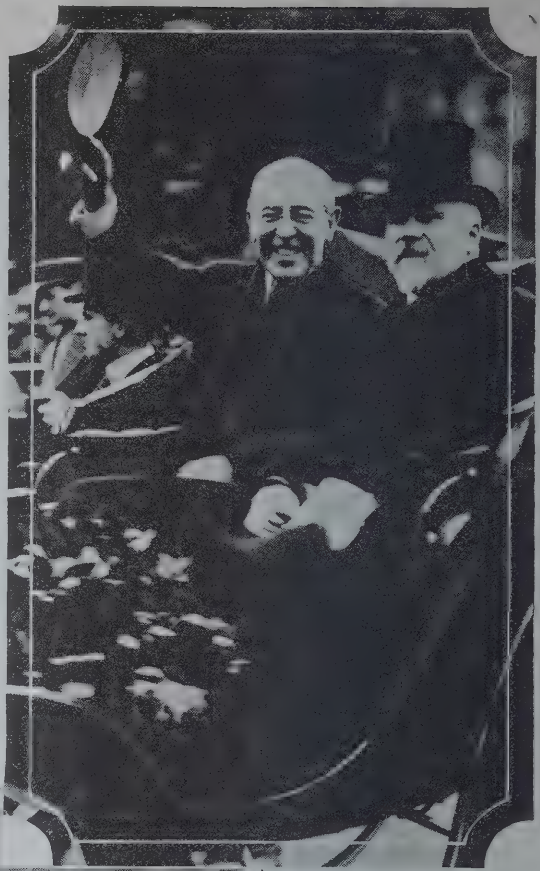
For hours the patient hordes of Breton folk waited. It was mid-afternoon before the presidential party came ashore; when it did, the President, Mrs. Wilson, and their entourage entered automobiles and drove rapidly to the train. A president's military escort preceded and followed the cars, nothing more.

It was all over so quickly. The ceremonies at the landing were brief. Immediately following the official greetings, the procession moved up the long graded ramp to the Cours, then a short half-mile to the Gare de Brest. I was sorry for the great throng that never even saw the Wilson car. Those who did gazed upon a personage of extraordinary character. The President looked every inch a man; a lion of a man. Brest, through centuries of historic experience, had seen many rulers—kings, emperors, consuls, and what not—but none more regal than Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States.

Cheers were hearty along the line of march. Flags were waved. But this was a reverent crowd; there were more prayers than cheers. There were more rosaries than flags. The peace-yearning peasants of western France had come to greet their idol, to give their blessing to him who so completely filled the rôle of peace bearer. The keynote of the hour was humility—hopes were high, but hearts were mellow. Thousands of the watchers, men and women alike, were in tears.

* * *

It is doubtful if the Riviera could have played a better meteorological rôle than Paris managed on December 14, 1918, the day that President Wilson entered the city to receive its spectacular and effervescent plaudits.



—Photos, Signal Corps, U.S. Army.
The one-day hero of Paris with President Poincare, December 14, 1918.

Carriage about to leave the Gare d'Auteil-Boulogne, bearing President Wilson and President Poincare on their epochal ride through the French capital.

The route of the presidential party was to be from the Place de l'Etoile, down the Champs-Élysées, across the Seine and back by the Alexander III and Concorde bridges, through the Place de la Concorde and up the Rue Royale to the Boulevards, and on to the Place de la République. To facilitate matters, the section of the Brest train with the Wilson car had been shunted off the main line to the little Gare d'Auteil-Boulogne, on the edge of the Bois. From this location it was an easy distance along the Avenue Victor-Hugo or through the Bois to the Arc de Triomphe et l'Etoile.

I stood near the Strasbourg statue. It was resplendent with tricolor bunting and banked with huge and gorgeous bouquets. Gone was the mourning crêpe and the funeral wreaths that had been its daily shroud for forty-seven years—the curtain had rung down, with the usual happy ending, on the Rape of the Lost Provinces.

It was an amazing demonstration. The frenzy, joyous to be sure, but frenzy nevertheless, which animated that enormous throng topped anything in my experience—and I had seen Armistice Day. Even the old sergeant of gendarmes who stood near me, and who had been stationed in or near the Place de la Concorde for more than forty years, threw up his hands and admitted that Paris never before had seen such a day or such a throng.

It was a long wait for the Parisians, but it did not lower that high note of ardent hero worship, which swelled to a terrific crescendo as the Presidents and their escort

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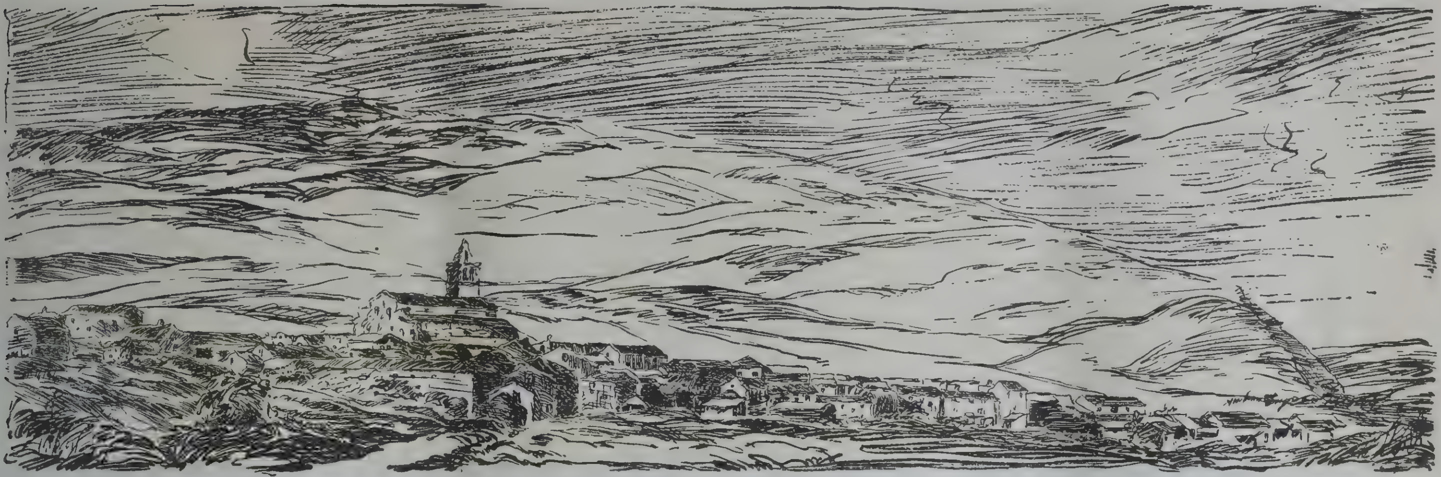


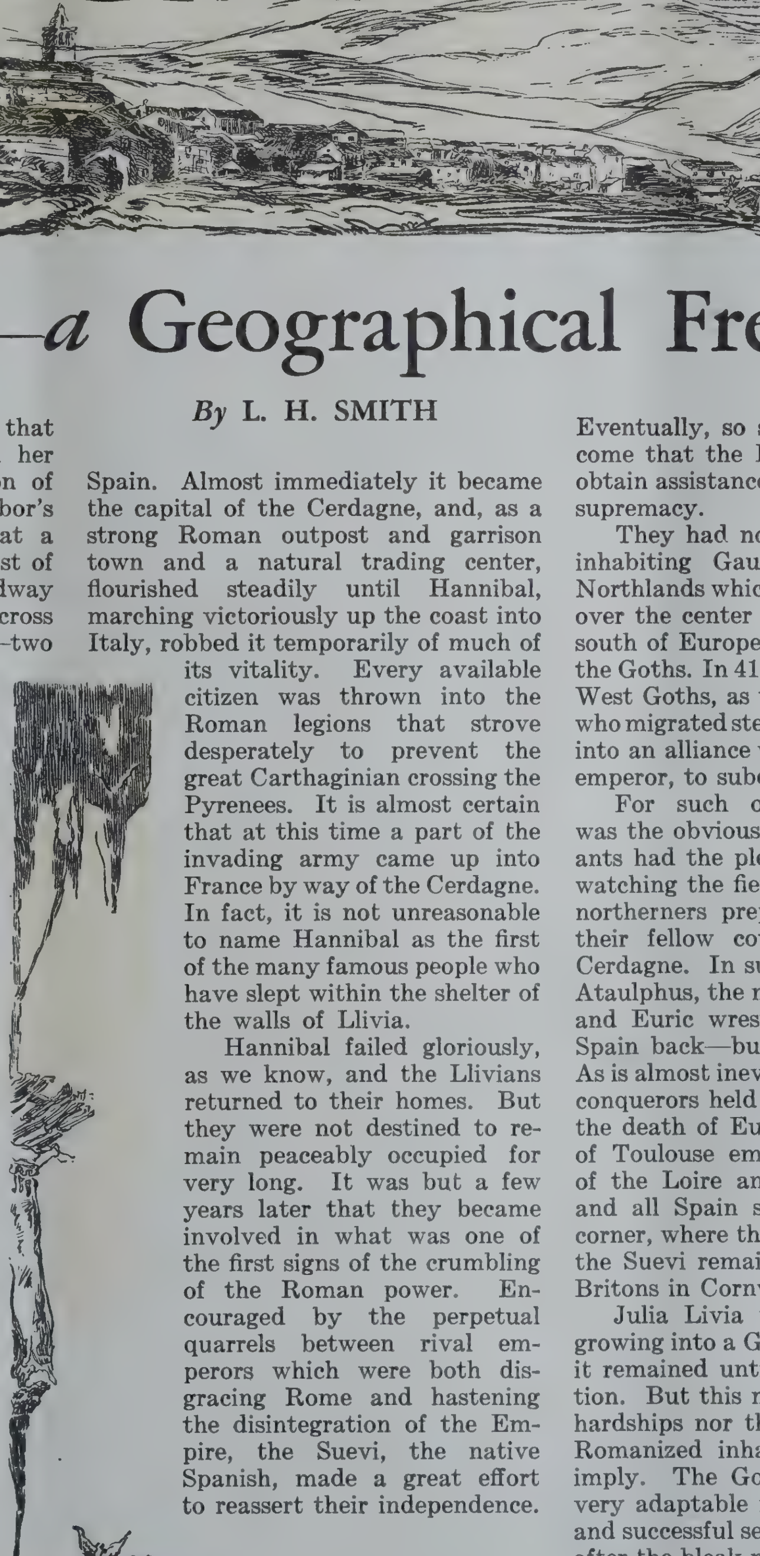
LLIVIA—*a* Geographical Freak

By L. H. SMITH

HOW many people know that France harbors within her frontiers a tiny portion of her next door neighbor's territory? A glance at a map will show you, somewhere east of the center of the Pyrenees and midway in the one wide valley running across these mountains—the Cerdagne—two frontier towns, almost joined. These are Bourg Madame and Puigcerda, in France and Spain respectively. If you let your eye travel slightly northeast from the former, you will see, if the map be good, a town called Llivia. And if the scale is fairly generous, you will find not only the town but a ring of dots marked all round it at a distance of about one mile. Inside that ring you are in Spain!

Now we have, of course, something much after this nature in England. For example, the little portions of Worcestershire straying into Gloucestershire and Warwick—two particularly adventurous pieces even reaching as far as Oxfordshire! But Llivia cannot be classed with these, for it is foreign territory inside the borders of another power. And the patriotism and cleverness of a mayor and his council have preserved, in this ancient town, a geographical freak which is probably unique.

Here is the story: Far back, in the days when Rome dominated the world, there was founded the town of Julia Livia—doubtless named, as was then the fashion, after the wife of the first governor. From the very earliest days Julia Livia was of considerable importance, controlling as it did one of the few gateways—and that probably the easiest—between France and Spain. Almost immediately it became the capital of the Cerdagne, and, as a strong Roman outpost and garrison town and a natural trading center, flourished steadily until Hannibal, marching victoriously up the coast into Italy, robbed it temporarily of much of its vitality. Every available citizen was thrown into the Roman legions that strove desperately to prevent the great Carthaginian crossing the Pyrenees. It is almost certain that at this time a part of the invading army came up into France by way of the Cerdagne. In fact, it is not unreasonable to name Hannibal as the first of the many famous people who have slept within the shelter of the walls of Llivia.



Hannibal failed gloriously, as we know, and the Llivians returned to their homes. But they were not destined to remain peaceably occupied for very long. It was but a few years later that they became involved in what was one of the first signs of the crumbling of the Roman power. Encouraged by the perpetual quarrels between rival emperors which were both disgracing Rome and hastening the disintegration of the Empire, the Suevi, the native Spanish, made a great effort to reassert their independence. Eventually, so serious did matters become that the Romans were forced to obtain assistance in order to retain their supremacy.

They had not far to seek. Mainly inhabiting Gaul was a race of the Northlands which was spreading rapidly over the center and penetrating to the south of Europe. They were known as the Goths. In 410, Ataulphus, king of the West Goths, as those came to be called who migrated steadily westward, entered into an alliance with Augustus, the then emperor, to subdue the Suevi.

For such operations Julia Livia was the obvious base, and her inhabitants had the pleasure, or otherwise, of watching the fierce, somewhat uncouth northerners preparing for battle with their fellow countrymen beyond the Cerdagne. In succession, the armies of Ataulphus, the more famous Theodoric, and Euric wrested the major part of Spain back—but not for the Romans! As is almost inevitable in such cases, the conquerors held their gains, and before the death of Euric in 485 his kingdom of Toulouse embraced all Gaul south of the Loire and west of the Rhone, and all Spain save for the northwest corner, where the scattered remnants of the Suevi remained, much as our own Britons in Cornwall and Wales.

Julia Livia was by this time fast growing into a Gothic town, and as such it remained until the Moorish occupation. But this meant neither the great hardships nor the vital changes to the Romanized inhabitants that it might imply. The Goths were themselves a very adaptable race as their migration and successful settlement in warm lands after the bleak north tend to show, and they, too, like the original Suevi Llivians, were not long in adopting the manners and customs of their predecessors.

(*Continued on page 26*)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Patience Must Go With Progress

THERE are a surprising number of people in the world who would be immensely relieved if you would simply do the thing they want done, and which they are sure is the only proper thing to do. This is a rather difficult matter to deal with because most of the activities proposed are good, with a promise of being useful.

But most of them will never be realized, because they will never be done by one person for all the rest, but rather by all the people for themselves. And another reason is: the people to whom the work is given have the habit of looking around for someone else to do it.

What we overlook is that only people can do things. It seems simple enough to say, and yet it is hardly simple enough to understand. Any number of individuals are buzzing around the world today under the delusion that people are the last element to be selected, on the theory that you can always get the people if you can get the money.

Indeed, that is the new process of beginning a 'good work'—induce somebody to give money, and then, after the money is given, the person who receives it will undertake to find people to do the human side of the work; the consequence being that in a short time you discover that 'the work' never had any human element at all, and that the money which it certainly had is gone.

> *THE destruction of evil and the progress of good must wait on the law of ripeness and decay, as much as any fruit does. Some people try to pick ripe reforms in green years. There is an impatience which is founded on fret and not on faith, although its cause is an anxiety for the progress of good and the removal of evil. When it is given a person to see what is wrong, that person is a sentry on the frontier over which that wrong may pass; he is stationed there until the main body of the army of reform comes up. He must wait and watch and then act with the others.*

The evils in the world are many, and perhaps the heaviest burden we have to carry is the wonderment that they are allowed to exist. But there they are. Everybody doesn't see them clearly. Everybody doesn't realize how these evils are eating into the life of the people; but to you it is painfully clear.

You can spoil your own life, sour your friends and bring your very vision into question by insisting that everyone see exactly what you see. They will see it when the time is ripe, but not until then, and you are very foolish if you fret about it.

There are sentries along the frontiers of all our problems, men and women here and there who are sometimes lonely, who wonder why they must pace their beat alone; but we know that where sentries walk now, the whole army will march soon.

Some people are sentries, to whom it is given to be on watch, this one on the frontiers of some deadly disease of the body, this one on the frontiers of financial diseases, this one on the new boundaries of statesmanship, this one on the limits of a new order of social life. Sentries all, but never so foolish as when they insist on calling the whole army out before the day dawns.

If it is given to a man to see that a certain condition exists, he is sentry at that point to give the alarm. Presently at the right time, the time set by the director of destiny, his work will bear fruit.

'Well, but,' the impatient spirit cries, 'what about the evil done in the meantime? We must do something to prevent that!'

Well, do it!

'But,' says the impatient spirit, 'I can't do it.' Rightly said; you cannot, neither can anyone else. You cannot ripen an apple faster than it will ripen, and you cannot rot it faster than it will rot. These things appear to be under the law.

The people have the evils they deserve, no more, no less. By 'deserve,' one does not mean the judgment which any human being can pass as to what is deserved; one means that all of us together have the sort of life that we have made, and we will continue to have it until we are fit to remake it of a better quality.

When people begin to feel evil; when there runs through society a new consciousness of the stupidity and the wrong of certain things; when false notes begin to irritate us; when the heat of indignant resentment begins to break out in thought and speech—these are the first streaks of the new day, or, to change the figure, these are the first flushes of color which begin to show that the fruit is ripening for the autumn.

What is needed by people who see evil is a still clearer sight; they need to see that the evil will collapse, utterly collapse. And what people of impatient spirit need to learn is that they must detach themselves from the system they despise and turn their efforts against it. All of us want to slay the giant with one dramatic stroke of our sword. As a matter of fact, the giant usually dies from self-generated poisons.

Whatever the moral judgment of a morally sensitive people is against, that thing is inevitably doomed. Indeed, when you see evil at the height of its popularity and power, when you see all who speak against it ridiculed and despised, you may be very glad—for from that apex the fall is swift and sure. Never forget that. That is the ripeness of the times for the fall of the fruit. It falls, it rots, its pulp fertilizes more wholesome growths.

The field will then produce much better fruit, and although no one may insist that the whole world be included in the scheme, much will be done.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Calvin Coolidge

IT IS a reflection on the political type of mind that its first reaction to Calvin Coolidge's declination of a third term was to assume that it was a shrewd move on his part and amounted really to a bid to be drafted into the Presidency again against his will. Mr. Coolidge is an astute politician, but no one has ever found him trying to trick the people with words; his sincerity has never been questioned. And it is decidedly uncomplimentary on the part of the politicians to throw doubt on his intention now. Taken at its face value, with full allowance for the peculiar New England construction of the momentous sentence, the announcement means that Mr. Coolidge intends to adhere to the third-term tradition. Considered in relation to the time, it clearly indicates Mr. Coolidge's desire to give the American people ample opportunity to canvass the list of possible successors to the Presidency. And when it is remembered that he chose the anniversary of President Harding's death and his own sudden accession to the Presidency, the announcement has a peculiar solemnity which shames the ribald political speculation which immediately succeeded upon its publication.

We believe that the American people at large paid Calvin Coolidge the respectful compliment of believing that he meant what he said. His action has added to his reputation for common sense. He has been patriotic toward the nation and fair toward his own fame in this step. No man was ever so near the possession of power to break the third-term tradition as Calvin Coolidge has been. Yet at the height of this power he draws back and falls in step with patriotic American tradition. It is a really great act.

Sacco-Vanzetti

THE amazing thing about the Sacco and Vanzetti case was the six-year international fight put up in their behalf. Their names became the signal for a movement which reached round the world, and their fate was pondered by anxious millions in all lands. Yet they were two obscure men, without money or influential connections. Even now, though the public feels the utmost confidence that Governor Fuller and his advisors have acted in the fairest manner and on the highest principles, there remains a doubt whether the processes of justice did not miscarry in this particular case—so deeply has that doubt been driven in during the past six years.

It is obvious, of course, that Sacco and Vanzetti were not the *cause* but merely provided the *occasion* for the movement which arose in their behalf. Here was an opportunity to show civilized justice in a bad light; here was an opportunity to newly align the discontented classes against the established order; here was a new emotional door to social anarchy. Doubtless it is easy thus to account for one aspect of the matter.

But there is another which quite escapes such easy diagnosis. How many voices would be raised in behalf of justice if and when justice failed with reference to citizens of good reputation? How many American communities are capable of being moved to their depths, of long continued exertion, of costly financial sacrifices, because of the abuse of a citizen by the law? There are abuses of justice every day—is it left to the friends of obscure Italian criminals to show the only concern that is felt about it? Is it the new American habit to acquiesce in anything only providing that it be official?

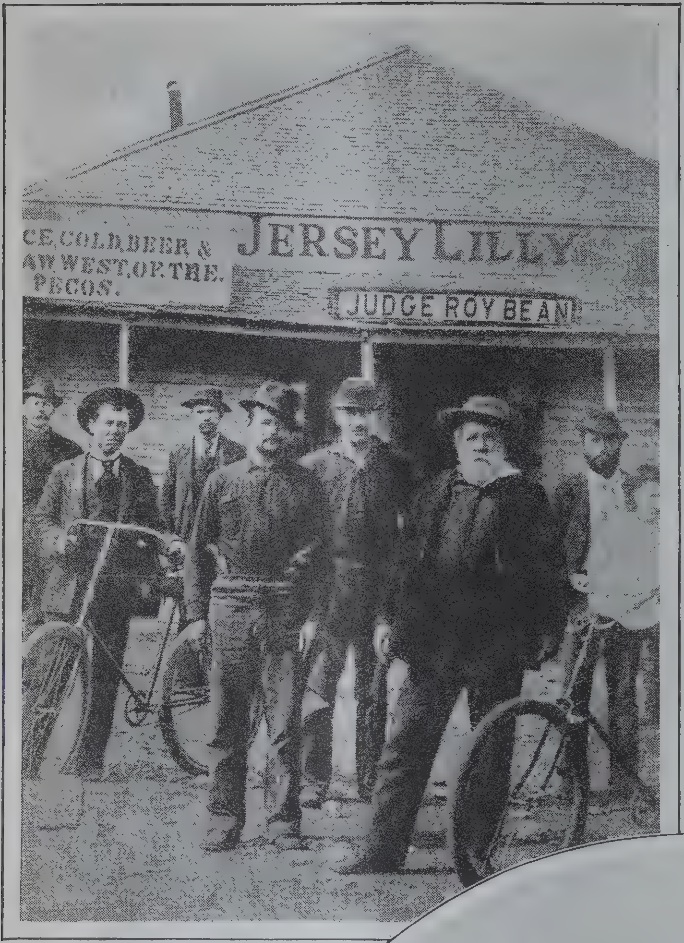
That is the amazing part of the Sacco and Vanzetti case as it has maintained itself before the world these last six years—the perfectly staggering amount of human sympathy and sacrifice it enlisted. Of course, there were other manifestations not so creditable. But it is impossible to close our eyes to the astounding fact that *human* sympathy has lately been given a more dramatic demonstration by what are called the underprivileged classes than we remember ever to have seen among the 'respectable' classes of society.

Smoking in Office

NEWS columns recently bloomed with the glad tidings that girls employed in the war offices of the United States Marines were permitted by their superior to smoke publicly during office hours. The superior said they had been smoking secretively. He could see no reason why men should be permitted to smoke at their desks and women should not. It turned out, however, at least so the news columns said, that the Marine girls did not avail themselves of the opportunity. Everybody said, 'How interesting!' No one, so far as we know, said, 'Washington is far behind in ordinary office efficiency if smoking is one of the recognized employments of the workers during office hours.' Good modern practice would have dictated, instead of an extension of smoking privileges to women employes, an abolition of the practice among men during business hours. No longer does the drug clerk hang over the customer, a cigaret drooping from his lips. No longer does the grocer stand behind his scales smoking a pipe. Shops do not permit smoking on the premises. Most offices of standing have an unwritten rule against it. The surprise is that Washington has not learned what constitutes good office practice.

LAW West of the Pecos

By MAX BENTLEY



—Lippe Studio, Del Rio.

Judge Roy Bean (right foreground) in front of his saloon at Langtry. Note the guns on the man on the judge's right.

THE 'Law West of the Pecos' has passed into the limbo of things that were, joining that sad procession of ghosts of the West which is ever increasing.

More than forty years ago when the Southern Pacific Railroad was completed, there was no semblance of order along the border at this point until the strangest character Texas has ever known moved to the town of Langtry with a portable saloon and pool hall and meat market—the town's first permanent citizen.

Here he had himself designated justice of the peace—by Heaven knows whom—and court was held in the saloon. His name was Roy Bean.

Judge Roy Bean was a double-fisted personage, majestic in appearance, dignified to a painful degree, but filled with grisly humor and a high resolve to make his office pay. The railroad contractors knew him well, perhaps too well—he had been supplying the inner demands of three thousand Irishmen all the way from San Antonio. He brought with him two pet animals, a lion and a bear, and a past reeking with atmosphere. The contractors gave the border country the low-down on his early life—strange, strange tales. But the atmosphere of his past was nothing to be compared with the atmosphere of his present. For twenty years he lived at Langtry dispensing justice and liquor with the same ready hand. He ruled officially for six years and unofficially until he died. He called himself the 'Law West of the Pecos,' and made it stick, too. The phrase is classic in Texas today.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE LAW WEST OF THE PECOS

Judge Bean's frontier abode as it appears today.

Judge Bean has been dead nearly a quarter of a century (died March 19, 1903, at the age of seventy-eight), but his life and works took root deeply in the colorful and careless West, and the memory of him is as freshly green today as it was the day he died. Lately I walked through the cemetery of Del Rio, Texas, and stood beside two red headstones. There it was, the inscription, 'Judge Roy Bean, Justice of the Peace, Law West of the Pecos,' and on the other the name of his son, Sam, killed by a Mexican. And then I went to Langtry to learn what I could about the judge. And the tales I heard are true—there are many old-timers left to vouch for them.

When, in his middle age, he moved to Langtry, the Texas Rangers were having a terrible time keeping the Irish and Chinese railroad workers separated. Both crowds were always getting drunk on Bean's liquor, the Irish immoderately so, but Judge Bean dealt a stern hand. He adopted the expedient of having the combatants chained by the ankle to iron rods fastened to the wall of his saloon. Often fifty or sixty would be staked out all night. Next morning Bean would have them brought before him. After allowing them a sobering-up drink apiece he would deliver a learned lecture on the law: the law of homicide, the law of self-defense, international law, any kind of law. He had only one authority, a dog-eared volume, but he stretched it to cover every case brought to him for decision. Then he would fine the men fifty cents each and collect from the contractor.

Once an Irishman killed a Chinaman. Bean loved the sons of Erin for their free spending and had a corresponding contempt for the more thrifty Chinese. It was a red-handed murder, but the Irishman's friends sent word to the judge that an unfavorable verdict would result in two things: one, loss of patronage and, two, his place being wrecked. He had the prisoner brought before the bar (literally the way to say it—it was both bar *and* bar) and kept him shifting uneasily from one foot to the other, while he, the judge, pored through his dog-eared volume. Finally, 'Gentlemen, I find the law very explicit on murdering your fellow man, but there's nothing here about killing a Chinaman. Case dismissed.' The same day he married two Mexican couples, divorced them, and remarried each *hombre* to the other's former wife; for which he collected on three transactions.

AFTER a time business grew dull. Bean decided to move farther west. The country was beginning to settle up, people were learning orderly ways, and the federal judge at El Paso was snobbishly threatening to jail him for exceeding his authority. Besides, after

—Lippe Studio, Del Rio.

Along the Pecos Highway through Texas

getting regularly elected justice of the peace for three terms, he had suffered the crowning humiliation of his life: Jesus Torres, a rival saloonkeeper and Mexican (*there* was the rub) defeated him for reëlection. So he kicked the ties away and had himself switched to the main line; and, as the train crawled through the canyons, he played pool with the crew. However, he soon returned to Langtry (the name was too hauntingly dear to forget), bringing his pet animals with him.

The lion and bear were almost as famous as Bean himself. The lion could turn handsprings, while the bear could drink more bottled beer than any ten men in town. When Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher staged their championship bout on the Mexican bank of the Rio Grande opposite Langtry, Ben cajoled the gatekeeper into letting him pass in, with a story that he and Fitzsimmons were negotiating for a free battle royal between their respective pet lions, after the main go. The pugilists and fans came to Langtry on two special trains. Bean had stocked up in anticipation of a record-breaking day of drinking, arrests and fines. But the freckled Cornishman put Maher to sleep with the first punch, and thirty minutes afterward both trains were gone and the town deserted. Bean was supremely disgusted.

BEAN kept his pets in a cage near the depot, on the theory that passengers would come over from the eating house to see them and perhaps buy a drink and get noisy and be subject to fine for disturbing the peace. One day a woman passenger strolled over. She had a dog, one of those hairless Mexican pups about the size of a rabbit. The dog sniffed too close to the cage and was promptly snaked inside by the bear. The woman screamed for assistance, and Bean said, 'Well, lady, you buy fifty cents' worth of meat from me, and I will feed it to the bear and he will forget about the pup'—all of which was done.

Judge Bean's memory began to fail as he grew old. That is to say, when he made change for customers he frequently came up short. There was one man, Will James, a lawyer from San Antonio, who, knowing Bean quite well, nevertheless laid down a gold eagle for a glass of beer. Bean handed over eighty-five cents change. That was *too* raw, and the lawyer delivered himself in picturesque language. Judge Bean convened court on the spot (that consisting of taking off his apron and producing his law book) and fined the lawyer $6.66 on each of three counts: disturbing the peace, abusive language, and contempt of court. 'The beer is on me,' he said grandly.

Now this incident had a sequel. Bean was devoted to his bear—would have loved him as a son if he hadn't three sons of his own, and two splendid daughters. He never tired of singing the praises of his children. Their filial obedience particularly delighted him, and often he gave them outlandish tasks to perform simply for the delight their ready compliance gave him. Not long after the Will James incident he met his victim in San Antonio and commenced to tell him about the splendid mastery he had won over his children, and how he loved them and the bear. The lawyer listened attentively, then excused himself to send this telegram to Sam Bean at Langtry: 'Kill my bear at once and ship hide to Will James, San Antonio, Texas. (Signed) Roy Bean.'

And Sam did it.

YOU are not to get the idea from the telling of these true stories that Judge Bean was a reprobate. Nothing like that. He was a hard character in a way, without education or higher notions, but his code was no more rough than the land and time in which he lived. And he made Langtry and the frontier about it quiet and law-abiding. His closest friend, W. H. Dodd, said this about him:

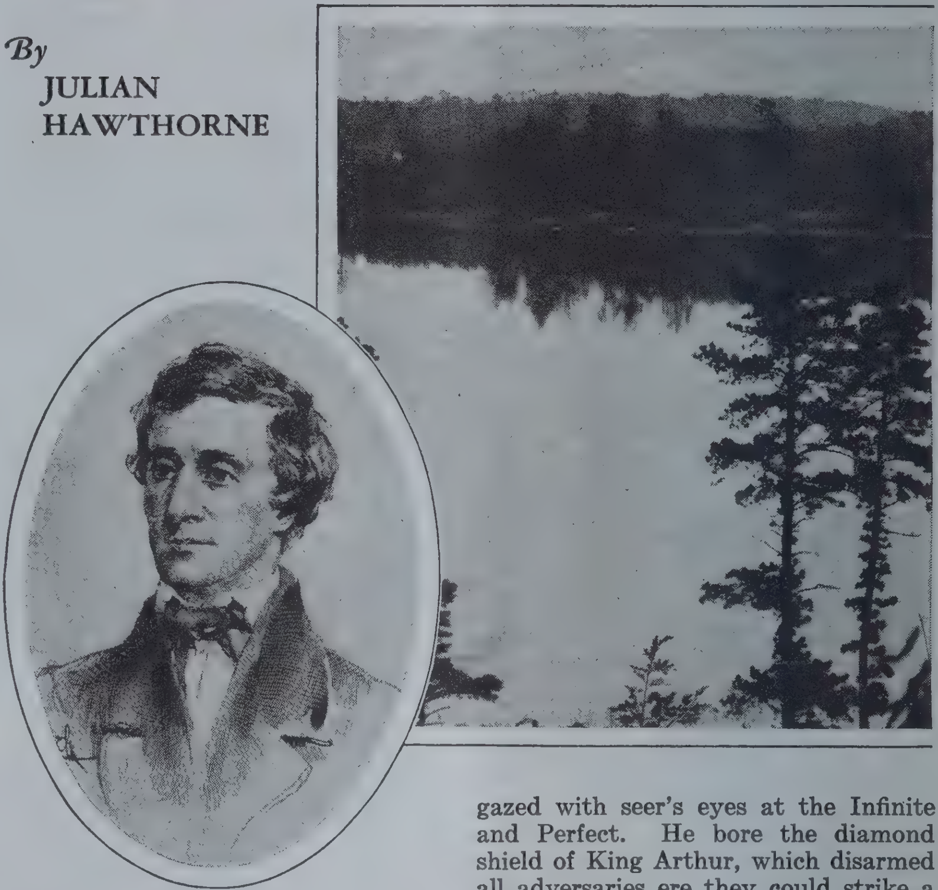
'Bean was not afraid of man or devil, but I never saw him in a single fight. He was notoriously soft-hearted.

'Why, he got more out of life than any man I ever saw, and he did not leave a nickel. He thoroughly enjoyed his fame. Tales of him spread from one end of the Southern Pacific to the other. After he was an old man in his late seventies, years after he had retired from office, tourists would get off the train to call on him. He would buckle on his gun, get out his old law book, and obligingly reënact one of his famous trials for their entertainment.'

Apoplexy carried Judge Bean off. He literally went out with his boots on, after serving the trade all day.

THOREAU—GENIUS

By
JULIAN HAWTHORNE



LATE on a wintry evening, a few days after Thoreau's death, we—sitting round the evening lamp to listen to the reading of some romance, poetry or history by my father—heard a light step on the porch outside the library. It was followed by a knock; but when I opened the door, no one was there. Through the dark was visible the faint whiteness of the remains of the winter's snow, the dark firs standing as a hedge along the highway, and the bare boughs of the mulberry tree on the lawn. I peered to right and left: no one!

But as I was about to return indoors, I saw a bit of white paper lying on the porch, held in place by a pebble. I picked it up and handed it to my father. He unfolded it, and found a pencil-written poem signed Louisa Alcott.

The poem is extant, though I cannot now lay my hand upon it. There were four or five verses—a requiem to Thoreau. I recall but one line—

> The Genius of the Woods is gone!

And that reminds me that Louisa was afterward prevailed on to submit the poem to the editor of *The Atlantic*, at that time, James T. Fields. He sent it back as acceptable all but one false rhyme: 'gone' was made to rhyme with 'forlorn.' Louisa was able to amend it:

> Spring mourns, as for untimely frost;
> . . . .
> The Genius of the Woods is lost!

And thus it was printed.

On a sunny day of that week, I had joined the crowd of Concord citizens at Thoreau's funeral in the white-steepled church where big, kindly, red-bearded Mr. Reynolds officiated; but on this occasion I think it was Emerson who spoke over the coffin. I hardly listened to him. I was deeply moved, as a boy realizing that he will never see a playmate again. The face, lying upturned there with closed eyes, surrounded with flowers, was the first dead face I had ever seen. Forehead, cheekbones and the hand which lay on his breast were waxen white; and the thought passed through my mind that perhaps this wasn't Thoreau after all, only his image. The mouth and lower face were hidden by the dark jungle of beard, which he had worn since his early manhood. The expression was serene, or, rather, quiescent, without definite expression, the face of one whose spirit has retired for a while to ponder some mystery of life. There was nobility in the rugged features, a kind of austere beauty not seen in life: his aspect had always been queer and unbeautiful, though impressive, especially in his later years; my father wrote of him somewhere as being physically very unprepossessing in his twenties.

But in his coffin death invested him with grandeur. He had foibles, but not petty ones; nothing to shame his memory. He had tried to find a practical and manly solution of the problems of existence, and he had had the courage of his opinions, and would have been a martyr for their sake in the martyr era of history.

IN THE New England of the 19th Century he had been able to do no more than go to the town jail for not paying taxes on his hut in Walden woods, built with his own hands. What right had the Government to meddle with him? The selectmen were embarrassed; but what are officials sworn to uphold the laws to do? So to jail the young Thoreau grimly marched, and there he might have stayed for the rest of his life, had not Emerson treacherously paid the tax. It was a favor which Thoreau found difficulty in forgiving. Emerson had committed treason against the higher philosophy which he himself taught.

However, Emerson was a person whom one could not help forgiving, he was so irresistibly good and innocent, and wise withal, with a wisdom which seemed, somehow, to be better than philosophy. He would smile when one attempted to argue with him, that spiritual, Emersonian smile, as he gazed with seer's eyes at the Infinite and Perfect. He bore the diamond shield of King Arthur, which disarmed all adversaries ere they could strike a blow.

Thoreau's dead body was brought to the Unitarian Church for the funeral ceremonies, though I don't think he had ever entered it in life. He was not a churchgoing man; indeed, none of the Concord personages of eminence were conventionally religious by the churchgoing measure. But Thoreau and the rest of them were religious enough in ways of their own: 'the groves were God's first temples' for them. Emerson thought the visible church was a good thing, and, aware of the force of example, would occasionally be found with the rest of his family in their pew, enduring the excellent Mr. Reynolds with a sublime expression. Mrs. Emerson was very churchy, and her brood followed her.

But Thoreau would tramp off among the pines, or sit beside Walden Pond, or roam over the Concord hills that overlook the vale, and listen to such sermons as he found there. His mood, to the outward eye, was habitually gloomy, but underneath the flesh he might be, I imagine, cheerful enough, happy at any rate.

He built his own barriers against his fellow men for the sake of the integrity of his theories: but privately he liked them well, and would do any valiant deed for the public good.

During the years of the Civil War,

# of the WOODS

The shores of beautiful Walden Pond, on the outskirts of Concord, where Thoreau lived in a hut. That this life was agreeable to him is indicated by his own words, 'Most of the luxuries and many of the so-called comforts of life are not only indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind.' The two portraits present the naturalist and author in different periods of his life.

though he would not enlist, he would do what was far more distasteful to him—go to the town hall and speak for the cause. He was an abolitionist, though not of the shrieking and murderous variety: a profounder man than John Brown, and with no trace of John's pleasure in the spotlight. For though Thoreau was congenitally egoistic, he was fierce against egotism: he revered himself as a man, but had a poor opinion of Thoreau. He was devoid of the dramatic instinct, and hated to be observed.

BIRDS, squirrels and hedgehogs were better behaved persons than men and women were: they had not lost the primeval courtesy. Oh, for a faun to pass the day with, occupied but silent! Thoreau had clever hands, and liked to be busy with them; to make things for civilized use out of raw, rustic material. But he would abhor any standardizing of his product: there ought to be a fine personal difference in all man-made things, as there was endless variety in uniformity in the infinite work of nature. The Indians, to foregather with whom he would sometimes tramp off to the Maine woods, were artificial enough for him. I don't know whether it be true that he discontinued making lead pencils when he had made a perfect one; more probably he was weary of the environment: and as for the story that he would pick up a handful of pencils, just so many and no more, thanks to the exquisiteness of his touch, any woman, and most men could do as much. But when we set out to hero-worship, anything the hero may do is heroic.

Thoreau had a French streak in him, whether of the peasant or of the aristocrat I don't know; if the latter, his morality corrected it. But neither was he peasant-like. He had no social place in the world, and, the world not being to his liking as at present administered, he could not be at his ease anywhere. Even in his lonely hut beside Walden, he could not help reflecting how much better off he was than city or village dwellers.

He probably read Rousseau, but he and Rousseau would not have harmonized, Rousseau being desperate enough, but self-conscious. He read Emerson, and conversed with him—lived in Emerson's house for a while—but though he could not, in spite of himself, escape from an Emersonian attitude, he made the best fight he could against it, and dreaded the man as much as he was magnetized by him.

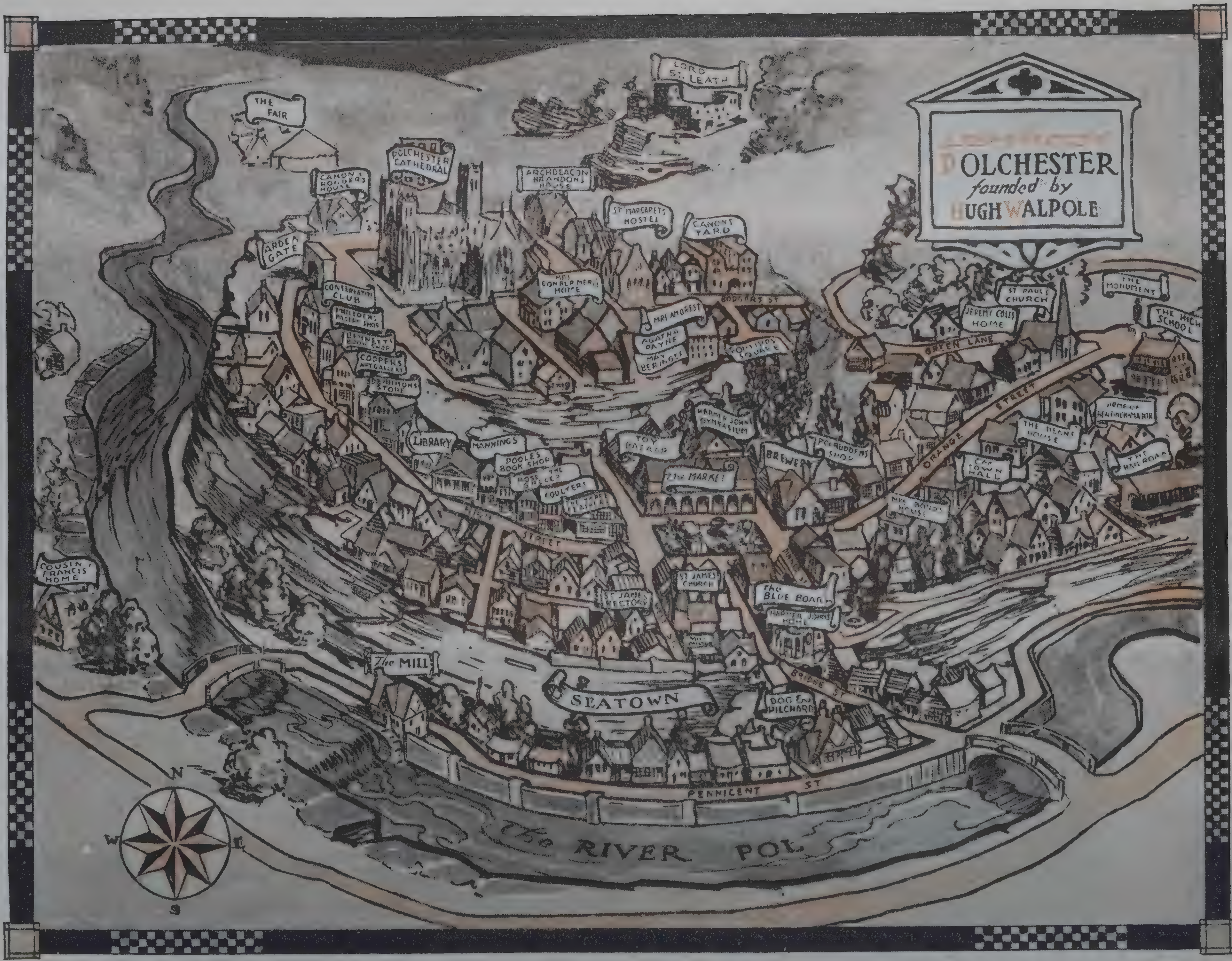
His surest happiness was in discontent, and yet that was not his real happiness: he found that in forgetting himself and philosophy in the sweet intoxication of the woods, the impression spontaneously made upon his bodily senses by the sights, sounds and operations of natural things. He would have thought it no hardship could he have subsisted like the Prophet John in the wilderness on locusts and wild honey; and he might have left out the locusts, not as disliking their taste, but because they were alive, and he had no right to destroy life. I can imagine—and have even sometimes witnessed—his pleasure in a Concord swamp in spring. Concord was celebrated for its swamps, but during several years it was Thoreau who monopolized the celebrating: the farmers would have drained them, but capital, I suppose, was lacking, and there was enough cultivable land without them.

THE luxuriance of the vegetation had a tropical look in spring and summer, and in autumn the reds and yellows were gorgeous. Thoreau knew all of them by heart, and in their depths, and elsewhere, on the hillsides and in the woods, he found such a variety of unexpected flowers as to make him believe that Concord was the natural habitat of all the worth-while flowers in the world.

He himself was born in Concord, lived and died there, and probably saw more in it than did most people. But a flower, to win him, must be wild; he scarcely approved of cultivated gardens. His philosophy permeated every aspect and activity of his life.

He had been an undergraduate at Harvard, but was not happy there; he taught school for a while, but could not accommodate himself to the child mind. Land surveying, as an outdoor occupation, finally attracted him, but he must have regretted that the spaces which he thus defined were to be redeemed from wildness; it was treason to the great mother. He never became a go-getter in that industry: he must be waylaid and constrained. He would get into the little punt he had made for himself and go fishing on Concord River, or swim in the clear depths of Walden, or skate on its surface in winter, frozen smooth and black on a zero winter night. And then he conceived the idea of building his home in its margin, and there—till the selectmen interfered—he found happiness of the rather somber kind that was possible to him: but it was never the spontaneous, unthinking happiness of children, or of the faun of the Golden Age.

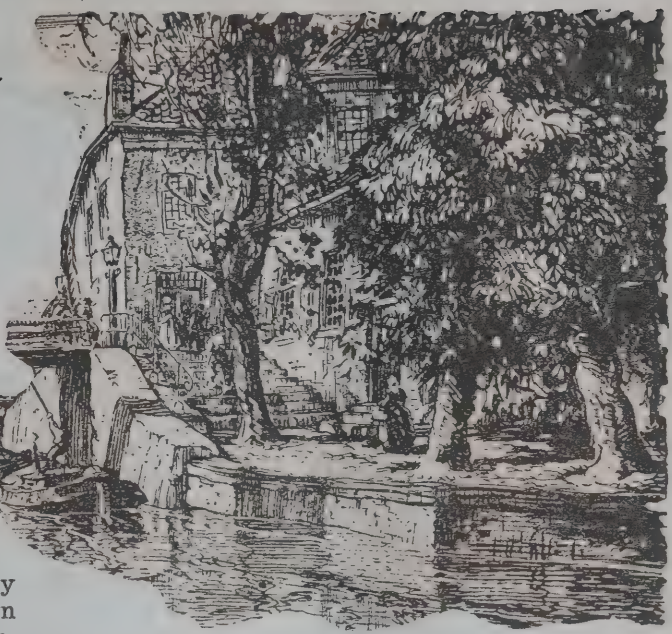
HE WAS hampered and prevented by a brain poisoned by philosophy. He brooded over the historical past of mankind, and over its problematic future. He could not help perceiving that his break with civilized custom was arbitrary and individual; he knew he was an eccentric, and not a herald of a new life. In his book, *Walden*, he proves himself right, but is secretly conscious that he is nevertheless wrong. Let him live as he (*Continued on page 28*)


POLCHESTER
founded by
HUGH WALPOLE
LORD ST. LEATH
THE FAIR
POLCHESTER CATHEDRAL
CANON RONDER'S HOUSE
ARCHDEACON BRANDON'S HOUSE
ST MARGARET'S HOSTEL
CANONS YARD
ARDEN GATE
MRS CONRAD MERE'S HOME
CONSERVATIVE CLUB
PHILLOTTS PASTRY SHOP
BENNETT'S BOOK SHOP
COOPERS ART GALLERY
DENNISONS STORE
BODGERS ST
MRS AMOREST
AGATHA PAYNE
MAY BERINGER
POMFRET SQUARE
ST PAULS CHURCH
JEREMY COLES HOME
THE MONUMENT
THE HIGH SCHOOL
GREEN LANE
ORANGE STREET
HOME OF BENTINCK-MAJOR
THE DEANS HOUSE
THE RAILROAD
THE TOWN HALL
MRS BONDS HOUSE
HARMER JOHNS GYMNASIUM
TOY BAZAAR
BREWERY
POLRUDDENS SHOP
The MARKET
LIBRARY
MANNINGS
POOLES BOOK SHOP
ROSE THE GROCER
COULTERS
THE THREE FEATHERS
HIGH STREET
ST JAMES CHURCH
ST JAMES RECTORY
The BLUE BOAR
HARMER JOHNS HOME
BRIDGE ST
COUSIN FRANCIS HOME
The MILL
SEATOWN
DOG & PILCHARD
PENNICENT ST
The RIVER POL
N
E
S
W

POLCHESTER—Dream City

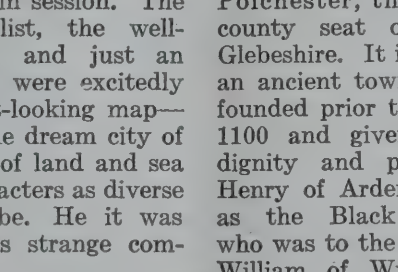
By
F. L. BLACK

Mapped by
PAUL HONORE



THE three members of the Polchester City Planning Commission were in session. The famous novelist, the well-known artist and just an ordinary business man were excitedly poring over an ancient-looking map—the plan of the city, the dream city of Hugh Walpole, maker of land and sea and a collection of characters as diverse as human beings can be. He it was who presided at this strange committee meeting.

In the beginning Hugh Walpole created Polchester, probably to Americans the second best known city in England. Over it he pictured marvelous heavens; he gathered the waters under the heavens together and formed them into a winding river which led away to the sea. The dry land he called Glebeshire and the waters he called the Pol. But Hugh Walpole had more to start with than most creators. He had an imaginary line and this line, which divides Devon and Cornwall, two sea-lapped counties of southern England, he split far enough apart to squeeze in the mythical county of Glebeshire, with its thick wooded valleys which give place with swift precipitancy to plains as bare as a knucklebone.



And the earth brought forth grass and the trees yielded fruit and it was good. And then the supreme creation of the novelist—for in his own image, in the image of Hugh Walpole, he created male and female. For who can say that a character is not one of the many complex personalities which must make up the sum total of its creator?

Five of Walpole's recent novels have described so graphically the heavens and hills of Glebeshire, its magnificent sunsets, its storms and rock-bound coasts, as to make it better known than our own New England coast. In *Jeremy, Jeremy and Hamlet, The Old Ladies, The Cathedral* and *Harmer John* we are led through the streets of the Cathedral City of Polchester, the county seat of Glebeshire. It is an ancient town founded prior to 1100 and given dignity and power by Henry of Arden, known as the Black Bishop, who was to the See of Polchester what William of Wykeham was to Winchester. It was in his time that Saint Margaret's Chapel was built, through his energy that the two great Western Towers of the Cathedral had risen. It is because of him that Polchester has one of the richest revenues of any Cathedral in Europe. His tomb can be seen today in the choir of the Cathedral.

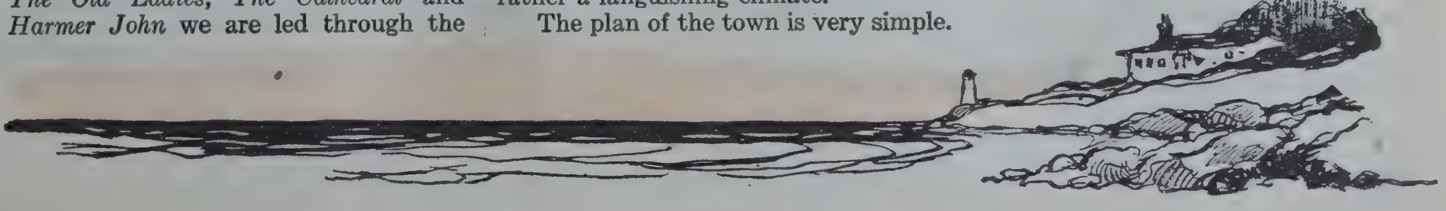
The little hamlet embowered in its protecting trees, defended by its beloved hills, the Rock rising gaunt and naked in its midst; then the Cathedral, the Monks, the Baron's Castle, the feudal rule; then the mighty Bishops and the vast all-encircling power of the Church; then the new merchant age, the Elizabethan salt of adventure; then the cozy 17th and 18th Centuries, with their domesticities, their little cultures, their comfortable religion, their stay-at-home, unimaginative festivities. That in brief is the history of Polchester.

It is still a country town where, the business of the day over, the smell of the fields, the woods, the hills, comes stepping lightly into the streets, pressing up the stairways, threading through the windows. The place is small and simple, lovable and friendly, with the Cathedral bells singing the time through the air as one goes home from work. It has been called by its critics 'a lazy town.' Partly true, for Glebeshire has rather a languishing climate.

The plan of the town is very simple. It is built, as it were, on the side of a rock, running finally to a flat top, on which is the Cathedral. Down the side of the rock there are broad ledges, and it is on one of these that the market place is built. At the bottom of the rock there once was a jumble of cottages known most erroneously as Seatown, and round the rock runs the river Pol, slipping away at last through woods and hills and valleys into the sea.

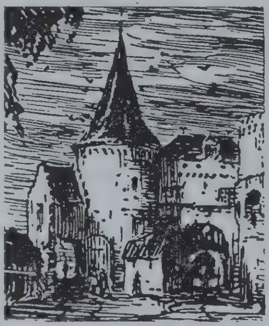
At high tide you can go all the way by the river to the sea, and in the summer it makes a pleasant and beautiful excursion. It is because of this that Seatown had, perhaps, some right to its name, because in one way and another sailors were wont to collect in the cottages and at the 'Dog and Pilchard,' a pleasant and democratic hostelry of thirty years ago. Samuel Hogg was the landlord then, and it was his daughter Annie who eloped with Falk Brandon, the son of one of the Cathedral's greatest archdeacons.

Because the market place is halfway down the Rock, and because the Rectory of St. James' is just below the market place, the upper windows of that house command a charming view both of the hill, High Street and the Cathedral above it, and of Seatown, river and woods below it. It is said that it was up this very rocky street from the river, through the market, and up High Street that the armed enemies of the Black Bishop had fought their way to the Cathedral on that great day when the Bishop had gone to meet his God, and a rock is still shown to innocent



visitors as the place whence some of his enemies, in full armor, were flung down to the waters of the Pol.

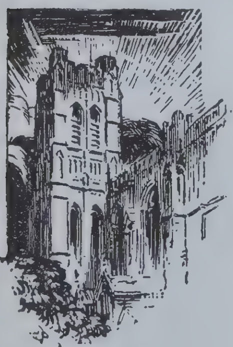
The main line of the railway runs to Polchester from Drymouth and the Polchester railway station is to be found in a little square at the south end of the town. The railway did not bring many sightseers to the ancient town until recent years due to the inconvenient and uncomfortable hostelry, the Bull. Recently, however, a golf course has been laid out and a new hotel, the St. Leath, on Pol Hill. No more has ever been done to encourage strangers. The town itself revolves between two great events of the year—the summer Polchester Fair and the winter County Ball, both of which have been conducted in every detail and particular as they have been for the past hundred years.



On the second high hill above Polchester stands the Castle of Lord St. Leath, owner of most of Glebeshire. Another great family are the Twewithens, but they and the St. Leaths are, for all practical purposes, one and the same family, and divide Glebeshire between them.

Of prime consideration to the stranger is the Cathedral. It must be known to understand the town and its people. For young Polcastrians the spirit of the town is not more potent than the spirit of the church. Through it they have acquired two things—a sense of romance and a sense of the past, and these two things are only one and the same thing for some people.

To be fully realized the Cathedral must be seen in its many moods. Take one of those September evenings when autumn mists seem to be on some secret mission, as though they shrouded the earth with their vapors that they might the better, undisturbed, go about their purpose of preparing the way for winter. Then the long stretch of the Cathedral Green is faintly gray, the row of old houses on the Precincts' farther side show here a gable, there a rough chimney, here a square of shrouded light, here a roof faintly glimmering under the prophecy of an early moon.



The Cathedral itself towers gigantically above the pattern of gray shadow. It is dark like ebony and the buttresses go flying off into the mist as though they were the limbs of some great beast straining muscles in some urgent progress.

On dank days the mists come up from the Pol and wreathe themselves about the town. On these days from the Arden Gate, which opens from the Precincts to High Street, the Cathedral appears to hang like a huge ship sailing through opalescent mist.

In full daylight the nave perhaps, as is the case with all English cathedrals, lacks color and seems cold and deserted. In the dusk of evening it is full of mystery, and the great columns of the nave's ten bays, rising unbroken to the roof groining, spring, it seems, out of air, superbly, intolerably inhuman. Then one is held by the mysterious majesty of the place.

On a lovely evening on entering the Cathedral one is caught by the beauty of the dusky walls and pillars and the suddenly flaming windows near the King's Chapel, six of them, the windows known as 'The Virgin and the Children.' These are, with the exception of the great rose window in the east end, the oldest in the Cathedral. The Black Bishop's tomb, already referred to, stands between the pillars at the far east end of the choir in the eighth bay from the choir screen.

The stone screen which surrounds the tomb is of most elaborate workmanship, and it has, in certain lights, the effect of delicate lace. The tomb itself is made from a solid block of a dark-blue stone. The figure of the Bishop, carved in black marble, lies with his hands folded across his breast, clothed in his Episcopal robes and miter, with crozier on his shoulder. In has often been remarked by visitors to the Cathedral how curiously the tomb catches light from all sides of the building, but this is undoubtedly due principally to the fact that the blue stone of which it is chiefly composed responds immediately to the purple and violet lights that fall from the great east window. On a summer day the blue of the tomb seems almost opaque, as though it were made of blue glass, and the gilt on the background of the screen and the brasses of the groins glitter and sparkle like fire.

Vying in interest with the Black Bishop's tomb in the Cathedral is also to be found the monument to Henry, eighth Marquis of Brytte. The history of the monument is a strange one. Henry, the last of his family, the oldest perhaps of all Glebeshire's great families, spent the last years of his long life at Brytte Court, ten miles from Polchester, and died in 1735. He had done many things during his lifetime for the town, which he loved, and, of course, he was given a monument. A curious thing happened. A local artist was discovered, a young man named Simon Petre, a protégé of the old Marquis, who, learning of the boy's talent, had sent him to London, Paris, and finally to Italy. He came back a sculptor of fine promise. His benefactor's monument was his first public commission. He worked at it for a year and a half and died of some queer fever a week or two after finishing it.

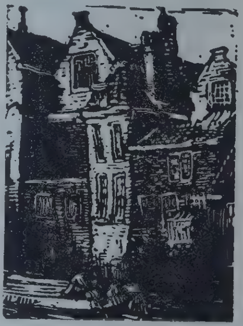
King Harry Chapel is to the right of the choir. This chapel is a place put aside for private prayer. It is infinitely quiet with a special air of peace and beauty as though all the prayers and meditations that had been offered there had deeply sanctified it. At the corner of the Chapel there is a little wooden door, which leads to the King Harry tower by a winding stair, black for a space, then lighted by a window, then black again. This leads to a little, spare, empty room with a wooden floor. One side is open and railed in. When looking down from this height, the floor of the nave seems a vast distance below. The dim haze of the candles just touch the misty depth with golden color. Above, the great roof seems close and menacing. Everywhere pillars and buttresses rise out of space. Far below, the white figured altar, the brass of the Black Bishop's tomb, the glitter of Saint Margaret's screen strike in little points of dull gold like stars upon a gray inverted sky.

Perched on the porch of St. Margaret's Chapel are two gargoyles. Once inside the chapel one can see in the faint half-light, the rosy colors of the beautiful Saint Margaret window. Little remains now of the original Chapter House which had once been a continuation of Saint Margaret's Chapel. Some extremely fine Early Norman arches which were once part of the Chapter House are still there and may be seen at the southern end of the Cloisters. Here, too, are traces of the dormitory and infirmary which formerly stood there.

The present Chapter House consists of two rooms adjoining the Cloisters, once a hall used by the monks as a large refectory. There is still a timber roof of late 13th Century work, and this is supposed to have been once part of the old pilgrims' or strangers' hall. The larger of the rooms is reserved for the Chapter meetings, the smaller being used for minor meetings and informal discussions.

The usual church services are held at the Cathedral. At a morning service, as half-past ten approaches, little groups of people cross the Precincts and vanish into the mouth of the great west door with its representations of the Twelve Apostles. A rustling of skirts, and the aristocracy enters in ones and twos from the side doors that open out of the Cloisters.

An inspiring view is to be had from the Cathedral at night. Then over the low wall that bounds the Precincts one sees the lights of the town far beneath. Among several rather pretentious houses to be found facing the greensward of the Close, are those once occupied by the late Archdeacon Brandon and Canon Ronder. The back of the Ronder house overlooks the river while the big Brandon place stands by itself at the farther corner of the Precincts.



Facing the great western door of the Cathedral are some old houses that run at a half-moon round the Close. These are surrounded by little gardens in which bloom hollyhocks, pinks, tulips, sweet Williams, stocks and other old-fashioned flowers.

The Meads fall in a broad green slope from the old Cathedral battlement down to the River Pol. Their long stretches of meadow are scattered with trees, some of the oldest oaks in Glebeshire, and they are finally bounded by the winding path of a rope walk that skirts the river bank. The meadows back from here and behind the Precincts have been the scene of traveling circus performances for many a year.

To the east of the Cathedral is Canon's Yard, where are to be found the oldest houses in Polchester. This Yard can be entered from either the Cathedral Close or from Orange Street. From either entrance one passes through funny old-fashioned turnstiles into the Yard. The latter approach is down through Green Lane past the Orchards, and up by a steep path into Bodger's Street and the small houses that have clustered for many years behind the Cathedral. Here once was Saint Margaret's Monastery utterly swept away by Henry the Eighth's servants, until not a stone remained.

Saint Margaret's memory still lingers in the Saint Margaret's Hostel for Women at the top of Bodger's Street, but even that has now a worn and desolate air as though it also were on the edge of departure. In truth, this part of Polchester is neglected and forgotten; it did not sink like Seatown into dirt and degradation; it has still an air of romance and color, but the life is gone from it.

Canon's Yard is behind the Hostel and is a little square, cobbled place with tall thin houses closing it in, with the Cathedral towers overhanging it. Rooks and bells and the rattle of carts upon the cobbles make a perpetual clatter here, and its atmosphere is stuffy and begrimed. From the high windows of the Yard there is a fine view of orchards and hills and distant woods—a view not to be despised.

Foster, once one of the powerful canons of Polchester, lived in one of four tumbledown buildings in Canon's Yard. Not far distant is an old grass-grown street known as Pontippy Square. Here quite a number of years ago stood a rickety building where once lived 'The Old Ladies,' Mrs. Amorest, Miss May Beringer and Mrs. Agatha Payne. For a long time there was an air of mystery surrounding this place, due, so the local gossips said, to a piece of red amber which belonged to one of them but was coveted by one of the others.

High Street, on a slope of considerable sharpness, the principal thoroughfare of Polchester, is like any main street of a small Cathedral town. In the early evening the people walk with the air of being unusually pleased with the world. There are lights behind the solemn panes of Bennett's the bookseller's, a fine shop whose first master saw Sir Walter Scott in London and spoke to Byron. The shop is always in a half-dusk and the gas is burned in its dim globes during most of the day.

At the very top of High Street is Mullock's the pastry cook's, gay with its gas, rich with its famous saffron buns, its still more famous gingerbread cake, and, most famous of all, its lemon biscuits. Also at the top of the street is to be found the Conservative Club. In contrast to the noisy cobbles of High Street is the quiet solemnity of the Precincts' asphalt. It was laid at the insistence of the former Archdeacon Brandon in spite of the complaint of the old residents that to take away the cobbles would be to rid the Precincts of all its atmosphere.

The Polchester Free Library is between the market and Arden Gate on High Street. It was given to Polchester in 1900 and is located near Cooper's Art Gallery and Dennison's Stores.

Along High Street nearer the market than Bennett's, is to be found Poole's, the bookshop. Then there are Manning's the hairdresser's, Rose the grocer's, Coulter's the confectioner's, Gummridge's the stationer's, and others on this street.

Coming out from Arden Gate of the Cathedral Precincts on a summer day one sees the High Street all shining with the sun, running down the hill into glittering distance. At the bottom is the market square where, when the day is in full bustle, are to be seen an old apple woman arranging her green umbrella, cabs drawn up in a row alongside the cobbles, stalls in the dark cloister market; the toy man with the clockwork monkeys, the flower-stalls and the vegetable sellers; in the center of the square, sheep and pigs are penned. Dogs bark, stout farmers in corduroy breeches walk about arguing and expectorating, and suddenly, above all the clamor and bustle, the Cathedral chimes strike the hour.

From the market place one steps aside into Pinner Street, through the first door up a broad stone staircase to the second floor where the Swedish gymnasium professor, Harmer John, once one of the town's famous characters, had his gymnasium. Very near the market is the Town Hall where the lectures of Harmer John were given in 1907, and also the Assembly Rooms where for many years the 'Dick Whittington' shows were held. These are still talked about by the older folk of the town. The rooms are now occupied by a cinema. The Blue Boar is a stuffy little hostelry at the south end of the market, and located at the market turning is the brewery. A new and better appointed inn, 'The Three Feathers,' is now to be found on High Street.

The steepest street in Polchester, in fact the steepest in southern England, is Orange Street. It runs uphill southeast from the market place. The street climbs straight into the sky, a broad flat sheet of gold, if viewed from the bottom on a late summer afternoon.

It is the street of the doctors, the solicitors, the dentists, the bankers, and the wealthier old maids of Polchester. The gray stone is of a charming age. The houses with their bow windows, their pillared porches, speak eloquently of the day when the great Janes, Elizabeths and D'Arcys, Mrs. Morrisses and Misses Bates found the world in a teacup. But more than this is the way that the gardens and lawns and orchards run unchecked in and out, up and down, here breaking into the street, there crowding a church with apple trees, seeming to speak, at every step, of leisure and sunny days and lives free of care.

At the top of Orange Street is a monument whose frock-coated hero seems to bend forward to give passers-by a special gracious bow. At the bottom of the street is the beginning of shops, the really smart shops, shops as smart as any in the High Street—Polrudden's, the hairdresser's, Crack's, the confectioner's.

The tiny house of Mrs. Bond, the social leader of the town, is near the bottom of this street just before you come to the river.

On the left as one ascends are found lanes and paths. Here when the spring evenings with their pale primrose lights begin to steal upon the town, one often sees the young people strolling. On the other side Orange Street tumbles pell-mell into the roofs of the town.

Nearly at the top of the street just below the monument is St. Paul's Church. The rectory of the church, once occupied by Tom Longstaffe and his daughter Mary, is a square, gray-roofed building standing back from Orange Street with a lawn and two old trees in front of it. To the left and almost touching it is the church, and to the right, Hay Street, where is located the famous Polchester High School for Girls.

The Dean's house surrounded by high elms is near the top of the street. The dining room here looks over sloping lawns down to the Pol and up again to the woods beyond. On the right-hand side at the very top is a large stone house. It was here that Jeremy Cole was born and lived with his dog 'Hamlet,' while Bentinck-Major, once one of Polchester's well-known canons, lived near the Coles, in a fine house with a garden.

Green Lane, which runs north from the monument, is lined by trees which cluster over one's head. In the evening light it has a fairyland air. Bodger's Street, crowded and smelly and rocking with noise, has already been mentioned. The fields behind Bodger's Street and Canon's Yard slope down the hill and then up again out into the country beyond.

Of the many delightful walks about Polchester none are more beautful than the lanes: Green Lane, Orchard Lane, Grass Lane, and others. One in particular runs above the villas over the top of the town high to the north above Orange Street. There above the lane, with only a step or two, you reach a higher point where on a clear day, you can discover the sea. Where the lane allows the gates to intercept its high hedges you have a splendid view, the green fields sloping to the town.

Going out Orange Street past the Monument one also reaches the St. Mary's road above the town. Coming to the first turn it is worth while to look back. One then sees Polchester, like a child's collection of colored bricks huddled into a green basket, far below, and from its heart a pennant of blue, the Pol, streaming out to the hills, and the Cathedral riding over all.

Near this point is Parmiter's Field, a famous spot in Glebeshire, because there you can have one of the fairest views in all the country. From this field on a bright day you can draw within your arms a vast sweep of hill and valley, black

bunches of wood, isolated farms gleaming white through the trees, streams of silver thread, and, best of all, the slow, rounded shoulders of the Downs. Propter Hill out this way has enough snow some winters for tobogganing. It is then the most popular place about Polchester.

Another beautiful walk out Orange Street is to strike off into the Drymouth Road. Here is a signpost that points to Drymouth, to Clinton St. Mary, to Polchester. A little way on there is Rocket Wood, a place beloved by the children of Polchester for picnics.

Pybus St. Anthony is a little village three miles out of Polchester. A very beautiful village it is, with orchards and a stream, old-world cottages and a fine Norman church. But not for its orchards nor its stream nor its church is it famous, but because for many years its living has been regarded as one of the most important in the whole diocese of Polchester. It is the tradition that the man who goes to Pybus St. Anthony has the world in front of him. When likely men for preferment are looked for, it is to Pybus St. Anthony that men look. Heaven alone knows how many canons and archdeacons have made their first bow there to the Glebeshire world; three deans and a bishop have, at different times, made it their first stepping-stone to fame.

St. James' Church, where the Reverend Herbert Cole, Jeremy's father, once preached and after him the Reverend Mr. Morris, is located on West Street, just west of the market place. Between the church and the market place the houses run forward shutting the church away from the market. St. James' Rectory, formerly the residence of Mr. Morris, who is remembered in Polchester for the scandal he created by running away with Archdeacon Brandon's wife, is the last of three houses all squeezed on the edge of the hill. Because it is the last, it stands square to all the winds of heaven.

Although the house is so close to the market, even on market days one does not hear a sound. The rectory is mentioned here particularly because of the view it affords of the Cathedral. At the end of the passage on the second landing there is a window which is in such a position that through it you gaze behind the neighboring houses, above some low roofs, straight up the twisting High Street to the Cathedral. The great building seems to be perched on the very edge of the rock, almost, you feel, swinging in mid-air, and that so precariously that with one push of the finger you might send it staggering into space.

On the south side of Polchester overhanging Seatown there is a little public garden. Thirty years ago it was a very small and overgrown little place with a tiny battered rococo temple, and some stairs and rain-washed garden seats. Now it has been changed into a fine public park, and once again, after more than a hundred years, the streets beneath it have become fashionable.

Seatown long ago—when there were only the Cathedral, the Castle, the Rock, and a few cottages down by the river, when, at night tide, strange foreign ships came up from the sea, when the woods were wild forest and the downs were bare and savage—had its romance, but that was long ago. Seatown, in its latter days, was a place of bad drainage, bad drinking, bad living and bad dying. The men who haunted its dirty, narrow little streets were loafers and idlers and castaways. The women were, most of them, no better than they should be, and the children were the most slatternly and ill-bred in the whole of Glebeshire. Small credit to the canons and the town councillors and the prosperous farmers that it was so, but in their defense it might be urged that it needed a very valiant canon and the most fearless of town councillors to disturb that little nest. And the time came when it was disturbed . . .

Even the Pol, a handsome river enough out beyond the town in the reaches of the woods, was no pretty sight at low tide when there was nothing to see but a thin, sluggish gray stream filtering through banks of mud to its destination, the sea. At high tide the river beat up against the crazy stone wall that bordered Pennicent Street; and on the farther side there were green fields and a rising hill with a feathery wood to crown it. It was over here that Cousin Francis, of *The Old Ladies,* had his old-fashioned, ample home. From the river, coming up through green banks, Seatown looked picturesque, with its disordered cottages scrambling in confusion at the tail of the rock and the Cathedral and Castle nobly dominating it. That distant view was the best thing to be said for Seatown.

Turning off from the market to reach Seatown a generation ago, one plunged down into Bridge Street as into a damp, stuffy well. Here some of the houses had once been fine; there were porticoes and deep-set doors and bow windows, making them poor relations of the handsome benevolent Georgian houses in Orange Street. The street, top-tilting down to the river, was slovenly with dirt and carelessness.

Bridge Street in turn tumbled with a dirty absent-mindedness into Pennicent Street. This, the main thoroughfare of Seatown, must have been once a handsome cobbled walk by the riverside. The houses, about fifty in number, more than in Bridge Street, showed by their pillared doorways and their faded red brick that they had once been gentlemen's residences, with gardens, perhaps, running to the river's edge and a fine view of the meadows and woods beyond.

From here one found the 'Dog and Pilchard,' the Seatown Inn, easily enough and also the 'Sucking Pig,' an inn a mile farther out on the border of a strip of moor known as Humpathumb. Both of these now belong to past history. Up above the 'Dog and Pilchard,' the river was caught into a kind of waterfall by a ridge of stone that projected almost into midstream. At high tide it tumbled over this obstruction with an astonished splash and gurgle. Even when the river was at its lowest there was a dim chattering struggle at this point.

Seatown had been for many a day the place of outlaws, nor were these outlaws of the picturesque and romantic kind. Rather were they the offscourings of the district—loafers, idlers, thieves and prostitutes. In 1902 a disturbance had been made, and it seemed for a moment as though the whole place would be uprooted, but other influences had prevailed, a few cottages at the far end of Pennicent Street had been pulled down, and that was all.

The town councillors and aristocracy were not easy about the Seatown conditions—the trouble in 1902 had showed that—but once begin to change things and you stirred up a whole world of responsibilities, slanders, accusations and denials. Anything better just now than a public scandal—and just now was always.

To those who know Polchester now, in these chilly postwar days, it will seem incredible that so recently as 1907 it should have possessed anything so medieval as the old Seatown. The modern river street with its neat line of workmen's cottages and gardens, its border of young trees and its low wall of pearl-gray stone, is altogether admirable. To quote the Polchester *Courier* for March 10, 1924: 'We have here something of which we may be proud—modern and yet beautiful; practical and yet dignified; modest and yet artistic. The pretty gardens rich with lovely flowers, the fine asphalted road, the raised walk that gives the visitor an opportunity of surveying the beauties of Nature in a practical and commodious manner, the cottages themselves with their pale stone, their dignified outlines, their perfect sanitation—these are things, we repeat, of which the Polchester citizen may well be proud.'

The story of the change from the old to the new Seatown is one that will be repeated by Polcastrians for generations. It all started with the coming in 1907 of the Swedish gymnastic instructor referred to above. Hjalmar Johanson was his name but this was difficult to pronounce, and he was called by both big and small, 'Harmer John.' Harmer John's ambition was to pull down the slums, Seatown and the rest; build magnificent streets up from the river with statues and towers; to have the most splendid architects, the most wonderful sculptors start a school in the town. To develop a school of craftsmen, 19th and 20th Century craftsmen, who would work with their hands as they did in the Florence of the Renaissance—no machinery, no ceaseless reproduction of beautiful things, but beautiful things themselves, each one made by the loving hands of the loving craftsmen.

In his attempts to carry out these ambitions he gained the enmity of Samuel Hogg, the one-time landlord of the 'Dog and Pilchard,' and others of the worst Seatown element. Several attempts were made to discredit Johanson but these were only partly successful. Finally a riot was staged under cover of which he was killed.

HIS death, however, was not in vain, for on October 7, 1913, there was formally opened by the Mayor of Polchester the new street of houses facing the Pol. This, the former Pennicent Street, is now known as Riverside and as was stated in the local Polchester paper, 'It promises to be one of the finest streets in Glebeshire, bordered, as it is, by the waters of the Pol and faced by a beautiful bank of rising fields and woods.

'Formerly the site now occupied by the new street was covered with one of the worst slums in Great Britain, long felt by the citizens of Polchester to be a scandal utterly unworthy of this Cathedral city of great traditions.'

'Many efforts,' states this publication in its announcement of the celebration, 'were made to rid the town of this eyesore, but no effective steps were taken until a shameful riot, on October 7, 1907, opened the eyes of everyone to the urgency of the matter. It is felt, therefore, that the civic ceremony could not take place more fittingly than on October 7, just six years after the original disturbance. After the formal opening of the new street by the mayor, a tablet to the memory of a foreign resident of the town who lost his life in the riot of 1907 will be unveiled.'

This second ceremony was the unveiling of the tablet to Harmer John. This was just in front of the house where, during the last months of his life, he had lived, and near where he had uncovered a beautiful, small, long-hidden fountain, which is now pointed out to all tourists. It makes a deep impression, looking so brave and handsome and noble in the sun, a dark, friendly tree standing over it, the old gray wall behind it. And on the wall is a little brass tablet, with this inscription:

HJALMAR JOHANSON,
FRIEND OF THIS TOWN,
DIED OCTOBER VII. MCMVII

* *

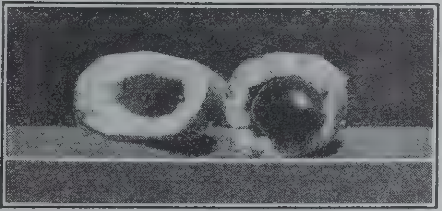
And thus ends the description of Polchester, taken from the books of Hugh Walpole and mapped by Paul Honoré. The meeting of the City Planning Commission was ready to adjourn, but before doing so Mr. Walpole, the famous novelist, and Mr. Honoré, the well-known artist, as a matter of politeness asked the third member of the Commission, the ordinary business man, for his opinion of the description and the map of the city; and since this business man has a reputation for being very practical, although undeserved and greatly overestimated, his approval made possible the submission of the accompanying map to the public.

Getting Things Across

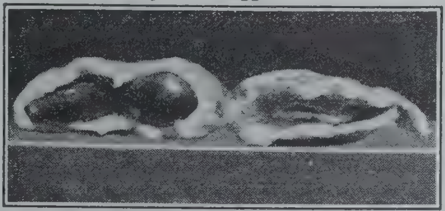
A SPANISH term *picudo*, meaning 'long-nosed, nosey individual' is the sobriquet applied by Mexicans to inspectors of the U. S. Federal Horticultural Board who enforce quarantine regulations governing the importation of cottonseed and fruits across the Texas-Mexican border. The word is a tribute to an inspection service entailing the examination of 15,000 persons daily as precaution against the introduction of injurious insects and fungus diseases from the southern republic.

Cottonseed from Mexico is prohibited from entry by reason of the pink boll worm, a pest that would jeopardize the cotton crop of the South. Mexican fruits—oranges, sweet limes, grapefruit, mangoes, peaches, plums, et cetera—are banned on account of the Mexican fruit fly. The avocado, or alligator pear, is denied admittance because of a weevil peculiar to this fruit. Federal plant quarantine inspectors are stationed on the Texas-Mexican border to enforce the quarantine.

A group of four women presented themselves at the footbridge for entry into the United States. Their deportment aroused the suspicion of the custom inspectress who detained them for minute examination. Inspection of the hand baggage failed to reveal any outlawed fruits. A search of their clothing, however, disclosed two cloth bags, their shape and size facilitating easy concealment, tied about the waist of two of the women. These bags contained twelve avacados and three mangoes. On another occasion a Mexican woman aroused suspicion. Acting on intuition, a federal inspector examined a loaf of bread which she possessed. The disguised 'staff of life' really contained Mexican fruit, a thin crust concealing the prized products.



Avocados concealed in half-baked bread taken from smugglers.



Freight trains, unwittingly, lend themselves to smuggling cottonseed contaminated with the pink boll worm. An express car containing one million dollars in money in transit from Mexico to San Francisco, was found to cloister scattering lots of cottonseed which harbored the outlawed pest. A tank of oil, supposedly free from contaminating influences, was the depository for cottonseed. Crevices and cracks of railway cars are ransacked by the force of inspectors, one man frequently examining scores of freight containers in a single day.

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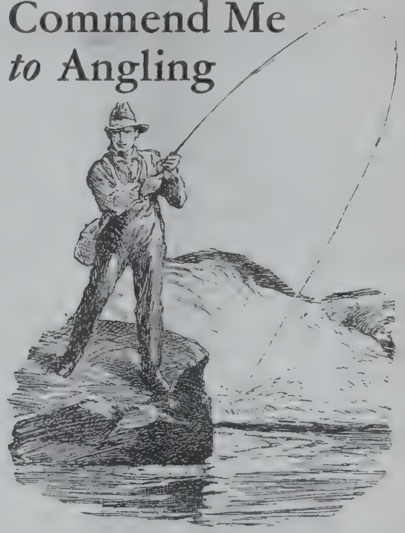
Of All Sports Commend Me *to* Angling



EVERY stream has its whims and peculiarities.

Once while I was fishing an enormous hatch of May flies appeared upon the stream. The trout started to rise to the flies in all directions. For one hour, I tried almost every fly I had, some of them very accurate imitations of the natural insects; but I could not 'fasten' to a single trout. Few experiences in the annals of angling more exasperating can be imagined!

Another time, on the Beaverkill, when it was low and lazy, the situation seemed very unpromising for an angler. Scarcely any insects could be seen, nor a sign of a 'rise.' I cast a dry fly upstream and without result; I repeated and the third time a twelve-inch brown trout rose lazily to my fly and 'sucked' it in. In less than five minutes, I took another fish from the same pool. I waded up the stream casting on every likely looking pool and in one hour I had three brace of the finest trout I have ever taken.

It is this characteristic fickleness that furnishes the major share of the sporting elements of trout fishing. A trout's undependability may always be depended upon.

Memories of Vanished London

By DUNCAN MacCONNELL

THE traveler may commune with the vanished city of London but he will not see it. If he walks from Westminster along the Strand, he comes to a point called Temple Bar, one of the portals of the old town. There is a monument here to mark where Temple Bar once stood, but the Bar itself is there no more. It was removed, some years since, because it was an obstruction to traffic.

Temple Bar naturally suggests a London of older centuries, for at Temple Bar today, as of old, you enter London City. Off the street, for the Strand here changes to Fleet Street, are the buildings of the Templars, and the Temple Gardens, where grew the red and white roses which became the symbols of the war between the House of York and that of Lancaster. The Temple Church is there, with its tombs of knights who fought for the Holy Sepulcher. But while the memorials are here, and the tombs, no doubt the Crusaders are not. And though the unguided wanderer may stumble on the grave of Oliver Goldsmith in this ground, and learn that much of his wayward London life was lived in this vicinity, there is now no space for a poet's home in the matter-of-fact streets of the neighborhood.

Not far from here, in Crown Office Row of the Inner Temple, Charles Lamb was born. Goldsmith lived not far from here, and Blackstone in the same house, and later Thackeray in the same neighborhood. Even today one does not have to travel far to find literary men—for a little to the west, in a region of Westminster parallel to the Temple Gardens, George Bernard Shaw and Sir James M. Barrie live across the street from each other. But the London of the poets is gone with the poets, and now Charles Lamb and Goldsmith mingle at a little distance with the now-peaceful company of the mailed Crusaders.

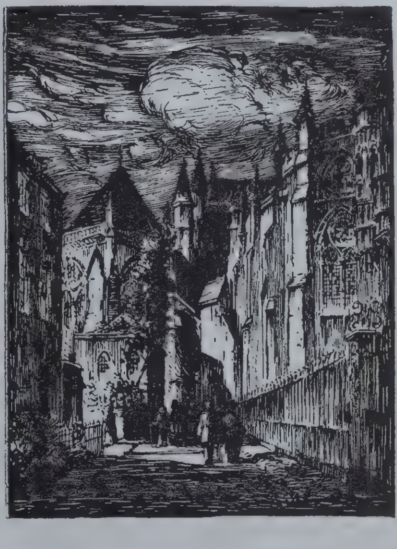
'Let us walk down Fleet Street,' said Dr. Johnson often to Oliver Goldsmith, but the Fleet Street of Johnson is changed and all but disappeared. It has not quite vanished, like the Fleet River which once flowed toward the Thames, and which now flows underground as a sewer. The Fleet Prison for debtors, a home of ancient horrors, has gone. But Fleet Street has been widened, not once but several times. It has been equipped with the conveniences and sanitations of modern life. The Olde Cocke Tavern, which has some associations with Johnson, remains, and one can find the street where he lived and toiled in poverty at his great dictionary.

The London of these former generations was a city like other cities, where people worked and lived. The City covers an area equal to a little more than one square mile, and every street and square seems to have made some contribution to the greatness of mankind.

John Milton was born here and here he died. You do not expect to find that a great poet was born in the London of our time—yet London is a mother of unexpected sons.

The poets who glorify English literature came from that very commercial world, from the shops and stores of the old city. Chaucer was descended of a family of vintners. The very poets who have left us memories of open spaces and rural peace, like Gray and Keats, were native Londoners, Cockneys of the Cockneys. The London of their day could be expected to produce some distinguished sons, because it was a large town. Today their London is in population a village, and more strikingly so because around that village has gathered the hugest mass of human population ever congregated in one place upon the globe.

When one has come to London with remembrances of Boswell's records of Johnson, of Dickens' unforgettable pictures, of the dreamy wanderings of Irving, he will perhaps find himself looking with some wistfulness for that vanished London. This is the selfishness of any traveler who longs to have the whole world prepared for his sight-seeing rather than for the comfort of those who dwell therein. But no one who looks at the London of today can doubt that the changes are for the best, and that by making these changes the modern Londoners show themselves worthy of their inheritance of zeal and enterprise.



For example, one place at London which is visited by every American who can is Smithfield. Perhaps some expect to find there evident remnants and traces of old days of religious persecution—but there is nothing in this park to indicate that here, just outside the old city walls, was a field where tournaments were held. The place is marked in history by many deaths, but he who visits Smithfield today finds a park, with a sandpile in which children play, and one of the great stations of the underground railroad.

One can go off Smithfield into Giltspur Street, but he will meet not gilt-spurred knights. He goes a little farther and comes to the site of Newgate Prison and the old Bailey courts close at hand, and these also are gone. Alexander Pope, most observant of all Londoners, or Samuel Pepys, immortalizer of trifles, would never have known, as they went a little farther on, that this Farringdon Street is the channel of the old Fleet River. Yet no one who has read Pope's description of that foul stream would wish to see it again brought to the surface from its present underground sewer channels.

The Victoria Embankment and its highway replace the muddy and marshy river shores of old time. Toward London Bridge one comes into Victoria Street and sees the monument to William IV. To open this highway and build this monument the site of the Boar's Head Tavern of Shakespeare was obscured—but the present thoroughfares are better for all.

It would be interesting to remove the centuries on Cheapside, that quarter-mile lane which has given all English-speaking buyers and sellers a bargainer's word. But the busy life of Cheapside is gone, and on a Sunday afternoon, when the street is still and empty, he may have some of the feelings which one has in entering excavated Babylon, and walking beside the deserted palaces and temples of the Sacred Way.

The burghers of the town do not now gather in St. Paul's Churchyard to elect the Lord Mayor. Yet the Lord Mayor is still elected by the old authority, and he is Lord Mayor of London even though his ordinary residence be outside of the old town. The City still lives by its ancient institutions, still glories in its seventy-nine liveried 'companies,' whose inheritance from centuries of tradesmen and artisans leaves many of them with vast wealth, used consistently for public good. The twenty-five aldermen still represent the city wards, though the wards and their problems are far different now.

The stranger can also go into the newspaper district below Fleet Street, where streets bear names of old monasteries. This region became known as the haunt of thugs and bullies, who first gathered there to claim protection of sanctuary in the monastery chapels. There is now no longer an Alsatia, and modern London has been delivered from that ancient peril. Thus the past leaves to us all that was permanently good in the sterling worth of the City, and lays away evil memories with the dead beneath the chapel floor.

Mark Twain a Soothsayer of the South?

(*Continued from page 3*)

in Stearns that at the present time is vivid in the emergence of the phenomenal New South, and that is the application of Holy Writ to the practical and satisfactory solution of modern problems. The why and how of it in the case of Stearns run first into some memories, which also account for the strength of the Old South element in the character of the town.

The Old South of the Highlands was the mountain country. On dry land, it mimicked most of the high spots of the water phase. The look of the Highlands was exorcistic. People were isolated. The mountains were crisscrossed with trails, which led from indifferent roads to cabins ensconced in coves and crannies. These cabins also overflowed with big families, which were bound to increase.

The 'unbought grace of life' was at full strength in all of the Old South's phases. Hence, it was the rule in the mountains that hospitality must go the limit of human possibilities—if you were vouched for. That was also the case in the storied Old South.

Wandering strangers, therefore, were welcomed by the better-class mountaineers, just as they were welcomed by plantation owners, and for much the same reason: the strangers brought in news and songs, like troubadours of other wheres and other times. Highland pride matched other Old South pride. Personality and force of Highland leaders equaled these qualities of similar men anywhere.

HOWEVER, the highlands were infested with criminal and shiftless elements. Long ago, mountain pirates waylaid western-bound settlers, and robbed and slayed them. The record of these land robbers parallels the record of Lafitte, and other pirates, in far southern waters. Descendants of the mountain pirates kept outlawry on the go there. Long ago, also, a despicable class of Europeans fled into the Highlands. Their descendants remained, equally despicable. In large part for these reasons, you still hear of wild doings. 'We only had a few fights,' remarked an old mountaineer, who was commenting upon the celebration of the past Christmas in his neighborhood of the region Mark Twain described.

'Two men shot in that settlemint off yonder,' he detailed, 'an' one killed over thar; one killed jes' east o' hyar; two killed below hyar. This year everything was moughty quiet.'

Although it was unlike the average of Highlander conduct, the behavior of the criminal and shiftless elements hung an inglorious name on all southern mountaineers. The overwhelming number of them were God-fearing, straight-living people. Last summer, to carry the idea of the character of their descendants, the region of the scene of the opening chapter of *The Gilded Age* endured an almost unprecedented drought. When it was broken, a Highlander of the better class drawled: 'I wonder if them what has been a-cryin' fer rain thanked God when th' good rain, hit come last Monday?'

The children of Stearns have forsaken such environment of this early period.

One side of probably the greatest contrast presented by the Old South was the cheerful and cultured traditional land o' Dixie. The other side of the contrast was the Old South of the Highlands. The mountains were broodingly mysterious; their people woefully primitive. In the opening chapter of *The Gilded Age*, Mark Twain penned the picture, not only of the section of which Stearns is the center, but also of the Highlands in general.

'Squire Hawkins,' he began, 'sat upon the pyramid of blocks called the "stile," in front of his home, contemplating the morning.

'The locality was Obedstown, East Tennessee . . . You would not know that Obedstown stood on the top of a mountain, for there was nothing about the landscape to indicate it—but it did: a mountain that stretched abroad over whole counties, and rose very gradually . . .

'The squire's house was a double log cabin, in a state of decay . . . Rubbish was scattered about the grassless yard; a bench stood near the door with a tin wash-basin on it; and a pail and a gourd; a cat had begun to drink from the pail, but the exertion was overtaxing her energies, and she had stopped to rest.

THIS dwelling constituted one-fifteenth of Obedstown; the other fourteen houses were scattered about among the pine trees and among the cornfields in such a way that a man might stand in the midst of the city, and not know but that he was in the country, if he depended upon his eyes for information . . .

'In a little while, the male population of the village had assembled . . . As a general thing, they were dressed in homespun "jeans," blue or yellow—there were no other varieties of it; all wore one suspender, and sometimes two—yarn ones were knitted at home—some wore vests, but few wore coats. Such coats and vests as did appear, however, were rather picturesque than otherwise, for they were made of tolerably fanciful patterns of calico . . .

'Every individual arrived with his hands in his pockets; a hand went out occasionally for a purpose, but it always went back again after service; and if it was the head that was served, just the cant that the dilapidated straw hat got by being uplifted and rooted under was retained until the next call altered the inclination; many hats were present, but none were erect; and no two were canted just alike . . . Few of the men wore whiskers; none wore mustaches; some had a thick jungle of hair under the chin . . .

'Squire Hawkins went in and talked to Nancy about the latent wealth of the region; the fact that the natives were unconscious of it; and he stressed the importance of holding on to the land that he owned there. Then he went on:—

'"There's the railroad. These worms have never even heard of it—and when they do they'll not believe in it . . . Some day . . there'll be a railroad stretching . . . all the way from the cities of the Northern States to New Orleans—and it's got to run within thirty miles of our land—and maybe even touch a corner of it.

'"Well," he continued, "do you know that they've quit burning wood in some places in the Eastern States? And what

Natives of the region of The Gilded Age. Crew from the coal-and-timber railroad.

do you suppose they burn? Coal! . . . There's whole worlds of it on this land! You know the black stuff that crops out of the bank of the branch? Well, that's it. You've taken it for rocks; so have everybody here . . . Pine forests, wheat land, corn-land . . . coal—wait until the railroads come . . . "'

In the last five words, by way of an aside, there's something else to think about. 'Wait until the railroads come,' together with the character of Stearns, may serve for answer to the recent question of the editor of an influential southern newspaper.

'Was Mark Twain any great shakes as a soothsayer of the South?' he asked during some talk about sundry odd topics.

'That is to say,' the editor went on, 'have you come across a place down here about which Mark Twain caused a character to indulge in a piece of divination that worked out—or is working out—in a really big way?'

Leaving the question of prophecy in the remark of 'Squire Hawkins' for you to deal with as you like, about fifty years ago, the through railroad came along, almost where the squire located it in his talk. Its presence, however, made but few changes in ways of living. Mark Twain's description was much the situation a quarter of a century later, when the company which owns Stearns attempted to begin to dig coal, and cut timber.

Native labor was almost inert. Money went a long way. Mountaineers of the region worked three or four days; quit, and drew their pay. With it, they bought slabs of salt pork, some cornmeal and beans. Their larders thus stocked, they hunted or fished and lazed until the cupboard was bare, when they returned to work for three or four days. That was the routine. Any application of the doctrine of do and don't to bring about a change in habits of work was out of the question. The temper of these mountaineers prevented importations of labor, although the latter was of nearby old American stocks. Production of coal and timber hung around a low mark.

These mountaineers, however, were responsive to what they saw. Especially, the women. The executive and administrative forces that the company brought in from cities, and elsewhere, were dressed accordingly. Their homes and food were comfortable and something new. The mountaineers observed without comment; and occasionally imitated a small detail. This trait was a hint.

The power of suggestion as it is outlined in the Biblical story of Jacob and Laban was put to work as the last resort to pull several thousands of people out of their primitiveness, and thereby secure production. At the outset, a display was made of a few elemental things that the mountaineers fancied and wanted. They worked to get them. The display was gradually enlarged, until habits of sustained industry were formed.

Stearns was built from a typical settlement with another name, which was changed to the name of the company. From the beginning of the striped-stick-like experiment, operations were carried on with the least possible disturbance of the land, in order to preserve the surroundings to which generations of Mark Twain mountaineers were accustomed. For the same reason, homes were haphazardly placed. This policy laid the base of contentment. It also accounts for the points of similarity you noticed in the descriptions of Stearns and 'Obedstown.'

Changes in ways of living have been accomplished in silence. Mountaineers are not given to talk; and they don't care to hear very much chatter from other people. Hence, there never has been any 'inspirational' windjamming. Year after year, this mite and that bit of civilization has been spread out to mountaineer view, and absorbed, without a word being said about it on either side. This was done in a natural, matter-of-fact way. The professionalism of a social service worker has always been absent.

Because mountaineer diet was restricted, and not always wholesome, the experiment started with sensible foods. They were shown in company stores without comment. The mountaineers looked at them; eventually bought, and included them in their regular diet. Then the experiment ran into sanitation. Mark Twain's description of the cat drinking from the pail which held the Hawkins' supply of drinking water was a commonplace.

It has taken nearly twenty years of hard work to make laughter a commonplace, for mountaineers are naturally gloomy. The sluggish and woebegone look has been replaced by one that is alert and cheerful—especially as far as girls and women are concerned. Girls no longer face the blank wall that saddened their mothers—early marriage, a new baby every year.

Of course, the experiment was slow-going. Several times it appeared that the hypnotic primitiveness would overcome imported civilization, and even those who came from the 'outside' would slide backward. Nevertheless, the experiment was kept up. The effect has been similar to the work of an artist, who painted a panorama as events occurred, showing the progress of the nation from Colonial days to the present time.

The story of Stearns is the story of the entire region of the opening chapter of *The Gilded Age*. The influence of the town is far-reaching. The company established an experimental farm, for example, and got a real farm man to run it. Fruit trees, and whatever else is adapted to that soil, have been planted and properly cared for. Mountaineers were generally indifferent farmers. The experimental farm is like a striped stick. The superintendent discusses farm problems with any man who gets to the point of making inquiries. The result in Stearns is better native fruit, and more varieties of home-grown vegetables—which was why the farm was started.

Less than ten years ago, the mountaineers were uninterested, even in local affairs. A newspaper established by the company was a striped stick. At first, no one would take it. Nowadays, children bring this paper, and particularly newspapers published in Louisville, from school, and read them aloud to illiterate old folks. Hence, you're surprised to have these old folks talk intelligently to you, not alone about county affairs, but also, for instance, about the situation in China, and suggest solutions that are based on common sense. Where we of cities skim the headlines, and get a hasty glimpse of events, these illiterate people listen to every word, and meditate upon what they've heard.

Stearns is something decidedly Old South and unlooked-for along a byroad of the phenomenal New South.

Shooting Martens *With a* Camera

By E. R. GAMMAGE

FOR many centuries, the women of the world have been wearing fine furs, and among the very finest of them is the marten fur. The martens are very shy; it is therefore extremely difficult to get satisfactory 'close-ups' of these little animals which make many a woman happy and many a man's pocketbook as flat as an elephant track.

The marten which is shown in the picture was photographed in Old Mexico while the camera man was on a picture-scouting trip. As you will notice, the little fellow is very much interested in the food which he is greedily devouring. This is some honey which has been given him to hold his attention so that he could be photographed as close up as possible.

Marten is the common name for a number of closely related animals which are widely known on account of their fur. They all belong to the genus Mustela. Besides the fur which bears the name of 'marten,' all sables come from these animals. They thrive abundantly in the northern portions of both the Old and the New Worlds. They have long, slender bodies and short legs and they live for the most part in trees. Their outer coat is long and glossy, and makes one of the finest furs in the world. The under fur is long, soft and abundant.

There are two species of the marten in North America with a variety of local names. One species, the 'black marten,' 'black fox,' 'fisher' or 'pekan,' as it is variously called, is the largest of the group, being from two to three feet long with a tail one foot in length. It has no immediate relatives in the Old World. It feeds on mice, frogs, porcupines, and also on the frozen fish which it steals. The other species, the 'pine marten' or 'American sable,' is about the size of a large house cat. It lives in the dry spots of pine forests as well as among other trees. It is similar to the pine marten of Europe.

The 'stone marten' is another common variety. Its tail is somewhat gray and its breast is pure white. The Asiatic sable, however, furnishes the celebrated sable which is the most costly of all furs. A set of these furs of even inferior quality will command a price of $250 while a perfect set of natural, bloomy black will swell the figure to $2,000.

America's Passion Play

By JOHN SLOAN

WHAT is regarded as the only pageant in the New World to approximate the Passion Play of Oberammergau in the Old, belongs to the people of this country for all time. This is the Mission Play, written back in 1911, by John Steven McGroarty, born in Pennsylvania, of early American stock and transplanted to California while yet a young man.

The play was first presented in 1912, near the Mission San Gabriel, in the ancient *pueblo* of San Gabriel, in southern California. It has been presented continuously, with ever-increasing audiences, every year since. All the rights in the play belong to a nonprofit organization of public-spirited citizens called the Society of the Golden Scroll.

Except for the cost of the theater where it is shown, all the net returns from the play through future years will be applied to the restoration of the chain of Franciscan Missions, reaching more than 600 miles along the California coast, from San Diego de Alcala on the south to San Francisco Solano on the north.

Some years ago an effort was made by leaders of intellectual life in California to have the state restore these Missions, but members of a creed with headquarters in Boston blocked the movement. Two of the Missions have fallen into well-nigh irreparable decay, while the score still standing have almost lost the fight against time, the elements and vandalism since 1833, when Mexico took over these historic monuments and drove out their builders. Now, with the income available from the most important and most prosperous of all the amateur stage productions of America available, it seems that these stations will be preserved, just as, through the vision and generosity of certain wealthy men, other historical structures on the Atlantic Coast have been saved.

The Mission Play, too, is unique. Admittedly, it violates all the established 'rules' of the drama. When it was first written, no theatrical producer would accept it.

La Purisima, typical of the ruined missions which the play-pageant contemplated restoring with its earnings.

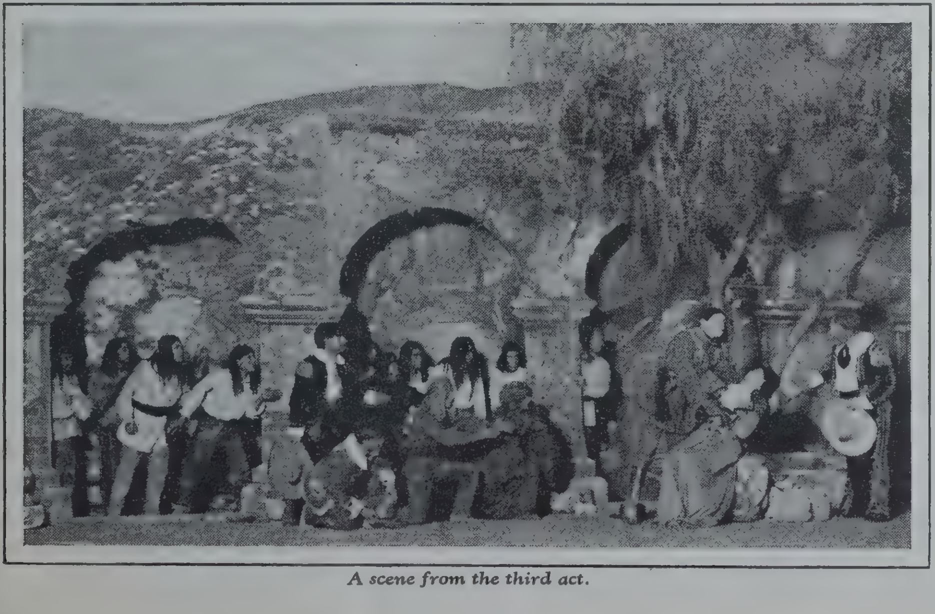
The Mission Play, from the first performance, has paid its own way, without a cent of backing beyond the credit of the author, and without subsidy, either religious or secular. It has played more performances than the world-famed Passion Play of Oberammergau. More people, from different countries, have traveled longer distances to see it than any other play in the world. It is one of those productions which is actor proof; not a line has been changed from the original, written eighteen years ago. Iconoclastic dramatic critics and dignitaries of Protestant and Catholic churches have praised it.

As a pageant drama, born of an hour of dreaming at the foot of the Serra Cross on Mount Rubidoux, in southern California, the Mission Play tells the bringing of Christian civilization to the western shores of America. It is the chronicle of that marvelous enterprise which, begun in 1769 and ending less than a century later, converted an entire race, made up of many tribes, from a low form of heathenism to Christianity. 'It remained for a Pennsylvanian and a Celt, a poet and a historian,' says Dr. Henry Van Dyke, 'to tell the story of California to the world as it should be told, in his wonderful Mission Play, the greatest of the world's pageant dramas.'

Preceding the play are three pantomimes, symbolizing the great epochs portrayed in the production: First, a savage, sensing the approach of white men, and feeling that they will become his masters; second, the specter of the faded glory of the Spanish Conquest; and, third, the spirit of the ever-living faith in Christ. These pantomimes are thrown against a soft, luminous blue Spanish curtain, with no other setting or background. Then, rather abruptly, the curtain rises and Act 1 opens on the shores of the Bay of San Diego (Saint James) in the historic year of 1769.

Fifteen years pass in the five-minute interlude between the first and second acts, and the curtain rises again on the beautiful church of San Carlos Borromeo, overlooking the bay at what is now Carmel.

It seems almost that it has remained for the Pennsylvania-born Celt to preserve, better even than the six-foot walls of the Missions have preserved it, the memory of the self-sacrificing father of all the Missions.



A scene from the third act.

Woodrow Wilson in Paris

(*Continued from page 8*)

came down the Champs-Élysées and, making their short detour, turned into the Place. A struggle began between the units of the Garde Républicane and the throng which had taken possession of the right of way. Such a riding-down and use of sabers; yet it ended as those contests usually do—the throng gave way, the procession crossed the square, entered the Rue Royale and passed into history as far as the Place de la Concorde was concerned. So great had been the crush, so close did the crowd press the line, that all I saw of the cavalcade was the black-plumed heads of the mounted escort. I did not see President Wilson, nor one of his party. (I am not sure whether the President's wife rode with him or sat in Poincaré's lap.) All I know is that a million others shared my luck and never saw so much as Wilson's shiny top hat.

The parade ended at the Place de la République. President Wilson and his official family retired to a palace provided by the Republic of France, while the mighty crowd jammed the Boulevards, threw tons of confetti, danced and sang themselves to weariness, and went home in the wee sma' hours to cool off. They had given an exhibition of hero worship unequaled even in Paris. But they readily slept it off; witnesseth, two days later, when President Wilson was presented with the keys of the city and rode from the Hotel de Ville down the Rue Rivoli to the Place de la Concorde, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, President Poincaré, and a host of maréchals, generals and admirals, he attracted no more attention than was usually granted to a battalion of poilus hoofing it across the city from the Gare St. Lazaire to the Gare D'Orsay. As a visiting hero-President he could shine once, but as a mere peace commissioner ———.

Llivia—a Geographical Freak

(Continued from page 9)

Then passed many peaceful years in the Cerdagne valley, with Julia Livia the center of the growing trade between Gaul and Spain, and prospering herself in like proportion. But just as the Roman Empire gradually weakened with the effort of the subjection and defense of enormous territories draining the lifeblood of her armies, so the Goths found the acquisition of Spain and much of Gaul and the maintenance of order therein so exhausting that it eventually erased them, as a nation, from Europe. Most of their possessions in Gaul were lost early, but Spain was firmly and successfully held until the death of Leovigild in 586, when the Gothic power began to wane steadily.

FOR a new enemy, infinitely more to be feared than either Suevi or Roman, swarmed across the narrow seas that separate North Africa from the south coast of the Peninsula. These, the Moors, drove the Goths steadily back, year after year, until the final Moorish wave spent itself almost exactly at Julia Livia.

It was in the year 711 that the Llivians first saw the dreaded turbans and dark-skinned faces outside their walls. It was then, too, that they bade goodby forever to the Goths, who fled northward and so out of history. But ceaseless Moslem triumphs had at last roused Europe to a sense of her danger, and the Moors were seen in the smiling Cerdagne and its chief town for little more than fifty years. Today, practically no trace, either in the people or in the architecture, can be discovered of this short-lived occupation.

It was probably just after the Moors had fled southward that Julia Livia entered into the period of her greatest glory and enjoyed the fullest measure of prosperity. For many years the headquarters, and later the base of the Christian armies, there was gathered within her walls, living in her tall, white, balconied houses, and promenading her narrow, cobbled streets, the very flower of Christendom. For it was from Julia Livia—shortened by that time to the more familiar Llivia—that, in 778, a mighty host, led by the valiant Charlemagne himself, swept down the Cerdagne and made a beginning of freeing the Iberian Peninsula from Moorish domination.

In conjunction with his ally, Alphonso the Second, King of the Asturias, Charlemagne twenty years later, having rid northern Spain of the Moors, formed what was known as the 'Spanish march'—a wide strip of territory extending from Pamplona to Barcelona—to prevent any incursion of the enemy. And here again, in the provisioning and maintenance of this fortified barrier, Llivia played a most important part, controlling as it did the natural entrance to the very center of the 'march.'

Twelve years later Charlemagne finished his great work by the conclusion of a treaty of peace with El-Haken, the Emir of Cordova. By this treaty the Moors definitely surrendered northern and the greater part of central Spain, and at long last the sights and sounds of war departed from the Cerdagne, and left Llivia to her farmlands and peaceful commerce. And so stayed this happy and growing little community for the next 350 years. Dwelling securely under the flag of Spain as they did, the Llivians prospered quietly, while all remembrance of turmoil and bloodshed gradually slipped from their minds until it was practically nothing but a series of legendary stories whispered round the fireside. The story of this ancient town might have ended so, in peaceful oblivion. But it was not to be. The district of which Llivia was the capital was far from forgotten. It was eagerly coveted by France.

It is natural to wonder why a powerful country should concern herself with such an apparently insignificant piece of territory. But there was a reason, and that a good one. To appreciate it fully the map must once again be consulted. It will be seen that Llivia is the center of a fertile plain, practically surrounded, on the French side by the Pyrenees, on the Spanish, by the Sierra del Cadi. And not only did Llivia command the passage between the two countries, but it provided the only means of direct communication between the Valleys of the Tet and the Ariege, both in French territory.

The importance of this can readily be seen by a glance at the map. It meant that transport of any kind going from the western Pyrenees to the east coast would naturally follow the one direct route, Ax-les-Thermes—Col de Puymorens—Llivia—Saillagouse—Col de la Perche, and so to the Rousillion and its capital, Perpignan, or vice versa. There are no other practicable passes save for the two mentioned, as France had found to her cost, both from the military and the commercial side, and the alternative route—via Carcassonne—added many miles to the journey.

SUCH a situation, from the point of view of the French, was intolerable. So France bided her time. And her opportunity came with the formation of the league of the Rhine by Mazarin. Spain, in the throes of civil war, was powerless against this formidable combination. By the Treaty of the Pyrenees, signed in 1160, the astute Cardinal gained his point, and Spain was forced to cede the thirty-two villages comprising the upper Cerdagne, and of which Llivia was one of the southernmost.

It seemed that the Llivians were once more destined to acknowledge new masters, and deep and bitter was the sorrow when the news was known. But Mazarin had reckoned without a country mayor and his council. As the latter sat despairingly in their town hall preparing to surrender their beloved Llivia, the mayor suddenly sprang to his feet and electrified the assembly by claiming that the French occupation was contrary to the articles of the treaty. By this, he agreed, Spain ceded thirty-two villages in the upper Cerdagne. *But Llivia's ancient charter recognized her as a town!*

The French protested, but in vain. The treaty had been signed and was unalterable unless they were to resort to force of arms again. So Llivia was for good and all designated as a town and her claim was upheld. She should remain Spanish.

And that is why today, when you walk along the straight, white, dusty road that leads from Bourg Madame to Ax-les-Thermes over the mighty Col de Puymorens, and runs parallel with the newly constructed railway linking France with Spain, you will see on your right, after about a mile, a sentry box, occupied, and a signpost which announces that this turning is a neutral road leading to Llivia (Esp.).

After a careful scrutiny of your passport, and, if you look at all bulky, of your person also, the French sentry will allow you to proceed. At crossroads farther on you will find yet another sentry of the same nationality; Llivia being ringed with them on every road that connects her with the outside world. Eventually, when the famous town comes in sight, a mile away, silhouetted against the hill that rises sheer behind it, you will see a post which tells you that you are henceforth in Spanish territory once again.

LLIVIA is now sadly shrunken, but there is a melancholy pleasure in walking through this last outpost of Spain. It is like a town that has been stricken with some paralyzing disease. The cobbled streets, the narrow lanes, seem to have stayed still for century after century, save that the ring of some gallant steed's hoofs is now supplanted by the slow, 'clip-clop' of the ungainly ox- or mule-drawn wagon. The high, balconied houses, leaning toward each other whisper of the glorious sights they have witnessed in the dim past.

Yet your sympathy would be wasted on the people. Despite virtual separation from their country, you will find the Llivians fiercely, proudly Spanish. No other language is tolerated. No other coinage is welcomed. There is little or no social intercourse with the people of the surrounding country. Intermarriage is practically unknown.

But there is just one glory that is Llivia's still—her fortified church, standing boldly up amidst her sadly diminished flock. Go inside. It is an object lesson, a silent reproach to the petty jealousies, the quarrels of men. It is much too big now for the Llivians. If every one of the 850 inhabitants worshiped there at one time you would still find ample room. The richly gilt altar pieces, the high windows one blaze of color, the lofty, exquisitely carved roof, the wondrously decorated side chapels—almost little churches in themselves—where kings have lighted their candle to their patron saint in the hope that fortune would smile upon them in the battle—all mutely, but only too effectively, tell the story of Llivia's vanished glories far better than any words.

Poor Llivia! Once the resting place of emperors, the headquarters of mighty armies. Once the hope of Christendom itself. Once a name that was heard often; to be spoken of with immense respect in all the courts and chancelleries of Europe. And now, to the outside world it conveys—nothing. To the Spanish, it brings a thought of sorrow, tinged however with a certain pride. To the French, it stands for one thing only—that pet abomination, smuggling.

For that is what the Llivians have come to. Their tiny piece of territory is insufficient to keep life in them. It is their last resource—smuggling! Poor Llivia!

Keeping Ice Cold *in the* Ice Box

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

WHEN artificial ice is being made, the water which is to be frozen into blocks is drawn into a large feeding tank where it is thoroughly filtered and, if necessary, softened. From the feeding tank it goes to a fore-cooler where it is brought to a temperature just above the freezing point. Water begins to freeze at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit; hence if the supply in the feeding tank is kept near this point, the actual freezing, which takes place in smaller tanks, can be accomplished more quickly.

The fore-cooler is a tank equipped with many rows of pipes through which ammonia circulates. Since the ammonia has a very low temperature, it gradually absorbs the heat of the water surrounding the pipes until the temperature of the water is near thirty-two degrees. From the fore-cooler the water is drawn directly into the cans into which it is to be frozen. The standard sizes of these cans are for either 300- or 400-pound blocks of ice.

The freezing cans are usually arranged in groups, each group being sunk into a larger tank set just below the floor. Each individual freezing can has its own cover, and attached to each is a brass tube through which dry, clean air, under high pressure, is blown into it through the bottom.

The large tank in which the freezing cans are sunk is filled with a 25 per cent solution of sodium bromide, called the brine. To keep the brine in constant circulation around the cans, a propeller, similar to the propeller of a boat, is used.

During the freezing process, the air blown into the freezing cans drives all the tiny particles of minerals and impurities to the center; this makes the ice absolutely pure and transparent. When the freezing is almost completed there remains at the center of each can only a small amount of water into which the particles of foreign matter have been driven. This is called the core. This core, withdrawn by a suction pump, is replaced with clear, pure water. The freezing is then continued until the whole block becomes a solid mass.

As soon as the freezing is completed an overhead traveling crane lifts the can out of the brine and carries it to a dipping vat, where warm water melts the block of ice sufficiently to allow of its being lifted from the container. As fast as they come from the freezing cans the blocks of ice are chuted into a storage room where they are kept in a uniformly cool temperature to await distribution to the consumer.

While all housewives undoubtedly realize the importance of keeping their refrigerators spotlessly clean, a great many do not know how otherwise to properly care for them in order to secure the best results. They think, for instance, that it is only necessary to fill up the ice chamber and that then the refrigerator will take care of itself until the ice is nearly all gone. In doing this not only do they take a chance of having their food spoiled when the ice supply becomes very low, but they actually use more ice in the long run than if they had kept the ice chamber well filled at all times.

When the ice supply gets low, the refrigerator naturally grows warm and requires just that much more ice to bring its temperature down again to the point of safety. This point is reached only when there is a constant circulation of cold air across the top of the ice, down its sides, down the side of the food compartment, across the floor of the refrigerator, up through the food compartment, and over the ice again, purifying and preserving at every stage of its journey.

There are a few cardinal points in the care of a refrigerator which every housewife should know. In the first place, the refrigerator should be large enough to hold all necessary food without crowding. It is not so much the size of the bow as it is the quantity of the food, which consumes ice. Food should never be put in the ice chamber, and hot food should be allowed to cool a bit before being placed in the food compartment.

The doors should be tightly closed to prevent warm air from seeping in, and be opened as infrequently as possible. Tests have shown that in the opening of the door the temperature inside rises at least two degrees.

Counting *the* Dust

By S. R. WINTERS

A FASCINATING device is the Owens dust counter, used to take the census of the tiny particles which float between earth and sky. It was by this machine that Uncle Sam's Weather Bureau proved that as many as four thousand particles to the cubic centimeter circulate in the atmosphere.

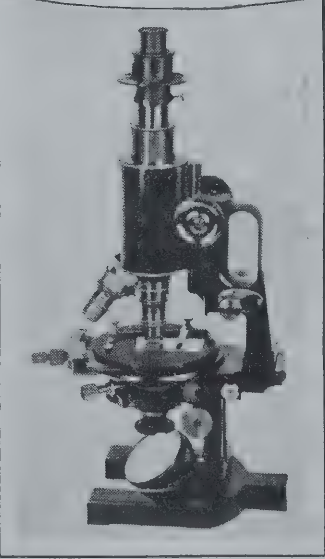
A dust counter, invented by Dr. J. S. Owens of London, was employed. It includes a dampening chamber, or a tube open at one end, and is lined with blotting paper, thoroughly saturated with water. The other end is almost closed by a screw-threaded head.

Air is passed through the slot from the dampening chamber at a relatively high velocity; and is cooled below dew point. Thus, moisture is condensed upon the particles of dust. The moisture-laden particles impress themselves upon the microscopic plate at great speed. Removal of the cover glass of the microscope then reveals a line of moisture. This rapidly disappears, leaving an invisible collection of dust particles.

A high-powered microscope was next used. The first observation made was to locate the dust. This was done with an eyepiece capable of magnifying eight times, in this instance, causing an enlargement of 125 diameters. Actual counting of the tiny bits of dust required the use of a 1.8-millimeter objective, employed with oil immersion, able to magnify 1,000 diameters. This magnification makes possible the counting of a bit of dust as fine as 0.0002 of a millimeter in diameter—so infinitesimally small as to defy the use of the metric system.

Census at Long Island, a manufacturing center, yielded 2,036 bits of dust in each cubic centimeter of air. Determinations made at the Federal Building, in Chicago, indicated the atmosphere was burdened with 7,180 particles of dust to the cubic centimeter, while a count at the University of Chicago showed the presence of only 4,800 bits of dust for each cubic centimeter. These were maximum figures.

The size of the particles decreased in relation to the altitude at which they were collected. The average diameter of the minute portions of dust at the surface of the earth was four times that of those at an altitude of 10,000 feet.



—Harris & Ewing photos.
Microscope for counting atmospheric dust. Oval—Dust collector.

Thoreau—Genius of the Woods

(Continued from page 15)

would, the world would go on its way unmodified by his rebellion. His rare faculties, his superior intellect, were wasted like a perfume in the desert.

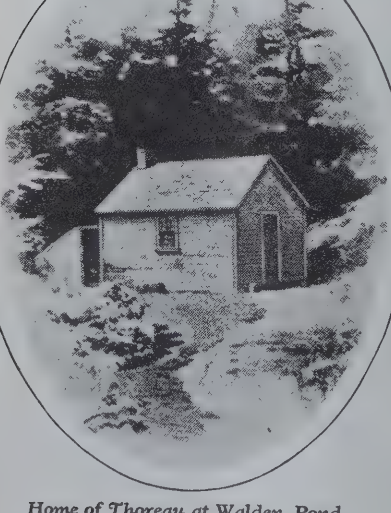
It would not much have cheered him could he have foreseen the present resurrection which the idle whim of the present day has effected for him: he would have resented being the subject of even a benevolent curiosity. Nothing less than to be recognized as a Messiah would have contented him, and he knew that he never could be that.

Perhaps, could he have been a religious fanatic, he would have prospered better. He had no small mixture in him of the fanatic. But his faith in God was not that towering flame which the great religious reformers have manifested; the acid of rationality was too strong in him. He was no barren atheist, but he had not fathomed the great secret, and he could not preach without it. He had almost a rage for sincerity—to be as sincere as a bird, a tree, or a wolf; and the compromises and skilful locutions of the church revolted him. If we cannot explain the Trinity, let us not affirm belief in it. He accepted the designation of Transcendentalist as committing him to nothing, but he did not regard himself as a disciple of Emerson or Alcott. His virtue was, that he was a misfit anywhere in human congregations; he must be himself, and nobody, not even he, knew exactly what that was.

It was my privilege, as a boy, to accompany Thoreau on some of his walks, not as a companion rightly so called, but as a walker beside him. He would speak but few words during these tramps, and I was quite as taciturn as he, which, I think, was the main reason why he tolerated my presence.

ONCE, when I was seven years old, he came to the Wayside to make a survey of our land, bringing his surveying apparatus on his shoulder. I watched the short dark unbeautiful man with interest, and followed him about all over the place never losing sight of a movement, and never asking a question or uttering a word. The thing must have lasted a couple of hours; when we got back, Thoreau remarked to my father: 'Good boy! sharp eyes, and no tongue!' On that basis I was admitted to his friendship. Nearly twenty years afterward I became a surveyor myself; and I was always devoted to 'natural history'; but I cannot say that Thoreau was the reason. My liking for him as a man was never great; but he had a fascination for me, as of one who knew things I didn't know.

The outlook from Thoreau's forest cabin.



Home of Thoreau at Walden Pond.

NATURE absorbed his attention, but I don't think he cared much for what is called the beauties of nature: it was her way of working, her mystery, her economy in extravagance; he delighted to track her footsteps toward their source, and to watch her growths and developments. He liked to feel that the pursuit was endless, with mystery at both ends of it. But of color and form as valued by artists I doubt whether he took heed. He was able to say of a girl's smile, 'What is it but showing me bare bones?' That may indicate a radical defect.

It may be one cause of his having never married, or shown interest in women, unless it were in Margaret Fuller, and no one could be interested in Margaret as a pleasing physical object. She was a conversationalist; the mental or emotional attrition of a group of people would warm to action, or sometimes perhaps create, her own thoughts. She would often say a 'good thing' which was in truth but a clever paraphrase of what some one else had suggested. It was a sort of flattery, when you saw through it, and she may have flattered Thoreau in that way; but I never was a listener at their colloquies.

The only other women who can be traced to his neighborhood were his two excellent sisters, of whom no statistics are extant. After Thoreau gave up the Walden hut, he and his sisters lived in a little white cottage on the broad, avenued street that lay westward from the village center; it stood on the south side of the way and was unnoticeable. I never went there; it would have seemed unnatural to find Thoreau there.

Gambling Scheme *as* National Pastime

By WALTER M. WOLFF

THE young people of today scarcely know just what a lottery is like and even among the older folk there is still a vague recollection that lotteries have something to do with numbers or chances and a drawing, and so on. Few recall the Louisiana lottery days before our Constitution was amended to prohibit all schemes of this kind in 1895. In Europe, however, a different situation has long prevailed. At the beginning of the 16th Century the lottery appeared in Holland; in 1530 one is said to have been popular in Florence, Italy; and France established the lottery in 1531.

In 1569 England supported the lottery as an aid to the maintenance of several important seaports and Paris conducted a similar scheme in 1572 to assist poor girls in securing a dowry. It was not long, however, before the various countries began to see possibilities of enlisting the lottery in the raising of revenues and soon the governments usually secured a complete monopoly, and heavy taxes imposed thereafter aided very materially in filling the states' coffers.

Although no strictly valid reason for the existence of lotteries persists, they were not abolished in any country until public resentment had risen against them after some had fallen into disgrace through swindle or mismanagement.

In America that lid has remained closed and is likely to stay so indefinitely, but the Europeans have several reasons which they consider important enough to warrant the continuation of lottery schemes. One reason is that the state needs funds.

Germany, for instance, still maintains several prosperous state lotteries which aid the state financially to a great extent as heavy taxes are levied on the chances sold.

Not long ago there appeared in the Italian news columns the story of a man who had won a very large prize through playing a number alleged to have been revealed to him in a dream by his aunt. This episode calls to mind the experiences of a servant girl who won a small fortune because of her deficiency in arithmetic. She had placed her stake on No. 26 and when questioned as to her reason for selecting just this number answered with a sly chuckle, 'Didn't I dream three nights about the number "9" and since three times nine makes twenty-six I played this number!'

Less fortunately fared a policeman of Florence, Italy, who had seen to his great glee in the morning paper that his lottery ticket had won a prize of 500,000 lire. In a fit of ecstacy over his sudden good fortune, as he supposed, the amiable officer of the law immediately invited all his friends to attend a grand banquet to which he was to be the host on the following morning.

At the close of the event he presented each one of his guests with a gold watch in commemoration of the auspicious occasion. In high spirits the 'lucky' man then set out for the lottery headquarters to collect his prize. To his great horror and dismay upon presenting his ticket for payment he suddenly became aware of the fact that he had mistaken a 5 for a 3 in his number. With one loud shriek he dashed off in a desperate effort to recover at least the gold timepieces.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'America has taken a long time to learn that art—as one of the old Greeks defined it—is anything that is well done,' said the ***Connoisseur,*** 'whether it be the painting of a mountain, the drawing of a molecule, the building of a bridge, the composition of music, the writing of a book, or the cooking of a dinner.

'We are beginning to discover for ourselves that the daubing of oil colors on canvas, the setting down on paper of a lot of connected noises and calling the result music, the stringing together of words until they reach the accepted volume of a book, or the chopping of some fanciful figure from a block of marble, may or may not be art, according to whether—to put it bluntly—the job is well done.

'This discovery has worked some havoc with the cubists, the futurists, the impressionists, the syncopators, the jazz artists, and other similar bacilli of decay in American art, and it is quite well on its way to doing further damage to these largely alien "artists." But, on the other hand, the majority of the people of America are beginning to believe that, after all, Wagner is a greater composer than Berlin, Shakespeare at least equally great with Chambers or Elinor Glyn, Raphael and Titian and Corot more permanent than cubism, and Forbes-Robertson as competent as Al Jolson.

'This is something, but it has led to something even more important; it has brought us to the borderland of desire to see more frequently, and to know better, the works of those who were able to do their own jobs perfectly well, to leave to us a legacy which may in truth be called "art."'

* * *

An ***Englishman*** brought an interesting tale of a Hindu celebration: 'Every twelfth year, at the conjunction of Jupiter and Aquarius, occurs the Kumbh Mela Fair at Hardwar, a great Hindu bathing pilgrimage during which thousands bathe in the Ganges. This year the event occurred on April 13, and was marked by a tragedy when thirty-five persons were crushed to death in the rush to reach the bathing pool. There was also a disturbance due to resentment at the presence of non-Hindu police on a jetty built out into the bathing pool. These police supervisors wore boots of leather, which is contrary to Hindu scruples against the killing of cattle. It was further objected that these officials offended the modesty of women bathers, though it was generally conceded that such safety measures were necessary. Thousands of pounds were spent by the British Government on safety measures, including special barriers, water supply, sanitation, electric lighting, hospitals, doctors and police, though not a soldier was used. The rush to be first in the pool is always dangerous; in 1915 twenty-three lives were lost and in 1819 it is reported that 430 persons perished.'

'One of the priceless possessions of the American Negro is his wealth of folklore,' said the ***Southerner.*** 'Unfortunately, most of this so far is uncollected. In *Uncle Remus,* Joel Chandler Harris unearthed a gold mine of it, but, outside a few studies of Negro folk life, published during the Abolitionist period, it is a field the virginity of which is just beginning to excite the attention of Negro scholars.

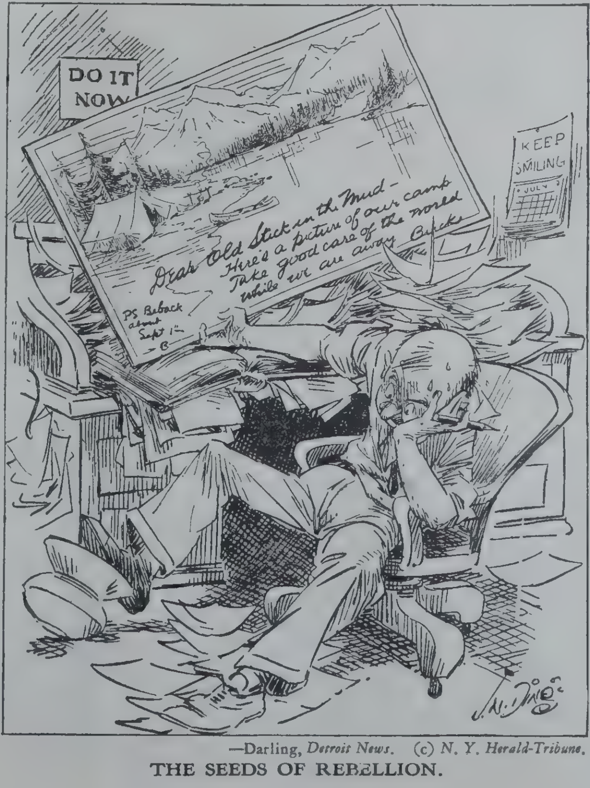
'Of course in the realm of folk music or the "spirituals," there has been a great deal of research, but the history, the archeology, the folk life of the American Negro is practically unexploited.

'In the Negro colleges, too, courses are being offered in African history and civilization. Howard University of Washington, D. C., was the first institution to inaugurate it, having at the head of its department a very capable young man, Professor William Leo Hansberry of Harvard.

The realization of this ideal is a fitting climax to the growth of racial consciousness among the Negroes following the war. Before the war there were two societies concerned with the subject, namely, the American Negro Academy which had in its councils eminent Negro thinkers, writers and scholars, and the Negro Society for Historical Research, Yonkers, New York.

'In 1915, however, there was formed in Chicago the "Association for the Study of Negro Life and History" the purpose of which was: first, to collect sociological and historical documents; second, to publish books on Negro life and history; third, to promote the study of Negro life and history through schools and clubs; and fourth, to bring about harmony between the races by interpreting the one to the other.

'Under the leadership of Professor Carter Woodson the association has been recognized by thinkers and writers on the subject here and abroad as the principal authority on Negro life and civilization.'


DO IT NOW
KEEP SMILING
JULY
Dear Old Stick in the Mud -
Here's a picture of our camp
Take good care of the world
while we are away. Buck
PS Be back about Sept 1st
B
J. N. Ding

—Darling, *Detroit News.* (c) *N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*

THE SEEDS OF REBELLION.

* * *

'I was amazed on a recent visit to New York,' the ***Traveling Man*** said, 'by the unusual number of real or alleged cripples, beggars, and blind men who infest the channels of trade and traffic. As a rule every uptown and downtown subway station has from two to four exits. These exits are favorite spots of the solicitors for public charity. Their number must be legion. Some are genuine, of course, but a lot of them are fakes. While I was there, they caught one fellow who was "leading the double life." It appears that he spent one half of it in the dusk of street corners, with a hand outstretched for alms, and the other half having a good time in the night clubs and cabarets along Broadway. And in his private hours he stopped under an assumed name in the largest hotel in the city. In his begging hours, he lacked his left leg below the knee, but at night his friends never noticed this defect. Begging was profitable, and the simple toll from one person out of several hundreds that passed him on the sidewalks of Broadway amounted to an income more than sufficient even for the gay life he was leading.

* * *

'People who work in glue factories think they would be happier bottling perfumes, and perfumers get so sick of the nauseating stuff that they get out at four o'clock in the morning to stand in line before the employment offices of tanneries.

'Maybe that is why,' continued the ***Easterner,*** 'I am so thoroughly enraptured with Los Angeles. Everything is *too* beautiful—the palms, the roses, the sunshine, the skies. The beauty of the city is due primarily to its architects. Their bungalow designs are as captivating as they are extraordinary. When an Eastern man builds a bungalow, he builds a wagon shed with a porch in front. When a California architect plans a bungalow, he plans something exquisite, and if the builder takes the trouble to install floors that will not fall—as they usually do—the result is all that could be desired and more.

When one rides through the bungalow section of Hollywood he is entranced. Every bungalow is a startling innovation. On a warm, moonlight night in winter, the effect is one never to be forgotten. Which leads me to say that quiet, beautiful Hollywood is about as far removed from the popular conception of it as anything could be. There was not a single woman murdered while I was there, nor did I see any gentlemen riding through the streets with their feet out of the windows of taxicabs. It is as quiet and orderly as an Iowa town—and *that* is about what it is.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. Are battleships of the Colorado *class identical with those of the* California *class and if not, wherein do they differ?*

Answer. No, there is a difference between these two classes of vessels. In the amount of armament the *California* has: Twelve 14-inch 50-caliber guns; twelve 5-inch 51-caliber guns; eight 3-inch anti-aircraft guns; four 6-pounders; two 1-pounders; two 21-inch submerged torpedo tubes.

The *Colorado* has: Eight 16-inch 45-caliber guns; twelve 5-inch 51-caliber guns; eight 5-inch anti-aircraft guns; four 6-pounders; two 1-pounders; two 21-inch submarine torpedo tubes.

In the matter of armor the *California's* main belt is 14 inches and the main belt of the *Colorado* is 16 to 14 inches. The funnel bases of the *California* class are 15 to 9 inches, while the funnel bases of the *Colorado* class are 16 to 9 inches. The turrets in each class are the same being 18 to 9 inches, as are the conning towers which are 16 inches. In the matter of under-water protection and protective decks the *Colorado* class has somewhat more complete protection than that of the *California.*

* * *

Q. What was the nature of the contract England secured with Spain in 1713 with regard to slavery in North America?

A. This was the '*assiento*,' a term especially applied to an agreement between the Spanish Government and a foreign nation to import Negro slaves from Africa into the Spanish colonies in America, for a limited time, on payment of certain duties. The English were the sole possessors of this agreement till 1701. In 1713 the celebrated *assiento* treaty was concluded between Spain and Great Britain for thirty years at Utrecht. By this contract the English, among other privileges, obtained the right of sending a permission or *assiento* ship, so-called, of 500 tons every year, with all sorts of merchandise, to the Spanish colonies. By the treaty of Madrid, October 5, 1750, the contract was annulled.

* * *

Q. I should like to know something about the last of the six-masters.

A. This is the *Edward J. Lawrence* of Portland, Maine, the only six-master afloat today. She was built in Bath in 1908 at a cost of $165,000 and no pains were spared to make her seaworthy and beautiful. From stem to stern she measures 340 feet with a jib boom extending 92 feet beyond. Her beam measures 51 feet 6 inches, and her great masts, 30 inches in diameter and 122 feet high, are of Oregon pine and are surmounted by topmasts measuring 65 feet. Her sails, when unfurled, spread 11,000 square yards of canvas. She is commanded by Captain Joe York.

* * *

> *In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.*

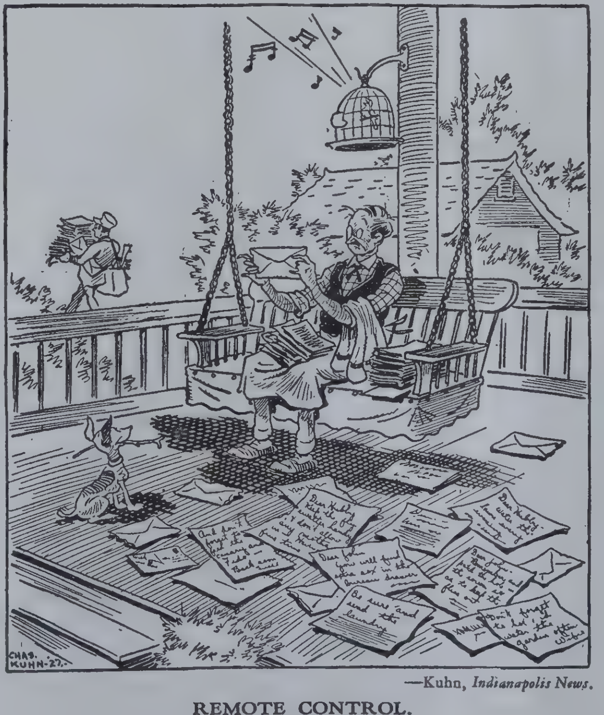
Q. Is it necessary in applying for a patent to send a working model to the Patent Office? If so, what protection can one have while such a model is being made?

A. A model is not necessary, but it is advisable to apply for a patent through a reliable patent attorney and it will be necessary to furnish him with such data regarding the invention as will enable him properly to describe it in the patent. There is no legal protection for the inventor during the period that he is working out the invention, and in the event that he is granted a patent, his protection dates from the issue of the patent. While the invention is being worked out it is advisable to make dated and witnessed records of its progress and these records should be subsequently filed away with the patent application file.

* * *

Q. What are the entrance requirements for West Point and how are appointments made?

A. The maximum authorized strength of the Corps of Cadets is 1,378, selected from candidates between the ages of 17 and 22 years, nominated as follows: 2 by each United States senator, 2 by each representative in Congress and territorial delegate, 2 by the Vice-President, 100 by the President, 20 selected from among honor graduates of 'honor military schools,' 2 from natives of Porto Rico, 4 from natives of the Philippine Islands, 4 from the District of Columbia, and 180 from among enlisted men of the Regular Army and National Guard. Those from the last-mentioned class are required to be between the ages of 19 and 22 years and must have served in their respective organizations for at least one year. Each candidate must pass a rigid physical examination and none is accepted who has any defect or infirmity which renders him unfit for military service. In addition each candidate must pass an examination in the subjects of algebra, geometry, English grammar, composition and literature, and history. Graduates of first-class high schools and students at universities and colleges of recognized standing may, however, submit educational certificates which will be considered by the academic board, and if satisfactory may be accepted in lieu of the mental examination. The course, which is four years in length, is largely mathematical and professional. The principal subjects taught are mathematics, English, French, Spanish, drawing, drill regulations of all arms of the service, natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, electricity, history, international, constitutional and military law, civil and military engineering, art and science of war, economics and government, and ordnance and gunnery. Each cadet when admitted to the academy signs an agreement to serve for a period of 8 years, unless sooner discharged by competent authority. Upon graduation cadets are commissioned second lieutenants in the United States Army, with the exception of the Filipino cadets, who are eligible for commission only in the Philippine Scouts. The pay of a cadet is $780 a year and commutation of rations, at present fixed at 80 cents per day. Detailed information may be had upon application to the Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C.


CHAS. KUHN-27.
And don't forget to feed the canary and Fido — Back soon
Dear Hubby Keep the fly swatter handy & don't allow any moths this time
Dear John You will find extra sox in the bureau drawer
Be sure and send the laundry
Dear Hubby. Water the lawn every evening
Don't forget to water the garden often Wife

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

REMOTE CONTROL.

* * *

Correction. In our July 30 issue in answer to the query, 'What is the pay of a sergeant in the army?' the answer was erroneously given in accordance with the monthly pay schedule of enlisted men of the Philippine Scouts instead of that of the Regular Army. The correct base pay in the Regular Army for first grade, master sergeant, is $126; for second grade, technical or first sergeant, $84; for third grade, staff sergeant, $72; and for fourth grade, sergeant, $54. The rate of pay at the end of every four years of service is permanently increased at the rate of 5 per cent of the base pay until the total increase reaches 25 per cent of the base pay, after which no further increases in pay are granted.

* * *

Q. Can you tell me why Pennsylvania is called the 'Keystone State'?

A. Pennsylvania was designated the 'Keystone State' because it occupied the center of the arch formed by the Original Thirteen States.

BRIEFLY TOLD

In Great Britain the right to print the King James Version of the Bible is restricted to the King's printer and to Oxford and Cambridge universities because this version was published at the expense of the Crown.

We say a person is 'cool as a cucumber' because the temperature of that vegetable is usually one degree lower than the surrounding atmosphere.

A traveling case containing $4,000 worth of jewelry, recently left standing at the curb between Sixth and Seventh avenues, New York City, remained untouched for five hours. At last one man's curiosity moved him to investigate. Upon viewing the contents, he hurried the bag to the police station, where it was later claimed by a jewelry salesman.

Amber, fossilized gum of plants that died millions of years ago, is used in pharmacy, the arts and as a gem. It is found principally in the United States.

A patient in an Australian hospital, after listening to a radio talk on wrestling, surprised the surgeons when, under an anesthetic, he gave a demonstration of wrestling skill, finally springing off the operating table to compete with an imaginary opponent.

India once possessed the knowledge of inlaying steel blades with gold without impairing the strength or spoiling the temper.

More than 10,000,000 meteors strike the earth's atmosphere daily, says Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard observatory. Although a meteor weighing 31,000 pounds was discovered at Willamette, Oregon, most of them are so small that they add to the earth a total weight of only 36,500 tons a year.

A gasoline tax ranging from one to five cents a gallon is imposed in all but four states. Revenue collected from this source during 1926 amounted to more than $187,000,000.

Among the old violins owned by Johannes Robey, a well-known collector, is one which contains an odd label in Latin. Interpreted, it means: 'I was living in the forest; the cruel ax slew me. While I was alive I was mute; dead, I sweetly sing.'

A New York dealer in autographs and a Philadelphia bookseller have purchased jointly the only known autograph manuscript of Edgar Allan Poe's 'Raven' from the family of Mrs. Edith D. Whitaker of Philadelphia.

Native Negro tribes of Africa have known something of metallurgy since prehistoric times. In making their favorite ornaments, doubled-link chains of copper wire to be worn as anklets and armlets, they use only clumsy pairs of pincers, yet the finished product is as delicately fabricated as many present-day watch chains.

More than one-half of the worst insect pests in the United States have been imported from foreign countries.

Bowlegs, Oklahoma, a thriving oil-boom town with a population of 750 persons, is named for two pre-boom Indian settlers, Billy and Lucy Bowlegs. Plans are under way for publication of a newspaper to be known as the *Bowlegged News.*

The human heart makes ten less strokes a minute when the body is in a recumbent position than when upright.

Deaf bicyclists of Germany number nearly twenty thousand. For their benefit and protection the Bicyclists' League has introduced a distinguishing symbol, a metal plate screwed to the rear bar of the wheel with three black balls in a triangle on a yellow background.

Four tons of worn-out paper money are returned to the Treasury Department each day.

Lord Howe Island, one of the Society Islands located south of Australia, is suffering from a rat pest which threatens to destroy its principal industry—the production of palm seeds. Using cats to combat the rats proved unsuccessful, so the inhabitants are trying another remedy—a shipment of rodent-eating owls imported from San Diego, California.

The elaborate funeral electric street car bought by Laredo, Texas, in 1889, is now used as a chicken house.

Uraguay's national anthem has seventy verses.

After working for most of his life on the Aeneid, Virgil was dissatisfied with it and expressed at death the wish that it be burned.

Between June and October the American public spends more than $1,300,000 a day for ice.

Fenian Ram, the world's oldest submarine, has been sold as junk for $100 to an antique dealer. Built in 1879 by John H. Holland for friends of Irish freedom, it was calculated to destroy the entire British fleet, but failed to fulfill its mission owing to a lull in Irish agitation.

Egyptians in the time of the Ptolemies were so violently opposed to red hair that they burned a red-haired maiden once a year.

Fifty years ago a textile plant of Chicopee, Massachusetts, resorted to the use of silver to replace all bills up to five dollars. Some 1,500 silver dollars, or 'cartwheels,' most of them the same coins put into circulation a half-century ago, are still moving about in this town.

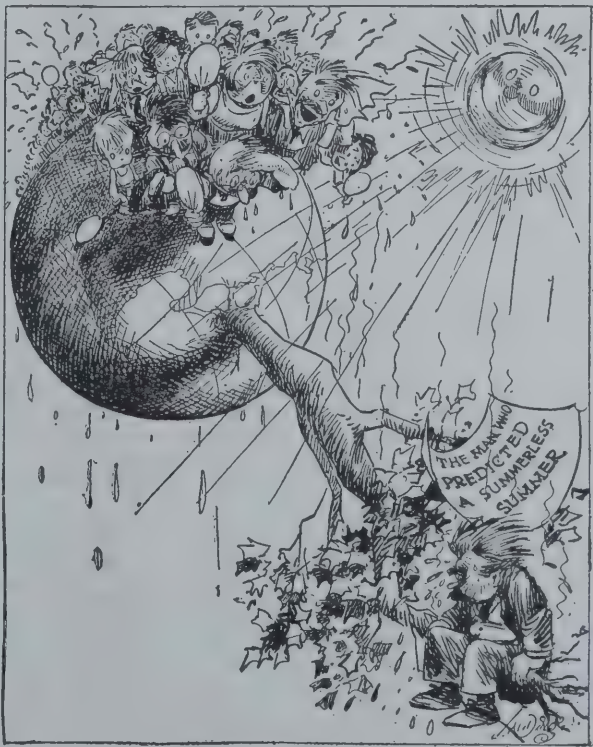
Nathaniel Winkle, the only cat in the world successfully to use a wooden leg for over a year, died recently at the age of twenty years.

So scarce are tea tasters becoming in London that the County Council is to be asked to establish tea-tasting classes in night schools. The shortage of experts in this line, a broker explains, is due to the fact that parents are unwilling to send their sons into a business requiring seven years' apprenticeship without pay, despite the fact that a trained tea taster can earn a salary of £1,000 a year, plus commissions of perhaps £8,000 more.

Goldfish do not exist anywhere in the wild state, but are a product of selective breeding. Centuries ago Chinese fish culturists interbred light-colored specimens of the carp family, producing many beautiful specimens, among them goldfish. Today they are produced in commercial aquariums from the same species of wild fish.

Oxford University, England, has adopted a rule limiting the number of its women students to one for every four men.

One pair of English sparrows multiplying for ten years without hindrance would number more than 275 billion descendants at the end of that period.


THE MAN WHO PREDICTED A SUMMERLESS SUMMER

—Darling, in the *Detroit News.* (c) N. Y. *Herald-Tribune.*

NEVER MIND, THERE'S ONE MAN WHO FEELS THE HEAT WORSE THAN WE DO.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S page this week discusses the desirability of the element of patience in connection with reform.

* * *

This week's cover design, by Gerald Van der Heyden, is quaint and original. It represents a group of wandering minstrels in full blast, including the 'one man band,' which used to be heard and seen in our towns and villages much more frequently than it is now.

* * *

A poem—'Desert Fantasy'—by Glenn Ward Dresbach, one of the younger school of poets, appears on page 2 of this cover.

* * *

When prohibition became law many people sympathized with the distillers and brewers because they were put out of business without compensation or adequate time to dissolve. Willis J. Abbot gives the inner story of the battle between the prohibition advocates and the liquor interests which preceded legislation and shows just why the liquor interests went unpaid. (p. 1)

* * *

Many years ago Mark Twain wrote about the South, more particularly the mountainous district of eastern Tennessee. Here was the village where Squire Hawkins talked to Nancy about the future, indicating what the coming of the railroad would mean to the place. Whether or not Mark Twain was a true prophet the reader must judge. But certainly improved transportation and good roads act like magic in a backward neighborhood. It takes contact with the outside world to remove cobwebs from sidetracked civilization. (p. 3)

* * *

When H. H. Karpinski, the father of Professor Karpinski of the University of Michigan, left Poland years ago, it was a dismembered state, choked in its development through being distributed among Russia, Germany and Austria. Since the World War it has been altogether different. Poland, reunited and rehabilitated, has regained the right to govern herself. Mr. Karpinski, himself a Pole, throws much light on present-day conditions. (p. 4)

* * *

One does not usually associate romance with barge canals. Nevertheless the waterways running from one town to another or from one state to another have become as much the medium of romance as have the highways and byways. They have also been the means of the avoidance of natural obstacles which lie between the ocean and the Great Lakes. Water transport in spite of railroads and motors is likely to be revived on a greater scale than ever. (p. 6)

* * *

When Woodrow Wilson went to Paris on his peace mission he was hailed by the French people as their deliverer from years of war. Hero-worship is too prosaic a term to use in defining the reception accorded to him and the enthusiasm that prevailed. War debts were spoken about then, but not by the people. This subject was only discussed behind closed doors until later. It is only now that the people are beginning to realize what Wilson tried to do for them. (p. 8)

* * *

How many people know that France harbors within her borders a tiny portion of her next-door neighbor's territory? Somewhere east of the center of the Pyrenees, Llivia was once a city which was the resting place of emperors and the headquarters of mighty armies. Smuggling is now the principal industry. (p. 9)

* * *

Not so many years ago certain portions of the West were wild if not exactly woolly, and the Southwest had both characteristics. Under these conditions there flourished 'Law West of the Pecos.' A justice of the peace of a unique personality not only administered the laws but made them. His jurisdiction was unlimited and he enforced his decrees without fear or favor. There was no one to dispute his decisions. This was in Langtry, Texas. Max Bentley, journalist and magazine writer, tells the story. (p. 12)

* * *

No one has drawn a better picture of Thoreau as the genius of the woods than has Julian Hawthorne, son of the famous novelist. In a series of intimate pictures, we are shown just what manner of man Thoreau was. Nathaniel Hawthorne knew him. Julian Hawthorne knew him still better because he followed him to the woods and watched him as a land surveyor as well as a naturalist. Young Hawthorne was a silent admirer and silence pleased Thoreau. (p. 14)

* * *

Those acquainted with Hugh Walpole's novels must know Polchester, with its cathedral, canons' houses, feudal castle and Seatown. F. L. Black has compiled the story of Polchester and its people from the creations of Hugh Walpole, and Paul Honoré has mapped out the city in all its medieval dignity. (p. 17)

* * *

Among the shorter articles in this issue are 'Memories of Vanished London' by Duncan MacConnell, a story which recalls Shakespeare, Dr. Samuel Johnson and other literary giants (p. 22), and an interesting column or two on page 25 about America's Passion Play; and on page 27 there is something that furnishes useful information to housewives: how to keep ice cold in the ice box.

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Latta, South Carolina.

I cannot hesitate longer to praise THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. As a teacher, with the colossal task of interesting pupils in history for the first time, I know of no other magazine so valuable. It has always a store of historical articles written in such a way as to catch the interest of the pupil and with illustrations better than our texts can afford.

The pictures are wonderful as teaching aids in geography; economical questions are made simple for young minds. In the last number I see three articles I can use in my grade work this year, dealing with history or geography, to say nothing of the articles on good manners.

By the way, we had guests when the number containing the article on good manners came, and my son checked them up according to that article. The first article in the same number, 'The Abdication of the Russian Emperor Nicholas II,' giving the royalist view is nothing but fair. I believe in giving both views and in that way get an unbiased opinion or view. What could teach children more of the Mississippi River than 'In the Wake of the Flood.' Not only geography is taught in a first-hand vital way but health, sanitation, welfare work, et cetera.

To give children the article 'The Conqueror of Difficulties' will make the winner of our great northwest a real figure in history, and the delight of children to find their heroes in magazines is unbounded.

Probably it is an old idea but I have found that it works beautifully—the plan of teaching children to keep a scrapbook. I announce at the beginning of a term that we will keep a scrapbook. I give credit for any article about which we have studied, these to be cut from any newspaper or magazine. However, all articles are not eligible for the book. This is to stimulate the use of newspapers, to evaluate material, and broaden the mind. It is thrilling to have an apparently uninterested child come to school with a beaming face and a bit of the morning paper saying Edison got off the train for a few minutes for exercise, after having studied Edison's life a few days before.

I do not hesitate to say that more articles for our scrapbooks are found in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT than in any other magazine. Ever since the paper came to my attention I have tried to have them and periodically my husband, a Ford dealer, will want to give some of them away to friends and we come near a family squabble.

I wish I had them all. I'd make a scrapbook worth while, a historical and geographical reader for the grammar grades. I want to thank you for helping me to make history and geography more human for my boys and girls.

Sincerely,
MARY BELLE MANNING BETHEA.
(Mrs. Chas. E. Bethea)

Sunday finds the President and Mrs. Coolidge in the Congregational Church in Hermosa, S. D. They are seen here leaving church.

—International Newsreel.

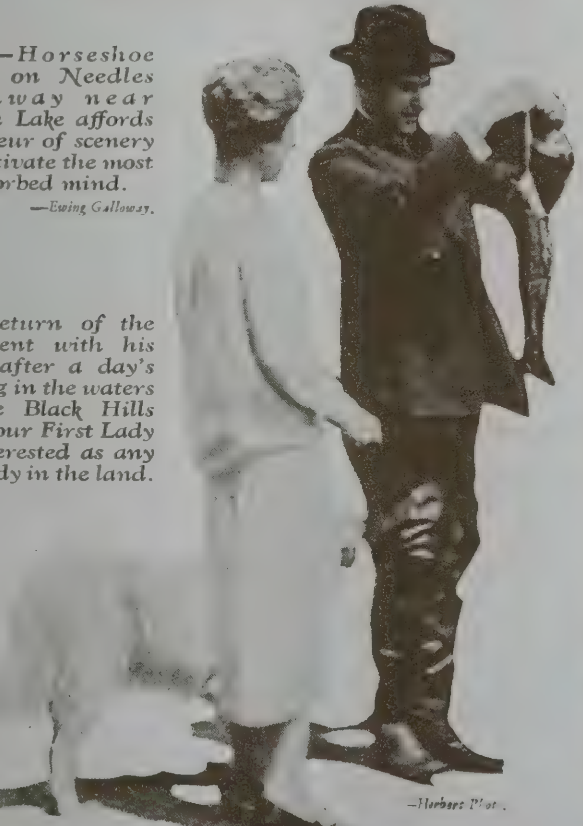
OUR PRESIDENT'S 'Back to Nature' Vacation

—Ewing Galloway.

Game Lodge, the summer White House of 1927, in Black Hills, S. D., typifies summer comfort.

Top—Horseshoe curve on Needles Highway near Sylvan Lake affords grandeur of scenery to captivate the most absorbed mind.

—Ewing Galloway.



The return of the President with his catch after a day's casting in the waters of the Black Hills finds our First Lady as interested as any last lady in the land.

—Herbert Phot.

—Publishers' Photo Service.

Every day worship is possible at Cathedral Rocks, S. D.

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URBANA ILL

THAT we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us—that we should respect the rights of others as scrupulously as we would have our rights respected—is not a mere counsel of perfection to individuals—but it is the law to which we must conform social institutions and national policy, if we would secure the blessings and abundance of peace.

—*Henry George.*

051 Q.R.
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The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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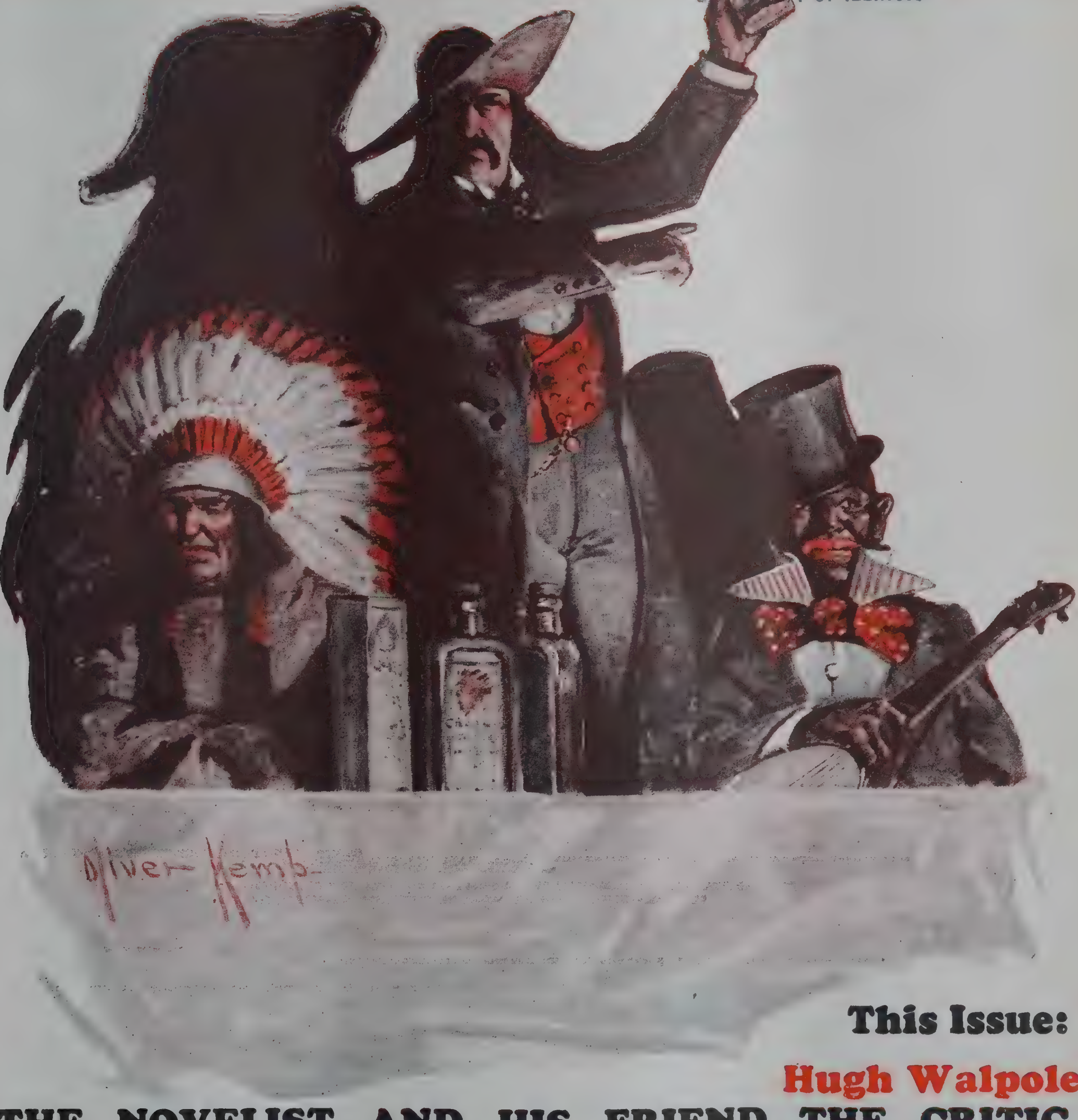

This Issue:

Hugh Walpole

THE NOVELIST AND HIS FRIEND THE CRITIC

Copyright: *The Rider.*

—Ewing Galloway Photo.

The Rider

By GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I WAVE my cap, I shake my reins,
I flit across the heather.
The light blood sparkles in my veins,
Mine and my steed's together.

What turn of fortune's giddy wheel
Awaits us as we wander,
I do not know. I only feel
Something that calls me yonder.

A merry-hearted maid to woo,
A fox to chase with ardor,
Perchance the flash of bright steel too—
'Strike, boy, and I'll strike harder.'

I know not, care not, what remains,
I flit across the heather.
The light blood sparkles in my veins,
Mine and my steed's together.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

AUGUST 27
1927

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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Volume 27
Number 45

Looking down the canyon at the proposed dam site in Boulder Canyon.

The Political Issues of the Colorado River

By HUSTON THOMPSON

THE Colorado River is in politics. It is not mere petty politics but smashing big national politics, commensurate with the size of this great river. What caused the political contest is not definitely known. The controversy, however, started shortly after the war. Perhaps Muscle Shoals and its hydraulic electric possibilities awoke politicians and power companies to the great prize that was at stake. At any rate, whereas Government officials, and particularly the men in its administrative departments previous to the war, had aroused little interest through their investigations, reports, and recommendations about this Red River of the Rockies, the situation is now seething.

As practically all of the soil fit for farming in the great watershed of this river is arid, the value of water for reclamation purposes is almost priceless. In addition to farming, the states in the upper regions of the river, like Colorado and Wyoming, will need water for domestic uses, if they propose to take care of large populations in the future. Cities like Denver have already absorbed about all of the water they can get from the eastern slope of the Rockies. It has become necessary to look to the watershed on the western slope that runs down into the Colorado River.

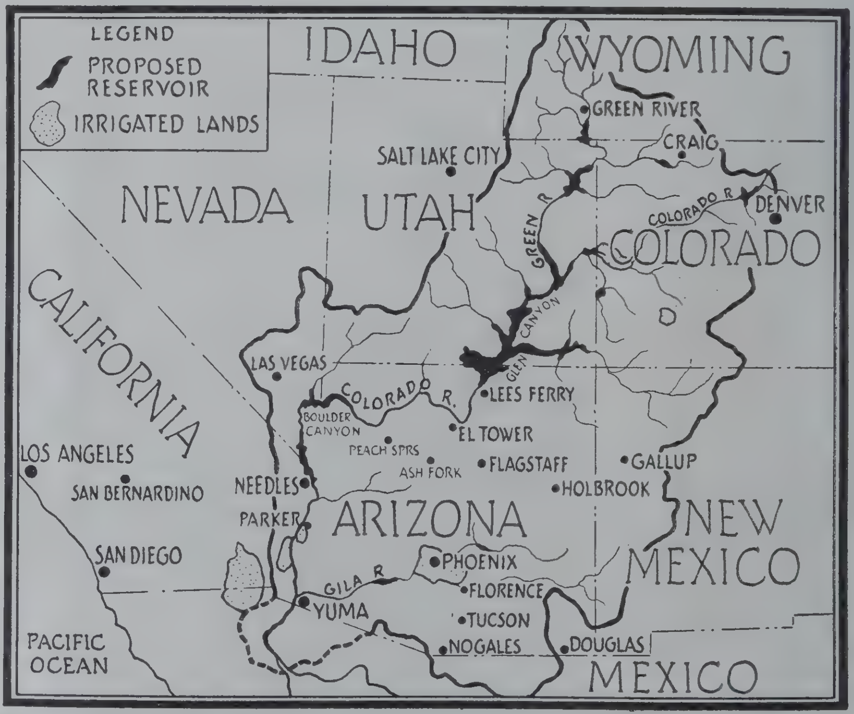
Becoming nervous over the possibility that those in the lower states might acquire prior rights under the law by virtue of application and use of the water, citizens of Colorado began to agitate for some sort of an agreement between the states, whereby a division of the water would be made for the future, which would let the people of Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico rest in peace so far as their future development was concerned.

The agitation of the people of these states pressed down upon the Secretary of the Interior, who was making an investigation of the river under an Act of Congress of 1920, and in response thereto in his report to Congress the Secretary of the Interior urged, among other things, the enactment of a law permitting the states in the watershed of the Colorado River to enter into a treaty or compact to divide the flow of this stream.

In answer to this recommendation, Congress passed an act committing itself to such a procedure on the part of the states. The legislature of each of the seven states—Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and California—in turn authorized representatives of their respective states to meet and to draw up a compact between the states making a division of the water of the river for the future, with a proviso that the compact must be ratified by all the states before it can become effective.

At last, after recommendations dating back as far as President Roosevelt's time, a real start was about to be made by the states interested in controlling the acts of the Colorado River for the benefit of the citizens of these western states. Their representatives gathered for action at Bishop's Lodge, formerly the home of Bishop Lamey and now a charming hostelry situated among the hills three miles outside of the town of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

AFTER much travail, this assemblage of state representatives, together with the Honorable Herbert Hoover, representing the Federal Government, brought forth what has become known as 'The Seven-State Compact.' This compact divided the great watershed into two basins. In the northern area there were grouped together Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico and in the lower basin the states of Nevada, California and Arizona. The point in the watershed on the river where the basins divided was at Lee Ferry, a short distance below the Utah line in Arizona. At this spot it was provided that water equivalent to 75,000,000 acre feet must pass during a period of 10 years for the benefit of the states in the lower basin. Figured annually, this meant 7,500,000 acre feet of the water not already appropriated to be divided among Arizona, California and Nevada. They were to have an additional million acre feet a year already put to a beneficial use. The northern group of states was to have a like 75,000,000 acre feet from the river.



Colorado drainage basin, based on a U. S. Geological Survey.

Apparently satisfied after their arduous labors at Bishop's Lodge, the commissioners departed for their respective states in peaceful and apparently confident frame of mind. Very shortly thereafter, six states had ratified the compact, but the State of Arizona refused and upon its refusal the political fat slipped into the fire where it has been ever since.

Being unable to get the compact ratified by Arizona, the remaining six states drew up what they termed a 'Six-State Compact.' When it came to ratification, however, the State of California insisted that with its ratification were to go certain requirements regarding the building of a reservoir at Boulder Dam in Arizona for the purpose of holding back the flood waters of the river and protecting the Imperial Valley from floods; increasing the supply of water for irrigating the Valley; creating power at the dam, and the lifting of water up on a lofty plateau to supply additional requirements of cities in southern California.

THIS move on the part of California reacted on the State of Utah, which, in turn, withdrew from the compact, leaving but five states that have ratified the compact and are willing to stand by their ratification.

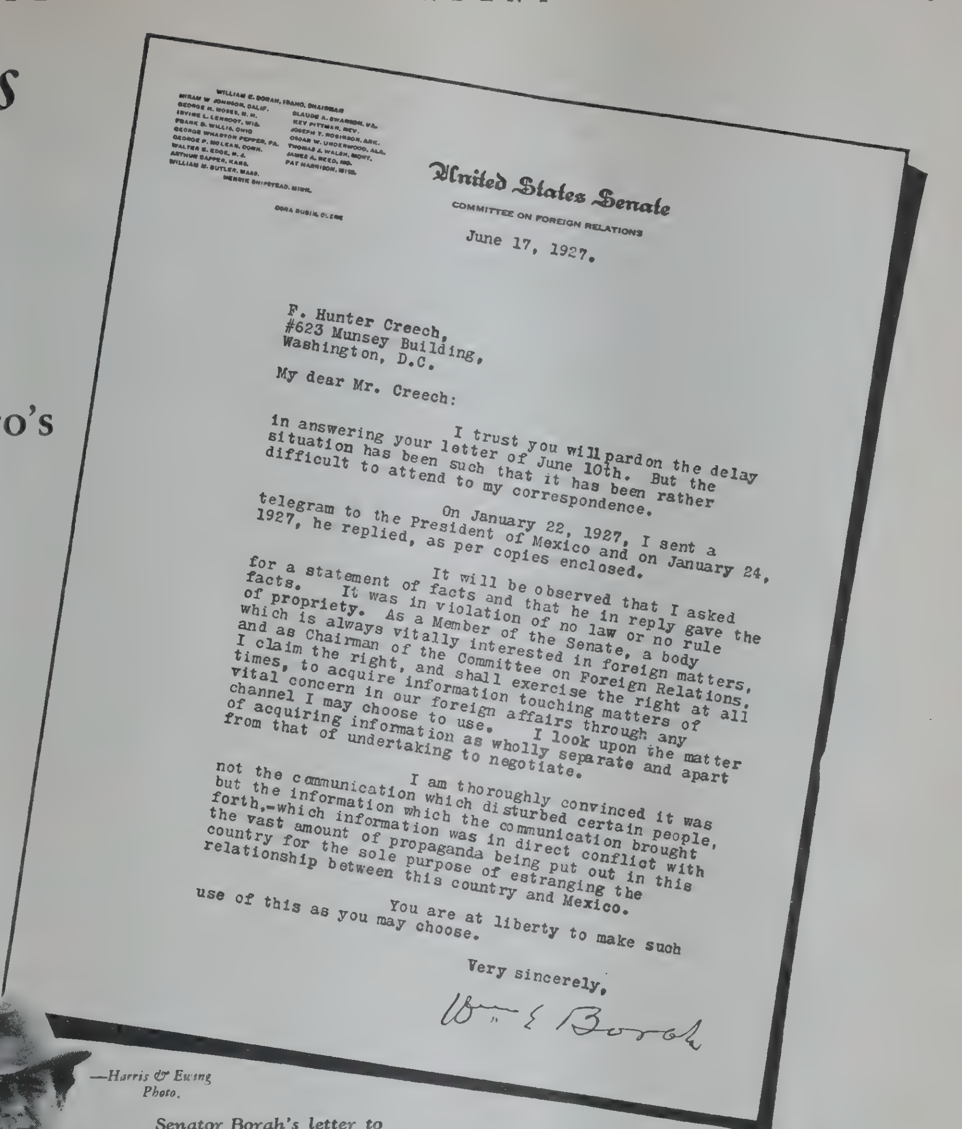
It should be borne in mind that those states in the upper basin had declared that the interest which moved them was the reservation of enough water to assure them the reclamation of their arid lands; a domestic water supply for their cities and power requirements. They were not interested in the dispute between California and Arizona over the location of a storage and power reservoir in Arizona. Of course, they were all motivated by the desire to protect the people of the Imperial Valley from injury through floods.

Arizona's state of mind was very acute and real to its representatives. Instead of a dam located at the Boulder site, they asserted the necessity of one located hundreds of miles above it at Glen Canyon. With a diversion dam in Bridge Canyon several hundred miles below, they assert that they can create electric power as readily as at the Boulder Dam site. Moreover, they argue that with a tunnel seventy miles long through a rocky area they can reach and reclaim 3,000,000 acres of land in the heart of Arizona. They also assert that, as the dam will be located and the water stored in their state and power created there, they should have the right to tax such power, just as Pennsylvania has the right to tax anthracite coal that is mined in that state. It is calculated that the revenue from taxation would amount to approximately $3,000,000 a year.

IN attacking the position of California, the representatives of Arizona contend that the idea of raising water 1,500 feet and using, as they assert, several hundred thousand horsepower to do so, so that the water may be carried by canal to Los Angeles and to other California cities, is preposterous. They say that California has watersheds of her own, which can be tapped for her cities. They assert that if the water stored at the Boulder Canyon is used for power, there will have to be a continuous flow so great that it will give to Mexico, to which the overflow will go, far more than it has at present, while at the same time it will deprive Arizona of this water. Why, they ask, should California dominate the situation and get the use of three-fourths of the water stored, when none of the water of the river comes from her watersheds? Finally, they say that they are willing to enter into a compromise with California, distributing the amount allotted to the three states in the southern basin, giving Nevada all she has asked for and dividing the remainder on a fifty-fifty basis between California and Arizona. This, they state, is as far as they will go and unless the other states meet *(Continued on page 27)*

BORAH *Asks* CALLES *About* Oil

The President *of* Mexico's Reply



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United States Senate
COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

June 17, 1927.

F. Hunter Creech,
#623 Munsey Building,
Washington, D.C.

My dear Mr. Creech:

I trust you will pardon the delay in answering your letter of June 10th. But the situation has been such that it has been rather difficult to attend to my correspondence.

On January 22, 1927, I sent a telegram to the President of Mexico and on January 24, 1927, he replied, as per copies enclosed.

It will be observed that I asked for a statement of facts and that he in reply gave the facts. It was in violation of no law or no rule of propriety. As a Member of the Senate, a body which is always vitally interested in foreign matters, and as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, I claim the right, and shall exercise the right at all times, to acquire information touching matters of vital concern in our foreign affairs through any channel I may choose to use. I look upon the matter of acquiring information as wholly separate and apart from that of undertaking to negotiate.

I am thoroughly convinced it was not the communication which disturbed certain people, but the information which the communication brought forth,-which information was in direct conflict with the vast amount of propaganda being put out in this country for the sole purpose of estranging the relationship between this country and Mexico.

You are at liberty to make such use of this as you may choose.

Very sincerely,

Wm E Borah

A READER of our 'Can You Tell Me?' page inquired as to what senator had written to an official of a foreign government asking that official for information. Further, if such senator had violated any law in so doing, or should he have requested the information through the State Department? Senator Borah being the senator involved, our Washington representative addressed a letter to him requesting information concerning the matter. We feel the senator's cablegram and the reply are sufficiently interesting and important to pass on to our readers.

January 22, 1927.
'To the President of Mexico.
Mexico City, Mexico.

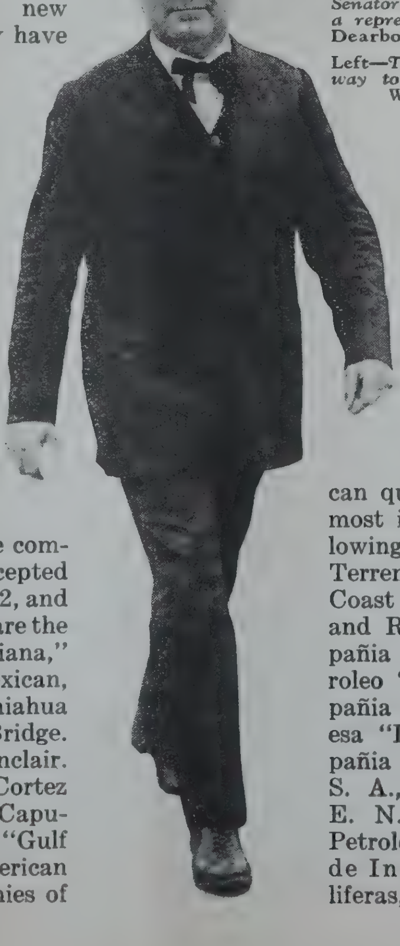
If agreeable may I be advised as to the exact facts relative to oil companies accepting the new petroleum law? How many have accepted and how many have not yet accepted? I would like also to be advised the names of the more important companies which have not accepted.

WM. E. BORAH.'

Mexico, Jan. 24
'Mr. Wm. E. Borah,
Washington, D. C.

I reply with pleasure to your message of the day before yesterday, submitting the following data: The companies which have accepted the petroleum law are 380. The companies which have not accepted the petroleum law are only 22, and of these the most important are the following: "Standard of Indiana," Huasteca Petroleum, Mexican, Tuxpam Petroleum, Tamiahua Petroleum, Doheny and Bridge. "Sinclair" Mexican Sinclair. "Standard" Atlantic, Cortez Aguada, Mexican Crude, Capuchinas, Panuco Boston. "Gulf Coast" Mexican Gulf, American International. The companies of Doheny and Bridge, Atlantic, Capuchinas and Mexican Crude are Mexican companies organized in Mexico under the control of the constitution of 1917. Of the 380 companies which have accepted the petroleum law, I can quote to you as the most important, the following: Compañia de Terrenos "Imperio," Gulf Coast Co., Southern Fuel and Refining Co., Compañia Mexicana de Petroleo "El Aguila," Compañia Mexicana Holandesa "La Corona," Compañia Unida de Petroleo S. A., P. J. Gujker S. E. N. C., International Petroleum Co., Compañia de Inversiones Petroliferas, Jones and Co., Compañia "Franco Española" S. A., East Coast Oil Co., "La Espuela" Oil Company, The Texas Co. of Mexico, S. A., New England Fuel Oil Co., of Mexico, S. A., New England Fuel Oil Co., Penn. Mex. Fuel Oil Co., Continental Mex. Pet. Co., Compañia Mexicana de Combustible. These 380 companies have solicited on the whole 643 petroleum concessions on lands with claims previous to May 1, 1917, when the present constitution came into effect in accordance with the provisions of the petroleum law. These concessions embrace a total of 26,835,000 acres. The lands with claims prior to May 1, 1917, which the 22 companies possess who did not comply with the petroleum law embrace a total extent of 1,661,000 acres. Consequently the lands which have not complied with the petroleum law represent approximately six per cent of the total area of land on which claims exist prior to May 1, 1917. I will send you by mail fuller and more detailed information. I am pleased at the interest which you are taking in this matter and God grant that the data submitted to you may be of use.

Affectionately,
PRESIDENT CALLES.'



—*Harris & Ewing Photo.*

Senator Borah's letter to a representative of The Dearborn Independent.

Left—The senator on his way to the Capitol in Washington.

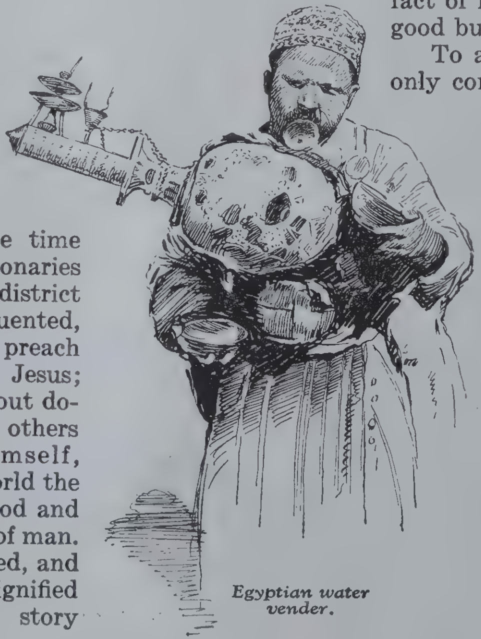
Prayer on the great Sahara Desert, near Biskra.

—Publishers' Photo Service.

The OTHER FELLOW

By A. M. SPOER

A STORY is told that some missionaries had among them a native teacher who did not give them satisfaction. They did not question his honesty or good intentions but he committed indiscretions which were a bad example to the people among whom he worked. He could not always give account of money intrusted to him for charitable purposes; he parted with it on impulse, often in such ways as he thought would do most good; he would fail to return, when expected, from a journey, remaining to nurse the sick, or comfort the sorrowful, instead of acting in obedience to his instructions. He was considered disorderly and inexact, was dismissed, and disappeared. Some time later the missionaries went into a district hitherto unfrequented, and began to preach about the life of Jesus; how He went about doing good, loved others better than Himself, showed to the world the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The hearers smiled, and nodded, and signified that the whole story was familiar. 'It is all true,' they said; 'who should know if not we? He lives among us, we all love Him.' And they fetched the dismissed teacher.



Egyptian water vender.

How many comments might be made! Truth is personal to the mind that thinks it. To one race or time one particular truth has more value than to another race or time. What to one man is the greatest thing in the world, to another is a secondary matter, while the truth which, to him, is the saving fact of life, appears to another good but not supreme.

To acknowledge this is the only condition upon which we can enter into the lives of those who differ from ourselves, particularly in the Near East, where many things look to us morally, as well as physically, upside down. The Semitic people begin to read a book at the end; they write from right to left; they put carpets on the walls and pictures on the ceilings; the men, rather than the women, perform religious duties, and, in the villages, you recognize a man by his petticoats and a woman by her trousers.

'But,' we say, 'these are matters of custom. Matters of principle are the same the world over.' We consider perhaps that the Oriental has little regard for truth. A servant who leaves you to better himself will tell you with tears in his eyes that he is grieved to leave you but he is needed at home. We are shocked when we discover his deceit, as much shocked as he would be to appear inconsiderate or ungrateful. He puts one virtue to the front, we another, and we both consider ourselves in the right.

I have even heard it argued that to tell a lie injures only oneself; to say what is unkind injures another. The Koran lays great stress upon kindness and pleasant manners. The Koran, Turk, or Arab, will give you a pleasant answer even if it be after the manner of the courtier who, on being asked about the weather, replied, 'It is whatever weather your majesty pleases.'

A certain John Antes, a Moravian, wrote a book in 1800 which showed more intelligence and honesty than those of many travelers. 'I frequently observed,' he says, 'that travelers, even such as had otherwise all the advantages of learning, gathered their materials not only to satisfy their own curiosity but to compile a narrative for sale. I have myself often advised them not to note down all they heard from unqualified persons, knowing, by my own experience, that the Arabs will never leave you without an answer, though they do not know or care if there be any truth in it.' This, of course, is showing the worst side of the picture, but it is certainly true that the Oriental is seldom at a loss. He, like the Chinaman, is an expert in 'saving his face.'

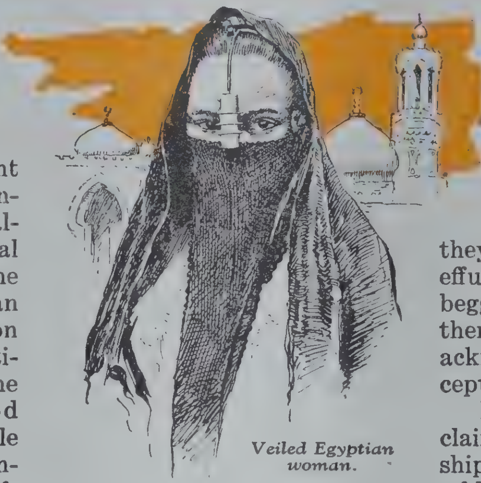
I once left a luminous matchbox in my room and happened to overhear the exclamations of two maids who came upon it in the dark. The younger screamed '*Yammer Yammer*,' that is, '*Ya Ummi*' (O my mother!), and ran away. The elder retired discreetly and fetched a light, and then I heard her expressing perplexity as to what had become of 'the devil with the square white eye.' I showed her the box, and explained the matter as best I could. Later, the younger girl refused to go upstairs to face the *shaitan* (devil), upon which the elder observed contemptuously, 'It is nothing but a tin box. All day long it eats the sun, and at night it spits it out!'

I asked an Egyptian why the sun should be feminine and the moon masculine in Arabic, when, with us, the reverse is the case. 'In my country,' he answered with some disdain, 'we should not think of allowing a lady to go out alone at night!'

Shopping crowds on a street in Cairo. —*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

A Christian visitor to Jerusalem once observed to me that in view of the great variety of Christian sects gathered in the Holy City we ought to use the Litany daily, so as to pray against 'false doctrine, heresy and schism.' Knowing the place, and indeed the Christians of the Levant in general, better than she did, I suggested that the more important suffrage was that against 'evil-speaking, lying and slandering.'

I once had occasion to apologize to a Moslem gentleman of high rank who had been obliged to listen, in my drawing-room, to the conversation of two ladies who were destroying the reputation of a third. 'Pray do not suppose,' I said, 'that it is because they are Christians that they talk in this way; it is because they are vulgar and ill-bred.' With true oriental politeness he assured me that he did not criticize them. 'Every country has its own customs,' he said. 'We do not do that because our religion condemns it.' I was too much humiliated to dare to quote the Golden Rule.



Veiled Egyptian woman.

The question of difference in the point of view should be considered when it is alleged that the Oriental is not grateful. The teaching of the Koran is very definite upon the subject of gratitude toward God, the Giver of all good things, but the people think that they are entitled to the good offices of their fellow creatures, but have no claim upon the mercy of God.

The Egyptian traveler Lane tells that he once gave shelter to a Bedu—a man of the desert—who was in fear of his life, and who on parting uttered no word of thanks. 'Had he done so it would have implied that he thought me a person of mean disposition who regarded a positive duty as an act imposing obligation.' Hence the Arabs usually acknowledge a benefit merely by a prayer for the life, or the posterity, of the benefactor. It is only the beggar, they say, who thanks effusively. He has begged for a favor and therefore is bound to acknowledge its reception.

Every man has a claim upon the friendship of another. One seldom receives a request direct from the would-be recipient. A third person pleads his cause. 'He is my friend,' he will say. Not an old friend, nor a dear friend, but simply 'my friend.' If one thanks for favors one is answered, 'It is my duty.' We have often received important kindnesses even from strangers, with no other claim than that.

The question of honesty, which seems to us so simple a matter—'Thou shalt not steal'—has also its complications. The men of the desert will risk their lives to steal, but they will never contravene the law of the wilderness. If a wayfarer's camel should sink and die beneath his burden, the owner will draw a circle round the animal, in the sand, and follow the caravan. No Arab, Syrian nor Egyptian will presume to touch the lading however tempting.

When Britain was at war in Egypt with Mehemet Ali, he forwarded the British mails to India with the utmost fidelity, a standard of civilization from which we have fallen away widely in these latter

(*Continued on page 23*)

LITTLE ESSAYS *From a* NORTHERN COTTAGE

The NOVELIST *and His Friend the* CRITIC

By HUGH WALPOLE

NEXT year will be the twentieth since the publication of my first novel and, sitting here in this marvellous tranquillity, watching the wind lift the surface of the lake as though with inquisitive fingers and then with caressing hand straighten it all out into blue glassiness again, I start wondering about that old, old business, never to be settled so long as this life lasts, the relation of creator and critic.

In my twenty years' experience how much of the criticism that I have received has helped me to better creation or how much has angered and embittered me? And then, looking out beyond my own little experience, has English criticism during these twenty years been on the whole a fine and inspiring affair? And then beyond that once more is criticism today creative at all, is it tending, as a friend of mine insisted the other day, more and more to become simply the bell-ringing town crier, is real creative criticism in these days harder and harder to find?

SOME paper had a symposium the other day asking writers to give honestly their opinion as to the use that criticism had been to them in their careers and, with one voice loudly lifted, the writers declared that it had been of no use to them at all. I have talked to many fine writers in my time and to one or two great ones and, without any exception, they have expressed themselves as contemptuous of criticism, and this, I am sure, not through cowardice nor jealousy nor natural human impatience at being rebuked nor from any great conceit. The better the writer the more modest he is, in the real sense of the word. Arnold Bennett, for instance, has a reputation, I believe, for cocksureness and self-assertiveness; speak to him about the colour of a waistcoat or the work of a modern French painter and he is as arrogant as you please; let the most Arcadian young idiot criticise to him *The Old Wives' Tale* and he will listen with charming patience and perfect courtesy.

No, writers who have a long career behind them are not conceited, they know too much and have suffered too deeply the eternal disappointments of the elusive dream; it is not from conceit that they disregard criticism; it is rather from their own knowledge of their own impulse of creation. Be they small artists or great, successful or unsuccessful in the worldly sense, they are aware that they are in contact with something most profoundly private and secret. They may drag out from this private store treasure so slight and insignificant as absolutely to justify the critic's scorn but it is not their own little prize that keeps them remote but rather their personal contact with something greater and richer by far than they can themselves display.

And to this the critic answers quite naturally: What business have I with your private experience? My function is to test your public production, to apply to that certain tests that I have found to be worthy ones; I am concerned neither with your private life nor with your secret hopes; I am one of the policemen of the arts helping to direct the ignorant mob.

And to this the creator in his turn replies: Very good; I acknowledge your function, I will agree also that at its finest your art is as creative as mine, only your policeman's outstretched hand is not for me, I must obey another commander. Here we arrive, I fancy, at the roots of the quarrel between the two; the critic develops—he must develop if he is going to be any good at his job—a critical mind; he has trained himself to apply these works that come before him to the tests that he has found to be adequate; his critical mind, even when it is at its very freshest, is naturally more concerned with the rules that he is applying than with the work that he is judging. At least this is so unless some personal enthusiasm for the work is so strong that he allows this critical apartness to be invaded by the warm blood of enthusiasm; it is then that he has his best times although it is not then, as a rule, that he produces his best judgments, but it is almost always then that he achieves his best creative work.

One must also sadly admit that, on the other hand, being only human, he is invaded sometimes by his personal piques and prejudices. I remember once, when I was very young and had more critical work to do than was suited to my tender years, meeting a well-known novelist at a tea party and thinking, because his countenance did not light up with pleasure at being in my company, that I had been neglected, and for several years afterwards I reviewed his novels, I am afraid, with chilly scorn. I thought that I was being just; I prided myself, I remember, on my critical honesty.

The critic in fact has to meet a thousand dangers and it is not astonishing that he falls before some of them. Most difficult of all to discipline is the personal preference or distaste, something that comes from I know not where, something that is part of one's very heart and lungs. Why is it, for example, if I may make this personal for a moment, that the novels of Edith Wharton are to me false, artificial and hard (always with the exception of *Ethen Frome*), while the stories of Virginia Woolf are a perfect glory and delight? In abstract criticism I know that the books of Mrs. Wharton have many virtues; I recognize their adroitness and technical slickness, their ironic view and sharp sophisticated dialogue, but I am sure that I should be acting falsely were I to consent to review one of her books; there is something in me too personally prejudiced here to permit fair criticism.

THE other great danger that confronts the critic, especially today, is that he has so much to do. How can he consider book after book, day after day, and retain any kind of freshness? It is insisted too more and more today that his criticism shall have the personality of news.

In England at least books are increasingly noticed not because they have this or that critical value but because they are news, just as the swimming of the Channel or the flying of the Atlantic or the discovery of a dismembered corpse in a trunk at a railway station is news. Within the last few months how many papers in England, whether daily, weekly or monthly, have given adequate consideration to that beautiful work of art, Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse?* I have myself seen only two comments in any way adequate, one in *'The Times* Literary Supplement,' the other in *The Spectator.* How many papers last autumn recognized in Vita Sackville-West's poem, 'The Land,' how fine and noble a thing it was?

This is perhaps inevitable; we may even require that books shall be on the way to become news just as murder and adultery are, but it is making the case for the critic ever more difficult. The creator, if he has

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Your Mirrors of the World

By **EARL C. REEVES**

SEVERAL years ago a young man employed by a press association was walking along a street in lower New York. He noticed smoke pouring from the windows of a building. There were calls of 'fire.'

Almost instantly, it seemed, flames were visible; tiny wisps at first, and soon great billows of fire. The clang and clatter of fire apparatus and the shrieks of girls mingled in indescribable pandemonium. White-faced figures cowered on window ledges, an inferno behind and hard pavements below. One jumped. Then another.

By this time the young man was standing at a telephone, fortunately placed in the window of a corner drug store within full view of the burning building, and was dictating the story of one of the great fires of history.

Callous to what was happening? Not at all. His story showed he was not. There was no heroic deed he could perform: this was his job and he was doing it, and doing it well. Maddened by the heat, other girls jumped to instant death. The reporter counted and observed; and dictated to his office and almost directly into hundreds of newspaper offices, the moving story of the Shirtwaist Fire—the fire that did more than anything else in history to wipe the fire traps out of our cities.

Harry Thaw escaped into Canada. Canada decided it would not have him, so in the darkness of early morning it bundled him into a car, raced him across the border and deposited him on the soil of his native land. Thaw was 'big news,' but it happened that only one correspondent was in on the deportation proceedings. He sent what is known as a 'Flash'—a bare announcement of the fact in the fewest possible words—and thereafter was so busy being 'with' the deportee that he gave his office no further details for hours. With a map in front of him and a telephone at hand an executive of a competing association literally combed northern New England, and finally found that a village constable had arrested Thaw at a New Hampshire crossroads town. The officer came to the phone, told his story; it was written and became a classic beat. The man who scored the beat was in New York; the man who was beaten was at Thaw's elbow, near the Canadian border.

During the war an American press association correspondent in London worked for weeks trying to get an interview with Admiral Sims. He suggested certain things which the admiral might talk about in an interview. After many conferences with aides, the correspondent was told that probably the admiral would authorize the interview. It was suggested that the correspondent write and submit it; then later see the admiral and work it over if necessary. The correspondent wrote and submitted the tentative draft, and waited for a promised call from the admiral's aide.

A few days later this correspondent's boss, the chief London correspondent for the association, learned with amazement that Admiral Sims had talked for publication at a 'conference' of American correspondents, and no invitation or notification had come to his office. Investigation proved Sims had liked the prepared interview so well that he decided to give it out to everybody; whereupon the correspondents were notified by telephone—but the young officer who did the phoning *forgot to notify the man who had written what the admiral was going to say.* Accident—but what an accident!

Decoration by
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN.

As the Chinese cook remarked in one of Harry Leon Wilson's stories, 'Can happen.' Such things as this not only can, but do happen with some frequency in the press association business. It is a business containing a very wide element of chance, for the world is big and a great deal of its most interesting news rather carelessly refuses to 'happen' where it can be covered handily. But these things are cited more for their contrast than as being typical of the day's work of the news agency.

The press association has nothing to sell except teamwork and skill—a system of coöperation and personal services. It follows that the question of personnel, or staff, is very important. The Associated Press has had by far the most perfect organization, built up on many decades of precedents, copper-riveted with 'general orders' and safeguarded with rules and regulations; its aim is to prevent mistakes and insure machine-like precision in meeting the news delivery tasks of any given day. Under Melville Stone, who did so much to develop the A. P., all key positions and many minor jobs were filled by mature men, schooled in A. P. ways—safe, sane, but not always fast or brilliant, and often sluggish in meeting an unprecedented situation. Under his successor, and in the face of opposite tactics by competitors, the staff of the A. P. has been speeded up a great deal in later years by the use of younger men.

CAPITALIZING youthful enthusiasm was the formula of the late Scripps, millionaire publisher who owned the United Press; and Roy Howard, when he became head of the organization, intensified it, if anything. Himself so youthful in appearance that on one occasion when he was in a national convention city at the head of his staff, a bartender asked whether he was of age before serving a drink, Howard hired very young men, at very low salaries, and used them *thoroughly.* One man should not remain in one job as long as six months, else he might go stale; so United Press young men (some old enough to vote and some not) moved about the country, not only fresh but verdant, and giving each new job a sound licking by way of proving that they were on their way to the two or three top jobs.

Howard has a good many unfriendly ex-employes because this system was a terrific drain upon youthful energies; but he drove himself as hard as anybody else, and members of his alumni association can thank him for very sound training.

Quite a large chapter of this alumni association is to be found within the International News Service organization, owned by William Randolph Hearst.

IN THE New York office of each association are wall maps which picture the wire organization of the association. Heavy lines streaking across the country from one key city to another represent trunk lines of leased wire—in many instances double wires as there are double-track railways. Heavy black dots represent bureau cities, or cities in which the press association maintains its own staff men; and these may vary in

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Thomas Lake Harris, Mystic and Grape Grower

By ARTHUR HUGHES

One of Thomas Lake Harris' favorite photographs of himself.

THOMAS Lake Harris was once called by the late William T. Stead 'the greatest seer of the modern world.'

He had been dead twenty years, and at least two books about him have been written and published in England since his death. While he was alive, the world seemed to pay no attention to him, though he wrote and published forty books and perhaps five hundred hymns. But he made no effort whatever to circulate what he had written, declaring that when the world was ready it would find and read what he had put on paper.

Thomas Lake Harris was born in England in 1823 and died in New York in 1906. That he died at all was a great surprise to him and his followers. He and they believed he had evolved to the point where he could pass over to the spirit world without undergoing death. Harris came to America at the age of five and thereafter made this country his home. His mother died while he was still a child.

Harris' boyhood was unhappy. He left home at the age of nine and thereafter supported himself, working during the day and studying at night. At the age of twenty-one, he became a Universalist preacher in New York.

NO CREED long satisfied him. As often as he became dissatisfied, he changed to another. When he was twenty-four years old he became the minister of what was then known in New York as the Independent Christian Congregation. While he was preaching he was also studying spiritualism under Andrew Jackson Davis, some of which impressed him as being good and some as dangerous. Also, he studied Swedenborg. He did not know what he was doing, but he was preparing himself to evolve a creed of his own, which he later did. This creed, which he called the 'Brotherhood of the New Life,' was thoroughly Christian in its basis, yet heavily tinctured with the occult philosophy of India, Chaldea, Egypt, Persia and elsewhere.

Early in his career he bought a mountain farm near Wassaic, in Dutchess County, New York, about seventy-five miles north of the great city and twenty miles or so east of the Hudson. Harris' idea was to make a home for himself and a few disciples who wished to form the Brotherhood of the New Life. The mountain farm was to enable him to experiment in the culture of wine grapes. Harris wanted to produce wine because he had a theory that the worker, quite unconsciously, put whatever was in his heart into the product of his hands and thus communicated his state of mind and spirit to the consumers of his product. He believed the sweatshop worker's misery was first put into the clothing he made and by the clothing transferred to the wearer of it. Also, he believed that the joy and the goodness of the worker were thus communicated to his customers. So Harris and his disciples, filled with the desire to know God and do His bidding, determined to make wine in order that what was in their hearts might be put into something that was destined to enter the very blood streams of human beings.

The country around the east bank of the Hudson proved too cold and was otherwise unsuited for grape culture. Harris sold out and settled at Brocton, New York, near the shore of Lake Erie about fifty miles west of Buffalo. After two or three years in Brocton, the colonists, forty in number, moved on to California where, on the hills a mile north of Santa Rosa, Harris found just the conditions that he wanted for the culture of wine grapes. He had some money of his own and also the proceeds of the eastern experiment which belonged to the colonists. Everything was invested in the Santa Rosa venture. Most of the land he bought for $50 an acre. For a little he paid $100 an acre. None of it could now be bought for less than $500 an acre. Much of it would bring $1,000. Harris bought 2,000 acres, built a fine house that is still standing, set out a grove of splendid eucalyptus trees that are now grown great, utilized a mountain spring to create two fountains near the house, named the place 'Fountain Grove' and began setting out grapevines. That was in 1874. In 1891 he left for New York to spend the remainder of his life.

HARRIS believed that the earth would eventually be purified and again made orderly and innocent by the destruction of the evil and the unfit. He divided man into three classes: The selfish, the unfit who comprise the great bulk of the human race, and the altruists who live to serve others and suffer accordingly. He said the crisis might be sudden and catastrophic or that it might be spread over a period of years during which the evil and the useless would gradually be eliminated.

Fountain Grove, a 2,000-acre estate, is the home of Harris' adopted son, the Japanese Kanaye Nagasawa. Mix these words up in your mind and you have the picture: California, sunshine, indigo sky, balmy air, 400 acres of grapevines, green hillsides, a moderately large white house surrounded by towering eucalyptus trees, and, away below, the broad, flat floor of Sonoma valley, with the little city of Santa Rosa, a mile or two distant, apparently sleeping in the sunshine.

It was here that Harris and his little band of religious disciples, chief of whom was Nagasawa, gathered fifty years ago, when what is now a million-dollar vineyard was wild land. It was in this house that Harris' sleeping body lay when his soul—so he said—went to other planets to get information. It was at Fountain Grove that Harris said Jesus appeared to him, many times. It was here that forty young disciples lived until they became old disciples—and all but three, dead disciples. Nagasawa and two others are the sole survivors, and he is the only one who still lives at Fountain Grove.

A MAN once deeply wronged Harris and friends urged him to prosecute him for slander. He refused, declaring that God's will on earth would not be hastened by an appeal to the courts. Nagasawa's spirit is the same. He was born a Samurai—a fighting man—but the spirit of Harris calmed the gales that swept his soul. They seldom blow any more, but when they do, he holds them.

Early one morning, he telephoned to George F. King, his lifelong friend and business adviser in Santa Rosa, asking him to come up to Fountain Grove. When King entered the house, Nagasawa was sitting in his library, his face almost black with a rush of blood that betokened suppressed rage. To King's greeting, Nagasawa made no reply except to toss over a telegram that represented somebody's attempt to impose a dishonest business arrangement upon him. King gave whatever advice he had to offer, but Nagasawa said nothing—and stayed black. Nagasawa's silence finally got on King's nerves and he asked him if he would not go with him for an automobile ride. Nagasawa shook his head.

'Oh, Kanaye,' said King, 'you do not mean to say that you will not go for a ride with me?'

That brought Nagasawa to—restored his equilibrium. He would go. They went. In a little while, Nagasawa began to talk. The gales had been put down. By the time they got back to the house he had forgotten the whole matter and was himself again. The Samurai of sixty years ago had surrendered to the spirit that Harris put into him.

I saw a flash of that old spirit one day when Nagasawa showed me a sword, 700 years old, that friends in Japan had given to him. It came out in the way he withdrew the glistening blade from its scabbard. He withdrew it with a quick, vigorous movement as he might have done if he were about to decapitate somebody. It was only a little thing, but it showed a momentary awakening of the old spirit that had slumbered so long. Nobody else would have unsheathed the sword as he unsheathed it. Anybody else would have withdrawn it slowly, gingerly.

Nagasawa was never married. I never asked him whether he has a divine counterpart, a dual feminine soul that lives within him, but I take it that he has. As the master and owner of Fountain Grove, he has property that is worth a million dollars—a little kingdom flung down upon some hills and valleys—400 acres of grapes, 50 acres of fruit trees, 175 acres of agricultural land and the rest of the 2,000 acres devoted to grazing. The place exists because Nagasawa exists. To make it thrive he studied for years to become expert in viniculture, horticulture, floriculture, domestic science, poultry and stock-raising. Twice, when insect pests got at his grapes, he tore up the entire 400 acres of vines and set out new ones. In addition, he set the type, printed and bound all of Harris' books, which ran into the scores. The work was well done. I never found even so much as a typographical error in any of them.

Nagasawa at the age of 34 years, when he first returned to Japan for a visit.

The house built by Harris and occupied later by Nagasawa, who stands third from the right in the group.

I ASKED Nagasawa where he learned to set type. 'Here,' he said. One may still see the old blacksmith shop in which Edwin Markham, the poet, worked for a little while, when he lived at Fountain Grove, forty years ago. Markham, so I was told, was once a disciple, though he did not remain long at the Grove. Nagasawa told me, however, that Markham still believes in Harris' teachings and is engaged in the preparation for publication of a new edition of Harris' works, with some observations of his own with regard to the philosophy of the great mystic.

Harris left Fountain Grove for the last time in 1891, intending to do the remainder of his work in England, though as a matter of fact, he shortly returned to New York where he remained until his

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MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Where Credit Is Due

THE person who is overanxious about getting credit for what he does is not an impressive person, to say the least. But he may not be entirely blamable either. He may be the product of that false philosophy of life which teaches that a man is successful only in so far as he gets credit for being so; and believing that, he may perhaps also have the experience of credit unjustly withheld from him, and so he grows overanxious. The sense of personal injustice is one of the most painful burdens a man can bear about with him.

The desire for recognition is natural. But it is far from being the highest desire. The real workman knows that his work is his unanswerable witness. Far higher than the desire for recognition is the creative desire, which finds its satisfaction in work well done whether anyone sees that it is well done or not.

Just where to draw the line between a laudable desire for recognition and an overweening thirst for credit is not easy to do; the one is normal and the other is abnormal. But we should say that the line of demarcation exists somewhere in the individual's attitude toward the work he is doing. If his inclination is to do his work well whether he foresees special credit or not; that is, if he has a pride in his work quite apart from its possible relation to other men's opinions, then it would be probably safe to say that his desire for recognition would be normal.

> *DOING a job well for its own sake is better than doing it for the credit one may get out of it. A good workman is soon recognized and does not have to hang out signals to attract attention and admiration for his work. One who is overanxious about getting credit for what he does generally fails to make an impression. It is his personal advancement which is uppermost in his mind and not the performance of better service. A laudable desire for recognition may be very well, but it must not take the place of efficiency. To make the work secondary and the recognition primary is unfair to the work.*

But if his work means no more to him than a token with which to attract attention, if when without any hope of recognition for the particular job on which he is engaged, he slurs it over and neglects it, then it is apparent that his desire for recognition is not born of high workmanly pride, but of selfish personal interest of a rather small caliber.

There is far too much work produced for all of it to be accurately judged, but a good workman is always seen and recognized. All the carefulness, dependability, honest pride and power he builds into his work is somehow built back into himself. It is a matter of character then, not merely of articles of manufacture.

If men were certain that their livelihood and respect as members of society were assured from the beginning, we should have a sounder foundation on which to appeal to them to make their advancement within the limits of their work.

The matter of personal advancement is one that is not considered as carefully as it ought to be; and much of the misconception concerning a man's credit for his work grows out of the kind of idea of advancement which he may hold. It may not mean to him becoming a better workman at what he is doing; it may mean becoming a workman at something else, at a higher rate of pay, and with a greater degree of respect attaching to his rank. It may mean the kind of advancement which brings more of the comforts of life and the desirable opportunities which it would give to his family.

A number of men do not consider their work alone, they are also considering the methods—fair and unfair—by which they may attract attention, win favor and gain advancement. If men felt that their livelihood and respect as members of society were assured from the beginning, there would be a sounder foundation on which to appeal to them to make their advancement within the limits of their work.

It is most unfortunate when a man is under the influence of the idea that to catch somebody's eye, to attract admiring attention, to get full credit for what he does, is the one element which he must not omit from any effort he may make; that to do a piece of work and get no credit for it is little less than a calamity.

One result of this, as far as the work itself is concerned, is that it becomes a secondary consideration. The job a man is doing, the article he is producing, the special kind of service he is rendering, turns out to be not his principal work at all. His main task is to bring about his personal advancement. The thing he is doing is not being done for its own sake, the service he is doing is not being done because it is a service, but because it is a platform from which he may practise the art of catching somebody's eye, the art of attracting credit-bringing attention to himself.

This habit of making the work secondary and the recognition primary is unfair to the work. It makes recognition and credit the real job, while the job which a man is paid to do is used merely as a kicking-off place.

If a man's advancement were to depend upon his good fortune in catching some individual's eye, one could readily foresee what it would lead to. Men would work with the idea that if they failed to get credit for what they did, they might as well have done it badly or not to have done it at all. This is a most unfortunate misconception, for by doing well the thing for which he knows he may get no credit, a man is doing something which will never be lost to him—he is building certain qualities which cannot be hidden.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Safeguarding Peace

WAR will never be stopped by the pacifists and peace will never be won by the war makers. Both are products of the same disease that is seeing its last phase in human society. As long as there exists on earth the warring type of mind, and it has the instruments to execute its purpose, war is possible. But, as was shown in the last war, the military strength of the peaceable, the non-war-making nations, is greater than those of the war-making nations. And, strange as it may seem, that strength has increased.

One sign that the world is growing better is that the non-war-making nations are strong enough to curb the war-making nations. War, as a method of accomplishing anything, is now resisted and in the future will be more and more resisted, until even the war-making mind will learn the futility of it.

That is the fallacy of disarming the non-war-making nations. Can you imagine the United States starting a war? Can you imagine the United States refusing to crush a war started against it? With these two views, can you imagine anyone starting a war against the United States?

It is not our well-known inclination to peace that guards us, it is our well-known disinclination to stand for anyone disturbing our peace.

The Job of Not Growing Old

THEY say I am too old to work.'

These were the words of a man who told his story recently in a newspaper office. It was a story of slipping backward through the years until he became a messenger boy. And then, nothing. He wanted but seven dollars a week: he could live on that.

And this man was but fifty-seven.

In a hospital, about the same time, doctors and nurses gave a birthday party. There were flowers and books and fruit and candy; and a cake that was topped by twenty-five candles. Everybody at the party joked about that. It was all the candles the cake would hold.

The number was an odd circumstance, coupled with the case of the man mentioned above. When the birthday guest of honor was twenty-five the other man had not yet been born.

The smiling man on the cot was eighty-four. Weeks before he had arrived, alone, from his home, six hundred miles away. With an interval of rest he had had two operations, the second rather serious; and here he was, chipper and contented, reading novels voraciously and writing several letters a day to his wife, children or grandchildren.

After a time he got up out of bed, jollied his nurses, and strolled off home.

And there you have one of the big jobs the human race has set itself.

It is the job of not growing old.

We have come a long way already, and not all our progress has been due merely to the cold science of diet, exercise, ventilation and sanitation.

In the two cases mentioned above the difference was very largely a state of mind: the faces of the two men show it, as well as their histories.

These Reckless Drivers

A HIGHWAY engineer was talking. He pointed to a map showing an acute curve in a roadway which dived blindly through a cut through a railway embankment.

'We rebuilt that road in such a manner that the thousands of cars which travel it on a big football day could be moved around what had been known as "Dead Man's Curve" at thirty miles an hour.'

He thought in terms of getting traffic moved. To him thirty miles an hour on that curve was safe when he had rebuilt it so that it was 'blind' at no point.

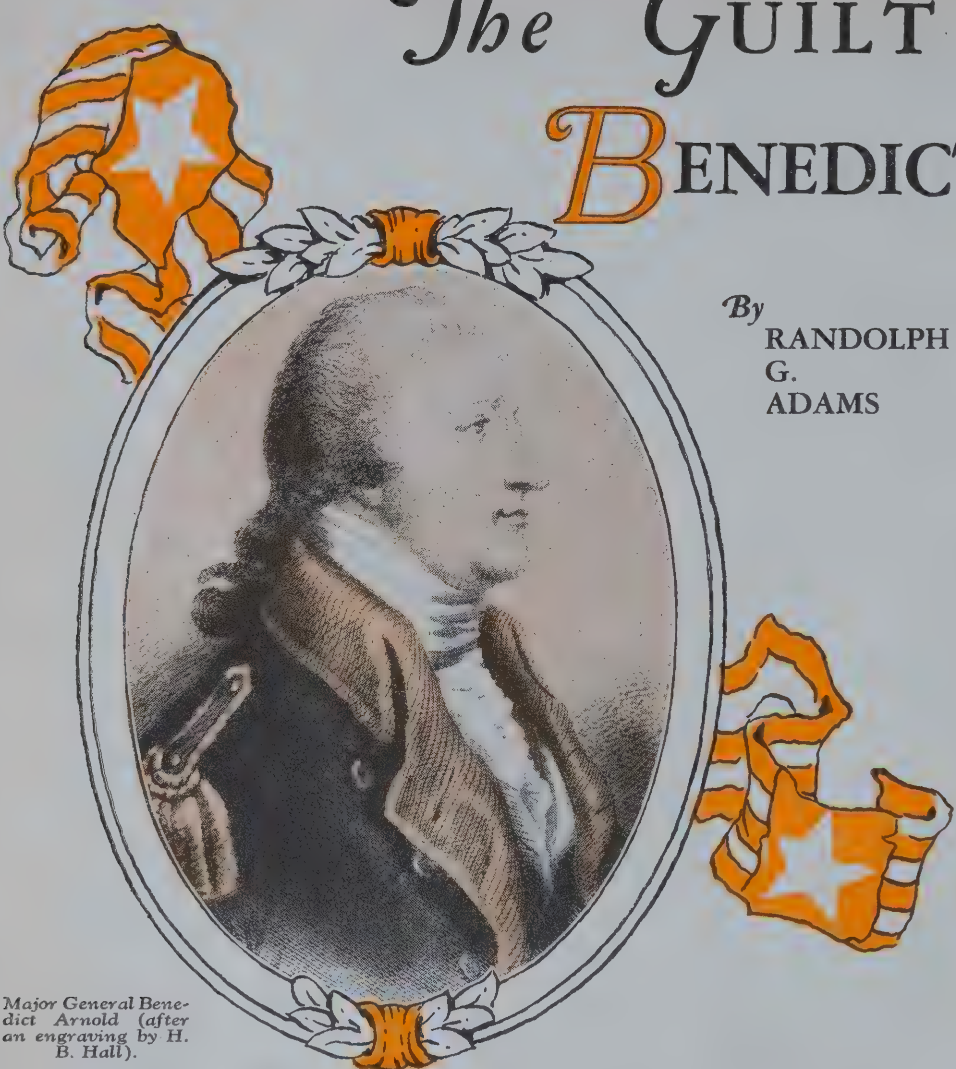
This is a lesson worthy of study. Town and county fathers have come to have a great faith in regulation, signal systems and heavy policing expenditures.

In many instances one good whack at a horse and buggy curve still doing duty in a motor age would add years to the expectation of life of members of the community. But sizzling motorcycle policemen, whose mere appearance on a road will slow motorists from a legal thirty to a twenty-mile gait that is no more legal and no safer, are considered to be infinitely more important.

No sane person holds a brief for reckless speeding; but the most experienced drivers will tell you that fast driving is not the only menace on the highway today. There is the very 'safe' driver who turns suddenly without signaling to the car behind. Then there is the meandering individual who signals a turn to the left, swings the car to the left, then turns to the right. Also the timid soul who has never yet driven faster than twenty miles an hour and who eases around curves at fifteen—on the wrong side of the road. If these could be taught that the road is there to move traffic and that nowadays the driver need think like a railroader!

The GUILT of BENEDICT ARNOLD

By
RANDOLPH
G.
ADAMS



Major General Benedict Arnold (after an engraving by H. B. Hall).

WHY did he do it? Why did the bravest and most dashing general of the American Army in the Revolution suddenly turn traitor, sell out to the enemy, attempt to betray his post, flee to the British lines and accept a commission under George III? What can be said in explanation of his action, what ought to be said, not merely to soften the judgment of history upon Arnold, but to make clear what the world is constantly doing to make more Arnolds.

In the numerous biographies of the traitor there has been placed considerable emphasis upon the high moral and religious character of his mother and upon the fact that he was brought up in a thoroughly Christian and thoroughly respectable atmosphere. Historians and biographers alike have asked the question, 'How could such a mother have such a son?' Yet it is probably in this very fact that we find the beginnings of the evil which wrecked a great career and all but lost the American Revolution.

If there is one thing that our Puritan forefathers have quite frankly said about themselves, it is that they often overdid religion. This is to be seen in New England itself. Both Rhode Island and Connecticut were founded by brave and intelligent men and women who simply could not tolerate the extreme and narrow piety of Massachusetts. The kind of courageous, self-reliant and adventurous man who has done the most to advance civilization has all too often had to fight against the efforts of society to keep him from doing the very things the world needs to have done. Benedict Arnold's mother wrote to her son about his 'precious soul.' One can imagine the kind of violent rebellion such a thing created in such a boy.

When Arnold was fifteen he ran away and joined the Colonial troops preparing for the French and Indian War. At the intercession of his mother, he was discharged and brought back. Posterity has thought of the fortunate Mrs. Arnold who thus saved her boy from death on the field of battle. Should we not think of the high-spirited boy, who has outgrown his mother's apron strings, yet who is humiliated beyond words by being caught and brought back home, like a small child who has been surprised with a jam pot? Might it not have been better if Mrs. Arnold had let her boy go, instead of outraging his dignity and hurting his pride by dragging him back to be laughed at? Moreover, when Arnold got tired of the army, he went 'absent without leave,' and came home. For this he should have been punished, but the influence of his mother got him off.

We know very little about Arnold's childhood, that most important period of life. But what we do know points to two things: his mother provoked in him the spirit of revolt, and she enabled him to think he could 'get away with' wrongdoing.

When the Revolution broke out, Arnold was among the first to volunteer. Although in Connecticut, he and his troop reached the scene of war within ten days of the Battles of Lexington and Concord. He immediately volunteered for the dangerous duty of getting guns and ammunition from old Fort Ticonderoga. He captured the fort and its garrison. For this he was rewarded by being 'investigated,' superseded in command by a man who had done no fighting, and was allowed to go home without having been reimbursed by the State of Massachusetts for the large amount of money he had spent in the patriot cause. Incidentally there was no justification for the conduct of the civil authorities responsible.

ARNOLD swallowed the insult and went to Cambridge, where Washington had now taken command of the army. The new commander in chief saw at once the sterling qualities of Arnold and sent him on a hazardous expedition to Quebec. With an army half-starved and decimated by disease Arnold struggled through the icy woods of Maine and attacked Quebec, which held a larger garrison than his attacking force. Of course he failed, and was wounded. But his heroism in this expedition is unparalleled in American military history. Outnumbered ten times, he withdrew his army from Canada and was again superseded in command. Yet the new commander intrusted him with the task of keeping the British out of the United States at the north in 1776.

With astonishing ingenuity and skill, he built a fleet on Lake Champlain, hurled it in the face of a great British armament, with troops which outnumbered him ten to one. Although his fleet was entirely wiped out, he saved his army. The great British force was so badly battered that instead of continuing its way to New York, it retreated in haste to Canada.

At this time Benedict Arnold was the senior brigadier general. To reward him for his conduct the politicians in the Continental Congress promptly promoted over his head five junior brigadiers to major general and did nothing for the fighting general. Arnold's rage was shared by Washington—but Congress would do nothing. Arnold threatened to resign, but at Washington's earnest personal request he stayed with the colors. One should not think less of Arnold for this, for it is worth knowing that at this same time a French general appeared in America, magnificently offering his services to Congress. The politicians were thinking of making him a major general and chief of artillery. When this news got around, three of Washington's bravest generals, Nathaniel Greene, John Sullivan and Henry Knox, all wrote Congress that if the Frenchman was appointed they would resign. Moreover, one disgruntled brigadier, who had been passed over, did resign.

ARNOLD received permission to go home in the winter of 1777, but was rudely interrupted on his holiday by an invasion of Connecticut itself. Hastily gathering a force of militia he threw his little army directly across the British line of march. In a terrific fight at Ridgefield, Connecticut, he opposed an enemy force four times his strength. Naturally he was defeated, and this time his horse fell under him struck by nine bullets. He extricated himself and drew off his forces, secured reinforcements and flung himself once more on the British troops who were now retreating toward New York. Only by the most desperate fighting did the British force, still much superior in numbers, succeed in escaping from the clutches of the tireless Arnold.

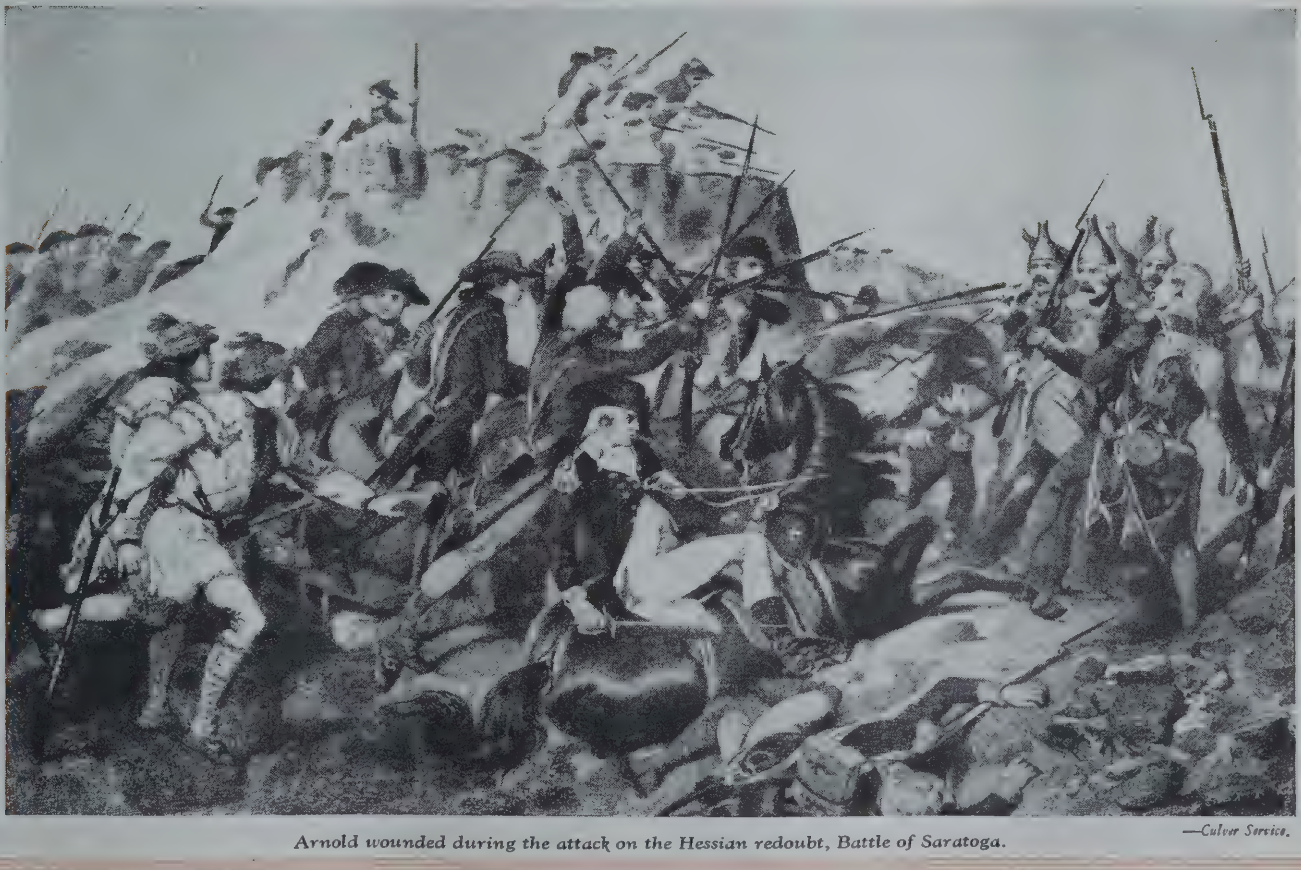
For this Congress did finally make him a major general—but with characteristic ill grace, it refused to restore his rank above the other five generals. To a soldier this kind of promotion is insulting. Arnold went to Philadelphia to Congress, and found a number of charges had been trumped up against him, in connection with his accounts in the Quebec expedition. He defended himself ably and the charges were demonstrated groundless. Still Congress did not restore his rank.

In exasperation Arnold presented his resignation, but on the same day came the news from Washington that the British general, Burgoyne, had started south from Canada again, and that Arnold must be sent to help check him. Again at the request of the commander in chief he swallowed his resentment and left for the northern headquarters. When he arrived he was sent off to relieve the beleaguered garrison at Fort Stanwix. Although again outnumbered by the British, yet by a combination of audacity and skill, he soon had that particular British army in full flight. He turned his army and rushed back to the Hudson to join the main northern army now opposing the British army under Burgoyne.

HERE in September and October of 1777, although Arnold was a subordinate commander, he displayed a resourcefulness and energy in leading the American troops in person which had much to do with the final American victory. The American commander, Gates, was scarcely on the field of battle at all, while Arnold was badly wounded in the final battle of October 7 which sealed the fate of the British army at Saratoga.

In the Saratoga campaign Gates had not taken pains to be as careful of Arnold's feelings as had Washington, and there had been friction between the two. When to this Arnold felt the added insult of Gates' reports slighting the work of his division in the campaign, another factor was added to make Arnold resentful and angry.

He was carried home to convalesce in the winter of 1778, and joined Washington again in the spring at Valley Forge. As the British evacuated Philadelphia, (Continued on page 23)



Arnold wounded during the attack on the Hessian redoubt, Battle of Saratoga.

—Culver Service.

A WOMAN EDUCATOR

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

ALL women are educators of their men pupils, more out of school than in, and their teaching is wisdom. But my aunt, Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, born in the first decade of the 19th Century, and, living in it nearly eighty years, was an educator born; she might have taught her own mother how to rear her. At least she must have received illumination early, and being the eldest daughter and child of good Dr. Peabody and his wife (née Palmer), she naturally began their education, and that of her brothers and sisters as they successively appeared.

She had never said to herself, 'I will teach'; she was Teaching incarnate. One would feel his education proceeding as soon as she came into the room, and even if she sat silent (which in my experience she never did), the atmosphere was full of lessons.

DR. PEABODY was a 'regular' physician, which, at a period when the tenets of Hahnemann were becoming the rage in New England, showed courage on his part; but Elizabeth, who perched always on the crest of the wave of progress, was innately homeopathic; if Hahnemann hadn't said, '*Similia similibus curantur*,' she would have anannounced the principle as soon as she could articulate. And whenever I see a bust of the German sage in the window of a homeopathic druggist's shop, I feel that hers ought to stand beside it.

But nobody ever made a bust or painted a portrait of her, or hardly so much as took a daguerreotype, carte de visite, or tintype of her benign and beloved physiognomy; and when, the other day, I glanced through an anthology, her name was absent; though the angel of goodness and mercy who keeps the immortal anthologies has not omitted it; and she would have valued no other fame, and would be much embarrassed to find herself renowned even in Paradise. She thought of many things, but there is no evidence that she ever spent a thought on herself; she lived to give help and good counsel to her fellow creatures; and how she found time to equip herself with the encyclopedic knowledge and culture which she possessed, in the scant intervals when she was not imparting it, is one of those things which, as the late Lord Dundreary used to declare, no fellow can find out.

My earliest recollection of Aunt Elizabeth was when I turned upon her suddenly and planted a hearty kick in her stomach: as soon as she had recovered her breath she turned to my mother and exclaimed anxiously, 'Sophy, the child is going to be ill!' Luckily for my moral reputation, I was down with the scarlet fever that same night. I had been standing on a chair looking out of the window of our house in Mall Street, Salem, and she had been standing behind lest I fall off, I being only six years old. So the kick must have got her in the abdominal nerve center, to be made famous fifty years later by Bob Fitzsimmons. She trotted round late that night to fetch the great local homeopathic Doctor Wesselhoeft, who came, saw and cured me promptly.

The other thing that I recall of my aunt at this period was when she sat down comfortably in the broad-bottomed easy-chair, which just fitted her, and began to converse, though the family cat was all the while pulling at her skirts, as if to call her attention to some subject of feline interest; but Aunt Lizzie, beyond half-stooping once in a while to caress the animal, continued to discourse, and we to give ear, for her way was always captivating, even if she were discussing celestial mechanics or ontology.

But after twenty minutes, when my father happened to come into the room, she got up to greet him, and it was then revealed that she had been sitting on the six kittens, which had come into the world the day before, only to leave it again so soon, in a manner so egregious. The cat had placed them there unobserved for comfort and security, and their darksome color on the dark upholstery of the chair, in the rather dusky room, had prevented their presence from being known. They went without a mew, and probably without pain, like Keats in his 'Ode to a Nightingale'; and I dare say that my aunt suffered more from the fatality than did the mother cat, for she was most tender toward all dumb beasts.

IT IS time to say that she was the eldest of three sisters and three brothers; two of the brothers had died in their young manhood; the other lived to a good age, but not happily; he was a maker and vender of the purest homeopathic globules obtainable, a praiseworthy calling, but not remunerative; he was also an admirable draftsman, but not for commercial ends; he married and had two daughters; the family was good but not beautiful. Poor little Uncle Nat was sad, dim and unhopeful; his speech had the thinness and intonation of a mew; he was very fond of cats. He was extremely conscientious in all his little affairs, which never for a moment prospered; his faith in Providence dwindled year by year; he became pessimistic and feebly rebellious, but lacked energy to make oppression bitter. His relatives did all they could for him; when my father took his family to Europe, he handed over the Wayside to him rent-free, and he abided there during the seven years of our absence, but his mew when we came home was as melancholy as when we went away. His head was tall and narrow, with a fine forehead, but his body was so small that I used to wonder how he could be an uncle.

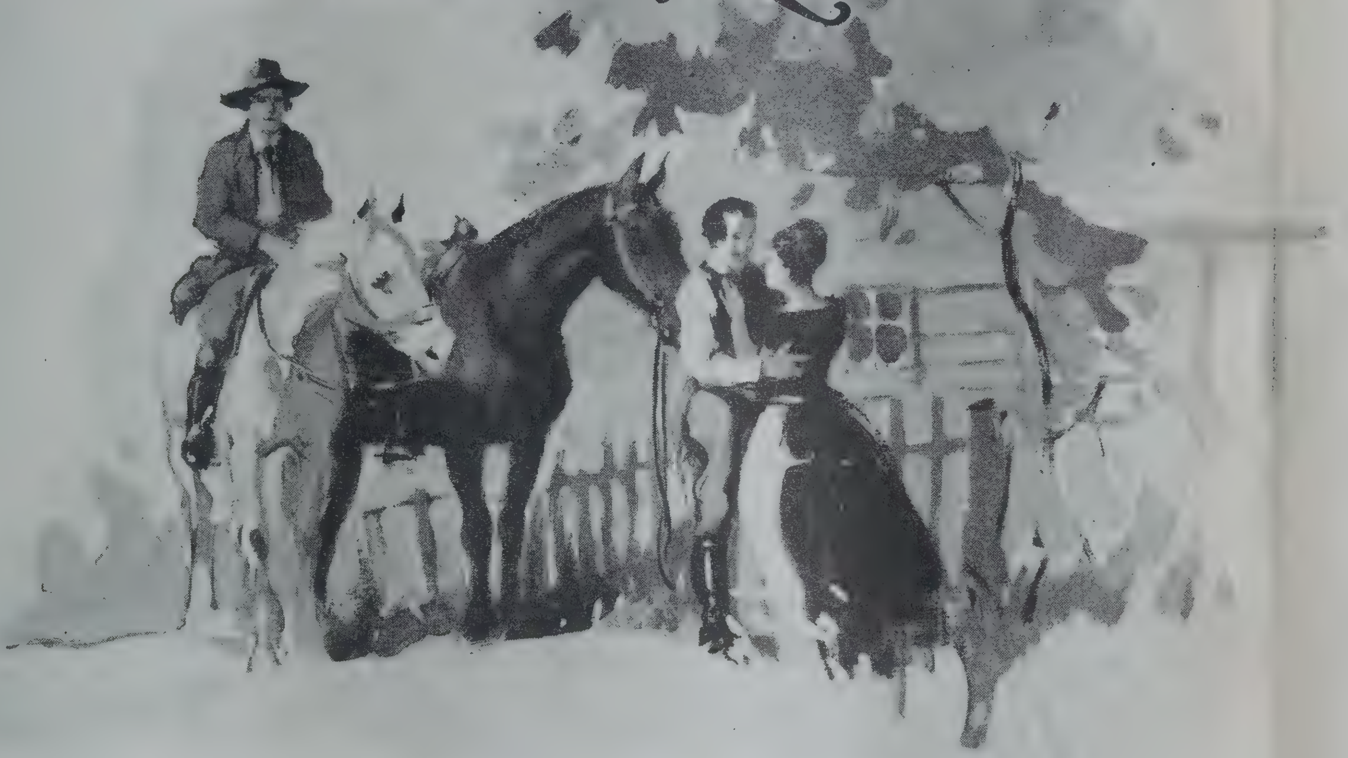
AUNT MARY, the second daughter, married Horace Mann, and was exalted forever after. My mother, Sophia Amelia, was the youngest. For many years, until her marriage at the age of two and thirty, she was an invalid, suffering from terrific headaches; but she was always happy and the cause of happiness in others; witty, humorous, wise and learned. She was an artist, a painter and sculptor, and she made exquisite tracings and copies of Flaxman's classic outlines, which were the esthetic nourishment of my childhood.

It had been early determined that she must never marry, and she herself was almost vowed to the life of a vestal; George Peabody, a cousin, fell in love with her, but had to content himself with making a great fortune in London and achieving renown as a philanthropist; Russell Sturgis was another suitor; he afterward became the most powerful figure in the London banking house of Baring Brothers. But she passed on, in maiden meditation, fancy free, till she met the young Nathaniel Hawthorne, the Salem hermit, and then began another story.

And that meeting was due to Elizabeth. Elizabeth not only brought the meeting about, but it was she who discovered the young author. He had been writing short tales for years, but signing fanciful names to them, never his own; they had been printed sporadically in periodicals of the day, but had never been collected, or assigned to their true origin. But Elizabeth, reading them all, now here, now there, was convinced by internal evidence that they were from one hand, and was only in doubt whether that hand was a man's or a woman's. Finally, when 'The Gentle Boy' appeared, and chance had brought her acquainted with Hawthorne's two sisters, the truth transpired, and she wrote him a letter redolent with enthusiasm and with sensitive and penetrating criticism. It led to a meeting; he was as shy as a wild stag, having for

(Continued on page 28)

NANCY HANKS, the Mother of LINCOLN



One of the men was Nancy's brother. The other was Tom Lincoln.

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

Illustrated by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

NANCY HANKS was not quite nine years old when her grandfather Joseph Hanks died. She had had an important place in the history of the Hanks family since her first arrival, but most of it the neighbors did not know or bother about. She was born back in Virginia and came to Rolling Fork as a baby, and had been accepted as a member of the family without any necessity for much explanation. But she was undeniably there, and when the group of relatives and neighbors assembled round the open grave of Joseph Hanks that day in late winter of 1793, there was no other child present. It was a group of grown folk, or of folk nearly grown, and little Nancy.

Little Nancy was quite distinct from her young aunt Nancy, who was still in her early teens. The family had two Nancys and one Nannie, for by that pet name Old Man Joe Hanks called his aged wife Ann.

The death of her grandfather wrought no immediate change in the daily life of little Nancy Hanks. Spring came, and the flowers were fragrant up and down the shores of Rolling Fork; they bloomed abundantly also along Pottinger's Creek which flowed in on the Hanks side, and up the steeper shores of Knob Creek, which flowed out of the knobs on the opposite side. Nancy's childhood life was not one of hardship. She had her daily tasks to perform, but the heavy work was cared for by her uncles and aunts. Her Uncle Joe and Aunt Nancy were not too old to play with her, and the others were considerate. Whatever the faults of the Hanks family, its members were loyal to one another. Except for one thing, the year that followed her grandfather's death might have been rather a cheerful one. Her grandmother became despondent, and very homesick for Virginia.

It was not the more recent Virginia home on Patterson's Creek she longed for; that had never seemed like home to her. She wanted to be back in the old North Farnham parish where she had been born, and where her old friends still lived. Day by day, for a whole year, she moaned and sorrowed about it, and then the children held a council, and arranged to send her back, and young Joe was to go with her.

William and his wife, Elizabeth Hall, stood ready to buy the farm, which under the will of the deceased Joseph was to belong to the widow during her life, and then to the youngest son. Joseph and his mother, Ann, assigned their rights to William, and a suitable financial arrangement was reached. The old home was still to be home for the other members of the family until their separate plans should carry them away to homes of their own. This would not be long for some of them. Mary was about to marry Jesse Friend, and the older sons were approaching matrimonial arrangements with young women of the neighborhood. Elizabeth was old enough to earn her own way and look out for herself. The daughter Nancy would be cared for by her sisters and by William's wife.

Little Nancy was the only problem. William's wife, Elizabeth, was assuming as many motherly functions as a bride might fairly be asked to undertake. Grandmother Hanks did not think it wise to take so small a child as Nancy back across the mountains with her to Virginia where she herself might have so short a time to live and care for the little girl. It was decided that Nancy should go to her own mother, Lucy Hanks Sparrow.

If Grandmother Ann Hanks had decided that she needed little Nancy as a staff for her old age, and that the little girl must accompany her back to Virginia, the history of the United States would have been seriously modified.

The home of Henry and Lucy Sparrow was in Mercer County, a rather long day's ride on horseback from the Rolling Fork home of Grandfather Joseph Hanks, but it was a cheerful ride. The time was spring, a year and more after her grandfather's death, and the road had no rough hills or dangerous fords. The Sparrow home was a comfortable one, and little Nancy had a suitable place in it.

Yet there was something of constraint in the welcome, and Nancy did not wholly understand it. She did not quite belong there, and if the fault was hers, she did not know it.

HERE she was no longer 'Little Nancy.' There was no big Nancy from whom she needed to be distinguished. There was no one else who was older than herself, except only her mother and her stepfather. On the other hand, there were two small children, and Nancy was their nursemaid. She had suddenly grown up.

Her very name was changed. The neighbors soon forgot the necessity of distinguishing between Mrs. Sparrow's younger and older children, and the little girl who had been Nancy Hanks became the big girl, Nancy Sparrow.

Another baby was coming, and did come, to Lucy Sparrow, and her sister Elizabeth Hanks came over from Nelson County to remain with her a few weeks. This sister attracted the attention of Thomas Sparrow, Henry's brother. Elizabeth did not return to the old Nelson County home, but married Thomas Sparrow and remained in Mercer.

This marriage brought another change to Nancy Hanks, and she went to live with her aunt and new uncle, Elizabeth and Thomas Sparrow. The only explanation made to her was that her Aunt Elizabeth wanted company, but Nancy understood in some vague way that her mother, though loving her, was glad to have her in the other home, and not in her own.

The name Hanks fell further away from her. Whether with her mother or her aunt, she was called Nancy Sparrow. The neighbors fell easily into this habit, and her relatives were quite willing that it should be so.

AND now occurred a strange shifting of relationships. Gradually Nancy's mother became her aunt, and her aunt became her mother.

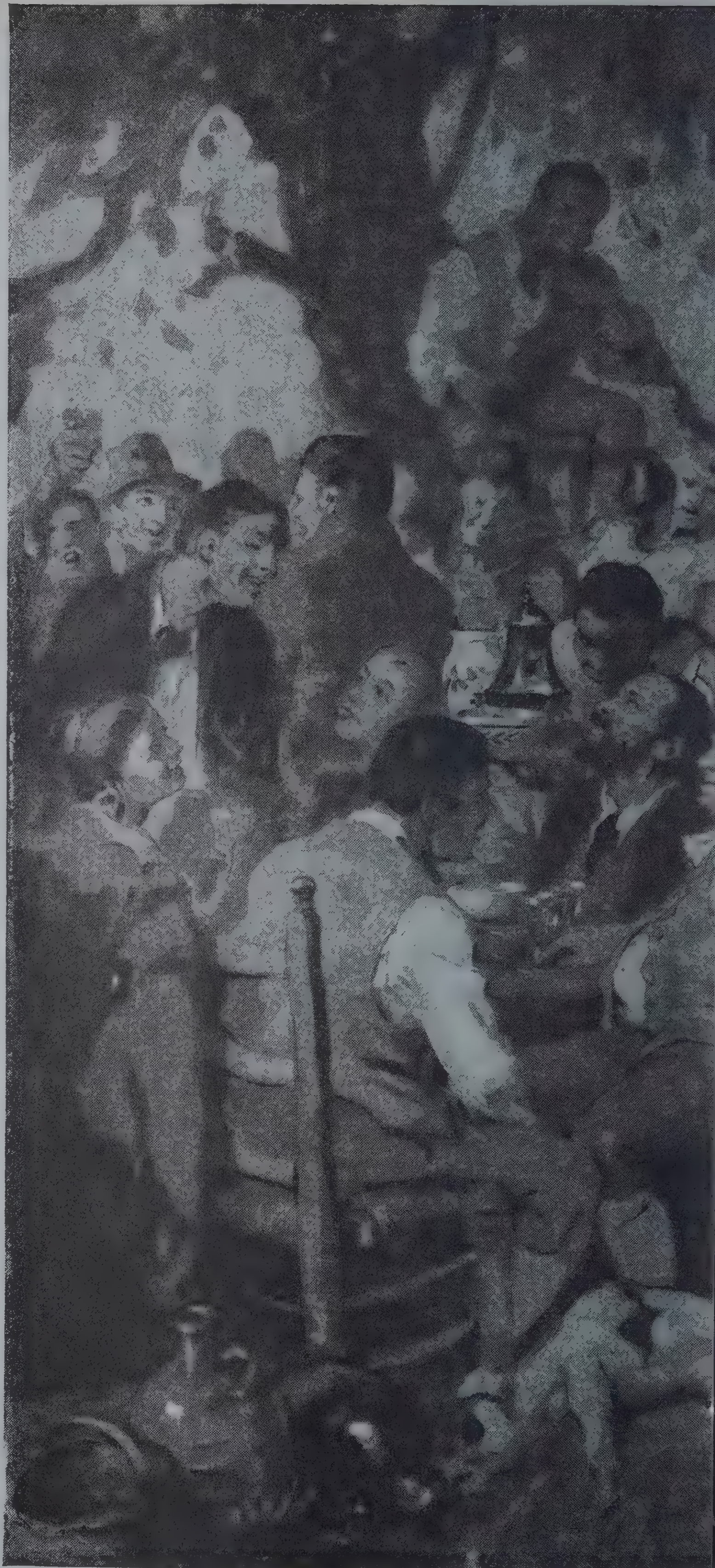
So Nancy Hanks, or Nancy Sparrow, as they more frequently called her, blossomed into young womanhood, and she did not look back on her youth as a time of either poverty or disgrace. She knew, of course, long before she became of age, the whole story of her birth, and at times it cast a shadow over her mind. But her mother, Lucy, was held in increasing respect in Mercer County, and her foster mother, Elizabeth, was respected everywhere.

Nancy's services were in frequent demand, especially in Mercer and Washington counties, which were older and richer than Hardin, and when she was not thus employed, she had a comfortable and cheerful home with her foster parents, Thomas and Elizabeth Sparrow.

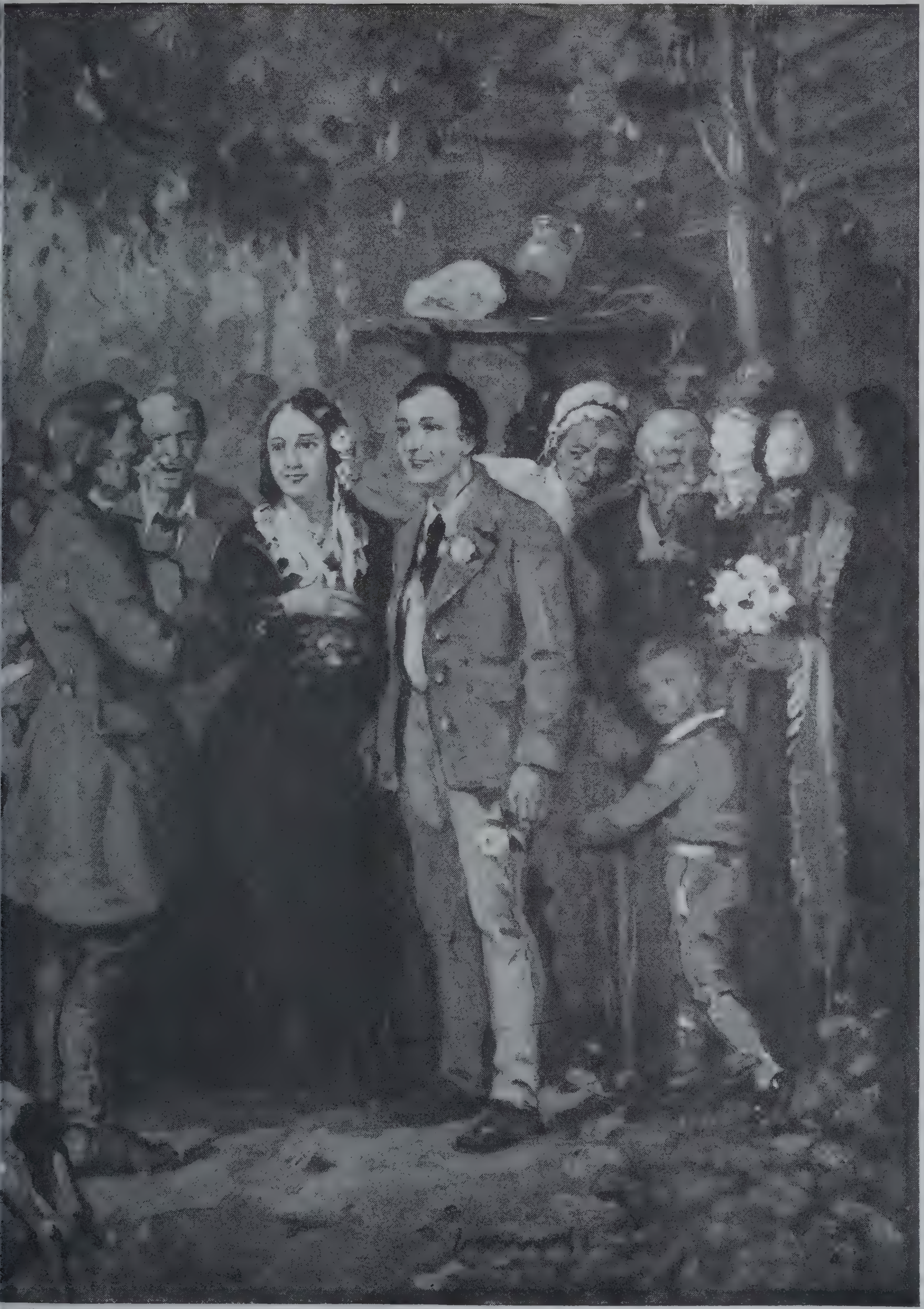
The level afternoon sun was sifting its rays through the golden shade of the beech trees and lighting up the shed-room where Betsy Sparrow had set up her loom. Nancy was on the porch, spinning. The dogs barked, and two men rode up to the fence and called. Betsy looked out of the door and hurried to the fence. One of the men was her brother Joseph Hanks. The other was introduced as Joe's friend, Tom Lincoln.

Thomas Sparrow appeared, welcomed Joe, and was introduced to Tom, and the three men went to the barn and stabled the horses. Then they went to the house and greeted Nancy.

Uncle Joe expressed amazement at the way little Nancy had grown to womanhood, and remembered that when he left with his mother for Virginia she had not been more than knee-high to a toad, which was not very accurate, for she had been tall even as a little girl, but that was the accredited measure for such cases. And in due time, Mr. Tom Lincoln was properly presented to Joe Hanks' niece, Miss Nancy Hanks. That evening, after little Dennis had been put to bed, the five grown people sat around the fire and told each other many things.



Joe had remained in Virginia till hi mother died. She had been glad to be back but not so glad as she expected to be Things had changed, even in old Virginia Her old friends had died off, and he relatives, while bidding her welcome, ha families of their own and thought her ow children were the ones who should hav cared for her.



The wedding of Nancy Hanks and Tom Lincoln—backwoods . . . great assemblies of sundered friends . . . kettles boiling . . . ovens reeking . . . a good, average June wedding of the period.

Her own children did care for her. Joe stayed with her in Virginia, as long as she lived, and then returned to Kentucky, still unmarried. No one could say he had failed to care for his mother. But Virginia was no such place as Kentucky for a man who had his own way to make.

He had picked up carpentry as a trade, and was hewing timbers for mills, and doing such work as was called for in his vocation. It was that particularly which had brought him into friendly relations with Tom Lincoln. Tom owned a farm over on Mill Creek, about forty miles away, and he had a mother and a married sister living there. But he had found, after trial, that farming was lonely business, so he was working as a carpenter in Elizabethtown, the county seat. Now and then he earned a little money from the sheriff, serving as guard at the jail.

The most important words that were spoken by the fire that night were not those of Joe, relating his adventures to his sister and her husband, nor yet anything that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sparrow had to tell him, but were those certain unrecorded words, and acts more eloquent than words, that passed between Tom Lincoln and Nancy Hanks.

They made no undue haste about their approach but they took a good look at each other. He was twenty-six, of medium height, solidly built, with hair so darkly brown it was almost black, hair cut around straight on a level with the bottom of his ears and not shingled up the back, and eyes that were gray, and now and then kindled with the love of fun. She was twenty-two, tall, well-proportioned, with dark skin and eyes. She had a high forehead, and possessed a good command of language. Her hands were skilled, and she had a good voice and could sing the old ballads.

Tom and Nancy did not say much, but they looked at each other, and neither was blind. Joe interrupted their observation now and then to ask Tom to confirm some statement about Joe's horse. But if anyone had had money with which to gamble that night, there was a safer wager possible than any that depended even upon the horsemanship of Joe Hanks. Tom Lincoln was riding to win. And in due time he won.

No formal invitations were issued to the wedding of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. Someone who was riding from Springfield to Elizabethtown conveyed a message to Joseph Hanks, and so to Thomas Sparrow and William Hanks, and Grandmother Bathsheba Lincoln, and there were ways enough of sending word to friends in Mercer and Nelson counties.

We do not know just who were present of the relatives of Thomas and Nancy.

His brothers and their families lived nearby. It would have been a long ride for his mother and the daughter and son-in-law with whom she lived, but in that season it was not an impossible ride. Certainly Thomas and Betsy Sparrow and Jesse and Polly Friend, and Levi Hall and his wife, Nancy Hanks, the aunt of the bride, were within a comfortable day's ride. Weddings in the backwoods were more than weddings. They were great assemblies of sundered friends who hungered for social relationship.

WE CAN picture the scene on the day of the wedding. The Berry house, a double, hewn-log structure, fronted the road a short distance from the ford of Beech Fork. A few houses were near, and the neighborhood was sometimes called Beechland and at other times Poortown. No reasonable explanation has been offered for the latter name, for the farmers were rather more than ordinarily prosperous. It may be that some of them were tenants of the Berrys, and that their cabins were small as compared with the two double log houses of Richard and Frank Berry. Below the Dick Berry House and near the road was, and still is, an excellent spring where each arrival refreshed himself, and the men made their outdoor toilet after their ride.

People were arriving nearly all day, and preparations were going forward on an extensive scale. The wedding feast was no matter of light refreshments, but a barbecue. Kettles were boiling and ovens were reeking the whole day long. A 'snack' was provided for the guests who arrived before noon, and it did not minish the provision for evening. The Berrys were well-to-do, and food was cheap. There was no market for surplus perishable food, and the actual cost of what people were to eat was hardly a matter to be considered.

There was no lack of help. The Berrys owned slaves, and so did the more prosperous of their neighbors, not even excepting the preacher, Jesse Head, whom modern authors have credited with the antislavery sentiments of the Lincoln family. There was help enough inside the house and out.

There is no occasion to exalt the wedding of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks into a social event of high rank. Neither have we any reason to think of it as less than the ordinary wedding of the period in its appeal to the friends of the bride and groom and to those who arranged for the marriage. It was just a good, average June wedding, and we know what such weddings were.

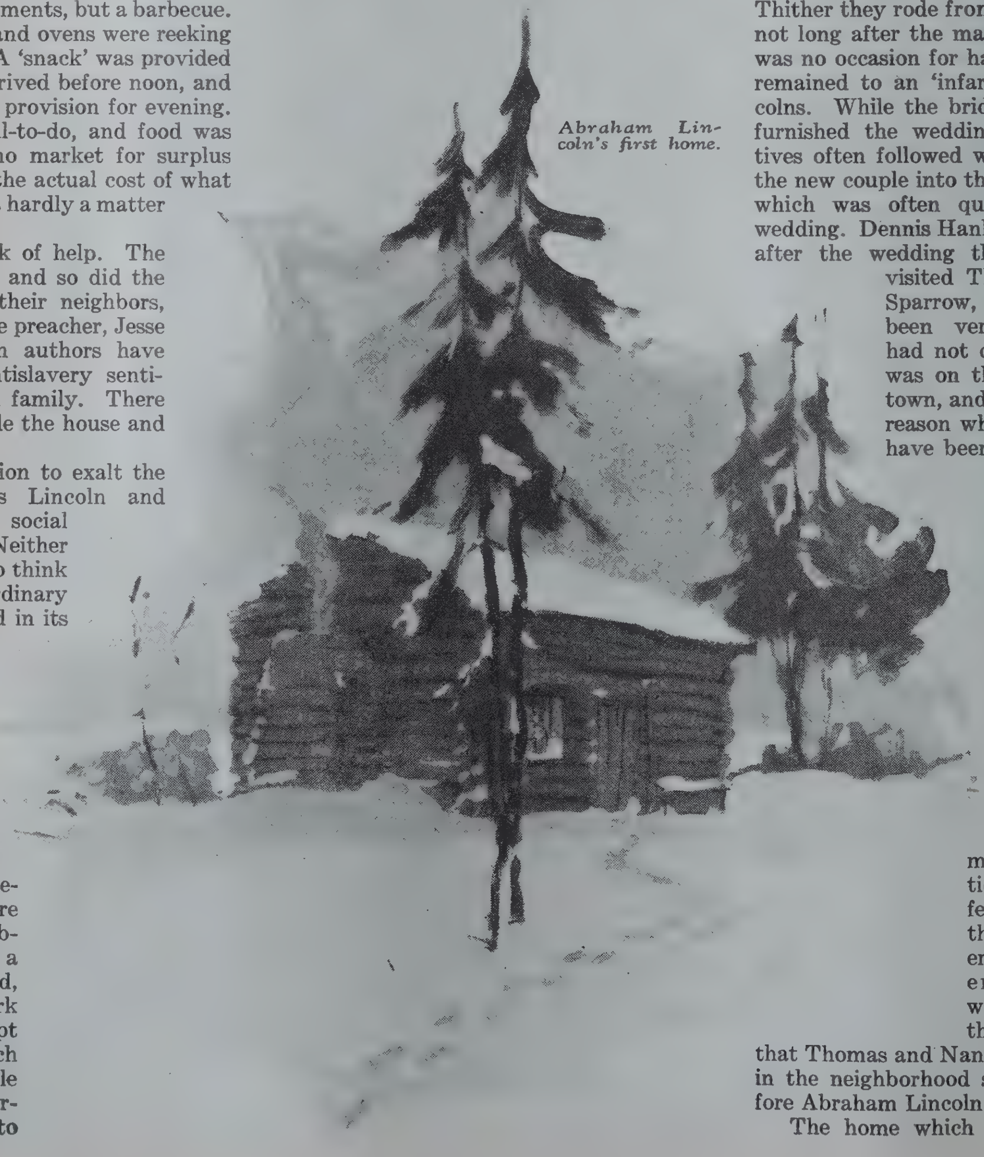
Not, certainly, because any of them were of his church, but probably because he was a neighbor and friend, and because his work as cabinetmaker kept him within easy reach of the courthouse, while preachers who rode circuits were not always to be depended upon, the minister selected for the occasion was the Reverend Jesse Head.

Rather late in the afternoon, he rode up. We know the color of the mare on which he rode; she was gray. Later, by natural increase and some swapping, he owned, at times, as many as three horses, but at this time he paid taxes on one gray mare, and three slaves, the slaves being a mother and two children. He did not own the husband of Mrs. Jane Head's cook; that colored man belonged to a neighbor. Jesse Head was later custodian and guardian of certain free Negro children, and so a trusted friend of their interests, but he was no abolitionist. He edited a paper which did not hesitate to advertise rewards for runaway slaves. On that subject he was neither ahead of his time nor behind it. But most of the preachers opposed slavery, and he did not.

He was recognized as he approached, for his gray mare and her rider were well known. Willing hands would have taken the bridle rein from him as he dismounted, but he personally saw to the removal of the saddle. It was summer, and a horse's back might easily scald, and a sore-backed horse is no asset to a backwoods preacher.

Thanks to a ribald jingle then current, we know how he looked:

His nose is long and his hair is red,
And he goes by the name of Jesse Head.



Abraham Lincoln's first home.

He was no saintly, mealy-mouthed man, this Jesse Head. He was a fighter of the devil and of desperadoes and of Calvinists and later of Whigs. He could eject a rowdy from a service, and thrash a bully till he cried for mercy, and then kneel with him, and with tears streaming from his eyes, pray that God would save the bully's miserable soul. He had a good library for his time, and he was something of a lover of books. Not everyone loved him. He made many enemies. But everyone respected him. Well might that company assembled on Beech Fork rise up and pay reverent regard to Jesse Head. Dogmatic, controversial, censorious, he was; but mightily in earnest, desperately sincere, and utterly without fear of Whigs, Calvinists, Baptists, rowdies or the devil. He did his own worthy share in saving the wilderness from godlessness and savagery.

THE wedding was at sunset and the feast and the dance followed. There were the good old tunes, 'Vilikins and his Dinah,' 'Turkey in the Straw,' 'The White Cockade,' 'Moneymusk,' and 'Hey, Betty Martin, Tiptoe, Tiptoe.' The fiddler rosined his bow and drew it lovingly across the eager catgut. There was enough to eat and more than enough to drink. It was a gay and festive night.

The first home of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln after their marriage was in Elizabethtown, county seat of Hardin County. Thither they rode from Washington County not long after the marriage service. There was no occasion for haste. They may have remained to an 'infare' given by the Lincolns. While the bride's family or friends furnished the wedding, the groom's relatives often followed with that reception of the new couple into their clan by an 'infare' which was often quite as noisy as the wedding. Dennis Hanks related that shortly after the wedding the bride and groom visited Thomas and Elizabeth Sparrow, and it would have been very strange if they had not done so. Their home was on the way to Elizabethtown, and there was every good reason why such a visit should have been made.

Some time in 1808 Thomas and Nancy moved from Elizabethtown, and on December 12, 1808, he bought from Isaac Bush two hundred acres of land, including the Sinking Spring, and the cabin which just two months later was to become famous. But when the purchasers of the Lincoln farm, a century later, made their investigation prior to the transfer of that property to the United States Government, they discovered evidence, not wholly certain, but to them highly probable, that Thomas and Nancy were already living in the neighborhood some ten months before Abraham Lincoln was born.

The home which for one single crop-season they are believed to have occupied was located in the 'Plum Orchard.' The cabin in the Plum Orchard was a temporary home. Tom Lincoln was tired of lawsuits, and of the kind of work that led to litigation, and Nancy wanted a home nearer to her foster parents, Thomas and Elizabeth Sparrow. And so, until possession of the home at Sinking Spring could be obtained, they lived for a few months in the Plum Orchard.

Thomas was not yet through with his lawsuits, and had to make rather frequent trips back to Elizabethtown, but usually he was gone only for the day, and Nancy awaited his return with glad anticipation.

Here, in May, 1808, while the wild crab apples were in their glory, and the air was full of their fragrance, Nancy felt the thrill of a new expectancy. She whispered her secret to her husband, and to Elizabeth Sparrow, and they all were glad, and the crab apples blushed happily. This time, Nancy hoped she would bear a son.

THERE was a neighborhood picnic in the woods of the Richard Creel place, in the summer of 1861, and the lunch baskets were assembled at the Sinking Spring. During the luncheon there was discussion about the cabin that had once stood there, and which had been removed, and whose logs some people present believed were still in the walls of a barn in the vicinage. The occupants of the cabin, Thomas Lincoln and his wife, had owned this very spring, and used its water; and it was here that their boy, Abraham Lincoln, was born.

It seemed a very remarkable fact that the man who was at that minute sitting in the White House and directing the great war, in which Kentucky was likely to be involved on the one side or the other, should have been born in this very spot, in a cabin, almost exactly where they were sitting, and that he and his parents should have drunk of and bathed in the water of this very spring.

Some one present said he had heard that when the Lincolns lived in that place, they were a 'no 'count' family, and perhaps not even married.

Aunt Peggy Walters answered the imputation with vigor.

'Mis' Lincoln was a fine woman,' she said. 'I knew her well. We lived just three-quarters of a mile over here, and I was here right often. She was a good woman, and nobody ever spoke a word against her while they lived here, nor against her husband, either.'

Aunt Peggy Walters was a woman of character, related to half the people present, and her word had weight.

'Weren't you here when he was born, Aunt Peggy?' asked one of the younger women.

'I most certainly was,' replied Aunt Peggy, 'and I remember it just as well as if it had been yesterday.'

Plied with questions, Aunt Peggy rose and hobbled about for a few steps, for she had a broken hip and had to use a crutch; it wearied her to sit long in one position. If she was to tell a long story, she must make herself more nearly comfortable.

She seated herself again, laid down her crutch, and told in her own language, which in the main was correct language, this story of the birth of Nancy Lincoln's baby:

'I was twenty years old, then, and helping to bring a baby into the world was more of an event to me than it became afterward. But I was married young, had a baby of my own, and I had helped mother, who, as you know, was quite famous as a granny-woman, and I had gone several times to help when I was sent for.

'It was Saturday afternoon, I remember, when Tom Lincoln sent over and asked me to come, and I got up behind the boy that rode across to fetch me, and I rode across to the cabin that then stood here. It was a short ride, less than a mile. It was winter, but it was mild weather, and I don't think there was any snow. If there was any then, it wasn't much, and no snow fell that night. It was a clear night. I was here all night. They sent for me quite as soon as there was any need, for when I got there nothing much was happening. They sent for her two aunts, Mis' Sparrow and Mis' Friend, and these both came, but they lived about two miles away, so I was there before them, and we all had quite a spell to wait, and we got everything ready that we could.

'They were poor folks, but so were most of their neighbors, and they didn't lack anything they needed. Nancy had a good feather bed under her; it wasn't a goose-feather bed; hardly anyone had that kind then, but good hen feathers. And she had blankets enough. There was a little girl there, two years old. Her name was Sarah. She went to sleep before much of anything happened.

'Well, there isn't much that a body can tell about things of that kind. Nancy had about as hard a time as most women, I reckon, easier than some and maybe harder than a few. It all came along kind of slow, but everything was regular and all right. The baby was born just about sunup, on Sunday morning. Nancy's two aunts took the baby and washed him and dressed him, and I looked after Nancy. That's about all there is to tell. I remember it better than I do some cases that came later because I was young, and hadn't had so much experience as I had afterward. But I remember it all right well.

'Oh, yes, and I remember one other thing. After the baby was born, Tom came and stood beside the bed and looked down at Nancy, lying there, so pale and so tired, and he stood there with that sort of a hang-dog look that a man has, sort of guilty like, and he says to me, "Are you sure she's all right, Mis' Walters?" And Nancy kind of stuck out her hand and reached for his, and said, "Yes, Tom, I'm all right." And then she said, "You're glad it's a boy, Tom, aren't you? So am I." '

OF THE actual naming of the child we have no account. None is needed. When Thomas Lincoln was a lad of six he saw his father, Captain Abraham Lincoln, shot down by an Indian. He wanted to perpetuate that name and did so. The name did not quite fit the first child, and for her the name Sarah appeared the best available substitute; the reserved name was ready for the next baby. They called the child Abraham Lincoln.

Several years later Tom Lincoln erected a new house, eighteen feet square, and with a loft high enough to provide room for beds, one of which was occupied by Abraham, now a lad of eight years. In that cabin he was to spend the remaining years of his boyhood.

The half-faced camp did not remain unoccupied. Thomas and Betsy Sparrow came on to be near their foster daughter, and made their home near the Lincolns. Scarcely had this couple moved out of the hillside place than Levi and Nancy Hanks Hall came on, and they in turn occupied the camp until they had provided themselves a permanent home. The rude shack sheltered in succession three families known to us, and quite possibly several others afterward.

For two years Nancy Hanks Lincoln dwelt in Indiana, and saw some approach to comfort in the conditions of her home. Gradually the cleared area of land and 'deadening' around the cabin widened, and the acreage of corn increased. The stock of poultry and of bacon grew, and the 'pinching times,' while not far pushed back into the woods, were not at the door as they were at the beginning. Conditions appeared to promise a reasonably comfortable future for the family.

The autumn of 1818 brought to southern Indiana a terrible sickness, afflicting both man and beast. The cattle were first to suffer from it, and as it was found to have been their milk that carried it to their human owners, it was called the 'milk-sickness.' A number of people in the neighborhood where the Lincolns lived contracted the disease and died. Levi and Nancy Hall died, and so did Thomas and Betsy Sparrow. Two uncles and aunts, one couple being her foster parents, were swept away as with a flood. Then Nancy herself contracted the disease. There was no physician within thirty-five miles. We have the testimony of a neighbor who was an eyewitness that Abraham and his sister were faithful in waiting on their mother, doing what they could for her. 'She struggled on,' says this neighbor, 'a good Christian woman, and died on the seventh day after she was taken sick.' The mother knew that she was going to die. She was very weak, and the children leaned over her while she gave her last messages.

Placing her feeble hand on Abe's head, she told him to be kind and good to his father and sister. To both she said, 'Be good to one another,' expressing a hope that they might live, as they had been taught by her, 'to love their kindred and worship God.' Thus, at the age of thirty-five, on October 5, 1818, died this madonna of the backwoods, the mother of Abraham Lincoln.

Mathematics *and* Reason

LINCOLN once remarked after reading a geometry book, 'Now I know what a proof is.' And Lincoln walked many miles to borrow that geometry.

Is there any other way to learn what a proof is? Is there any other method of arriving at confidence in reasoning power? The mathematician would be the first to admit that there is. But the other way is long and tedious and is attainable by only a few who through years of drill in engineering or in business problems arrive at certainty and confidence.

For young people no other subject of the curriculum can replace mathematics in the grasp which it gives of the universe controlled by law.

In mathematics as in no other school discipline, compulsion to think is placed upon the pupil. Mathematics will continue in the future as it has in the past the backbone of the material used for instructing the youth of the land.

Your Mirrors of the World

(*Continued from page 7*)

importance from offices employing one or two persons in sparsely populated districts, to an office in Washington which employs two or three dozen highly skilled reporters.

From a black dot on a trunk line, lighter black lines will zigzag about in a crazy fashion over the map of a state, and this will mark a state wire circuit—in other words a leased telegraph wire from which operators, sitting in newspaper offices in towns that may vary from 20,000 to 250,000 in population, copy 14,000 to 16,000 words of news in an eight-hour period.

Third, on this map you will see fine lines radiating from bureau cities in every direction, like rays of a pictured sunrise. These mark the telephone 'ponies.' The 'rays' represent phone wires leading from a capital city (either legislative or industrial) which will be used for verbal dictation of a briefed news report for smaller towns at fixed hours each day.

AS THE layman looks at all this complicated system he may say to himself that this is some sort of madhouse. There will be an element of truth in his conclusion. Let us take the lid off this madhouse and see what happens inside, taking a fairly simple incident for our text.

You live in Chillicothe, Ohio, let us say. Mussolini rises in the Chamber at Rome and makes some startling statement. A process then starts which might very well be described by a now familiar radio term: 'selectivity.' An American press association correspondent selects out of a dramatic parliamentary session such facts as he thinks necessary to make a story. He sends this to his London office, because experience has shown this the best thing to do. (Had an attempt been made to assassinate Mussolini, he would have filed that to his London and Paris offices, and by at least two direct-to-New York routes, at 'urgent' rates.)

The London editor may select only a part of the Mussolini message for relay to New York, or he may see it in better perspective and reach into the body of the message for a direct quotation with which to open the cable story. He may, if necessary, add to the cable other information from one of the three British news agencies, being careful to state the source of this addition. The cable editor in New York knows more of the American perspective on Italian news than the London correspondent can know, so it is possible he may select still another set of facts to bring to the front of the story he writes. The cable arrives in condensed form, because the fastest cable service costs twenty-five cents a word from London, and must be rewritten and expanded on this side. The finished story then goes to an editor who passes on all copy—the active executive in charge of the service—who considers it from many points of view. Is it accurate? Are the right facts emphasized in the lead? Is it too long, or too short? What is its importance as related to other news now in sight? And so on.

This editor may issue some instructions regarding the story. It goes then to a man called a filing editor. This man decides what shall be sent on the double trunk lines leading from New York to Chicago, which story shall be moved quickest, and in how great volume. He may send 300 words, we will say, on the Italian dictator. But double wires through Cleveland will carry 30,000 words, or thereabout, while less than 15,000 words can be carried by the single-wire state circuit. Moreover, that state circuit is there because those who live in Ohio are more interested in nearby Ohio news than in far-away events. So perhaps a third of the stories carried on that state wire are Ohio stories. Less than a third of the national and international news stories available in the Cleveland office can go downstate. Mussolini will be lucky, perhaps, if he gets 125 words.

Then, you will remember, from Columbus radiate the thin lines that mean telephone 'pony' circuits. Your editor in Chillicothe may get a 'thirty minute report'—as much newspaper copy as can be dictated and copied down accurately in a half-hour. The Columbus correspondent, to use the A. P. title (or bureau manager, if you use the phrase common to both other associations), must provide your editor with a representative selection of the day's news, in brief form. The final selective process may give you sixty words on Mussolini.

There, and I have let it run into some detail, you have the great mass of daily drudgery of the American press association business. This is far from spectacular, but it is necessary, and nowhere else in the world is such an amount of what is sometimes called public intelligence made available to newspapers. We are the best informed people in the world, in spite of our indifference.

Suppose that a brief fifty-word 'take' of that story had been written, topped by the word 'Bulletin.' Then when copies of it have been distributed to the filing editor he tosses it across the desk to a telegraph operator who breaks whatever story he is sending at the end of a sentence, sends the bulletin, then continues sending the earlier copy. At each 'relay point' a similar procedure is followed, so that news of importance travels across the country to San Diego in a few minutes. It has right of way, like an express train, and lesser traffic is shunted on to side tracks. News is traveling both ways on these wires, at the order of the filing editor, who is the train dispatcher immediately controlling traffic.

But let us do some more supposing: this time the cable reads, 'Flash Rome Pope Died 1635 Official.'

As the word 'Flash' ticks out over the cable wire, an operator calls the editor-in-charge.

THIS editor reads the message, turns, and brings the entire organization, coast to coast, to instant attention with the shout of 'Flash,' which instantly is sent on the wires by operators, to be followed perhaps by 'Rome Pope Dead,' dictated by the editor. At each relay point through all the vast network of wires, that flash is repeated by word of mouth, re-sent almost instantly, and in a few seconds it is stopping great presses, bringing stereotyping squads to attention for another try at a speed record, sending cuts and 'obit' (life history) material to the composing rooms, and setting editors to planning the make-up of extra editions in every town of any size in the country. The flash is a signal. It has caused a press association employe in Columbus to put through a rush phone call for your editor in Chillicothe, for one thing.

But before that rush call is through, the press association wires are carrying a 'Bulletin Sub Flash' telling that the Holy Father died at 4:35 p. m. (the 1635 of the twenty-four-hour clock) and that the announcement was official from the Vatican. After which 'adds' follow each other in rapid succession.

When one pictures the network of competing press association wires which cross and crisscross this country, the speed with which news is delivered, the fight for accuracy, the honesty of intent that is general, and the elimination of bias from news; and when one then turns for a look at Europe, the contrast is striking.

Over all of Europe there lies a network of 'semi-official' news agencies, the chief of which are Reuter, in England; Wolff, in Germany; and Havas, in France. These have a distinct edge on government news. The American correspondent soon learns that they have certain preferential standing. Occasionally an official will explain smilingly that he must favor these agencies, as they perform certain services for the Government. They are subsidized, in various not-too-apparent ways. Reuter, I believe, is paid for transmission of certain news to the colonies, and so on down the line.

The American correspondent, if he be unwary, can trip nicely over the ambiguities and mysteries of this situation.

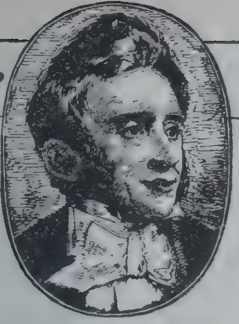
Hunters' Rewards

IN QUOTING a publication entitled 'The Parish,' *Notes and Queries* tells of a standing committee in every parish whose duty it was to destroy all 'noyfull fowles and vermyn.' The practice still exists in some rural parishes.

Rewards for the destruction of vermin taken within the parish were as follows:

For every three heads of old Crows, Choughs, Pyes, or Rooks, 1d.; for every six heads of young birds of the same kinds, 1d.; for every six eggs unbroken of any of them, 1d.; for every twelve heads of Stares (starlings), 1d.; for every head of Martin, Hawkes, Fursekite, Moldite, Buzzard, Shag, Cormorant, or Ringtail, 2d.; for every two eggs of them, 1d.; for every Iron (Hebron) or Osprey's head, 4d.; for the head of every Woodwall, Pye, Jay, Raven, or Kite, 1d.; for the head of every bird called the King's-fisher, 1d.; for the head of every Bullfinch, or other bird that devoureth the blowth (bloom) of fruit, 1d.; for the head of every Fox, or Gray, 12d.; for the head of every Fitchewe, Polecat, Weasel, Stote, Fayre-bad, (fare-bad, i. e., badgoer, Badger), Wildcat, 1d.; for the head of every otter, or Hedgehog, 2d.; for the heads of every three Rats, or twelve Mice, 1d.; for the head of every Moldewarpe or Want (Mole), ½d.

The Greatest Name in Rubber



Charles Goodyear, from a contemporary portrait

He walked the streets in downpouring rain in a strange garment of rubberized cloth.
He met the jeers of the world with a faith that neither disaster nor seeming disgrace could conquer.
He laid upon the altar of his work all the dear things of life—health, family, friends, fortune, happiness.
He was cast into prison for debt.
He felt himself "appointed of God."
He discovered the vulcanization of rubber.
His name was Charles Goodyear.

IN the immense and farflung industrial structure that is Goodyear today, an army of workers labors to enlarge Charles Goodyear's discovery.

In cities that he never saw—quite possibly of which he could not even dream—and in an enterprise he did not found, his spirit abides where his name finds greatest honor.

With every passing year, the name of Goodyear rises higher, clearer.

Deservedly the greatest name in rubber in the beginning, through the work of the man, it is today no less deservedly the greatest name in rubber through the work of the institution which followed the path he pioneered.

The name Goodyear is greatest in invention.

Look through the annals of the rubber industry's achievements, and on every important page for a quarter-century you will find record of Goodyear the institution's contribution to the art.

Goodyear invented the present straight-side tire. Goodyear perfected the principle of cord tire construction underlying the high-mileage performance of automobile tires today.

Goodyear ingenuity fashioned the machines necessary to the production of this new construction.

Goodyear devised the All-Weather Tread, for maximum safety, traction, wear.

Goodyear pioneered the successful pneumatic cord truck tire.

Goodyear originated the Plant Analysis Plan of specifying rubber mechanical goods to the uses of industry.

Goodyear provided the indispensable rubber equipment for aeronautics in America, and itself established record after record in air navigation.

Goodyear developed SUPERTWIST, the extra-elastic, extra-durable cord fabric essential to the modern low-pressure tire.

Goodyear has just now announced the tractive, slow-wearing new Goodyear balloon tire with the new-type All-Weather Tread.

The name Goodyear is greatest in sales.

The measure of value in rubber may accurately be gauged by volume of sales, sustained public demand being the evidence of merit.

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

More people walk on Goodyear rubber heels than on any other kind.

More Goodyear rubber conveyor belting is used in industry than any other kind.

More Goodyear rubber equipment is supplied to commercial aviation and for national aeronautical defense than any other kind.

More Goodyear Tires—many millions more—have been made and placed in the service of motorists than any other kind.

More rubber is used by Goodyear—nearly one-seventh of all the crude rubber produced annually on the earth, almost 50% more than is used by any other manufacturer.

The name Goodyear is greatest in service.

There is in the Goodyear business method a fixed principle of the greatest service to the greatest number.

With the same care that it builds into its products the greatest possible value, Goodyear has provided the means to help users get all that value out.

It has covered the world with a network of branches, depots and dealer service stations for the prompt supply and expert servicing of Goodyear wares.

It has pledged its selected retail outlets to give the skilled assistance to owners that results in the enjoyment of the last ounce of usefulness built into the Goodyear product.

The name Goodyear is greatest in usefulness.

It is a fair statement to say that none of Goodyear's success has come to Goodyear unearned.

This is a young company—eager, alert, forward-looking—one of the youngest although it is the greatest rubber company of the world.

It has come along no royal road in its march to decisive leadership, but often through trial and travail like that which Charles Goodyear himself endured.

But it has had his conquering spirit in its heart.

And it has had the devoted service of thousands on thousands of loyal men who respond to that spirit.

And it has had the trust and good-will of the millions of people who have tested its work and word and found them worthy.

It will keep all these, because it knows whereof they spring.

In the beginning, by force of discovery, Goodyear was the greatest name in rubber.

By force of usefulness, to its own and to all people, Goodyear is the greatest name in rubber today.

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1927, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

The Novelist

(Continued from page 6)

spent any time and thought over his work, and even Mr. Edgar Wallace with his half-dozen novels a year gives them, one must suppose, some care and consideration, must have a personal tender regard for his creation. It is in all probability bound up in his mind with much personal history; if the work is a novel he has lived for many months with these people; they have yielded to him their intimacy even though he is not able to convey that contact to others.

BUT the critic has to consider some dozen novels a week or twenty little slim volumes of verse or a little colony of eager reminiscences; he, in these days at least, is forced to consider horrible limits of time and space; how can he pause to meditate upon the author's personal anxieties?

The creator on the other hand, after some years of experience, discovers that the criticisms of his work fall always into one or other of two divisions. He names them to himself hostile or friendly and it is his complaint always that the colour of the feeling about his work in general will always be much stronger than the abstract critical value. He sees that he belongs inevitably to a certain world, that try as he may, he will never escape from this, and that it is well that he should not because that is his personality, the figure in his carpet, the thing that makes him, even in a small degree, unique and separate. But to the critic the things that comprise his world may seem of themselves false and sentimental or indecent and cynical.

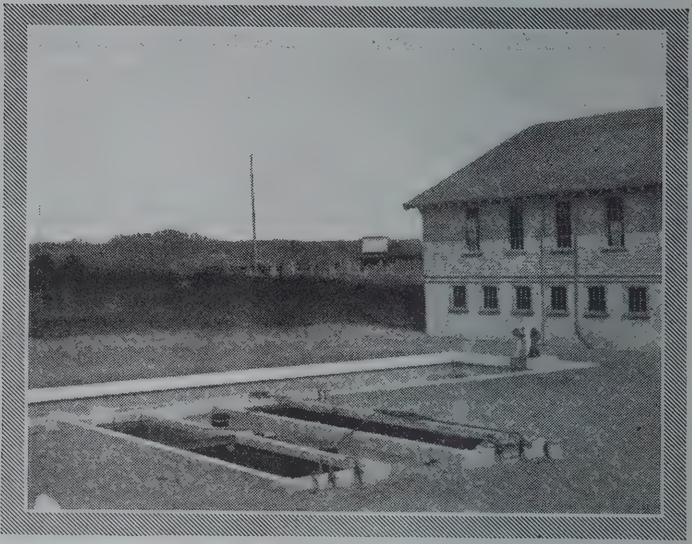
As creator I may see life as an adventure in which the new scientific attitude to sex is the most important thing that has ever happened; as critic this attitude may seem to me absurdly unimportant or so desperately important that it must be fought with every weapon in one's power. How then in this can critic and creator ever meet each other fairly?

THE creator discovers at last that he is working for certain others who see life in the main as he does himself. Not that they of necessity agree with him. And the critic too must inevitably move in his own world. How surprising it is to find, as one does constantly, that someone considers Conrad a vastly overrated writer, that Hardy is no poet, that Kipling told his tale long ago (and this after 'The Bull' and 'The Janeites' in the last volume). It is the same again with the great men of the past: to one Keats is a sugary and affected poet, to another Shelley is coloured wind and water, to another Jane Austen, a tepid chronicler of the smallest beer.

And so the creator finds his great consolation in his application to the work itself. He has no other business, he discovers at the last, but to do it as well as he can; he must listen to no other voices, be betrayed by no hopes of popular short cuts. And the critic on his side continues to wonder that the rest of the world refuses to see things as he does, but he has his abiding satisfaction, if he is honest and refuses to be swayed too far by personal feeling, that he is clearing the ground and that at the end he has brought the fine things to wider attention and is encouraging beauty and truth to flourish in a dusty soil.

The FISH COURSE *at the* University *of* Washington

By N. NORRIS DAVIS



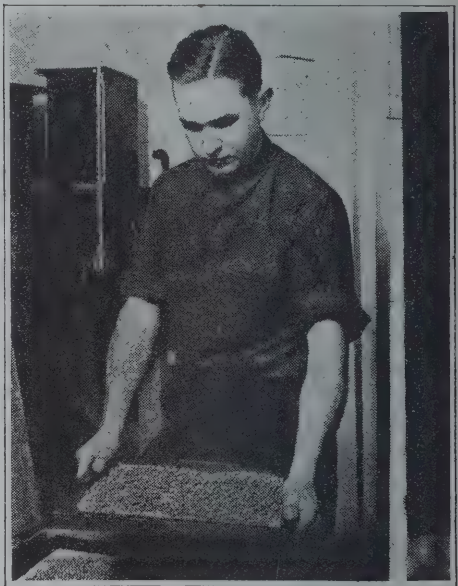
Right—*Cement ponds for rearing fish, kept in operation all year.* Below—*Student dressing fish.*

THE College of Fisheries of the University of Washington was founded in February, 1919.

Scattered throughout the country and notably on the Pacific Coast, are numerous ponds, lakes, small streams and marshy spots, which under present conditions are a liability, but which may be an asset if used for 'water farming.' The function of the College of Fisheries is to instruct in the principles and practices of fishery.

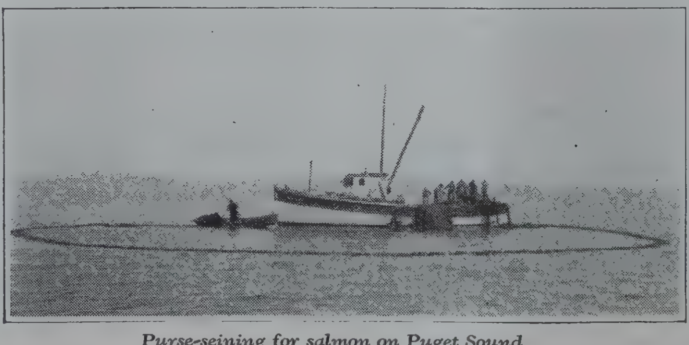
Its campus is located on the shores of Lakes Washington and Union, and these two bodies of water are connected by canals with each other and with Puget Sound. As a result, the largest fishing vessels are enabled to tie up alongside the Lake Union dock of the university, and this dock is only about a thousand feet from the fisheries school. At Friday Harbor, on Puget Sound, the university owns, and has operated for some years, one of the best situated marine biological laboratories in the world.

The course in the College of Fisheries includes the history and methods of the fisheries and subsidiary industries. Students receive training in the construction, operation and preservation of all forms of fishery apparatus; the best methods of handling the catch; modern methods of business management, and some knowledge of fishery business and admiralty law.



Student handling a trough of trout eggs.

One very important part of the course is the teaching of the latest methods of canning, salting, smoking, spicing, and otherwise preparing fishery products for market, and in order to do this a laboratory has been established, in which are installed washing and brining tanks, retorts, steam boxes, oil fryers, dryers, double seamers, smokehouse, salting tanks, et cetera, and a barrel-making outfit, codfish cutting blocks, codfish brick machine, et cetera.



Purse-seining for salmon on Puget Sound.

The Other Fellow

(*Continued from page 5*)

days, when, even upon British soil, the letters of the British and their allies were officially opened, and frequently suppressed.

In Damascus, Jerusalem, in Cairo and Alexandria even, where the trail of the tourist has destroyed much of the simplicity of manners, one has frequently seen a tradesman, called away from business, simply tilt a chair in front of his open shop door to signify that he is out, the contents being left entirely without protection for hours at a time. If a neighbor sees a chance of doing a bit of business on his behalf, he will invite a customer to enter, sell him the object in question, replace the chair, and faithfully hand over the cash at the return of the proprietor.

But here again we have the difference of standard. A peasant woman of my acquaintance, a Christian, was rebuked by her priest for not remonstrating with a relative for picking and stealing, especially at night when he would prowl about and carry off hens, or eggs, or wood, or linen left to dry. 'He is no thief,' she said indignantly. 'He is like a lion which goes out and brings home something for the children, instead of being idle and sleeping all night. Times are hard and the little ones must live. That is not *haram* (forbidden)!'

The small courtesies of life are much insisted upon by both religion and custom, and their absence strikes one as strange on return to Western surroundings. It is said that the social duties of a pious Moslem are five: Accepting invitations, answering a *salaam* (greeting), visiting the sick, walking behind a bier, and if a person sneezes and says 'Praise be to God!' to answer 'God have mercy upon thee.' As with us, a sneeze is regarded as a possible precursor of ailment, and even of the plague, which the pilgrims sometimes bring with them from Egypt. Walking behind a bier is an act of respect for humanity which must never be omitted, be it only for a few steps.

SILENCE is no impoliteness in the East. When people have no more to say there is no obligation to 'keep up conversation.' A low voice as well as kindly speech is recommended. 'God has given me two ears and only one tongue,' said a follower of the Prophet, when reproached with silence.

On the subject of cleanliness the point of view between East and West often reveals again differences of standard. I once sat with a Turkish friend in the hall of a great hotel in Constantinople. A lady present, observing the growing habit among Orientals of discarding the fez indoors, which was formerly regarded as a disrespect, remarked that it was now impossible to know Christian from Moslem. 'Nothing easier,' replied the Turk, 'the Moslems will go through that door opposite to wash their hands before eating.'

Some of us may have felt rebuked, though it is a part of good manners never intentionally to convey criticism. They quote, 'Jesus—blessed be He—said, "Use not wisdom with the unwise to their annoyance."'

Lord Palmerston's celebrated definition of dirt, that it is 'matter in the wrong place,' leaves the question open as to which is the right place. Possibly, because the heat of the sun quickly destroys all deleterious organisms, the Oriental seems to think that anything may be thrown out of doors. You cross a filthy court to enter a spotless house. An oriental crowd, except for that branch of it which delights in garlic, forbidden by the Prophet, is less unpleasant to the nostrils than a crowd elsewhere, perhaps because the poor wear less woolen clothing. Moreover, they delight in baths, and an oriental bath is not a mere dip, but a ceremony which lasts for hours.

I once met, in the train, a group of fathers going to visit a mission school in order to take their sons to the bath. They were anxious they said that the boys should not forget the habits of cleanliness in which they had been brought up, yet doubtless the excellent missionaries supposed themselves to be initiating barbarians in the paths of hygiene!

Thomas Lake Harris

(*Continued from page 9*)

death on March 23, 1906. Two years after Harris left California he made a legal disposition of Fountain Grove to this effect: That his interest in it should go to Nagasawa and that the remaining interest should finally go to the last survivor. He also arranged for the accumulation of a cash fund to take care of his disciples when they should become too old to work.

A few years later, the number of survivors had been reduced to three—Nagasawa and two others. The other two later opened negotiations to take the cash fund that had accumulated and let Nagasawa have Fountain Grove. Prohibition had in the meantime come and it looked as if Fountain Grove would not be worth much.

Nagasawa asked George F. King to go East and conduct the negotiations, at the same time giving him power of attorney to conclude whatever arrangements might seem to him to be best. King learned that the cash fund for the support of the old people had grown to $120,000. This seemed to him to be quite a sum of money to give up in return for the sole ownership of Fountain Grove, the value of which under prohibition was still problematical. But King, who is a very shrewd business man, evidently sensed what later came about—that the price of grapes might advance. As a matter of fact, grapes that used to sell for $15 a ton, now bring from $75 to $100. At any rate, King gave them the $120,000 in cash and took Fountain Grove for Nagasawa.

We now come to a very peculiar and a very interesting situation. When Harris gave Nagasawa a vested interest in Fountain Grove it was lawful for native-born Japanese to own land in California. This has been changed by California law. It is still lawful for Nagasawa to own Fountain Grove, because the Constitution of the United States prohibits California and every other state from enacting *ex post facto* laws—laws that are retroactive. But the law prohibits Nagasawa even from bequeathing Fountain Grove to a native Japanese.

Here trips upon the stage of this story the future master of Fountain Grove—a lad of seven who is still called 'Coo-Coo' because when he was a baby this was as near as he could come to his Japanese name which is 'Kosuke'—Kosuke Ijichi, pronounced 'Ajish.' This lad, who is the grandson of Nagasawa's sister, was born at Fountain Grove and is therefore a 'native son of the Golden West' and as much a Californian as Hiram Johnson.

'Coo-Coo' is evidently the child in image of whom Japanese dolls were fashioned. His black hair and eyes contrast beautifully with his pink-and-white complexion. He plays with great vigor and makes friends with caution. Not many who go to Fountain Grove can get beyond the barrier of his reserve. And yet it isn't reserve. He's just got his fences up against familiarity, that's all.

Benedict Arnold

(*Continued from page 13*)

Arnold was given the important post of commander of the garrison in the capital city. Here he stayed in the summer of 1778 and the winter of 1779. His wounded leg made service in the field impossible. The civil and municipal authorities of Philadelphia did a great deal to make trouble for him, and the necessary and inevitable conflicts between the military and civil jurisdictions added more fuel to the fire of his wrath against Congress. Finally charges were made against him which resulted in his court-martial in December of 1779 for exceeding his authority. The court-martial in the main exonerated him, but found him guilty of imprudence.

This friction with the Pennsylvania authorities was the last straw which broke the camel's back. He entered into treasonable correspondence with the British commander in chief, which ended in his effort to betray West Point and the death of the unfortunate Major André. Besides this, as commander at Philadelphia, he was expected to keep up social appearances beyond his means. This was difficult for a general who had already sacrificed a great deal of his personal money in the patriot cause, and whose generosity to the unfortunate family of General Warren had caused him serious losses.

One other element played in causing him to desert the American cause. As a veteran of the French and Indian War he resented bitterly the idea of the alliance between France and the United States which was effected in the winter of 1778. He felt that France had no really disinterested motives. As a New Englander he had been taught to regard the French with horror, for had not these same French been responsible for a hundred years of savage border warfare in New England, in which villages had been burned and men, women and children scalped and burned to death? An alliance with France seemed to him the final surrender of hopes for American independence. He preferred British to French domination and so went over to the British side.

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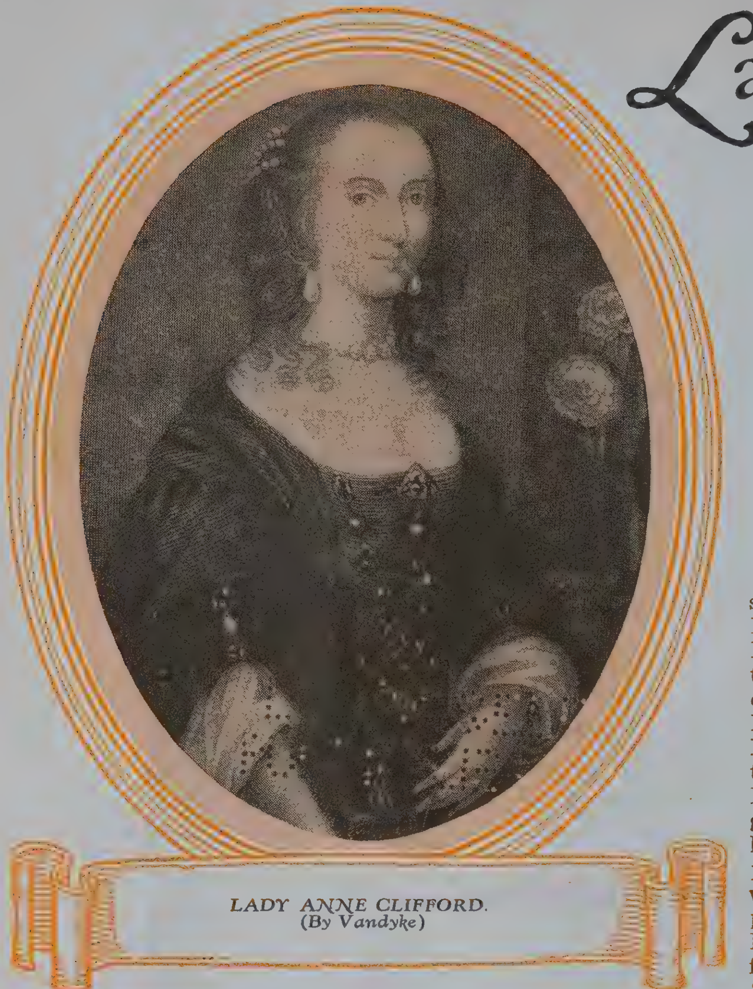
Lady ANNE CLIFFORD, Countess *of* Dorset *and* Pembroke

By
FRANCES
HOLBROOK
PFEIFFER



LADY ANNE CLIFFORD.
(By Vandyke)

YOU have met those mild, little women, soft-spoken, gentle, yielding—usually they have blue eyes—you have seen them give way, sacrifice their own desires in nearly everything. Then one day you have seen them take a stand for a principle—have known them to become resolute, immovable, adamantine; and it has been all the more surprising because they were so meek.

There were just such meek and immovable little women three hundred years ago. One, conspicuous long after her day, who for thirty years held steadfastly to her purpose against the opposition, coercion, threats and contumely of friends, husband, relatives, prelates and even the king himself; who never swerved nor gave up, and who finally won, was Lady Anne Clifford. But *her* eyes were black!

Lady Anne Clifford was the only surviving child of George, the third Earl of Cumberland—of the great Cliffords of north England—and his wife, Margaret Russell, a daughter of the Earl of Bedford. Lady Anne, herself, born in the winter of 1590, had the characteristics of both parents—she was a gentle little battler.

George Clifford, large, handsome, dashing and dominating, grew restless in the quiet of English country life; he was surfeited with the glamour and cajolery of the court. He was Elizabeth's official champion in all jousting and tilting, but he sought more stirring adventure, and during the reign of Elizabeth—and with that adventurous Queen's approval—he fitted out fleets at his own expense, and set gaily out on eleven different expeditions; . . . 'he exchanged his country pleasures with new thoughts of greater worlds,' his gentle lady said. Off to the River Plate, Costa Rica, the Canaries, the Azores, to the coasts of Spain and Portugal he sailed. In these voyages 'for the service of Queen Elizabeth, for the good of England and his own person,' he plundered as he went, a sort of superior buccaneer. Elizabeth, having a fondness for men of 'roguish condition,' closed her eyes to his piracy and kept them wide open for her share of the plunder Clifford brought back—gold, silver, precious stones, spices, bales of silk, and so on.

Lady Anne's mother was gentle, courteous, religious, of a sharp wit, withal, high-spirited and loyal, never yielding to opposition. Lady Cumberland's happy years were those early ones of her marriage before the earl had a taste of the sea.

Lady Anne held, always, a proud and high regard for her splendid father and worshiped her mother, in whose care she was reared. Her education was directed by Samuel Daniel the poet, and from him she acquired a taste for reading and a desire for literary composition. Lady Anne was a writer. Because of her high position and her century, she wrote mostly 'for her own closet,' recording many personal and trifling matters, largely about her own life. Now, three hundred years afterward, they interest us—these little pictures of a lady's life in the long ago. She wrote with a brevity, a grace and purity, and with direct sincerity, seeing she lived in an age of ceremony and long, involved sentences.

When Lady Anne Clifford was only fifteen her gallant father made port from his last voyage and passed away. For an unaccountable reason he willed his vast properties in the north, not to his only child, but to his brother Sir Francis Clifford, with the proviso that they were to revert to Lady Anne in the failure of male heirs. Cumberland thus ignored the fact that his estates were entailed upon his heir, regardless of sex. Therefore, this enormous property justly belonged to his daughter, and both Lady Anne and her mother were determined to possess it. Then began a famously protracted litigation—Clifford vs. Clifford—little Lady Anne Clifford vs. the unjust laws and traditions of England.

At nineteen Lady Anne was married to Richard Sackville, third Earl of Dorset, and became the Countess of Dorset. He was twenty, 'a man of lively parts and a licentious life, and probably a polite and negligent husband.' Where Lady Anne's swashbuckling father poured out his fortune in fitting out galleons, her husband squandered his estates in fine clothes, sports, hospitality and riotous living. Dorset's high-handed expenditures caused battle royal between him and his lady, over her inheritance in the Border country. His lands and London estates had been sold; and he had nearly lost Knole, the ancient seat of the Sackvilles in Kent, and needing more and more money, he tried to force Lady Anne to compromise with her uncle, whereby she would renounce her rights for certain sums of money—for Dorset to squander. But right there Dorset came up against the Rock of Gibraltar!

All through Lady Anne's diary—which, unfortunately, covers only a few years of this period of her life—there runs the refrain, *'I will never part with Westmoreland upon any condition whatsoever!'*

DORSET writes to her, beginning his letter 'Sweet Heart' and refers to her, 'whom in all things I love and hold a sober woman, your land only excepted, which transports you beyond yourself, and makes you devoid of all reason.' And Lady Anne writes to her mother: 'In everything will I commend him, save only in thus business of my land, wherein I think some evil spirit works, for in this he is violent as possible.'

Nor did Dorset fight her single-handed. He called in his friends, the great lords of the realm, his powerful relatives, and even the king himself. The diary records, simply, how this quiet woman withstood all their attacks, practically alone. There are indications, however, that Lady Anne's friends, the great ladies and even the queen, sympathized with her and sustained her as much as they dared. May not the seeds have been planted, in this protracted struggle of one woman against the leaders of the nation, which produced, in a later century, more equitable laws and greater liberty for English women?

Her little daughter, Lady Margaret Sackville, was not a robust little girl, living in such a contentious family. Lady Anne writes her mother:

> 'It is a miracle to me that the Child should prosper so well. She is but a little one, I confess, but a livlier and a merrier thing was there never yet seen.'

Lady Anne was devoted to the 'Child,' and while she writes calmly about Dorset's unkindest coercive move, her mother-heart must have been fearful and heavy:

'Upon the 3rd. (May) Baskett came down from London and brought me a letter from my Lord by which I might see it was his pleasure that the Child should go the next day to London, which at the first was somewhat grievous to me, but when I considered that it would both make my Lord more angry with me and be worse for the Child, I resolved to let her go, after I had sent for Mr. Legge and talked with him about that and other matters and wept bitterly. The 4th. being Saturday, between 10 and 11, the Child went into the litter to go to London . . . In the afternoon came a man called Hilton . . . from my Lady Willoughby to see me, which I took as a great argument of her love, being in the midst of all my misery.'

The child was only two years old and we are glad to say that she was not kept many months from her mother.

'All this time my Lord was in London where he had all and infinite and great resort coming to him. He went about Cocking, to Bowling Alleys, to Plays and Horse Races and commended by all the world. I stayed in the country, having many times a sorrowful and heavy heart, being condemned by most folks, because I would not consent to the agreements, so as I may truly say, I am like an owl in the desert.'

Her best friend, her mother, passed away. Dorset brought more pressure to force her to make over her Westmoreland lands to him and the child, and upon her refusal, he dispatched her, with only an hour's notice, from London to Knole. Two days later Dorset sent down a conveyance 'which Mr. Walter had drawn and persuaded me to go and set my hand to it, which I refused because my Lord had sent me down so suddenly 2 days before.'

She went north to Brougham Castle to settle her mother's affairs and matters became more peaceful between her and Dorset —'my Lord persuaded me to consent to his business and assured me how kind and good a husband he would be to me.'

Notwithstanding the spirit she showed about 'the business,' she dared not go to London without permission from her lord. In answer to an earnest letter urging him to allow her to visit London, she records:

'The 21st. was the first day I put on my black silk grogram gown. Upon the same day Rivers came down to Brougham and brought me word that I could not go up to London this winter.'

Wives certainly submitted themselves to their husbands in those days in England! There was a great house party at Penhurst, the home of the Sidneys, of which Lady Anne writes in August, 1617:

'The 4th. in the morning my Lord went to Penhurst but would not suffer me to go with him, although my Lord and Lady Lisle [Sidneys] sent a man on purpose to desire me to come. He hunted and lay there that night, there being my Lord of Montgomery, my Lord Hay, my Lady Lucy and a great deal of other company, yet my Lord and I parted reasonable friends, he leaving me his grandmother's ring.'

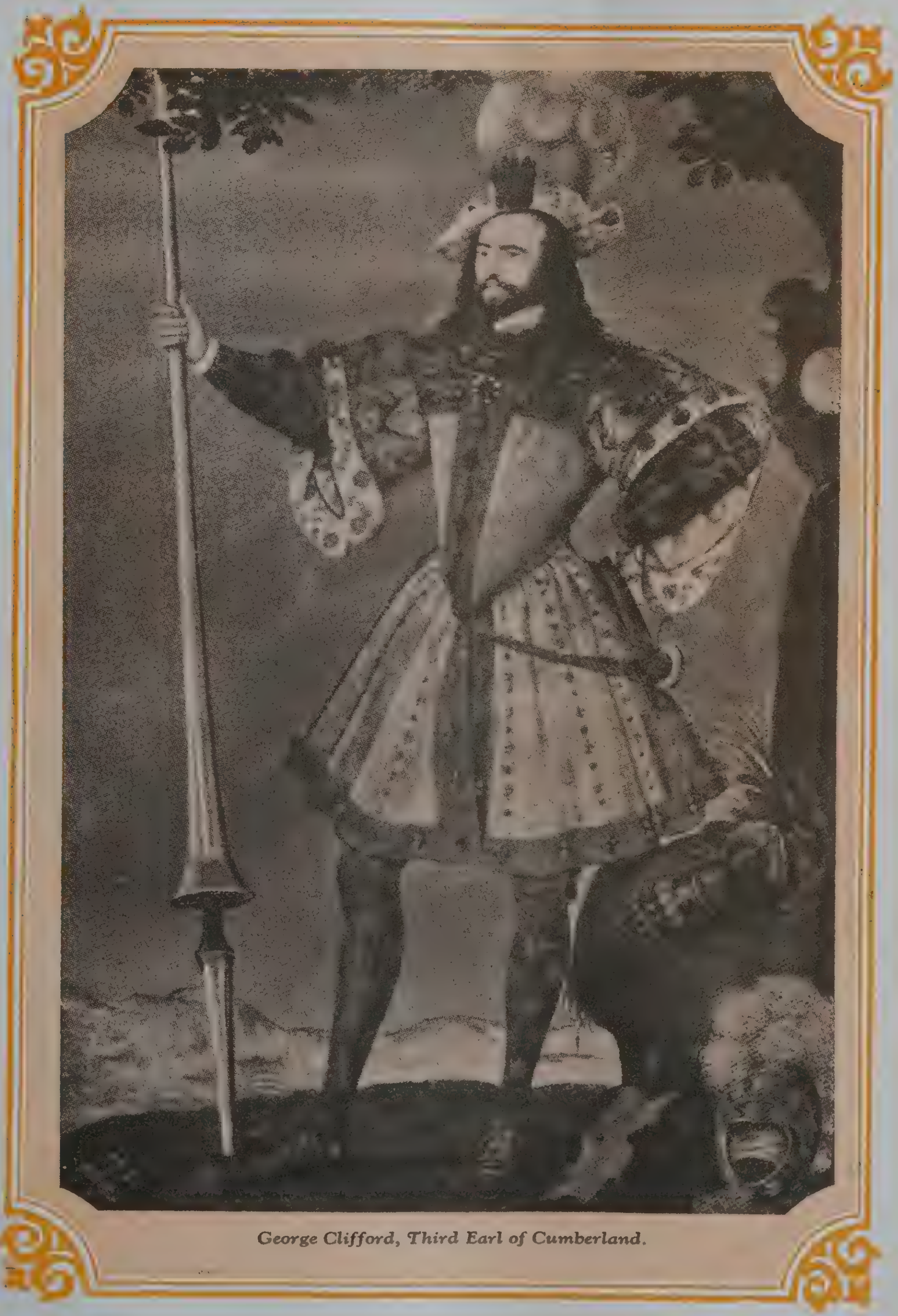
Small solace for missing the party! While she is still in Brougham Castle she makes these records:

'I rose by times in the morning and went to the Pagan Tower to my prayers and saw the sun rise . . . I did string the pearls and diamonds my Mother left me into a necklace . . . Prince Charles was created Prince of Wales in the great Hall of Whitehall . . . Not long after this Lord Chancellor was created Viscount Brackley, Lady Derby's husband.'

In passing it is interesting to recall that Viscount Brackley, Baron Ellesmere, was the founder of the famous Bridgwater Library, now a part of the Henry E. Huntington Library, in San Marino, California. Finally in December, 1616, she comes up to London where she is met at Islington by a number of great ladies—'so that we were in all 10 or 11 coaches and so I came to Dorset House where the Child met me in the Gallery. The house was well dressed up against I came . . . All this time of my being in London I was much sent to, and visited by many, being unexpected that ever matters should have gone so well with me and my Lord, everybody persuading me to hear and make an end, since the King had taken the matter in hand so as now.'

Then comes the hardest experience of all for poor little Lady Anne:

'The 17th. when I came up my Lord told me I must resolve to go to see the King the next day. The 18th. I went to see the Queen in the Drawing Chamber where my Lady Derby told the Queen how my business stood, and so she promised me she would do all the good in it she could. When I had stayed a little while I was sent for, my Lord and I going through my Lord Buckingham's chamber who brought us to the King . . . He put all out that were there and my Lord and I kneeled by his chair sides when he persuaded us both to peace and to put the whole matter wholly in his hands, which my Lord consented to do, but I beseeched His Majestie to pardon me, *for that I would never part with Westmoreland while I lived upon any condition whatsoever.* Sometimes he used fair means and persuasions and sometimes foul means, but I was resolved before as nothing would move me. From the King we went to the Queen's side. The Queen gave me warning not to trust my matters absolutely to the King lest he should deceive me. At this



George Clifford, Third Earl of Cumberland.

time I was much bound to my Lord for he was kinder to me in all these businesses than I expected, and was very unwilling that the King should do me any public disgrace.'

Two days later she was again dragged before James:

'I stayed in my Lady Ruthven's chamber till towards 8 o'clock about which time I was sent for to the King into the Drawing Chamber where the door was locked and nobody suffered to stay there but my Lord and I, my Uncle Cumberland and my Coz. Clifford [the usurpers of her inheritance], my Lords Arundel, Pembroke, Montgomery, Sir John Digby . . .'

The lawyers she names and continues:

'The King asked us all if we would submit to his judgment in this case. My Uncle Cumberland, my Coz. Clifford and my Lord answered they would, but I would never agree to it without Westmoreland at which the King grew in a great chaff. My Lord Pembroke and the King's solicitors speaking much against me; at last when they saw there was no remedy, my Lord fearing the King would do me some public disgrace, desired Sir John Digby would open the door, who went out with me and persuaded me much to yield to the King. Presently, after my Lord came from the King when it was resolved if I would not come to an agreement, there should be an agreement made without me . . . I may say I was led miraculously by God's Providence, and next to that I trust all my good to the worth and nobleness of my Lord's disposition, for neither I nor anyone else thought that I should have passed over this day as well as I have done.'

Magnificent estate of the Pembrokes, begun during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

How like a woman, when she receives kindness in the midst of stress, to forget that that very one is causing her trouble! And how like a woman in any age to write just this way:

'. . . Mr. Smith went up in coach to London to my Lord to whom I wrote a letter to let him know in what case the Child was, and to give him humble thanks for his noble usage towards me in London.

'Mr. Amherst, the Preacher, came hither to see me with whom I had much talk. He told me now they began to think at London that I had done well in not referring this business to the King and that everybody said God had a hand in it.'

So the contest goes on. When the Cliffords and Dorset had signed papers and Lady Anne thought everything was lost, some technicality prevented them, and we read this record:

'I did strive to give him much comfort and assurance of my love as I could possibly, and yet I told him *I would never part with Westmoreland upon any condition whatsoever.*'

She never did part with Westmoreland! Her life goes on with records of little happenings; she reads and is read to by her 'folks':

'I spent the evening in working and going down to my Lord's Closet where I sat and read much in the Turkish History and Chaucer; wandering over the great house; I spent most of my time in working and going up and down to see the Child . . . I wore a plain green flannel gown . . . and my yellow taffety waistcoat. Rivers used to read to me in Montaigne's Plays and Moll Neville in the Fairy Queen . . . I made an end of my cushion of Irish stitch . . . it being my chief help to pass away the time at work . . . I made pancakes with my women in the great Chamber . . . Came Sir John Taylor with whom I had some 2 hours talk of ancient times and my Father in the north . . . Now I had a great desire to have my Father's sea-voyages written, so did set Jones to inquire about these matters. My Lord and Sir Henry Vane played at Bowles. This night my Lady Margaret (the Child) was 5 years old and so my Lord caused her health to be drank throughout the house . . . After supper I went with the Child who rode the piebald nag that came out of Westmoreland . . . The Child put on her white coats and left many things from her head, the weather growing extreme hot . . .' and so on.

The Earl of Dorset goes on living his gay life until it came prematurely to an end in 1624, when some degree of peace entered into the life of his widow. However, six years later she unwisely married again, this time to 'the greatest Lord in all England,' Philip Herbert, the Earl of Pembroke, whereupon her last state was worse than her first. Let her tell it:

'These two Lords of mine . . . were in their several kinds worthy noblemen as any there are in the kingdom; yet it was my misfortune to have contradictions and crosses with them both. With my first Lord about the desire he had to make me sell my rights in the lands of mine ancient inheritance . . . which I never did; . . . and with my second Lord because my younger daughter, the Lady Isabella Sackville, would not be brought to marry one of his younger sons . . . So as, in both their lifetimes the marble pillars of Knole in Kent and Wilton in Wiltshire, were to me oftimes gay arbours of anguish.'

There isn't any doubt that a part of Lady Anne's troubles were caused by a lack of humor! All through the diary nobody laughs nor says a sprightly thing. There is no doubt, and history confirms it, that Lord Pembroke was a bounder, however nicely his lady tries to smooth things over. She was obliged to separate from him.

IN 1649 Lord Pembroke very considerately departed this life, leaving Lady Anne free at last, after an embittered twenty years. And 'about this time' her 'Uncle Cumberland and Coz. Clifford' both passed away, and so Lady Anne, past fifty, came into the possession of Westmoreland!

Lady Anne ruled her wide domain like the queen of a principality; restored and rebuilt her castles; defied Cromwell by telling him that if he pulled them down about her head she would rebuild them again. She cared for and fought her tenants; erected chapels; built bridges and monuments—one to Edmund Spenser in Westminster, another to her old tutor, Samuel Daniel, and reared an obelisk on the spot where she last parted from her mother; endowed homes, pensioned her old retainers; provided for the several natural children of her first husband; she delighted in seventeen grandchildren and nineteen great grandchildren, although only two of her own children, daughters, survived. One of Lady Anne's grandchildren was that Earl of Thanet who, in 1688, became one of the donors of King's Chapel in Boston.

She reveled in her great possessions. She was happy and free, with plenty to occupy her alert and vigorous mentality. Her time was largely spent in those famous progresses back and forth over the roads of Westmoreland, Yorkshire and Cumberland, visiting her great estates, followed by a retinue often of three hundred or more horses, coaches and litters. For thirty years this 'terrible, great old lady' ruled with a strong, just, kind hand, then at eighty-six she laid down her scepter in Brougham Castle in the same room in which her father had been born and in which her mother had passed away.

It was said of her:

'If she had sought fame rather than wisdom possibly she might have been ranked among those wits and learned of her sex of whom Pythagoras or Plutarch, or any of the ancients, have made honourable mention . . . But, with Mary, she sought the better part, of learning the doctrine of Christ.'

Political Issues of the Colorado River

(*Continued from page 2*)

these terms, they propose to submit the whole controversy to the courts of the United States.

California, on the other hand, says that the preponderance of engineering investigation and experience dictates the Boulder Canyon site as the most available and most advantageous place for the dam. With a storage capacity of 26,000,000 acre feet, it is asserted that all danger of floods will be passed and the people of the Imperial Valley saved from possible destruction. They maintain that with this amount of water stored, they can build new canals all within American territory and not only reclaim 385,000 acres of land, but also prevent the shortage that is threatened each year on the lands that are now irrigated. They insist that the dam should be placed at a point where the power when created will have a market and that the only market at the present time for 200,000 electric horsepower is the cities of southern California. To back up their assertion of the availability from both a power and reclamation angle, and to demonstrate their good faith, they state that they are willing that they shall be bound by law to submit contracts for the purchase of water and of power which would pay for the entire construction of the dam, the power plant, and the All-American Canal within a certain number of years.

California joins issue with Arizona's claim to the right to tax the power on the ground that Arizona when admitted as a state, both in her constitution and in accepting the law whereby Congress recognized her as a state, waived her right to the control of power sites located on the river within the border of the state. Californians take the offensive against the Arizona scheme by saying that, in the event of the creation of a power plant where the State of Arizona desires it, there will be practically no market for the same because of its distance from cities and manufacturing areas. They ridicule the idea of drilling a tunnel seventy miles through solid rock in order to get water out upon the 3,000,000 acres of Arizona's land. They add that water stored in the Boulder Canyon Reservoir will give Arizona sufficient water to reclaim all that it is feasible to irrigate of its arid lands.

California crystallized its position in legislation known as the 'Swing-Johnson bill,' a bill proposed by Congressman Phil D. Swing and Senator Hiram Johnson. This bill focused the attention of all the parties interested in the Colorado River problem in the United States Senate at the last session. It probably would have passed the Senate had it not been for a filibuster during the closing days of the session. Briefly, it calls for the building of a storage reservoir of a capacity of not less than 20,000,000 acre feet in the Colorado River at Black Canyon or Boulder Canyon. A diversion dam some miles below as a part of a canal project would carry water to the Imperial and Coachella valleys in California. It also calls for the construction of a power plant which would supply electrical energy for raising water up above the canyon so that it could be carried to the cities of southern California to supply electrical power, the entire project not to exceed a cost of $125,000,000, and no money to be appropriated for construction work until contracts have been executed which would provide revenue to cover operation and maintenance and the cost of completing the project within a certain period of years.

The proposed law is also based on the condition that the Colorado River compact shall be accepted by six states and that all agreements under this proposed law shall be subject to the terms of the compact.

In addition to the refusal of Arizona to agree to the compact and California's withdrawal and conditional terms upon which she would reënter the compact, Utah has also withdrawn from the compact, on the ground that the states in the northern basin are doing a futile and dangerous thing in agreeing to the compact, when Arizona may acquire prior rights on the river by applying the water to a beneficial use, and power interests might possibly, through the Federal Power Commission, do likewise by obtaining a license to construct power reservoirs on the stream.

In the background stands Mexico, which claims the right to the use of the water of the Colorado running through her territory as it flows toward the Gulf of California. Already there is great energy being shown on the Mexican side of the border in the reclaiming of lands that are close to the Imperial Valley. It is said that most of the money invested in this project is American money. In answer to those disposed to keep as much of the water as possible in the United States by carrying it through the American canals for American lands, the canal to be constructed entirely in the United States, those in Mexico say that there are international obligations that must be settled by treaty between the two governments. They suggest that in the event that the plan of some of the Americans is approved, that is, giving as little as possible to Mexico, that the reverse situation prevails on the Rio Grande, and that, if reprisals are in order, the Mexicans can apply the same rule on the Rio Grande and endanger the reclamation of areas in Texas which are irrigated from that stream.

Behind all of the turmoil and struggle that went on in Congress over the Swing-Johnson bill, there was the assertion made, both covertly and openly, that the great power interests of the United States were intent on agitating the situation, so that there could be no legislation or agreement among the states. It was charged that the reason for this was that the power companies had already parceled among themselves the division of the electrical power that could be created on the river, that they were willing and able to build the power plants and the distribution lines, that they intended to see to it that the matter was so stirred up that an agreement could not be reached, and that at some point in the proceedings the power companies would break through, get their licenses and eventually have a strangle hold on the development and sale of power throughout the southwest part of our country.

Finally, such an engineer as F. H. Newell, former director of the Reclamation Service, who spent a number of years investigating the conditions of the Colorado River, maintains that the great question on the river is the handling of the hundreds of thousands of acre feet of silt each year; that no scheme of development should be considered that would not take care of this great problem; that the amount of silt is so great that in two generations it would fill up any dam that would be built; that therefore a series of dams down the river should be contemplated in the plan, and that until the Government had more complete and accurate knowledge of the engineering features, no work should begin. In the meantime, the people of the Imperial Valley should be protected as much as possible from the great floods of the river by the excavation of a channel leading to the Gulf of California.

In reply to Mr. Newell's position Government engineers who have made a very thorough study of the Boulder Dam site declare that a 550-foot dam would allow for the taking care of the silt for at least fifty years.

It must be obvious to the reader that the Colorado River is, as was said at the beginning of this article, in politics; that it will never get out until fact is severed from fancy, and the contestants are put in a position where public opinion can register its views upon facts that are actually determined.

(*This is the second of a series of three articles by the writer. In the third article he will attempt to show the various steps that should be taken at this time.*)

Exploration *by* Airplane

MORE than one student of the North is asking whether it will ever be possible to find land between Alaska and the North Pole—if it exists—by using aviation methods.

The dense fog which helped bring on failure again this season is said to hover almost constantly over the western Arctic, so that visibility is a serious problem. Possibility of a forced landing on an ice field furnishes another handicap, since the pack is usually a chaotic mass of blocks piled as high as an ordinary summer cottage. It is difficult for the pilot to detect the difference between rough and smooth ice.

There are certain favorable factors, however. During a part of the flying season, there are twenty-one hours of daylight and three hours of twilight each day for a period of two weeks. The winds are constant, being northeasterly; and the open water is comparatively smooth because of the presence of the extensive ice fields.

Expert geographers and students of tidal phenomena agree that in all likelihood land does exist in this unexplored area. In addition to scientific reasons, there are many others, such as the yearly flight of millions of ducks and geese from the north coast of Alaska and the annual northward cruise of the bowhead whale. A whale must feed in shallow water; and even ducks and geese do not make their nests on drifting ice.

A Woman Educator

(*Continued from page 14*)

twelve years previous seen nothing of society, and not too much even of his own mother and sisters.

But nobody could resist the transparent goodness of Elizabeth, her understanding, her sympathy; and she at length prevailed upon him to come to the Peabody house. There was a fortunate intermission in Sophia's headaches, and downstairs she must come, declared Elizabeth, to meet the handsomest and most wonderful man in Salem, or perhaps in the world, and the rarest of geniuses to boot. Sophia was amused by her sister's superlatives, but at last consented to take a peep at the new marvel; and she walked quietly into the room, in her white frock, with a blue ribbon in her brown hair.

It was love at first sight for both of them, and after a courtship unavoidably prolonged, the happiest marriage, the truest and completest union of two human beings that mortal annals can afford. From that time, Sophia's headaches and invalidism ceased, and she entered into a long period of health and vigor . . . But this was to be the story of my Aunt Lizzie. But no small part of that story was the happiness of her beloved sister, due, under God, to her, and which had for her the added beauty of pathos. For the dear woman could not help falling in love with Hawthorne herself; and when she realized manifest destiny, she was silent, and did all in her power silently to promote the felicity of the two beings she dearly loved.

She did not repine, or lessen the joy of others by personal regrets, but mastered herself heroically, and carried on. When children came, she loved them as her own, and smoothed and brightened the way by all loving attentions and forethought. It was the supreme chapter of her life, into which she allowed no revelation of herself to appear. She did not permit herself to imagine that she could ever have won the man preordained for another. But she was able to see that her sister was endowed with a nature and qualities which could make him happier than she could have done, and she had the magnanimity to find her joy in theirs.

SHE wrote and printed a first reader for children. It was based upon one of the new theories then current among the elect that letters of the alphabet should not bear names—Gee, Aitch, Doubleyou, and so forth, but should be designated simply by their actual sounds in speech. Thereby the child, in learning to read words, would not be perplexed by being told that Doubleyou-Eye-Gee, for instance, spelt Wig. The little book was printed in large, broad-faced type, and began with one-syllabled words, thus:

O Mamma. O Papa. Best Mamma. Best Papa. Mamma's velvet dress fits well. Papa's velvet vest fits well. And so on by degrees and beautifully more, so that one knew how to read almost overnight. After that, as I recall, we were given a broad view of ancient history. On a wall of the nursery was tacked up a long strip of cotton cloth, which Uncle Nat had neatly divided into serried arrays of small squares, which were again to be subdivided diagonally as occasion required, and painted in bright colors, blue signifying Persia; yellow, Greece; red, Rome; purple, Assyria.

A person not cognizant of how we got that way would have been impressed by hearing infant lips reel off ancient events and dates as trippingly as nursery rhymes. Teaching by eye as well as by ear has been revived somewhat of late years, but Aunt Lizzie began it seventy or eighty years ago. I won't say that the earliest germs of the idea didn't come from Germany, which was at that time a peaceful and benevolent nation, favorably known to children as the native land of Grimm's fairy tales, and Nuremburg toys. Aunt Lizzie was profoundly versed in Teutonic legend, history, philosophy and literature, and foresaw nothing of the sinister transformation which succeeded their smiling innocence, long after she was safe in Paradise.

It must have been after she had passed threescore and ten years that the unlooked-for opportunity came to her to visit Europe. Europe had been in her mind since girlhood, its history, its great figures, the character of its peoples, its famous cities, its rivers, plains and mountains, its architecture and its literature. She had dreamed of it, she loved to speak of it, but never had she expected to see it with her eyes. Then came the glorious bolt out of the blue!

BUT she was old and infirm; she had never had robust health: and if she went, she must go alone. Not for an instant did such considerations halt her. Her friends earnestly advised her against it; but she laughed and feared nothing.

Another obstacle was that she had never had practice in speaking Continental languages; she had read German, French, Italian, but to read and to speak and to hear are different. No matter; she bought two or three little pocket dictionaries, English on one page, foreign on the other, and took ship and voyaged to the lands of her heart's desire.

We awaited the result with anxiety, perhaps not unmingled with amusement; it was so like Aunt Lizzie, and yet so perilous. A poor little old woman, always belonging more to the spiritual than to the actual world, tottering about strange lands, at the mercy of accident and heedless and uncomprehending mobs; moreover, the strictest fitting of means to objects was indispensable, and she had no such training. Few letters came from her and they were briefer than her wont, but brimming with joy and wonder.

The time allowed her was but about six months, and in that little space what immensities were to be seen and done! But week after week passed with no news of disaster or even of disappointment, and we began to hope against common sense that all would go well to the end.

And so it did! Within the time appointed the beloved figure reappeared among us, and day after day we gathered about her to listen to her tale. It might be summarized as a continuity of special providences, and Aunt Lizzie wasn't a bit tired, but happy, animated, active, and full of bright and humorous accounts of her adventures, which, could they have been collected, would have made a travel book to delight the world. But the world must do without it; she didn't have the time for it herself; of what value to others could her trivial haps and mishaps be? and there was no stenographer to take it down as she talked. And so the charming story went into the air and was lost—if loss can be predicated of the vicissitudes of loving and lovely spirits. I remember one little episode; her arriving at the foot of a remote little hill in Italy, unknown to ordinary tourists, and therefore unprepared for such an advent. On its upper levels was a wonderful little town, with crooked streets and queer, tall little houses, and out of it poured down a queer, curious population, eager to examine and question the visitor, in her odd little bonnet and travel-worn waist and petticoat, with her wisps of gray hair floating out beside her broad, smiling, innocent, good-humored face, and in her hand a little black book.

THEY surrounded her, peering over one another's shoulders, clamoring and interrogative; and she spoke to them in amiable but unfamiliar tones, now and then referring to her little book and repeating from it, over and over again, some word, which at last the quickest-witted among them recognized and said over again in their own pronunciation, and understood that it referred to something connected with their own village, and understood that the stranger had come from afar to explore and admire. Whereupon they formed a triumphant procession, and almost carried her up the steep places and showed her their homes and treasures, the bare-legged children stringing along behind with shouts and laughter, and the old lady continuing to find words in her book, and so penetrating to the ancient little church, where the good priest met them at the portal, and took the visitor in and showed her its wondrous and sacred things. Never since the 15th Century had there been an occasion so joyful and memorable: and not one ragamuffin in the entire crowd remembered to beg a copper of her, or exhibited for her compassion a crooked leg or a sore arm. Smiling she came, and smiling and grateful for her entertainment did she depart, and their children's children would tell the tale, adding many miraculous features from their Italian imaginations.

This much I recall; but not the name of the mountain village, and probably no other tourist than my Aunt Lizzie has rediscovered it since then or ever will.

After these Sindbad wanderings she resumed the interrupted threads of her New England life, and one of the last wrongs which she felt inspired to set right was the treatment of the North American Indians by the Government Bureau in Washington. She was very old then, near the end of her earthly pilgrimage in fact, but as alive as ever with purpose and confidence, and, when I went to see her on what was to prove my final visit to her in this world, she was eloquent in her exposition of the injustice and error which it should be her function to set right.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'The camel of the Arabian desert,' said the ***Tourist,*** 'is not treated with the respect he deserves. He is a laborer of the most degraded type. The natives have a way of saying: "The horse is a gentleman; the camel is a boor."

'The Arabs have no appreciation of the camel. He is rarely in sympathy with his masters, though born in the family. He does not become one of the household as do the goat, the donkey and the lamb which, if there be space in the one-room hut, share it. The natives resent the aloofness of the camel, and consequently punish him for it. He is peaceable until his rights are trampled on, and then his long brown teeth become weapons. Every hospital in lands in which he abounds has patients doctoring for camel bites, and there is seldom a day in the larger Egyptian and African towns that one does not see policemen carrying an unruly camel, generally muzzled, to a depot, where he is examined to see if a bodily ailment caused the fretfulness.'

* * *

'Stretching from the muddy waters of the Missouri more than two thousand miles straight into the setting sun, an automobile highway marks the trail over which passed, three-quarters of a century ago, the greatest migration white men have ever made. It is the Old Oregon Trail, which began in Independence, Kansas, and ended at Seaside, Oregon,' said the ***Motorist from the West.***

'This trail was blazed in 1742, was followed by Lewis and Clark, became the highway of the Mormons, and the path of that great American migration which began in the early fifties, and did not end until the ultimate West became the sunset frontier of the United States.

'The Old Oregon Trail begins at the town of Independence, on the Missouri, though, in the old days, St. Louis was its real terminus. The trail ran along the Little Blue River, until it entered the valley of the Platte, reaching the river some twenty miles below what is now Grand Island. Then the trail turned up the Platte to its forks, some 485 miles. The trail, 513 miles from its starting point, turned abruptly to the North Fork, and thence rolled on 667 miles to Fort Laramie. This fort was the last post on the eastern side of the towering Rockies.

'From Fort Laramie the Old Oregon Trail wiggled along the course of the Platte until it reached a point 807 miles from Independence. It then abandoned the Platte, and swung over into the valley of the Sweetwater. One of the famous features of the trail, then and now, is Independence Rock, 838 miles from the starting point. This rock is a sort of crude register, on whose face may still be traced, carved deep in the stone, the names of numbers of the pioneers, guides, adventurers and scouts who passed that way.

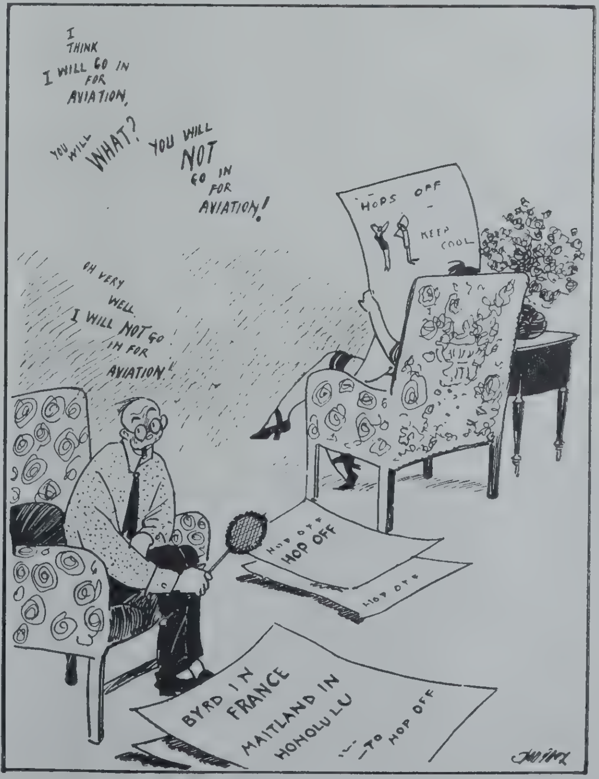
'Up the Sweetwater, the pioneers passed the foot of the Bighorn Mountains and the Devil's Gate, and thence through South Pass, discovered by Etienne Provost. There, 947 miles from the Missouri River's western bank, they started down the Pacific slope of the Great Divide. They crossed the Green River and rested at Fort Bridger, almost exactly halfway between the Missouri and the Pacific.

'Following the Bear River, the migrants dropped down to Soda Springs on the big bend, 1,206 miles from their starting point, and then crossed the Height of Land between the Bear and the Port Neuf rivers, the latter flowing into the Columbia. At 1,288 miles from Independence, they reached Fort Hall, established by Nathaniel Wyeth, on the Snake River, important because here the wandering pioneers could follow that great arm of the Columbia.

'At the Raft River, 1,334 miles from Independence, the trail to California turned aside to the southward. The Old Oregon Trail continued on to the base of the Blue Mountains. It then dipped into the Umatilla Valley, now one of the most beautiful and most fertile farming and fruit-growing sections of the Northwest. Within a few miles the trail debouched to the banks of a roaring river, and the pioneers knew they had reached the Columbia, the Father of Waters of the West.'

* * *

'The problem of the education of women,' explained the ***President of a Women's College,*** 'might be termed a study of differences. There is an endless variety of possibilities in any group of women, and to give to each type the proper equipment and training is a stupendous task. For it should be borne in mind that education is more than for the immediate need. The situation was aptly expressed when a recent writer said: "My mind to me a kingdom is," and it is for the enriching of this kingdom that education should serve. True, it is difficult to find moments for yourself, but after you do find them the test comes: Can you enjoy such moments? Is your mind so filled that moments of leisure and contemplation are a pleasure? Self-cultivation may become very selfish, but it is not necessarily nor generally so.'


I THINK I WILL GO IN FOR AVIATION,
YOU WILL WHAT? YOU WILL NOT GO IN FOR AVIATION!
OH VERY WELL I WILL NOT GO IN FOR AVIATION!
HOPS OFF
KEEP COOL
HOP OFF
HOP OFF
HOP OFF
BYRD IN FRANCE
MAITLAND IN HONOLULU
TO HOP OFF

—Donahey, *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

PASS TH' ICE WATER!

* * *

'Alaska embraces nearly 600,000 square miles of territory, less than two per cent of which is owned by private persons,' the ***Old Sourdough*** stated. 'The far interior near the Arctic Circle is hundreds of miles nearer to Michigan than to the homes of fellow residents of Alaska. General opinion conceives of Alaska as extending only northerly. In fact its western reaches are bathed by a setting sun which is simultaneously viewed as the rising sun on the New England coast.

'Alaska has but three industries of more than negligible consequence: fishing, mining and fur production. Commercial fishing, which is conducted almost exclusively by outside corporations, employs outside labor.

'Mining, also largely owned by outside capital, is operated by Alaska labor.

'Fur production—including trapping and fur farming—chiefly owned and conducted by Alaskans—is a poor third in the list of industries.

'The reindeer industry should perhaps be mentioned because of the great publicity it has recently received. A reindeer is simply a domesticated caribou. Herding is the only cost involved in its maintenance, as it fends for itself unaided and feeds exclusively upon moss. The flesh is of excellent flavor but possesses little nutriment. Some persons maintain the contrary, but I know from personal experience and observation that men cannot long perform hard labor on a reindeer diet, and that dogs which will work satisfactorily on a dried salmon a day quickly lose their vigor if fed on reindeer meat.

'Coal, oil, timber, livestock, and agricultural industries receive much publicity but are in fact almost wholly theoretical. We can and do produce a small proportion—probably twenty per cent—of our total consumption of potatoes and hardy vegetables; and in southeastern Alaska some fine strawberries are produced. In the Tanana Valley of the interior, wheat, oats and barley have been matured during favorable seasons, but whether these products can ever be grown in commercial quantities on a soil perpetually frozen a few inches beneath the surface is a problem still in the lap of the gods.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. When did the year of the Athenians and the Romans begin? Any others?

Answer. The Athenians began the year in June, the Macedonians in September, the Romans first in March and afterward in January, the Persians on August 11, the ancient Mexicans on February 23, the Mohammedans in July. The Chinese year, which begins late in January or early in February, is similar to the Mohammedan in having tweve months of twenty-nine and thirty days alternately; but in every nineteen years there are seven years which have thirteen months. This is not quite correct, and the Chinese have therefore formed a cycle of sixty years, in which period twenty-two intercalary months occur.

* * *

Q. What possessions has France in French West Africa and how are they governed?

A. The French possessions in French West Africa include Senegal, French Guinea, the Ivory Coast, Dahomey, Upper Senegal-Niger, also called French Sudan, Upper Volta, Mauretania and the Territory of the Niger. The total area of these possessions is 1,384,845 square miles and the approximate population in 1924 was 12,579,931. There is a governor-general over the whole of French West Africa who maintains his seat at Dakar. Each colony has a lieutenant governor at the head of its immediate administration.

* * *

Q. When did the United States start to use our present time system?

A. The United States adopted Standard Time in 1883, on the initiative of the American Railway Association, and at noon of November 18, 1883, the telegraphic time signals sent out daily from the Naval Observatory at Washington were changed to the new system, according to which the meridians of 75°, 90°, 105° and 120° west from Greenwich became the time meridians of Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific Standard Time respectively. By Act of Congress, approved March 19, 1918, Standard Time is made the legal time throughout the United States.

* * *

Q. What is meant by absolute zero; absolute temperature?

A. The zero points on the Fahrenheit, Centigrade, and Reaumur thermometer scales are simply arbitrary. Absolute zero—the point at which bodies on the earth are entirely devoid of heat—exists at 459.4 degrees below Fahrenheit and 273.1 degrees below Centigrade zero points. This is the beginning of what is known in dynamic meteorology as absolute temperature, as determined by observations of the contraction of gases when cooled, and from thermodynamical considerations.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Q. What is the total cost of state governments in the United States?

A. Expenditures in all the states for the fiscal period ending January 31, 1926, were $1,614,562,230, as compared with $1,513,628,021 for 1924 and $517,503,220 for 1917. The outlays for permanent improvements alone in the fiscal year 1925, ended January 31, for all 48 of the states was more then $500,000,000, principally for highways which ate up more than four-fifths of that amount. The revenues of the states were $129,319,990 less than expenditures, and in only seven of the states was there sufficient revenue to meet all payments during the year. The payments in excess of revenue receipts were met from the proceeds of debt obligations. The average per capita tax imposed by state governments in 1925 was $13.19 or more than double that of 10 years ago. Payments for maintenance and operation of the general departments of the state governments of the 48 states amounted to $10,305,478,035, or $9.20 per capita. This included $256,060,528 apportionment for education to the minor civil divisions of the states and $55,884,578 payments of soldiers' bonus in 21 states. In 1924 the comparative per capita for maintenance and operation of general department was $9 and in 1917 $4.19. The net indebtedness—funded or fixed debt less sinking fund assets—continued to increase, and in 1925 was $1,251,702,639, or $11.12 per capita. In 1924 the per capita net debt was $10.64 and in 1917 $4.93. Twenty-six states decreased their indebtedness, but the aggregate increase in the net debt of the states was $118,683,000.

* * *

Q. How many islands are there in the Philippine Archipelago?

A. There are more than 7,000 islands in the Philippine Archipelago of which but 2,440 are named.

* * *

Q. When was the first newspaper published in America?

A. On September 25, 1690, Richard Pierce of Boston issued the first number of what was to have been a periodical publication but it was promptly suppressed by the authorities due to the fact that in his salutatory he stated that as there were many false rumors being circulated in the town of Boston which were constantly doing a great deal of harm, he requested his readers to furnish him with a list of those persons who were starting such stories that he might advertise them in the succeeding issues of his paper. This journal, of which only one issue appeared, was to have borne the name of 'Public Occurrences, both Foreign and Domestic.' The next periodical to appear was *The Boston News-Letter* which was published by John Campbell, a Scotsman, and the postmaster of Boston. The first number of this was dated April 24, 1704. It was not till fifteen years later, in the latter part of 1719, that another paper, called *The Gazette* was started in Boston.

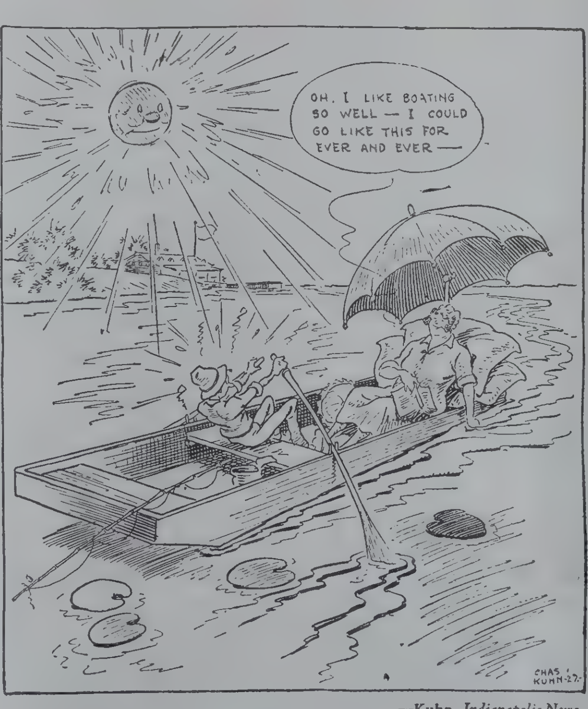
* * *

Q. What is the law against threatening the President?

A. The following federal law, inspired by the assassination of President McKinley, makes it specifically a crime to threaten to kill or harm the Chief Executive of the Nation.

Chapter 64—United States Statutes—An act to punish persons who make threats against the President of the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that any person who knowingly or wilfully deposits or causes to be deposited for conveyance in the mail or for delivery from any post office or by any letter carrier any letter, paper, writing, print, missive, or document containing any threat to take the life or to inflict bodily harm upon the President of the United States, or who knowingly or wilfully otherwise makes any such threat against the President, shall upon conviction be fined not exceeding $1,000 or imprisoned not exceeding five years or both. Approved, February 14, 1917.


OH, I LIKE BOATING SO WELL — I COULD GO LIKE THIS FOR EVER AND EVER —
CHAS. KUHN-27.

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

THESE DAYS!

BRIEFLY TOLD

According to Burmese superstition marriage between two persons born on the same day of the week is sure to bring misfortune. To prevent these unfortunate marriages, all children are called by a name which begins with the letter associated with the day of the week upon which they were born.

It has been estimated that there are 2,300 different kinds of snakes throughout the world.

Reports of an insurance company show that during 1926 more men were injured in fishing, golf, tennis, gymnasium exercising and squash racquets than in football.

There are 1,677,000 more women than men in England.

Nairobi, East African Protectorate, is planning to erect a hotel with all modern conveniences, including electric elevators and its own bakery.

Paper money was reported by Marco Polo to be in use in China in the 13th Century.

A pipe organ presented to old Trinity Church in New York by Queen Anne of England in the 17th Century and later placed in Trinity Church at Utica, New York, then in Trinity Church at Geneva, New York, is now in the possession of the St. John's Episcopal Church at Clyde, New York.

A hotel for children only has been erected by the juvenile welfare organization of Berlin to accommodate recreation-bound youngsters making a stop-over in the city. Ten cents is the price of a night's lodging; breakfast is three and one-half cents and lunch or supper seven cents.

A 1,400-pound leatherback sea turtle, eight feet long, was the prize recently landed by Henry Bordzik of Beach Haven, New Jersey. Being a rare specimen, the New York City Aquarium at once arranged to purchase it, paying $2,000.

A chapel built in the center of the ship and extending two decks high is one of the features of a new French Atlantic liner. Although the chapel seats eighty persons and is equipped with an organ, it has no permanent clergyman, inasmuch as there are usually several among its passengers.

One out of every thirty-three persons in the world is always on the sick list.

Men are more vain than women, members of the Photographers' Association of America declare. The vainest men, they say, are clergymen, with actors a close second while the meek and lowly genius displays the least vanity of all.

According to recent tests, loss of sleep gives the mind slightly higher power at the expense of a heavier drain on the physical condition.

There is approximately one physician to every 753 persons in the United States; one to every 1,087 in Great Britain; one to every 1,290 in Switzerland; one to every 1,359 in Japan; one to every 1,940 in Germany; one to every 2,120 in Austria; and one to every 3,500 in Sweden.

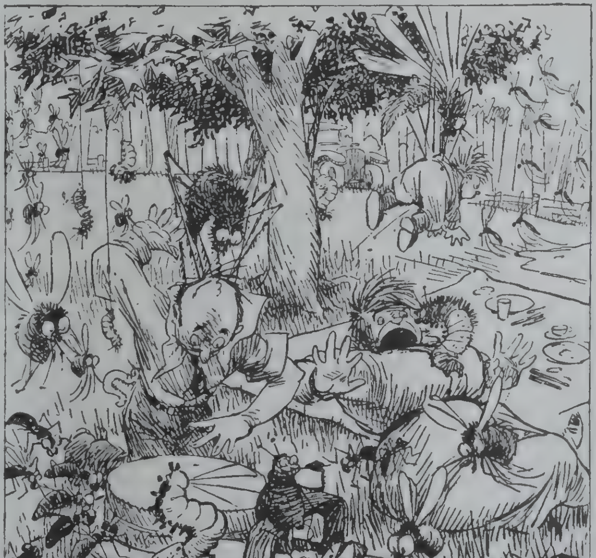
Among the trophies of the ancients brought to London by C. Leonard Woolley in his finds at Ur of the Chaldees is a gambling board incrusted with shell plaques inlaid with lapis lazuli and red stones. It is thought to be at least 6,000 years old.

The use of light in the treatment of sick persons was advocated by a physician early in the 18th Century after noting that sick animals always lie in the sun.

A test performed by Professor F. M. Gregg, of Nebraska Wesleyan University, indicates that night-prowling animals are color-blind.

To prevent college pranksters from firing it in the middle of the night and annoying townsfolk, a Spanish War cannon in the courthouse park at Galesburg, Illinois, is to be filled with cement.

Figures compiled by the Washington, D. C., traffic bureau show that five per cent of that city's automobile casualties are caused by persons walking into the sides of moving motor vehicles.



—Darling, in the *Detroit News*. (c) N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*.

WHY PREDICT AN AGE OF INSECTS TEN MILLION YEARS FROM NOW?

In the Polytechnic Institute of Zurich, Switzerland, is a clock which does not need to be wound. Its running power is provided by a mechanism set in motion each time there is a change in temperature of two degrees.

Out of 83,019 enlisted men discharged from the Regular Army during the past three years, 48,125, or 57.8 per cent, re-enlisted within the succeeding three months.

A Maltese cat which recently 'adopted' a Davenport, Iowa, hardware store as her home, and a few days later presented the employes with a family of six kittens, combines rare mother love with hiking ability. Cat and kittens were given to a farmer ten miles from town. The next day the cat started moving her family, one at a time, back to the store. At the end of three days she had made the necessary six trips, walking a total of 120 miles.

More pupils in United States high schools study Latin than all other foreign languages combined, reports the American Classical League.

Bread treated with ultra-violet rays, made and sold by a Welsh baker, is being fed, with favorable results, to children suffering from rickets.

Cuba now has forty-two radio broadcasting stations, sixteen of them located at Havana. Calls are based upon a numerical system—2AB, 2BB, and so on.

Postage stamps as home decorations are becoming increasingly popular in England. Papering his wife's boudoir with unused stamps cost a wealthy financier nearly $50,000, but he was so pleased with the effect that he had his main hall floor covered in the same way, using ten different shades of stamps to form a colorful mosaic.

Approximately 30,198,000 gallons of gasoline are being consumed daily in the United States this year. During 1926 the average daily consumption was appreciably lower—27,174,000 gallons.

The Oxford University dictionary of the English language, largest and most exhaustive dictionary ever published, is nearing completion. Slightly more than 425,000 words are defined, including every word established in the English language since Anglo-Saxon days, with many American and colonial colloquialisms. Sixty years' labor and a sum of $6,000,000 have been expended upon the work.

Andrew Jukoff, 113-year-old Siberian citizen, recently arrived in Moscow to prove to bureaucrats his eligibility for an old-age pension. He is the father, he says, of 54 children, the oldest now 80 years of age.

NOTES · COMMENTS · CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the disinterested worker.

* * *

Gamaliel Bradford's poem—'The Rider'—appears on page 2 of the cover.

* * *

Huston Thompson, formerly chairman of the Federal Trade Commission and an intimate friend of the late President Wilson, contributes another article on the various political issues involved in the damming of the Colorado River for irrigation and the regeneration of hundreds of miles of land that is at present worse than useless.

* * *

A river like the Colorado is like a colossal monster that cannot be harnessed or controlled without disturbing the balance of things somewhere. But politics cannot stop progress. Politics did not prevent Niagara power from becoming a boon on both sides of the international border. (p. 1)

* * *

Senator Borah uses direct methods in most things. He did so when he addressed a message to President Calles of Mexico asking him to define that country's attitude toward American oil men. Calles' reply, which we reproduce, is characteristically courteous and illuminative, and it is remarkably interesting. (p. 3)

* * *

To write sympathetically and understandingly about Orientals one must have an intimate acquaintance with the peoples of the various countries of Asia. A. M. Spoer is thus equipped and his travels and sojournings 'east of Suez' have given him an insight into the Oriental mind that few Occidentals possess. 'The other fellow' is not so bad as he is usually made out to be, and in some cases can give good example to the white man. (p. 4)

* * *

Hugh Walpole appraises the work of the critics and the value of criticism. His conclusions go to show that criticism is of little or no value in a writer's career. Mr. Walpole published his first novel nearly twenty years ago, has come through the literary mill, and ought to know. But it must be conceded that the mere fact that there are critics ready to criticize is a spur to writers to do their best. (p. 6)

* * *

How news stories are collected and passed on to the public is in itself a story worth telling. To have 'a nose for news' is an essential in a newspaper sleuth, but some of the biggest newspaper scoops have been got quite by accident. A newspaper is a mirror which reflects the happenings of the world, but the mirror must be placed in such a position as to catch the reflection clearly. The mirror holder has a big responsibility. (p. 7)

* * *

A mystic in a very modern world seems somewhat incongruous, but incongruity does not mean impossibility. One can be modern, it appears, and still be a mystic. One can build houses, cultivate the soil, grow grapes and still be a mystic. Thomas Lake Harris was a blend of the seer and the business man, and his life story claims the reader's attention from the beginning. (p. 8)

* * *

That Benedict Arnold was not the double-dyed villain that some of the history books make him out to be seems now well authenticated. Randolph G. Adams, custodian of the William L. Clements Library of American History at the University of Michigan, who has made considerable research into the subject, presents Arnold in an entirely new light. Undoubtedly he was unjustly treated during life. It now appears that he has been traduced and vilified after death. (p. 12)

* * *

'Schoolma'ams' are now scarcely ever heard of. Their place has been taken by smartly dressed and thoroughly modern young girls. The schoolma'am was usually a very circumspect lady of mature years. Julian Hawthorne's Aunt Lizzie was one of this type, but she had ideas on education in advance of her time and did not hesitate to put them into practice. She was not a mere teacher; she was an educator. (p. 14)

* * *

Biographers have been busy with Abraham Lincoln for the past year or two, but little has been written about Nancy Hanks, his mother. Her childhood years, courtship and marriage to Tom Lincoln constitute an intensely human story which is an essential part of American history. William E. Barton, Lincoln's biographer, has collected many interesting facts about Nancy Hanks. She had a somewhat pillar-to-post existence when a child, but after her marriage showed herself a good and true woman. (p. 15)

* * *

There is a fish course at the University of Washington, but it does not follow that there is fish on the menu. It is a special training in fish culture. (p. 22)

* * *

Another of the brief biographies of gentlewomen of note of a former generation is contributed by Frances Holbrook Pfeiffer. The Countess of Clifford and Pembroke is the subject this week. (p. 24)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

James River, Virginia.

In a former issue there appeared an article by Donald A. Laird, 'What's Become of the Old-Time Craftsmen?'

I want to take a little whack at Mr. Laird. Why should he heap demerit upon the craftsmanship of our forefathers? It is indeed from out of their wonderful craftsmanship, and because of it, that our modern production has come.

My machinist friends, and I, in turning and boring, have calipered driving and sliding fits to the ten thousandth part of an inch, and this by the highly developed craftsmanship sense of feeling. Later on the micrometer proved that we were accurate. I have seen a large piston rod of a river steamer, an old river steamer, the threads on it chipped and filed, and produced entirely by hand, with such accuracy that Mr. Laird could not have told but what they were chased in a machine.

If craftsmanship means cunning and skill, did not the workmen of the old day possess it to an admirable degree?

Without our modern machine tools we would have no quantity production; and, more to the point, without the fine cunning of the old craftsmen we would have no modern machine tools to build up quantity production.

It is not a question of our excelling the old-timer in production and machine workmanship. Certainly we do. But for my part, I do not see how it can be doubted that the earlier artificers excel us moderns in the sheer cunning of handicraft.

I would ask Mr. Laird to chronicle the full truth: 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's'; and give the old craftsmen their just dues.

A Craftsman; by name:
S. C. CARTY.

Fayetteville, North Carolina.

I want to take this opportunity to tell you how fortunate I consider myself to be on the mailing list of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. It is a splendid publication and I enjoy reading it very much. The stories it contains are always good, and the 'Briefly Told' page is especially interesting. I also enjoy the front and back covers.

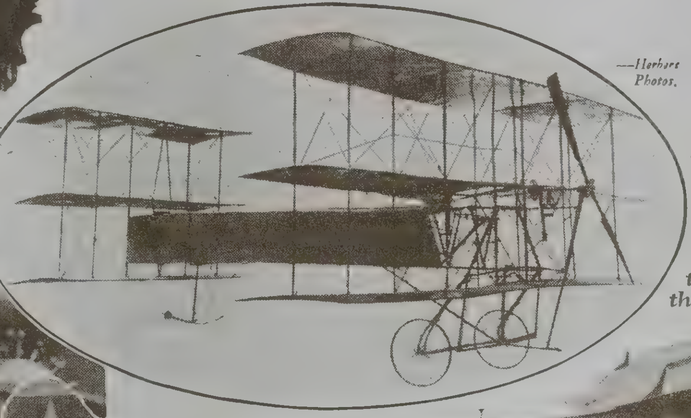
CHAS. T. HAIGH.

Pioneers *of* AIR *and* Ingenious Equipment

Lieutenants Hegenberger (right) and Maitland, California-Hawaii fliers.

Left to Right—Clarence D. Chamberlin, Bert Balchen, George O. Noville and Bert Acosta on their return to New York, and

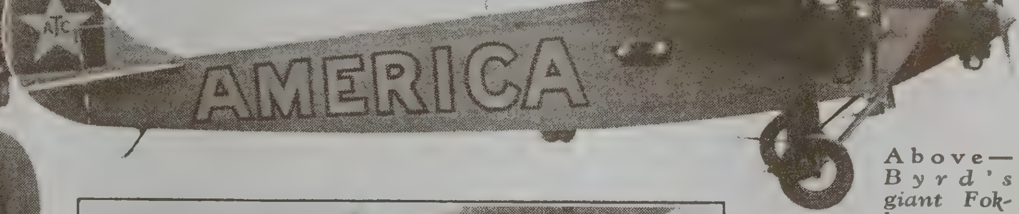
Fraulein Thea Rasche, German aviatrix who came to America to demonstrate her skill.



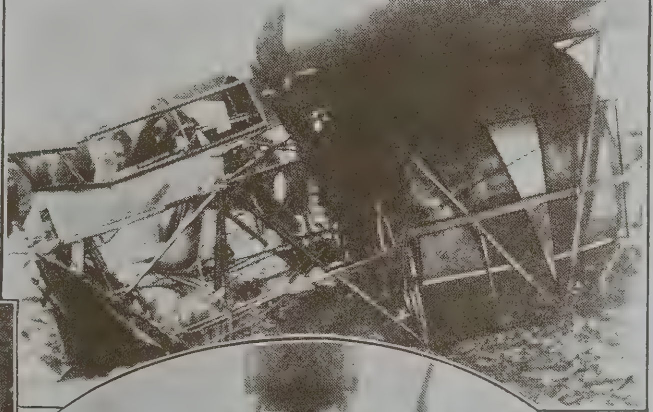
—Herbert Photos.

Above—Plaster model of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh as 'Viking of the Air,' by Cyrus E. Dallin, noted Boston sculptor. Left—Avro triplane, manufactured in 1912, presented to the South Kensington (London, England) Museum.

Commander Byrd, first authorized pilot to carry mail over Atlantic.



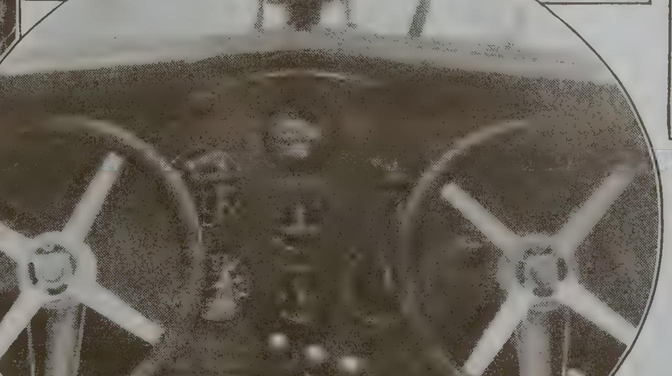
Above—Byrd's giant Fokker monoplane, America. Left—Nose of the America after it had been pulled out of the ocean at Ver Sur-Mer, France.

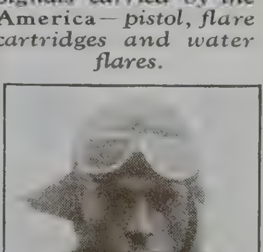


Signals carried by the America—pistol, flare cartridges and water flares.

America's soundproof radio operator's helmet.

Rubber life raft used by Byrd.





Above—America's steering wheels, gear shift and instrument board. Right—Device for distilling salt water.

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LET us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, promote all its great interests, to see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something to be remembered.

—*Daniel Webster.*

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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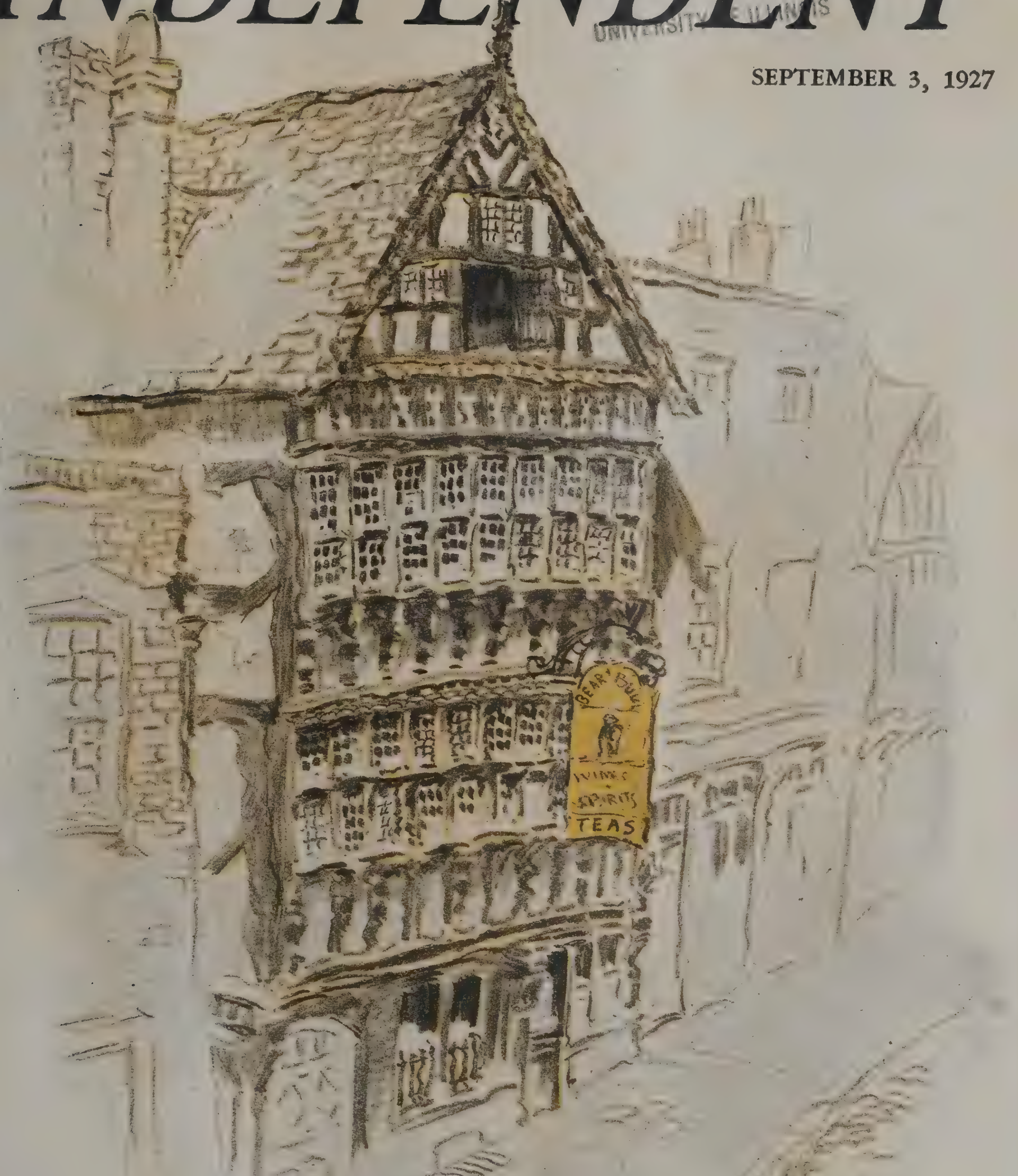
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AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER Harvey S. Firestone

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

SEPTEMBER 3
1927

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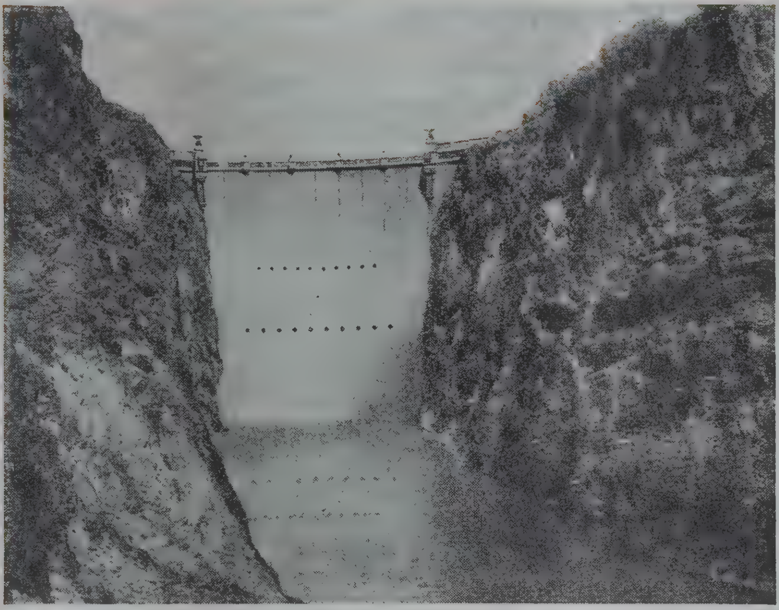

Engineers' conception of a dam between the walls of the canyon of the Colorado.

The Solution of the Colorado River Problem

By HUSTON THOMPSON

IN THE jam of the last hours of the recent Congress, when the Swing-Johnson bill providing for the control and use of the lower Colorado River was lost, and the battle clouds had rolled away, certain facts stood forth.

First, the opposition to the bill has revealed a close-knit, well-organized group against it that must be considered in all future movements.

Second, it is quite evident that unless the northern group of states, including Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, and New Mexico, had the amount of water they should be permitted to appropriate in the future settled separate and apart from the California-Arizona issue over the location of a flood control reservoir, then the Colorado River problem might continue endlessly in the political arena.

Third, the threat of destruction of the farming interests of the Imperial Valley of California by floods from the lower part of the river is ever present.

—*Wiswall Bros. Photo.*
Grand Lake, Colorado.

Judged by the time that it has taken to construct reservoirs such as the Shoshone in Wyoming, the Elephant Butte in New Mexico and other large reclamation dams, approximately six years would be consumed in building a dam of sufficient height and reservoir capacity in the Colorado River to store the flood waters, protect the Imperial Valley, supply water for irrigation and domestic uses, and create power. Meanwhile the specter of Arizona carrying out her threat to tie up in the courts any legislation looking to the construction of a dam not satisfactory to her continues to stalk in the background.

The question naturally intrudes itself, 'Why wait on possible court action by Arizona? Are there no steps that can be taken of a practical nature which will tend to disentangle this great problem from its political aspects?' I believe there are, if we separate the controversy into three major divisions.

The first is the determination of the amount of water that the four northern states may *now* be assured they can have when they apply it to beneficial use at some future time.

To the uninitiated a word is necessary at this juncture to explain the fear that moves the people of the northern basin. In all of the states interested in the Colorado River problem, except California, there is in force the doctrine of prior appropriation. This commonly means that the first person to take water out of a stream and apply it to reclamation of arid lands, domestic use or power, has a prior right ahead of any person on the same stream any distance above or below who appropriates the water at a later date. In other words, the person above cannot use the water of the stream ex-

—*National Park Service Photo.*
In Rocky Mountain National Park.

cept he first allow for the rights of the prior appropriator below. The citizens of these northern states, fearful that some projects located in Arizona will withdraw from their needs all of the water, before it is necessary or practical for those in the northern states to use it, are insisting that the rights of those in the northern basin shall be determined *now*. Then they can plan the development of their cities and provide for reclamation and power projects for the future with some peace of mind.

The second and most impending problem is the protection of the residents of the Imperial Valley of southern California from destructive floods that threaten and have in the past occurred when there was high water in the Colorado River. Wrapped up in this question are a number of differences between California and Arizona over the amount of water each shall have from the total that is allowed to the southern basin. There is the problem of building a diverting canal which will carry water to the Imperial Valley without going through Mexico; the location of the storage reservoir; the claim of Arizona of the right to tax the use of water power produced in that state; the location of a power plant and, finally, the diversion of the water for the use of cities of southern California.

The third problem is an international one and involves our neighbor Mexico. The Colorado River crosses the Mexican line and empties into the Gulf of California. Contiguous to its banks there are in Mexico great areas of arid land that can be, and some of which are being, reclaimed by diversion of the water of this stream. Her citizens assert vested rights in the amount of water used.

Mexico's claims come within the realm of international accord. Action upon them can be initiated at once. Whatever rights she has now must be finally agreed to by treaty. The question of the construction of reservoir, canals, and irrigation projects in the United States, though of primary importance to us and strictly and solely within our sovereign powers, must nevertheless be arrived at in such a way as to permit us as a nation to accord Mexico whatever rights she may have acquired.

Near the beginning of a great waterway system—inlet of the Colorado River into Grand Lake.

If we face this threefold problem as one great inseparable one, with the whole affair wrapped up in a political maze, practical action on the solution looks a long way off. But if it is approached as three distinct questions, then the solution does not appear impossible or too remote.

The representatives of the seven states involved in this controversy appeared to be in accord over the diversion of the flow of the river, with 7,500,000 acre feet to be allotted to the upper states as one group and a like amount, plus an allowance for water already supplied, to the lower group.

All seem to be of one mind that a storage reservoir or reservoirs should be built somewhere on the river to catch the floods, protect the people of the Imperial Valley, supply water for irrigation and domestic uses and create water power. Finally though with reluctance on the part of some there is no objection to the settlement of the question involving Mexico, if there be one.

With the representatives of all the states apparently agreeing in principle on these propositions, it would seem a simple matter to carry out the details. But Arizona and California have come to grips over the use and control of the water in the lower basin. Utah has allowed herself to be drawn into the controversy and has withdrawn from the Seven-State Compact over the division of the water for the two basins. California refuses to go ahead with the compact until she has the matter pertaining to the location and construction of the dam determined. Arizona threatens to enjoin any steps authorized by congressional action by starting suit.

It is possible that a determination of the first problem could be had with reasonable facility if the method of approach were for any one or all of the states to apply to

(Continued on page 23

French High Finance *and* France's Future

By Our Correspondent in France

HOW different are finance and business! The fact that the ordinary rules of business are violated, especially in great national financial transactions, is most clearly shown by the history of French finance during the nine months in which Poincaré has been in absolute power.

In ordinary business any reorganizer who doubled in terms of real money the debt of a concern would hardly be termed the benefactor of the business. But precisely this is what the so-called 'Savior of the Franc' has done. The great internal debt of France, several times the total exterior debt including war debts to America and England, has in terms of gold been doubled during the administration of Poincaré. When the franc fell to two American cents in the summer of 1926, France was in a panic. Poincaré took hold of matters vigorously, restored confidence, and brought the franc up from two cents to four cents.

BUT the price that France as a whole pays for this restoration is very hard. The *rentiers* of France, those holding the war bonds, may well be satisfied at this process which has made out of every paper income of one thousand francs the double in terms of world prices. But the workers who must produce these francs may not be so content. Twice as much in real value must be produced to pay the interest on the internal debt. This internal debt is the real trouble with the French financial situation and the Poincaré solution may not be so highly regarded twenty years from now as it is today.

There is much French complaint about the terms of the American debt arrangements, particularly as to continuing payments over sixty-two years. But the internal debt is largely in terms of perpetual bonds, designed for the benefit of the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren of the present holders.

No! the rise of the franc from two cents to four cents may well turn out to be a venture which imposes upon future generations a far greater load than was necessary.

In ordinary business the administrator who bought securities which steadily fell in value would not be regarded as a financial wizard. Yet precisely this is what Poincaré has done. Very early in the game the Bank of France began to buy, with French paper francs, gold and silver and foreign securities. Many billions (the exact figures are not published) of paper francs have been issued for securities which today are worth considerably less than when purchased in paper francs. This loss on French purchases of securities nowhere appears in the French financial statements. But that there was great loss cannot be denied.

In ordinary business the manager who reduced the factory's output and threw the employes out of work would not be regarded as highly successful. Yet this is what has been accomplished by Poincaré. The export trade of France suffered such a severe blow that it became necessary to abolish the export taxes. Thousands of workmen have been thrown out of work. While the situation is not so serious as in Germany which enjoyed a more radical financial recovery, nor so bad as in Great Britain which made the earliest and most complete financial recovery, yet the situation in France is serious.

THE French worker's daily wage is so low that few have any resources upon which to draw in the time of unemployment. The full effect of the rise in the franc upon French foreign trade will not be known for some months, but the unemployment has been marked despite vigorous efforts to provide work and also apparently to conceal the extent of the industrial crisis.

One must admit that the wages of workers, measured in terms of gold, have been increased. However, unfortunately, the worker's purchasing is almost wholly concerned with native products. The anticipated decline in prices has not yet materialized. But in many industries wages have already been reduced. Where the daily wage is around a dollar a day, the decrease of eight cents a day is serious; the mine workers have just accepted this reduction.

In some ways the most outstanding financial achievement of Poincaré has been to consolidate in large measure the floating debt. Bonds due within a period of a year or less have largely been replaced by bonds extending over a fairly long period of time. The issue of short-term paper has ceased.

RECENTLY the French purchases of credits in pounds sterling reached such a point that France made tentative steps toward repayment with the object of getting back the gold deposited as security. France desired the gold possibly with a view to use in a legal stabilization; and further the Bank of France pays a high rate of interest upon the full loan, despite the security.

In ordinary business a creditor would welcome with open arms the debtor who threatened to pay. But the French proposal created quite a furore in the British press. Apparently, so some alleged, the French gold was being used as a part of the reserve of the Bank of England. However the French move was only a gesture. When finally the Bank of England was ready to release the gold, no definite offer of payment was forthcoming. But it still remains open to question as to which bank was bluffing.

Recently the French Government had the opportunity to turn over for a period of years the government match monopoly to a Swedish or Swedish-American company. This would have been a real benefit, giving greater profits and better matches. It is hardly possible that there are worse matches than those manufactured in France. However, the best part of the offer of the match trust was to make eighty millions of dollars (yes, *dollars*) immediately available to France in consideration of the acquisition of the monopoly of some twenty years. However the socialists and communists raised so much objection that the project was temporarily shelved.

Cluttered Fields of Conquest

By H. G. SALSINGER

BEFORE the year 1927 was two months old, Sabin Carr, twenty-two years old, a junior student of Yale, and whose home is in Dubuque, Iowa, had pole-vaulted to a new world record. Only a year before, Americans watched Charlie Hoff of Norway set record after record on his tour of the United States and at that time all seemed agreed that it would probably be a generation before another man vaulted higher than Hoff but here was a Yale undergraduate beating Hoff's best mark.

More than two hundred records in the various branches of athletic competition were smashed last year. Most of these were minor records but an equal lack of reverence was shown for major marks; several of them were tossed into the discard. By the end of 1926 few records made in the last ten years still remained on the books. In the standard running events the 440-yard mark still stood while in the field events three weight records had proved better than the best performances in a decade.

Just how far this record making will go no one ventures to predict. All seemed agreed that many more new marks will be established in the future and that each succeeding year will contribute a large quota.

I ASKED four of the leading track coaches to explain this continued wrecking of records and a composite of their answers follows:

'It is not that the race is getting stronger, faster, bigger and better. The race today is no better physically than it was twenty or thirty years ago. The reason for the many new records is heavier competition, improved methods and more rivalry and interest.

'There are one hundred men and boys competing in athletics today where only was one competing twenty or thirty years ago. There are several times as many more coaches today as there were then.

'The modern methods are more scientific and the laboratory has helped considerably. The cinder paths and shoes in use now are much better than they were a few decades ago. All the paraphernalia used in connection with track and field competition has been scientifically improved.

'Rivalry is keen between individuals and institutions and consequently there is a passion for athletic supremacy that was not known in the old days.

'There is glory in being a champion that was lacking years ago. At that time the newspapers gave but a column or so to sport, and track and field meets, when they were held, received but scant mention. Now columns are written about the winners and this publicity has been the factor that pushed many men to new records.'

When the great Finnish distance runner Paavo Nurmi came to the United States a few years ago and began demolishing records, an era of record making such as this country had never known before was the result. Nurmi set the pace and since Nurmi could create new marks every track and field athlete asked himself why he could not do the same. Nurmi set new marks to shoot at and the shooting has been lively ever since.

Charlie Hoff furnished the same impetus last year and this year it has been Edvin Wide, the Swedish schoolmaster and conqueror of Nurmi.

The story of Wide incidentally illustrates the point made by the track coaches. Wide wanted to go to Stockholm. He had no money for transportation and so he walked. He stopped overnight at an inn. He picked up a newspaper there and, turning the pages, he discovered pictures of famous runners. A few columns were devoted to them and Wide decided to become a great runner and get his picture in the newspapers. He began to run and continued running. Nurmi was the greatest of the distance runners and Wide resolved to beat him. If Nurmi could run a mile in 4.12 there was no reason why Wide could not run it in 4.11. That is what Wide argued. He met Nurmi a number of times and lost each time, but last year he caught him in a two-mile race and won.

AMONG the popular track events only one mark has withstood the challenges of the last decade and that is the 440-yard record. This event has an unusual history. In 1900 Maxie Long covered the distance in 47 seconds flat. No one approached this mark closely but later the running tracks were laid out in oval shape and the 440-yard straightaway was abandoned. Long's record was made over a straightaway and when Ted Meredith, the famous Pennsylvania quarter-miler, ran the distance in 47 2/5 seconds his time was accepted as the record, since a runner who goes 440 yards around a turn is handicapped more than two-fifths of a second and undoubtedly Meredith's time was a fraction of a second better than Long's. However, as often as the 440-yard event is run, Long remains the only man who did the distance in 47 seconds flat in more than twenty-five years.

The 16-pound shot is a standard field event and a popular one but for more than fifteen years the weight stars tried to break Ralph Rose's record and failed. Rose was a modern Hercules who came out of California and attended the University of Michigan, where he soon established himself as the best weight performer of his time, and of any previous time for that matter. On August 21, 1909, he put the 16-pound weight a distance of 51 feet in a national amateur athletic meet and it is this mark that the weight tossers have been pounding at ever since but without any success.

Pat Ryan still holds the hammer throw record, 189 feet 6.5 inches, made in 1913, and Matt McGrath's 56-pound weight record, 40 feet 6⅜ inches, made in 1911, also stands, but neither of these events is popular and rarely included in an athletic program. Both hammer throw and 56-pound weight record will probably remain in the books for years to come.

TWENTY-THREE running events are listed in the record books, starting with the 100-yard dash and concluding with the total number of miles and yards covered in two hours. Up to and including the 5-mile run only four records made before 1920 remain. These are Meredith's 440-yard mark, Bernie Wefers' record for the 300-yard event made in 1896, Mel Sheppard's 600-yard time, established in 1910, and T. B. Conneff's record for the 1,320-yard race, set in 1895. But these are odd distances with the exception of the 440-yard run. From six miles to twenty-five miles every record was made prior to 1910. Alfred Shrubb, the great English distance runner, set five world records on November 5, 1904, and all five still stand. They are for six, seven, eight, nine and ten miles.

There is little competition in the events where old records linger, with the exception of the 440-yard run and the 16-pound shot put. Competition causes new records and the stiffer the competition the better the chance for wrecking one of the old marks. When Wide finally beat Nurmi, the loser as well as the winner of the race cracked the two-mile mark. It has frequently happened that two men have broken a record in the same event, one pushing the other.

No record is safe. No one can tell when the limit will be reached. While the race is not getting bigger or stronger, more and more men are engaging in athletics and there

(Continued on page 26)

NORTH CAROLINA:

A Great State Growing Greater

By EDWARD E. BRITTON

Concrete highway between High Point and Winston-Salem.

WHAT North Carolina needs is a press agent,' is the declaration made by one of America's foremost humorists in a recent article appearing in a leading magazine. Be that as it may, the prevailing opinion among North Carolinians is that there is one thing that would be far better than even a superpress agent, and that is—visitors, for it is the confident belief of the North Carolinian that if folk will just come, look, and listen, North Carolina will 'sell' itself without any other press-agenting, declaring that the state has the goods and can deliver.

Buyers and sellers at a tobacco sale, Wilson, North Carolina.

'Facts are stubborn things,' and the cold, bare, unadulterated facts show that North Carolina is making progress with Jack-the-Giant-Killer speed. It is not on the way to making progress, but is right now showing that it has made progress, and that its loins are girded for more progress.

On the great state seal are the words: '*Esse Quam Videri,*' which freely translated means, 'To be, rather than to seem to be,' and the progress that the state is making is in the spirit of that motto. So great is the development that has been made and that is now going on in the 'Old North State' that it challenges the attention and the admiration of the nation. 'Come and see,' is the invitation that it repeats with confidence.

A publication that is meat to the bone about the state has been issued by the North Carolina State Board of Agriculture, this with the title of *North Carolina—The Land of Opportunity.*

This book sets forth a fund of interesting facts, and in doing so it discloses, briefly, the historical background of this great old state, new in the wonders of its progress. There are some points given that are worthy of note:

Making a deep cut for a future North Carolina highway.

North Carolina took the lead for independence. The struggle for freedom from British rule on the part of the Colonies really found first expression in the early rebellion under Durant and his associates around the year 1670, and later was in evidence from time to time. The operation of the British Stamp Act was openly prevented by force of arms in 1766. The royal governor met open defiance, and on August 25, 1774, the people held a convention at New Bern, near the coast in eastern North Carolina, 'to formulate plans of resistance and elect delegates to the Continental Congress.'

The people of North Carolina uttered a note of defiance; on May 20, 1775, the famed Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was adopted. These North Carolinians backed up their words with their deeds, for on February 27, 1776, they successfully defended the independence of North Carolina by meeting and defeating the loyalists in the battle of Moores' Creek Bridge. On April 12, 1776, another date famous in the state's history, the Halifax Convention instructed its delegates to join 'with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring independency' of Great Britain.

'North Carolina troops,' says the record, 'helped drive Lord Dunmore from Virginia in 1775-1776. They helped drive the British from Charleston. Her militia under Rutherford conquered the Cherokees in the West. Her Continental regiments fought under Washington at Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, and were among the picked men to storm Stony Point under Wayne. Against Ferguson at King's Mountain and Cornwallis at Guilford Courthouse her troops served faithfully and well.'

Freedom accomplished, North Carolina was among the very last of the states to accept the Constitution, declining to enter the Union until certain rights were guaranteed, and bringing into being amendments to the Constitution to accomplish this. Once in, North Carolina took its part in the upbuilding of the nation, and when the Civil War broke forth was next to the last state to leave the Union, joining the Confederacy only when Lincoln began the invasion of the South, electing then to stand with her sister states of the South.

AS ONE of the Confederate states of America, North Carolina led the way. There was no hesitancy on its part and no state surpassed the Civil War record of North Carolina. With its military quota set as 115,369 troops, it sent forward 127,000, one-fifth the Confederate Army, clothed, fed, and equipped them. The state lost more in battle, from wounds and disease, than any other state, its losses totaling 40,305. The Civil War ended, North Carolina was left practically destitute, 'a conquered territory at the mercy of carpetbaggers and renegades.' The North Carolina soldiers returned to their homes and to the dark and discouraging task of again building up their state. Quietly, with no blare of trumpets, but building on a solid foundation, after a half-century and more of patient toil, North Carolina steps to the front as, perhaps, the most progressive state in the Union. It is so, and, without any thought of boasting, its citizens will quietly acquiesce in the statement and back this up with: 'Come and see.'

Out of the plenitude of her vast domain North Carolina gave for the creation of other states, feeling something of parental pride in the newer states of the West and Southwest because of the fact that it has furnished so many settlers who pioneered forth and did men's parts in building up the great West. For a period of some thirty years, following 1800, the population of the state remained at practically a standstill, because of the great number of settlers that left its borders called by the lure of the West. It is the estimate made that more than nine hundred thousand heads of families have gone forth from North Carolina to take their part in other fields in the nation's life. Out of this there is a tie that binds the state to the heart of the nation better than any written document.

North Carolina gave its full quota of volunteers—with many more offering—for the Spanish-American War, and, during the World War, contributed 84,577 men to the Army, 7,312 to the Navy, 621 to the Marines, and many to the hospital and ambulance corps. These men were scattered in every division of the American Expeditionary Forces that fought in Belgium and in France. Its famous Thirtieth Division broke the so-called impregnable Hindenburg line in the most famous battle of the war, while, when the Armistice was signed, the Eighty-First Division was victoriously moving through the Argonne. In that conflict which shook the world North Carolina casualties were 2,645 dead and 4,128 wounded.

While the sons of the state were afield on the battle line the sons and daughters at home were diligent in their services likewise. Citizens of the Old North State gave $160,000,000 in Liberty bonds and War Savings Stamps and more than $3,000,000 to the Red Cross and other societies working to aid the soldiers. Perhaps its two foremost citizens serving the country in the World War were Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, and Walter Hines Page, Ambassador to the Court of St. James. The stress of the World War over North Carolina again bestirred itself and made progress apace.

FOR years the state has given attention to the subject of good roads, and has made wondrous strides in improving and extending its state highway system, and the statement of its officials, confidentially made, is that: 'In highway construction and maintenance North Carolina ranks second to none in the United States, and with an extensive construction program being actively pursued, will, in a short time, be covered with a network of the highest type roads over which its diversified products can be economically hauled to a ready market. There are in the state more than 50,000 miles of roads, and from this mileage there has been set aside about 6,000 miles of highways which is designated as the state highway system, and which connects all of the county seats and principal towns by the most practicable route.'

North Carolina has authorized the expenditure of many millions of dollars to increase the educational facilities of the state, for North Carolina is not alone in developing and progressing in material things, but is going ahead in the mental development of its sons and daughters, wonderful strides having been made in education since 1900. Its university and state colleges are thriving as never before in finance, in number, in influence. Modern high schools are going up all over the state. Its primary system of education is being expanded, while instead of three or four small district schools these are being consolidated into one large high school in the various districts, motor buses carrying the students to and from the school.

Upon the soil of North Carolina the first white child was born in America, and with this

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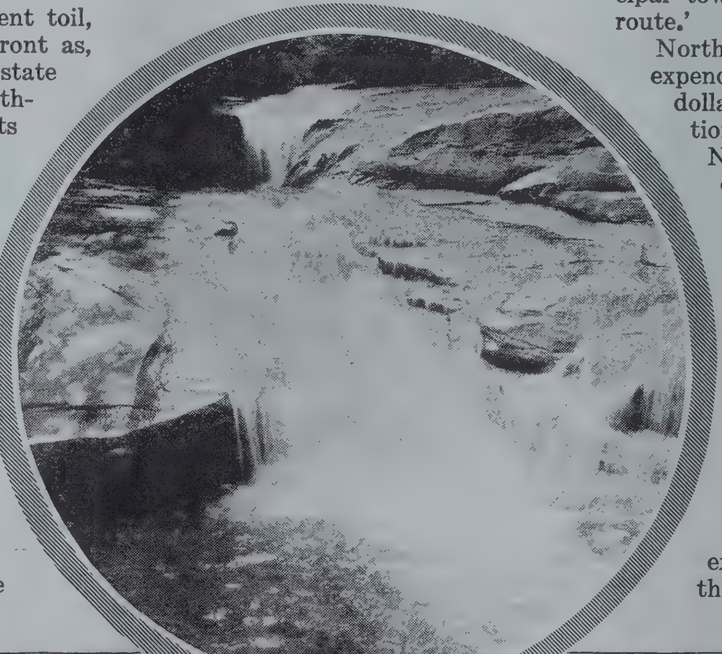


Country home and Jerseys, near Charlotte.

One of the newer residences in Asheville.

Circle—Bottomless Pool, Asheville.

From GREELEY *to* GUMP

The Pathway *Taken by* American Journalism

By PAUL DERESCO AUGSBURG

'WHAT does Greeley say?' Back in the middle of the 19th Century, citizens in Manhattan and Boston and Washington and Jones Corners were curious and eager to know what the irascible Horace had said in the editorial columns of his New York *Tribune.* Or, if their personal preference was otherwise, they avidly read the opinions of William Cullen Bryant in the *Evening Post,* or of the elder Bennett in the *Herald,* or of Dana in the *Sun.*

'What's Andy Gump doing?' your modern citizen demands, disregarding the first page and turning back to the comic section of his paper. He looks over all the chuckle drawings very carefully and methodically; then he scans the news and features.

THE modern citizen's action is symbolical. It symbolizes the passing of a personal editorial following, the frivolous trend of a jazz-time age, the coming of standardized, syndicate-fed newspapers and, by the same token, the death of an individualized fourth estate. They're turning out papers according to pattern now, and the publisher has only to choose his style and lay down his money.

The last of the great 19th Century thunderers, whose editorials had a national reputation and influence, was Henry Watterson of Louisville. When one thought of 'Marse Henry' he thought of the *Courier-Journal,* and vice versa. 'Marse Henry' and the *Courier-Journal* were one.

IN THE present field of politics the dailies of the larger cities have little influence whatever. In fact, some shrewd politicians have formed the opinion that to be fought by the newspapers is to insure victory at the polls. William Hale Thompson thrived under editorial lashings in Chicago. So it is no longer because of its editorials that a certain paper is bought. Nor because of its more important news, either, for your average reader takes absolutely for granted that every paper on the stand contains *all* the news. The recurring boxes in conspicuous corners of the make-up, calling his attention to this 'scoop' and that, leave him completely cold. He expects to find all the news in his paper, and if some of it is missing he doesn't know the difference anyway!

That leaves the real battle for circulation a contest of features, with which the dailies are becoming more and more cluttered. By features are meant the comic strips, the good-night stories, the joke columns, the advice on love and marriage, the motion picture fluff, the interpretation of dreams—in other words, the endless chain of magazine drool which has not the slightest resemblance to live news. And yet—

'It's the features that sell the newspapers,' is a maxim of the 20th Century, third-decade publisher. Wherefore he goes shopping for the most alluring features he can buy; and to make room for them all he'll even curtail the space allotted to live news.

The market for features has given rise to syndicates which peddle their offerings to dailies throughout the country. It is a comparatively young field of endeavor, developed within the past few years, and yet there are nearly twoscore of such distributing agencies. Their wares range all the way from a couple of 'funny paragraphs' each day to a Sunday magazine filled with exhaustive post-mortems of dead scandals.

WRITTEN features, however, have not the seductive properties of pictures. The publisher who cannot get a string of popular comics for his readers to devour is in sad shape to battle for circulation. The safest way is to run a full page of them—but there are even more strategic methods.

The comic strips are supplied to the subscribing newspapers in the form of mats, all ready for casting. Sid Smith keeps three weeks ahead of publication in drawing his daily Gumps; seven weeks ahead on the Sunday offering. Between times he amuses himself refusing to go on the Chautauqua circuit for $1,500 a day, which is twice as much as Bryan received from the same source when he was Secretary of State.

A product of the war is the eight-column line, by which the public is apprised in large type of the most momentous piece of news available at press time. The eight-column line was both fitting and proper in the days of big battles and attendant important events, but the ordinary run of news since the Armistice has not been 'big' enough to warrant such a display of type.

This typifies the modern newspaper tendency to inflate the value of mediocre news, to cry 'Wolf!' so often that, when a real story breaks, the public either mistrusts its import or fails to appreciate it. Thus it was that an anguished Chicago managing editor, made frantic with a sudden deluge of fairly momentous occurrences, gave birth to that classic screamer across his first page in letters three full inches high:

BIG NEWS TODAY!

Never has a hapless editor's despair been so poignantly expressed as in those three brief words. Reading their message from afar, one could almost see the poor fellow rushing about the local room tearing his hair. Yet subsequent performances showed he paid little heed to the unshakable principle of the fourth estate that you *cannot create news value with big type.*

STILL another development of newspapers since 1914 has been in size. Publications which used to stop at page 16 now contain fifty or more pages, while their Sunday editions have expanded into shameful wastes of print paper. The answer is advertising, which has made money-grabbing gluttons of some publishers.

Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography, the little book that sent James Gordon Bennett and many another young enthusiast upon the journalistic road, would now find a hollow echo in the hearts of most of them. They understand only such literature as Bradstreet and the daily *vers libre* of the stock exchange.

IT'S A long gallop from 1704, when the Boston *News Letter* issued with a single two penny advertisement, to the present day of dollar-coining journalism.

It is the Sunday issues which are the biggest impositions, however, upon a childish public's time and semi-intelligence. If for no other reason than as a conservation measure, federal legislation is needed to limit the amount of white paper which may be desecrated in the publication of Sunday monstrosities.

As long as the public permits itself to be lured by a gaudy colored comic section and similar vapid bait, these time-killing, forest-slaughtering monstrosities will continue their Sunday invasion of the American home.

The Origin of the Twine Binder

By T. W. JOHNSON

BOYS of pioneer days sat around the home fireplace evenings and watched their mothers spin. As the mother sat holding a younger sister or brother with one arm, she would use the free hand to guide the spinning wheel. Now and then the mother thrust her left hand forward and grasped the two free ends of the homespun yarn, and with the aid of the thumb, the index and third fingers she skilfully tied the granny knot.

The tying of the granny knot was an everyday, commonplace part of the mother's household duties in the eyes of those boys. Not so with John Francis Appleby who with his parents had wended his way down the Ohio, and thence by covered wagon across the prairies of Illinois, finally to arrive at Hart Prairie, Wisconsin, in 1845.

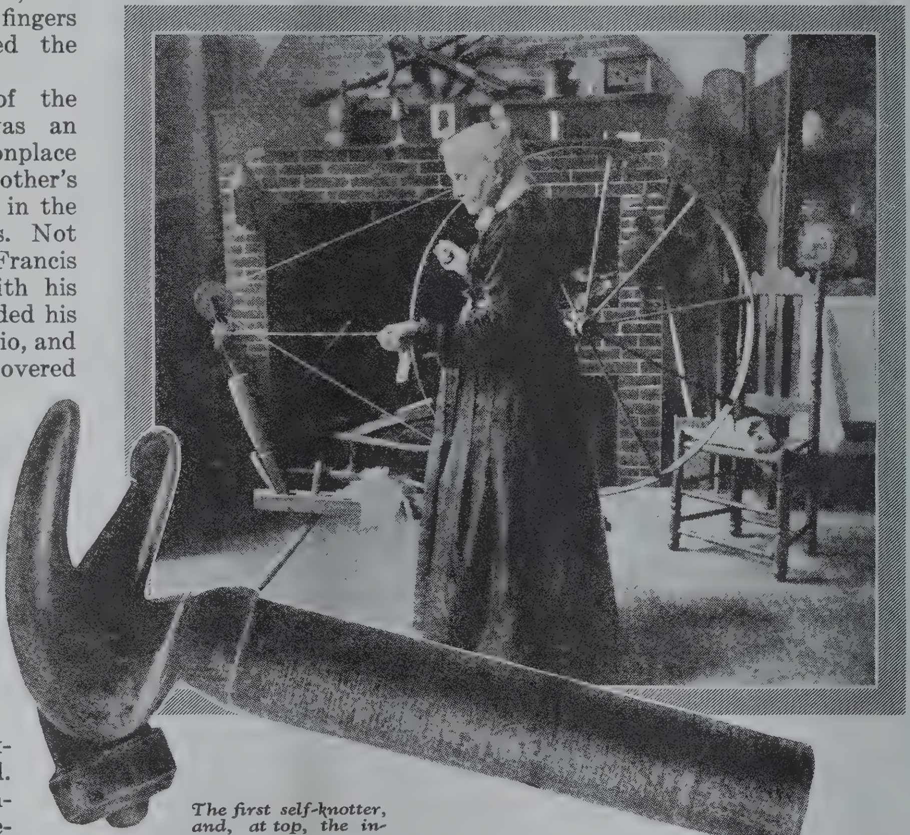
John at an early age had to follow the cradler and tie the golden bundles of grain by the old backbreaking method. From early morning till late evening, he sweat and toiled. One evening as he sat by the home fireplace brooding over his aching back and sore hands a happy thought came to him as he watched his mother tie the granny knot. Why couldn't a mechanical device be constructed to take the place of the hand in tying the knot?

Little did John's mother dream that her simple act would some day revolutionize the grain industry!

John had spent much of his spare time in George Esterly's little machine shop up to the evening he had conceived the idea of the self-knotter. After that, every spare moment he could escape from the duties on the farm were spent at the shop experimenting and dreaming. Perseverance to carry to a finish the germ of an idea was rewarded with the completion of the first self-knotter.

The model was turned out of metal at Palmyra, Wisconsin, by Harry Pierce. That model is now in possession of the Wisconsin Historical Museum at Madison.

Three years passed by, and no self-knotter or self-binder was given to the world. John Appleby enlisted along with hundreds of other Wisconsin lads with the Union armies. Upon his return from war, John went down to the little old machine shop. There he tinkered about, and was in his glory. Years rolled by, and so far as the youthful inventor was concerned the world should never know that there ever existed such a device as a self-knotter.



The first self-knotter, and, at top, the inventor's inspiration.

In the early seventies, harvesters of different manufacture were being produced. They successfully bound the bundles of grain with wire. The eyes of the grain industry and grain farmers were turned toward this new invention. Men boasted that the wire binder would revolutionize the work of harvesting, and even Appleby became enthusiastic over it.

In 1874 a little machine shop at Beloit, operated by Charles Parker and Gustavus Stone, put out an excellent type of wire binder that had been planned by Appleby.

Reports came from far and near that cattle valued at thousands of dollars were dying due to eating bits of wire which had been used to tie the grain bundles. In the process of threshing, the bands had gone through the threshers, and were cut or broken into small bits. These were eaten along with the straw by the cattle.

Explosions in flour mills, claimed by the millers to have been caused by small bits of wire in the wheat, gave another hard blow to the wire binder.

The appalling damage opened the eyes of the Beloit shopmen. Something had to be done. Appleby came to the rescue by offering to construct a twine binder. He secluded himself in an upstairs room of the little old machine shop, and after two months of hard work, completed the first twine binder. The knotter was the bird-billed type which he had conceived when a boy.

The problem of mounting the binder to receive the cut grain was nearly as hard as the construction of the self-knotter. Several months passed before the entire machine was perfected. When the first complete twine binder was all set up and ready to work, Appleby, Parker and Stone hitched up the horses and gave the machine a thorough tryout in a nearby rye field. It worked, and then a war started between the wire and the twine binder men.

Those who advocated wire binders spread abroad the news that the twine binder had failed because the crickets and mice chewed the twine, and this loosened the bundles of grain so that they could not be handled. However, the reports did not daunt the twine enthusiasts, for they came back stronger than ever the following year.

During the latter part of 1878 Parker and Stone made 115 twine binders, and shipped them to various parts of the West, Middle West and Texas.

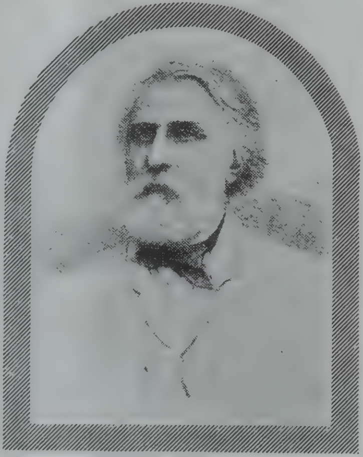
Probably a million or more self-binders are now in use each year, all because a farmer lad watched his mother tie the granny knot.

Great Figures in FICTION

Bazarov and Colonel Sellers

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

IN THE main, Russian novels are revolutionary. Their protest against the existing order is bitter, gloomy and violent; it is seldom thoughtful and restrained. Turgenev had more of the artist's poise than Tolstoy or Dostoievsky, and his revolutionary preoccupation was therefore less passionate and better disciplined. He saw the need of change, but he was not temperamentally destructive. He traveled and was fond of the English. His novels exhibit a literary technique such as he might have learned from English writers. Quite possibly he was affected by the English feeling for balance, for measure, for moderation, the English distaste for violence and clamor.



Ivan Turgenev.

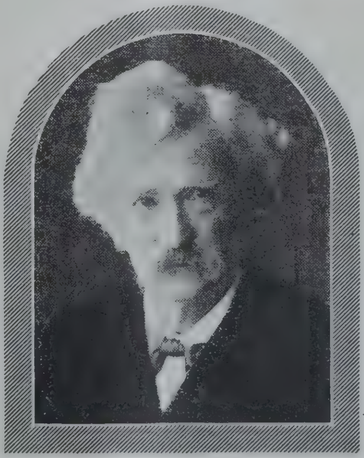
In this he so far differed from his fellow writers in Russia that, on the publication of *Fathers and Sons*, they were bitterly displeased. The outstanding character of that novel is the skeptical Bazarov. From him and the social and political creed that he professed the terms 'nihilist' and 'nihilism' are derived. In the history, not only of Russian literature, but of social and political as well, Bazarov is a notable creation. He has studied medicine at the university in St. Petersburg and has brought back to his rural home a scientific and materialistic outlook deriving from the West. His scientific studies have reduced life to a mechanical and chemical phenomenon. Such a life contains no certain social values, moral values, emotional values, esthetic values—simply no values worthy of being accepted and maintained. The old motives by which men have been animated in their loves and hates become altogether questionable.

Bazarov visits at the home of his fellow student, Arkady, and explodes his radical ideas before Arkady's father and uncle. They think the thoughts of an older day. Bazarov's skeptical and materialistic attitude angers the uncle, and saddens the father. They are disturbed because Arkady has fallen under his influence. Intellectual hatred and Bazarov's attentions to the mistress of Arkady's father culminate in a duel between the former and the uncle. It is a natural outcome of the struggle that in other forms takes place everywhere between youth and age.

In *Fathers and Sons* this conflict is peculiarly Russian. The gap between the ideas of the younger university men and those of their elders, between the oncoming materialistic negation and the sanguine romanticism that has been, is tragically greater than any such gap can be in our Western world.

Despite Bazarov's skepticism and detachedness, he yields to some of the fascinations to which men are liable. Madame Odintsov attracts him.

'All people are like one another,' he tells Madam Odintsov, 'in soul as in body; each of us has brain, spleen, heart and lungs made alike; and the so-called moral qualities are the same in all; the slight variations are of no importance. A single human specimen is enough to judge of all by. People are like trees in a forest; no botanist would think of studying each individual birch tree.'



Samuel L. Clemens.

While he reduces life to a uniform colorlessness, he falls in love with Madame Odintsov. Theoretically that is a thing impossible for him. He has thought of romantic love as a lunacy, an imbecility, a sort of deformity or disease. None the less he finds himself surrendering to it, possessed by it, driven by it. The torture of it is double, because it is a negation of the negation to which he is intellectually inclined. It is a further torture because, when his passion forces him to declare himself, Madame Odintsov does not encourage him. His philosophy does not now suffice to give him tranquillity.

So he became something of a hero. Possibly his heroism is that of disillusion, and it is notable that, dying of typhus, he begs Madame Odintsov, who has compassionately come to see him in his illness, to 'breathe on the dying lamp, and let it go out.' When he has felt her lips on his forehead he is comforted and so passes into forgetfulness.

Bazarov discovers, and at the same time rejects, the truth, that it it quite as futile to defy the humanity to which he is born as it is to defy the disease by which he is being borne under.

The enthusiasm that Bazarov repudiates is the mainspring of character in Colonel Beriah Sellers of Mark Twain's and Charles Dudley Warner's *The Gilded Age*. Bazarov is a product of the cramped life of Russia; Sellers is a product of the expanding life of America. His optimistic zeal has its initial revelation in the kindred optimism of Squire Hawkins. In the little Tennessee village where the story opens life moves at so slow a pace that Hawkins is unwilling to wait for it. Sellers has gone on to Missouri and is urging him to follow. He decided to do so; reporting to Mrs. Hawkins his in-

(*Continued on page 28*)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

In the Face of Difficulties

TO TACKLE difficulties with zest and vigor is to set out on an adventure which may not have the results hoped for but which will have its compensations in the additional experience gained and the joy that accompanies healthy effort. Difficulties should not dismay men or women who possess healthy minds and bodies and who are in full possession of all their faculties.

Every fresh difficulty is but another gateway to opportunity, a chance of accomplishing something in which others have failed. Not only this, it affords the prospect of performing some service which will be of lasting benefit to one's fellow men. Besides, when you have set out to solve some problem you never know what discovery you may stumble across in the course of your search.

ONE should not be turned aside by difficulties from the pursuit of some legitimate object. A thing would not be worth pursuing at all if the road were open and easy. When one does not attain the object in view the world may call it failure, but some of the greatest discoveries recorded in history have followed closely on the heels of failure. In an unsuccessful search for one thing another of far more value is sometimes found. The joy of adventure comes to those who tread unknown paths, and this desire to open up and explore fresh avenues of discovery has proved an incentive to men of enterprise since the beginning of time.

The joy of adventure has proved an incentive to men of enterprise since the beginning of time, and some of the greatest discoveries have been made while searching for something else that was never found. Columbus set out to find the Indies and discovered America, the Philippines were stumbled across by Magellan after he had sailed through the straits which bear his name, and arctic explorers looking for the Northwest Passage were the first to realize the possibilities both agricultural and mineral of the northern half of North America.

It has been the same way in the region of science. In medieval times chemists were spending much time and effort in search of what was called 'the elixir of life,' which was to make men live forever, when they made some of the discoveries that are now part and parcel of the physician's equipment. The search for the 'philosopher's stone' which was to have the power of turning lead into gold, and similar feats, has had similar results.

Were there no difficulties in life there would be nothing to be won and no credit to be gained. Were the avenues to success too easy the path would scarcely be worth exploring. Besides, so many would be traveling it that it would not be worth while.

People are fond of talking about the joy of life, of enjoying themselves, of having a good time. They run after excitement and pleasure and the more they get of it the less they are satisfied. They work harder in finding how things ought not to be done than in seeking a way to do them right.

It is just as exciting to follow up a difficulty in search of a way out as it is to run after a so-called pleasure with the idea of taking part in it. When people talk of enjoying themselves, of having a good time, they themselves scarcely know what they mean. Enjoying themselves is sometimes another name for hard work that is entirely profitless. And having a good time is often in reality having a very bad time.

In tackling difficulties a man has to be sure that he is not wasting his energies in chasing a shadow. After years of research a man may think that he has made a discovery when the fact is that he has merely come to the end of his line of thought and arrived at a conclusion that others have reached many years before.

Men tackle financial problems. They are in search of a formula which will not only straighten out the finances of the country in which they live but which will solve all the money problems of the world at large. Here, there and everywhere are men who have occupied their spare hours with the great subject of money. Farmers, storekeepers, mechanics, editors collectively roll up a mass of research and speculative literature on this subject.

But the only remarkable thing about the majority of these financial cure-alls is that they are not new. They are not discoveries at all. Other 'financial experts' have already traveled along the same lines and arrived at the same conclusions.

Other futile discoveries are made. The department at Washington which deals with patents is cluttered with models and plans of 'discoveries' that have never been put on the market and never will be. But at the same time these futile inventions represent ideas and these ideas may some day lead to others that can be put to practical use.

Take flying for example. Men have thought of navigating the air from Scriptural times and efforts to do so are recorded in the Greek myths. Failure followed failure all through the centuries, and it is only in our own time that discoveries have been made which have made aerial transportation possible.

We see from this that in the pursuit of some definite object it may take thousands of years before all difficulties are overcome, but this does not mean that the vigor with which they are pursued should be in the least diminished.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

They Watch Through Eternity

TEN years have passed since United States troops first sailed for France, and once more Americans are flocking to the land of the tricolor. Boat after boat is following the trail blazed earlier in the year by Lindbergh; the streets of Paris are beginning to sparkle with the bronze of the American Legionnaires. The convention is a momentous thing—one long to be remembered.

And yet there is an eternal convention of American soldiers in France—the convention of those who sailed but did not return. Row on row they sleep; and so they will remain throughout eternity. Their comrades are returning for a moment only; but theirs is the watch of the dead. So long as they rest in French soil, neither America nor France can forget the common cause for which they died.

Heroes and Hero Worship

WEBSTER defines a hero as 'a person of distinguished valor or fortitude.' But a man may be a pirate, a smuggler or a highwayman and still be brave enough. One is struck by the widely divergent angles at which historical personages are viewed. The Scots regarded Wallace as a national hero, but the English king looked upon him as a rebel and marauder and had him hanged, drawn and quartered. Sir Francis Drake was acclaimed as a hero by the people of England, but the Spaniards regarded him as a common pirate. Heroes do not always possess the god-like qualities attributed to them. But to become a hero, a man must have evoked the gratitude and admiration of someone. Hero worship is among the most ancient of the cults that survive today.

Exchange Journalism

CONSIDERING their enterprise in other directions, it is rather strange that newspapers have not adopted the idea of Exchange Reporterships. It is apparent from contact with newspapers that such a system would add greatly to the efficiency of the daily press. No city now is self-contained. We have motor centers and pickle centers and steel and textile centers and agricultural centers and financial centers and political centers and propaganda centers, knowledge of which outside them is dependent on what comes over the wire. Rumors that fly abroad and that arrive at newspaper offices by every kind of channel are impossible of judgment, there seldom being on the staff a man of first-hand knowledge of the probabilities. If newspapers in the pickle center could exchange, say, two of their best young men with newspapers in the motor centers, and permit them to undergo an intensive process of getting acquainted with industries and conditions away from home—acquainted, not as hurried travelers looking for a story, but as guest reporters working along the regular lines—it would make for a broadening view of our country as a whole. As it is, newspapermen get a semblance of this by becoming something very like tramp reporters.

The press of the country needs more of research and less of reporting just now. Very much of what it reports is not true, but it does not know that. It knows that it gives a true report of what it receives, but it has no standard by which to judge the truth or completeness of what it receives. There are industrial organizations in this country that no longer rely on the press, because the press will no longer dig to the basic strata of the facts with which it deals. The newspaper is so vital to the country, and instant confidence in it may become so necessary in a moment of emergency, that no means should be spared to bring it to a higher degree of service and reliability than ever before.

B. Franklin—Enlightener

IT IS interesting to note that the theory held today of the mechanics of tornado formation and procedure coincides exactly with that advanced by Dr. Benjamin Franklin in 1753 or thereabout. In the complete edition of Dr. Franklin's works is a diagram to illustrate his theory. But the text itself is so clear that the drawing serves only as an extra guaranty.

The general conception of Dr. Franklin as a provincial Hogarth takes in only one relatively unimportant part of his character. His title of 'philosopher' is thought to refer to his capacity for homely wisdom. In fact, it refers to his contributions to physical science. The examination and explanation of natural phenomena was in his day regarded as a philosophical function. What opened the doors of the Royal Philosophical Society to him was his invention of the lightning rod and his electrical experiments in general. His scientific activities comprehended a great deal more than the study of lightning. In his correspondence he tells of experiment after experiment made by him with electricity generated in his laboratory. He observed its effect on fowls, metals and other creatures and substances. He tested and classified materials according to their conductivity. He used electricity as a curative force in paralytic diseases.

Moreover, he wrote about his activities and speculations in such admirable language that one would wish to see modern discoursers on scientific subjects take him for a model. Even when he makes use of terms evidently contrived by himself, one follows him more easily than one could possibly do Bertrand Russell or any other contemporary enlightener of the people.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

When Booth and Irving Acted Together

—Culver Photo.
Henry Irving as Hamlet.

A SMALL boy sat in front of a vast green curtain which glimmered, waved and wrinkled mysteriously, suspended between two worlds. He was in the midst of a hollow space, extending around and above him, filled with hundreds of people sitting hushed and waiting like himself. He was hardly conscious of them; his soul was intent upon the green curtain, behind which the world of dreams was to come true. The curtain, therefore, had a fascination of its own—it was a symbol of the veil which hides all that man desires to know. The moment before the revelation was a great moment for the small boy; such a moment as comes only once, but is never forgotten.

This was seventy years ago, and of the hundreds who sat there with the small boy, few besides himself remain. For aught he knows, the great old Drury Lane Theater in London has itself passed away, and Grand Christmas Pantomimes are no longer presented to a generation which disbelieves in fairies and whose ideas of drama have changed since then.

I saw something of the drama as it was, and am here to give the present age a few glimpses of it, imperfect but authentic. Inasmuch as the Grand Christmas Pantomime of the year 1856 was the first dramatic performance I saw, I will begin with that. It was entitled *The Grasshoppers Feast and the Butterflies Ball,* and historic Drury Lane Theater was packed to see it.

Historic, yes! Old Sir William Drury gave his name to the Lane, in Henry the Eighth's time; and Christopher Wren designed the building in 1674, after the first one was burned down. It was in that year that Robert William Elliston was born, and on its stage, in due time, he acted all the great characters of tragedy and comedy. Then, one after another, came the Kembles, the Keans, Grimaldi, Helen Faucit and Ellen Tree, Vestris, Macready, and in its halls are busts and statues of them.

On Twelfth-night, January 6, there used to be provided a great cake, cut up and eaten by the company. But all that was before my day, and Drury Lane, instead of being a 'main artery' of London, as when Sir William Drury built his house there, was the Gin Lane of William Hogarth, as I first saw it, with drunken drabs reeling in and out of its dives, with infants, also drunk, on their shoulders. But the walls of the great theater still rose up from it, and the greatest actors played in the greatest plays there, and during the Christmas holidays, there was the Pantomime. The small boy who witnessed *The Grasshoppers Feast and the Butterflies Ball* knew nothing of what had been; the palpitating hour was enough for him.

The wings of the butterflies were six feet across; they sat upon gigantic flowers and waved them softly, the gorgeous colors glowing in the magic light. The grasshoppers were as big as people, and might easily have taken a hundred yards at a hop, but they contented themselves with crawling about and making themselves agreeable to the butterflies. The woodland dell in which these magnificent insects held their ball was on the same scale—blades of grass tall as trees, and moss like a tangled forest; violets of the diameter of cartwheels, and daisies big enough to hide under. The waltzes, polkas and Sir Roger de Coverleys of this ball must take place in the upper air, there was no room for them in the dell.

But while the preliminary courtesies and flirtations were still going on, and partners were being chosen, there was an appalling interruption: a terrible monster—two of them indeed—as large as crocodiles but having the form of toads—crept into the midst of the happy company, bringing terror and disaster; the beautiful insects would be torn in pieces and devoured! The valiant grasshoppers sprang to defend the butterflies, but they were powerless against the jaws and claws of the monsters. The small boy might have rushed to their aid, but at that moment a stupendous thing happened.

In mid-air, over the heads of the combatants, a wondrous and beautiful creature floated into view: she could be no other than Titania, queen of fairies; and she waved her wand. Instantly there was a miraculous transformation: the grasshoppers split open fore and aft and became handsome youths; the butterflies had laid aside their wings and were pretty maidens; and the toads were two ugly old men, threatening the merrymakers with pitchforks.

Another touch of the wand, and the prettiest of the maidens underwent a second change into an adorable being, almost as lovely as Titania herself; and her partner glittered from head to foot in a skin-tight suit of kaleidoscopic colors; there was a sword in his hand, and he pulled down a black half-mask over his eyes. Columbine put her hand in his; he flourished his sword over his head and in the twinkling of an eye the two had vanished, and the woodland scene with them.

WE were now on a village green, with rustic cottages, and in the midst a huge yew tree, upon the bark of which Harlequin smote with his magic sword; it opened and the lovers entered; it snapped shut again in the faces of their malignant pursuers and we were off again into a series of thrilling adventures, always escaping with barely an inch to spare, under apparently insurmountable obstacles—until at last Titania reappears, the lovers become a Prince and Princess, and Clown and Pantaloon shrink back into the old toad and his mate, to be lost in the glory of a sparkling Paradise.

Down came the great green curtain; the Grand Christmas Pantomime was over, and the small boy was himself again—but never quite the same small boy that he was two hours before, 'For he on honeydew had fed, and had drunk the milk of Paradise.'

* * *

Not until after several years, and on the western side of the Atlantic, did the boy, no longer small, again await the rising of the green curtain. The auditorium was as vast and as populous as before, and perhaps the boy was almost as tremulous with anticipation; but the people around him were Bostonians, unprejudiced, but unimpassioned. They would recognize merit when they saw it; if they didn't see it, they wouldn't hiss, or throw eggs, but would get up one after another, quietly, and walk out, and return to their homes on Beacon Street.

—Brown Brothers Photo.

Edwin Booth.

However, the Boston Theater seldom disappointed its patrons. And the public was favorably disposed toward the young son of the famous Junius Brutus Booth; he had been on the stage since his sixteenth year, though little known as yet in Boston. So they had laid aside their volumes of the essays of Emerson and the sermons of Channing, and were assembled to deliver their verdict on the young man's performance of Sir Edward Mortimer, or *The Iron Chest*. It was a tragedy, with a slight leaning toward melodrama; a bit antiquated perhaps in this year 1863, but one mustn't expect always Shakespeare. We hoped to be agreeably entertained at least!

THE boy, by the indulgence of a benevolent friend—his father's publisher in fact—had a good seat, well forward, and he was all agog; less because he knew anything about Edwin Booth than because he was under the spell of the theater, home of imagination, where things happen and persons appear not in obedience to dull laws of necessity but in response to the summons of the enchanter's wand. After the tedium of logical fact, how exhilarating is the emancipation bestowed by free fancy! Though Oliver Wendell Holmes might jest,

> Here every foundling finds his lost mamma,
> Each rogue, repentent, meets his fond papa,

I have seen the cheery little philosopher with tears on his cheeks at the tragic power of Ristori or Charlotte Cushman; yes, and shouting with joy over this very Edwin Booth's portrayal of Petruchio; or chuckling in helpless glee at William Warren's prodigious humor. Whoever has a soul is at the mercy of the drama—as Charles Reade so tellingly showed, long ago, in his *Peg Woffington*. But I am speaking of drama as it was two generations ago; I hold no license to comment on or to criticize what claims to be drama, dramatists and actors today, or since the Russian Revolution.

(*Continued on page 25*)

Havana, showing the Prado, the principal thoroughfare, and Morro Castle in the distance.

Housekeeping *in* HAVANA

By KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR

WHEN I started for Havana I knew I was going to the Havana that most people miss, which I anticipated with great pleasure. I hate the stereotyped and the usual—Cook Tours, American hotels (in foreign countries) and tourists, and I knew I wouldn't encounter any of these antipathies because I was to use the apartment of a friend who was visiting in the States, and she had told me what to expect.

'You won't find any Americans in the Cerro,' she said, 'but you have enough Spanish to get on (she was very cheerful and sure about it) and the situation is convenient. There is a grocery below and you can buy there, if you want to eat at home. There's a fruit stall across the street, too; and the grocery man, whose name is Carlos Plats, will bring up the ice and milk. And by the way,' she added, 'you don't even have to go downstairs to shop if you don't want to—there is a little window in the court, and you can open that if you prefer, and call down, "*Carlos, quatro botillas de lager.*" '

At which I laughed.

'You'll get on all right,' said Florencia, with a most encouraging and sweet little nod, and we did, my mother, my brother and I. We went to the Cuban's Havana, met only Cubans, who spoke only Spanish; ate their food, learned their ways and loved everything.

Housekeeping in Havana is a bit different from housekeeping in the States and I think we could learn a good deal from it. The power of the sun has taught the Cubans how to economize energy in hot times. Why, in the southern climates especially, do we of the States use rugs in summer? I saw no rugs in Havana, and I was in a good many houses. Instead I saw tiled floors, where the mellowed color of the tiles kept all feeling of bareness afar, and where one got the most delightful sense of sanitation.

These floors, in a well-kept house, are mopped every day, and they should be; for the houses are built upon the streets, the doorways are open, and the world and its dust is ever with one. I saw no hangings or shades in windows but often opalescent glass in the small panes or wooden shutters outside. The effect is not bare, or the light glaring; but gives an impression of spotlessness and delightful simplicity, increased by much wicker and little or no upholstery in the furnishings.

The ceilings are incredibly high—and they keep a breeze going. The roofs are flat, and it is upon the roofs that one hangs the wash, the dish towels, dries one's hair, or, if in a pensive mood, stares up at the stars to wonder at it all.

When one gets up in the morning—a little languidly, for it is hot in Havana—after one has tubbed in a perfectly appointed, modern bathroom, and has slipped into one's coolest, no-sleeve frock, there is breakfast. This means Cuban oranges which are deliciously sweet and Cuban bread, which is rather too white but which has a lovely crust. Cuban butter—or the Cuban butter used most—has stamped upon it, 'Marca de Brookfield,' and is the same brand to be bought at home. But price—let no one think Cuba a place to economize! Any grocery proprietor would be a millionaire within six months—if an *American* family moved into his neighborhood.

The meats are troublesome to deal with, especially for people who keep steaks under a layer of olive oil for days before they are cooked. Cattle are killed and sold in one day (under penalty of law) and the meats are ferociously red. I ate fish for the most part.

The chickens are good, as are also the cheeses. We found that fruits, cheeses and salads made the best diet. A somewhat woolly lettuce, bought from a Japanese fruit dealer, fixed with native tomatoes, small native tomatoes because they ripen so quickly in the sun, and the invariable French dressing and a rarebit was our usual menu. If we were hungry, after that we braved the sun of the balcony to look for dessert.

NEARLY everything one can imagine is sold in the streets—would you like an ice? Then wait for the cart that is driven by a man who pipes a tune as sweet to the children as that of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Call, and the cart comes to a standstill when you may select your ices.

Or would you like a pastry? You wait a bit longer, perhaps, until the boy comes along with a little glass show case balanced on his head. At your signal he takes this down, and upon the tripod legs which sat atop it he sets his case, and behold you have a counter!

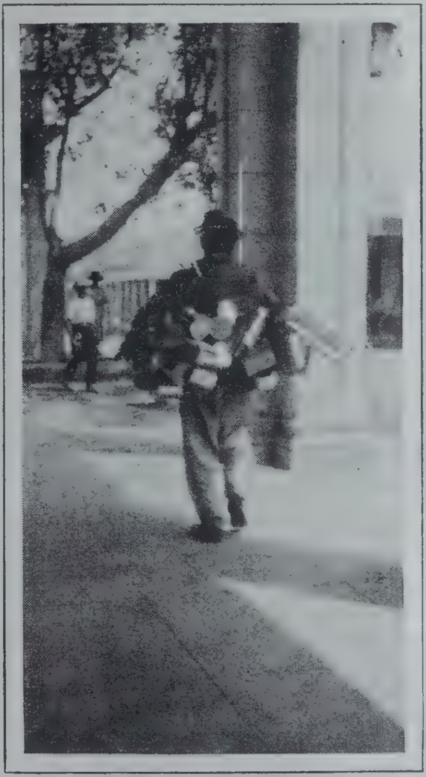
Or needing a pan, or a bath towel, you wait a bit longer, just a little bit longer, and sooner or later the vender of *anything* you might want will make his appearance.

All the things you have ever seen are peddled to make housekeeping in Havana a delightful adventure, and with these are many things, I shall venture to say, you have never seen. They were new to me, and I've lived in Italy, in England and around the States.

Here, in Havana, Jose turned in.

There is a cone made of a sweet, brittle pastry peddled by a man who plays a tune on a bit of iron, triangular in shape. (The children love him.) These are *barquillos*, long twisted spills of crisp pastry, and these—three, wrapped in glazed paper—always appear with ice cream. There are sweets more unusual to us than the famed guava, fruits of too long a list to mention, and everywhere, as in all tropical countries, there are wines.

You make your call in the afternoon (for that is a part of housekeeping, or homemaking, in Havana) and you are proferred a tiny glass of wine, which is taken as the frankly interested passers-by stand outside the beautiful iron grill at the window to stare at you as you drink it.

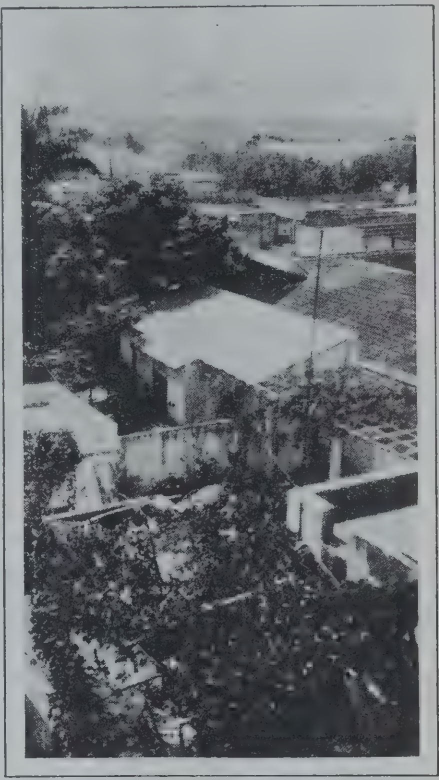


A hardware store.

My brother went to have his hair cut, and the barber sent out for a small glass of wine to offer him.

My mother went to see an old Negress about doing our laundry, and she was offered a glass of wine by her. It is—'the courtesy.' The laundry wagons, by the way, are often the tops of kinky heads.

At night, you may go to a Cuban restaurant, which is opened, if on a corner, on two sides to the street. Here, with the breezes that always play after sundown sweeping softly over you, you order—after you are a bit used to Cuban ways, and know what is good in Cuban housekeeping—fruit cocktails, fried bananas (green or ripe, as you like), red snapper steak (an unusual grilled potato comes with it), sautéed spinach, a little salad, no? No—instead, a *pina colada;* a fruit drink made of pineapple, a most delicious nectar if you order *pina colada sola, sin agua* (pineapple juice alone, without water); and then, a guava-banana ice cream, or a piña, or a cream made from one of their various melons, if you enjoy a heavy ending for your meal; and coffee—but don't expect to like that. It's a paste and a little rank, and made, I think, to stimulate a race whose energy is depleted by too much sun and too many delightfully comfortable places to sit.



The roofs of our neighbors' houses—so much on them!

HAVANA is a glory in itself. One could stand even the idle silliness of hotel-lobby life in Havana, if one had to; the city is so surprisingly foreign, and so full of the antique. The streets, in some quarters, are narrow and old; the houses reflect every color of the rainbow; the old cobbles, the deep ruts, the happily bare babies—all make it a small edition of Italy, but gayer and louder, in both color and tone. The only things I saw in Havana not to my liking were the famed and big hotels.

These, on entering, were New York. The food compared in no way with the Cuban cooking. They were filled with Americans who were eating ham and eggs, and that is *not* the way to see any new town or country, or to hope to *feel* it.

(Continued on page 28)

The Dyspeptic CRITIC

By HUGH WALPOLE

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE
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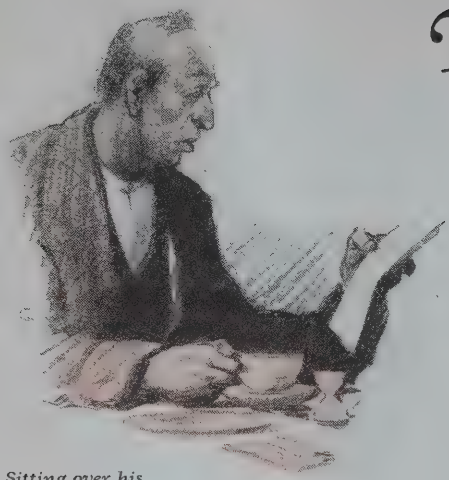


Sitting over his morning egg and reading.

I HAVE been occasionally asked what was the most romantic thing that ever happened to me. The adventure I am about to describe would nearly win the prize I think. It began in this way.

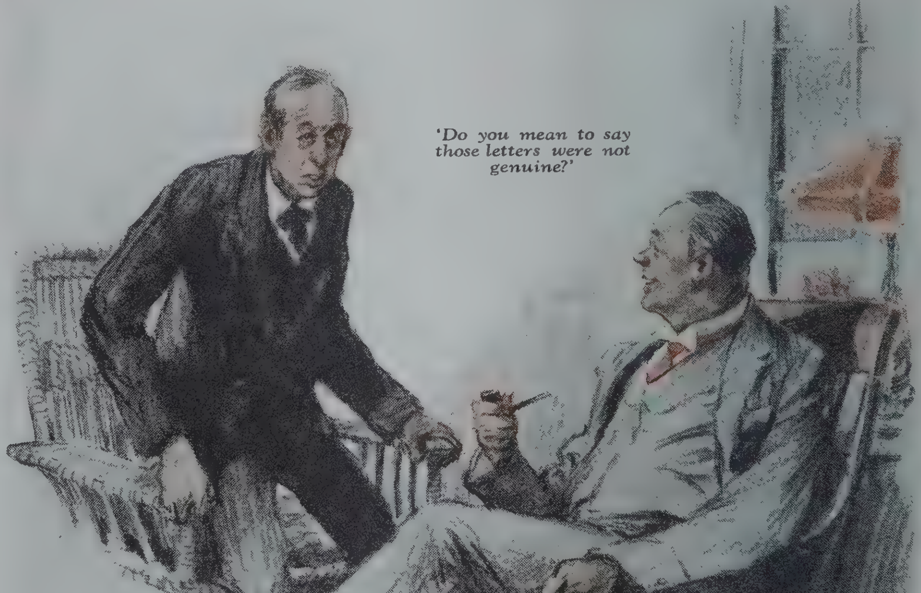
Two friends and myself, bound with the Universal Unemployment ties, spent some of our idle time by endeavoring to help our companions out of difficulties into which their temperament led them.

The hero of this little adventure was one Everard Tallboys.

Tallboys at this time must have been about thirty years of age, was reviewer on the *Athanasian*, the *Blue Review*, *The Protestant Weekly* and the *Quid Nunc*. He was also responsible for two published dramas, *The Queen at Bay* and *The Scarlet Fool;* a volume of verse, *The Lute at Dawn;* three novels, whose names I have forgotten, and a critical book, *William Morris & His Times*. I had seen him on one or two occasions at literary parties and we had once exchanged a word or two of rather heated discussion about a plate of sandwiches which I wanted for a lady and he wanted for himself. He was long, thin, black-haired, with a piercing, bitter nose, eyes grey and cold, and teeth slightly discoloured. His clothes were shabby and his hands not overclean. I am aware that this is not a pleasant description, and indeed I have seldom, in all my literary experience, seen anyone whose appearance was more thoroughly unwholesome and musty than that of Everard Tallboys. His favourite attitude at a party was to stand in a corner, balancing himself on one leg like a stork, look superciliously at the people around him, and say as little as possible to anybody. He had made that important discovery that if you want to be taken for a clever man, the less you say the better. It is the garrulous who are the fools, and Tallboys very quickly obtained a real reputation for wisdom and sagacity by dealing entirely in monosyllables and by saying, 'Do you think so?' in a high, shrill voice to anybody who was courageous enough to offer an opinion.

It will be seen quite clearly that I did not like Tallboys, but I did like him afterwards, as the story will show. It proves perhaps that I wronged him in the first place through ignorance. But, after all, if you never say anything and never come into close quarters with anybody, you stand a risk of being misunderstood; Tallboys was misunderstood by a great many people. He first appeared as critic anonymously and committed, in my opinion, the unpardonable crime of reviewing the same book in various different papers without signing his name, and as he invariably disliked the books that he reviewed, it may be said with truth that somewhere about 1915 almost all the more critical press began to be abusive to current works of fiction, and in many cases to poetry and belles lettres. Then he was forced out of his anonymity, was taken up by Hallard, the editor of the principal literary weekly, who thought that there was a great deal too much general praise of inferior work going about, and in the years that followed the Armistice, Tallboys could be discovered in all sorts of papers, sneering and carping and damning, with a languid superiority that enraged all sorts of suffering authors but did himself great credit. At the same time, such is the impulse of his genius that he was for himself rather unfortunately driven into creating works that went to other people for review. These works were of a universal mediocrity. The plays were in the good old pre-Raphaelite tradition admirably illustrated in Max Beerbohm's *Savonarola*, the novels were in the weaker realistic manner, giving excellent descriptions of tables, chairs, and stair carpets, but leaving something to be desired in the analysis of the human beings who used these pieces of furniture. As to the volume of verse, by general consent the less said the better.

Our writers in general have many very obvious faults; they are weak, vain, credulous, sensitive creatures, but they have good points too, and taking criticism in general, a rather touching faith in the authority and honesty of their critics. It is, however, difficult for them to be patient when a critic comes bearing in one hand abuse of their work and in the other examples of how it ought to be done, examples thoroughly mediocre and incompetent.



'Do you mean to say those letters were not genuine?'

By the end of 1920, Tallboys had nearly as many enemies as Lloyd George. Just at this time, for some reason or another, his photograph began persistently to appear in some of the illustrated papers: 'Mr. Everard Tallboys, the eminent critic.' 'Everard Tallboys, one of the brightest of our younger critics,' and so on. There was something about Tallboys' face in these photographs which caused simple men to long to set to work upon it, to do something to the superior nose, to stretch yet a little farther the protruding ears, and to snatch a tuft or two from the already thinning hair. I am sure that Tallboys himself was quite unaware of the indignation that he was exciting; the small fragments that came to him probably stirred his vanity and made him feel himself to be a real force.

ONE evening, I sat next at dinner to A. E. P. Braun, that well-known and justly popular young writer of romantic fiction. Braun was almost laughably like his name, thickset, bull-necked, his nose crooked, from his contest at the National Sporting Club with young Minards of Plymouth, his mouth too large for his face, but a smiling, genial person, pleasant to meet and talk to. Now most writers of romantic fiction in these days care nothing for the critics, but Braun had in his manly bosom a real ambition to be considered by the superior papers an elegant writer. It was true, as he said to me, that his favourite subjects, Spanish Treasure, Pirate Ships, and the '45 Rebellion, were not entirely suited to modern realistic methods, but he did write, he maintained, a great deal better than these literary fellows pretended.

TALLBOYS had especially got upon his young nerves. That night at dinner he unburdened himself to me. Tallboys had published in the *Quid Nunc* only the week before an article purporting to examine the reasons for the popularity of certain novels; Braun had been one of his victims. He had decided that Braun was popular because of his *naivete*, love of platitudes, and execrable English. 'Damn the fellow,' said Braun. 'Who does he think he is? If he could write a novel himself, there might be something in it, but I never read such stuff as that last book of his.' He paused, looked at his plate very solemnly, then leant closer to me and whispered, 'Look here, Johnson, somebody was telling me the other day that you and young Borden have a scheme for getting rid of tiresome people. Why shouldn't you turn your attention to young Everard? Think how many people would be grateful.'

'Murder him, do you mean?' I asked.

'Well, of course, that would be much the best, but it might lead to unpleasant consequences for all of us. No, the thing would be to turn his attention to something else. I tell you what. Improve his stomach.'

'What?' I asked.

'Yes, all his mangerly criticism comes from indigestion. I'm sure of it. Look at all the superior critics—Burroughs, Wontner, Hallard himself. Have you ever seen such a miserable lot of men? You can see their bones through their clothes, and their dirty white faces look as though they haven't sniffed fresh air for months. They're all the same. I tell you that dyspeptic criticism comes from dyspeptic insides. Cure those insides and you cure the criticism.'

JIM.

'By jove,' I said, 'there is something in that. I'll think it over.'

I should, nevertheless, have in all probability taken no steps in the matter had it not been that three days later I met Tallboys at the house of a mutual friend. He was that day at his most unpleasant.

I am at my worst with anyone whom I dislike, uneasy, unnatural, and over-garrulous, but on this occasion I was squeezed into a corner with Tallboys and we were forced to talk together. Of course I talked too much, said one or two things which were platitudinous and another two or three things that I did not really mean, and equally, of course, Tallboys said 'Do you think so?' and looked at me with that sarcastic patronage that is the hardest thing in the world to bear from a fellow human being. I was stung to the weakest kind of retaliation, saying something about my regret that his last novel had not sold more copies, and then felt exceedingly ashamed of myself for my meanness and cheapness. There followed then one of those silences that are so unagreeable between people who do not wish to be together but cannot escape. When I at last left the party, I asked myself indignantly why Tallboys should consider himself so superior. People will forgive you murder, rape, robbery, cheating at cards, and adultery, a great deal sooner than they will forgive you patronage. The one thing that every human being needs is outside confirmation in the stability of his own position. I have, unwittingly perhaps, patronised in my own time, and it is those to whom I have on some occasion, however slight and fleeting, been arrogant that will bear me a grudge to my dying day. The real reason why everyone hated Tallboys was not that he was a bitter critic, sickly in appearance, unhumorous, narrow-minded, but that he was arrogant.

Those few minutes in the corner of that overcrowded room determined me. It would, I thought, be most delightful to bring Mr. Tallboys down a peg or two. I discussed the matter with Borden, who, being the exact antithesis of Tallboys in every possible way, was just the man for this crisis. We discussed it for a long time. He thoroughly agreed with me that it would be very amusing to 'make the feller jump,' but how? 'If we can only remove him,' I said, 'or change the course of his criticism, or turn his interests to sausages or growing cucumbers, we shall not only please our own natural feelings, we shall earn our £150 as well. What about a lonely farmhouse somewhere?'

'By jove,' cried Borden, smacking his thigh, 'why not the Island?'

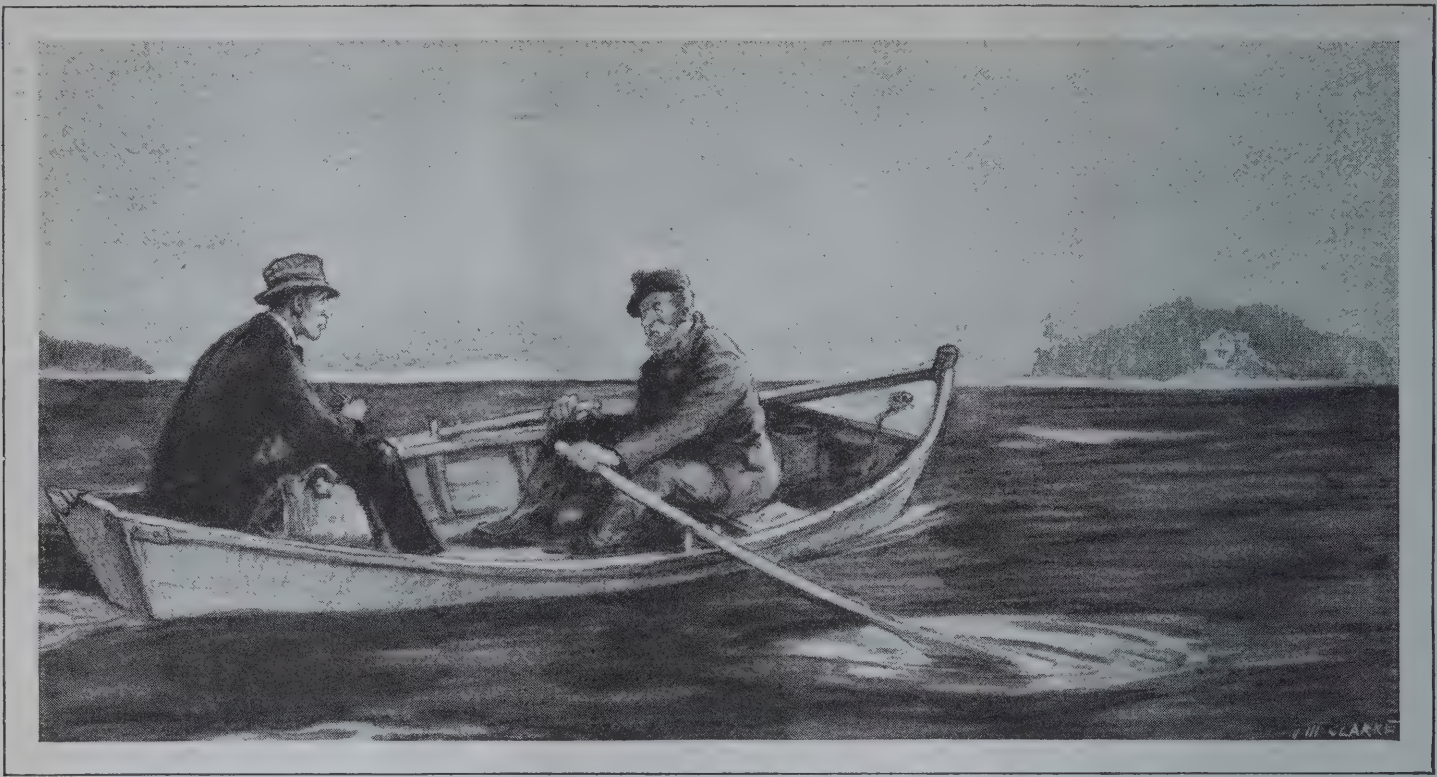
IF I may be allowed for a moment to reveal to the gentle reader the intimate privacies of the Tallboys' home the critic and poet may be seen in a very lousy dressing gown, sitting over his morning egg and reading the following letter.

The letter is headed—

Bird's Island,
Treliss,
North Cornwall.

Dear Mr. Tallboys,

You must, I am sure, be overwhelmed with correspondence from all parts of the country; I am therefore extremely reluctant to take up even a moment of your most valuable time, but it would seem to me ungrateful were I to let no expression of gratitude escape from me when you have given me, during these last weeks, such exquisite pleasure by your two books *The Lute at Dawn* and *Rosemary at Play*. Your novel seems to me without any exaggeration the greatest masterpiece that the 20th Century has yet given us. The nobility and generosity of your hero, Hugo Tremayne, the self-sacrifice with which he gives up one whom he loves so truly as he does Dora to his best friend and companion, the drama of the silent struggle between the two men as they stand one on each side of the fireplace saying nothing but feeling so much, the poetry of your descriptions of dawn and sunset and moonrise, the walk on the moor, the bathe in the sea, all the lovely sights and



Tallboys didn't attempt any conversation. It was not easy for him to talk to men not his own kind.

sounds of nature, these things are revealed by a master hand.

As to your book of poetry, what shall I say? To one who has found during many years of trial and hardship, constant, sweet companionship in the genius of Shelley and Keats, it is perhaps no mean thing that he should feel that that marvellous company has now a third added to its number.

Forgive me these halting words. I feel too deeply to say all that I would wish.

Yours humbly,
Horatio Bickerstaffe.

Three days later another letter was received in the Tallboys' home. It ran as follows:

Dear Mr. Tallboys,

Your kind reception of my little letter has made me a proud man. I live on this beautiful island a sheltered and retired existence. Books and birds, with an occasional rabbit, are my principal companions. Do believe me when I say that I meant and shall always mean every word that I wrote to you in my last.

You say that you know Cornwall but very slightly. Would it not be possible for you to snatch yourself away just for a day or two from your London labours and to seek the quiet and refreshment which this country scene affords? I cannot indeed offer you much in the way of excitement and adventure but at least your brain will be rested as you listen to the lisp of the waves upon the shore, the singing of the birds in the little wood behind my house, the ripple of the stream that chatters at the bottom of my garden.

I am a bachelor and quite alone here. If you cared we could discuss many things, or if you preferred it, I would leave you entirely alone.

The journey is an easy one. You go from Paddington to Truxe without a change and from thence a side line quickly takes you to Treliss. There a boat will await you and row you across to my island, a mile out to sea.

I throw this out as a suggestion, tempted by the extraordinary pleasure that your visit would give me.

Four days later a further letter was received.

Dear Mr. Tallboys,

This is indeed delightful and beyond my wildest dreams. I shall expect you then next Tuesday and can only hope that the weather during your stay will continue to remain as fine as it now is.

What were the motives that impelled Tallboys to take a little holiday? They were not, I imagine, very difficult to discover. It is possible that a good deal of Tallboys' arrogance arose from the fact that he had had during his writing career so little praise and was a hungry man. He was also, I have no doubt, a tired man, working a great deal too hard, sitting up late at night over his reviews and criticisms.

CORNWALL in the month of May is no light temptation, and Mr. Bickerstaffe, although his praise was certainly a little foolish and extravagant, could probably be endured for a night or two without difficulty. In any case, on a beautiful May evening Tallboys might have been seen, a rather grimy bag in one hand and a waterproof in the other, standing on little Treliss pier and looking about him. That it was a most beautiful evening I can bear witness, because I myself was present, not close to Tallboys but waiting discreetly in the background under the rocks where some of the smaller boats are drawn up at high tide.

Treliss, a magic circle of gold and topaz, hung over us veiled in thin purple mist, and the sea, very faintly blue, drew up to the shore and faded away again with a gentle hiss of cosy peace and satisfaction.

Tallboys was a very noticeable figure standing there on the little pier. Presently a fisherman came up to him, touched his cap and said, 'Be you the gentleman for Mr. Bickerstaffe?' 'I am,' said Tallboys. 'There's a boat here, sir, to take you across to the island. Mr. Bickerstaffe asked me to say, sir, that he was partikler sorry he couldn't come across. He's just finishing some letters for the post. If you'll come with me, sir, we'll be over in no time.'

TALLBOYS climbed into the rowing boat, with that rather clumsy movement peculiar to landsmen, seating himself very carefully and clutching his bag, and soon was rowed away. When they had rounded the corner of Trust Point, the little island came into view. Very tiny it looked with the little wood a dark tuft against the sky, a little white building and a thin strip of golden sand. Tallboys didn't attempt any conversation; it was not easy for him to talk to men not of his own kind. I have no doubt and I like to think that he enjoyed the beauty of the evening, the fresh sea breeze, the colour of the sea and sky, and that for those five minutes, at any rate, he was a happy man. He was not, alas, to remain happy very long.

I have travelled in many parts of the globe but I say definitely that I know nothing more beautiful than that gate into Bird's Island, where a little path leads up from the beach over rocky boulders, breaks on to a stretch of coarse-grained down, and finally, skirting a little wood where all the trees, blown sideways by the wind, look as though they were listening for some important news coming across the sea, leads into the rough, ill-paved courtyard that stands in front of the farm. It was in this same courtyard that Tallboys met Borden, and it was from Borden that I received the next portion of this story.

Tallboys stopped in the yard and looked about him and then saw Borden advancing towards him, but that young man's stocky figure, bull-dog countenance, and general air of being just sent down from Oxford for conduct 'unbefitting a gentleman,' was not at all what our friend had expected Mr. Bickerstaffe to be. However, he held out his hand, which Borden gripped and shook vigorously, and said, 'Mr. Bickerstaffe?'

'No,' said Borden, very cheerfully, 'my

name is Borden. Let me carry your bag. Come inside out of the sun.'

EVEN then Tallboys had apparently no suspicion of the truth; he sat down opposite Borden in the low-ceilinged sitting room, across whose floor streaks of sunlight like yellow gauze were filtering; then smiling a little nervously, he said to Borden, 'Mr. Bickerstaffe is finishing some letters, I understand.'

'Oh no, he isn't,' said Borden. 'Any letters he had to write he finished long ago. What I mean is that there isn't any Mr. Bickerstaffe.'

What a pang must then have struck the tender, trusting heart of Everard Tallboys! Borden tells me that he turned a pale green, that his long thin legs began to tremble.

'I don't understand,' he said.

'It's very simple. I and a friend of mine wrote those letters and signed them Bickerstaffe. We were so glad you were able to come.'

'Signed them Bickerstaffe,' cried Tallboys, getting up from his chair, 'what do you mean? I still don't understand.'

'It's just this,' said Borden, in the friendliest manner. 'There are half a dozen fellows in London who think you've been working too hard and haven't been sleeping well of nights. They'd hate you to have a breakdown or anything of that kind, and they knew that you were so conscientious that you'd never take a holiday of your own self, so they thought they'd give you a holiday, get you down here, and then when you saw how much you liked it, why of course you'd stay.'

THAT must have been a terrible moment for Tallboys, whose sense of humour was limited, whose dignity was very easily affronted, whose physical strength was nothing very much to boast about.

'Do you mean to say,' he burst out, 'that those letters weren't genuine?'

'Of course they weren't,' said Borden. 'I've never read a line you've written. Johnson had read a bit, and we made it up from that.'

'Johnson,' cried Tallboys, 'do you mean Seymour Johnson?'

'The very same,' said Borden. 'He'll be here in a few minutes, and very glad to see you.'

'This is a plot,' cried Tallboys. 'Exactly,' said Borden, 'a good old-fashioned melodramatic plot like they have at the Lyceum, only instead of a very beautiful heroine, we have—well, Mr. Tallboys.'

'My God, you shall pay for this,' cried Tallboys, in the most approved melodramatic manner, striding up and down the room. 'I'll have you in jail for this before I'm a day older.'

'You can't do very much today,' said Borden, 'there's no boat going to the mainland; Mr. Perry and his two splendid sons run this little farm and are devoted friends of ours; except for one boy who is next door to an idiot and an old woman who is next door to heaven, there's nobody on the island at all. There isn't a telephone and there isn't a post office. Of course, you can stand on the seashore and wave your handkerchief, or you can build a fire in the good old "Treasure Island" fashion and watch its smoke ascend to heaven, or you can climb a tree with a spyglass, or you can swim to the shore. After all, it's only a mile, and most beautiful weather. If all these things fail you, unless you have an airplane in your pocket, you'll be almost compelled, I am afraid, to spend a day or two with us.'

'But this is infamous,' cried Tallboys. 'I'll have you in jail before the week's out.'

'Yes, and it'll be a lovely story for the papers,' said Borden. 'We'll be in jail, but you'll look terribly foolish. I can see the headlines. "Kidnapped Poet on Deserted Island"—"Lured to Captivity"—"Poet and His Tormentors"—and you know what everyone in London will say, that you were off on some nasty little adventure of your own and got in further than you meant. And then there are Mr. Bickerstaffe's letters. They'll look splendid in print: "Young poet gratified at praise from stranger hurries to deserted island," and so on.'

'By God, I'll have the law on you,' screamed Tallboys, now in a hysterical state and really not far from tears.

'Now look here,' said Borden, 'it's very foolish to make such a fuss. This is a perfectly charming place; the weather looks as though it will hold for a week at least; the water really isn't too cold for bathing; old Mrs. Bolitho is a simple cook but you get so hungry here that you really don't want Carlton fare; the bed is very comfortable; there are no mosquitoes yet; we've a very nice library, you can compose poetry to your heart's content. I think a fortnight here would do you all the good in the world.'

'A fortnight,' screamed Tallboys, 'what about my work? My articles, and the rest of it?'

'Well I'm afraid,' said Borden, 'we can't allow you to send anything by post for the first week or two. Not until we see the bloom of health beginning to steal into your cheeks. You can write as much as you like, only there's no post. Of course the world will be simply all in pieces at having nothing from you for a whole fortnight, and if articles begin to appear in the London press about the missing poet, we're in for it I suppose. But won't it be interesting? You'll really be able to test your public importance. I admit that it might hurt your feelings if you were down here for three whole weeks and nobody in London realised it, but on the other hand it will make you feel very free and independent.'

IT WAS at this moment that I, who had followed in another boat, came in. When Tallboys saw me, he made a sort of spring in my direction, as though he would like to tear me limb from limb, but men who have like Tallboys developed their brains at the expense of every other part of them never meet these situations very effectively, and all he could do was to repeat his parrot-like cry, 'By God, I'll have the law on you.'

'Now we must be sensible,' said Borden. 'The real truth of the matter is that two or three of us want to test a theory that we have, a theory that, if it's tested thoroughly, will really make a difference to human conditions, and when something is for the good of the race, we are all, I'm sure, ready to make a little sacrifice of our personal interests and comforts. The theory is that artistic criticism, in the direction it takes and the spirit behind it, is based largely upon Stomach. Now you won't deny that you have for a number of years been the gloomiest critic in Europe, and that, we maintain, is because your inside is all wrong, because you don't take enough exercise, because you live too much with men of your own kind, and because your sense of humour is so lamentably undeveloped. Now you've really never had a holiday of this sort in lovely surroundings, lots of life and air, plenty of time to sleep, good food, and company who don't in the least respect your opinions. Of course we may fail. It's quite possible that you will hate both us and the place more and more every minute that you stay here, but even then, we flatter ourselves that the after-effects will be excellent and that in days to come you will look back to these hours with longing and even think of us with kindness, and if it should happen that you take life a little more cheerfully and see it a little more thoroughly in the round, how well worth our trouble will have been. You will be happier, we will be happier, and countless thousands of young novelists, poets, and critics will be happier. We really will belong to that small group of earnest men and women known as benefactors of the human race.'

Tallboys turned to me. 'You shall suffer for this, Johnson,' he said. 'I won't rest till I've made you regret this hour.'

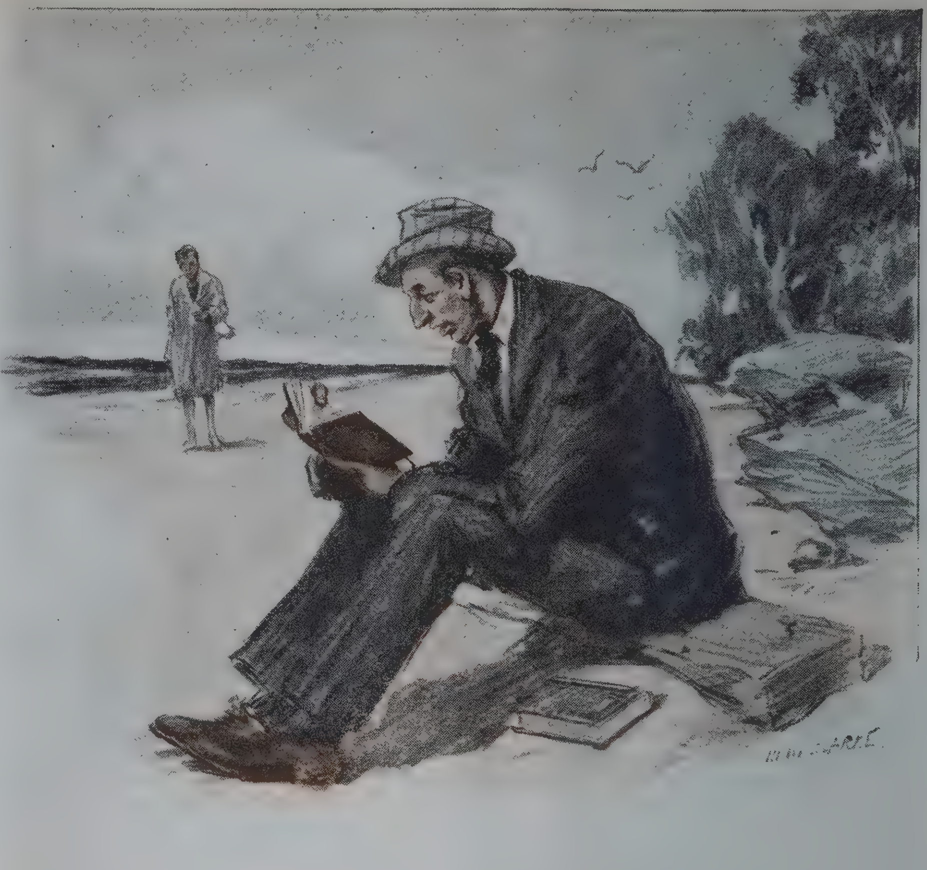
'That's all right, Tallboys,' I answered. 'I quite expected you to be upset at first a bit. I quite understand that you shouldn't have at this moment the friendliest feelings towards Borden and myself, so we're going to leave you in better hands than ours.'

I WENT to the door and shouted 'Jim.' There quickly appeared the large body and rubicund smiling countenance of Jim Perry, the young farmer some twenty-five years of age, six feet three in height, almost as broad as he was tall, one of the best fellows in the world, with an intelligence active enough as regarded birds of the air, the fish in the sea, and nature generally, but his reading limited to *Lloyd's News*, which he spelt out slowly word by word on Sunday afternoon. It had been explained to Jim that we were to have as guest a gentleman from London who was tired and worn out with overwork, whose friends had determined on his taking this holiday, who would certainly protest and try to escape in a boat, whom Jim was to look after as he would his own child, that he was to be kind, tender, and cheerful, and not to let him out of his sight.

THIS had seemed to Jim a capital game, and he looked at Tallboys with exactly the expression that I had seen him use once to a damaged owl whose wing was broken; the bird had been nursed by Jim week after week with the care and kindness of a mother to her only ailing child.

'Oh, yes,' I added, 'there's one other thing. We know you like reading, and so we've selected a library for you.' I waved my hand towards the bookshelves. 'Here you'll find a number of books that I'm sure you've never read. Here are all the works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, A. E. W. Mason, Stanley Weyman, Henry Seton Merriman, Phillips Oppenheim, and a gentleman called Mr. Rice Burroughs, who has written several books about a monkey called "Tarzan," and a lot of others, too, that will be new to you. We have also the poetry of Walt Whitman, and the "Ingoldsby Legends." Now we'll leave you and Jim together. You needn't see more of us than you want to, and I do hope you'll have a happy time.' Then Borden and I left the room.

Those were indeed strange days for all of us. I will confess that during them I had many misgivings. It will have been



I saw him sitting on the beach, deep in a novel.

noticed by anyone who has glanced at any other of these adventures that most of my cases have been solved simply by a little reshuffle of individuality; I proved to myself in the course of them a great lesson, namely, that no one is a bore to everybody and that the art of getting rid of a bore is simply to find someone to whom he isn't a bore. Old Sir Marcus Pendyce, for instance, was a terrible bore to the Lambs, but a sheer delight to the old ladies in Yorkshire, and Mrs. Farbman drove the Flemings crazy, but was exactly what the host of the Vin Blanc needed.

IT IS also a fact about human nature that the people you dislike are on the whole the people with whom you do not come into close contact, that it is very hard to know anybody very well without discovering their good points. Now Borden and I agreed, after two days in Tallboys' company, that he was indeed a dreary dog but that his enthusiasm for literature was something extremely fine, finer than anything we ourselves possessed.

On the second morning after his arrival, I came into the sitting room and found him, quite unconscious of my presence, looking at the bookshelves. Suddenly he gave a little cry of delight, a very touching little cry, the sort of cry that Penelope must have uttered when she saw Ulysses coming up the garden path. I heard him murmur, 'Oh, how fortunate!' and I saw him take from the shelves a thin red-covered book, most obviously not a novel, and from where I was standing realised that it was the Oxford edition of collected poems of Robert Bridges that had slipped somewhere by mistake in amongst his coarser, more bovine brethren. A smile illumined Tallboys' plain features as he went to the window, clutching the book in his hands; I crept out of the room noiselessly, feeling that although it might wreck our plan, I couldn't but be glad that Bridges had broken in. Tallboys' attitude to us during those first two days was one of silent loathing. I suggested that he should have his meals in his own room if he preferred it, and he gave us to understand through Jim that he did.

THE afternoon of the second day was most glorious weather, and I overheard on the upstairs landing some fragments of a funny little conversation. First there was Jim. 'Do 'ee come down Mr. Torboys and 'ave a swim. It's warm as summer. It'll make 'ee less homesick.'

'Thank you, Perry.' Tallboys' voice was making a struggle for dignity and failing. 'I can't swim.'

'That makes no matter, Mr. Torboys,' came Jim's voice. 'I'll look after 'ee.'

'I haven't got any bathing things,' said Tallboys.

'Oh, that's nothin',' said Jim. 'We don't wear no cloes in this place. There's only old Mrs. Bolitho and she'm over eighty and 'alf blind anyway. Do 'ee come down and try.'

'I suppose I may as well do that as anything else,' came Tallboys' answer.

Later I watched from a knoll in the little wood the two on the seashore. Jim, a magnificent figure in the sunlight, poised on a rock at the farther end of the beach, standing for an instant with hands above his head, then cleaving the air like a flash. Tallboys, strangely gray in the sunlight, stepping timidly into the water, walking out like Agag delicately, soon surrendering himself, and five minutes later, supported by Jim, making absurd splashes and futile strokes with his arms in the course of his first swimming lesson.

That same night Borden and I, seated with our pipes and playing chess in the sitting room, suddenly saw Tallboys enter. 'May I have a word with you?' he asked, stiffly, standing in the doorway.

'Certainly, as many as you like,' said Borden, smiling. 'Have a smoke.'

'No, thank you. You know that you've done a most dastardly thing. You are stronger than I at this particular moment and I am in your hands. I do beg of you to let me go home tomorrow, and, if you do, I promise you I'll not say a word about this affair.'

Borden answered him seriously. 'Look here, Tallboys, it's quite natural for you to hate us, in fact if you don't mind my saying so, I think you ought to hate us a little more than you do. We've taken considerable risks in this affair and now we must play it through to the end. In three weeks from now, we will know whether we've succeeded or not. Of course, we don't pretend that we're going to change you altogether, but we do hope and believe that you're going to be a bit different after your three weeks' rest here away from your own rotten set and getting to know a first-class feller like Jim Perry. We must see our experiment through. Here you are for three weeks. I know that yesterday you tried to get a letter through and that you offered Bill Perry ten quid if he'd row you across, but you see these three men happen to be the very best friends Johnson and I possess. They're loyal as you make 'em, and you may as well know right away that it's perfectly useless trying to bribe them or to get them to act against us in any fashion whatever. Now you may as well make up your mind to these three weeks. If you'll forgive me for saying so, you look better already. I don't want you to admit it but you enjoyed that bathe this afternoon and you know you did. Now Johnson and myself are not, I am aware, the companions you'd have chosen if you'd had a free hand, but really we're not so bad. You don't like Johnson's writing, but he's just as enthusiastic as you are about good things in his own way, and upon my word, I can't understand why you writing fellers who all care about good stuff in distinction to the rest of us who don't know good stuff from bad, why you should spend your time in quarreling and getting into little sets, hating one another. Now I know nothing about literature, but I am not a bad companion and I could show you one or two things on this island that would astonish you. Now why not make the best of a bad job and be friendly while you're here. You can have us up in the courts when you get back, but enjoy yourself while you may.'

'Thank you,' said Tallboys, looking at us both with unutterable loathing. 'I'd rather die than spend five minutes with either of you,' and he departed to his room.

I'VE often wondered since what went on in Jim's mind during these curious weeks. Tallboys was something quite novel to him; it was rather as though the Archbishop of Canterbury had to stay with him, a native from Central Africa, for a week or two. It was just because of this strangeness that he developed towards Tallboys a kind of protective affection that did resemble exactly his attitude to the wounded owl of which I spoke before. Tallboys to him was a sick, melancholy, broken-backed, ignorant creature. All Tallboys' knowledge of the *vers librists*, the modern novelists, and the rest, were to him less than nothing, and he was soon talking to him in the indulgent, kindly voice that a nurse uses to a small, miserable, unhappy child. 'Now don't 'ee, Mr. Tallboys,' we used to hear him say, 'don't 'ee take on so. You'll be better in no time. You're getting some colour in your cheeks now. You won't know yourself in another week's time.'

I saw that in spite of himself Tallboys' appetite was magnificent. He was sleeping superbly. On the fourth night of his stay he took up to bed with him that admirable romance of Mr. Mason's, *The Watchers*. I perceived then that book after book disappeared from the shelves. On the fifth day I was sitting alone, sunning myself in the little wood, when Tallboys turned the corner and came upon me by mistake. He made as though he would retreat again, then thinking better, he came towards me.

'Look here, Johnson,' he said, 'hasn't this gone on long enough? Let me go tomorrow. I don't bear you any malice, I don't indeed. Of course, I think it was a rotten thing to do, but I won't deny that I do feel better for these three or four days. I hadn't, as a matter of fact, been sleeping very well in town, and I had been overworking. Perhaps there is something in what Borden said about my getting a bit narrow. I used to feel it myself sometimes, although I'd never admit it to anybody. Let me go tomorrow.'

'We must stick to our three weeks,' I answered, 'you're through the first week very nearly. You'll find the rest of the time passes ever so much more quickly if you talk to Borden and me a bit. Borden's a very decent fellow, really, and his views on life in general quite worth knowing.'

Tallboys stood there, looking out to sea. 'It is lovely,' I heard him say under his breath, 'more beautiful than I'd ever imagined.'

'Stay here a bit,' I answered. 'I'll admit that this thing began partly as a joke and partly because a lot of us thought you were too damned arrogant for anything.'

'Arrogant?' cried Tallboys. 'I?'

'Why, yes. You thought your own opinion so mighty important, and you and your little crowd were the only people that mattered. All sorts of things go to make up literature. It isn't only a perfect style and supercilious taste that count. But I don't want to get preaching to you. I shall be as bad at my end as you are at yours, but if you like, I'll confess something to you. I couldn't stand the sight of you before you came down, and now I'm getting quite keen on your company.'

Tallboys suddenly laughed. 'Of all the infernal cheek,' he said. 'How you ever dared do it!'

'If you hadn't been so conceited,' I answered, 'you never would have come. I never believed that such absurd letters as those of ours could have brought you.'

TALLBOYS flushed. 'It's all very well,' he said, 'but you'd have gone yourself if you discovered a whole-hearted admirer somewhere. Why shouldn't we care about somebody liking our stuff? We spend all our days and nights thinking about it and trying to do the best we can, and if there's somebody who likes it, well, it's awfully comforting. I think the thing I felt sorest about is that there wasn't anybody after all. Do you suppose I don't realise,' he went on fiercely, 'that I'm not first-class, that it wouldn't matter to anybody if I stopped writing forever tomorrow? But because I'm not first-class myself, it's no reason that I shouldn't want other people to do first-class things.'

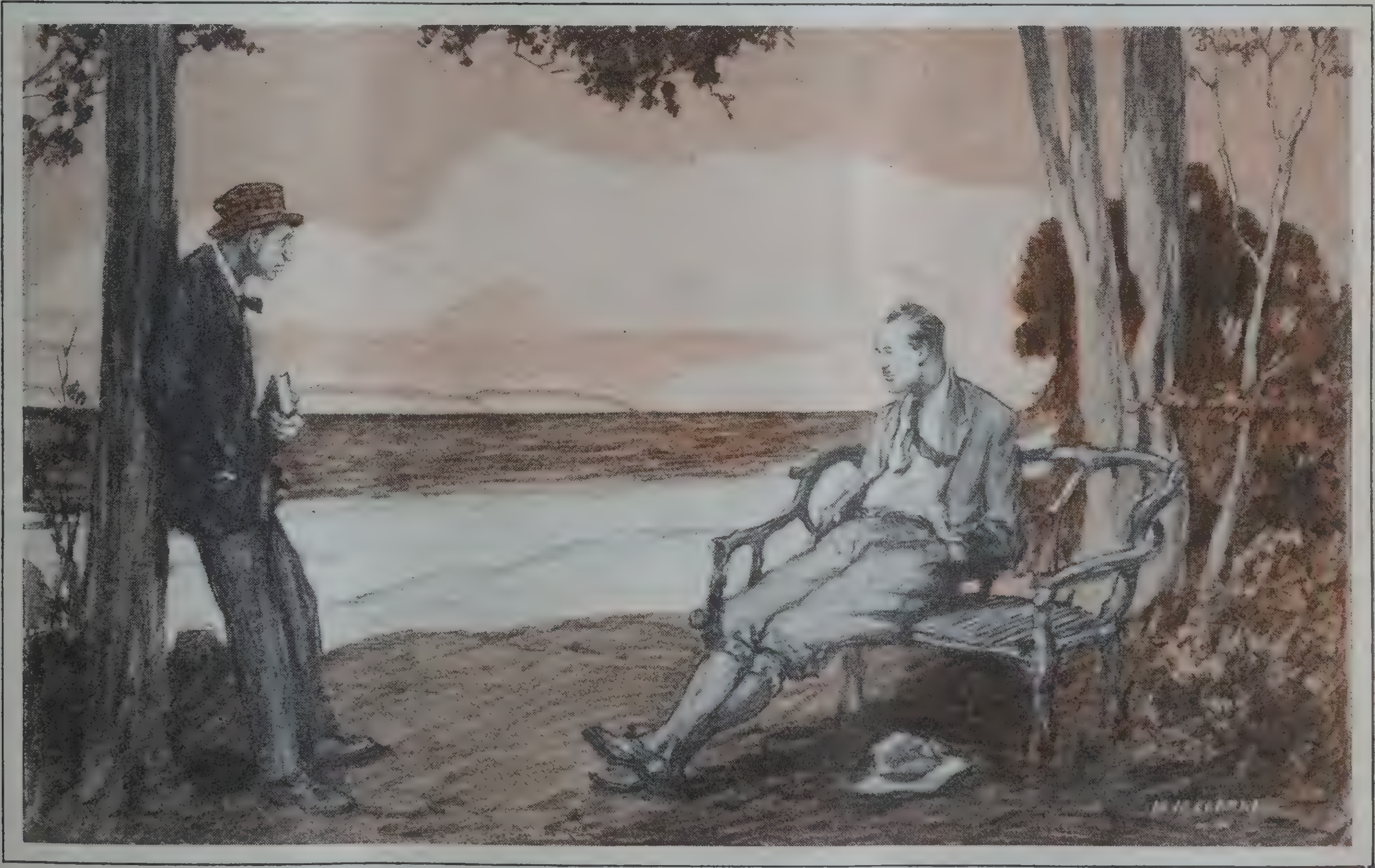
'No, I suppose it isn't,' I answered, 'but it's the way that you deliver your opinions that people mind. We're all in the same box, we are most of us second rate, and we might feel a little more kindly towards one another.'

The result of that conversation was that Tallboys held himself no longer aloof. He was still shy with us, there were many moments when he broke out into abuse of us, many moments when we abused him in return. But there was always Jim in the background, proving to all of us that our little corner of the world was a mighty small one and that while we quarreled about literary values, Jim was looking upon us as the merest children in arms who knew nothing, had seen nothing, and could do nothing, with the possible exception of Borden who fished and swam and walked more like a possible human being.

After that the days flew on wings. The middle of the following week, Jim had a birthday, and a number of fishermen and their wives came over from the mainland to celebrate it. That afternoon, before they arrived, I said to Tallboys, 'Look here, there's going to be a party tonight and some men are coming over from Trellis. If you like you can give us the slip. Don't say anything to anybody but go back with one of them after the party is over if you want to.'

Tallboys said nothing.

That was a wonderful night. June had set the calendar at defiance and slipped into May. It was so warm that we had supper outside the farm on a ridge overlooking the sea. The sky was thick with



Tallboys stood there looking out to sea. 'It is lovely—more beautiful than I had imagined.'

stars, soft and milky with a kind of white spray of silver. The fishermen and their wives shouted and sang, and when the meal was over, an old man and a boy produced two fiddles and the dance went on up and down the turf while the sea murmured below a humming accompaniment of approval and benediction.

Jim looked after Tallboys as though he were his especial property. The drink that was provided was nothing very strong, but the night, the stars, sea, and the mild air went to our heads, and resting suddenly breathless from one of the wildest of the country dances I looked up and saw Tallboys being whirled round, a thin fantastic figure against the night sky, while the old fiddler, seated on a tree trunk, played for his life, and Mrs. Bolitho, who should have been in bed long since, tears of pleasure running down her furrowed cheeks, clapped her hands and beat time with her feet. I stole away up into the little wood and heard, as it were behind a curtain of trees, the screaming of a violin, the laughter and the shouting, and, strangely, more penetrating than any of these, the swaying whisper of the trees above my head.

I went off to bed.

Next morning Tallboys was at breakfast. I said nothing to him until quite casually in the afternoon I remarked, 'Look here, write any letters you like, I'll see that they go.' He nodded his head. I saw him sitting on the beach half an hour later when I came down to bathe, deep in a novel of Stanley Weyman's.

* * *

SIX weeks afterwards, there appeared in the columns of that superior paper, *The Athanasian*, an article headed 'Romance & The Joy of Living.' Its opening sentences were: 'In these days of realism some of us are perhaps inclined to overemphasise the virtues of technique and to lay too strong a stress upon the perfection of form, forgetting that there are other things more important in life than the petty disputes of the schools, and that there are many gates into the temple of literature . . . ' This article was signed 'E. Tallboys.'

A few nights later I tumbled on to Hallard, the editor of that superior weekly. 'I hear,' he said, 'that you've been having Tallboys down in Cornwall with you. It's done his health a lot of good, but can't say that it's done so much for his brains. He was actually advising me to read some rotten story by that fellow Mason.'

'Yes,' I answered, 'I think he enjoyed himself very much. You'd better come and stay with us, Hallard, down in Cornwall.'

'I think I will one day,' said Hallard.

But after all, it would scarcely be fair to Jim Perry, would it?

Those of our readers who are endeavoring to discover their natural literary taste will be interested in Mr. Walpole's essay, *'On a Personal Taste in Letters,'* which will appear in an early issue. Mr. Walpole examines his own tastes, gives his reaction to several writers, and lays his finger on the discoveries which during his experience as a novelist have permitted certain literary enjoyments to become his. 'In my life at least,' he says, 'and the life of many others I suspect there has been too much talking about books to the neglect of the books themselves.'

North Carolina: a Great State

(*Continued from page 6*)

happy omen that came from the birth of Virginia Dare, North Carolina has attained first place in many of the things which go to make up life and the industries. East to west the state is 503¼ miles, with an average breadth of 100 miles, its area being 52,286 square miles, 48,666 land and 3,260 water; its population by the last census, 2,559,123, within its borders being the highest mountain peak east of the Rocky Mountains, Mount Mitchell. On the same parallel of latitude as the Mediterranean the climate is of the best, it having been said of the state, 'All the climates of Italy from Palermo to Milan and Venice are represented.' In natural resources those of North Carolina compare favorably with those of any other state, while the soil is so diversified in its ranges from the mountain to the sea, its altitude from nearly 7,000 feet to the ocean level, that there are the greatest agricultural possibilities.

There is invested in manufacturing establishments in North Carolina over $669,000,000. It leads every southern state in the number of wage and salary earners. It leads the other states of the South in values added to raw material after manufacture.

Decoration by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

North Carolina does a great export business because of its varied industries, latest reports showing that in this it stands fourteenth in the list of the forty-eight states, with some of the great states of the Union bringing up the rear. In the export of tobacco it stands second, and only second to Virginia because in North Carolina there are great tobacco manufactories which use a large part of the crop which otherwise would be exported.

In many things North Carolina stands first. Here are some of the things in this list of industries: It has the largest hosiery mills, the largest towel mill, the largest aluminum plant in all the world; the largest denim mill, the largest damask mill, the largest underwear factory, the largest pulp mill, in the United States; more mills which dye and finish their own products than any other southern state. It has a total of more than 6,000 factories, these giving employment to more than 158,000 workers with total yearly wages of more than $127,000,000.

One North Carolina city manufactures more tobacco than any other city in the world. It stands first of all the Southern States in the number of its furniture factories, in invested capital in these, the variety of products, the value of the annual output, and the number of operatives. Only one other city in the country manufactures more furniture than one North Carolina city.

IT LEADS the world in the manufacture of tobacco, and there is consumed in the state one-fourth of all the tobacco used in manufacture in the entire United States; hence North Carolina tobacco manufacturers pay one-fourth of all the tobacco taxes of the nation. North Carolina has more cotton mills than any other state, and stands second in the value of cotton manufactures.

In the value of agricultural products North Carolina ranks fifth of the states, it stands third in the production of sorghum, peanuts, and sweet potatoes, and has grown more corn to the acre than any other state in the Union. The state ranks first in the value and quantity of millstones produced in the United States and first in the value and quantity of mica produced, the talc mined in the state commanding the highest price a ton of any mined in the United States. In mineral products North Carolina has a unique place. With 184 different varieties of native materials there is mined in the state practically every known mineral found in the United States, and some not found in any other state.

The maximum potential water power of the state is estimated at 875,000 horsepower and the maximum power with storage as 2,000,000 horsepower, this evidence that there remains much undeveloped water power.

In the manufacture of cotton North Carolina leads all the states except Massachusetts, and it is rapidly closing up the gap.

The state has more varieties of trees than any other state, its forests being incomparable, with 19,600,000 acres and 43,000,000,000 feet of timber. Possibly there are more inland waterways than in any other state of the Union; the commercial value of the state's fisheries as given by the North Carolina Fisheries Commission amounts to something like $4,000,000 a year, for the coastal waters as well as the inland waters of the state abound in fish of various kinds, and on the coast there are oysters, clams, scallops, and so on.

In the west and in the east North Carolina is famous as a tourist and sportsman's state. An unequaled all-the-year-round climate, there is health and hunting in the state's mountains with the vigor of the balsam-laden air. Eastern North Carolina is a hunter's paradise and the fisherman finds it a magnet in its drawing power. Famous sportsmen come to eastern North Carolina year after year, and give it praise as one of the greatest hunting grounds in America.

The Solution of the Colorado River Problem

(*Continued from page 2*)

the Supreme Court of the United States to assume original jurisdiction of the sole question of determining the rights of the two groups of states to a division of the water. It could be determined very quickly whether the court would take jurisdiction of such a case. Should the court do so it could limit the issue to the amount of water to be allowed each basin, in the event that some of the states attempted to inject other issues.

Those opposing this suggestion might say that cases, originating in the United States Supreme Court, relative to the determination of a stream flowing through different states, have taken an interminable length of time and that it would be dangerous to await such a decision without taking immediate action to control the flood waters.

Original proceedings between states have taken five and even eight years to conclude. However, if Arizona carried out her threat against the building of the reservoir at Boulder Dam, Arizona, in all probability even more time would be consumed, since the case would undoubtedly be started in the United States District Court after Congress had acted and then have to be reviewed in the higher court. If on the other hand an original proceeding were begun with the sole problem before the Supreme Court of a division of the water, it should be determined within a very reasonable time.

The Kansas-Colorado and the Wyoming-Colorado cases that occupied the attention of the Supreme Court for years were bitterly contested controversies, requiring a great deal of testimony. In the Colorado River problem it would appear quite probable that all parties would, under the jurisdiction of our highest court, consent to a decree dividing the flow of the stream equally between the two basins with the measurements to be taken at a certain point. There would be no particular engineering, irrigation or legal problems to solve, since all of these matters were thrashed out by the representatives of the seven states when they met at Santa Fe, New Mexico, and prepared the Seven-State Compact.

SOME question may arise as to whether the United States Supreme Court would take jurisdiction of a proceeding initiated between the states to determine the division of the flow of the Colorado between the upper and the lower groups in advance of the use of the water. Such a proceeding would undoubtedly be unique, being dissimilar in some respects to any that has ever confronted the court. Already this tribunal has assumed jurisdiction between states in more than forty cases, where there was a concrete issue before it.

The question at the very outset to be resolved here would be whether there was a concrete issue on the Colorado River such as would invoke action by the Supreme Court.

The court has said that Congress cannot make compacts between the states. Disputes between the states must be settled either by voluntary agreement in the form of compact or by appeal to our highest court, when there is a concrete issue.

The Supreme Court has also said no state can legislate for or impose its own policy upon another state and that a state is not bound to yield its own views to another. On one occasion the Supreme Court said in a case before it that when action of one state reaches through the agency of natural laws [a river] into the territory of another state, the question of the rights and limitations of the two states becomes the type of dispute which the Supreme Court is called upon to settle.

Those who would approach this tribunal should remember that in cases of this kind the facts of the particular case determine the decision of the court as to whether it shall consider the controversy.

A few years ago a group of states located on the Great Lakes brought the Sanitary District of Chicago and the State of Illinois before the Supreme Court of the United States for the declared purpose of preventing the State of Illinois and the Sanitary District from lowering the depth of the Great Lakes by diverting the water of Lake Michigan beyond a certain amount. It was asserted that a canal leading from the lake to the Illinois River, and thence to the Mississippi, threatened to reverse the flow of the Illinois River to a point where it would injure the navigable capacity of the Great Lakes. In connection with this case there arose a claim by the State of New York that the diversion would interfere with and prevent the use of the Niagara and St. Lawrence rivers for the development of water power.

THIS claim was thrown out because there was no charge of any present use of the water for such purposes which was being disturbed or would be disturbed. The court pointed out that since the State of New York was asking that the State of Illinois be prevented from further lowering the level of the Great Lakes, it was necessary to show an actual or presently threatened interference with its rights. New York's claim that her citizens might use the water for such power purposes was too indefinite.

Undoubtedly if the states here were to ask the Supreme Court to help them decide this problem of the division of the waters they would have to show that either the Government or some of the states are or are about to engage in work or operations which would restrict the welfare and development of the citizens of the states asking the court to take jurisdiction. They would have to go further than simply assert that either the Government or some other state was contemplating doing something in the future that would injure them.

In this connection the upper-basin states could show development taking place along the Colorado River in Mexico, which is requiring more and more water from this river to reclaim its lands. The State of California has been increasing the cultivated areas of the Imperial and other valleys and requiring more water from the Colorado for this purpose. Arizona has been extending its irrigable territory. In fact all the low water flow of the river has already been appropriated. Moreover, the Federal Government has by legislation created a Federal Power Commission and given it the right to issue federal licenses to private parties to build dams and create water power on its rivers.

Already practically every possible site for the creation of water power on the Colorado River has been located on by power companies and others. Should some of these licenses be granted—they are temporarily held up by legislation—and reservoirs constructed as indicated by the power companies and the water used, some of the northern states would have great areas of arid lands put in jeopardy so far as ever being able to irrigate them from the waters of the Colorado.

The right to reclaim these arid lands is not an abstract one. Years ago, Congress declared its policy in respect to them by putting a reclamation law on the statute books, the purpose of which was to encourage, through Government aid, the reclaiming of these otherwise practically useless areas.

NOW that all the water except the flood flow of the Colorado River is already preëmpted it becomes obvious that if the power companies, the Government or others through the construction of the dams in the states of the lower basin are to store any water, it must be flood waters.

It would seem then that under these circumstances the problem of the division of the flow of this great river is well within the realm of the concrete and might appeal to the court for its consideration.

An example of the character of cases that have involved action by the Supreme Court arose over a dispute between the states of Texas and Oklahoma as to the boundary along the line of the Red River. The situation required research into history, geography, plant life, water flow, and many other interesting subjects. At the time that the court took jurisdiction the State of Oklahoma was claiming the title to the river bed from one bank to another, while the State of Texas was claiming the title to the southern half. Within the disputed territory, oil and gas had been struck, apparently of very great value.

Many persons were proceeding to drill for these minerals with the title and ownership uncertain. Possession was being held by intimidation and force. The courts of both states were assuming jurisdiction in injunction proceedings. Armed conflicts between rivals for gas and oil were threatened. In fact, the militia of Texas had been called out to support the order of its courts and there was pressure being brought to bear to call out the militia of Oklahoma. As Justice Van Devanter of the United States Supreme Court says, in his opinion great waste of oil and gas in their extraction and appropriation, to the irreparable injury of the true owner of the area in dispute, was likely to result.

The receiver appointed by the Supreme Court took possession. He appointed six former deputy sheriffs of Oklahoma and six former Texas rangers to take possession of the area and guard it. Each guard was furnished with the necessary horse and equipment and in the early days of the receivership they policed in pairs the land in question. Those having no connection with the properties were removed beyond the border. The guards supervised the sale of fuel oil, confiscated arms and ammunition, and stored and classified removable property. In a word, the Supreme Court took hold of a very ticklish situation. It brought immediate tranquillity into the area in dispute, permitting the taking of testimony and the thrashing out of the issues, and rendered its decision with remarkable facility.

It is true that it took about five years to do this, but the controversy was one which involved an investigation of facts in dispute, the like of which it is hardly possible will develop in the determination of the uncontested features of the Colorado River problem.

It is not the intention of the writer in any way to discount or decry action by Congress over the conflict between Arizona and California as to where the dam shall be located, how the water of the lower basin shall be divided and all of the other matters that are in dispute. This controversy should be pressed before Congress with all possible speed because of the constant threat of flood to the people of the Imperial Valley.

There is no reason why it cannot be presented in the form of proposed legislation, separate and apart from the division of the stream between the upper and lower basins. There is no conflict between the two problems. In fact, if the Supreme Court should consider taking jurisdiction, there could be simultaneous action in Congress upon the dam proposal. Moreover, with the two problems separated, the State of Utah would undoubtedly be relieved of any fear of protection that it now asserts and would have no reason to object to the Seven-State Compact or the settlement of the Arizona-California controversy by legislation.

WITH the Arizona-California controversy placed in the open forum of Congress, the power companies could be compelled to show their hand. The possibility of camouflaging and generally upsetting the policy of the governmental control of the power situation, in the hope that eventually the power companies might gain this great prize, would be minimized.

Back in the administration of Grover Cleveland, Judson Hermon, then Attorney-General, rendered an opinion involving the flow of the Rio Grande, in which he said that the rulings, principles and precedents of international law imposed no duty or obligation upon the United States of denying to its inhabitants the use of the water of that part of the Rio Grande lying entirely within the United States, although such use resulted in reducing the flow of water in the river below the point where it ceases to be entirely within the United States.

If our Government had held to this lawful but rather harsh rule, Mexico would have suffered greatly. The controversy of that period was settled by the building of the Elephant Butte Dam on the Rio Grande in New Mexico and by allowing the Mexican settlers annually a certain amount of the water stored in the reservoir.

In recent years there has grown up a serious threat to irrigation of American lands on the lower Rio Grande. This time the shoe is on the other foot and instead of Mexico's lands being in danger because of the lack of a water supply, it is the lands in Texas that are threatened. American citizens on the north bank of the Rio Grande need about one million acre feet of water originating in the watersheds of Mexico. On the other hand, Mexican citizens south of California need one million acre feet originating in the Colorado River. Here is a possible basis for a trade by treaty.

IN 1924, Congress passed an act providing for the study of the equitable uses of the water of the Rio Grande below Fort Quitman, Texas, in coöperation with the United States of Mexico. By a recent joint resolution of Congress, this act was extended to the Colorado and other rivers crossing the border. The President has been authorized to appoint commissioners to coöperate with the representatives of the Government of Mexico. Our commissioners are Dr. Elwood Mead, chairman; General Lansing H. Beach of Los Angeles, retired chief of Army engineers; and W. E. Anderson of San Benito. They are to secure information upon which to base a treaty with the Government of Mexico relative to the use of the waters of these rivers.

Thus far Mexico has not appointed its commissioners. When the joint commission gets into action, it is just possible that it may work out a solution on the Colorado River as was done on the Rio Grande, where by treaty our Government allowed Mexican landowners a certain amount of water stored in the Elephant Butte Dam. There is no reason why the work of the commission and the treaty-making powers of our Government could not function simultaneously with action by the Supreme Court and Congress in solving the problem.

Since the states apparently cannot agree to carry through the compact, and Congress cannot force them to do so, much time and peace of mind may be gained by considering this great controversy as a threefold problem, with action taken simultaneously. The only practical way left would appear to divide the problem, approaching it from the three angles indicated here and move along on all three fronts at the same time.

Taking Lessons *From* Pliny

EARTH, rammed or tamped into proper shape, forms the walls of a beautiful Washington, D. C., residence, built by Dr. H. B. Humphrey of the Bureau of Plant Industry, United States Department of Agriculture. Neither mortar nor cement was used.

This type of house may be said to be fashioned from a 'new-old' method of wall construction; new in the United States but old in other countries. In France, where walls of earth have long been known, they take the name of *Pise de terre.* England, France, Italy, South Africa, New South Wales, India, and even far-away Tibet, have drawn upon the soil for materials in erecting houses.

It is related that the Romans had knowledge of this form of home construction, and thus it may be said that walls of earth are very old; that is, nobody knows how old. However, this method of construction is novel in this country, and Dr. Humphrey is probably the first person to build such a home in the United States.

The economy of erecting a structure of this type is apparent—in fact, in the house built by this Washington scientist the soil dug up in the process of excavation was used in the walls of this home. The upturned earth was dumped close to the building site. The latter, however, was of such quality as to involve the use of explosives in the removal of several tons of rock. The basement walls were built of 'cast stone' or poured-concrete blocks, laid so as to form a foundation with window and door openings. Upon this foundation were reared the earth walls eighteen inches thick.

Wooden forms are necessary in molding this type of structure. In this instance, they consisted of seasoned pine planks, nine inches wide, one and one-half inches thick, and twelve feet long. These are the carpenter's tools in erecting buildings of this kind and it is highly important that these wooden forms be of good material and properly constructed. The other important factor in ramming or tamping walls for a residence is the selection of the proper kind of soil.

A house incorporating earth walls. Oval—Forms made of planks for molding.

A house built of earth is said to be impervious to rain, wind, and fire. Pliny, of old, in describing such walls, referred to them as 'imperishable.' Again, we are told by ancient literature that one of these structures endured for 150 years. This packed soil takes on the hardness of stone, and if it becomes necessary to enlarge the windows, tools used in quarries have to be resorted to.

Booth and Irving

(*Continued from page 13*)

Of the adventures of Sir Edward Mortimer I recall little; but I fell at once under the sway of his impersonator, a slender, graceful youth, with great, melancholy black eyes and poetic hair, and a voice whose sweetness and power were irresistible. Edwin was what we term 'magnetic' from the first; we might dissent from his interpretation of a part, or he might happen to fall short of his best in rendering it; but in his presence we never rebelled.

HE WAS from the first a master of stagecraft—of that wisdom of artifice, handed down through long tradition from precedent to precedent, which is never natural, but which conveys the feeling of nature by studied exaggerations and suppressions; which does not offend reason by trying to make stage settings and conditions real, but sublimates the whole matter by frankly trusting to the spectator's imagination. It is not skilful forgeries that we go to see, but the spirit of action and passion self-incarnate. The posture, gesture, placing and movements of the actor become true in art by avoiding the clumsiness of fact. If the stage be not art and artifice, it becomes crudity and confusion.

It was the great Henry Irving who began the decadence; poor Beerbohm Tree, parodying him, reduced it to absurdity. I need not follow it further. Edwin Booth was reared in the faith that the actor is the play, and he would have been effective in a barn. Some degree of costuming is right, because that is a part of the man; and yet David Garrick could win fame as Richard Third without help from an archeological tailor; and Charlotte Cushman, to please a little group of friends, could stand up in a drawing-room and carry us with her to the Venice of Portia, dressed in her mid-Victorian hooped petticoat, we feeling no discrepancy, nor distracted from the play of her genius by the incongruity of the environment. When Shakespeare acted and wrote, his scenery could be prepared at ten minutes' notice—'This is the Coast of Bohemia': 'This is the Forest of Arden.' If we coddle our baser senses too much, we atrophy our higher ones.

BOOTH'S stage was not primitive, but it was conventional, though he did take some pains, according to the lights of his time, with his costumes. He had good taste, and liked to be picturesque; his Hamlet dress was inky, but elegant; in Iago he assumed yellow and black, like a hornet; in Romeo he wore a doublet and hose that any Juliet would have loved—a sort of golden brown silk; his toga in Brutus had the dignity of Rome in its folds. During his visit to London, in 1880, he played Richelieu, in Bulwer Lytton's play, and his cardinal's robes were quite correct, I believe. Hon. John Collier, husband of one of Thomas H. Huxley's delightful daughters, made a full-length, life-size portrait of him in that character, and Booth would come to the studio in Chelsea twice or thrice a week to pose; his uplifted right arm (he was hurling the curse of Rome) would get tired often, and the girls would comfort him with tea and brown bread and butter; and I had seldom seen Booth in a happier humor.

He was playing an engagement with Irving, and 'Which is the better actor?' was a topic of conversation in London society. London had by that time decided that Irving's oddities of pronunciation were the proper thing, so that Booth's perfect art and melody of speech were questionable: it was suspected that it must be the American accent. And when Joe Jefferson came to a London theater to play Rip Van Winkle, two English ladies in front of me in the parquet discussed him between acts, and agreed he was a good actor, 'But what a pity he should have that American twang!'

Booth's private story was a mingled skein of personal griefs and public successes; he was a very lovable man, but his character was yielding and gentle, and, to the end of his life, undeveloped. He visited me at my Long Island home, and he said, 'They tell me I'm fifty; but I feel like a giddy boy!' He didn't look like a boy; he wore habitually the Hamlet melancholy; but, aside from his characterizations, he never attained the moral stature of a man.

FROM his famous father he had inherited, besides genius, propensities against which he struggled long; he and his lovely young wife would kneel down together and ask God for help—two children astray in the forest of the world. His loneliness, after her death, induced a second marriage, disastrous to his peace, for, though a good woman, she was a busybody and tortured him with constant interferences. She finally became insane. His brother's crime crushed him for a time, but the stage was his only salvation, and he came back to it. He built his beautiful theater on West 23rd Street; it was burned not long after. Then George Barrett, his friend and friendly rival, died in the midst of the successful tour he was managing for him.

George, by the way, was a painstaking and trained actor, and could never quite understand the public's preference for Edwin. It was the personal equation, the gift of the gods. Barrett had fine eyes, and his stage business was irreproachable, and Booth was only too ready to yield him prominence, but there is no overcoming spiritual ascendancy. There was humor in the situation but neither of them could see it.

After his friend's death, Booth gave himself up almost wholly to Hamlet. It had been before this that he had acted with Salvini, each speaking his own language—a rather grotesque combination; not so bad, however, when Booth would be Iago and the Italian the Moor; but when, next night, the parts would be reversed, it taxed one's faith and gravity. However, the box office was content, and we conceived a personal liking for the huge and earnest Italian, though even in Shakespeare we could only guess at what he was declaiming, and in Samson, where his speeches were long, our faces were pleasant (we hoped) but blank.

Salvini's great countrywoman, Ristori, had come to us years before, bringing her own company with her. An extraordinary catastrophe occurred at her performance of Lady Macbeth at the Boston Theater. What was the matter with the Thane? We hoped he had been taken suddenly ill only; but in the dagger scene we began to fear something inconceivable on the Boston Theater stage. His knees sagged, his feet stumbled, his voice whined and blurred; he seemed about to collapse, and Lady Macbeth was obliged not only to take the daggers, but to hold her spouse up by his neck gear while she lectured him. The scene was cut short, and the sinful Thane didn't appear again at all, and the play ended with the bloodspot on Lady Macbeth's hand. The audience was painfully interested, but it neither laughed nor hissed, but applauded Ristori emphatically. She had proved herself great as both an actress and a woman.

* * *

Charlotte Cushman was not superior to Ristori in her own line, but she included comedy, with tragedy, in her scope, and dignified melodrama in her incomparable Meg Merrilies. She could take male parts too—Hamlet and Romeo, Claude Melnotte; and withal, in private life, she was a great, simple woman, with no tang of the stage about her. She used to visit us in England, when I was a child, and allow me to sit by her side on a footstool, and play with the fascinating little golden charms on her watch chain. She was a devoted friend of my father and mother, and, as every normal boy must have been in love with an actress, she was my first love, though that was years before I knew that she was on the stage.

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But long after, when I was an aspirant to Harvard, she came to Boston to play Meg Merrilies; and in sending us tickets she wrote, 'I don't know whether Julian had better come: I'm afraid I might shock him!' But Booth had already broken the ice of my inexperience, and I was in my place when the curtain rose. I had long since known Walter Scott's story, and had my own conception of Meg; I couldn't imagine how my lady of the watch charms would appear in the character. Several scenes passed without her, and I was impatient. Two men were sitting at a table near the front of the stage, drinking ale and talking, one of them, the hero, with his face toward the audience.

SUDDENLY, noiselessly, in the doorway in the rear of the inn room, a figure leaped into view, and halted, stiffened into immobility. Lean and ragged she was, gray hair streaming shaggy about her shoulders, a visage wild and haggard, with piercing, terrible eyes: a weird and ghastly vision. In her left hand she held a long staff, a rough bough from the forest; her right arm was lifted, and she pointed at the young man at the table; she had not seen him since his childhood, but the gypsy had recognized him at a glance. He meanwhile kept on gossiping and drinking with his companion, both of them unaware of the appalling presence in the background. She remained motionless, pointing; it seemed to me that minutes passed; the suspense became intolerable; and not until the man turned, and rose, startled, did I realize that the ghastly apparition was none other than my own Charlotte Cushman.

It was melodramatic, if you please; but I have never since seen, on any stage, an entrance so effective. The suspended breath of the audience was released audibly—and Meg, before a word had been spoken, held two thousand Bostonians captive.

* * *

After Fanny Kemble had (very properly) divorced Pierce Butler and resumed her maiden name, she lived near us in Lenox for a while, where my father was writing *The House of Seven Gables*. She was a heroic woman, in beauty as well as in character: she had pulled her brother, Charles Kemble, the actor, out of his money troubles by giving Shakespearean readings; she acted in England, too, for a time, and wrote several books—reminiscences, plays, criticisms, and poems. She used to come riding up to our little red cottage on her great black charger (this was in 1851) and one day, as I stood gaping up at her, she stooped and seized me by the belt and lifted me up before her on the saddle; off we galloped, wheeled about and returned. She held me out at arm's length: 'Take your son—Julian the Apostate!'

Unlike Charlotte Cushman, she carried the stage about with her in private life, and my mother told how, going into a dry-goods shop to buy a yard of cloth, she frightened the clerk by pointing to a defect in it, with a tragic gesture, and—'Yet there's a spot!' She was robust and ruddy. She didn't put on the dramatic style for effect; it was natural to her, being of a dramatic family.

Booth, shy and modest though he was, could not divest himself of the buskined style; but he had been on the stage so early that I suppose he had no style of his own. Stage people varied in this respect, but you could generally detect an actor or actress by their enunciation; they didn't mumble and clutter up their words, but treated them with respect.

It was an education to converse with Ellen Terry—if you could sufficiently protect yourself from the assault of her overwhelming temperament, from her matchless, sparkling, sensuous charm, to pay attention to her speech. Her long association with Henry Irving was not more surprising in other ways than in the fact that neither of them adopted anything from the other,—they held to their own; though, of course, they stimulated each other to keep their highest level.

* * *

I enjoyed the great comedians of that time; there was a good number of them, and they were consummate artists. Comedy was perhaps more artificial than tragedy, and the working out of the details was delightful to observe. William Warren was with the Boston Museum Company, which was a group of such talents as was not elsewhere to be seen, nor has since then been collected.

Sometimes a star from other regions would come to the Museum for a season; one of them was Lester Wallack, the handsomest man that ever stepped on a stage, and perfect in his parts.

* * *

Edward Sothern—I mean Edward Askew Sothern—was the delight of mankind while he lasted; and when he died, halfway through his fifties, there was none to replace him. When Tom Taylor had written *Our American Cousin*, he had named Dundreary among the *dramatis personae*, to be sure; but his lordship had no more importance in the play than the flunky who announces the carriage. Taylor's knowledge of the type was hardly skin-deep; but when, in a fortunate hour, Sothern was picked to play it, the young actor had the purse of Fortunatus in his grasp. No two characters could be more unlike than were Sothern and Dundreary, but the one immediately knew the other to the marrow, and made him bloom and put forth roots till the rest of the drama became but a negligible vehicle for him; the plant burst the flowerpot. The entire character is made up of Sothern's 'gags'; the others do but minister to his joyous idiocy.

As I look back, it seems to me that I have left untouched half of what I had to say. The twilight is deep, but the shapes that people it do not fade to my eyes, now that I have become accustomed to renewing their environment. But few of them would be recognizable.

Cluttered Fields

(Continued from page 4)

is an ever-increasing number of high school trained competitors. They start young in the present day and generation and if they are not over-hurried they come to the major athletic fields better equipped than any athlete of twenty years ago. Every condition of modern competition helps to better performances and the wrecking should continue indefinitely with the aid of more scientific coaching and the laboratories.

The pole vault will probably see the most frequent changes in records. Here is one event where the indoor record should be better than the outdoor mark. This also applies to the high jump and, possibly, to the broad jump. The jumping events are affected to a certain extent by the wind. Indoors the competitors have no wind to reckon with and the take-off and landing pit can be constructed even better indoors than outside.

As soon as the longer distance events become popular, in Europe if not in this country, then it is certain that a batch of existing records will fall.

All other record making fades before the performances in swimming. The books list 133 records for men and women. Of these 43 were established in 1926 and 36 during the year before. Only three of the swimming records listed at the close of 1926 were more than five years old.

There are a hundred times as many track and field performers today as there were twenty years ago and there are more than two hundred times as many swimmers. The army shooting at the current marks is getting constantly larger and better trained. All of which means that the future will develop more surprises than the past.

Slave *and* King

FEW travelers in the more or less unfrequented tropic clime of northern Haiti have failed to hear of Christophe, or 'King Henri I,' as he called himself. Perhaps none has visited the ancient Caribbean seaport of Cape Haiti without gazing from the harbor along a succession of mountain tops in the rugged interior, until the eye caught one in particular, square-topped and tiny in the distance—Christophe's famous citadel—the strangest memorial ever conceived by one man to perpetuate a notorious career of bloody despotism.

Christophe was originally the slave of a French master who operated a café at Cape Haiti shortly before 1800. After the French had been driven out, Christophe, at the head of the northern section of the island, proclaimed himself 'King Henri I.' Eight dukes, thirty-seven barons, eleven knights, together with princes of the blood and princes of the kingdom, were all created; after which he began the construction of the citadel to provide a safe retreat from possible enemies.

It is estimated that 20,000 blacks perished in this work. Heavy granite blocks were dragged up a specially constructed roadway to a height 2,500 feet above the Caribbean. The walls were made ten to twenty feet thick, with towers nearly 130 feet high. The citadel is four stories high, with vaults, dungeons and tunnels. Some of the cannon still peeping from its portholes are eleven feet long and bear the royal arms of England. How these pieces, weighing ten to fifteen tons, were transported up the steep mountain side is a mystery.

One story told by the natives is that a certain objective was assigned by King Henri each day to various groups of workmen; and at night he personally killed every tenth man from the groups that failed to achieve it. His favorite mode of removing his victims was from the highest point of the citadel, where they had a sheer drop of 1,000 feet.

King Henri I ruled for fifteen years. His end came after a stroke of apoplexy. He is said to have fired a solid silver bullet into his heart. Even before his death his subjects had begun to throw off his yoke. The 'Northern' kingdom was united with the republic of Haiti and the 'Black' republic welded all factions into one whole.

And She Is Blind

By PAUL PAYTON FARRINGTON

Jack Callahan and Mrs. Callahan as she appeared when she lost her sight.

IT IS five years ago. The brilliantly lighted Hippodrome, at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-Third Street, is jammed with hundreds of beautifully gowned women and meticulously dressed men. Far above them, one hundred and twenty feet over a glistening tank of water, a young woman is poised. She is small, dark, attractive, and she is prepared to make her usual swan dive before the metropolitan crowd.

Then, from her, there is a sudden intake of breath which amounts, almost, to a gasp. To herself she whispers, 'My eyes—my eyes.'

Yet there is but one thing for her to do. She again makes the leap. And the crowd, applauding, does not know.

Were it possible for you to glance through a window of a certain modest home of the exclusive Long Island suburb, Kew Gardens, tonight, you might see a diminutive, very pert young woman, addressing herself to the business of preparing dinner. She is absorbed, this young woman, in determining whether the beans are all that a pot of beans should be, and if the other dishes are sufficiently appetizing to recommend themselves.

Not interested? All right. But remember: the young woman is totally blind.

Tonight that young woman, Mrs. Jack Callahan, née Helen Carr, is smiling in her kitchen. And, five years ago, she was playing before eminent spectators. The Prince of Wales has risen to applaud her. The King and Queen of Belgium have done her honor.

And tonight—is she happy?

She is. She is the wife of the man whose fiancée she was before the water robbed her of her sight. She is the wife of the man who refused to give her up when, possibly, her hours were darkest. She is the wife of a New York cartoonist whose comic strips appear in newspapers in the United States, Great Britain, and on the Continent. Jack Callahan, whose progenitors came from County Cork, is the man who created 'Freddie the Sheik,' 'Hon and Dearie,' 'Calamity Jane,' and the 'You-Tell-'Ems.' At present he is the understudy of the internationally known George McManus.

'Of course I'm happy,' Mrs. Callahan said the other night. 'There is, you know, really no reason why I shouldn't be. You see, I dance—just as I always did. And I ice skate. And I dive and swim. And I'm rather foolish about the radio.'

Mrs. Callahan, gowned in a shade of red which cannot be described by most men but which, they sense, cannot be worn except by brunets, paused.

'You know,' she said, 'Jack Callahan is a cheat. I rather hate to say that about my own husband. Ordinarily, you see, he is rather a decent sort. But last night—I believe it was last night—he told me he had got KGW on the radio. And, let me assure you, that isn't possible on our set. I have three callouses on the finger tips of my right hand, and those dials won't take me farther west than Chicago. My husband, I'm afraid, has no sense of radio honor. He's forever boasting about how far he's radioed west—and I'd venture he's never yet reached Buffalo.'

That—Callahan explained later—is the only argument which brings about domestic strife in his family. For hours, he says, he and his sightless wife reach for distant stations. 'Occasionally,' he confided, 'I have stretched a point—or three.'

Right here, for the benefit of those who believe their lots in life have been hard, there should be an interjection, or an interpolation, or an interlude—or something.

When Mrs. Jack Callahan was Miss Helen Carr she dived from a platform quite high above the water. Due to the fact that the dive was, necessarily, a shallow one, the impact of the water on her eyes was extremely severe. After an entire season of diving she discovered, one night, that her sight was somewhat blurred. On the following night the condition was more aggravated. Then she saw a physician.

The expert told her that her ailment was detached retinas. At this time Miss Carr was only the fiancée of Mr. Callahan, but she and he sought out the most brilliant specialists in New York City. They told her that hope was lost.

But the girl refused to quit. Urged by the man who, later, was to become her husband, she went to Europe where she received attention from the most distinguished practitioners on the Continent. Eleven operations she underwent, some of which required that she remain with her head motionless for as long as fourteen days at a time.

Then—after months of pain, of suffering and occasional hope—the girl knew what future was to be hers. She was, forever, to be blind.

There will be no work for the tear-jerkers in this article. Mrs. Callahan wants none of them. She had rather that people understand she is entirely contented with life; that people, usually, have proved themselves a bit of all right, and that there is much joy in life for even those who do not see with their eyes.

And as for Callahan?

'What amuses me most,' he said, 'is the manner in which most persons look on the "boss." They seem to think she shouldn't be happy—and I've never known a person who seems to find more things in life to enjoy. By the way, she *is* the "boss." Before I met my wife I think I was making pretty fair money—at least, as much as the average individual. Now, well you see, under the "boss" I've sort of managed to do a little better. You understand? Together we've managed to save enough to buy a couple of places which we've leased to tenants and, well, we're getting along fairly well, thank you.'

Callahan, who confesses he was one of the most thorough mess sergeants who ever endeavored to starve out a man in uniform during the comparatively recent disturbance, was—because of his absence of weight—associated with a depot brigade at Camp Upton. 'I fought, more or less honorably,' he explained, 'approximately three thousand and some miles behind the lines. My most intrepid work was done as a mess sergeant of prison barracks. My predecessor had been killed by a Negro K. P. the week before.'

Last summer Mr. and Mrs. Callahan took a Mediterranean cruise. On it, Mrs. Callahan said, she enjoyed herself immensely. She won first prize at a masquerade while on board the Red Star liner, attained the top of Vesuvius with only her husband's arm for guidance, and, at regular intervals, danced and swam to her heart's content.

'People, commonly, take themselves too seriously,' she said. 'I know that that sounds terribly trite—but I mean it. Certainly I enjoy myself at all times—or, at least, nearly all times. Why can't persons with *all* their faculties do the same thing?'

The Callahans were approached on one subject which, to them, is a trifle delicate. 'Isn't it so,' Mrs. Callahan was asked, 'that you urged your husband to marry somebody else when you knew you were to be blind?'

The beautiful young woman pursed her lips. 'Well, yes,' she confessed. 'I did. But I'm darn glad he didn't take me up. You know, though, he does cheat at radio.'

Housekeeping in Havana

(*Continued from page 15*)

One night in the Cosmopolita—a café I liked very well indeed—I was with Cubans, and we all spoke Spanish. For this reason I think the Americans in the next small, semiprivate inclosure were less careful than they would have been about their orders to the waiters. But perhaps they belonged to the shouting clan—who knows? Anyway—they ordered—those fortunate people who could be in Havana—Martini cocktails, bean soup (and it was a hot night), champagne, potato chips, fish and—beer. How they ended up, I do not know, but I should judge on an undertaker's table.

Juan, who was my host, grinned cheerfully at me, having lived in the States and having learned English. I pretended I was of the country that I had learned to love so from living, really living in it! And I said, 'Well, thanks to God—(and 'thanks to God' is very easy to say in Cuba) I am a Cuban—tonight anyway—'

And a friend of Juan's who was of our party was kind enough to put in, 'That way you have seen Havana, the real Havana that too many miss.'

Great Figures in Fiction

(*Continued from page 9*)

tention he adds a detail that lessens somewhat the hazards of the venture.

'Do you see these papers?' he asks her. 'Well, they are evidence that I have taken up Seventy-five Thousand Acres of Land in this county—think what an enormous fortune it will be some day! Why, Nancy, enormous don't express it—the word's too tame.'

* * *

'I've been secretly boiling and fuming with this grand inspiration for weeks, and I *must* talk or I'll burst. I haven't whispered to a soul—not a word—have had my *countenance* under lock and key, for fear it might drop something that would tell even these animals here how to discern the gold mine that's glaring under their noses. Now, all that is necessary to hold this land and keep it in the family is to pay the trifling taxes on it yearly—five or ten dollars—the whole tract would not sell for over a third of a cent an acre now, but some day people will be glad to get it for twenty dollars, fifty dollars, a hundred dollars an acre.

Decoration by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

* * *

'Even you and I will see the day that steamboats will come up that little Turkey River to within twenty miles of this land of ours—and in high water they'll come right *to* it. - - - There's a bigger wonder—the railroad. - - - Some day when you and I are in our graves, there'll be a railroad stretching hundreds of miles—all the way down from the cities of the Northern States to New Orleans—and it's got to run within thirty miles of this land. - - - They've quit burning wood in some places in the Eastern States. And what do you suppose they burn? Coal! *There's whole worlds of it on this land.*'

Sellers contributes an even warmer enthusiasm for the possibilities of the immediate present. 'I've got the biggest scheme on earth,' he writes. Hawkins assures himself that the land in Tennessee takes care of the future, packs his goods, and four months later sets out for Missouri.

It may be a narrow margin that separates the man of vision from the visionary, but Beriah Sellers is on the wrong side of the line. His magniloquence in the cause of the eyewash for which he never finds the last necessary ingredient is a triumph in the art of persuasion. It does not lower the ardor of Colonel Sellers that the eyewash fails to produce a fortune. He enters sanguinely into the project of making a great city out of a bit of swamp land known as Stone's Landing, rechristened Napoleon. The railroad is to make Napoleon; a congressional appropriation has been secured for the improvement of the Columbus River. Colonel Sellers has boomed Napoleon with all the powers of speech at his command, and his 'tongue is a magician's wand.' For a few weeks he seems triumphant in the almost secure possession of a fortune. Then the neighboring town of Hawkeye subscribes for large blocks of the stock of the promoting company, succeeds in diverting the railroad so that it will pass through Hawkeye, and reduces the future of Napoleon to the vanishing point.

Dreams chase one another across the kaleidoscopic field glass of the Sellers imagination with a frequency and an urgency almost irresistible. With the definite failure of the scheme for making a metropolitan center out of Napoleon, he turns to something else.

He manages to secure transportation to Washington as a lobbyist in the interest of the Government purchase of the Hawkins lands in Tennessee. The Washington atmosphere stimulates him. His exuberant vitality, his imperturbable good nature, his gifts as a raconteur keep him on the crest of this new wave that is to carry him and Laura Hawkins to affluence. His devotion to the project is not wholly selfish. Congress provides that the government shall expend three million dollars in erecting a university on the Hawkins lands and furthering there the industrial education and uplift of persons of the colored race. In the expansive warmth of his nature, Sellers believes genuinely in the benefits that are to flow from the success of his ventures. In Washington he is part of its corruptive activity, but he is also apart from it. When Washington Hawkins tells him that if people knew him well enough he would be made a congressman, he says with grave sincerity that there has never been anything in his conduct to justify the young man's saying anything like that. Finally, having seen escape into thin air the bubbles of all his dreams, he decides to practise law. Here his buoyant volubility may find an outlet.

Colonel Sellers suggests Micawber, in *David Copperfield.* But Micawber is hopeful and relaxed, while Sellers is eager and alert. The American has before him the greatest body of undeveloped resources ever spread out before the human imagination. He is unique, but he is to a certain extent the product of a boom period of 'The Gilded Age.'

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'Our state is not the despised Cinderella you have pitied and laughed at,' said the ***Man from Arkansas.*** 'Arkansas is California minus the advertising.

'While she is old in years and rich in resources, there is a vast difference between potential wealth and applied or surplus wealth. For this reason, perhaps more than any other, Arkansas is looked upon as a poor relation. She has failed to open a savings account by building for the future.

'There are causes for this. A lot of people rushed to Arkansas from the north as well as the south. These people slashed her fine timberlands and turned them into half-baked farmlands and then went away, leaving their harm behind. As one result, there are now many parts of Arkansas which have neither timber nor tillage.

'About seventy-five per cent of Arkansas' residents were born in the United States, but not in Arkansas. They, not their parents, emigrated from Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Tennessee, Mississippi and Texas. It is a meeting ground for the North and the South—neutral territory where *ante bellum* antecedents are given the hook, and where Michigan weds Texas and is glad of it. Their children are just now reaching the age of their finest patriotism and love of native heath. They believe in Arkansas as a part of the United States and to them will fall the task of putting their beloved state in the front rank where she belongs.'

* * *

We had been talking of optimism—and of our hopes of the future. The ***Young Man*** was glorying in the opportunities of the present day. Slowly, the ***Elderly Man*** broke into the conversation.

'Even if all you say is true, you will never see your best days,' he stated. 'They will always be in the future. You will never stop expecting something better than you have had up to that time. Such is life—no matter what age or century you may decorate.

'And it is a blessing for us that this is true,' he went on; 'we couldn't endure existence otherwise. Certainly we couldn't, if we thought that sorrows and trials were our permanent lot. We always feel that somehow the sun may break through the clouds.

'So, if you will look over the pages of history, you will find that most of the greatest achievements have been accomplished by men who acted on trust.'

* * *

'I sometimes look on myself as standing at the end of a line that has been erased,' said the ***Naturalist from California.*** We asked him to elucidate.

'I mean,' he explained, 'that every stream of life has many unknown tributaries. No one can trace all the currents that flow through the human being—any more than we can trace the springs, rills, and snowdrops that make up the river.

'Again, sometimes I look on myself as having an outer and an inner court to my life—one common, the other private and individual. In the inner court are some things only one's heart and one's God can understand.'

* * *

'For some time I have been asking myself—Does it pay to be a Jill-of-all-trades?' said the ***Business Girl.***

'It has been brought more forcibly to mind by the story of a neighbor—Lina, she is usually called. Lina is past middle age, but has always appeared young and capable.

'When very young she began "doing things" which most children never think of. Three sisters became teachers, the youngest was in high school, and Lina, the stay-at-home girl, was Jill-of-all-trades. Her father developed a nervous disorder which made him an invalid, so she became his nurse; and because she loved to see her pretty sisters dressed up-to-date, she sewed and sewed.

'Lina's two brothers married, and one of them settled near the old home. His wife then added her bit to our Jill's already heavy burden of sewing. Two sisters married, and in a few years she was "auntie" to several babies. She helped make most of their clothing, loved them with all her heart, and had them at the old homestead much of the time.

'Her mother was taken ill, and for a year Lina nursed her until she died. When left practically alone with her invalid father, she saw that he was as comfortable and happy as possible.

'Her father's death left Lina in a serious predicament. The farm had been heavily mortgaged to pay doctor bills, funeral expenses, and other necessities. It was sold, accounts settled, and the remnant of money presented to her, by the joint decision of the other brothers and sisters.

'The small investment, however, was not enough to keep her, but what was she fitted to do? She tried practical nursing—surely having served a long apprenticeship in that—but her own health was far too uncertain. As to sewing it seemed quite impossible to take it up as a trade at her age, working constantly perhaps if she filled customers' orders.

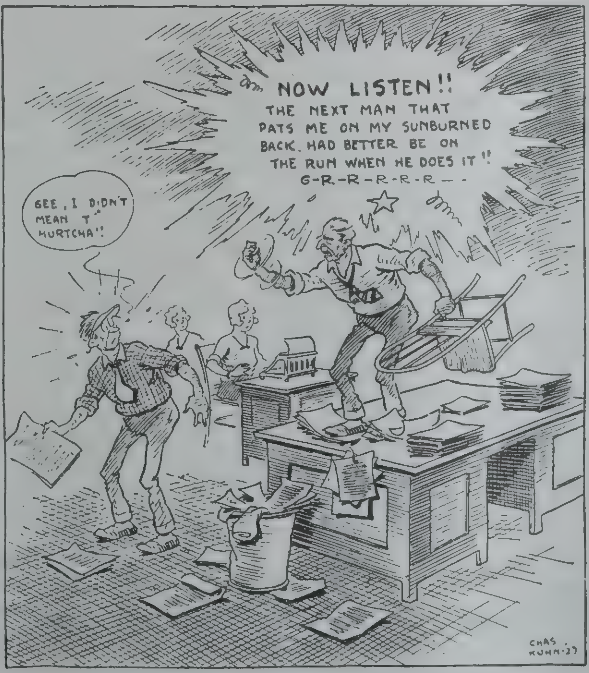
'A woman, who as a girl was considered so smart! A woman with a reputation for great capability—one that could do almost everything fairly well—has come to the humiliating conclusion that she can do nothing quite well enough to succeed in it as a paying business. She thinks herself a failure. Is she?'

* * *

'Goldfish raising on a commercial scale is far from a sinecure,' remarked the ***Fish Merchant.*** 'Vicissitudes limit production and exhaust the patience of those who embark in the business without complete familiarity with several outstanding disadvantages. Snakes, turtles, kingfishers, cranes, owls, chicken hawks and other birds and reptiles prey on the fish. Groundhogs, muskrats and crawfish also endanger the permanency of the ponds by undermining their banks. Floods and freshets cause the ponds to overflow, so that hundreds of thousands of valuable fish are washed away.

'Maryland goldfish farmers have developed a unique system of policing and patrolling their ponds to prevent depredations and despoliations by birds or animals. Each farm employs one or two armed watchmen who act as sentries and protective policemen. They walk the banks of the ponds watching the sky above and the pond-walls at their feet. They shoot all predatory birds and plug up all muskrat and crawfish holes and burrows which they find. They also cut down obnoxious bullrushes, "cattails" and other matted growth which harbor snakes.

'Another factor in goldfish farming is whether the Tom Thumb fish will color properly. Science has not yet discovered what peculiar conditions occur in certain waters which make them better for goldfish production than adjacent waters, where the ornamental fish assume raiment of ebony hue or chocolate-black shade instead of glittering golden color. Fishing Creek and her tributaries in Maryland put the golden glisten into goldfish costumes, while under identical conditions of temperature, exposure and adequacy of water expanse, fish will not color at all in artificial ponds in Virginia, Pennsylvania or North Carolina.'


NOW LISTEN!!
THE NEXT MAN THAT PATS ME ON MY SUNBURNED BACK. HAD BETTER BE ON THE RUN WHEN HE DOES IT!!
G-R-R-R-R-R---
SEE, I DIDN'T MEAN T' HURTCHA!
CHAS KUHN-27

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

AFTER THE VACATION.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Question. What is the extent of the national and state forests?

Answer. The national forests contain 158,759,210 acres. The state forests in the United States on December 31, 1925, had an area of 5,501,000 acres and there are besides about 4,600,000 acres of other state-owned forest land.

* * *

Q. How are students to the Naval Academy at Annapolis appointed?

A. The students of the Naval Academy are called midshipmen. Three midshipmen are allowed for each senator, representative, and delegate in Congress, 1 for the resident commissioner from Porto Rico, 2 for the District of Columbia, and 15 appointed each year from the United States at large. In addition 1 Filipino is allowed for each class. The appointments from the District of Columbia and of the 15 at large each year are made by the President. The selection of candidates, by competitive examination or otherwise, for nomination for vacancies in the quota of senators, representatives and delegates in Congress is entirely in the hands of each senator, representative and delegate in Congress having a vacancy; and all applications for appointment or inquiries relative to competitive examinations should be addressed accordingly. Two examinations for admission are held each year, the first on the third Wednesday in February, the second on the third Wednesday in April. In addition, the appointment of 100 enlisted men each year from the Regular Navy and Marine Corps and 25 from the Naval Reserve and Marine Corps Reserve is authorized. These appointments are on a competitive basis.

* * *

Q. Has Canada a pension system? If so, how does it apply and to whom?

A. Yes. Canada has a very comprehensive pension act for taking care of the members of her naval, military and air forces. This is administered by the Board of Pension Commissioners, Ottawa. There is also the Civil Service Superannuation Act which is a contributory system of pensioning civil servants. In addition to these, there is an Old Age Pension Act which was assented to March 31, 1927, and provides for a maximum pension of $240 per annum to any person who is a British subject (or, being a widow, who is not a British subject, was such before her marriage) who is seventy years old; has resided in Canada for twenty years; has resided in the province in which the application for pension is made for five years; is not an Indian as defined by the Indian Act; is not in receipt of an income of as much as $365 a year and who has not made any voluntary assignment or transfer of property for the purpose of qualifying for a pension. The operation of this act in any particular province becomes effective only when that province has entered into an agreement with the federal government.

* * *

Q. What measures of importance were passed during President Wilson's first administration? What was the vote on the Federal Reserve Act?

A. The Underwood Tariff Act signed by the President on October 5, 1913, reduced the tariff from a general level of 45 per cent to 25 per cent and greatly enlarged the free list. This act also contained the first federal income tax provisions, the 16th Amendment having been declared in force on February 25, 1913. The Owen-Glass Federal Reserve Bill drafted on lines approved by the President and Secretary McAdoo was passed in definite form by the House, December 22, 1913, by a vote of 298 to 60 and by the Senate on the following day by a vote of 43 to 25. The act creating the Federal Trade Commission was approved September 26, 1914, and the Clayton Anti-Trust Act on October 15, 1914. The Jones Philippine Bill approved August 29, 1916, declared in its preamble the purpose of the United States to recognize the independence of the islands as soon as stable government should have been established, and provided, among other things, for a bicameral elective legislature for the islands. The Porto Rican Civil Government Bill signed March 2, 1917, by President Wilson conferred full American citizenship on Porto Ricans and called for the creation of a senate of nineteen members to be elected by the people. The Alaskan Railway Act approved March 2, 1914, provided for the Government ownership and operation of railroads in that territory. Treaties with Nicaragua and Haiti were both ratified in February, 1916, and a treaty with Colombia was signed in 1914 but was not ratified by the United States Senate until the Harding Administration.

* * *

Q. Who holds the record for around-the-world travel at the present time?

A. Edward S. Evans, a business man of Detroit, and Linton Wells, a newspaperman of New York, established a record for encircling the globe when they reached the Pulitzer Building in Park Row, New York City, in an automobile at 4:6:51 p. m. on July 14, 1926. Vilhjálmur Stefánsson, the Arctic explorer, was the official timekeeper, and announced the time of the trip as 28 days, 14 hours, 36 minutes and 51 seconds. The journey covered 20,100 miles over land and sea by steamers, fast trains, motor cars and airplanes.

* * *

Q. How many aliens were admitted into the United States during the year of 1926?

A. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1926, Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, in his annual report, claimed 496,106 aliens admitted and 227,755 departed, resulting in an increase of 268,351 in the alien population of the United States.

* * *

Q. What is the arrangement between the United States and Switzerland whereby an American citizen can vote in that country and not lose his United States citizenship?

A. There is no agreement between these two countries to this effect. However, United States Federal Acts governing the loss of citizenship make no provision by which voting in a foreign country may in itself constitute the loss of American citizenship. It is advisable that citizens of the United States do not participate in the political life of the foreign countries in which they are residing as, in doing so, the question whether or not the protection of this Government should be extended to them for residence abroad is necessarily raised. It may be stated that taking part in the political life of the country in which they are residing, such, for example, as voting therein, coupled with other facts in the case, might justify the Department of State in declining to extend its protection. However, in the absence of an oath of allegiance to that country or naturalization in that country, it would not constitute an actual loss of American citizenship.

NOW LEMME SEE — I'VE LOOKED IN ALL THE CLOSETS, THE ATTIC, AN' THE TRUNK!! DON'T BELIEVE I'VE OVERLOOKED A PLACE IN THE HOUSE BIG ENOUGH T' HIDE A MATCH BOX, LET ALONE A BOX O' FISHIN' TACKLE!! WONDER IF IT'D BE CHEAPER TO TELEGRAPH HER OR BUY A NEW OUTFIT? —
CHAS. KUHN-27.

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

WHEN THE WIFE HAS GONE FOR THE SUMMER.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Because of the belief that the souls of ancestors are transferred to children, Eskimo natives do not punish their offspring.

The half-cent stamp is the lowest denomination of all adhesive postage stamps issued by the United States and the five-dollar stamp the largest.

According to Arthur Koehler, specialist in wood structure of the Department of Agriculture, there are more than sixty different species of timber that have at one time or another been put on the market under the name of mahogany.

The flag of Alaska was designed by Benny Benson, a 16-year-old schoolboy.

Many hostesses of London hire the entire decorations of their homes, such as art works, tapestries, beautiful old furniture and ornaments, from antique dealers for their social affairs. These loans are often made free of charge with the hope that some wealthy guest will make a purchase.

American women spent four times as much last year for permanent waves as the United States Government did in building new ships.

From fifteen to twenty tons of waste paper are gathered weekly from some of the large office buildings in our cities, two to three tons daily from hotels of the large type, ten to twenty tons daily from metropolitan newspapers and 17,000 tons weekly by the street cleaning department of New York City alone.

In despair when the drought continued into what is supposed to be the rainy season, the peasants of Changsintien, China, dressed two men up as fish and marched them down the street pouring water on them all the way as a prayer for rain.

In New York on the grave of a soldier of the War of 1812 is a wild flower unknown to the State of New York but native to Connecticut. It is believed that the flower sprang from a seed carried in the clothing of the soldier.

Among the dishes that are considered delicacies by the different peoples of the world are: Crocodile meat, salmon eyes, jellyfish, octopus, seaworms, seventeen-year locusts, moths, caterpillars, grasshoppers, ants, earthworms and fruit bats.

Buddhist priests in Japan encourage the doll service, in which thousands of children pray for their broken dolls in the belief that the spirits of their favorite dolls will be comforted, because they think it teaches the children tender sentiments and kindliness.

There are about 620 muscles in the body of the normal man, one-fourth of which are in the neck and face.

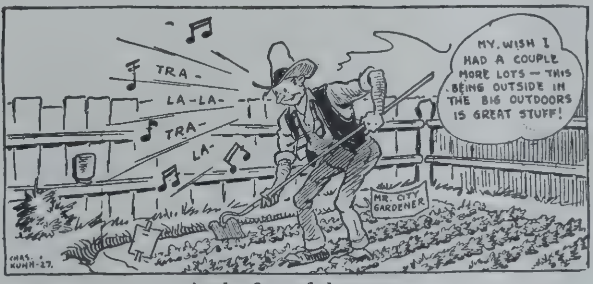
By drinking 35 cups of coffee and smoking 6 packages of cigarets every 24 hours, Roger O'Mallia, 40-year-old insurance salesman of San Antonio, Texas, has established a record of 150 hours without sleep.

John Matthews, Presbyterian minister of Glendale, California, who 'over preached' while delivering a recent sermon, is the first church employe to apply for state industrial accident compensation in California. Gesticulating to emphasize his sermon, Matthews strained a muscle, necessitating an operation.

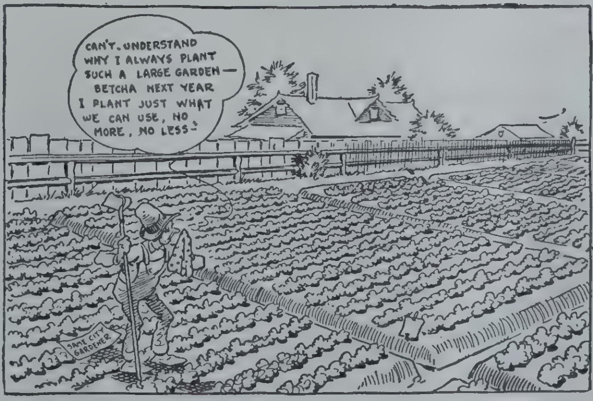
In the good old days, a graceful lace scarf was the official Chinese calling card. Then came the rage for red visiting cards, often as large as eighteen inches square with the name in gilt letters. Today printed white cards are the fashion but they are still typically Chinese, carrying the name, city, county, province, present occupation and address on one side, and on the other a list of all the owner's achievements and claims to distinction.

Katharine Ott of Oberlustadt, Germany, claims ownership of the oldest grapevine in the world. The stem of the vine has a circumference of 47 inches, its roots reach 250 feet into the ground, and it bears luscious grapes every year. Experts believe the vine was planted about 1500.

There is a truck horse in London that sits down on his haunches and takes a rest when a traffic officer turns the signal against him.


TRA-
LA-LA-
TRA-
LA-
MY. WISH I HAD A COUPLE MORE LOTS — THIS BEING OUTSIDE IN THE BIG OUTDOORS IS GREAT STUFF!
MR. CITY GARDENER
CHAS. KUHN-27.

At the first of the season.


CAN'T. UNDERSTAND WHY I ALWAYS PLANT SUCH A LARGE GARDEN — BETCHA NEXT YEAR I PLANT JUST WHAT WE CAN USE, NO MORE, NO LESS!
SAME CITY GARDENER

And now. —Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

THAT BACK YARD AGAIN.

Tornadoes south of the Equator move in a clockwise direction, while those north of the Equator always twist counterclockwise.

A new berry, known as the Union Dewberry, has been developed in Chino Valley, California. A cross between the loganberry and dewberry, the new vine is said to be very hardy, bearing readily and requiring little care.

Under our present calendar, no century can commence on Wednesday, Friday or Saturday. October begins always on the same day of the week as January; February, March and November commence on the same day of the week, while May, June and August commence on different days. The year always finishes on the same day of the week as it began. These rules, of course, do not apply to leap years.

A telephone which works on the principle of a phonograph and will take the message on a sensitive roller when the owner is out has been invented in Sweden.

Waterproof paper is being used to make aprons, raincoats, slip covers, beach slippers and other articles.

To prevent their barking and howling, Birmingham, England, has a canine curfew law to keep dogs off the streets after dark.

Oil was first utilized as a motive power 230 years ago by an English inventor named Street.

Fires have been caused by sun rays passing through goldfish bowls, the globe acting as a magnifying glass.

According to the National Dental Technicians, only 20 per cent of the 100,000,000 people of the United States use toothbrushes and there are only twenty sets of perfect natural teeth in the country.

The distance between points near Charleston, South Carolina, and San Diego, California, 2,150 miles, is the shortest from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Dr. William H. Sheldon, psychologist of the University of Chicago, has announced that bulkily built men though more companionable are dumber than lean, slithery ones but that there is no relationship between height and intelligence.

Forty-six inches of rainfall in twenty-four hours is the world record for a rainstorm and was established in July, 1911, at Baguió, Philippine Islands.

On the theory that the dinner table is a battle ground which leads to many divorce courts, the French Society of Vegetarians is trying to encourage marriages of people of similar appetite.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses difficulties and the joy of battling them.

* * *

Stanley Woodward, who drew the sketch on this week's cover, is an outstanding New England artist. A number of his works were recently exhibited in New York City.

* * *

The Colorado River problem is capable of solution if approached as three distinct questions instead of one, says Huston Thompson in the third and last of a series of articles. Politics will prevent an early settlement, he fears, if the diverse interests are not segregated and satisfied separately. Some new suggestions are advanced by him. As former chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, his views merit thoughtful study. (p. 1)

* * *

No record is safe, says H. G. Salsinger, nationally known sports writer. More than two hundred records in various branches of athletic competition were smashed last year. The only popular track mark to withstand the challenges of the last decade is the quarter-mile. A weight record still unbroken is that of the 16-pound shot, which has stood since 1909. Salsinger's explanation of why so many new marks have been established is interesting. (p. 4)

* * *

Patriotism, sacrifice and steady advancement mark the history of the 'Old North State,' one with which too many persons in the United States are unfamiliar. Although a humorist recently declared—'What North Carolina needs is a press agent'—the residents of that community prefer visitors to publicity. The motto of the state—'*Esse quam videri*'—freely translated—'To be, rather than to seem to be'—sets forth their ideals. Their record in the Revolution, War Between the States, and the World War, is inspiring. (p. 5)

* * *

Where are the influential editors of yesteryear? laments one writer in tracing the pathway of American journalism. He describes the Sunday supplements as 'time-killing, forest-slaughtering monstrosities.' But—'it's the features that sell the newspapers'—and that is why the modern reader, instead of turning first to the editorial page, seeks the comic page to see what Andy Gump is doing. (p. 7)

* * *

Because a farmer boy watched his mother tie a granny knot, we now have the self-binder to expedite work in the grain fields. How the binder was invented, and the prejudices it had to overcome in the minds of the farmers, form a noteworthy page in pioneer history. But the idea germinated from the desire to have a mechanical device that would tie a knot. (p. 8)

* * *

Two strong though opposite types in fiction are Turgenev's Bazarov and Mark Twain's Colonel Beriah Sellers. The former has reduced life to a uniform colorness—with no values worthy to be accepted and maintained. The Colonel bubbles over with enthusiasm; he has the 'biggest scheme on earth.' Magniloquently, he names his proposed city in Missouri 'Napoleon.' But the neighboring town of Hawkeye secures the railroad, and Napoleon barely emerges from the dream stage. The contrast between Bazarov and Sellers is enlightening. (p. 9)

* * *

Drury Lane Theater in London in 1856, with the Grand Christmas Pantomimes, forms the introduction to Julian Hawthorne's recollections of the drama of two generations ago. It was in the Boston Theater in 1863 that he first saw the great Edwin Booth. Booth, says Hawthorne, possessed 'magnetism'; he was master of stagecraft and while acting avoided the clumsiness of fact. When Booth played his engagement with Sir Henry Irving in London, society asked—'Which is the better actor?' Booth's American accent was one thing that detracted from his popularity. (p. 12)

* * *

Tiled floors, darkened windows, high ceilings, and flat roofs are some of the delights of the Cuban housekeeper, according to Katharine Haviland Taylor, who writes from personal experience. But, she adds, 'let no one think Cuba a place to economize.' She gives us a taste of travel not found in the Cook Tours. (p. 14)

* * *

Hugh Walpole describes his 'most romantic adventure'—the kidnapping of a dyspeptic critic on a lonely island. The hero, Everard Tallboys, enticed to the Cornwall coast by a flattering admirer, finds himself marooned with a much-abused victim, an able accessory, and—'Jim.'

* * *

With such companions, the critic's vacation may be imagined. The plot was originated by a maligned writer of popular romantic fiction, who was seeking revenge on the critic. Tallboys had attributed this writer's popularity to 'naïveté, love of platitudes, and execrable English.' At first, the writer had demanded swift mayhem, but had finally concluded that the real trouble with the critic was his stomach. The episode on the island was to cure the dyspepsia. Tallboys gets a number of interesting surprises—as do his hosts. (p. 16)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Chicago, Illinois.

Permit me to hand you at the same time a bouquet and a little rebuke. First, the bouquet. I do enjoy the articles you have been publishing by H. G. Salsinger on different sport themes. This writer seems to approach his subject from a different angle than the ordinary sports writer. He does not resort to extravagant phrases or the slangy dialect affected by so many. His articles are always thoughtful and pleasant. They seem to get away from the commercial side of sport.

Now for the rebuke. I wish you would publish more cartoons. Recently I have observed that you use one or two on the department pages, but not nearly enough. I think a touch of humor enlivens every magazine and a good selection of cartoons on timely topics should please all your readers. At least, I vote for them.

D. R. RIDEOUT (M. D.).

St. Paul, Minnesota.

There have been so many pleasing articles in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT that I dislike to write this, my first letter, about something that has appealed to me as unfair. I refer to the little office chat you published on the Big Bend country in your issue of July 23. I fear that the casual reader will assume this to refer to all of eastern Washington, and thereby may do an injustice to a very fruitful and prosperous territory.

In the same mail that the magazine arrived, I received a clipping from a Spokane newspaper stating that this year's crop in the Big Bend will be good. Of course, that is what your article stated, but you give the impression that all of the Big Bend has suffered during the past nine years. This is not true.

Perhaps I should explain that the term 'Big Bend' means the big bend which the Columbia River makes as it flows southward through the state of Washington. East of the river, there is a stretch of country which some years ago was farmed extensively, but which in late years has been deserted. However, some of the farmers still hang on, hoping to see the country 'come back.' Some crops have been raised but not equal to the great yields in the richer sections of the state.

There are portions of the Big Bend country itself which have always been good farming; and it seemed to me as I read this 'Chat' that it gave the impression all of the Big Bend country was an arid desert and most forlorn. I know you did not mean to convey any such picture, hence this letter.

ALFRED R. MOULTON.

—Publishers' Photo Service.

Grand Canal in Venice;
Campanile and Ducal Palace in distance.

The Charm *of* Waters *in* Distant Lands

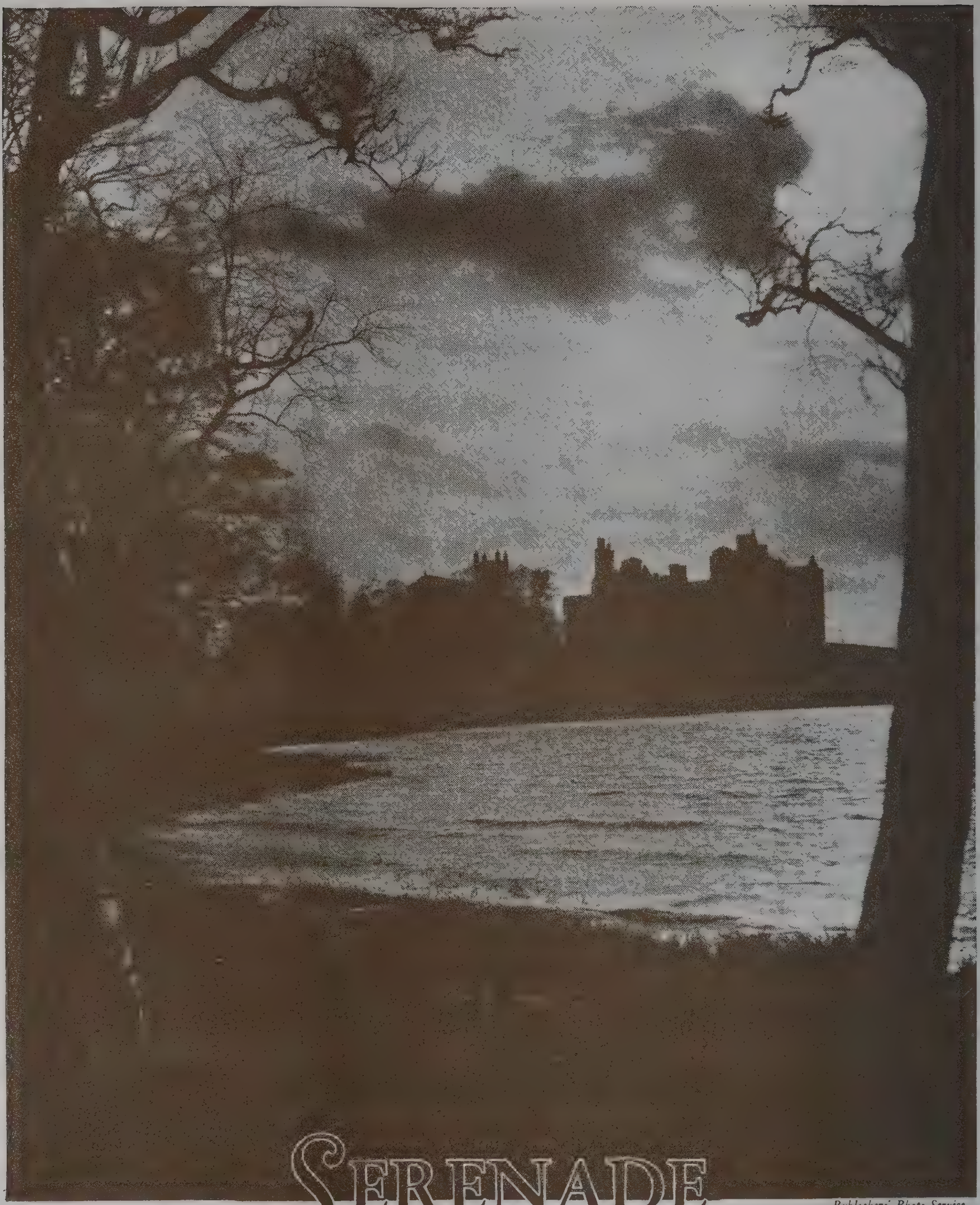
Above—
Burma craft, carrying little canvas, are propelled largely by poling. —Underwood and Underwood.

Left—
Bishops' Islands at the mouth of the Gulf of Cattaro, Jugoslavia.
—Publishers' Photo Service.

Below—
Cochem Castle, atop a rocky pinnacle overlooking the winding Mosel in Prussia, is ancient dwelling of Archbishops of Treves.
—Herbert Photo.

—Publishers' Photo Service.

Irrigation canal in the forest of Marg near Heliopolis, Egypt.



—Publishers' Photo Service.

SERENADE

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

SWEET, awake, thy lover calls.
Only stars are peeping.
Beauty hid in castle-walls
Should not lie a-sleeping.

YOUTH is flying fast away.
Love and thou must sever.
Love can triumph but a day:
Sleep endures forever.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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1927

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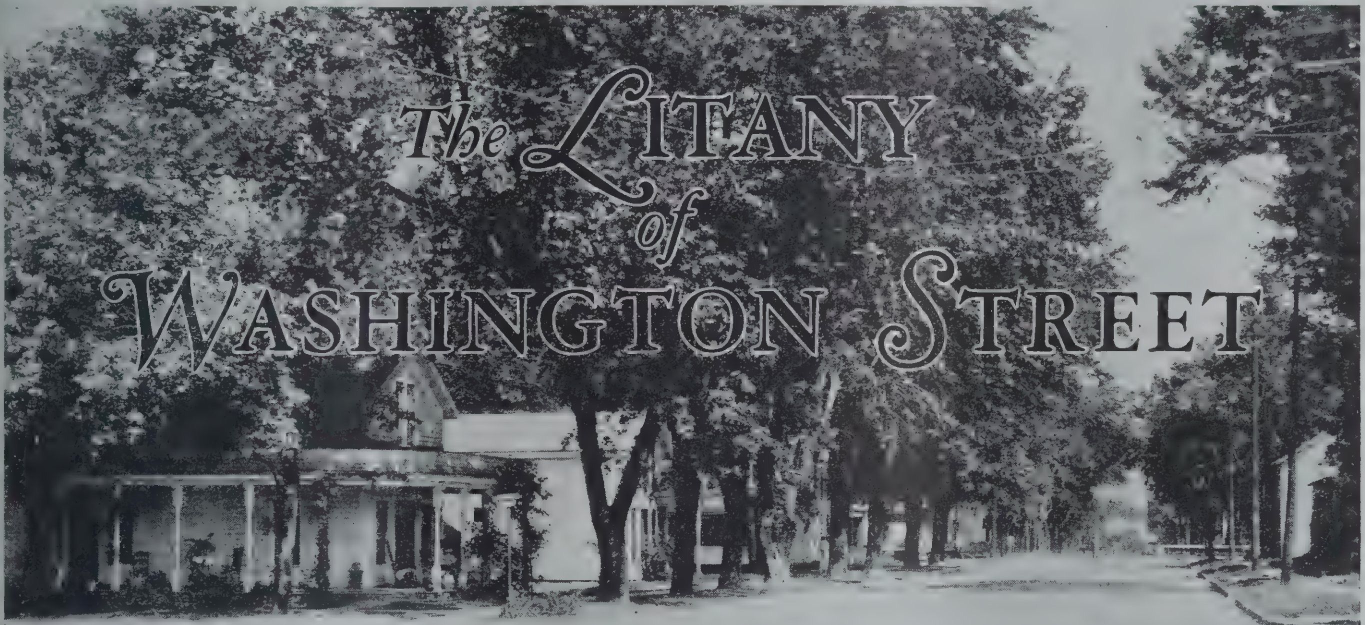
The LITANY of WASHINGTON STREET



By VACHEL LINDSAY

THE smallest town on the map may have fourteen well-named streets. Running one-way, they are likely to be First, Second, Third, and Fourth streets; then Main Street, then Fifth and Sixth streets. These might be said to be mere numbers and conveniences, not streets in the way I want to talk about them.

The other seven notable streets of any village are likely to be named for the first seven Presidents of the United States: Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren. Few towns get so far as Harrison no matter what their size. They then name local settlers. We have here either whimsicality or the infallibility of tradition, according to your philosophy. Certainly a town without Washington, Adams, and Jefferson streets is a freak in American geography. I like to investigate those historical characters who have streets named after them. Necessarily we must begin with Washington Street.

Main Street has nothing to do with resounding history. When a village not even incorporated has only one artery, for a generation that is called 'Main Street.' The rival of Main Street in American geography is Washington Street; and so we have reached our theme. It crosses Main Street at a right angle.

Perhaps the realist may discover that in many a town Washington Street has grown dim and dingy and leads out to the silliest road in the county; but when it was named, it was with a magnificent intention, as the Via Appia was named for Appius Claudius. Let us construct an imaginary Washington Street in a composite town made of all the towns of America that have a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson street. Let us build it in this hour out of those imperishable mists which are our only realities, in the light of the very latest books on Washington, and the earliest dreams of our forefathers when they named Washington Street in love and reverence.

This Washington Street, drawn in imagination from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is a great wooded and residential highway, the song and poetry street of every American town. We have met the darlings of our hearts on Washington Street. When it enters a grove, or passes through national park or national forest, as we go on with those who are the dearest to us for companions, we are in our own land indeed, a million miles from Babbitt or Main Street or from any disturbers of the Old Virginia grand style.

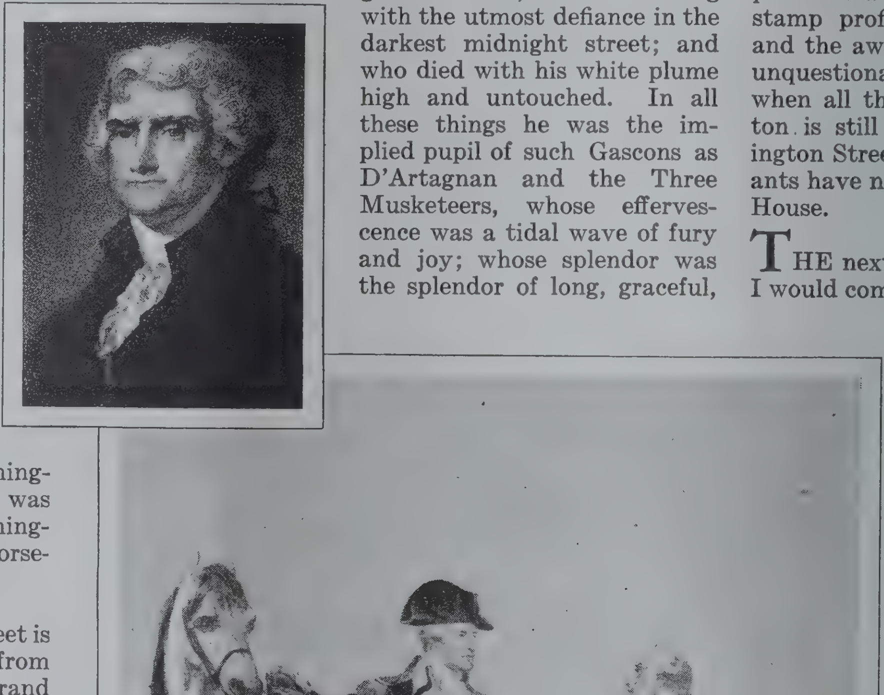
The street may pass through old battlefields or new and treacherous regions which promise slaughter or storm; but it is as far as the human soul may get from the trivial, the puffy, the snappy, the cheap; as far as possible from the world of the smart aleck and the go-getter, the cynic, the liar, and the wise guy.

In an article in *The Saturday Evening Post* a year ago, I said, 'There were three great Virginia poets in the very beginning—George Washington, Patrick Henry, and Thomas Jefferson.' All three have made Washington Street. Their names and thoughts have been so blended that on Fourth of July or Washington's Birthday, quotations from any one of them sound like quotations from the other two so far as the wandering romancer on Washington Street is concerned, whether he is a pop corn vender or a member of President Coolidge's Cabinet.

I am very grateful for the relentless realists who have been at work of late proving to us beyond a shadow of doubt that these three men, Washington, Henry, and Jefferson, differed from one another so much that it was a wonder there was any possible coöperation at any time. Also I hear the derisive laughter of the judges of poetry poultry, when I say that Washington was a poet.

It can be proved that he was not, by his endless diaries and account books, by his interminable surveys, as exhilarating as a complete railway guide; by the fact that most of the books he read without strain had to do with the breeding of horses and livestock, and with experiments on grain. He could not spell. Alexander Hamilton taught him his grammar. He received some of his formal education in the English language from subordinate officers who wrote his dispatches in the Revolution.

I welcome all evidence to prove that Washington was not a reader of our best magazines, nor yet one of the twelve apostles. I welcome all evidence that he was neither Daniel Webster, Noah Webster, nor the obscure author of that famous poem 'The Star Spangled Banner.' But let me add at once that 'The Star Spangled Banner' would not be waving on Washington Street nor anywhere else, if it had not been for this mysterious and inaccessible mountain of a man, George Washington.



*—Prints from Culver Service.

First meeting of Washington and Hamilton. Insert—Thomas Jefferson.

Only a poet working long before, writing in blood and not in ink, could have made such a poem as 'The Star Spangled Banner' possible. It was written years after Washington's death. It was dreamed by Washington the silent, on horseback, about 1776.

Washington Street is in the grand style from end to end. The grand style has destroyed whole generations of European artists. So I have only sympathy for those who mistrust the grand style. Yet on mature reflection, I think they had better leave the United States; they are going to suffer here. There are so many things in our past and in our present that are grand that, work and expose as busily as the realists may, they will die in the end like ants that try to carry off the White House, and only get away with a little sugar and sand. To abolish the grand style in American history and in the human imagination because it has been faked by second raters, is like abolishing all the joy of sun, moon, and stars by a little chatter about mathematical astronomy.

It takes a kind of mathematical astronomy to prove that Columbus was right in declaring that the world was round; but mathematical astronomy does not abolish Columbus because he thought that he had reached India, not America.

WHEN I think of the grand style of George Washington of Virginia, I think of two other types of plumed chiefs whose valor was unquestioned and whose names resound. The first plumed chief is that composite picture of all Gascons who will march forever on the French stage, Cyrano de Bergerac, who was true to his white plume; who was never afraid of the grand manner; who walked along with the utmost defiance in the darkest midnight street; and who died with his white plume high and untouched. In all these things he was the implied pupil of such Gascons as D'Artagnan and the Three Musketeers, whose effervescence was a tidal wave of fury and joy; whose splendor was the splendor of long, graceful, incredible speed in the gesture, th sword thrust, and the bow to th audience when the battle was over Not one of these Gascons was afrai to wear dazzling ribbons or to make deep double bow with a tremendou hat that swept the ground. Alien a this type may be from those who hav come to our shores with ideas inimical to our welfare, incredibl as its gallantry and high-heartedness may be, George Washington' greater Virginia manner, action and record is to them still mor incredible, for he accomplished hi work with an immobile dignity, quiescence beyond that of the Roman stoic, and a long-legged, watchtowe quality which makes the jumping Gascon look like a baby whirlwind People rage at the Gilbert Stuar portraits and the supercilious postage stamp profile of George Washington and the awful lies told to illustrate hi unquestionable impregnability; bu when all the raging is done, Washington is still our first poet, and Washington Street our Appian Way, and the ants have not run away with the White House.

THE next type of chieftain to whom I would compare General George Washington of Virginia is the opposite of the Gascon in the whole history of mankind, the plumed Indian leader of the western borders of Virginia with whom Washington carried on incredible wars through his entire military apprenticeship. More graceful and long-legged than a Gascon, Washington was sterner and more straight-backed than Powhatan or his descendants who raised hell in the western woods. A man is made by his enemies. He thinks like his enemy to conquer him. The leading American families had been on American soil almost a century by the time the Revolution was on; and most of that time they had been trying to think like Indians to get the best of the Indians.

In conference and in war, the Indian chiefs maintained a dignity which taught an unforgettable lesson to the best blood of Europe. This blood was now fighting Indian wars in the western woods of

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LOW WAGES in France

The True Source *of* French Economic Difficulties

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE apparent financial rehabilitation of France is based upon a standard of living of the workers, the producing class, which absolutely prevents the real economic welfare of the country. Before the war and at the outbreak of the war the prevailing wage in France was far below any standard which would permit of decent living. This condition has remained practically unchanged since the war. Too little attention has been paid to this unhealthy state of affairs by French political leaders. French industrial leaders have doubtless made great profits since the war, but few of them have allowed the workers to participate in their prosperity. However, at the first approach of economic difficulties manufacturers have hastened to reduce the pitiful wages. Herein lies the real source of French economic and financial difficulties.

Statistics are dry things, but back of the figures which tell the aggregate wage of French workers lies a story of misery and grinding poverty such as has not been known in America for fifty years. In America the woman worker earns enough to keep herself decently and to provide for herself some amusement. Comparatively few French women workers receive enough to provide decent clothes, food and habitation, let alone recreation.

The facts which are here given about average wages are absolutely authoritative, being taken from the January to March issue, 1927, of the quarterly *Bulletin de la Statistique de la France*, the official publication of the French Ministry of Labor and Hygiene. The figures are based upon official reports made to the Bureau of General Statistics by officials of the different departments of France. This is the third year in which a complete survey has been attempted.

THE average daily wage of manual workers in cities of more than ten thousand is placed as a result of this investigation at 26.93 francs; the average daily wage of women workers is placed at 15.29 francs. This means that the ordinary male worker has a wage of one dollar and eight cents, while the woman worker receives approximately sixty cents a day. In 1911 the male worker received 4.61 francs per day, then equivalent to ninety cents, whereas the woman received forty-five cents per day—at that time a day of ten hours or more.

In one respect the worker is better off in that now the eight-hour day is to a large extent recognized. However, on the basis of world prices, on the basis of effective purchasing power, the French worker has made no progress from 1911 to 1927. Therein lies the indictment against French industrial and political leaders, and against the workers themselves.

While these wages do not involve the same misery which such figures would mean for America, yet the difference is largely in degree. Meat, butter, eggs, and milk are quite as high in France as in America; clothes are slightly cheaper; rents are lower, being regulated, but fuel is higher. These wages spell misery, and misery for the great majority of the population.

THE official inquiry as to wages was accompanied by inquiries as to the price of food and lodging for a single man, as well as for the price index of some thirteen standard foods. The investigation shows that 422 francs, about seventeen dollars, is the prevailing monthly charge for room and board. This price of room and board would leave to the single man some two hundred francs, eight dollars a month, for clothes, recreation, and higher life, as the statisticians are fond of saying. However, the woman worker paying this amount would have in several months of the year an actual deficit; fifteen francs a day over twenty-seven working days gives 405 francs. Where is the margin?

Of manual laborers, carpenters and stonemasons receive the highest wages, being paid, in the cities excluding Paris, fourteen cents an hour. In Paris these workers receive twenty-two cents an hour. Quite a large number of workers in Paris receive as much as two dollars a day, but the frequency of this rate is not so great as twelve dollars a day in New York City.

It is to be understood that these figures given correspond to the wages most commonly, most frequently, paid. There are always abler workmen who receive more than the wages mentioned; there are many who receive less. In a city like Alençon in Normandie hundreds of men get along somehow with a pittance of fifteen francs for a day's work. In the railroad stations in this same district an advertisement in April, 1927, called for casual laborers at twenty francs a day.

WOMEN who go out by the hour, for washing, cleaning, and the like, receive less than eight cents an hour. In domestic service the cook, almost invariably a man, receives the highest wage, usually six hundred francs a month in addition to board and room. The chauffeur receives five hundred, while the coachman (an ancient institution) receives four hundred. Note that in no case does this amount to a dollar a day. The maid-of-all-work gets as much as eight dollars a month; and who can wonder that there is difficulty even in France in finding maids.

The rise of the franc created some difficulties for manufacturers who depended in any large measure upon export trade. In consequence there have been in 1927 readjustments to reduce the wages from the levels mentioned above. Mine workers, with the bogey of the English strike failure held before their eyes, have been compelled to accept a reduction of approximately ten per cent. In the textile trade a reduction of fifteen per cent has recently been announced.

THE white-collar workers fare little better than the manual laborers. Clerks in the large department stores receive between fifty and seventy-five cents a day. Stenographers may get as high as a dollar a day.

When the franc was at its worst the legislators took that opportunity to increase the pay of a deputy, a member of the Chamber of Deputies,

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Threading through the labyrinth of crevasses on Blackfoot Glacier. —*Photos, courtesy Great Northern Railway.*

In the Track *of the* Mountain Goat

By DOROTHY E. PILLEY

CAN a Rocky Mountain goat climb where man cannot go, or can man hold his own even on the gaunt, gray precipices?

We were to test the matter pretty thoroughly that afternoon. All day we had been toiling up an abandoned trail that leads through upper Red Eagle Valley in Glacier National Park. We had come out at last on to the open grasslands, only to find the way we had hoped to make barred by a steep 500-foot cliff all the way from Logan Peak to the summit ridge of Almost-a-Dog Mountain.

An old story, without much backing, referred to a 'chimney' somewhere, by which the cliff could be scaled. We had been looking for the 'chimney' all afternoon. Now we lay at th base in a thoroughly bad temper, sure that no easy way was to be found and wondering what to do about it. We already knew that we would have to pass the night out 'under the lovely stars,' as the French say. But there would be no stars. A thunderstorm was brewing. Our choice lay between seeking a sheltering rock, with hope of better luck in the morning, or making a last effort to find a way up the precipice before darkness. There was a chance that we might have to pass a tempestuous night on some airy ledge poised above the abyss, with not even room to sit down. We had already tried this experience and did not wish to repeat it.

Rocky Mountain goat.

As we lay there gazing rather hopelessly at the crags, a faint crying like the whining of an infant kept coming to us. It was an irritating noise. Without caring what it was, we wished it would stop. In the light-headedness that comes with great weariness, we thought vaguely that some one ought to smack it and put it to bed. Suddenly the crying grew louder and linked itself to a tiny speck of white that began to bob about, ever so high up, in the middle of a great face of bare rock that seemed, from where we lay, to be entirely sheer. This was exciting. We got up and stared through the field glass and soon made out the main lines of a horrible little drama that was going on five hundred feet above our heads.

A nanny goat, huge, awkward-looking and active, had somehow made her way almost up the whole height of the precipice. She had been followed by her tiny kid, only a few days old. The plaintive notes we had listened to were the protests of the kid at the desperate task now ahead. The mother stood on the ledge above, anxiously looking down at her offspring, who was running up and down a ledge hardly more than a handbreadth wide.

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LITTLE ESSAYS *From a* NORTHERN COTTAGE

On a PERSONAL TASTE in LETTERS

By HUGH WALPOLE

THE old lady sitting next to me at Wimbledon was brave in her persistence. As the rain drove in great gusts over the tarpaulin that covered the courts she maintained courageously to the supercilious young man that in her opinion Rhoda Broughton had been a delightful novelist. Rhoda Broughton! What memories her name brings back to me, memories of her sharp, sarcastic kind-hearted self, commanding the table in her little London flat; Henry James on one side of her and adorable Lady Ritchie on the other; myself, young and eager, sniffing up every word that I could catch and believing that all the literary dogmas flying about the room were immortal judgments. Certainly nobody was spared; James, half-humourous, half-ironic, with his lifting of the hand and his 'poor, poor Conrad' or his 'poor, poor Kipling' and Rhoda Broughton like a little bright silver bodkin piercing the follies and eccentricities of her own sex; yes, all the reputations went tumbling to the floor one after another. So it was then, so it is now, so it ever will be, and one of the blisses of my northern cottage is that all the literary dogmatisms of the day rumble down a road that runs far away from my garden wall. When I was twenty-three what James or George Moore had to say seemed to me gospel; now I know that there is no gospel of the individual; only let your natural taste grow and good things will come.

IT WAS last year when I was writing a little essay on Reading that I discovered for the first time where my natural taste truly lay. I was sitting in my library one fine autumn evening wondering whether I should draw my curtains and shut out the amber light suffusing the long naked line of hill above my garden; I moved to the window, stood there looking out at the chrysanthemum clumps, the two cockers stationed at the edge of the lawn watching excitedly the household cat, the light advancing in a great sweep of yellow in the very heart of which a few birds were answering one another calling across the dark-shadowed woods. Feeling all this beauty in front of me, conscious of the warm intimacy of the books behind me, I drew the thick curtains, I switched on the light, I wondered what *were* the books that in all my reading life had come to belong to *me*, not because of any literary propriety nor because the pundits said that they were the things to read nor because they were the fashion of my time. Names stole towards me out of the amber light—Scott first and foremost, beloved of my heart beyond all others, then Wordsworth in spite of his flat old age and his desperate lack of humour; then Keats more in the letters perhaps than the poems, then Fielding burly and jolly and careless of consequences, John Clare with his beautiful face and brave pathetic story, Hazlitt that passionate savourer of every kind of life, and then my own contemporaries, De la Mare, more assured perhaps of a certain immortality than any English writer alive today save Hardy, Hardy himself with the starlight of *Two on a Tower*, the green forests of *The Woodlanders*, the gleaming dairies of *Tess*, the hot sunshine of the harvesting of *Far From the Madding Crowd* to keep him always with us when his bodily companionship has passed on, Edward Thomas whose poetry is at last coming into its own; these and others behind them not definitely chosen by me but moving lightly, easily of their own free will, came down from the hill, crossed the garden path and entered my door.

Considering them I realised that there was no law about their choice. They had grown up with my life and belonged to me because after forty years sojourning in this dismembered world I had learned to love the things that they also loved. They had not written their books for me, I had not led my life in such a way that I might like the kind of books they wrote; it had happened unconsciously, springing from my own tastes and nature just as I had chosen this house because I love hills and lakes and woods and even, when there is not too much of it, the cooling intimacy of rain. No changes of fashion nor custom, no sudden pronouncement by Mr. Arnold Bennett in the *Evening Standard*, not even the brilliance of a Bradley or a Raleigh will ever move these creators from my hearthstone; no weakness of execution on my own part, no discontent of theirs at the company they are bound to keep, can rob me of them; they are mine; I am secure in their friendship.

BUT when one examines one's taste, asks oneself why out of all the others these have been chosen, acknowledging for instance that of course *The Brothers Karamazov* is a greater novel than *The Woodlanders*, that Scott often wrote abominable prose, that superior critics like Mr. Aldington have decided that Wordsworth is of no use to any one any more, what is it that makes these men so dear to one? First, I am afraid I must confess, it is because they are so English; I say afraid because we are nothing now if we are not international, although there, in spite of Mr. Aldington, I must confess that I find it perfectly possible to care for modern French poetry although I care for Wordsworth, to enjoy Marcel Proust and to find Francis Brett Young's *Portrait of Clare* one of the most beautiful of modern novels, to delight in the country poetry of Edward Thomas and yet to enjoy *The Waste Land* of T. S. Eliot. But these others that I have first named are so personal for me that criticism in considering them must take second place. Of course I wish that the conclusions of Scott's stories were less huddled, his heroes less anemic, the coincidences of Hardy's novels less amazing, the poetry of Clare less monotonous, but these faults, if faults they are, could be exaggerated a thousandfold and still I would love these criminals.

And there is another quality I find as I look that is common to them all. Arthur Machen in his splendid and too seldom read essay 'Hieroglyphics' has

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Memory—*the* Association *of* Ideas

By JAMES RUSSELL CARRUTH

WHATEVER the faculty of memory may be and however scientists may define the way in which it functions, its vagaries, defects and powers are of important interest to those of us who have to make our memories more or less serviceable in our daily lives. It is not alone the wicked liar of the proverb who has need of a good memory. An absurdly honest man may need such a memory not less than his deceitful brother.

Therefore it was natural that when man had reached the stage of civilization in which material profit lay in remembrance and loss in forgetfulness, he should seek to know what memory was. It was also but natural that men should invent methods that might serve as memory aids. The tying of a string around the finger was not of long extended usefulness because of the strictly limited number of fingers. Life grew so complex that some men needed to remember more than eight things at once. Some had to if they would live.

Simonides, who flourished some five hundred years before Christ was born, was the first to teach a system of artificial memory. He was the founder of the art that in our day has developed various methods of mnemonics. Undoubtedly the memory can be strengthened. Many agencies profess, more or less truly, for a larger or a smaller fee, to make every patron's memory leakproof.

The methods originated by Simonides still are favored in some schools of mnemonics, but it is to be said of many of them that anyone able to remember the methods devised to enable him to remember, has a memory sufficiently retentive not to require artificial aid.

ALL these systems are based on the law of association of ideas and more or less successfully make the act of remembrance automatic. In every day's experience we are so habituated to the kindred law of association of actions that we accept its operations as a matter of course. You delicately thrust a piece of meat into your mouth (vegetarians obligingly skip to the next paragraph) and forthwith your jaws operate. You do not consciously instruct them in their labors, chew upon chew, but you may be certain that there is a specialized faculty, to which your mind had delegated its authority, that sits on the job. So with a great number of highly important processes.

Your car having sneezed out from under the hood some vital part of its interior works so that you have to walk, you sally forth. You do not consciously direct your obedient legs to move at each successive step. The order once given by the mind to the nervous and muscular systems, you can forget all about it. You know that while they have health to function they will render automatic, faithful service, by lifting up one foot and setting down the other until you call a halt.

It is the application of the law of association of action to the processes of industry that utilizes human effort in coördination with machinery. The productive capacity of each has been so perfectly adjusted to that of the other as to create in our own days a new system of industrial economics. This law of association of actions rests its every root in the law of association of ideas and of that law memory is the very life and maintenance.

MANY men have been endowed by nature with memories so retentive that they have no need of the training given by artificial aids. Had Simonides depended upon them as subscribers to his system, he would have starved to death. Macaulay was such a man. So was Samuel Johnson. Boswell wrote of Johnson: 'His memory was so tenacious that he never forgot anything he either heard or read.' Mr. Hector remembers having recited to him eighteen verses, which after a little pause he repeated verbatim, varying only one epithet, by which he improved the line.

It was said of the poet Shelley: 'His powers of memory were extraordinary, and the rapidity with which he read a book, taking in seven or eight lines at a glance and seizing the sense upon the hint of leading words, was no less astonishing.'

Napoleon's memory was marvelous. Abbott writes: 'He received all letters, read them and never forgot their contents. So retentive was his memory that scenes over which he had once glanced his eye were never effaced from his mind. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes through every year of his administration.' Themistocles sought popularity by 'charging his memory with the names of the citizens, so that he readily called each by his own.'

Some men have themselves originated aids to memory that proved of service. In Raymond's *Lincoln* it is said that Lincoln wrote out 'a synopsis of every book he perused, so as to fix the contents in his memory.' Samuel Johnson, when strangers were introduced to him, used not only to repeat their names distinctly, but, says Boswell, took the trouble of spelling them. Thereafter the name was graven on his mind.

A less reliable memory help was that adopted by a schoolboy whose superior standing in class filled Walter Scott with envy and chagrin. His memory would not function unless he clutched the while a certain button on his coat. Association of ideas failed unless promoted by that curious stimulus. The story is told in Hutton's *Life of Sir Walter Scott:* 'Scott noticed that whenever a question was asked of his rival, the lad's fingers grasped a particular button on his waistcoat, while his mind went in search of the answer. Scott accordingly anticipated that if he could remove this button, the boy would be thrown out and so it proved. The button was cut off, and the next time the lad was questioned, his fingers being unable to find the button, and his eyes going in perplexed search after his fingers, he stood confounded, and Scott mastered by strategy the place he could not gain by mere industry. "Often in after life," said Scott, in narrating the maneuver to Rogers, "the sight of him smote me as I passed by him: and often have I resolved to make him some reparation, but it ended in good resolutions."'

It is not remarkable that Scott should have remembered that episode of his childhood more clearly than many more important events that happened in mature life. To go back, for a moment, humbly, to the experts, Smith Ely Jelliffe accounts for the sharper memories of childhood thus: 'The fixity and enduring quality of the memories of childhood are proverbial, and are due to the great plasticity of the youthful nerve cells, as well as the intensity of the early pictures.'

THE memory of the child is comparable to a fresh, smooth, soft surface upon which deep impressions can be etched with ease. As age steals on what was soft and impressionable becomes hard and resistant. Maturity catches at intervals recollections of early youth that come to the surface of consciousness quite unbidden. No special cause evokes them. Often of no importance in themselves, submerged for all the intervening years, they suddenly present themselves as sharply accented as if they related to some event of yesterday.

A woman, busied with her sewing, without a thought of her childhood in her conscious mind at the moment, sees herself again a little girl, in a particular room on the evening of a certain summer day. As

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The ISLAND Where Women Never Grow Up

By L. H. SMITH

Along the coast of one of the slands in the Balearic group.

—Publishers' Photo Service.

Oval—Natives who make their living by fishing the waters around the Balearics.

JUST about breakfast time to my unutterable relief, our good ship *Valencia* rolled into mooth water. It was hen that I had my first ong look at the white houses traggling steeply up above he sleepy harbor of the town which gives its name to the island. Crowning them all, the one benignantly urveying her flock, the other a grim, battered relic of less happy days, towered the cathedral and castle. Clusterng thickly round the jetty head were what seemed to be the bulk of the inhabitants, come to welcome the stranger. They stared with frank, though riendly, curiosity at the ship's one visible passenger—though not one whit more curiously than the passenger reurned the gaze, I am afraid.

For this was Iviza, quaintest of all he sun-drenched Balearics! Only one hundred miles from up-to-date Barcelona, but it might well be a thousand or all the modernity that its nearness has imparted. From the moment you et foot in this delightful island it eems as though the centuries have lipped back and left you in the midst of life in its old-time simplicity. Only one sign of what we call progress did I ee during the whole course of my stay—need I say that this was the motor car, which has now almost entirely replaced the ancient *diligencia* in linking the outlying villages with their capital town.

Everything else reminded me vividly of a comic opera. To begin with, the women, who incidentally seem even more conservative than the men, one and all have their hair down their backs in a pigtail! Practically without exception they wear today the style of clothes that has served the Ivizan woman for hundreds of years—voluminous, brightly colored petticoats; an amazingly wide skirt, reaching to the ground and covered with what seemed to my masculine eye to be yet another skirt, looped up at the back; a bodice so tightly laced that the very sight of it made me catch my breath; in fact, the whole costume reminded me of nothing so much as one of those Swiss figures that one used to see a good deal in the china shops at the end of the last century. Every woman wore a scarf round her neck despite the intense heat. The colors evidently depend somewhat, at least, on the lady's age—reds and yellows for the young girls, blues for their elder sisters, toning down as age creeps upon them until the years call for black. Then, surmounting the whole, is perched an enormous straw hat some two feet wide, made in the island by hand, the crown of which very ingeniously pulls out to make an air chamber when the sun grows especially hot. And of course, the pigtail—always this youthful plait of hair down the back from which I could never take my eyes. Incidentally, this flapper-like custom of the Ivizan women seems to be very beneficial to the hair, for I never saw the most venerable grandmother but what she sported locks of hair of a most respectable length.

The men of the island are not quite so picturesque, but their baggy trousers, often patched almost beyond endurance and with a striking disregard for the harmony of the color scheme, their brilliant scarfs and big straw hats set off the women very effectively, although no one would be more surprised than they if you told them so.

The one trouble of Iviza rests in the vast number of curious sights that arrest the attention and demand some mention, though, if they were all to have a place, a book would be needed. The town is fortified, which is scarcely surprising when one hears of the unfriendly visits that were paid to the Ivizans by the Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, and Barbary Corsairs, to mention but a few! It was just outside the main gateway of the old city walls that I discovered the well to and from which there is a steady stream of women all day long, bearing away the precious fluid in tall jars which they rest in the most casual fashion on their heads. The gossip that takes place round this well must be most intriguing if noise be any indication of its interest. In fact, on my first acquaintance with this section of Ivizan society, the atmosphere was so lively that almost instantly there began to steal over me that uneasy feeling which so often attacks a man when he blunders innocently into the midst of a heated feminine discussion. But I need not have worried. It was merely an animated conversation. Indeed, I don't know, judging by Ivizan standards, that one could really call it particularly animated. They were just having a friendly chat—that was it!

I didn't find that the Ivizan ladies' power of conversation had deserted them at the washing pool either. Here I witnessed the entrancing spectacle of dirt in full flight from the entire family laundry under the compelling influence of much pounding by stones—a most effective method, this, to judge by the truly dazzling whiteness of the clothes when they emerged from the water. I cannot conscientiously advise anyone to see the process through, however, for it is lengthy, not to say tedious. Evidently the washing cannot be considered really clean until the last arrival, Maria, has heard of the latest exploit of that rascal Benito, 'who actually had the audacity—the Saints preserve us from such—to take a walk alone with . . . '—a chorus of shocked surprise unfortunately drowned the highly interesting divulgence of the indiscreet lady's name—'when it was well known that they were not even married!' I retired here, overcome by this sinister revelation of the laxity in Ivizan morals. But you will see that washing, in Iviza, is a serious business.

In the fruit and vegetable market in the center of the town, to which almost every Ivizan contributes his quota, there is a truly prodigious babel. How any business is ever transacted I cannot imagine, bearing in mind both the noise and the intensity of the bargaining. But, of course, without the latter none of them, being true Ivizans, would feel that they had concluded a successful sale or purchase, as the case may be. Almost every kind of fruit seemed to have its place there, but oranges and apricots predominated. The prices it would be sheer unkindness to mention to those inhabiting this land of opulent tradesmen.

—Publishers' Photo Service.

In a sun-drenched village on the Balearics.

But although the glimpses of Ivizan life that one catches in the towns are very fascinating, I was particularly impressed by the remarkable simplicity of the life led by the people—and these the great majority—on the farms outside. For instance, if you walk along one of the innumerable lanes as I did you will see in the first field of wheat a row of most peculiar figures. They look like nothing so much as a heap of clothes dumped on the ground and surmounted by a large flounce. It will be some time before you realize that they are merely the Ivizan women and girls bent almost double. And even then you will never guess what they are doing. They are *picking* wheat! This is one of the most familiar sights of the island at the right season. In every farm these women, from small girl to ancient grandmother, pick, pick, pick from sunrise to sunset. They never seem to tire of their unnatural position. They would be surprised if you told them that stooping all day to that extent could not do them anything but harm. They would be incredulous if you told them that there was a machine that would cut and bind their wheat as it went along, in a fraction of the time they take, and without any effort on their part whatsoever.

For of course I need scarcely say that there is nothing like that in Iviza. Indeed, I doubt very much whether there are half a dozen plows on the island; I saw only one, and that a very antiquated affair. Incidentally, it did not seem to have lost its fascination for the Ivizan children, for I saw a group staring intently at this peculiar thing that left a deep groove behind it in the earth! So it is easy to see that anything in the nature of a threshing machine, a reaper and binder in Iviza is a thought approaching the ridiculous. What would an Ivizan want with a newfangled thing like that? He has his circular floor and his blindfolded mule going round and round, trampling the ears of corn and wheat into the ground. His women's hands are his reaper and binder; his mule's hoofs, his thresher; the air his winnower. He would, with exquisite politeness, rate us as fools for spending unnecessary money on such things.

And this brings me to the one black spot of Ivizan life—the blindfolded mule. These wretched (Continued on page 24)

A Refuge For an EMPEROR

By WILFRED W. STONE

DOWN at the corner of Chartres and St. Louis streets in the French quarter of New Orleans stands a massive three-story stone, brick and concrete house, the only remaining witness to one of the most interesting international plots ever concocted—and almost carried through—in a city famed for its bilingual population and its many-tongued conspiracies. The men who conspired in this house, the other men who were to have carried out their plans, the swift-sailing sloop which was to have borne them across the Atlantic and back again, all are dust. And the building, though it still stands, is fast passing to join them.

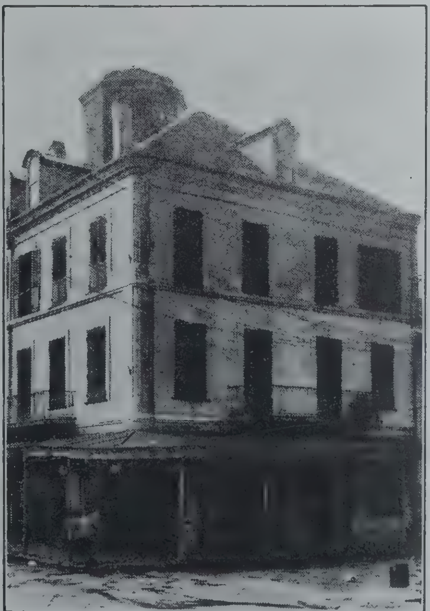
The house, its lower floor devoted to a grocery store of sorts, and its upper floors untenanted, was built as a home for Napoleon Bonaparte. The plot, details of which were perfected within its walls, involved the rescue of the Little Corporal from his place of exile on 'Saint Helen's granite bleak.' The sloop was the *Seraphine*, designed to be the fastest deep-water sailer of her day, and built especially to carry a band of chosen adventurers to the rescue of the Corsican, and to bring him back from under the very guns of all the British men-of-war, safe to his friends in La Nouvelle Orleans.

THE man who first proposed the plan and who financed the expedition up to its end was Nicholas Girod, a millionaire who had been mayor of New Orleans, and a Bonapartist to his death. The commander of the *Seraphine* was to have been the justly celebrated Dominique You, smuggler and pirate, but for some reason of which history leaves no record, this choice was abandoned, and one Bossiere, retired sea captain, whose first name appears to have been lost, was made leader in his stead.

This seems to have been one of the few conspiracies the records of which have become public. It was kept a secret despite the number of men involved, until the death of Napoleon on May 5, 1821, made secrecy no longer necessary and the project worthless, and plunged the Bonapartists of the Paris of America into a long period of mourning. Charleston and to some extent other southern cities contributed to the funds collected for the plan to bring Napoleon to the New World, but of more than $500,000 estimated to have been spent on the project, it is claimed that M. Girod supplied at least $450,000.

The famous death mask of Napoleon, in which historians claim to see a close resemblance between the emperor and Julius Caesar.

During his term as mayor, from 1812 to 1815, Nicholas Girod had been a figure worthy of the best traditions of old France. He had surrounded himself with the aristocracy of La Nouvelle Orleans; he had received Jackson on the latter's entry into the city in 1814, and he had borne himself with such gallantry and distinction that the general gave eloquent testimony to the mayor's character and activities in his general orders. He was a sturdy, patriotic and philanthropic gentleman, according to the chroniclers of his time, a man who, while he held his loyalty to this new America first, brought just behind it an intense and unswerving affection for Napoleon Bonaparte and an undying sympathy with the latter's plans for control of all Europe.



The house built as a permanent home for Napoleon Bonaparte in New Orleans.

With such a background, it was not difficult for M. Girod to rally to his plot the older French families, not only of New Orleans and Louisiana but of other cities in the Louisiana Territory as well. First of all, he built the house in which Napoleon Bonaparte was to live in comfort and safety the remainder of his life. Then he employed Captain Bossiere to build the *Seraphine*, and to build her the fastest thing afloat, and capable of carrying seventy men. Some investigators declare her crew was to have been fifty; others one hundred, but the figure nearest fact appears to have been seventy. All were capable of acting as crew; all were picked fighting men; at least half had taken part in the wars in Europe and in America; seven were competent navigating officers; three had held commissions in various armies; some had worked in mines and knew how to run tunnels and operate hoists; at least two knew what was then to be known of explosives, and, if the truth were told, the majority of these picked adventurers had been involved at some time or another in the smuggling and piratical operations of You, Lafitte and others along the tricky Gulf of Mexico coast of Louisiana and Texas.

There was, in other words, a man for every occasion which might arise in the voyage to and from Saint Helena, and a man for every operation connected with the rescue of Napoleon from that island. The *Seraphine* was of about two hundred tons, clipper-rigged, though in reality she was a sloop. She carried no cannon, but was abundantly provided with arms and ammunition, cutlasses

(Continued on page 24)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Two Hindrances to Success

A SATISFACTORY life is one that fulfills to the highest measure one's capacity for achievement, and then widens and deepens and develops that measure so that the man shall become better and bigger than his success. The only value of success is that it has made the man bigger, and anything that makes him bigger in power of mind or keenness of insight has been a success. This, of course, will differ with different people. We can only have the experiences we are able to receive and make use of; the rest slip by us.

The first thing to do is to get the material aspect of the question out of the way. We are rapidly moving out of that stage of human experience where success meant that a man had enough food and comfortable furniture. We get a side light on human nature when we remember that these were once thought the prizes of life. All that is changed: we believe that these creature necessities and comforts are the rights of *all* who work; and the steady readjustment of industry, wherever its leaders are awake, is toward the guaranty of these things. We are approaching a stage where success will be measured by something besides the fact that one man has a comfortable chair to sit in and the other hasn't. When both have chairs, because they both ought to have them, then the measure of success will be based on something higher.

> *THE wrong kind of pride has wrecked many a career. It usually roots in the wrong thing. Observe for yourself and see whether it is not so, that a man given to pride is usually proud of the wrong thing. Some men are so proud of their method, their system, that they think it is more important than the job itself. Touch their method and they bristle with indignation, although it may be that their method is ruining the job. The job is the thing. Become more job-centered and less self-centered and there will be less friction, less personal 'touchiness' in business. Be ready to revise any system, scrap any method, abandon any theory, if the success of the job requires it.*

So, with that taken care of, what are the chief hindrances to men's finding that satisfactory adjustment between work and their own minds which is the essence of happiness? The chief hindrances are Fear and Pride. We hear a great deal about fear; almost everyone has learned what a corroding influence it is, and everyone condemns it—but how many have succeeded in getting from under it?

Nothing is easier than to tell a man to get rid of fear. To tell him how is another matter. No one can tell him anything about it; but it always happens in the good providence of things that when a man has come to the point where it is possible to liberate him, some person or some idea is there waiting for him, to help him accomplish the emancipation. Those are emancipated who are ready and willing.

Pride is something of the same thing. Men are constantly getting out of the cowardice they misname fear, but pride presents another problem. Half the opposition to industrial reorganization comes from Pride. Go into a shop and try to put it on a basis of successful operation and you will find nine times out of ten that the things you have to change are the very things in which someone takes an inordinate pride.

The instances where pride has proved the hindrance in business are so numerous that one could quote them without end.

Ah, that mighty obstacle—pride. And the man takes pride in his system! Touch that, and you touch his life! He will be blind while you show him that his system does not reach farther than the four walls of his office; he will be deaf while you tell him that achievement must show elsewhere than on paper—the obstacle of pride is there, and another clash is imminent.

We have just spoken of pride as the obstacle, but that should be explained: it is an obstacle only to the man who lives on it. Its weakness is that anyone can wound it, and only a little authority can completely overthrow it. Its weakness is that it usually roots itself in the wrong thing. Practise a little observation and see whether it is not the case that a man given to pride is usually proud of the wrong thing. He plants his pride where he cannot defend it, where it cannot defend itself.

Now, in business the job is the thing. When men are job-centered they are less self-centered and there is therefore less soil for the interference of personal likes and dislikes, personal prides or personal prejudices. If there is any pride, it is centered in the job. If there is any prejudice, it is with reference to the job. The job is the thing.

Any method is willingly revised or abandoned, any cherished theory is immediately scrapped, any personal element is completely sunk, in the great central importance of the job. If a job isn't big enough to command this sort of allegiance in a man, he should make it big enough, and if he can't do that he should find one that is big enough.

The wrong kind of pride does not contribute. It deceives the man who harbors it and hinders everyone within the radius of its malign influence. It has wrecked careers that might have been useful. When a man falls in love with his way, his method, his system, and exalts them to the place of chief importance; when he resents competent criticism and change designed to focus his attention and efforts on the central job, he is on the down grade.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Ten Million Links

NEARLY ten million words a week are now knitting the two sides of the Atlantic together.

That's really significant.

About four hundred million amiable words were exchanged with Europe this last year—business, personal messages, news. The latest cables are of a new alloy and much faster than the old ones. Wireless is being tuned up to higher speeds. Shortly, experts say, long messages will be 'photographed' across the ocean, just as halftones are now transmitted.

All these things mean cheaper communication, an increase in our knowledge of one another and a consequent decrease in sectionalism. The American North doesn't quarrel with the South, or the East with the West, since the motor car has shuffled us up and made out the distances we learned in our geography classes to be gross exaggerations.

No doubt wars have been waged for trade; but commercial relations are much more likely to prevent wars. And the war fever cools when you know your man.

The exchange of ten million amiable words a week reduces war risk.

The City

IS THE American city falling down? Has it passed the limit where efficiency is possible? Other units, especially in the commercial world, have collapsed because of their very size. There comes a point where expansion turns from contribution into drain: what was formerly an assistance becomes a burden. In municipal service this is the general rule. Telephone companies begin by advertising service and end by demanding curtailment; the load becomes too heavy. Recently one of our largest cities was incapacitated because it rained for one day. In most large cities the people are drinking doctored water. Police protection has broken down everywhere. Municipal politics, while more respectable outwardly, has scarcely changed from the old days, as municipal scandals everywhere testify. And yet there is a tendency on the part of all great cities to stretch their boundaries.

City conditions have already driven millions beyond the city limits into suburban communities. City governments seek to reclaim these emigrants by including them in greater 'metropolitan districts.' It is possible for one with a sunny philosophy to believe that this too may be an excellent step, since it may tend to drive millions still farther into the country beyond the utmost reach of municipal inclusion acts.

The American city has passed the point where it can teach anything further about community living. All its benefits may now be established in the country districts, where most of its disadvantages can be prohibited.

Medical News

TRADITION is an excellent guide when it is founded in principle and not in interest. Too much tradition, however, represents narrow interests of wealth or caste or profession. The British Medical Association still feels the chill of outraged propriety when one of its members writes on medical or health subjects for the people. It is a tradition that the profession should keep itself cloistered so far as the arts of publicity are concerned.

But that it should be forbidden to share its saving knowledge with the public is quite another thing.

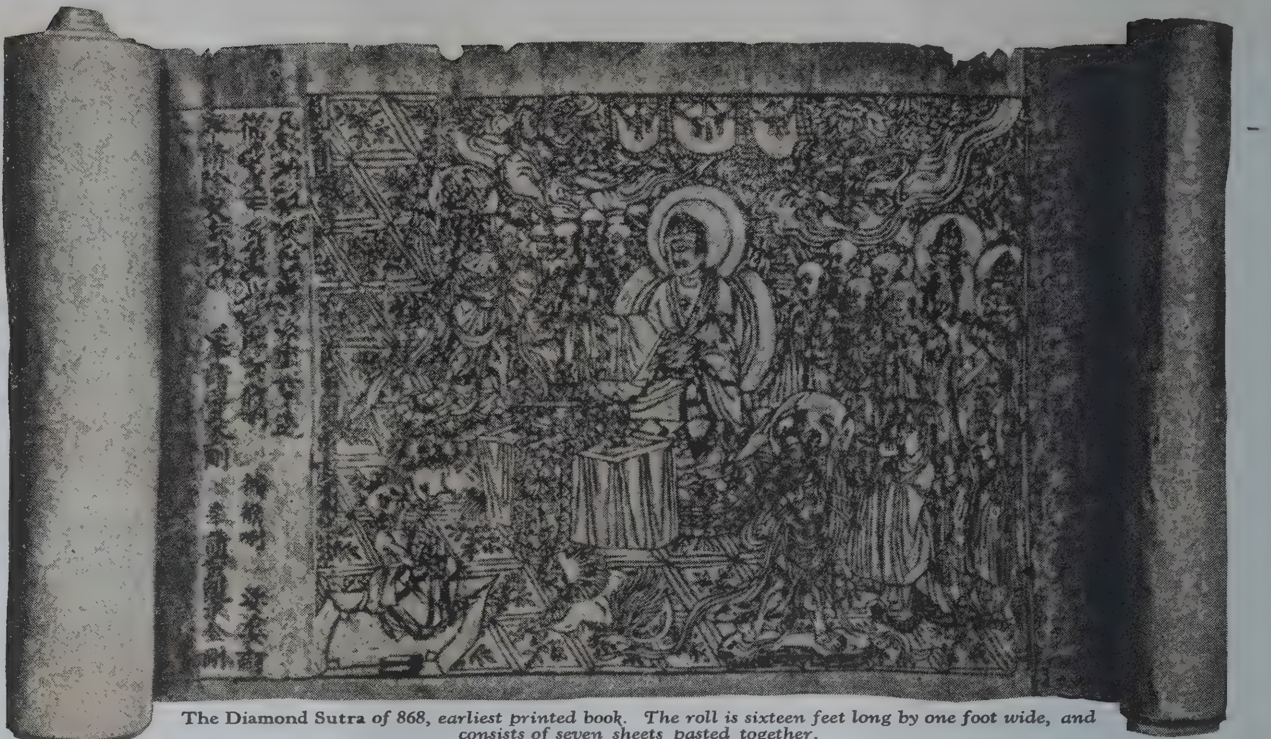
In America we have shot that hidebound tradition to pieces; or, to state it more elegantly, we have outgrown the state of mind which it represents. Medical knowledge is given freely to the public through the public prints, and if an occasional charlatan gets in, the fault is not with the practice.

Much of the most interesting reading to be found in newspapers and magazines is based on expert medical men's observations of life in sickness and in health.

Our Thoughts and Others'

THE secrets of life are open to the thinker. Thinking is the work of digging to the foundations and has the aid of higher lights. Merely having ideas is not thinking. Our minds, when they are not focused on a worthy work which engages every faculty, become the playground for ideas, but they are always other people's ideas; they are not our own, and they are not usually worth anything except the momentary excitement they cause.

We prefer the swarm of other people's ideas to our own thinking, because thinking is the hardest kind of work a mortal can do. And just because it is hardest, the higher rewards are reserved to it. Thinking calls for facts; facts are found by digging. He who has gathered this wealth is well equipped for life.



The Diamond Sutra of 868, earliest printed book. The roll is sixteen feet long by one foot wide, and consists of seven sheets pasted together.

The Invention of PRINTING in CHINA

By RANDOLPH C. ADAMS

AMONG the neglected truths of history, few are so frequently or so flagrantly ignored as the fact that printing was not invented by the white man. A copy of the Gutenberg Bible was sold in New York for $106,000. This event was followed by its quick resale for $124,000. The volume was advertised for sale in a prospectus which called it the first book printed.

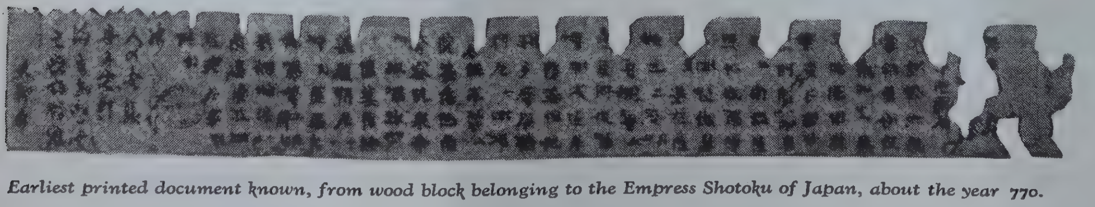
Metropolitan dailies have been commenting on an extraordinary collection of incunabula (books printed in the 15th Century) which was exhibited first in Chicago and then in New York. The newspapers have agreed with the writer of the description of these books in calling them 'the earliest printed books' and in talking about Johannes Gutenberg, who printed the celebrated 42-line Bible of 1455, as the inventor of printing. Shelves of volumes have been written on the same subject and with the great increase of interest in book-collecting now the vogue in America, these books are being reread and reëdited. They all discuss printing as though it were a thing which was invented in Europe sometime in the 1400's. Reams of paper have been used in the discussion of whether it was invented by Johannes Gutenberg of Mainz and Strasburg, or Laurens Coster of Haarlem in Holland, or Procopius at Avignon in France. But all seem to agree that the first printed book came from the press, and that the inventor of printing lived sometime in that magical 15th Century which also witnessed the discovery of America.

What are the real facts as to the origin of printing? Recently a small but very weighty volume by the late Dr. T. C. Carter of Columbia University came from the press of that institution. Its full force has not yet been felt—nor can it be until the facts ascertained are understood by writers of both popular and technical history.

The story is exceedingly simple. About the year 1900 a Chinese priest, who dwelt among the ruins of the Caves of the Thousand Buddhas far off in the central part of China, was investigating one of the caves. Back of it he found a walled-up secret chamber. The little room was about nine feet square, and it was packed to the ceiling with old manuscripts and printed books. In 1907 a representative of the British Museum got into that room and carried off about three thousand of these. In the following year a representative of the French National Library got away with a similar number. Research upon these materials began at once and the results are now made public.

From among the papers has been produced a book, in roll form, like the books of ancient Rome and Greece. It is made of rag paper. It is printed with ink upon that paper in Chinese characters and it contains in addition one woodcut picture. Its text is that of a favorite Buddhist canonical writing, *The Diamond Sutra.* It bears the name of its printer, one Wang Chieh, and it has a date which corresponds in our chronology to the year A.D. 868. Gutenberg, Coster and Procopius never saw the light of day until more than six hundred years later.

But this is not all. The researches of the English and French scholars have now determined beyond peradventure of a doubt



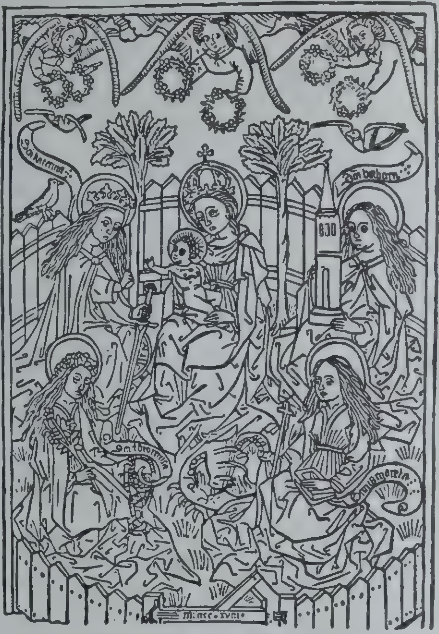
Earliest printed document known, from wood block belonging to the Empress Shotoku of Japan, about the year 770.

that the Chinese were taking impressions from stone inscriptions as early as A.D. 175. They have further ascertained that the next step—that of using cut seals as stamps (like our rubber stamps)—was being done before the fall of the Roman Empire. They have further discovered that the Japanese made actual wood-block prints in A.D. 770. This last fact puts to confusion the fight which has been raging these twenty years between a great English and a great Belgian library as to which possessed the earlier wood-block print. The English library has contended that *its* printed picture bore the undoubted date of 1423, while the Belgian library has insisted that *its* printed sheet bore the date of 1418.

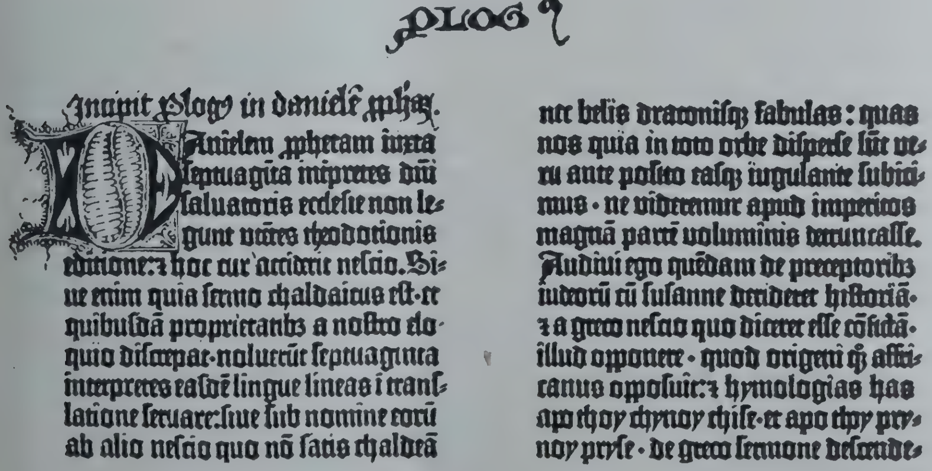
The first printed book, above referred to, was printed evidently from wooden blocks; that is, the entire page was printed from a single plate, just as our stereotype plates are today. But this does not mean that Europe can even claim the distinction of having invented movable types. Chinese records show plainly that in the year A.D. 1045 one Pi-Sheng was investigating and experimenting with movable types, each bearing a single character. These were set in an iron printing frame, which is precisely what is used in the year 1927.

Individual movable wooden types were being used in China in the 14th Century, and in A.D. 1403 the government of Korea established a department of books to cast type and print books. These types were of bronze. A copy still exists of a book printed by movable metal types bearing a title-page dated in a year which in our chronology is 1409. Europe cannot even claim to have invented printing with movable or with metal types. This was not widely adopted in China, because the printer would have to keep on hand a font of 40,000 characters as against an alphabet of twenty-six letters in Europe or America. So the Chinese early went back to printing from wooden blocks, or plates, in which an entire page could be printed at once. In the 19th Century Europeans and Americans got back to that principle also.

The contribution which Gutenberg (or whoever is supposed to have invented printing in Europe) really made to civilization was probably the invention of a mold, in which to cast individual types, and the screw printing press. On such slender foundation must rest Gutenberg's claim to be the 'father of printing.' In fact, the word printing does not even imply a printing press. Yet people will go on buying incunabula on the theory that they are buying books printed in the first century of printing, and will go on talking about the 42-line Bible of Johannes Gutenberg as the first printed book.



The Virgin of Malines, at the Royal Library, Brussels, which has long contested with the St. Christopher of England the title of being the earliest printed document. It is dated 1418.



ꝓlog

Incipit ꝓlogꝰ in danielē ꝓphā.
Danielem ꝓphetam iuxta
ſeptuaginta īterpretes dñi
ſaluatoris eccleſie non le-
gunt utētes theodotionis
editione: ꝛ hoc cur acciderit neſcio. Si-
ue enim quia ſermo chaldaicus eſt · et
quibuſdā proprietatibꝫ a noſtro elo-
quio diſcrepat · noluerūt ſeptuaginta
interpretes eaſdē lingue lineas ī tranſ-
latione ſeruare: ſiue ſub nomine eorū
ab alio neſcio quo nō ſatis chaldeā
nec belis draconiſqꝫ fabulas: quas
nos quia in toto orbe diſperſe ſūt ve-
ru ante poſito eaſqꝫ iugulante ſubici-
mus · ne videremur apud imperitos
magnā partē voluminis detruncaſſe.
Audiui ego quēdam de preceptoribꝫ
iudeorū cū ſuſanne derideret hiſtoriā ·
ꝛ a greco neſcio quo diceret eſſe cōfictā ·
illud opponere · quod origeni qꝫ affri-
canus oppoſuit: ꝛ ethimologias has
apo thoy ſchinoy ſchiſe · et apo thoy pri-
noy priſe · de greco ſermone deſcende-

Part of a page from the Gutenberg Bible, printed in Germany in 1450-1455. It has been claimed to be the first printed book, and recently a copy sold for $124,000. It was printed 587 years after the first recorded Chinese printed book.

Another Fine McIntyre Book

Slag, by John T. McIntyre, pp. 249, Scribners, $2.

In this novel Mr. McIntyre enters a field which is quite different from that of *Shot Towers* and *Blowing Weather*, but brings to it the same insight into human motives, the same appreciation of deep backgrounds which an increasing number of readers have learned to look for in his work. *Slag* was a daring title to be taken by an author who had limned such unforgettably pleasant pictures as readers of his work remember. It is a title which would seem to warn off those who like green fields and flowing seas, those who were enabled by the honest magic of McIntyre to feel the atmosphere of the taverns and tollgates of old Philadelphia. Cinders, it seems to say, after meadows, dregs after deep draughts of freshness. But there it is—*Slag*—a challenge to follow McIntyre into modern times, into hot and noisy rooming districts, among alien populations of factory workers, and the street-corner gang going rapidly to the devil. Although that last is not quite true. There is no happy ending, but the devil doesn't have everything quite his own way.

> 'In the mud and scum of things
> Something alway, alway sings.'

McIntyre certainly did not have Emerson in his mind when he wrote, because this is not a book that neatly *places* a song in the mud and scum, but really *finds* it there, because it naturally and indubitably is there. Minnie and Cochack and Rush do not know they have the song, but they are singing it just the same. Amid all the stupidity of crime and police, of industry and poverty, of idleness and greed, these people have an instinctive something that does not let them go—Cochack the consumptive cigar maker, Rush the pickpocket, Minnie the flapper, Groloch the burglar, and Father George, the priest of St. James—these are living people.

Of course, there is action. There always is in McIntyre's stories. Although the book deals with a period of about thirty-six hours, it stages one of the most intensely exciting burglaries that this reviewer remembers, with its swift police nemesis. No other burglary has ever been described from so many angles, and yet no one saw it. If the other elements of the book were not so important, if the events were not enacted against so deep a background of significance, the book could be 'blurbed' as a great story of exciting action. And it will probably be that to some. It is one of those books which one just naturally recommends.

OLD CONCORD

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

BOSTON grew out of a Plymouth root, and Concord out of Boston—all in the forepart of the 17th Century. By the old Boston road the two places are twenty miles apart, or sixteen by the turnpike, which runs up-and-down hill in a bee line from Harvard Square to Emerson's house, where it joins the older thoroughfare. During my college years I came to know both of them well, often walking home on a Saturday to spend Sunday with my family at The Wayside; and back again Monday morning early, for I must be in the chapel, listening to old Dr. Peabody's prayer, by six forty-five, which meant being up by four a. m., bolting breakfast, and away. If I arrived at my pew too late to hear Old Peabo's (so we called the good man) opening exordium, 'O Thou!' I would get a demerit, in spite of the fact that I had been awake and coming two or three good hours before my fellow worshipers were done snoring. This prompted me to moral reflections, not included in Peabo's prayer.

'The Wayside,' home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Concord. Detroit Publishing Co.

I was going to say that in 1630 or thereabout there may have been an Indian trail out Concord way, but no white man's road. Nevertheless, an insatiable pioneer—I'm sorry I can't recall his name at this moment—adventured through the forests at this juncture, in quest, I suppose, of that seclusion and peace with which the place has ever since been associated, and which its name suggests. It may have been he who, instead of bothering to build himself a hut, simply excavated a little hollow in the steep hillside on the northern side of the way, which would be warm in winter and cool in summer. I like to think that it was he who put together the framework of the little dwelling which two centuries afterward was to bear the name of The Wayside, and to be occupied by the author of *The Scarlet Letter*. It is as likely as not.

Legend says, too, that this little one-room shack—the nucleus of the edifice which succeeding generations gradually constructed upon it—was lived in at one time by an Hermetic philosopher, or Rosicrucian, engaged in the search for the elixir of life. And what more probable than that this student was also the very man who journeyed from 'Trimountain' westward to escape troublesome neighbors? It is from such hints that history is builded; and it is a mistake in judgment to doubt a good story, which is generally nearer the truth than is that poor naked illusion itself.

My father no doubt had heard the legend and used it when he came to write his *Septimius Felton*, the romance of immortality which was published after his death. But I must go on to say that before Hawthorne took possession, the house, already enlarged somewhat from its first estate, had been adopted by Bronson Alcott, his wife and his daughters; at the instance I think of Emerson, who lived half a mile farther westward along the highway. But between 1850 and 1853 were written *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of Seven Gables*, *The Blithedale Romance*, and the *Wonder-Book* stories for children; and it was thought wise to move nearer Boston, then the authentic Hub of the Universe, as Oliver Wendell Holmes had proclaimed it. Not that Hawthorne was addicted to hubs, and had he not been married and begotten offspring, I suspect that he might have preferred to stay in the little red house in Lenox. But then, had he not been married, there would have been no *Scarlet Letter*, and so no money with which to buy The Wayside.

So far as I know, the money that bought The Wayside was the first discernible concrete money that Alcott had ever seen or handled; and he promptly transferred it to the owner of the property next door—the venerable structure which Louisa dubbed 'Apple Slump.' 'Next door' meant then and there, an interval of two or three hundred yards round the spur of the hill. So there we all dwelt, side by side, but out of sight and sound of one another, in an ideal intimacy: for intimacy should always be what we want, when we want it—never at the mercy of mere physical propinquity.

With Emerson, Alcott and Hawthorne on the stage, and Thoreau intent upon cultivating his personal dignity and independence beside Walden Pond, only a couple of miles away across the meadow and among the pines, Concord had taken its place on the map. But it was not Concord's first appearance there. Men were alive in the 1850's who had heard the shot fired across Concord Bridge in 1775. And I liked, as a boy, to think of that insolent and outrageous troop of lobster-backs, with the blood of Lexington already on their hands, tramping past The Wayside on that April morning, confidently intent upon further excesses: and then, the same afternoon, tramping back again, disordered, scared, bewildered, with twenty miles of angry Yankee farmers to run the gauntlet of. And I hope the Alchemist was still sojourning in his hut at the time—and was able to account for one or two of the fugitives as they stumbled breathlessly by, with his old flintlock musket. As a boy, I was bloodthirsty against Britishers, being rather encouraged therein by my deep-rooted Yankee father.

So WAR was the first child of this ancient abode of peace! And on the same day of the month, eighty-six years later, I was privileged to stand with the crowd on Concord Green and see the marshaling of the first company of Concord volunteers, enlisted for the Civil War. Dear old Prescott, a village tradesman, was chosen colonel on the spot, and deprecatingly unsheathed a sword that had been procured for him from the nearby armory, unopened since 1787, and paced to and fro before the two lines of stern young farmers, grandsons of the heroes of the past. And there stood the mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts, tearful but smiling, more heroic than the heroes; and the ancient grandsires, stoically trying to hide their emotions. But the train to convey the company to Boston on its way south was nearly due: there was no curt, Teutonic pretense of mechanical discipline, but—'All ready, boys! Shoulder your guns and let's be off'; out broke drum and fife, and to the hallowed tune of 'Yankee Doodle' they marched away. Most of them came back, bronzed and bearded veterans, four years after; but not a few of them did not. And so once more the offspring of Concord was war!

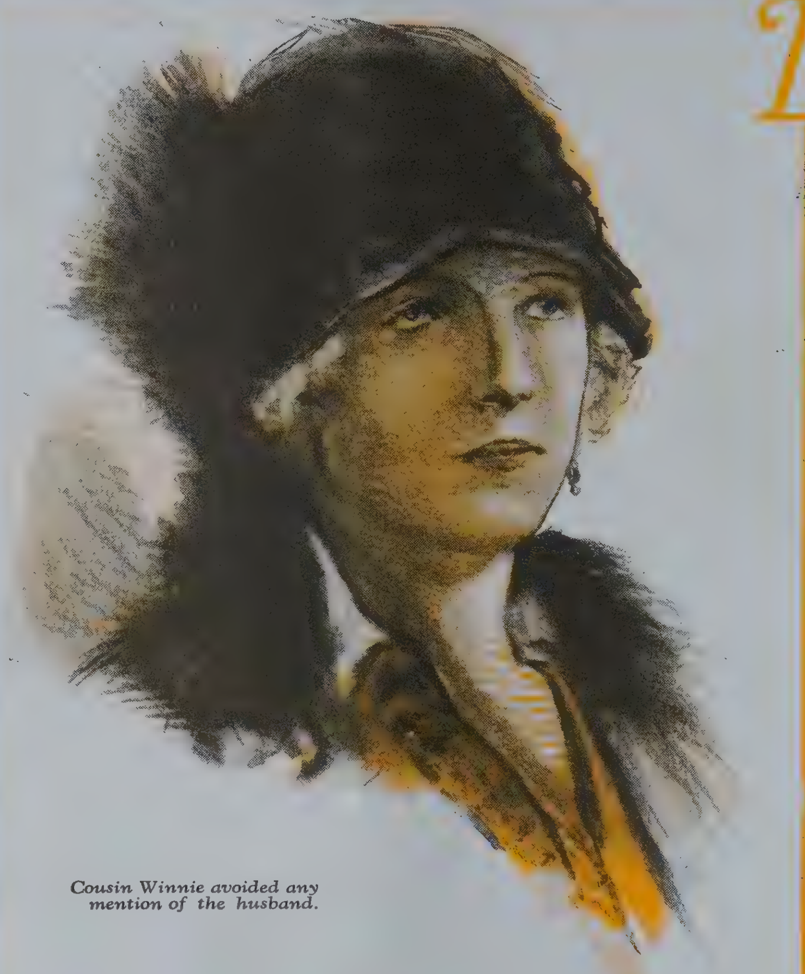
But no doubt history pays more heed to the advent of the Transcendentalists. Emerson forsook his Boston pulpit and emigrated thither about 1835; Thoreau was born, lived and died here; Alcott obeyed the Emersonian urge betimes; Ellery Channing, the wayward and peculiar, could find no other refuge, and he held on there till 1891, when he died at Sanborn's house at the age of seventy-three. But Ripley, who was I believe a relative of Emerson's, is credited with being the founder of the Transcendental cult in this country—of course it had its origin in Germanic minds—and was functioning all along, and he founded *The Dial*, which Emerson edited and wrote much of, till it died for lack of readers other than its contributors, who were choice but few. Margaret Fuller was also an egregious priestess of the movement; but her real cult was herself.

It has all passed away. One can't imagine such a thing as existing anywhere else than in Concord. But the real Concord folks, though they amiably accepted the queer comers as being an indirect compliment to the charms of the town, had but a moderate estimate of their intrinsic value. They liked Emerson—everybody liked him—but they thought him a little off. They were diverted at Thoreau's oddities, and not a little tickled when he insisted on going to jail rather than pay taxes on the Walden shack; and they chuckled outright when Emerson insulted Thoreau's dignity by paying the tax himself. It was a funny period all round—people really believing that they believed in something above sticks and stones! However, most of the sages admitted two sides to the argument, and drew the line at jail; but Thoreau was as one-sided as a silhouette, and couldn't turn round.

Hawthorne, when he came to The Wayside, was not a stranger to Concord; he had lived for a couple of years at The Old Manse, when he married Sophia Peabody. But although thus neighboring the Transcendentalists, and friendly with them, he was never of them; he had simple ideas of his own, many of them very radical, but except as he hid some of them in his stories, he was as mute as Fanny Ellsler. 'Hawthorne rides well his Horse of the Night,' remarked Emerson, smiling, after Hawthorne had sat through an evening, listening to the others talking 'about it and about,' as Omar says, but saying nothing himself. He was a good, even a stimulating listener, an uncommon quality in sages. But there was always a little uneasiness among the talkers as to

(*Continued on page 21*)

Old North Bridge over Concord River, with the 'Minute Man' Monument in the distance.



Cousin Winnie avoided any mention of the husband.

DEVOTED COUSIN WINNIE

By E. M. DELAFIELD

'LET me do it, Val.'

It seemed to me that Miss Keynsham said these words more often in one day—and one of the interminable days of board-ship life, at that—than anybody else could have said them in ten years.

Sometimes she said, 'I'll go, Val' instead. That was when the baby cried, or when Mrs. West, Val, had left something below, in their cabin. Mrs. West and Miss Keynsham and Mrs. West's one-year-old baby, all shared a cabin and I heard Miss Keynsham explaining to people that she'd arranged it that way because then Nannie could be sure of a good rest, and she herself could 'help Val with Baby' in the night.

I, Dr. Page, as a bachelor, couldn't really follow any of it. Why a nurse paid to look after a child should turn it over to her employer just at the most inconvenient moments, and how it had to be dealt with in the night, I couldn't imagine. But Miss Keynsham—Cousin Winnie we all called her, because little Mrs. West used the name so often—came on deck, as often as not, looking fairly washed out, and telling everybody that Val hadn't had any sleep at all, because Baby had needed so much attention.

Cousin Winnie had been born helpful, not a doubt of that. In the odd way that one does learn all about one's fellow passengers, we knew how she'd taken Val, as an orphan of sixteen, to live with her, and had been a good deal more than most elder sisters to her ever since. At one period or another, in the course of the following ten years, Val must have married—but about that, nobody succeeded in learning very much. The people who'd got on board at Rangoon said that the Wests had only been out there sixteen months, and that West had a job somewhere right up country, in the police. Cousin Winnie had come out with them, and nursed Mrs. West, who had been very ill before the birth of the child. Now she was taking Mrs. West and the baby home for good.

There was a general idea that the marriage hadn't been a great success, and this was borne out by the way in which Cousin Winnie avoided any mention of the husband.

Mrs. West, on the other hand, spoke of him sometimes, but I noticed after a while that she only did so when Cousin Winnie wasn't there. It looked to me, even then, as though Robin West and Cousin Winnie hadn't appreciated each other—and Cousin Winnie had won.

Valerie West was a very gentle creature, looking scarcely more than a child, with big brown eyes and a complexion that became like a roseleaf directly we'd left the heat of the Red Sea behind.

SHE must have been about twenty years younger than Miss Keynsham, who was already gray-haired, and handsome in a haggard, rather fussy sort of way. But Cousin Winnie waited on her hand and foot—or would have done so, if there hadn't been plenty of men on board who didn't give her the chance. Val was the type that men like to wait on. So Cousin Winnie had to concentrate on the baby.

'Poor little thing, her teeth are worrying her dreadfully just now,' said Cousin Winnie, pushing the pram round and round the deck, and getting tangled up with the quoit players, and the deck chairs, and the people taking constitutionals, and telling them all how sorry she was, and how Baby ought to be having her midday nap but wouldn't go to sleep.

'Why not just push the pram near the rail somewhere and leave her alone?' suggested one experienced mother.

But Cousin Winnie couldn't do that, because then Baby cried, and that worried Val, who'd had rather a bad night.

'Couldn't the nurse get her to sleep?'

'Nurse is making her food,' said Cousin Winnie. Everybody on board knew about that food.

It was in tins, in a special packing case, and the case was just too large for the cabin. It had had to go in the hold, and every two or three days there was a panic that the current tin had 'run out' and Cousin Winnie had to find the fifth officer, and plunge into the hold and unearth the packing case and extract from it just about two more tins than she could safely carry, and totter off, overladen, to the cabin.

'It's five minutes to twelve now and the stewardess hasn't brought the boiling water—it won't be cool enough for Baby to take it at twelve, and you know how impatient she gets . . . '

Mrs. West — 'Val'

'Shall I go—'

'No, let me do it, Val. You're tired. Nannie, could you take Baby for just one minute, and I'll dash to the kitchen, that'll be much the simplest really.'

But it wasn't the simplest. That was just it. The activities of Cousin Winnie produced complications, rather than simplifications, always. She was apologetic, and grateful and obliging, and painstakingly explanatory, and it was always all for the sake of Val and the baby. It all took up a great deal of other people's time, as well as the whole of her own.

Everybody said: 'Miss Keynsham *is* so devoted to little Mrs. West. It's quite wonderful.' So it was in a way.

It was wonderful, to my way of thinking, that any woman should have the audacity to say what Winnie Keynsham said to Major Adeane.

'Oh, Major Adeane, would you mind not asking Val to dance tonight? She simply can't resist it, you know, and it *is* so bad for her to stay up late. She doesn't get very good nights with Baby, and she's one of those people who can't make up for bad nights in the daytime.'

'But we shouldn't keep it up late, you know,' the poor Major protested. He was far and away the best dancer on board and his step suited Mrs. West's to perfection.

'It was past twelve when Val came to bed last night, and this morning she woke with a headache,' said Cousin Winnie reproachfully.

'By Jove, I'm sorry. She's not very strong, I'm afraid.'

'Not at all strong, though she hates me to say so. And of course she doesn't dream that I'm talking to you like this, Major Adeane. But I knew that if I told you how it was, you'd play up.'

The Major, reluctant and disconsolate, played up. What else could he do? And Cousin Winnie maneuvered Val down to the cabin, on some pretext or other, before the dancing began. My cabin was exactly opposite theirs, and I could hear them talking in the jerky sort of whisper that women do employ when they don't want to wake a child.

As I opened my door to go up on deck again—I'd only come down for tobacco—I heard a dozen words in Mrs. West's voice, and it sounded as though she was crying.

'Winnie, it feels just as though it had all been a dream. If it wasn't for Baby, I shouldn't believe I'd ever been married. The time that Robin and I——'

I got out of earshot as quickly as I could.

But the words haunted me, because they seemed to lend color to that suspicion that had already crossed my mind, about the West marriage. A woman whose marriage has been wholly unhappy doesn't say that it feels as though it had been a dream. A nightmare, perhaps, but not a dream. And there'd been something, besides, in the tone of that 'Robin and I——'

The next day I waited for an opportunity that I felt pretty certain would come.

Miss Keynsham and Mrs. West were in deck chairs, side by side as usual. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and the nurse—for once on duty—was watching the baby as it crawled up and down by the side of the rail.

The great heat had been left behind us, but it was warm enough to make everyone welcome the sight of the deck stewards, with trays of ice creams. Each lady took a dish, and of course Cousin Winnie, the ever-thoughtful, exclaimed: 'I must take one to Nannie.'

Up she jumped, and put her own plate down on the deck and hurried over to the nurse. And as I had foreseen, the nurse immediately turned over the child to Miss Keynsham—I didn't hear on what pretext—and disappeared below, ice cream and all. Cousin Winnie went down on her knees, and began to be a bowwow, or a baa lamb, and the baby, who'd been fairly quiet before, playing by itself, got restless and noisy and incoherent, and finally had to be carried all around the deck by its devoted guardian. Meanwhile, I sat down in Miss Keynsham's deserted chair.

I had talked to Mrs. West before, and danced with her on evenings when Cousin Winnie hadn't told her that she was tired and ought to go to bed, and it was easy enough to begin where we'd

The Major, reluctant and disconsolate, played up.

left off. I asked about her plans when she got to England.

'We're going to pay some visits first, and then we want to find a tiny little house near London, somewhere—Kent or Surrey.'

'We?' said I.

'Cousin Winnie and Baby and I,' she explained meekly.

'I see. Till your husband gets his leave, I suppose.'

I didn't look at her, but I felt her start, and a woman who was less gentle would almost certainly have snubbed me for the impertinence.

But I held a trump card.

'Do you know, Mrs. West, I'm almost sure that I know your husband. I was on the China coast five years ago, and there was a Robin West sharing a bungalow with three other fellows—one of them, Sandy McCall, was a pal of mine.'

Dr. Page.

'I've often heard of Sandy McCall!' she exclaimed. 'Of course it was Robin. He was out there in 1920 to '21. But I don't remember—'

'Oh, no,' I interrupted. 'I was simply one of the older men, I expect, to him, and not particularly interesting. But we've played poker together many a time, and polo, too.'

'He's had to give up polo now,' she sighed. 'Too expensive.'

Her eyes strayed toward the baby, who had by this time compelled Cousin Winnie back to its original corner of the deck, and was amusing itself by clawing at her hair.

I, also, looked at the baby and then back at its charming mother.

'He must be very proud of little—er—Mary.'

'Margaret—' she corrected gently. 'Margaret Winifrede.'

'I meant Margaret, of course. Is she like him?'

'Yes, very.'

'She'll have altered, I suppose, by the time he sees her again. Don't babies of that age alter rather quickly?'

'Very quickly,' she conceded.

'Bad luck for poor old Robin, seeing you both go off and having to stay behind.'

There was a silence.

I was almost sure that she was trying to make up her mind to say something.

It came at last.

'I—I'm supposed not to be able to live out in the East any more. They say I can't stand the climate.'

They!

'Do you mean never?'

She nodded, looking at me very miserably.

Now the Far East is trying for many women, and not exactly rejuvenating for any. But a doctor knows very well that the woman who can't live out there—given reasonable spells of leave, of course—is one in, perhaps, ten thousand. In the other 9,999 cases, for *can't* read *won't.*

'But what about West's job, then?' said I slowly. 'Will he have to chuck the force?'

'It isn't a very good moment for chucking jobs, is it?' she said hesitatingly. 'I mean, everybody says there's absolutely nothing to be had in England. I know simply heaps of men—married ones too—who'd take any job in the world, and can't find one.'

'So do I.'

There was another pause.

'And Robin gets leave at the end of five years?' I said at last.

'Yes.'

Her voice was very low, and she wasn't looking at me.

'Burma is a bad country for a man to live alone in, Mrs. West,' I said at last. 'Too much drinking, and too many third-rate women about. Please forgive me, if you think I've no right to speak like this.'

'I'm not angry,' she said in the same low voice. 'It's what I've often thought myself. But what can I do?'

'You can go back to your husband,' I suggested rather brutally.

But I was beginning to see that what she wanted was someone who would give her the courage to put her own inmost conviction into words.

'Many women stay at home to look after their babies and let their husbands go to the East alone,' she pointed out.

'Not till the children are four or five years old, though, and in your case that needn't be considered yet.'

'I know.'

'You could have the next three and a half years—four and a half, if he's due for leave then—with your husband and your child, all together.'

'We were all together before—he and Baby and I, and Cousin Winnie. Out there.'

'Miss Keynsham was living with you?' I tried to keep my voice colorless.

'Well, practically. It was supposed to be a long visit, but she's been such an angel to me always, and we're such friends—'

There was a splintering sound beneath me. Major Adeane, briskly returning from deck quoits, had stepped into the little glass plate that held Cousin Winnie's neglected ice.

'It's all my fault!' she cried, hastening up to us.

'No, Val, let me—don't touch it—you'll cut yourself.'

'Miss Keynsham—I'm so frightfully sorry—I say, *please* don't spoil your handkerchief—' The Major was in great distress.

I called to a passing steward, and asked him to clear up the mess.

Mrs. West's baby arrived on its hands and knees, and Miss Keynsham interposed herself frenziedly between it and the broken glass. And she tried to wipe the ice cream splashes off the Major's white shoes with her handkerchief, and she implored Val not to move, and was just going to beg me not to disturb myself when she looked up and saw, presumably, that I wasn't going to.

On the contrary, I left them to the fuss, so typical of Cousin Winnie's devotion.

(To be concluded in an early issue.)

Sunspots *Are* Caused by —— *What?*

By ARVID REUTERDAHL

AT ONE time it was believed that the dark sunspots were of a higher temperature than the lighter colored portions of the sun's mass. About a half-century ago, however, Secchi and Langley made measurements of the radiation of the sunspots and proved that the old assumption was wrong. It is now a well-established fact that the radiation power of a sunspot is less than the lighter colored portions of the sun. Dr. See, Director of the Mare Island Observatory, concludes that sunspots are not due to eruptions from within but are caused by conditions existing in the region outside of and beyond the sun. If sunspots are due to the descent of cooler matter into the interior of the sun, then Dr. See reasoned that the sun's temperature, in the zone of a sunspot, should increase toward the sun's center. Dr. See's conclusions and careful calculations indicate a rapid increase in temperature when we consider ourselves progressing toward the sun's center of gravity.

AFTER Dr. See abandoned the idea that sunspots were caused by internal eruptions, he looked for a tangible source of influx of material into the sun from without. The periodic showers of meteors precipitated by Jupiter and Saturn were finally shown to be the primary cause of the phenomenon. A study of the orbits of Jupiter and Saturn in connection with their relative gravitational ability to throw meteors upon the sun brought out the fact that the period of this meteoric bombardment is 11.178 years. This means that every 11.178 years the sun is subjected to a meteoric bombardment by the planets Jupiter and Saturn.

We find the sunspot lagging behind the meteoric-bombardment period by a few years. The work of Sir George Airy on the phenomenon of the tides cast a further light on the sunspot phenomenon.

The next step in Dr. See's brilliant deductions is logically unavoidable. We recall the unusual high temperature which prevailed during the summer of 1921. In reference to this fact Dr. See states: 'A maximum of meteors had fallen into our sun, under the action of Jupiter and Saturn, which were in conjunction August 22, 1921, right in midsummer; the result was that every country of the Northern Terrestrial Hemisphere was scorched and had its vegetation burnt up to an almost unprecedented degree.'

We have seen that the average sunspot period is 11.178 years. The periodic recurrence of high temperature on our earth, however, depends, according to Dr. See, upon the relative positions of Jupiter and Saturn in relation to the Sun. Every 9.92945 years—or ten years, lacking twenty-six days—the sun will receive the downpour of meteors from these two planets. See concludes that 'the sun ought to be heated up to unusual temperatures about every ten years.' The droughts of 1881, 1891, 1901, 1911, 1921 are yet remembered and testify to the correctness of Dr. See's theory. He predicts another drought equal in its intensity to the one of 1921 for the year A. D. 2061 In the interim droughts will be less intense.

Constructing *the* PERFECT MAN

By WILLIAM A. McGARRY

DR. R. TAIT McKENZIE, professor of physical education, and director of that department at the University of Pennsylvania, is given credit by scientific trainers of men for placing their work on a professional basis in which knowledge takes the place of guesswork. He was the first physician and surgeon to see in this field an opportunity for constructive health betterment work.

Art was always a hobby with Dr. McKenzie. In his leisure he had learned to model and to draw, solely, at first, for his own amusement. Then, when he had become interested in physical training for the prevention of disease and the increase of day-to-day efficiency, he suddenly realized that sculpture offered the same opportunity of inspiring men and women of today that it did two thousand years ago in the great days of Greece.

Dr. McKenzie had been a specialist in anatomy, and he now renewed his studies, scrutinizing the details of the human body with the eye of an artist. He was born in Ontario, Canada, in 1867, and was educated at Ottawa Collegiate Institute and McGill University, Montreal, with postgraduate work at the Harvard Summer School in physical training methods. In 1894 he became medical director of physical training at McGill. Seven years later Dr. McKenzie had won international renown as a sculptor and in 1901 he was asked to give a course on artistic anatomy before the Montreal Art Association. Later this series was repeated at the Harvard Summer School, and in 1904 he delivered the Olympic lecture course at St. Louis. Painters and workers in clay and bronze who were considered masters of their art came to these lectures to learn the why and the wherefore of the human system. And just about then the world awoke to the fact that a new sculptor had arrived with a technique that has been compared to some of the noblest examples of the ancient Greek masters. 'The Sprinter' and 'The Athlete,' by Dr. McKenzie, both came to public attention in 1902, winning him world-wide renown.

His work has been exhibited at the Salon, the Royal Academy and elsewhere ever since these first notable successes.

W. P. Ogilvie describes how the first two works were produced:

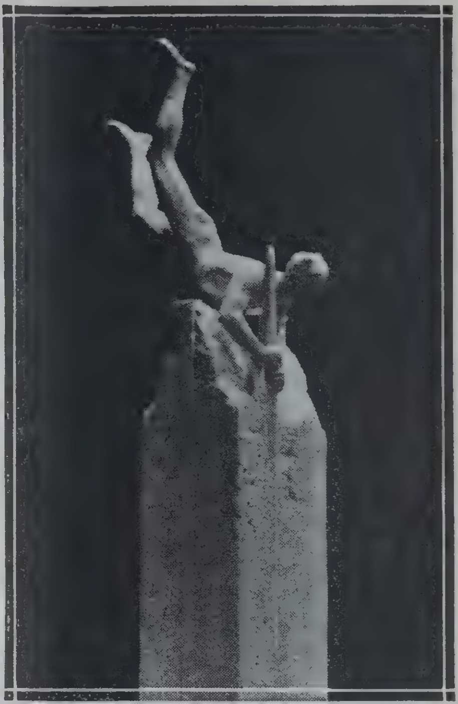
'The Sprinter statuette is one-quarter life-size and, in proportion, is an exact mathematical reduction of the average obtained from the measurements of about one hundred runners who could cover their hundred yards in ten and two-fifths seconds or less. The measurements were supplied by Dr. Paul C. Phillips of Amherst College, and include those of many great sprinters of recent years. The figure may be said to represent the type that has been most successful in trials of speed—long-limbed, small-boned, well-muscled, and square-chested.

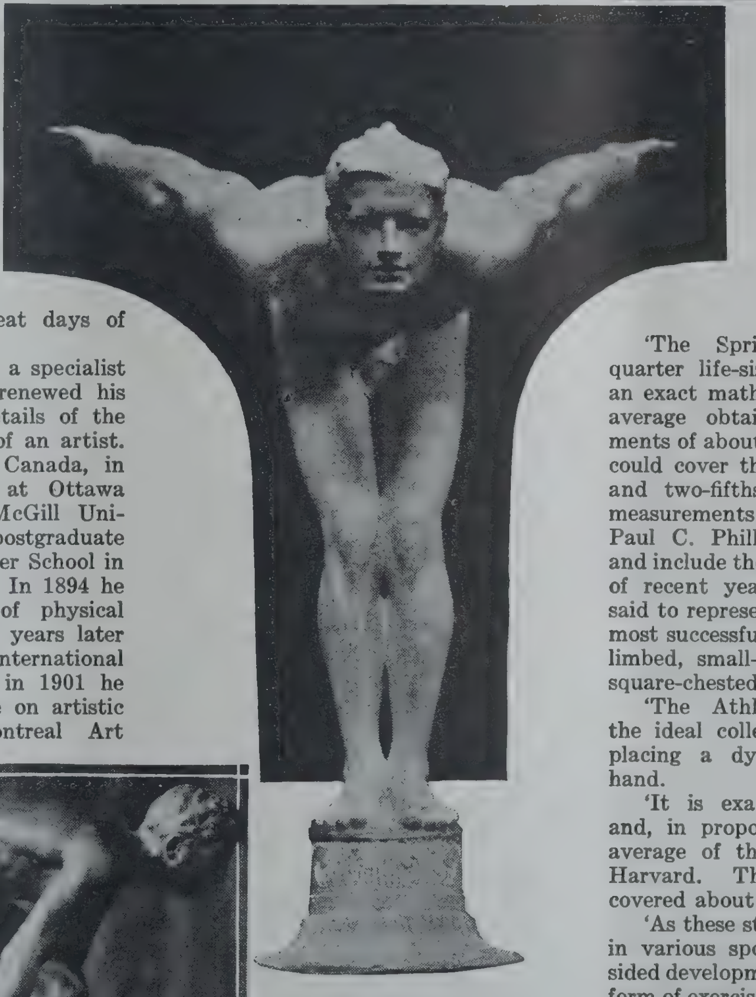
'The Athlete statuette represents the ideal college athlete in the act of placing a dynamometer in his right hand.

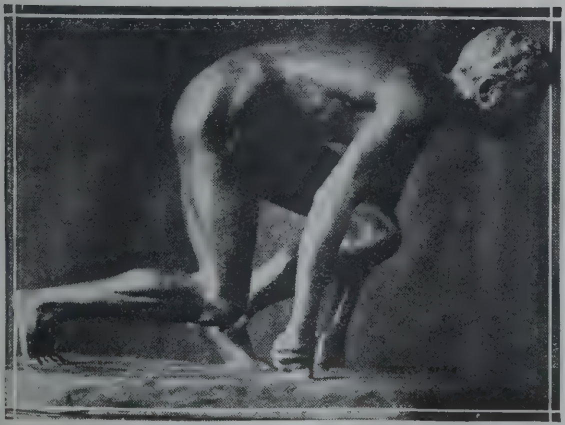
'It is exactly one-quarter life-size, and, in proportion, corresponds to the average of the fifty strongest men at Harvard. The necessary observations covered about four hundred men.

'As these students were distinguished in various sports and games, the one-sided development resulting from any one form of exercise was avoided, and the all-round athlete type was thus obtained.

'The work occupied one year, and it was found necessary to refer to five different models, the strongest points being selected to attain the greatest possible power, grace and beauty.'







Three of the McKenzie bronzes, picturing the ideal in various lines of sport, which have been reproduced by the thousand. The originals, as a rule, are made one-quarter life-size. At the top is 'The Pole Vaulter'; center, 'The Plunger'; and at the bottom, 'The Sprinter.' The details are so painstakingly worked out that one model required a year of daily work.

The old manse of John Knox in High Street, Edinburgh.

Where JOHN KNOX *Preached*

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

EDINBURGH is another Holy Land to Protestants.

Here, it was that many of the great theological battles were fought.

Here, the Free Church movement had its birth. And John Knox is a name that reverberates among the hills and vales that environ this fair city. Here the voice of that great thunderer echoes from castle to castle, from crag to crag, from heart to heart.

Here, one walks amid the hallowed memories of this great Protestant pioneer's home. Here one stands in the little alcove which is called 'The Preaching Window,' from which John Knox used to stand and address the crowds that thronged the street below, after following him from St. Giles' Cathedral to his home.

Here, in this house, one may stand in the study where Knox's great sermons were dreamed and formulated. Here, one may stand in the very room where he breathed his last. Here, in this house, may one walk through low passageways, under dwarfed ceilings and feel that John Knox still lives.

One may read great sayings of a great soul, and, as one reads, it seems the voice of the reformer still speaks.

On the outside of this house, carved in old English lettering is an ancient trade guild motto:

'Lvfe . . God . . Abvfe . . al . . and yi . . nychtbovr . . as . . yi . self.'

John Knox occupied this house from 1559, when he returned from his enforced banishment in Geneva, to his death on November 24, 1572. On the walls a statement by Thomas Randolph, in a tribute to John Knox which reads:

'I assure you the voice of John Knox—this one man—is able in one hour to put more life in us than five hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears.'

Phrases like those that John Knox spoke still resound through the years. His controversy with Mary Queen of Scots is well known. We stood in the room in Holyrood Palace where Mary Queen of Scots gave her audiences to John Knox when the reformer was trying to convert her from Catholicism to Protestantism; and when he was fighting for fairer treatment of the newborn Protestant church. Mary was trying to hush the voice of John Knox and to influence his preaching. His replies to her are immortal classics. One such rings out in these pregnant words: 'I am in the place where I am demanded of my conscience to speak the truth and therefore the truth I speak. Impugn it who list!'

In one of the famous conferences with Mary the following episode took place:

'By your grace's will I am here now, and what will men say of me that I am away from my book waiting at the court?'

St. Giles' Cathedral.

'Your book! Your book! Ye will not be always at your book,' replied the queen.

As Knox left the room, one of the lords-in-waiting said, 'A bold knave! he is not afraid!'

Knox turned and replied, 'I have looked in the faces of many angry men and not been afraid; why should the pleasing face of a woman frighten me?'

St. Giles' Cathedral, and Edinburgh Castle share honors. They loom like mountain peaks against the sky when seen from the vale below.

I sat within the great cathedral and heard the music of the organ roll and reverberate through its venerable walls just as once boomed the voice of John Knox.

There is a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson within these portals and one feels that it is fitting, for Robert Louis Stevenson has endeared himself to all Scotsmen. His roots were in this wonderful city, and memorials of him are on every hand.

The original church of St. Giles was erected as early as 854.

The famous Lantern Tower was built in 1495, three years after Columbus discovered America. As one watches this tower from Princes Street gardens, sitting by the memorial to Sir Walter Scott, this lighted beacon shines out through the night like a brilliant planet.

In 1559 John Knox preached for the first time in this ancient edifice.

In 1650 Cromwell's troops used St. Giles' in which to worship, and members of the general assembly were expelled from it by the great commoner.

One of the chief features of the long transept of St. Giles' is the collection of Scottish flags. The flags of every Scottish regiment from the year 1790 are here.

Forty beautiful stained-glass windows form one of the most striking features of the edifice, and a statue of John Knox, with cap, gown and Bible stands in one of the naves. His long beard, his flashing eyes, and right hand pointing to the Bible which he holds in the left hand, seem to sum up the passion of his life: that of interpreting the Book to men.

Somehow, in the dim cloisters of this great cathedral this statue seems to live and move in immortal life.

The great organ is a symbol of his preaching voice. The pulpit as the symbol of his theological throne, still stands in silent tribute. The aspiring arches and pinnacles symbolize his visions of immortality.

St. Giles' Cathedral is one of the truly great worshiping places of the wide world.

Old Concord

(*Continued from page 15*)

whether Hawthorne's genial silence mightn't have a touch of irony in it—some covert criticism. So unusual is silence, and so difficult to interpret! I don't know. I suppose my father didn't always agree, and didn't enjoy argument; he had spent twelve years of his young manhood, after leaving college, in almost complete solitude in the old house in Salem; his gifts and aptitudes were not forensic. He perhaps surmised that when thought attires itself in speech, it is apt to miss the way, or to step on its own feet.

Ever since I could remember, however, he had been abundantly eloquent to me, during our daily walks abroad, on the subjects of giants, fairies and magicians; and of patriotism, which I early learned to understand as warlike indignation against England for her tyrannous attempts to enslave us. But there was always a smiling stream of humor running brook-like through these harangues or tales; so that my animosity against the English was akin to my resentment against Giant Despair and the wicked enchanters; it was all in a world of the imagination, and inexhaustibly delightful; and so when we lived in England, I defied and would destroy the English as a race, or in the abstract, while liking very much such individuals as I was brought in contact with. The education he gave me was spiritual, though it was many years before I recognized that.

NO sooner had we begun to domesticate ourselves in The Wayside, and had given it its name—as standing almost within arm's reach of the highway, which however was almost as free from traffic as a squirrel track—than Hawthorne's old friend Franklin Pierce, then become President of the United States, nominated him for the consulship at Liverpool, England. It was an opportunity not to be missed to see Europe, and still more to make it known to us children. So off we all went, in the little steamer *Niagara* of the Cunard line, paddle-wheeled and hardly two hundred feet long. During the seven years of our absence, our Uncle Nat Peabody occupied The Wayside and kept it in good order. Upon our return we began promptly to domesticate ourselves again. But my pleasure in my repatriation was a good deal dampened by the fact that I was to become a pupil in Frank Sanborn's famous school.

Theretofore, all I knew I had been taught at home: and Charles Dickens' account of Dotheboys Hall may have inflamed my natural aversion for alien instruction. Perceiving this, my father, with a peculiar arching of his right eyebrow, drew an imaginative picture of the terrors and tortures to which I was to be subjected by Master Sanborn—there would be a birch rod hanging up beside the pedagog's desk, to be daily applied to negligent or unintelligent pupils. Master Sanborn was six feet three inches in height, and he had victoriously engaged emissaries of the United States, who had been sent to arrest him for confederating with John Brown against the peace of the realm. As for the other pupils, I would probably have to fight my way through them; they would be incensed at my European culture—should a group of them attack me, 'Be sure to pick out the biggest of them, and go for him!'

I put on a D'Artagnan air, but I suffered in secret. It was all right for my father to make fun, but the matter seemed to me to have its serious side. I thought I might be able to make good against my fellow pupils, but I couldn't hope to overcome a man of the range and reach of Master Sanborn. I looked forward to school as to a sort of shambles. 'Can you fight?' asked my cousin, Benjy Mann, a malign little imp of mischief. 'Yes'; and I recounted some of my exploits against English boys. But Benjy shook his head ominously.

BEFORE the fall term began, Sanborn called at our house: an appalling figure, far overtopping my father, whom I had supposed to be the tallest man in the world. Oh, he smiled and bowed and was very silky and polite; he even addressed me with a suave smile; but I saw through him! When he got me alone, it would be a different story!

On the appointed morning, I set off alone, my father watching me off with a heartless smile, making gestures as of chastisement. 'If I'm killed, perhaps he'll be sorry!' was my reflection as I strode onward.

It was a beautiful, sunny September morning; the maple leaves were beginning to turn gold and scarlet, the great elms for which Concord was renowned casting their shadows along my path. I should have quoted Burns:

'Oh, birds, how can ye sing such songs,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care.'

I passed Emerson's bland white house, standing foursquare amidst its trees: soon I had reached the village meeting-house, with its sharp spire and high steps, the little acclivity on which it stood glowing with maples. Now through the village main street, short but wide: the post office facing Walcott and Holden's grocery store across the way. Now, bearing slightly toward the left, I could discern the school itself on the right of the peaceful street. A great moment!

'Fourscore and five years ago, that British regiment marched here to its doom, and now, I!'

SANBORN'S famous seat of learning was of dimensions and architecture identical with hundreds of others scattered over the United States. Most of the latter, however, were painted red; Sanborn's was gray; the dungeons of the Inquisition were gray; and the doorposts were studded with the initials of captives and victims—the recent paint failed to obliterate them. The building filled the small lot in which it stood, the façade being separated from the street by a space of some five feet only and a low rail fence. On the top rail, as I approached, half a dozen boys sat, chatting together with seeming cheerfulness; they were dressed in short jackets and trousers. I had trousers, but a coat instead of a jacket, and a hat instead of a cap. The cold looks they cast upon me as I paused before them made me regret my divergence from the local fashions—they probably thought me a Britisher. But I put on a mien of good fellowship, and perched on the rail beside the last of the row. There was silence for a while and then one of them made a remark which I didn't catch, but it may have been funny, because they all chuckled. Perhaps it would be followed by a direct insult, and then the fight would begin. I glanced at the biggest boy, two or three removed from me down the line. I thought I might lick him, if the others didn't mix in. Just then the door of a house on the opposite side of the street opened, and out came a long-legged, black-clad figure, down the path to the gate, across the road—long slack-kneed stride, shoulders stooping a little, preoccupied air—Master Sanborn himself! As he passed through the rail fence and up the four steps to the school door, he gave a slight, pleasant nod to the boys on the railing—we had already got off—and we followed him into the school. The clock on the wall marked eight forty-five, and school had opened.

It is sixty-five years since then. What followed is dim in my memory, but I know that as he took his seat at the high desk in the south end of the room he must have assigned me—beckoning me to him—a place somewhere provisionally. I went to it, and became all eyes, curiosity, and apprehensions, although the latter were somewhat allayed. I was being carried over Niagara in a wheelbarrow, but it wasn't so bad as I had expected.

THERE were about sixty pupils in the wheelbarrow with me, of whom twenty were girls. I hadn't realized till then that it was a boy-and-girl school—the first of that kind indeed; we were pioneers. I feared girls, not with hostility, but somewhat as saints fear the Lord. The other boys appeared to treat them as a special kind of boy, not amenable to boy rules, but tolerable in their rather futile way. The girls were very girlish, but nice—little ladies; the boys were (at least in the rough) gentlemen.

I was in love often—all the time perhaps—with one or another of these pretty maids, but I never reached the point of telling my love, still less of kissing the girl; that would have spoiled the romance. The truth is, that young folk in their teens (if not sophisticated and soiled by the meddling of too sagacious and profane elders) are in love with ideals, imaginary creations that they have found in some story or picture. As they happen upon some concrete person who, by effort and ingenuity not too violent, can be masqueraded for the ideal rôle, the music of love plays sweetly for awhile—until some discord betrays the hallucination, and, after a period of pleasing despair, a fresh masquerader is chosen. I was in love with Tennyson's 'Maud,' for example, and also with his 'Guinevere,' and his 'Gardener's Daughter,' and with the proud Señorita in Mayne Reid's *The White Chief*, with the portrait of the Duchess in an illustrated copy of *Don Quixote*, and with the girl in Millais' picture of *The Huguenot*, and . . . there were many others. I could discern any of these heroines through the disguise of Maggie Plumley, Grace Mitchell, Lizzie Simmons, Lily Nelson: they never suspected my passion, for I had discretion enough to keep aloof, except perhaps for a waltz or polka mazurka or schottische at a school dance. The music played: those were divine moments! And for a week or a month, I would, like Shelley, awake from dreams of her. But the spiritual ideal would wait all the while beneath the show. The secret knowledge that that supernal ideal can *never* become actual is the most delicious emotion of all!

'Coeds,' then, are a good thing in principle, and if treated right. The nickname, Coed, had not been invented in 1860, and perhaps the institution itself has never prospered so well as in those first golden-age years of Sanborn's school. It is said that our school girls and boys are as good as they were in mid-Victorian times, or better; I can only say that few persons are now living who were living then, and are thus qualified to deliver judgment. We are in the game, to play it out, and some remote posterity shall pronounce the final verdict.

I will go back to the school to remark that my expectations of battle and torture were never verified; there was never a stand-up fight between any of the boys, and Sanborn never but once inflicted physical chastisement upon a pupil. The youth had brought in a pocketful of snuff that morning, which he disseminated covertly, and soon Sanborn awoke to the realization that his whole school was at sneeze!

AT THE sneeze, however, the lion was aroused. The pupil responsible for the outrage was invited, quietly but terribly, to arise and declare himself. Silence; then, up stood the culprit. He was rather a favorite with the rest of us; good-humored and entertaining; he bore himself at that tense moment with a somewhat pallid smile. Another silence, the master seeking self-control. Then, in quiet tones, he set forth the enormity of the offense. That done, he arose, took up a ruler from the desk, and motioned to the condemned to follow him into the little hat room off the lobby. The two disappeared, and the school sat fearfully expectant, some of the girls whimpering softly, but hardly a whisper broke the stillness. Nothing of the scene of the execution could be seen, but its invisibility but rendered it all the more impressive. To our ears, for the first minute, only the sound of Sanborn's voice came through the partition; he was perhaps telling his victim that what he was about to do would hurt the administrator more than the receiver. Then, 'whack! whack! whack!' Grace Mitchell moaned and hid her lovely face in her hands.

The procession presently returned, Sanborn first, his face flushed and agitated but stern; then the snuff dispenser, also flushed but contriving to grin, and carrying his right hand gingerly. To him Sanborn said, after resuming his desk, 'You are excused for the rest of the afternoon session,' and then, 'The class in *Horace* may recite.'

That was all, during my three or four years at the school. We discussed the episode fully and decided that on the whole it was right enough; we pardoned the executioner, while by no means withdrawing favor from the victim.

The schoolroom was filled with desks and stools in two sections, with an aisle down the center, and two narrower ones at the sides. In the middle of the room was a big stove with a funnel up through the roof. The walls at the sides and end were paneled with blackboards, on which our attempts at arithmetic, algebra and geometry would be set forth. Utensils shaped like wooden ladles, with thick felt in place of bowls, hung at intervals beside the blackboards; at first I thought they must be weapons of chastisement, until I saw Asa Collier rubbing out his addition sum with one of them. With the single exception of the studies, I came to like the school very much, though I never could quite feel that I liked Sanborn, while conceding his merits. But when, fifty years after my school days, I visited Concord on a sentimental pilgrimage, and he and I, two white-headed old men, sipped a light beverage and talked over past times, I felt a great affection for him. He was a good man and had always done what he deemed right; he had backed John Brown and defied the United States, but the war had vindicated him. He was an ingrained rebel, however, and when I last saw him, though he was more than eighty years old, he was prosecuting a vigorous warfare against the village selectmen, who tried to make him pay for the drain which passed by his house. He would appear at the meetings, denounce his oppressors, and walk out, declaring that he was too old, and had too much useful work to do, to submit to such nonsense. He was the last survivor of the ancient régime—the Grand Old Man of Concord, *vice* the others deceased. 'Shoot, if you will, this old gray head; I'll pay no tax for drains,' he said. And he died triumphant a few years later.

Thoreau had passed away in 1862; his was the first dead face I had ever looked upon, waxen-like and dark-bearded in his coffin. Twenty years later I saw Emerson to his grave, near my father's, on the hill of Sleepy Hollow. As the coffin was lowered, I thought to myself, 'There goes Concord!' Alcott, however, was still functioning, and took to cover only in 1888, I think; he was the benign apostle at the meetings of the Concord School of Philosophy, on the little elevation back of his own Apple Slump. Louisa, the beloved, died almost on the same day as her father. So, as the loftier mountains subsided, Sanborn, still holding out, naturally succeeded to their halos. Time brings reward as well as revenge, and the black-haired young Harvard graduate who had directed my boyish studies chatted with me as a contemporary two generations later. The perspectives of life are queer!

But there still is Concord, older than ever, but up to the passing day, spreading out in its shallow, fertile valley, between the low ridge of hills on the north and the pine woods and Walden on the south; a brook, dear to my boyhood, runs through the valley to Concord River; Emerson's house is where it was, and so is The Wayside. The sons of the heroes of 1775 and of 1861 are doubtless there, too, and would say that, after all invasions and vicissitudes, they are the real Concord.

Well, why not? But I recall Emerson's 'Earth-Song':

Why am I theirs,
When they hold not me,
But I hold them?

When I heard the Earth-song,
I was no longer brave:
My avarice cooled,
Like lust in the chill of the grave.

Low Wages in France

(Continued from page 3)

corresponding to our congressman, to the munificent sum of forty-five thousand francs a year; this is about eighteen hundred dollars a year. Hardly a newspaper in France has refrained from making remarks about the legislators who are trying to reduce the budget, and begin by increasing their own salaries.

The professional classes have one resource which is not so commonly found in America, namely family inheritance. There are hundreds of officials in libraries and in museums, as well as hundreds of professional men, who are able to maintain a decent standard of living due to income received from inherited *'rentes'* or bonds. The French custom of the *'dot'* which the wife brings to her husband is connected with the attempt to maintain a decent standard.

SOME difficulty is being experienced in keeping European workmen content at wages such as those mentioned above. It may be stated that these wages are not peculiar to France and are quite similar to wages paid in Spain and Denmark, countries not directly affected by the war, as well as in the other countries with depreciated currencies. The American motion picture contributes one way and another in contrasting the status of the European laborer with that of his brother in America. While this is done by the films incidentally, even accidentally, and not as propaganda, the effect is of sufficient seriousness that efforts are being made to counteract the influence. To the European workman the notion that a carpenter or bricklayer rides to work in his own car seems fantastic. But this is the type of information which the film spreads, and when supported by other evidence the European worker will finally believe it. It will not serve to make the worker more contented with his lot.

Note that the facts given about wages refer to cities with more than ten thousand inhabitants. While it is true that wages are less in the villages and in rural districts, the actual economic situation is better.

The peasants are really thriving since the prices of farm products are largely determined in the cities. The peasant long ago learned to do without things.

ONE result of the economic situation in France is that the great majority of women engage in some gainful occupation. Unfortunately this includes thousands of mothers who should be at home taking care of the family. The laborer leads a drab kind of existence with little to stimulate him to a complete interest in his work. For the great mass of workers there is no escape, either for them or for their children. The low wages occasion a fundamental disrespect for human beings, shown particularly in the attitude toward women.

Some day a great industrialist may arise in France willing and able to try the experiment of a living wage for the factory worker. But unless that day does come soon the workers who are now voters may realize their power and may endeavor by political effort or by revolution to achieve a decent standard of living, a fuller measure of life, to which the real worker is entitled.

'PREXIES' Who Are Collegiate

By SAM CARR

Left—Dr. Alfred H. Upham, selected to be the next president of Miami University.

Below—Dr. Raymond M. Hughes, the retiring head of the institution.

IN CASE the Ask-Me-Another craze has overlooked it, let us put this question:

Who, what and why are college presidents?

Vox Populi himself, who can name a dozen football coaches, their pet gridiron formations and team records, will nod dubiously, as if the question were unfair, and pass on to the next one.

But there are college presidents, authorized to control the formative period of thousands upon thousands of men and women, to whom are intrusted millions of dollars for annual expense and 'plants' (buildings, equipment and the like) worth many more; not to mention campus customs which must be cherished and kept untarnished.

To know the type of men chosen for college presidents it might be well to stop at Oxford, Ohio, a typical college town of not many more than two thousand population, excluding students and faculty families, whereas the 'college population' will go to three thousand.

There is located Miami University, a coeducational institution, supported by the state. Dr. Raymond M. Hughes has recently resigned and Dr. Alfred H. Upham will soon take his place. Both are graduates of Miami University.

Dr. Hughes was graduated in 1893, being one of a class of eight. Dr. Upham was graduated four years later and he was one of a class of eleven.

Trustees at Miami University knew Dr. Hughes before they made him a college president. He had been a student four years. Then he was recalled to teach chemistry and physics five years later, after he had taken postgraduate work at Ohio State University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and had taught two years in a high school.

Trustees knew him so well that he soon was given added duties with the official title of registrar, an executive post. He was made dean in 1904 and served as 'right-hand man' to Dr. Guy Potter Benton, then president, until 1911 when Dr. Benton resigned, ultimately to become president of the University of the Philippines, at Manila.

Dr. Hughes, intent on his chemistry experiments and teaching, balked when asked to become acting president. He served, however, and so well that he stuck and now he has a call to the presidency of the Iowa State Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa.

The case of Dr. Upham, to be his successor, is similar. Without foresight, perhaps, he was storing up knowledge of his job while compiling data for a book reciting some events in the history of Miami University. Some day he may show he has learned a lesson from the reign of Erasmus D. MacMaster, a one-time president of his alma mater.

'Erasmus D. MacMaster was a leader among the old-school Presbyterians,' so the book recites. 'As they used to say, he was a very painful preacher, and his ponderous antitheses and periods searched the heart of weighty questions as they rolled deliberately from his tongue.

'He had remarkable success later teaching in a theological seminary; but he could never understand or reach the heart of a tow-headed graduate. That particular phase of original sin was too much for him.

'Not the least of Doctor MacMaster's troubles was his tendency to take prompt and decided stands on mooted questions, and then express himself freely. The Mexican War came rather early in his administration. He didn't believe in it, and said so plainly in a chapel sermon.

'The local recruiting officer was in the congregation, exuding patriotism at every pore. Naturally the sermon gave him a chill, and he retaliated with martial methods.

'With a band of fellow patriots he pulled a cannon down by the doctor's home that night, and fired it there, shattering all the glass in the windows and rudely disturbing the doctor's musings on predestination. Indignant friends of the president afterward secured the cannon, dragged it down in the campus, burned the running gear and threw the barrel into a cesspool.

'Unfortunately, there were days to follow when you could hardly have mustered enough friends of the president, indignant or otherwise, to drag a medium-sized popgun.'

Dr. Upham has just concluded a successful term of seven years as president of the University of Idaho. Another paragraph from his book might serve to illustrate his knowledge of college boy psychology, if there is such a thing:

'Nowadays we parade in our curricula various stilted but imposing courses in public speaking and debate. Under pressure of a sweat-box ordeal in the classroom, students painfully construct briefs and plan forensics, grumbling at every step and subconsciously meditating on the recent junior prom. We argue the power of the spoken word and prate much of human personality; while the student body, going out to sway the world, is calmly balancing the probable incomes of a mining engineer and a well-to-do curb broker.'

Dr. Upham has served as a faculty member at his Alma Mater. He took post-graduate work at Harvard, then became instructor in Latin and Greek at Miami. He left to complete studies at Columbia and returned to be professor of English literature. He left again, this time to teach English at the Agricultural College of Utah, returned to Miami again for three years, resigned to become associate professor of English at Bryn Mawr College, was recalled to Miami and taught English for six years. During this latter period he was called upon for executive counsel time and again, and his judgment and ability disclosed in these conferences had much to do with the call to a college presidency.

Appointment of Dr. Hughes and Dr. Upham, at least at Miami University, marks a tendency to seek elsewhere than in the ministry for college presidents.

Each is gifted with the ability to teach, but skill in holding attention of students in the classroom and the art of imparting knowledge is not necessarily synonymous with good preaching.

Three institutions most affected by the shifting of these two men—Miami University, State Agricultural College of Iowa, and University of Idaho—are supported by taxation so that neither the presidents nor faculty members are required to devote a large part of their efforts to the obtaining of endowments, a necessary job for many college heads of a former decade, and today.

Too little credit has gone to college presidents to whom are intrusted a large responsibility of the future of thousands of men and women. The product of the college walks in when alumni reunions are called, to present the results of his college training in person. Maybe the result is good, maybe bad. The college president judges whether he has helped or hindered and most of them are conscientious. No wonder the job begets a serious mien.

Refuge for an Emperor

(Continued from page 9)

and pikes, for all the crew. There can be little doubt that the plot was known to and approved by at least some of the most influential members of Napoleon's staff. Some years after the death of Bonaparte, Dr. Antommarchi and Marshal Bertrand admitted as much while on a visit to New Orleans. Marshal Bertrand in particular, who in company with the younger Ney, Prince of the Moskva, spent some time in the city, often referred to the plot, which he believed would have been successful, and quoted Napoleon as having expressed a desire to spend the remainder of his days in America.

While the *Seraphine* was being built, equipped, manned and tried out in all kinds of weather on the Gulf of Mexico, M. Nicholas Girod erected the house which was to have been presented to Napoleon. Once completed—and its building required nearly a year—it was furnished in what must have been sumptuous style for those days. Though its purpose was not then known (it was generally believed to be merely a new home for the Girod family), the large three-story mansion proved itself in both fact and name the finest house in New Orleans. In all probability, with its furnishings, it constituted the best home in America south of New York, and probably one of the best in the entire country. Yet it was destined never to shelter the famous son of the Isle of Unrest. Today efforts are being made to preserve it from the ravages of time and the elements as a worth-while historical monument of the days when French influence was still strong in North America.

Within this house when it was completed, the details of the plot were concluded. Bossiere's heart and soul, as well as his undoubted courage and his skill as a seaman, seem to have been thrown into the plan with an intensity almost equal to that of Girod himself. The captain was a Frenchman whose father had been an officer in Count Rochambeau's army, which coöperated with Washington's army at the siege of Yorktown. It is recorded, indeed, that it was the elder Bossiere who led the French force which, with a column of Americans, scaled the principal fort defending Cornwallis' position. Bossiere's mother was of French descent, an immigrant to Louisiana from the island of Santo Domingo.

Stories still told in New Orleans reveal that Bossiere and Girod gave up all other interests in the last months of 1820 to devote all their energies to the completion of plans for scaling the rocky heights of Saint Helena, overcoming the guard around Napoleon, and lowering the Little Corporal in a swinging chair to the deck of the *Seraphine.* They had such close information of conditions on the island prison of their hero that they had measured the ropes to be attached to the chair, fixed the latter in its place at one end of the tackle, and slung the necessary pulleys wherever needed, ready to be hung on steel crowbars which were to be stuck in the crevices of Saint Helena's cliffs.

They had even taken the calendar into consideration, and had timed their sailing from New Orleans so that the *Seraphine* would arrive off the island in the dark of the moon, when she could the more easily elude the guardship posted by the British. In order the better to do this, the *Seraphine* was to have been painted black while on the way across the Atlantic, and she had been provided with a set of black sails for use on the eventful night.

With the Bonaparte once on board, the *Seraphine* could show her heels to anything likely to pursue her, and, once arrived in New Orleans, with the Stars and Stripes waving over him, and with the friendship of General Jackson for M. Nicholas Girod standing firm, Napoleon would be safe to spend his life among friends in the city Bienville had founded. What a day that would have been for the Bonapartists when Napoleon stepped across the levee from the deck of the *Seraphine* to the cobblestoned streets of New Orleans!

But though man may plot and plan, there is a destiny which disposes of those plans without reference to man's desires. Three days before the date definitely decided on for the sailing of the *Seraphine,* late in 1821, a clipper ship, direct from France, brought news that on the fifth of May of that year Napoleon had left this world forever.

Where Women Never Grow Up

(Continued from page 8)

creatures are to be seen on every farm, when not on the threshing floor, ceaselessly drawing water from a well by means of a long pole attached to a wheel on which there are a number of small pails, working on precisely the same principle as that of the little toy dredgers that most of us have had in our youth. Day after day you will see these mules at this endless task, for water is a problem in sunny Iviza, and the farmer finds constant irrigation essential. But there do seem signs of effort to relieve the mule. I actually saw a windmill pump!

Just one more picture of this delightful island. I paid a visit to the Salinas—a series of vast salt-water pools.

It was very difficult to tire of such a journey as this, and all too soon I found myself standing with the Salinas spread out at my feet. Wide, silent pools they are, with the salt heaped out in vast pyramids at one end. The stillness was rather depressing, and I was not sorry when I found myself sipping a glass of anise—a very strong liqueur tasting like our aniseed—in the house of the priest of the tiny church nearby. He told me that much of this salt is sent to England.

The Ivizan is far the most hospitable soul I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. The innkeeper at San Antonio, who told me with great pride that he had actually spoken to three English people—quite a feat, in these little visited parts—who, after a truly enormous lunch—commencing with a small sea of soup, with an entire fish hidden beneath the waves—at a very nominal figure, treated me to two drinks at the town's sole café, and would not permit of any return on my part; the man in the mule cart who was honestly pained to see me walking; who, after many minutes of earnest explanation on my part, could not be persuaded that I was actually doing it because I liked it and not from necessity; the fisherman who showed me his much cherished lobster hole—where hundreds of these creatures were to be caught with the greatest of ease; who offered me two monsters—which would bring no less than twenty-five pesetas in Barcelona I was proudly assured—for the sheer pleasure of making my acquaintance, but which I regretfully had to decline, as to have brought them back to the Fonda would have hurt the feelings of the landlady, who prided herself upon an intimate knowledge of precisely what an Englishman expected to see upon his table—these are just a few of the memories which accompanied me when I left Iviza.

There are many delightful things to be seen, many a kindly being to be met, many a wonderful week to be spent in this enchanted isle. But for me there stood out above everything else that one peculiarity—the way in which the Ivizan woman retains her youthfulness by the proud display of her chief glory. And being at best a mercenary creature, I came away obsessed with a single thought—what an opportunity for an enterprising hairpin manufacturer!

In the Track of the Mountain Goat

(*Continued from page 4*)

Between them was a wall of rock twenty feet high with one or two flanges of rock jutting out like a mantel shelf, but not so wide. Nanny had somehow bounded up but the jumps seemed quite beyond the little kid's powers. He would make a desperate effort and charge at the wall, the tiny sharp toes of the fore hoofs scratching at the flanges. Then he would fall off, somersault sickeningly backward, land miraculously, all four hoofs together, and totter back precariously to safety. A dozen times we were sure he had done this once too often.

We were just wondering what nanny could do, since plainly she could not come down to him, and how they would get out of the difficulty, when the kid altered the line of his jump. Another sickening second, as he clawed desperately at the overhang, and he was up! A couple of zigzag bounds and they vanished over the brow of the cliff. After this glimpse of a mountain kid's training, our opinion of goats as mountaineers went up.

NEXT, we had to decide whether we should follow the route so unexpectedly revealed. We looked at one another questioningly. About an hour of daylight remained. The face they had scaled looked most unpromising in its upper reaches, but we were certain that it must be easier than it looked. A human climber does not need much to hang on to—but he must have something. Until the antics of the kid drew our attention we had considered this particular place hardly worth trying. After some discussion we looked at our watches again and at the sky, now very leaden and lowering, agreed to go up and look at it but to turn back and come down at once if any real difficulty arose.

As we tied the ends of the 60-foot climbing rope round our waists and scrambled up the preliminary reaches, we wished we felt fresher. The day had been exhausting. We had set out from Red Eagle Camp before daylight. Just as dawn was breaking, the old, long unused trail we were following had dipped down to a wide river. The bridges that used to take the traveler over in comfort were gone! There was nothing to do but ford it. Waist-deep we waded its icy, glacier-fed waters, noting the enormous tracks of a bear which had evidently gone that way during the night.

A little beyond, we halted to eat. Already we were feeling the heat of a day that was to end in thunder. As we sat, glad to rest from our packs, a stirring in the bushes ahead made us look up. Were we about to meet the grizzly whose tracks we had seen? Breathlessly we waited. Then suddenly the bush parted and an immense elk stood looking down. He had almost walked on top of us! The thunder of his hoofs as he dashed away and the sweep of his spreading antlers through the branches told us that he was as much startled as we.

By good fortune we contrived to keep the old trail, even when it vanished in a swamp under a dense growth of luscious vegetation. And it proved very useful when it emerged again upon the upper slopes. After an hour of struggle with trailing jungle which sent up a thick, suffocating hothouse reek, we found the switchbacks grateful to the feet. They led us at last to open country and our first sight of the crags with which we were now to grapple. The old trail bore away to the south to Nyack Creek and Lake MacDonald. Our course was to the west, for our aim was to test the possibility of a new trail over to Blackfeet Glacier and Going-to-the-Sun Camp.

We looked about, and it was plain enough that there would never be a trail here. Except for stray ledges, not more than a foot wide, the whole 500-foot cliff was sheer. There were not many ledges either, and they tilted up. You had to wander about on them until you found a point at which you could pull yourself up on to another ledge, and so on, zigzagging to and fro across the whole width of the cliff.

We came in time to the scene of the kid's adventures. It must have had iron nerves. Or perhaps only an utter lack of imagination! The ledge from which he had made his wild leaps led out sideways across a bulge in the cliff. Standing on it and leaning back against the wall you could look down between your toes, which stuck out well over the edge, and see nothing beneath you but the slopes five hundred feet below.

The mantelpiece-like flanges by which the goats had scrambled up jutted out in a most awkward way. What the goats had done was to jump as much sideways as upwards.

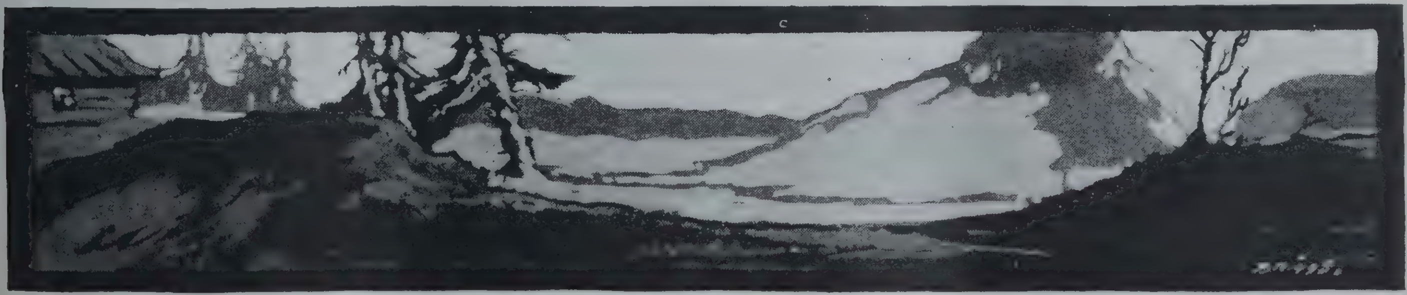
We stowed the awkward bundle of axes and sacks safely away in a cranny. Then, crouching at one end of the ledge and hoping that I could hold on if a jerk came, I watched the 'leader's' movements with anxious eyes.

He began by doing something that no goat could do. A vertical crack two inches wide split the wall on one side of the lowest flange. Into this he put his toe sideways, forcing the nails of the boot to bite by a twisting of the ankle. His hand felt above in the crack and seemed to find something fairly satisfactory to grasp. On these holds he moved smoothly upward gaining more than a foot in height. His other hand, when stretched out, could now press down on the flange. A moment later I could see that the main part of his weight was not on it. A touch of his other toe on a little roughness below the flange seemed to have worked the change. His foot moved up to the crack, bit into it again with the same twisting action and then he was kneeling on one knee on the flange, his face pressed sideways against the wall above and both hands feeling carefully about for holds.

IT WAS one of those positions in which one must take care not to breathe too deeply, for one's chest by expanding pushes one out! I was reminded suddenly of a famous place on an English mountain. There, just out of reach in a similar tense position, is a glorious handhold, widely known—from the pious exclamations of many climbers when they at last reach it—as the 'Thank-God-Hold.' In this case too there was a hold in sight which would mean the end of the difficulty. If the 'leader' could stand up where he was kneeling he could get it. After a series of those slight deliberate movements which show that the balance is being adjusted, I saw him bring up the other knee and pivot gently round upon both, turning first his head and shoulders. A moment later he was standing up, the hold of salvation under his fingers. All I saw of him now, till he vanished from my sight over the brow of the cliff, was the soles of his boots as he stepped up from one inch-wide ledge to another.

A great contrast to the slapdash methods of the goats, I thought, as I prepared to follow. But first the ice-axe bundle had to be sent up. It caught viciously as it was dragged out of sight. The rope was drawn in to safeguard me, a call came and I prepared to repeat these evolutions. I had hardly got my breath again on the crest before the storm broke.

As we dozed beside the flames we decided that we had scored about even with the goats. It is true that we had failed to follow exactly in their footsteps but on the other hand they would have failed in ours! Still we probably got more fun out of it than they did. As we planned our journey for the morrow, reading the map by the flickering firelight, we felt grateful to the little kid. Dimly, the great white fields of Blackfoot Glacier were glimmering across the valley along the skyline. In the morning we would explore them.



Memory—the Association of Ideas

(*Continued from page 6*)

clearly as another could have seen her at the time, she now sees herself beside her dolly's bed hushing her waxen baby to sleep. That swiftly passing moment of time is revitalized in her mind as sharply as if all the years between were rolled back and as if she, a woman now, and old, it may be, looked as another person might, with seeing eyes, upon the little girl she was.

So a grown man, not moved to remembrance by the occurrence of any related circumstance, while seated at his desk, perhaps immersed in work, finds himself quite suddenly looking into the face of the little barefooted boy he was. He sees the freckled countenance that was his, and in the eyes he sees that long departed light of candor that illumines only the eyes of youth. Acting of its own volition, memory may range the years and thrust their long forgotten pains and pleasures upon a mind that gives no conscious aid to memory's activity.

When youth has gone and maturity has known its prime and age has come in kindness or severity, then it is with men as it was with Cato on the one hand or Themistocles on the other. The way in which life has been lived determines what the memories of age shall be. Plutarch relates: 'When Simonides offered to teach Themistocles the art of memory, he answered, "Ah, rather teach me the art of forgetting; for I often remember what I would not and cannot forget what I would."'

Cato's memory, in his declining years, was the servant of a happier mind. He declared to his friends that 'the greatest comfort of his old age, and that which gave him the highest satisfaction, was the pleasing remembrance of the many benefits and friendly offices he had done to others. To see them easy and happy by his means made him truly so.'

MEMORY proves again and again its truly amazing tenacity. It shows power to function of its own motion without regard to the volition of the individual upon whose life it confers life's only recognizable continuity. May it not, then, be possible that it is building up in each of us a record that some day may be all that remains of all that we have been—a record by which, some time, somewhere, somehow, we shall each severally be weighed and measured?

The suggestion is purely speculative, but science does not object to theory as theory, for theory often leads science on to fact.

Assume, then, that man's memory makes record of every thought and speech of his whole life, operating with the continuity of a motion picture camera loaded with endless film. May it not be that there is filed away automatically in the cells of his brain an exact record of everything he has ever done, said or thought, heard or seen? There is to be found in everyone's experience reason to suspect that, quite independently of the will of the individual it meanwhile serves well or ill, memory is busy compiling an enduring, truthful, mercilessly intimate and complete record of his whole physical, intellectual and moral life.

Consider how often memory surprises man by bringing unbidden to the surface of his consciousness recollection of a trivial fact or unimportant experience submerged many years before and kept in submergence. Is it not fair to assume, that as that long 'forgotten' fact or inconsequential experience had been treasured by memory, so, no cause for discrimination appearing, has memory maintained an exact, complete record of every experience that has befallen? If so, then the cellular storehouse of the brain may hold in keeping films as continuous as the life they register, all in readiness to be projected in their entirety upon the screen of ultimate full disclosure.

Consider that all that memory retains it holds quite without the command and often without the consent of the individual. It does its work, often enough, without his coöperation, without his conscious or permissive knowledge. How frequently it startles him by exhibiting proofs of its retention in the 'subconscious' (to use a popular term for a lack of a more definitive phrase), of acts, words, and even thoughts, that had passed from the keeping of the conscious brain itself!

Nature, indifferent though she is to the costs of her operations, does nothing without a purpose, hidden or disclosed. Of what avail, then, this record memory builds up minutely, moment by moment, hour by hour, day after day, through all the years, of every act and thought, if that record is not somewhere, somehow, sometime to be put to a use compensatory of, and commensurate with, the thoroughness of the work?

The concurrence of experience offers proof that such use does not develop in this life.

Might not that fact supply reasonable support whereon to build the possibility and even expectation of a life to come, in which continuity of personal identity alone could make such a record worth memory's keeping in the life that is?

On a Personal Taste in Letters

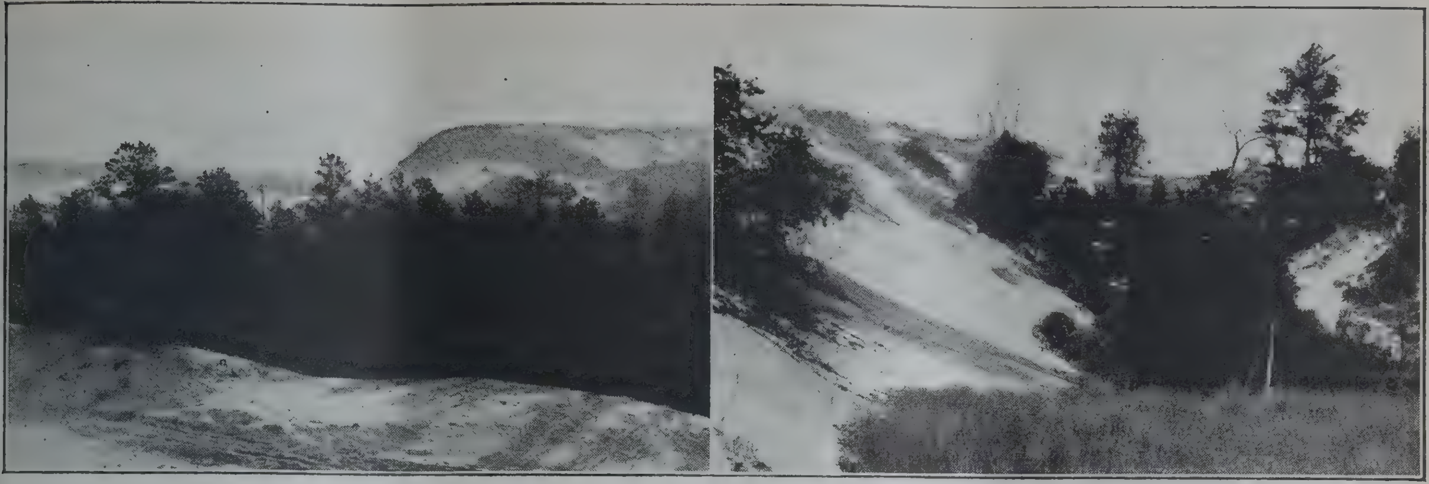
(*Continued from page 5*)

named it Ecstacy. He says there: 'I said my answer was the word Ecstacy; I still say so, but I may remark that I have chosen this word as a representation of many. Substitute, if you like, rapture, beauty, adoration, wonder, or, mystery, sense of the unknown, desire of the unknown.' Of course the answer to this is that what is ecstacy to one is not ecstacy to another. I think that a truer term is one that he afterwards chooses, 'sense of the unknown, desire of the unknown'; that is the supreme thing that my natural taste demands of all literature and I think that all the authors that I have named here possess it. Of course a true mathematician may find ecstacy in the fifth problem of Euclid; in talking of personal taste one is personal, but what for me is ecstacy in literature is the letter that Keats writes when he defines the meaning of poetry, John Clare's poem 'Recollections After an Evening Walk,' the moment in *Henry Esmond* when Beatrix comes down the stairs, De la Mare's *Listeners*, Hazlitt's *On Going on a Journey*, the closing pages of *Red Gauntlet*, Quilp among the marshes of the Thames, Marty South's lamentations for her lover. These may be many of them hackneyed things but when the ecstacy is there no repetition however constant can tame it away.

I can explain it more nearly perhaps if I take two novels that have been especially popular during the last year in England; the *Jud Suss* of Feuchtwanger has, in its last pages at any rate, exactly this quality; the *American Tragedy* of Dreiser lacks it, for me at least, entirely. I will not deny that *An American Tragedy* absorbed me while I read it; here was a human story made convincingly true by a marvellous accumulation of detail, appealing to one's pity, awakening one's uneasiness at modern justice, but behind it nothing; I have had the same sense of life, of truth, of unfairness from the columns of my daily newspaper.

But one cannot emphasize too frequently that these things are personal. I am sure that there is far too much in modern-day criticism of scornful laughter at other people's preferences; it is a crime in certain critical circles that this or that author should be admired; there is far too little positive criticism today; the creative critic scores quite as heavily when he produces his admirations. But after all these personal tastes have little to do with criticism; if it is dangerous to be too catholic in one's likings it is equally dangerous to lose one's savour of one good thing because one is hunting after another. Does Mr. Aldington, for instance, really think it is to his credit that he has ceased to care for Wordsworth because he has become a minor prophet of modern French poetry? Is it necessary, as another young critic seems to think that every novelist today should write like Marcel Proust, and is Dickens of no value to the world any more because Mr. Arnold Bennett has found it impossible to finish one of his novels?

BUT here I am venturing into just that world from which my cottage has saved me. I don't care a hang for the opinions of Mr. Aldington or Mr. Arnold Bennett although I shall read, I hope, every word written by Mr. Bennett in criticism until he is tired of the game because his energy and vitality are worth a multitude of less violent if more considered opinions. In my life at least and the life of many others I suspect there has been too much talking about books to the neglect of the books themselves. I can look across the lake and watch the shadows flash and go across the sturdy shoulders of Blencathra; Blencathra stands whatever the shadows may say and I fancy that in the literary Olympus Scott and Hazlitt, Fielding and Keats, Flaubert and Proust are too busily engaged upon their present creative business to care the flip of an angel's wing as to whether in the past they have written well or ill.



The SAND DUNES of INDIANA

Where the Birds Love to Congregate

By E. L. McCOLGIN

FOR many centuries before the coming of Marquette and La Salle, the Indian trails from Mexico City; the land of the Iroquois in what is now upstate New York; Wisconsin and Dakota, and the Southeast all converged amid these Indiana dunes. This was also the location of the Calumet portage between Lake Michigan and the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. Traces of the deep-cut, ancient trails are still visible in the dunes country. Messengers would come to the dunes country from the 'Sandy Country,' Arizona and New Mexico, in four or five days, almost as fast as modern trains, by relays of swift ponies.

The sands of the dunes are washed up from the bed of Lake Michigan where the glaciers deposited the quartz that they had pulverized under foot on their advances and retreats. The current of Lake Michigan concentrates these submarine sands upon the southern and east coasts and storms toss them high upon the shore where the wind transforms the material into dunes.

The dunes country embraces a zone one mile in width from the strand. First there is the sandy beach, then the highest dunes in the form of single mounds and immense ridges.

There are two varieties of dunes, the so-called fixed dunes of gray, weathered sand, and the shifting dunes, whose surfaces are of clean, white sand. The fixed dunes, which predominate here, are kept in place by several forces, but principally because they are covered more or less with grasses, vines and trees that form a protective mattress. They are locally termed mountains and many of them have remained in position for hundreds of years. Sometimes a fixed dune is breached by storms and converted into a shifting dune.

The irresistible, engulfing movement of one of the shifting dunes can only be compared with the quiet overflow of lava from a volcano. Forests, houses and fields and swamps are overwhelmed. Shifting movements sometimes continue until the sands move on and expose the skeletons of forests that were buried generations ago. The best specimen of a resurrected forest is to be found in the eastern or Furnessville part of the new state park.

Orpheus M. Schantz, the president of the Illinois Audubon Society, has called attention to some features of general interest:

'Nowhere on the North American Continent and probably nowhere else in the world does there take place a greater movement of bird life than in the region tributary to the dunes. Thirty years ago, it was a paradise for the sportsman and the market hunter. Today much of this wonderful bird life is gone never to return, and where once could be seen thousands of ducks, geese and waterfowl, small flocks of game birds are a novel sight. Nature had been very kind to the dunes in providing a peculiarly favorable climate for the propagation of plant and bird life.

'The abundance of fruit-bearing plants in the dunes makes them attractive to the thousands of smaller migratory birds. The list of birds regularly visiting the dunes and adjacent regions is a very large one, well over 300 varieties, and the list is often swelled by wandering visitors who are attracted by the wonderful food supply and the favorable climatic conditions.

'While there have been set aside vast bird havens in the South and West and on the Atlantic seaboard for the protection of our larger waterfowl, there is no large area in the Middle West or Mississippi Valley where the marvelous throng of land birds whose annual migrations are among the most wonderful phenomena of nature can find secure resting and feeding places while passing through the Chicago zone.'

The Prairie Club has been prominent in the movement to have the dunes made into a state park and this moving statement of T. W. Allison on behalf of the club should persuade the public quickly to enlarge the new park area until it includes all of the desired features:

'When you think of the foreign people who come from countries where natural conservation has been a part of the law for many generations—when you think of them, as I say, coming from such countries to this country, and going into our modern cities, it is just as if they were put into vast prisons.'

The Litany of Washington Street

(Continued from page 2)

Virginia. There was no middle ground with the red man. It was the scalp or the peace pipe with him. In war or in peace he is to the last hour of his history as a statesman, all the way to Chief Joseph of Idaho, a better man at pure dignity than George Washington himself. Man to man, the red Indian is a better warrior and a better statesman than the European. There is strong evidence that young George Washington, a fox-hunting tidewater lad of sixteen, formed his style on the transplanted British squire Lord Fairfax, who owned more land than is in the whole state of New Jersey, and who was the squire complete. But I cheerfully reject this evidence and say that George Washington, like all other Americans, was more influenced by red Indians than by anything brought over from Europe, be it a squire or a book.

If his grand manner is incredible to you, my friends, do not think of him as a super-Virginian, think of him rather as a super-Indian chief in silk stockings and velvet pants. Washington actually wore plumes in his hat at his formal receptions after he was elected President. Think of him as an Indian. Then his magnificence and immobility will not be so unaccountable to you.

This thesis of the Indian in the American stock might lead us far afield. Go into what details you may, the British were astonished at the American attitude in 1776 on every question. They remain so today. The British talent for compromise between the bitterest radical and the most rock-ribbed conservative has completely gone from us. It is the scalping knife or the peace pipe with us, and there is no intermediate story.

Dear friend, have you ever considered the grand manner of a red Indian before battle—at Tippecanoe or in the Custer Massacre? Indians have often held long and solemn ghost dances for weeks and months before entering on the warpath. Those displays of splendor were far more important to them than any secrecy. Just as an Indian chief would put on his war paint and walk into a council that was debating peace or war, knowing he was the best fighter there, so this tall George Washington stalked into the Continental Congress in uniform, the only man in uniform there, and indeed as silent as an Indian. John Adams nominated him for commander in chief, thoroughly and rightly impressed by the plumes and the silence.

There is a lot about Chief Joseph of Idaho that makes one think of George Washington. The right was all on Chief Joseph's side, as even *Harper's Monthly Magazine* of that time testifies; but the main characteristic of Chief Joseph was that he was the entire army and navy of the Nez Percé Indians.

I have just been reading the very profitable work of a new historian who says that George Washington was a poor general, but that he held the Continental cause together by his 'force of character.' In this, earlier 'historians' concur. Like Chief Joseph, he was his entire tribe and people; if this was not generalship, make the most of it. Certainly there were many times when the Revolution consisted of George Washington on horseback riding toward the enemy slowly and magnificently, and looking impregnable; shot at a thousand times and always missed; while the patriots were somewhere back there in the nearby woods, invisible but bushwhacking according to the Indian code.

I have ventured in this connection to revise the old British epithet about George Washington: they called him 'The Old Fox.' He was a fox, in that he was something that came out of the woods, out of the very deep woods; but he was in plain sight often enough too, as foxes seldom are. When the British called him 'the old fox,' they meant that his men were recruited from backwoods sharpshooters, trained only in Indian forest warfare; and with every one of them, it was the scalping knife or the peace pipe; as an individual matter; and every separate tree was a new entrenchment. Any hypothesis can be overproved; but remember Franklin's coonskin cap which he wore at the court of France; remember John Marshall, who in his old age became a shelfful of long, long, weary law books; in his youth he was a free soul, and marched with a company of Revolutionary patriots dressed in Indian jackets, leggings, and moccasins; and on the breast of every jacket was embroidered a rattler with the motto, 'Don't tread on me.'

One might shoot an Indian without warning; one would not venture to tread on him while he was still alive. Washington advocated in the beginning the Indian costume for his men; and the Boston Tea Party, which has lately become so elegant that it almost floats away on pink clouds, was actually at unity with all this argumentation. Not only were the men dressed as Mohawk Indians, but the thought of the Indians as friends or enemies was still in the back of every American mind.

Even in 1790, almost all settled, middle-aged citizens and householders lived on tidewater or within fifty miles of it; but mark you, I say 'settled citizens.' Patrick Henry had his youthful days of wandering in the west with squirrel rifle and coonskin cap. Peter Jefferson, the father of Thomas Jefferson, was a surveyor who pushed away to the west, tracing the Randolph lands or surveying the southern border of Virginia—a kind of Daniel Boone forming forever Jefferson's fundamental concept of the final unit of democracy. Peter Jefferson was as near to a red Indian as possible, as deep in the woods and as independent.

With all their talk of 'Coke upon Littleton' and of Blackstone, and their clatter of the legality or the illegality of the Revolution that our fathers worked out slowly in the courts before men finally went to war, the fundamental thing was that an American was not an Anglo-Saxon; this soil had given him its special vitamins, the blood of its wild animals; he was acquiring a tomahawk, skull and cheekbones, a face that distinguished him forever from the Englishman, and a tomahawk way of thinking that distinguished him forever from Europe.

In all this, George Washington was the great chief, disguised at Mount Vernon in silk stockings and velvet breeches, in carefully powdered hair and a three-cornered hat, in Virginia greatcoat, and Virginia high boots.

(To be concluded in an early issue.)

The Violin Maker *of* Monona Lake

By ROBBIE TRENT

YOU can't make violins in the city. There is too much noise and bustle. When I left Chicago to come to Lake Monona, my friends said I was hiding myself in the forest. But people find me without any trouble; they come from all parts of America and Europe.'

Knute Reindahl.

The speaker was Knute Reindahl, first president of the American Academy of Violin Makers, and winner of the gold medal at the Exposition Universelle held in Paris in 1900. He began his career whittling bows and arrows, an art which he acquired from Wisconsin Indians. When he had saved up $700, he returned to Norway and for five years studied wood carving. He then came back to the United States, and worked in the Pullman shops, executing decorations, working at his art in spare time.

One day the young Norwegian brought a shiny new instrument—his first—to one of Chicago's violin masters, and requested that a pupil practise on it. The violin was so good that the pupil, Edgar Bernard Gordon, later professor of music in the University of Wisconsin, wanted it. He bought it for thirty dollars. Years later he traded it to the violin maker for a thousand-dollar instrument, because Mr. Reindahl wanted to get back his first violin.

Reindahl is recognized today throughout the world as a producer of fine violins. The honors awarded him at Paris and at the World's Fair in Chicago were bestowed for beauty in tone, for artistic workmanship and for excellence of varnish. So nearly does this artist produce the 'Italian tone' that several Reindahl violins have been passed off as Italian instruments. Francis Macmillen came across one of them in Europe and even he thought it was a Cremona. Eventually an enterprising dealer did pass it off as a genuine Cremona, selling it for $5,000. Its original price was $500.

Practically every inch of the walls of his studio, near Madison, Wisconsin, is utilized. There are violins, old and new, of many models and designs. There is a reproduction of the Stradivarius which Mr. Reindahl made for the State of Wisconsin to present to Fritz Kreisler. There are violins with shadowy suggestions of Indian folklore and Grecian myths.

Between twelve and twenty violins a year is his output. For some years musicians have urged Mr. Reindahl to make a Norwegian violin, a type which has been only imperfectly modeled in America. This instrument, in some ways similar to the *viola d'amore*, has eight strings instead of four, the four lower strings being sympathetic. On that model the artist is now working. It is his 556th violin. The head used is similar to the dragon head of Norway, but to the average American it will probably be more suggestive of an old Indian charm.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'For the ordinary observer—which means about all of us—it is hard to realize that around and within the body there is being waged a relentless guerrilla warfare,' said the ***Bacteriologist.*** 'It is between the body tissues and certain organisms which live a parasitic existence; that is, they live at the expense of the being they infest. These parasites vary from several inches in length to minute organisms much smaller than the point of the finest needle. Some are animal, some are vegetable.

'Our defenses are varied and more or less efficient. A few of these enemies are able to penetrate the unbroken skin. Others secure entrance through bruised or chafed skin, or through wounds. But the skin, because of its many layers of dried, horny, epithelial cells, is a most efficient protector against the entrance of most of them.

'Some gain entrance via some passage, particularly the food or air passages. Against these intruders we have certain defenses: the hydrochloric acid in the stomach and the little epithelial cells in the air passages. Likewise the healthy secretions of the nose. The small lymphatic glands, or nodes, in the neck seem to be set there as sentinels, destroying many germs which otherwise would slip past.

'Among our reserve defenses are the white blood cells which under certain circumstances swallow germs and digest them. There is also some germicidal principle in the serum, or liquid part of the blood. Moreover the body, when threatened with a germ invasion, reacts by forming antibodies.'

* * *

'The increasing daily mention of index numbers reminds us that world-upsetting events brought them into use,' said the ***Statistician.*** 'The first index, an extremely simple one, was devised by Giovanni Rinaldo Carli, an Italian, in 1750, to measure the effect upon the prices of grain, wine and oil of the discovery of America.

'Sir G. Schucking-Evelyn, an Englishman, hit on the idea in 1798. Trade was then held in such disdain by people of social standing that he remarked: "However I may appear to descend below the dignity of philosophy in such researches, I trust I shall find favour with the historian at least, and the antiquary."

'Bishop Fleetwood, an earlier writer on prices, felt the same way. In 1707 he said: "As the world now goes, the greatest (tho' I will not think the best) part of readers will be rather apt to despise than to commend the pains that are taken in making collections of so mean things as the price of wheat & oats, of poultry and such like provisions."

'But business came into its own in England despite aristocratic snubs. The nation of shopkeepers that humbled Napoleon turned to the study and the use of index numbers in dealing with the hiatus in values resulting from the wars, from the growth of the modern system of public debts, and also from the inception of steam power and new industries.'

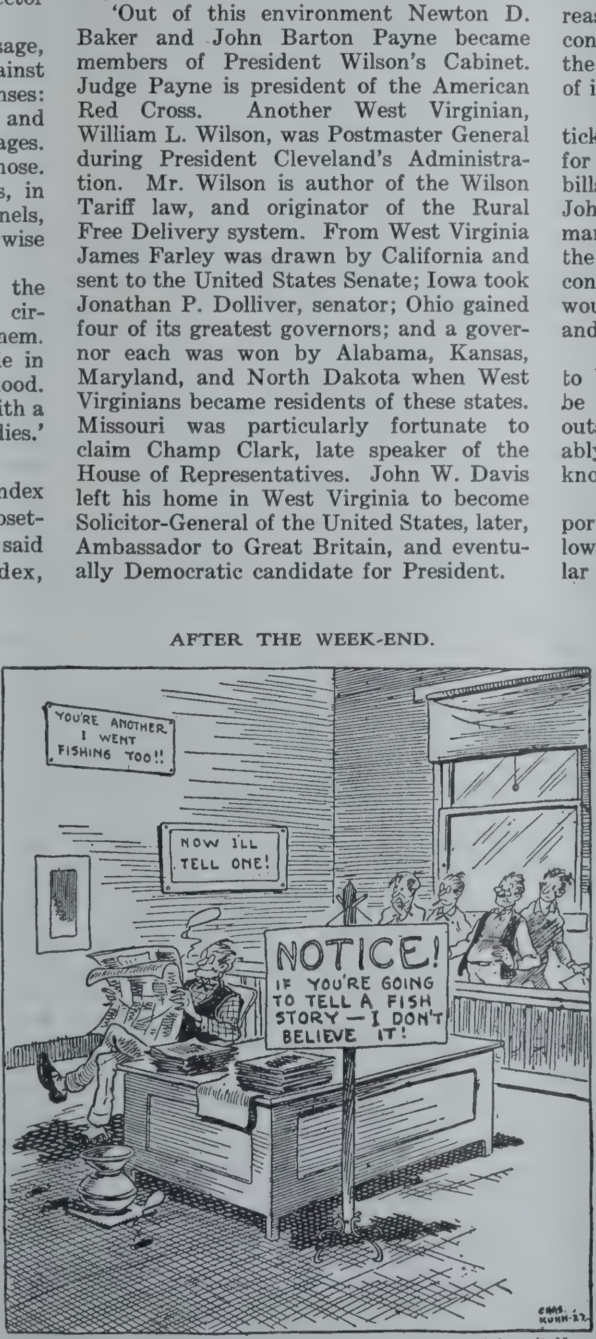
* * *

'In spite of opinion to the contrary, the early West Virginian was a pious man,' said the ***Native Son.*** 'As far back as 1803 the grand jury of Harrison County, for example, returned two indictments, to wit: Samuel Pugh, for swearing seven profane oaths within two months past; Evan Pugh, for swearing nine profane oaths within two months past. During the development of this young state, a development apparently overlooked, especially as that of a background for the cultivation of exceptional ability, West Virginia and her native sons have contributed factors of acknowledged importance to the nation.

'Out of this environment Newton D. Baker and John Barton Payne became members of President Wilson's Cabinet. Judge Payne is president of the American Red Cross. Another West Virginian, William L. Wilson, was Postmaster General during President Cleveland's Administration. Mr. Wilson is author of the Wilson Tariff law, and originator of the Rural Free Delivery system. From West Virginia James Farley was drawn by California and sent to the United States Senate; Iowa took Jonathan P. Dolliver, senator; Ohio gained four of its greatest governors; and a governor each was won by Alabama, Kansas, Maryland, and North Dakota when West Virginians became residents of these states. Missouri was particularly fortunate to claim Champ Clark, late speaker of the House of Representatives. John W. Davis left his home in West Virginia to become Solicitor-General of the United States, later, Ambassador to Great Britain, and eventually Democratic candidate for President.

'Joseph Ray wrote the arithmetics that have been standard in our schools for forty years. Booker T. Washington was the outstanding leader of the Negro race. James Rumsey built the first boat propelled by steam. Ten years before Fulton fulfilled his dream, Rumsey wakened the waterways of the Potomac with his new invention.'

AFTER THE WEEK-END.


YOU'RE ANOTHER I WENT FISHING TOO!!
NOW I'LL TELL ONE!
NOTICE! IF YOU'RE GOING TO TELL A FISH STORY — I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
CHAS. KUHN-22.

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

This might save you a little time.

* * *

'In the designing of currency one point that must be borne in mind is that of making the bill difficult for the counterfeiter to reproduce,' said the ***Secret Service Operative.*** 'A steel-engraved portrait can be made to have relief, to seem to stand out from the paper like a cameo. Our men feel that the steel-engraved portrait is our major aid in combating the counterfeiter. For this reason the Government has come to the conclusion that it should use a portrait as the dominant element in the design of each of its bills.

'Selecting these faces is naturally a ticklish job. There seems to be little reason for retaining Michael Hillegas on the $10 bills. Thomas Benton, Daniel Manning, John Sherman, an Indian chief, a woodsman, whose pictures have recently graced the currency, have little hold on the modern consciousness. Better known faces, also, would be easier for the public to remember and associate with the proper denominations.

'The accepted view of the experts seems to be that places on the currency should be given only to Presidents. The dozen outstanding men of the nation have probably been Presidents. Their faces are better known than any others.

'The most prominent post in currency portraiture, it seems, is on the bill of lowest denomination, the modest one-dollar note. The Treasury Department has already assigned that denomination to the first President, George Washington. The choice will undoubtedly stand. The post of second importance is the five-dollar bill. That denomination is used most next to the one-dollar. Lincoln has already been appearing on most of the five-dollar bills. He probably will be chosen to represent that denomination.

'The note of next importance is the ten-dollar bill. Congress at its recent session assigned the third place among Presidents to Jefferson. It gave him the remaining post in the axis of the Mall in the Washington development plan. Jefferson seems the logical man for the third post of honor on the currency. Politically he would seem to be entitled to it as the first two posts have gone to Republicans. The Democrats in Congress would undoubtedly demand one of the three prominent bills.

'The twenty-dollar bill might go to Grant, the fifty to Jackson, the hundred to Wilson, the five-hundred to Roosevelt, the thousand to Cleveland, the ten-thousand to McKinley. The two-dollar bill, might be assigned to Garfield.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Question. Are there any nonsectarian theological schools in the United States?

Answer. Yes, the theological training schools listed below are undenominational: Biblical Seminary in New York, New York City; Gordon College of Theology and Missions, Boston; Harvard Theological School, Cambridge; Temple University School of Theology, Philadelphia; Union Theological Seminary, New York City; Vanderbilt University School of Religion, Nashville, Tennessee; Yale Divinity School, New Haven, Connecticut.

* * *

Q. I would like to get some information on the 'unknown soldier.' Who chose the body? Have any other countries honored their soldiers in a similar manner?

A. At the City Hall of Châlons-sur-Marne, France, on October 24, 1921, Sergeant Younger of the Fifty-Ninth Infantry chose the body to represent America's 'unknown soldier' from four coffins which had been brought, one from each of the four American military cemeteries at Belleau, Bony, Thiaucourt and Romagne. The coffin chosen was placed in a casket which bore the inscription 'An unknown American soldier who gave his life in the great war,' and was then taken to Havre and placed on board the *Olympic*, which conveyed the remains to America, arriving at Washington on November 9. The casket was removed under a guard of honor to the rotunda of the Capitol where it lay in state until the morning of November 11, when it was taken to Arlington Cemetery. A broad white ribbon was placed on the casket by Mrs. Harding, and President Harding pinned to the ribbon a silver shield on which were forty-eight gold stars. Wreathes were placed on the casket in tribute from a host of foreign nations and at the cemetery decorations were placed on it by Marshal Foch, General Diaz and other representatives of foreign nations. Secretary of War Weeks and President Harding delivered addresses at the ceremonials at Arlington, and as the body was lowered into the grave taps were sounded and a battery gave the national salute of twenty-one guns.

The memorial services for the French and English unknown soldiers were held a year earlier, on November 11, 1920. The British soldier was buried at Westminster Abbey with King George as chief mourner, the funeral cortège stopping on its way at the cenotaph in Whitehall, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens as a permanent memorial, where impressive ceremonies were held. The grave in Westminster Abbey is in the pathway of kings, for not a monarch can ever again go up to the altar to be crowned but he must step over the resting place of the man who died that his kingdom might endure. In France the ceremonies for the 'unknown soldier' were coupled with the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the French Republic, in commemoration of which the heart of Gambetta, the noted patriot who had proclaimed the French Republic, was transferred to the Panthéon, the repository of France's great dead. The ceremonies centered around the Panthéon and around the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile, where the unknown French *poilu* was laid away in one of the great buttressed pillars of the gigantic arch. A feature of the French observance was the thirteen stained and tarnished flags which the Germans had captured in 1870, and which they had been forced to return by the Treaty of Versailles.

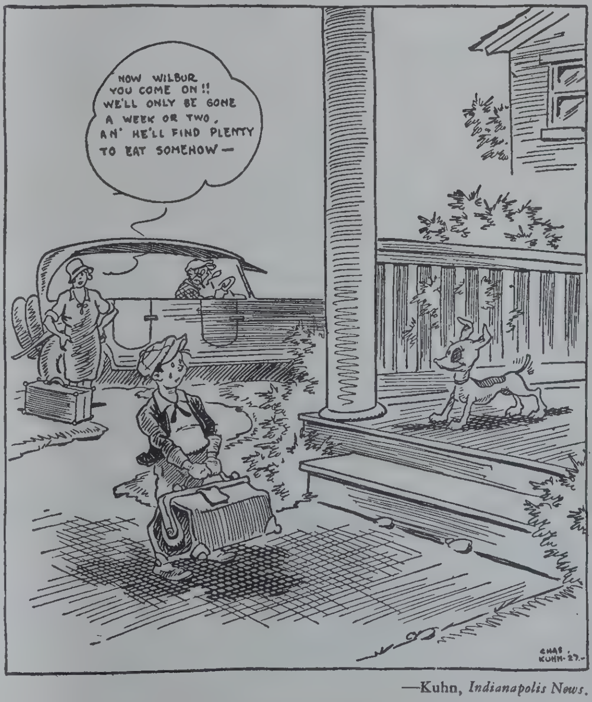
* * *

Q. What surnames are most numerous?

A. Howard F. Baker, in his book *American Speech*, estimates the numbers bearing the ten chief family names of this country as follows:

Smith	1,305,300
Johnson	1,024,200
Brown	730,500
Williams	684,700
Jones	658,300
Miller	625,800
Davis	537,900
Anderson	477,300
Wilson	422,300
Moore	363,400

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND.


NOW WILBUR YOU COME ON!! WE'LL ONLY BE GONE A WEEK OR TWO, AN' HE'LL FIND PLENTY TO EAT SOMEHOW —
CHAS KUHN-27-

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

'LET ME CARRY POOCH ON MY LAP, WON'TCHA, MA?'

Q. What is the area of the earth?

A. The superficial area of the earth is 196,940,000 square miles—139,685,000 square miles of water and 57,255,000 square miles of land.

* * *

Q. What is the trade union membership in the United States?

A. According to the annual report of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, dues-paying membership in the unions affiliated with it during the year ending August 31, 1926, was 3,303,996. This number does not represent the actual membership in that members out of work or on strike do not as a rule pay dues, though they continue to hold membership cards. Outside American Federation of Labor there are organizations of workers with an estimated total membership of 600,000.

* * *

Q. Can you tell me anything about Peter Browne of the Mayflower Company?

A. Peter Browne, a carpenter, came over in the *Mayflower* to Plymouth, Massachusetts, with Bradford, Carver and Winslow and died in Duxbury not far from the house of Miles Standish in 1633. His son, Peter, born in 1632, removed to Windsor, Connecticut, where he married and left a large family from one of whom John Brown, the Abolitionist, was descended.

* * *

Q. Was the Red River valley a part of the Louisiana Purchase or did the United States get it at the time the 49th parallel of north latitude was established as a boundary?

A. The treaty with France dated April 30, 1803, for the cession of Louisiana contains no definition of the boundaries of the property transferred; when the American commissioners insisted that the boundaries be defined they were informed that the boundaries were the same as they were when in the hands of France according to her treaty with Spain. This territory roughly extended from the Mississippi to the Rockies and from the Lake of the Woods to Mexico, but it was not till 1842 that, through the Webster-Ashburton treaty, the United States gained the valley of the Red River of the North. For this she had to sacrifice to Great Britain that portion of the Louisiana Purchase which was watered by the head streams of the Missouri. This treaty settled the northern boundary question as far west as the Rockies, and the treaty of June 15, 1846, established the 49th parallel of north latitude as the northern boundary of the United States from the Rockies to Puget Sound, and thence a conventional line through Puget Sound and the Strait of Juan de Fuca to the Pacific Ocean. However the location of this line through the strait was not finally settled till 1872.

BRIEFLY TOLD

The states of Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi and Virginia permit the marriage, with the consent of her parents, of a girl of twelve.

The name bridegroom, signifying one who serves the bride, is believed originated from the old custom that at the wedding feast it was the duty of the newly married man to wait upon his bride.

A kitten forsaken by its mother in an attic of a store in Finsbury Square, London, has been adopted and cared for by a family of rats.

It has been reported from Dundas, Canada, that a 'water dog' or 'pup fish' having four legs and barking like a dog has been found in the Desjardins Canal.

The menu of Billy, the world's largest pig, consists of four cases of apples, eight or nine buckets of milk, two bushels of bran, 16 or 18 cabbages, and a few extra dishes daily.

A 'sunlight lamp,' in applying artificial sunlight, is used by a London restaurant to refresh sickly plants and bouquets of patrons while they dine.

Calls are being made by society women of Paris and London by means of airplane.

Among the peoples of the Yassai tribe in Africa, it is considered undignified for the men to work and the women do all hunting, fishing and similar work.

More than 3,500 miles of brass wire are used annually by one company in the manufacture of bird cages.

The Blarney stone, the touch of which is supposed to 'create smooth and graceful liars of the first magnitude, with a sweet, persuasive tongue with women, full of guile, blandishment and potent flattery,' has been kissed by more than 27,000 American tourists this year.

The dollar sign ($) is believed to be a modified figure 8, denoting a 'piece of eight.'

For a short distance a mountain lion can run with the speed of an express train.

The minster at Ulm, Germany, is 550 years old and has a steeple 529 feet high, the highest church spire in the world.

A toad obtains its supply of drinking water through its skin.

The word 'sideburns,' denoting whiskers on the side of the face, is a transposition of the original name 'burnsides' derived from the name of Ambrose E. Burnside, Union general during the Civil War, who wore side whiskers and a mustache with shaven chin.

The Reverend James Allen, a missionary, has written a 500-page Bible in the Bakuba language. This is the first written work in this language as the Bakubas had their spoken language but no form of written word until Mr. Allen began his task.

It is the belief of a prominent American gas expert that the introduction of a small quantity of a recently discovered 'sneeze gas' into illuminating gas would lessen the large number of suicides and accidental deaths by gas poisoning.

An explorer in Africa captured a four-year-old 126-pound gorilla and left it in a cage. When he returned to the unbroken cage he found that the monster had been devoured by ants which left only the skeleton and a few tufts of hair.

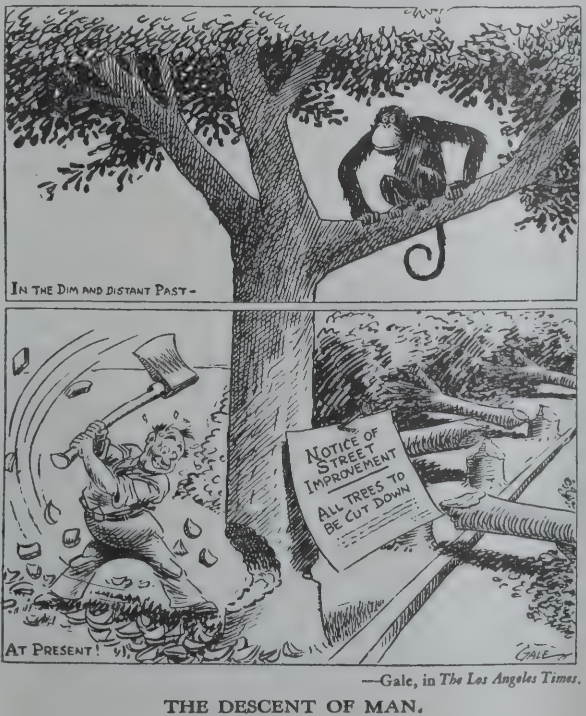
The long-held belief that snake charmers can cause snakes to leave their jungle haunts at the sound of music is a myth, according to the director of the Masteur Institute at Colombo, Ceylon.

'A three-karat diamond is hidden in my second molar at the left. Remove the tooth before burying me.' This information, written into the will of a French marquis, proved correct.

So important is whale fishing to the Faroe Islanders that when word comes to a church during service that whales have been sighted every man, woman, and child immediately leaves and runs.

The brig *Niagara*, flagship of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry at the famous Battle of Lake Erie, is moored at the municipal pier at Erie, Pennsylvania.

A fish with eyes on the top of its head is known as the stargazer.


In the Dim and Distant Past-
Notice of Street Improvement
All Trees to be Cut Down
At Present!
Gale

—Gale, in *The Los Angeles Times.*

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

The value of a performing circus lion is estimated at about two thousand dollars.

A set of false teeth was presented to a London hospital by an old lady with the hope that some poor patient might use them.

The great topographic map of the United States, which has been under construction for a generation and will cover when completed more than an acre, is less than half-finished.

Possibly not more than forty copies of *Tamerlane,* now one of the rarest and most desired of all American books, got into circulation and of these only five are known to be in existence. The last copy sold brought $15,000.

Blonds are considered by business men to be temperamental, too independent, inclined to keep irregular hours, tactless, bluffers, and inefficient, according to a recent survey.

The English word 'coward' is derived from the old French *'coe,'* meaning tail, derived from the Latin *'cauda.'* Its meaning comes from the habit of animals dropping their tails between their legs when frightened.

Japan has shipped a variety of wasps peculiar to Japan to the United States Department of Agriculture to prey upon the Asiatic beetle.

Pan Chao of China, about A.D. 80, wrote the first book in any language on the education of women.

In Austria all women in government employ must be addressed as 'Frau' regardless of age and whether married or unmarried.

The George Inn at Norton St. Philip, Somerset, is said to be 530 years old.

Chocolate is made from the large seeds contained in the beans of the *cacao* tree, and not cocoa tree as spelled in Dr. Samuel Johnson's dictionary.

The pirana, a species of little fish not more than eight inches long, has been found in the Gaiba district of eastern Bolivia. This fish will attack and tear the flesh from the bones of any man or beast that enters the water where it has its habitat.

A hound on a farm near Centerville, Maryland, has increased her family of six pups by adopting an orphaned lamb.

Because he always wore his hat in the house an Atchison woman lived with her husband fourteen years before she discovered he was bald-headed.

NOTES · COMMENTS · CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses two hindrances to success.

* * *

A poem—'Serenade'—by Gamaliel Bradford, biographer and poet of Massachusetts, appears on page 2 of this cover.

* * *

Almost every town has its Washington Street; usually it is at right angles to Main Street. The reason for this is apt to be overlooked nowadays because Washington Street may be located in what has become a dingy part of town. Vachel Lindsay, the western poet, sings the litany of this distinctly American institution, and explains why he believes George Washington to have been a poet. (p. 1)

* * *

Eight dollars a month for clothes, recreation and culture is the average which a Frenchman has left after paying his board and room—one of the reasons for the low standard of living of the French worker. An unhealthy condition exists, to which the politicians are not giving sufficient heed. (p. 3)

* * *

Miss Pilley, well-known English mountain climber, describes a thrilling experience in Glacier National Park. Can two human beings climb a wall that two mountain goats have scaled? That was the test she had to face. (p. 4)

* * *

Possession of a personal taste in letters is something to marvel at in these days of higher criticism, of weekly book reviews and lists of best sellers. It is also something to be envied. Hugh Walpole's 'northern cottage' houses a host of 'friends' in whose possession he glories.

One of the 'blisses' of his cottage is that 'all the literary dogmatisms of the day rumble down a road that runs far away' from his garden wall. He knows now that 'there is no gospel of the individual, only let the natural taste grow and good things will come.' How many books, he asks, really 'belong to one' of all that one has read? Of such, 'there was no law about their choice.' Like Topsy, this taste seems just to grow up; he boldly declares them his; he is secure in their friendship. (p. 5)

* * *

In view of the comparatively recent advent of memory schools, few realize that the first system of artificial memory was taught by the Greek Simonides in the year 500 B.C. He used the law of association of ideas—just as is done today. (p. 6)

* * *

Only one hundred miles from Barcelona is the island 'where women never grow up.' Here the centuries slip back and the only sign of what we call progress is the taxicab. The sun-drenched Balearics are quaint and interesting.

It is in the style of hairdress as well as in the clothes that the women of these islands retain their old fashions. They all have their hair down their backs in pigtails, like the gingham sweethearts of the little red schoolhouse; every woman has a scarf around her neck, regardless of the weather or the heat. The weekly washing is done by much pounding of stones at the common washing pool. (p. 7)

* * *

In the French quarter of New Orleans stands a three-story house that was to have been the refuge of the great Napoleon. The boat was ready to sail for Saint Helena to rescue the Little Corsican when word came of his death. (p. 9)

* * *

Who invented printing? The real incunabula of the world are not the volumes published in the 15th Century but those of China. Comparatively recent discoveries in Cathay have added to our knowledge of the origin of this art. One manuscript has been found dating back to A. D. 868. Stone inscriptions were used to make printed impressions in this same mysterious land as early as A. D. 175. Cut seals were used while Rome was still an empire. The Japanese made prints from wood blocks as early as A. D. 770. Individual movable types were used in China in the 14th Century. Bronze types were cast in Korea in A. D. 1403. One book has been found having on its title-page a date corresponding to our year A. D. 1409—among the earliest to have been printed from individual movable types. (p. 12)

* * *

Few boys have grown up in a more interesting town than the Concord of Julian Hawthorne's youth. With Emerson, Thoreau and the Alcotts for neighbors, what youngster could ask for more? The boys' school of early days, the historical setting of the town, are described by one who knew them intimately. (p. 14)

* * *

Everyone knows 'Devoted Cousin Winnie,' the well-meaning relative who goes along on the honeymoon and finally manages to wreck the marriage by convincing the bride that it's all a big mistake. E. M. Delafield's whimsical story discloses how a medical man came to the rescue of a bride in such plight on the boat home from Burma. (p. 16)

* * *

Two sons of Miami University who have risen to direct the destinies of their Alma Mater and who have won distinction as educators are Dr. Alfred H. Upham and Dr. Raymond M. Hughes. An Ohio newspaperman tells of their careers. (p. 23)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Los Angeles, California.

Julian Hawthorne, in his article on Oliver Wendell Holmes in your issue of June 25, does not agree with the facts as related by Holmes, in his references to the story of Holmes' search for his wounded son after Antietam. On page 20 Mr. Hawthorne says that Holmes went 'searching through a train in which he was riding, on the remote chance that his beloved son might be on it.' He tells of the Doctor's 'not letting himself hope too much after so many disappointments,' that 'he entered the last car, and proceeded slowly down the aisle, scanning *with fearful intensity* each face of the shattered men who were lying or reclining there'; and 'then, looking forward, he found himself gazing on the wasted features he had sought.'

Dr. Holmes' very full account of that journey, complete, at times to tiresomeness, in prolixity of detail, is in his book *Pages from an Old Volume of Life*, Vol. VIII of the Riverside Edition of Holmes' writings, pp. 16-77, under the title '*My Hunt after "The Captain."*' The Doctor states in that story that while in Harrisburg he received, on the evening of September 24, just a week after the battle, a telegram from a lady in Hagerstown, Maryland, saying, 'Captain H. still here leaves seven tomorrow for Harrisburg Penna Is doing well'; and that a note from Dr. Cuyler, chief army hospital inspector, to the same effect came soon afterward to the hotel. Dr. Holmes writes,

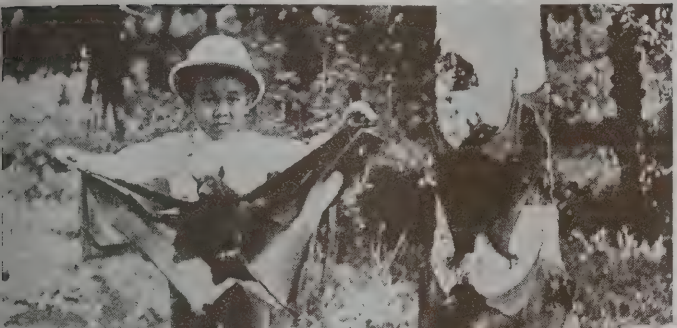
'The train from Hagerstown was due at 11:15 a. m . . . The time approached for the train to arrive from Hagerstown, and we went to the station . . . The expected train came in so quietly that I was almost startled to see it on the track . . . In the first car, on the fourth seat to the right, I saw my Captain.'

That was all; no melodrama, no 'searching through a train in which he was riding,' no 'remote chance,' no 'wasted features,' since his son had been enjoying entertainment in the hospitable homes of Union families, as the Doctor relates with gusto and much particularity, specifying 'gentle cares, and unasked luxuries, and pleasant talk, and music,' and 'angelic ladies whose charming attentions detained him from Saturday to Thursday, to his great advantage.'

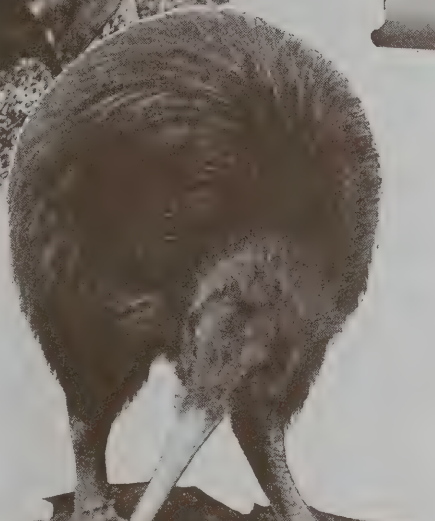
CHARLES J. BLISS.

Outlandish Creatures *on* Earth Today

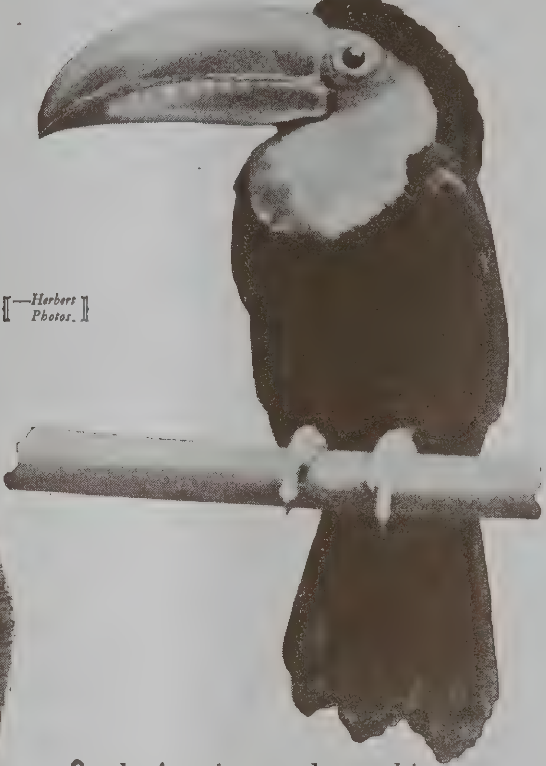
Hark Back *to* Ages *When the* Earth *Was* Young



Young native of Singapore displays a morning's bag of a unique animal, the flying fox, found in the Straits Settlements and in no other section of the earth. It is larger than the bat, both as to body and wings. The one he holds has a wing spread of slightly more than three feet.

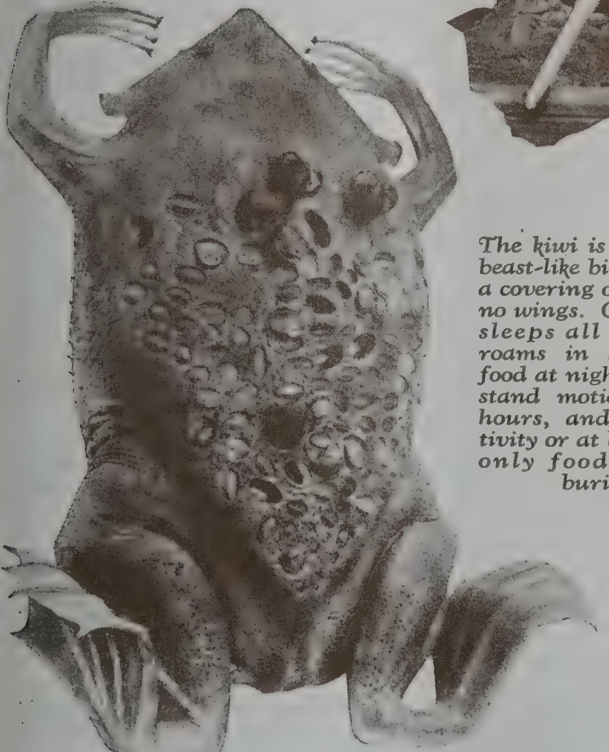


The kiwi is a curious beast-like bird having a covering of fur and no wings. Owl-like, it sleeps all day and roams in search of food at night. It will stand motionless for hours, and, in captivity or at large, eats only food that is buried.

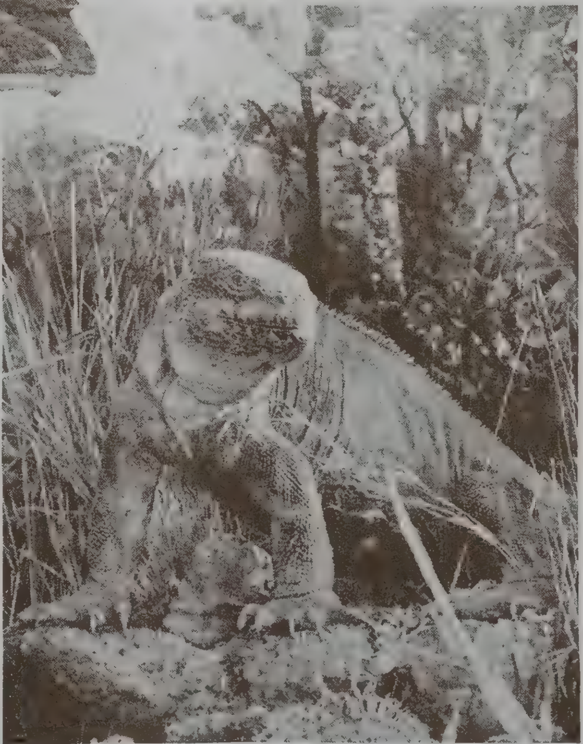


—Herbert Photos.

South America produces this curious species called toucan, resembling in the matter of beak that funny bird, the pelican. His beak is extremely long, heavy and of many hues. Otherwise, in form, he resembles the owl. This toucan is at Franklin Park Zoo, Boston.



Another South American native, the Surinam toad. Its head is depressed and triangular, its skin covered with small tubercles. Females carry the eggs in pockets in the skin of the back until they hatch.



The iguana, denizen of Galapagos Islands, harks back to the age of saurians. He is the largest member of the lizard family. His scaly hide and spike-ridged back help explain ancients' conception of dragons.

B-41
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URBANA ILL

HARD knocks have place and value, but hard thinking goes further in less time. There is a high road and a low road to wisdom. Those who only plod may plod and come upon a little wisdom by the lower road, but those who take the high road will come upon wisdom in larger degree and earlier. Men live too far below their possibilities.

EA

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The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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New York Publishers

THOMAS L. MASSON

◆

Successful Dictators

MORGAN D. E. HITE

◆

Mirrors of the World

EARLE C. REEVES

HOUSES

By FRANCES HOLMSTROM

The houses in town huddle up together
Like flocks of frightened sheep,
Hiding from loneliness, hiding from weather,
All in a smothered heap.

But the country houses are pioneers,
They camp by untraveled trails,
They laugh at loneliness and fears,
At winter-time and gales.

They light their lamps and fires, and wait
Beneath a sparkling sky:
The town house has a locked gate
Its chosen enter by.

And whether I dwell by a crowded mart
Or very far from there,
Within my house must beat the heart
That country houses wear.

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SEPTEMBER 17
1927

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Volume 27
Number 48

SUCCESSFUL DICTATORS

By MORGAN D. E. HITE

IN A previous day and generation when the rising oil industry was in process of shaping and when it was beset by a multitude of conflicts and disabling uncertainties (which are the natural concomitants of new and vast industries a-borning) it created out of its own ranks a dictator of high intelligence and forcefulness. Because of the rough conditions in existence at that time, and because, perhaps, no other means would suffice under the circumstances, there was finally molded and hammered out by the dominating figure in that industry a form and direction by which this enormous entity might safely proceed on its way to the destiny which awaited it.

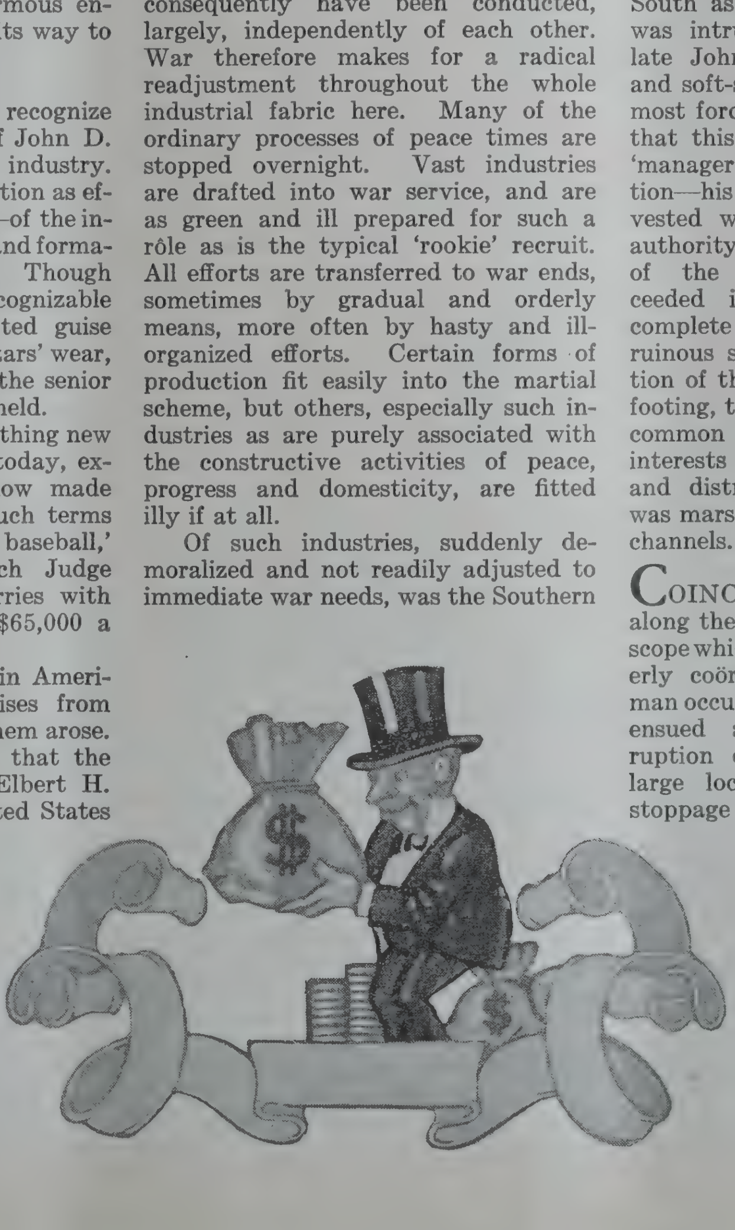
SOME persons may not recognize the personality and genius of John D. Rockefeller as czar of the oil industry. Nevertheless his supreme position as effectual dictator—as autocrat—of the industry in its early uncharted and formative period is unquestionable. Though unofficial and without the recognizable insignia of office, the accepted guise which present-day business 'czars' wear, this is precisely the position the senior Rockefeller made, took and held.

Fundamentally there is nothing new in the idea of our 'czars' of today, except that the position is now made official and is dignified by such terms as 'high commissioner of baseball,' the title for example which Judge Landis bears and which carries with it a salary approximating $65,000 a year.

Dictators have appeared in American business in various guises from time to time as the need for them arose. There is no reason to deny that the position of the late Judge Elbert H. Gary as chieftain of the United States Steel Corporation was nothing less than a benevolent despotism over the entire steel industry, or that Judge Gary was the dominating figure of 'steel,' vested with enormous powers.

The war period produced another sort of dictator—unsettlement ever raises the type. One of the differences which distinguishes American from European business is that the one is organized on a peace-time basis having little or no connection with possible war programs of the nation, while the other is an integral part of the war machine and the plans of the respective European political divisions. Hence sudden war finds European industry and trade prepared to meet the shifting of emphasis from peace to war, but in America there is a serious transition moment of extreme shock. In this country industry hitherto has not been integral with government, and the two consequently have been conducted, largely, independently of each other. War therefore makes for a radical readjustment throughout the whole industrial fabric here. Many of the ordinary processes of peace times are stopped overnight. Vast industries are drafted into war service, and are as green and ill prepared for such a rôle as is the typical 'rookie' recruit. All efforts are transferred to war ends, sometimes by gradual and orderly means, more often by hasty and ill-organized efforts. Certain forms of production fit easily into the martial scheme, but others, especially such industries as are purely associated with the constructive activities of peace, progress and domesticity, are fitted illy if at all.

Of such industries, suddenly demoralized and not readily adjusted to immediate war needs, was the Southern pine lumber industry. This is a business of great magnitude comprising a multitude of small and widely separated units. The State of Missouri had only a short time before instituted legal proceedings which had thrown this industry into confusion, broken it into small bits and left it organized loosely if at all. The conditions were ripe to produce the fruitage of disintegration from within—a dictator or 'czar' for the lumber industry. The man was found, and at this juncture the task of stabilizing and reorganizing the partially wrecked basic business of pine production, then dominated by the South as the greatest producing area, was intrusted to the discretion of the late John E. Rhodes; mild-mannered and soft-spoken, he was yet one of the most forceful executives and far-seeing that this country has developed. As 'manager' of the Southern pine association—his official designation, although vested with extraordinary diplomatic authority and many of the prerogatives of the genuine dictator—he succeeded in a short time in bringing complete order into what had been a ruinous situation: the lumber production of the country was put on a war-footing, the various units brought to a common task, variant and conflicting interests reconciled, and production and distribution on a gigantic scale was marshaled into regular and orderly channels.



COINCIDENTAL with this effort along the line of a situation of national scope which was thus stabilized and properly coördinated by the genius of one man occupying a despotic position, there ensued a disorganization and disruption of lumberyard conditions in large local centers. The enforced stoppage of building and the complications connected with the drafting of labor for war requirements created widespread dismay in the retail lumber trade, which carried over into the period of peace days. The retail yards form a vital part of the lumber production industry as a whole—they are the marketing and distributing branches, the takers of the product from the producing mills. At this time appeared the figure of another modern 'dictator,' J. Cameron Cremer, an Englishman by birth, conversant with the subject of lumber from all angles, who had been closely associated with Rhodes. This czar of the retail field, not devoid of ruthless force on occasion, but profoundly versed in the underlying nature of the industry, has exercised for years a mild despotism which has brought order out of disorder and has assured the status of those on whom rests the responsibility for lumber distribution to the ultimate consumer.

While on this subject of American business in its great and magnificent silhouette, its grand dimensions against the bright background of modern events, will it be denied that American *finance* has also had its unofficial czar?

When things are running smoothly there is no call for, no need for, dictators, czars, tyrants. Such men appear only in time of stress when all accustomed means and resources, all the usual expedients of usury and ordinary finance, are exhausted—whether in political, social or industrial spheres. These men bring to the scene something new—perhaps it may be rightly termed intellectual prescience, the sweeping view. They are artists, as it were, who work with brushes made of the tails of comets. Ordinary men and expedients fail when brought before the extreme maladies which confront the gigantic aggregations characteristic of the greater businesses of the modern world.

AND, therefore, if it comes about that a great national industry enters a period when cohesion breaks down, disruption threatens, production is unbalanced or, what is worse, an unbalanced product ensues; when tension and uncertainty appear arising from mysterious—because new—problems, with symptoms of internal disintegration, of conditions seemingly beyond control—it becomes necessary to cope drastically and promptly with such an impasse by agreement upon a central authority invested with radical powers. Such an industry is too gigantic in its sweep and of too urgent necessity to the times, to be permitted for a moment to be imperiled. A dictator—possibly a tyrant in this contingency—with autocratic power to make, unmake and remake vital adjustments throughout the entire massive structure from foundation to top, in the interest of the safety and preservation of the *whole* and without thought merely for any *fractional* part alone, would be the logical outcome.

It is not known to many that Grover Cleveland's name properly belongs in a list of American czars, not politically but in business. This came about when the great life insurance scandals of 1904-05 rocked the nation, and when Thomas F. Ryan, having bought the Hyde family's shares, emerged as the majority owner of the Equitable, and decided upon a new form of government for that great organization. A board of three trustees, in effect, would dominate the $400,000,000 trust fund for the benefit of the policyholders. Grover Cleveland, then in quiet retirement at his home in Princeton, was asked to assume the premiership of this board, his associates being Morgan J. O'Brien of the New York Supreme Court and George Westinghouse, great inventor. Cleveland's name and word were, in effect however, to be the new law of the Equitable administration.

Out of the life insurance revolution which at that time so profoundly stirred this country and Europe thus arose the figure of Grover Cleveland—in what was his one business venture, it has been said. It had been plain from the first day that the policyholders were reassured when they knew that Mr. Cleveland had accepted the responsibility for the future management of the society. It is almost without precedent that a panic should be so quickly allayed merely by the knowledge that a given man had thrown himself into the breach; I am quoting here from his personal secretary at that period, George F. Parker.

So it was that the practical dictatorship of the vast insurance business, the categorical voting power of the majority stock, as it were, of one of the giants if not the key company of the situation then existing, was conferred on the man who had been President of the nation. The public's confidence was satisfied that the emergency had been properly met.

The successful dictator must ignore the clamorous *minority*, must discriminate in favor of permanence and against all superficial aspects. And just as a chieftain or a king heading his particular tribe or people is selected as such because of being strongest and highest born of his kind, so a modern business czar is similarly chosen for being strongest in his own field. Among monarchical nations the dictator is merely the embodiment of the monarch, replacing him only temporarily because the king is not for the moment strong enough to cope with the popular demoralization. The dictator acts in the name of the king, not in his own name or self, and *not* in the name or interest of a selfish minority; he retains his power only as he fills the voids of the king's own nature, the king being unable or unwilling to resolutely act in his own right.

IT IS the nature of new and hugely expanding industries-in-the-making to come inevitably on perilous times in the course of their natural evolution. New and vast collective businesses meet new and vast problems in their process of adjustment in connection with shifting world-wide conditions. The infiltration of the dictator idea into modern business denotes a growing bulk and a decided newness which is characteristic of a new age which has brought unprecedented features, dazing the average human mind. So great is the vastness of the new business edifice that its rulers must assume the powers and prerogatives heretofore not possible except in the sphere of government itself and among nations.

During the World War there came an hour when internal dissension among the Allied armies in Europe reached an acute stage, when coöperation was tending to become fatally deficient and a hopeless feeling was engendered among the various leaders of the nationals, on the side of the Allies. Our own armies were then in the field trying to associate with a program which would have a successful objective. The only thing that saved the situation for the Allied forces was the fact that conditions soon became so threatening that it was necessary to agree on reorganization under a single head, under a generalissimo, in undivided authority, of all the Allied forces. By right of ability, position and experience, Marshal Foch was the man agreed upon, and he was granted unexampled discretionary powers for the disposition and movement of the huge Allied resources of men and materials. The result is of course history.

So, at intermittent periods it appears that in vast undertakings of present-day war, government, industry, the great new and unprecedented combinations of capital, equipment, men and organizations, reach a point where to retain their effectiveness they must pass under the iron rule of a single forceful personality.

(Another article on Dictators will appear in an early issue.)

Your Mirror of the World

By EARL C. REEVES

THE press association is the mirror of the world.

It trails a foreign prince for you and gives interesting, if trivial, facts about him; it undertakes the staggering task of bringing you all salient facts regarding a great war. If a British cabinet falls, the chances are that you will read of it as soon as do the people of the British Isles. You are interested in a great intersectional football game: it is coming to you so fast that the reporter never even thinks of stopping to write—he dictates into the ear of a telegraph operator *as it happens*. A world series baseball game is on, and the swish of the bat and the arrival in San Francisco of the words, 'strike two,' are as nearly simultaneous as it is possible for two things to be. You may live in a great city in which there are big newspapers, whose most expert reporters have been sent to cover a national convention for you; but the editor knows that the press association will give him the big news of the convention faster than his best and highest paid men can get it to him. Regardless of apparent 'impossibilities' a Japanese earthquake, which has created chaos and destroyed wires and other methods of communication, *must* be covered. If persons more interested in golf than in news about it decide that a British Open Championship shall be fought in some inaccessible spot in northernmost Scotland, you can count upon it that press association men are going to have to get the news to you somehow.

THE President has two shadows wherever he goes: one the protective secret service cordon, and the other the watchful press association squad. Let a kaiser slip into an obscure Dutch village, and a press association man camps at his gate for months; let an Irish patriot starve himself to death and you may be sure a Yankee has become almost a member of the watching family. Shoot an Irish viceroy in London, and Dale Crittenberger and Ed Toner print a better story about it—and a faster one—in Anderson, Indiana, than Beaverbrook or Hulton print in London. (This is no exaggeration: it happened.)

These things are not cited here in deification of the press association worker. It isn't spectacular individual play but teamwork that makes your telegraphic news agencies serve you so well. The men who do it are not temperamental stars. One of their favorite stories is that of the Ashtabula, Ohio, correspondent who received an Associated Press order to rush details regarding a wreck, and who wired in reply: 'Too much excitement. Can't get details.'

IN THE days when the newspapers were devoted so largely to opinion and news was news when and if it reached the office—and if there was room for it—the reporting of national and world affairs was exceedingly haphazard. Pony relays carried Washington dispatches to Philadelphia and New York, but the editor's chief interest in that may have been that it gave him something fresh to use for denunciatory purposes. But when the telegraph came along in the forties it began to make a difference in our newspapers. In 1848 New York newspapers 'pooled' telegraphic expenses by forming the Associated Press. Later a similar organization sprang up in the West, and in 1882 the two were combined, so that the present organization is more than forty years old. The A. P. is coöperative, in that it aims at no profits and prorates cost; but western publishers charge that it is controlled by certain great eastern papers, while competing associations say that as regards small towns the coöperative assessment theory breaks down in favor of a policy of selling 'election to membership' to publishers at yearly rates low enough to stifle competition. It is, of course, the largest news agency.

Incidentally, it might be remarked here that the 'press association war' is one of the unadvertised modern business romances. It is a war that is fought around the clock, and through the calendar, from the first sheet to the last. I speak not only of the battle of the 'news front,' which would be expected; but of the more bitter battles of the business office. In that fight for expansion, throats are cut and bombs exploded, opponents watched and tripped up, and the dirk always is ready for wielding.

Several years ago, through some error, the United Press killed the Pope prematurely and stood by its guns when the Associated Press said he was not dead. The A. P. used this in the trade war, discrediting the U. P. with editors and the public; but found the incident something of a boomerang because, again through some freak error, a bulletin had gone out over A. P. wires telling how the Pope's sister had died of the shock of learning that the Pope was dead.

The United Press was the second great association to come upon the field. This was about twenty years ago, when three sectional associations were united. The backbone of the service, from the start, was the chain of newspapers of the late E. W. Scripps, who had shown a genius for turning secondhand plants into valuable properties in about two dozen cities, but who never seemed able to break into the big key cities of the country.

Into the job of general news manager of the United Press, not long after its formation, came a very young man named Roy Howard. It is said that when he had been selected for the post and had gone to the Coast to be appraised by 'the Old Man,' Scripps took one look at his extreme boyishness, and Howard then and there had to sell himself the job all over again. He did the selling thoroughly—the newspapers are known now as the Scripps-Howard chain.

THE Scripps newspapers grew as 'people's papers,' penny papers, progressive. The United Press was similarly tinged, and that fact made a good sales argument with such editors as said the A. P. was too conservative. As it grew bigger and bigger, the editorial slant was wiped out gradually by Howard; but the U. P. remained 'more progressive' in that it paid more attention to features and bright copy than did its older brother.

The United Press, on a budget that was a fraction of the A. P. gross turnover, always made money —paid dividends.

The third great press association has cost a great deal of money. It is the International News Service. It was formed by

(Continued on page 23)

The MOULDING of the FAUN

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

IN ONE of those dictionaries which bridge the gaps in our minds, I found an appendix, giving names of noted authors and among them, this line for Hawthorne:

Hawthorne, Nathaniel. 1804-1864.
Scarlet Letter.

Supplied with that, you may go as far as your means allow, or as the afternoon-tea chat requires.

'Hawthorne? Oh, yes: he must be dead over sixty years: he wrote *The Scarlet Letter*, you know.' The lady ponders:

'Didn't he write something else, too?'

'Yes, come to think of it: wasn't it *The Stone Age*—or something like that?'

'Wait a moment—I remember now! —it was *The Marble Faun!*'

Although Hawthorne is best labeled by *The Scarlet Letter,* I am inclined to think that his *Marble Faun* has been read by more people, and perhaps understood less. It has been read because of certain information it contains, but the story which accompanies that information is passed over as obscure.

Another cause of its popularity was that even before copyright on the book expired, a quarter of a century ago, it was possible to get it cheap. It had been reprinted in the Tauchnitz edition, brought out by Baron Tauchnitz who sold about a million copies of it. People bought it as a guidebook to Rome.

THE book is much the longest of Hawthorne's, but it was, in a way, the least premeditated. After the publication of *The Blithedale Romance* in 1852, he stopped writing stories for the next seven years. He had been appointed United States consul at Liverpool, England, which kept him busy on unromantic matters for four years: then he went to France and Italy for two and a half years more. During the latter months in Italy, however, he had made a rough sketch of a story, the theme of which had suddenly seized him in Rome. It looked to him, at that time, like a short, fantastic tale of no great importance. But it rapidly grew upon him, enlarging its significance, till he felt he could hold it back no longer.

It supplanted temporarily the elaboration of another romance, the seeds of which had been sprouting in his imagination since far back in his youth, and had continued to appeal to him throughout his sojourn in England; so that the diaries or journals that he kept there had been written partly with the purpose of using them as background and side scenes of this projected story. Indeed he had gone so far as to make a brief outline of it during his stay of six months in Florence. But, on his return to Rome, the serious illness of his daughter Una with the so-called Roman fever (a malarial disease, often fatal), caused him so much and so prolonged anxiety that he definitely gave the thing up.

THEN, more as a diversion, he began to play with the idea of the humanization of the faun of classic legend. It gave him a sort of outlet for sad thoughts. It became for him a sort of anodyne, a deliverance from the pressure of forebodings on his mind. The ineradicable instinct for art came to his aid, and the rounded romance was the result. But I think his own final estimate of it was not high; and though its sale was gratifying to his publishers, the attitude toward it of the public was not what he would have wished. He feared that his hand had lost its cunning, his imagination its elasticity. The fact that some serious critics put it above anything else that he had written did not reassure him: he regarded it from a standpoint more interior than theirs.

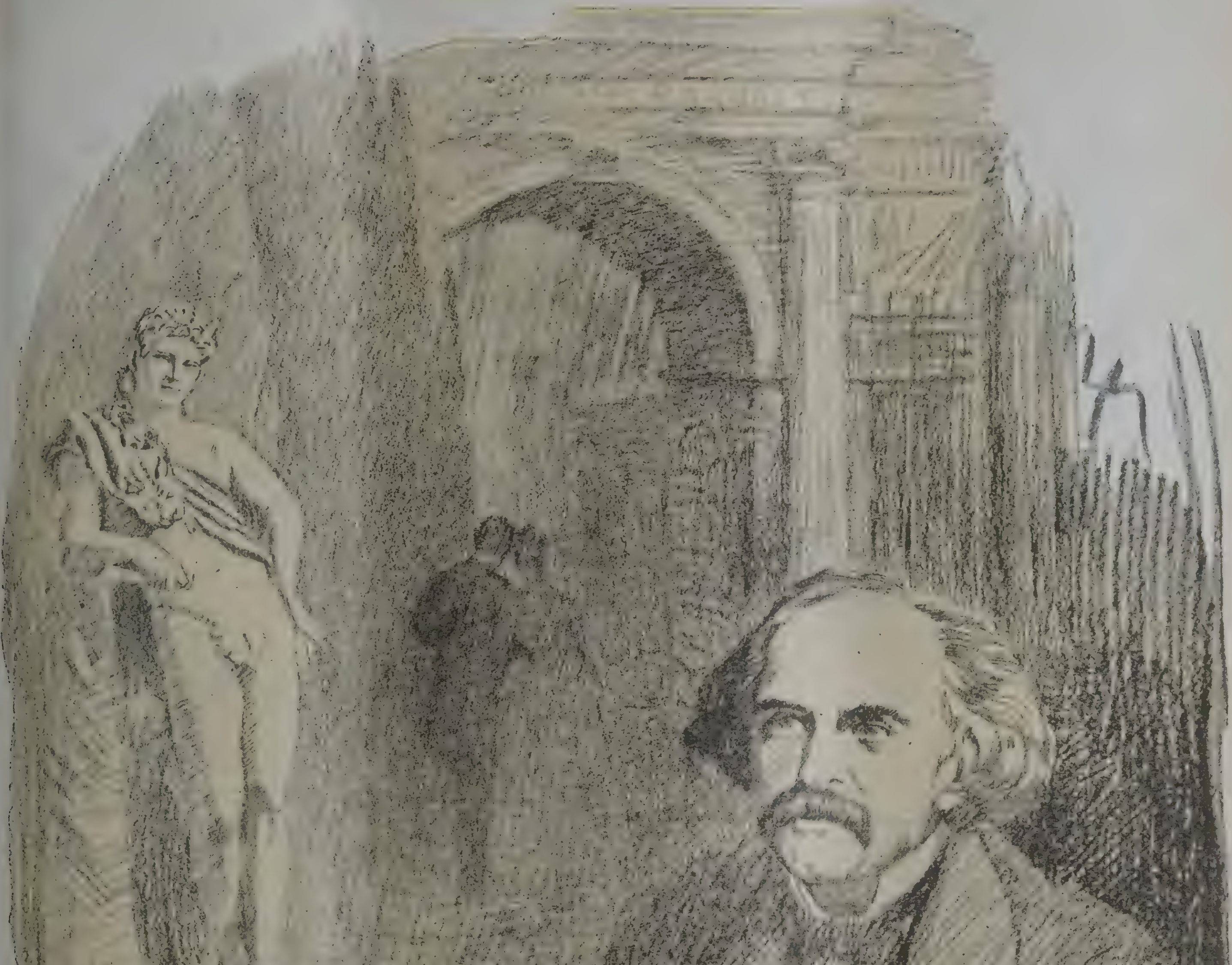
But now, gradually, the conception, long relinquished, of that Romance of Immortality which had lured him in youth, loomed powerfully upon him once more, and he could not reject the invitation. Again and again he attempted it, was not satisfied, and tried again. But his health was failing rapidly; so that when, in the last year of his life, he finally found the authentic clew, it was too late. He wrote a few of the opening chapters and, at the urgency of Fields, the publisher, allowed them to appear in *The Atlantic.* In the opinion of sound judges, he had never before done work so fine. But he felt that he was dying, and he did not live to read the chapters in the magazine. His Romance of Immortality was not to be finished here. After his death, two or three of the abortive efforts were found and published—*Septimius, Dr. Grimshawe's Secret,* and another. But what was to have been the development of *The Dolliver Romance*—as he had provisionally called the fragment in *The Atlantic*—can never be known. The few notes he left were obscure and ambiguous.

Hawthorne was a writer and a poet, though he wrote no verse. The rhythm of emotion permeates his romances. His works are art, and the art of literature had been his preoccupation all his life. In a degree, therefore, he had gained an insight into the other forms of art, and an understanding of their principle. He was neither sculptor nor painter, though I have seen him take up a lump of clay and rapidly shape it into an animated human head; with a brush and a few paints he could design roughly very telling little figures. His wife was a painter and a sculptor; neither of them was a musician, and Hawthorne professed not to care for music. But when he came in touch with the art of Rome, France and England in painting, sculpture and architecture, he could appreciate it and express his reactions. That he was not often wholly in sympathy with what he saw was due less to the technical demerits of the work he might be looking at than to his own lack of technical knowledge of processes and limitations. He got jaded in the interminable galleries, and was more aware of shortcomings than of achievements.

Several American sculptors in Rome were friends of Hawthorne, and he visited their studios, where they might talk him into admiring their work. He and William Wetmore Story were intimate, and Story was finishing his design of Cleopatra. In the original clay, in Story's studio, back in 1856 and '57, it was noble and beautiful, and Hawthorne devotes some pages of eulogy to it in *The Marble Faun.*

But for one antique statue in Rome, and for one painting, he felt unstinted admiration. In both cases, however, the thoughts and feelings they aroused in his mind rather than the work of the artists moved him. The painting, ascribed to Guido, was the head of a girl, supposed to be Beatrice Cenci, on her way to execution; the statue was the figure of the faun by Praxiteles. It makes no difference that experts now question the painting and the sculpture. They touched Hawthorne profoundly; he made the statue his symbol in the story, and imagined a sisterhood between Beatrice and his Miriam. So one art received the others.

HAWTHORNE often visited the Capitoline Museum, and the Barbarini, and pondered upon the statue and the painting. The problem of evil had been before him in all his stories from the first: Beatrice and the faun represented two sides of the mystery. In the legend, the girl had committed parricide, but for a cause that seemed to justify the act. The faun, on the other hand, was incapable of sin, because he



Then, as a diversion, Hawthorne began to play with the idea of the humanization of the faun of classic legend.

was an animal not yet become human. Could the girl be forgiven? and could the faun become a man? Might not a story be written in which these two should be chief actors, and, through their mutual interactions, solve the enigma? The theme grew and put forth branches. It was worth attempting.

Except for the faun's pointed ears and tail, he was physically nearer man than animal. But he had never come under the rule of conscience; he was unable to discriminate between right and wrong: he was kindly and affectionate, but entirely unmoral. Should such a conflict arise for him, he would cleave to what seemed to him good and not evil, but good to him would appear as gratification of his desire as an animal; evil, as deprivation of it. The idea of voluntarily depriving himself of it would be inconceivable to the animal instinct. He would then commit what we regard sins—robbery or even murder—free from hesitation or remorse.

Still, animals are capable of affection: the female for its young and transiently for its mate; and the higher animals, when tamed, for their tamers. A dog will not only follow its master faithfully, but will face danger for the master's sake. The faun would doubtless be capable of such affection. But such affection does not uplift dog into man: would it suffice for the faun? Affection is not love in the higher meaning of the word; passion is not love. Love is self-sacrifice in the supreme degree; it gives all to its object, and retains nothing to itself except that power to give. Its only satisfaction and happiness is in making its mate happy; it perishes when it seeks any gratification other than that: it is degraded into the mere lust of possession for its own senses' sake—the lust of the animal. But the felicity of pure love is indeed supreme, and the more it is gratified, the stronger is its flame. It is lifted above the flesh, and penetrates to that higher region which we call the soul. Yet we cannot say that it creates the soul: it awakens the soul to consciousness of itself; but the soul must have been present to be awakened. But this is a paradox—in truth, the mystery of mysteries.

Such considerations perhaps passed through Hawthorne's mind, as he meditated on the faun, but he was too sound an artist to admit them into his story except by inference. He would assume (for the end he had in view) that the beautiful creature, though it had no soul, yet might undergo experiences that would beget one in him. He might fall in love with a woman; but would love, as a faun loves, be enough?

What other influence, then, could awaken him? What, for instance, would be the effect upon his nature of committing a deadly sin? Would murder, done in a passion of hatred, serve the purpose? Hardly; since the destruction of what disturbs its comfort is natural to an animal, and appears to it good and not evil. Yet there are no ministers stronger than love and sin.

AND, of course, if the faun were mere animal, the quest would end there. But on Hawthorne's assumption of the germ in him of a soul, the outlook was better. And it was here that the thought of Beatrice came upon the stage.

The faun, as a faun, is infatuated by a beautiful woman, and manifests for her an affection which is more than childlike, but not as yet fully mature: he does not think of the future, he is filled with the joy of the present. The woman, on the contrary, is mature in every way except in years; she has lived in the world, and she has not only committed one deadly sin but been the victim of another. She is partly amused, partly annoyed, by the faun's devotion. The gloom and terror of her secret thoughts remove her far from the desire or the possibility of love. What shall be the next step?

LET the faun, for love of his mistress, and to save her from some danger or peril, do murder. In other words, let sin and love combine to create manhood in him—to give him a soul. Grant the existence in him of the seed of a soul, would not that combination suffice to tear it forth and fertilize it?

In the story, the conditions would be so set as to favor this result. The being who is the source of the woman's trouble appears associated with her as artist's model; the fetters of their crime compel it. What their crime was remains unrevealed. There are brazen pens today that might state it in plain terms, but the art of Hawthorne, by leaving it in shadow, does but add the more to its horror.

As the pressure of immensities dissolves rock into vapor, so the passion of that moment kindled the faun into a man. None (they think) has seen it; it is their secret. But what will be its effect upon them? At first, while the vibration of their act still shakes them, it is that wild sense of freedom which accompanies a broken law. But when that delirium passes, they awaken to a vital change in their mutual relations. Miriam (the woman) recognizes that the innocent faun, in becoming man, has murdered not her enemy alone but his own innocence and peace: love has brought forth guilt and death. And he, feeling the loss of the faun nature, and not yet competent to understand manhood, is lost in the darkness of the abyss; the faun love which prompted the deed is gone; the higher love can as yet find no foothold in him.

The outcome appears as blank indifference—in reality a paralysis of faculty. In Miriam, on the other hand, remorse and compassion engender the love which all her lover's entreaties could not stir in her: her existence henceforth is consecrated to his help and comfort.

The figures of Kenyon and Hilda serve only to carry on the action. In the end, the problem itself is left to the reader's consideration. Is sin 'the cloudy porch oft opening on the sun'? Is evil necessary to good? Is the fall of man the unavoidable condition of his resurrection?

The delicacy with which the difficult theme is handled has its disadvantages. To keep the picture in harmony the artist is compelled to remove the whole scene with the characters that enact it into a region apart from reality; with the exception of Miriam, and of the faun at the moment when his crime is committed, none of the figures is convincing. But that moment on the brink of the Tarpeian Rock is rendered with a power almost intolerable, and it makes what precedes and follows pallid by contrast. The physical deed blanches the color out of the metaphysical preface and consequence.

The dramatic effect of the story suffers from the impossibility of solving the problem; we think that the balance disturbed by evil should be restored by the penalty. The murder of the model, however, does but augment his disastrous influence upon the course of events, and had Miriam and the faun been brought to the scaffold for their crime, it would only have emphasized the futility of human justice. They must heal each other of the hurt which they have inflicted upon their souls, but that operation is spiritual, and banishes the actors from the material arena; they become invisible, and the audience is left in doubt.

The inference seems unavoidable that the story of the faun should have ended on the Tarpeian Rock. The rest is another story. And it is possible that Hawthorne, in his first vision of the tale, may have so intended, but then he felt himself drawn on into the realm of consequences, and he did not resist the invitation.

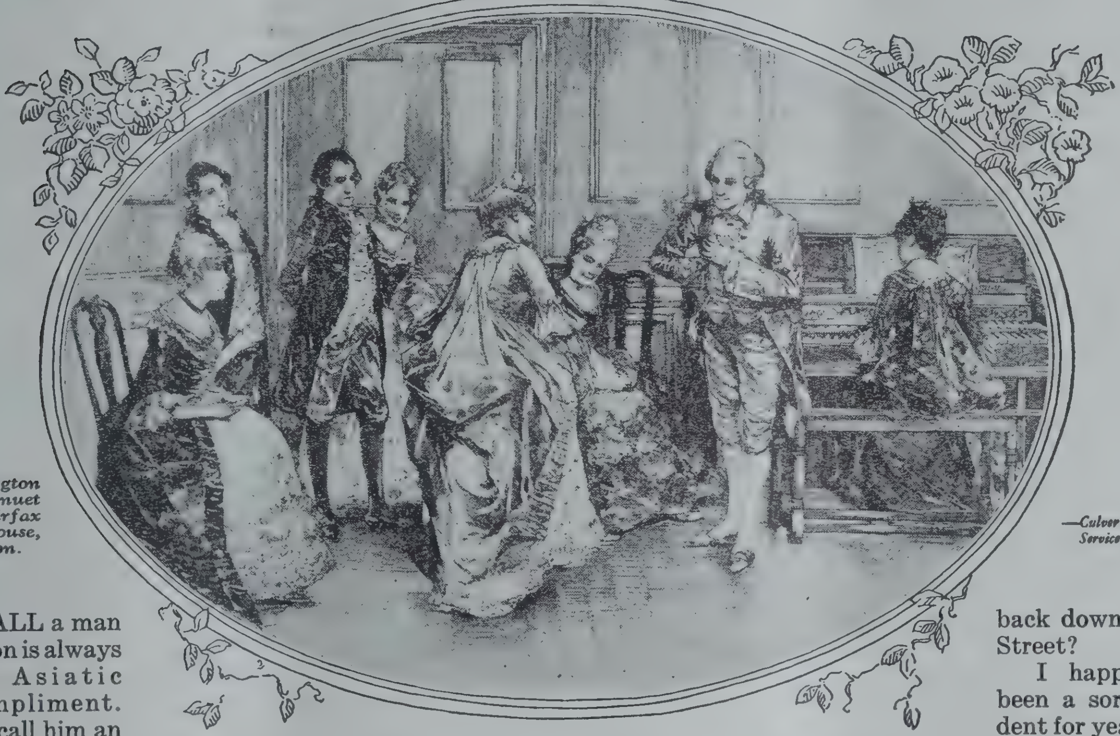
Such at any rate is my private view of the matter, and my grounds for forming it are no better or no worse than those of any other critic. The story was written when I was thirteen years old; my father died when I was seventeen, and I hardly need say that he and I never discussed the matter. I didn't read the book till long afterward, and then I didn't understand it, though, like others, I was charmed with the pictures of Rome and the Florentine valley. Perhaps I don't understand it yet; but I submit my guess.

THE manuscript of the story which he brought with him from Italy for the purpose of rewriting it in England, and thereby securing the English copyright, was probably little more than a brief summary of the final work. He had kept up full journals of our Italian sojourn, and parts of these he used in the story. After his death, my mother, in copying the journals for publication, left out all passages which he had thus taken over—though it would have been interesting to compare the first versions with the refinements of them in the book. He had not decided upon the names of the characters, and he used to talk them over with the family. Hilda was suggested by the saint whose story was somehow connected with the old Yorkshire town

(*Continued on page 20*)

The LITANY of WASHINGTON STREET

By VACHEL LINDSAY



George Washington dancing the minuet with Sally Fairfax at the Carlyle House, Mount Vernon.

—Culver Service.

TO CALL a man a lion is always an Asiatic compliment. To call him an eagle is a European compliment. These are accepted metaphors of oratory; but the Indians did not hesitate to venture far afield in their complimentary names. They would call a man Chief Angry Bear, Chief Big Elk, Chief White Buffalo; or a woman, Lady White Bird.

Turn to Dean Swift who, long before our American Revolution, in *Gulliver's Travels*, was hunting through all the races of mankind for a man like George Washington and found him not. He was hunting, not for a vague general demagog made of clouds and cotton batting, but for a person of certain simple attributes worked out to their very highest logic till they became a delight as well as a very definite personality. If we read Gulliver, we find that he wanders through the kingdoms of the pigmies and the giants; but it is in a kingdom ruled by magnificent Houyhnhnms that he seems to have pleased himself most. His master is not a horse. It is as though a sign of the zodiac had turned into Pegasus himself.

This tremendous, high-stepping master, this steed greater than any centaur, this picture made of stars, is a dim step toward what I would like to say when I name George Washington 'The Great Red Indian Chief, White Horse.' Edgar Poe's story *Metzengerstein* is a mystic story of a sort of steed that was a demigod, capable of gigantic justice; it might lead the mind to what I mean by this Indian name. When Washington was a young man fighting and surveying on the western frontiers, the Indians were always naming him fancy names after some fashion; and until we name him, we cannot know him.

The best steed is more imperturbable than a man, more faithful than a man, more direct than a man, with a more fixed countenance, with a body so powerful that it becomes in itself a symbol of inexhaustibility; is graceful beyond any human grace, prefers dancing to walking, arches its neck without loss of dignity or imperturbability, goes straight to its goal, can find its way home without lantern or guide when the rider is asleep on the longest, blackest night through the muddiest road, holds no grudges, remembers no enemies, and can overtake and pass any man afoot in the world.

So when the smart boys all get themselves together and prove Washington slow thinking; fond of farming; a British fox-hunting squire; by accident, our commander in chief; surveyor; accountant and mathematician; a pacer off of paces; one with a passion for acres and rivers, one to whom a book was a bore, an argument an irrelevancy, why are they then so angry when, their life work done, General George Washington of Virginia still rides on horseback down Washington Street?

I happen to have been a sort of art student for years and years, and to have lectured on Gilbert Stuart portraits of unknowns. Gilbert Stuart painted the notables of his time in an inimitable manner that was genius, but which fits only Washington. The others look rather curious painted in this manner. Any Gilbert Stuart portrait is on canvas, in oil; but looks as though it were painted on glass, in water color; the whites are transparent or translucent; the powdered wigs seem like spun glass. The dignity is red Indian; all the rest is a curiosity of the art gallery. But when he painted Washington, he was dealing with a mystery; and this mysterious manner for once found its infallible subject, and mountain-dignity.

Most of the efforts of the new Washington scholarship seem to be to destroy the meaning of the Gilbert Stuart portrait; but if you pile up evidence roof-high, and prove beyond a doubt that the subject of this portrait was a human being, it still remains an inevitable portrait of our great red Indian chief, White Horse. Thus it comes about that Gilbert Stuart is the only human being who ever painted a portrait of a red Indian chief. All other attempts are art calendars and railroad advertisements.

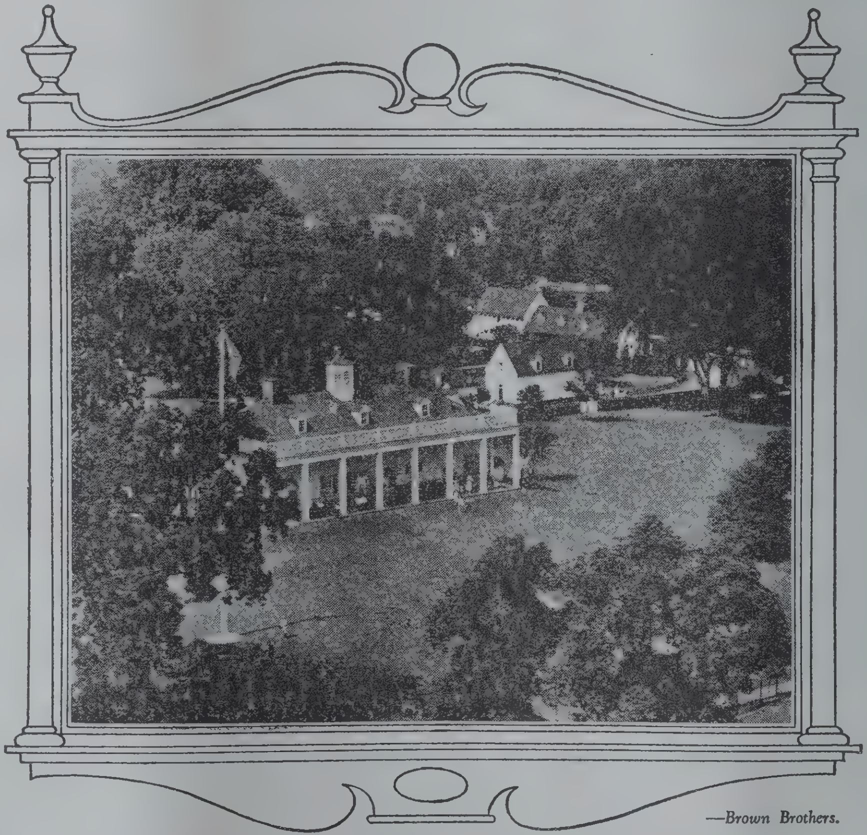
I have named Washington, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry as three poets of our beginning. But for purposes of this essay, I would speak of another triumvirate: Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton, the New Yorker.

George Washington is a mountain between the Jeffersonians and the Hamiltonians who still carry on merry war throughout the length and breadth of this country. The only thing that separates them is that, at the height of the battle, this Gilbert Stuart portrait seems to float between them like the mist and smoke of some medicine man's camp fire. The only national-commission form of government that the United States ever had was in Washington's first administration, when Hamilton and Jefferson were both in one cabinet.

I am a Jeffersonian; and Hamilton makes me as impatient as he ever did any fair-minded Democratic Party man. But just as I open my mouth to rail, The Great Chief, White Horse, rides between me and the object of my impatient invective. It is with some pleasure that I observe that the same thing happens to the Hamiltonians. I have read page after page that tried to prove that Jefferson was a bigger man than Washington; or that, on the other hand, Hamilton was a bigger man than Washington. But Jefferson and Hamilton can never desert their chief; he always towers over them. I have recently read a very able and commendable book on the part of Jefferson by a zealous British partisan who is straining, straining, almost to a shriek, commanding George Washington and Alexander Hamilton to get off Washington Street and let Jefferson ride there by himself.

Now these three gentlemen, Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton, expressed for one another at certain rare propitious moments the highest 'esteem.' It is too deep a matter for the hasty student to discover what in their private capacities they meant by 'esteem.' As far as Washington Street is concerned, they are bound together in an irrevocable fate. We cannot talk them out of existence. We would be like a geologist who tries to talk the scenery out of existence, who does not see the mountains, but the strata, while the other tourists see the splendors of a Turner sunset.

Always on Washington Street I see those three superb horsemen, Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton, riding abreast. Washington in the middle on a much bigger, higher horse, never looking to the right or to the left, except when he has a direct question from Jefferson or Hamilton. Not one of them can be outmatched in superb pride, though each has a pride all his own; not one of them can be excelled in horsemanship by the others. But if Jefferson must address Hamilton, he has to look around the General, and lean forward, which is difficult to do; or lag behind the General, which his pride will not permit. Thus I deride my favorite hero. I will let Hamiltonians say that if Hamilton wishes to address Jefferson, he must peep around George Washington's horse, even to get a glimpse of the red-headed 'Sage of Monticello.' With Hamilton or with Jefferson, it is the tomahawk or the peace pipe. They both had Indian training. But they are both so mindful of the General that they dare not stop for a personal encounter. So as they ride with the great red Indian chief, White Horse, it is the peace pipe forever on Washington Street, an enforced truce, but truce of a sort.



—Brown Brothers.

Mount Vernon, built in 1743 by George Washington s elder brother, Lawrence.

What is the scenery of Washington Street? First, Mount Vernon, the incarnation of George Washington. Perhaps the old Raleigh Tavern of Williamsburg, where Jefferson danced, and played his violin by the fire. Surely there is a bank and an army post, with regulars drilling hard, or Hamilton would not have occasion to ride down Washington Street. Hamilton looks the young Napoleon suppressed. Washington watched him, watched him, watched him; and he became what was practically the supreme military commander of the United States only when Washington was ready to die.

And is Jefferson close to Washington because Washington deems it safer for the country to have him there than somewhere in the woods? I rather think, in spite of the deep deductions of new and old historians about Washington's stupidity, that there is a medicine man's reason for Jefferson and Hamilton's having to ride abreast of Washington, down Washington Street, and not down Hamilton Street or Jefferson Street.

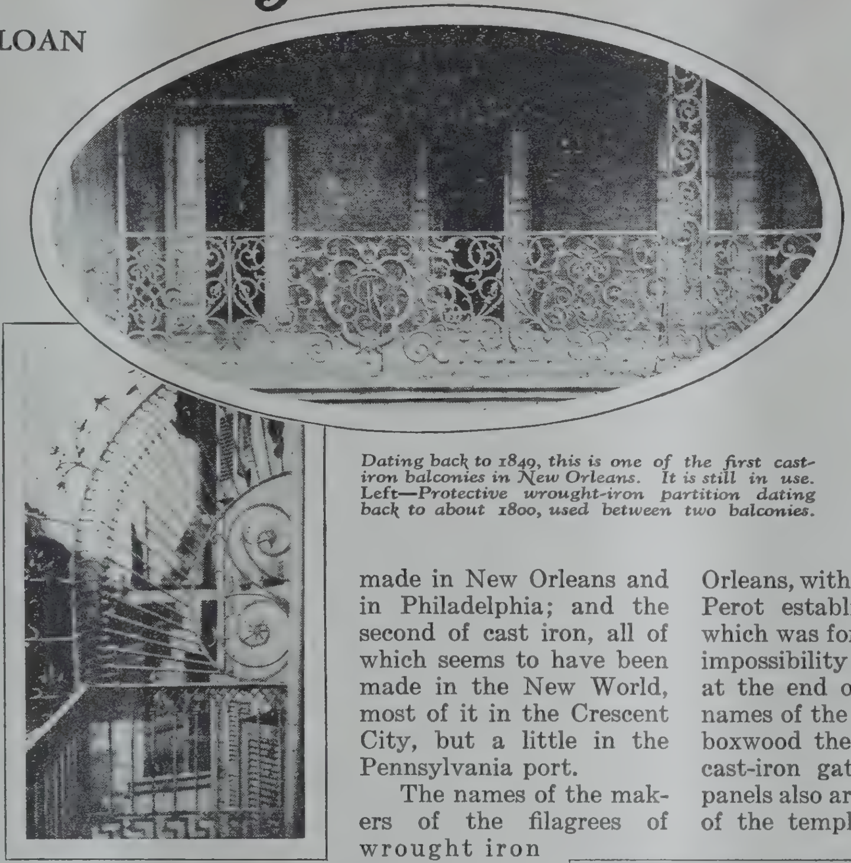
THERE are endless clubs and whole shelves of books trying to give Hamilton the middle of the way. There are whole shelves of books, there is even a great political party, expressly determined to give Jefferson the middle of the way. To that paradoxical party I find myself belonging; but watch the three men riding yet, straight toward the sunset. Jefferson keeps near the southern curb, Hamilton near the northern curb; and I say that the three horses will move abreast till the day of doom, with the great plumed chief in the middle, dressed beyond the nerve of the other two in silks and fine leather, in spurs so glittering and with a hat so dazzling that even the patrician Hamilton would not have the courage to ride so bedecked through a nation where no grown man dares dress up. It has long remained a problem and an almost ineradicable mystery how such a glittering man could be the father of so middle-class a country. But we are at last taking on his grand style. Concerning this dawning 'grand manner' I wish to write many new essays for my friends.

It is always 'the kings and the commons against the lords'; and it is our commonest people who keep this king on horseback and who are beginning to take on his manner. Our lords have not the courage of their apparent power; so it is not real power at all. Washington was our first and last king, though there were four near kings besides him in the

(Continued on page 28)

The IRON GATES of New Orleans

By JOHN SLOAN



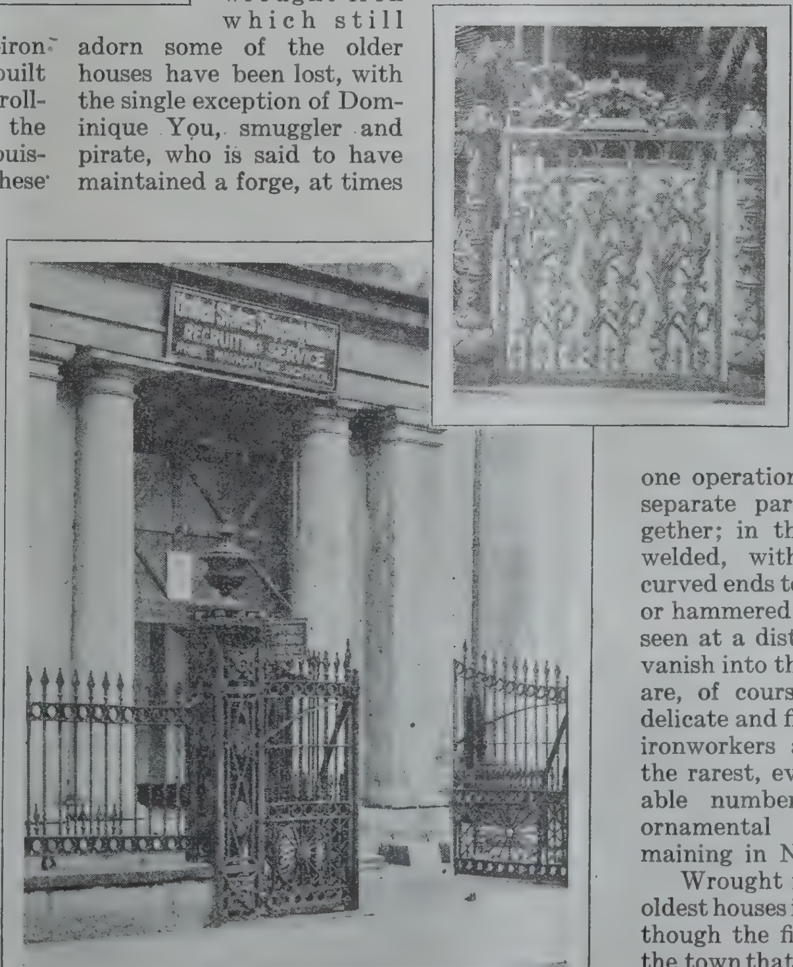
Dating back to 1849, this is one of the first cast-iron balconies in New Orleans. It is still in use. Left—Protective wrought-iron partition dating back to about 1800, used between two balconies.

IN THE city which has the honor to have been founded by the famous adventurer, governor and representative of the king of France, Jean Baptiste LeMoyne de Bienville, more than two hundred years ago, there remain to this day, as the most permanent reminders of the contribution of France to the New World, some of the finest iron workings in existence. Filmy wrought-iron balconies, delicate panels for the long *ventanas*, slim frames and brackets holding far-flung verandas, all seeming so fine that they must fall by their own weight; massive cast-iron and wrought-iron gates, and combinations of both, built for protection and ornament, and scroll-work doors, hammered red-hot on the anvil by slave labor before the Louisiana Territory was purchased—these are the remnants of an art which very nearly passed from existence with the hard days following the Civil War in New Orleans.

Only now, a century later than most of this work was done, an effort is being made by Tulane University, through the art school of Newcomb College, to preserve as it is the wrought- and cast-iron art of another day. An attempt also is being made to bring back the hand-manufacture of these delicate yet enduring things of iron.

This ironwork, which added so much to the external appearance, and not a little to the protection of the internal affairs, of the houses of the one-time French capital of America, will be better appreciated from photographs than from any written description. Its development, however, was divided rather sharply into two periods—the first, and oldest, of wrought iron, some of which was brought from the ancient smithies of France and other of which was made in New Orleans and in Philadelphia; and the second of cast iron, all of which seems to have been made in the New World, most of it in the Crescent City, but a little in the Pennsylvania port.

The names of the makers of the filagrees of wrought iron which still adorn some of the older houses have been lost, with the single exception of Dominique You, smuggler and pirate, who is said to have maintained a forge, at times when he was not pirating, and to have produced from it some of the finest and most delicate examples of the smithy's art. Even this, however, is somewhat of legend, and, as none of these artists in iron 'signed' their productions, we can only appreciate the result and regret that we cannot name the maker. Most of the cast-iron molding was done at the plants of Leeds and Company, and the Shakespeare Iron Foundry, in New Orleans, with a little at the old Wood and Perot establishment, in Philadelphia, which was forced out of business by the impossibility of collections in the South at the end of the Civil War. But the names of the men who carved from soft boxwood the models of those precious cast-iron gates, fences, balconies and panels also are lost forever, though some of the templets remain, as perfect as when they were first made, fifty to seventy-five years ago.



Artistic wrought-iron fence, built a century ago primarily for protective purposes. Inset—Gate with cornstalk motif.

There are two types of wrought iron—that which was made in separate figures, comparatively small and easy to handle in forge and on anvil, and that in which whole panels with every figure in them were wrought out at one operation. In the first, the separate parts are riveted together; in the second they are welded, with the spirals and curved ends terminating in disks, or hammered down so thin that, seen at a distance, they seem to vanish into thin air. These latter are, of course, the much more delicate and finer examples of the ironworkers art. They are also the rarest, even in the considerable number of examples of ornamental wrought iron remaining in New Orleans.

Wrought iron appears on the oldest houses in the Crescent City, though the fire of 1788 so razed the town that few of the really old buildings are left. The wrought-iron work

(Continued on page 20)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The True Economy

TIME, energy and material are worth more than money, because they cannot be purchased by money. Not one hour of yesterday, nor one hour of today can be bought back. Not one ounce of energy can be bought back. Material wasted is wasted beyond recovery. These things are in the front rank of values. They are the precious elements out of which all wealth is made.

It is worth noting that these precious values are not of human creation. We have done a great deal with our human intelligence and energy, we have accomplished much by the manipulation of natural material and forces, but the severely modifying fact remains that ourselves and all we have worked with, and the very intelligence we have worked by, were not our own creation. And so, while mankind may be pleased, and even thankful, it ill becomes it to be boastful.

> *EVERYTHING was given us to use—time, energy, material. There is no evil from which we suffer that did not come about through misuse. There is no function which human beings can fulfill that is not good. But we have all about us the spectacle of whole nations having to make laws against things, not bad fundamentally, but bad in their misuse. The worst possible sin we can commit against the things of our common life is to misuse them. 'Misuse' is the wider term. We like to say 'waste,' but waste is only one phase of misuse. All waste is misuse; all misuse is waste.*

All our values were given us. Mind-values, power-values, material-values, were all here. And we, the human race, have simply been cutting our eyeteeth on some of the elementary problems. The tree makes apples, mankind makes engines and philosophies—the tree cannot boast itself to be very original and powerful; it does what it was given power to do.

But mankind always has promise of being permitted to do still greater things. If trees bore different and finer apples every succeeding year, we should say, 'Well, there is progress in the apple kingdom, and some day those apple trees are going to develop into beings of wonderful powers.' But we don't see that. We see, however, mankind putting out different and better fruits age by age, and even helping the tree bear better apples, and the bush better berries; and therefore we say, 'Well, there will come a time when this wonderfully endowed and protected race of beings will work in some finer material than steel, and by some finer force than electricity or gasoline explosions. Its present progress has every sign of being only preparation.'

The waste which we practise upon the original store of wealth is always repairing itself. That is to say, the time we waste is wasted for *us*, not for Time. It is the same everywhere. Wasted material is replaced; the earth never ceases making what we need and is prepared to fill future needs of which we have not now the slightest foreknowledge. If men waste energy, it is lost to them as individuals—the great reservoir of energy on which all life draws is not exhausted.

Therefore the great word of life is Use.

Some would say Economy. Not so. The word economy represents a half-idea born of fear. Its history is something like this: the great and tragic fact of waste is brought home to the mind by some circumstance, usually of a most materialistic kind; or there comes a violent reaction against extravagance—for even nature rebels against our unwise courses (which is the reason so many people break down from 'overwork,' which is not overwork at all); and as a sudden revulsion against it all, the mind catches hold of the idea of 'economy.' It flies from a greater evil to a lesser one; it does not make the full journey from error to truth.

Economy is the rule of half-alive minds. There can be no doubt that it is better than waste, neither can there be any doubt that it is not so good as Use.

Persons who pride themselves on their economy sometimes bristle when it is attacked, as if one of the virtues had been denounced. It is principally in the interests of the economizers that this attitude is taken. For if there is anything more pitiable on earth than a poor, pinched mind spending the rich days and months pinching at a few pieces of metal, or paring the outer necessities of life to the very quick, where is it?

Indeed, there are two kinds of waste: that of the prodigal who throws his substance away in riotous living, and that of the sluggard who allows his substance to rot from nonuse. In the precious things of life the strict economizer may be classed with the sluggard.

The beauty of the principle of Use is that it obtains all the advantages of economy and at the same time gives healthy expression to all the instincts of which wastefulness is a diseased symptom. Most people's extravagance is a reaction from severe suppression of expenditure. Most people's economy is a reaction from extravagance.

Under the principle of Use the expansive experience of expenditure is obtained, as well as the self-control and economic discipline of 'economizing.'

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Giving the Doctor a Chance

AMERICANS cannot fairly term themselves the most efficient people until they stop the present loss of three billion dollars' worth of human values through preventable disease.

Infection, acute or chronic, by bacteria or parasites, is probably the most potent cause of disease, old age and death. Fortunately most of these infections can be dealt with if a physician is consulted in time. However, this doesn't mean waiting for signs of illness. The apparently healthy should occasionally be examined by physicians to detect departures from the normal, so that the tendency may be checked at once and illness obviated.

The whole thing is merely overcoming the present universal disposition to begrudge the doctor his fee unless he has remedied real illness. Doctors cannot work miracles upon people who have let disease get a real hold; but they can repair the leaks if given the opportunity.

We are nearing the period of the year when the disease and death rate climbs upward simply because most people regard colds, grippe and sore throats as unworthy a doctor's attention. Several generations hence the sound common-sense doctrine of prevention will be practised generally. Meanwhile some people will shorten their lives merely to save a doctor's bill for early and effective examination.

Why Progress Is Slow

IT IS not so much the speed with which things are done that counts but the steadiness. An essential of all kinds of progress is that it be continuous. There must be no standing still. The rate of progress may, for one reason or another, slacken at times, but the movement must always be forward. A man's pace may be comparatively slow, but if he pursues it steadily and with his eyes wide open, he makes more progress than one who rushes along blindly for a time, and, exhausted by his exertions, stumbles frequently and sometimes loses the path altogether. Choose your goal, keep steadily on. Whatever occurs, you will find yourself farther forward than if you had never begun.

A Feast for All

THERE is on this continent almost every variety of scene that the wide world can furnish. There are mountains which for majesty and grandeur cannot be equaled, stately rivers, magnificent lakes, boundless woods, mighty waterfalls. To the enjoyment of these wonders of earth and sea and sky there is no limit. They are there for the seeking. Modern transportation has made it easy to reach all parts of the country.

Strange as it may seem, it is frequently those who have the grandest works of nature at their doors who are blindest to their beauties. It is but natural that people in inland towns, sometimes hundreds of miles from the seacoast, should wish to see the ocean and enjoy the opportunity of inhaling its bracing breezes. It is also to be expected that those who have been brought up within sound of the sea should long for those scenic wonders which lie for many miles inland. Tastes in scenery differ as they do in almost everything else. Some love the rugged mountains, others the quiet, peaceful valleys.

That 'distance lends enchantment to the view' may be a trite phrase, but it is a true one. The landscape always appears more beautiful when it is viewed through the haze of an autumn day, or in the mellow rays of a glowing sunset. That thing is always the most desirable which for the moment we cannot reach.

Our Job

THERE was once a man, says tradition, who worried himself to death because he read that the fuel supply would be exhausted in so many million years, and there are people today who give themselves no end of trouble about things equally remote.

There are parts of the earth's surface not even known to civilized man, whose potentialities for development are unfathomed. In Brazil, for example, there are immense unexplored regions, the possibilities of which cannot yet be gauged. In The Argentine and in Mexico, countless acres, which are at present given over to the grazing of cattle, will in time be put under crop; and in Peru it is asserted that vast stores of copper lie hidden in the Cordilleras, millions of tons of timber stand in the forests awaiting the axe, while great quantities of oil are still untapped.

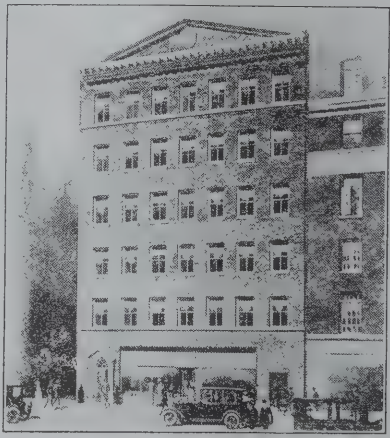
The great continent of Africa is without question a land of the future.

It is increasingly being recognized that a more equitable distribution of the human race is desirable, but this must come about in a gradual and natural manner, not by any sudden disturbance of present conditions. The untapped portions of the earth will be opened up in time. Meanwhile mankind has an important job developing the resources that are known.

A Day Among the NEW YORK PUBLISHERS

By THOMAS L. MASSON

EVERY morning between eight and ten o'clock fully thirty thousand persons, or jacks-in-the-box, pop out of the depths of the Hudson River into the lower part of New York. At nine-thirty on a bright autumn morning, flanked by flappers and snappy-looking clerks, I emerge with the rest. As for that much-maligned spot, Manhattan Island, it is shaped very much like a pancake that has gone wrong. If you pour out your batter on the griddle in a thin stream, instead of making it go round, it will look like an elongated almond with jagged outlines.



Harper & Bros.

At the lower end enormous skyscrapers bunch themselves together. I come out of the depths of the rectangular Hudson Terminal Building, with its twenty thousand inmates, and go south to the New York Evening Post Building at 75 West Street, facing the river. Within a stone's throw is the spot where Henry Hudson first landed and where also Washington stepped ashore for his first inauguration.

I wander back to Trinity Church, patronized by the biggest broadcasting station in the world. There in the churchyard is the headstone of William Bradford, New York's first printer and the father of all publishers. On the other side of Broadway, on the site of the present Cotton Exchange Building, was the office of Bradford's Printing Press, 'At the Sign of the Bible,' established in 1693, where the first New York newspaper, the New York *Gazette*, was published November 1, 1725. This, in Hanover Square, was known under the British as 'Printing House Square.'

It was a little more than a hundred years later that Horace Greeley, that weird journalistic genius, set up the Bible quicker than it had ever been set before, and in 1841 established the *Tribune*. Now it seems strange that the publishers have all moved uptown; they are scattered over the island. Before going uptown, however, I pause for a moment to look in on my friend, Robert E. Sherwood, active member and former president of the New York Booksellers' League, who has a book place on Beekman Street.

Mr. Sherwood, you may remember, was once one of the most distinguished clowns in the country if not in the world. After he had lived his life as a clown, he decided to go into the book business. He tells all about it in a recent book about his life under the big tent, entitled *Here We Are Again*. Mr. Sherwood's bookshop is a frightful jumble of books. He sits in the rear, the quintessence of geniality, surrounded by handsome girls, dictating things about books. He knows books not as a bibliophile, but as a human being.

And so I plunge once more below the discordant surface with its ten-ton trucks and near-Americans, and emerge on the edge of Greenwich Village, walking thence to Fifth Avenue, where the stern, almost pure-white new granite building of the Macmillan Company rises. The largest wholesale bookshop in the world (Baker-Taylor) is on the opposite side, near the famous Salamagundi Club.

Miss Rose Hutchinson greets me. Here we have a type of woman—scholarly, intelligent, and businesslike—which to me is the most genuinely interesting of that species which has been declared by Rudyard Kipling to be so deadly. Miss Hutchinson, of the Macmillan Company; Miss Caroline Parker, of the Century Company, Miss Reid, of Dutton (far up on Fifth Avenue); Miss Cooper, of Doubleday (down at Garden City); and Mrs. Alfred Knopf—here are women representing the highest feminine intelligence in this country.

Miss Hutchinson and I discuss Masefield's latest novel, *Odtaa*. I tell her that it charmed me on account of its style, but that some of my critical friends did not like it, thinking that John Masefield is so much better as poet than as novelist and should stop his lurid adventure stuff. Miss Hutchinson is neutral about Masefield. These publishing women, however, are not neutral except on the surface; I have often seen them pour their vials of wrath out on some of their own publications.

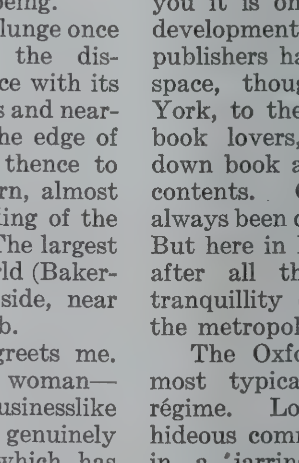
Miss Hutchinson hands me Lewis Browne's book called *This Believing World*, which tells us at first hand how religions got started, and I promise to review it. (Later I sit up half the night reading it and looking at the charming pictures of camels.)

But here we sit in the lobby, looking out on the broad pavements of sunny Fifth Avenue, while at the right, with its dim religious atmosphere, is the open library (a kind of circular affair), where anyone may stop in and browse among books, the latest and presumably the best.

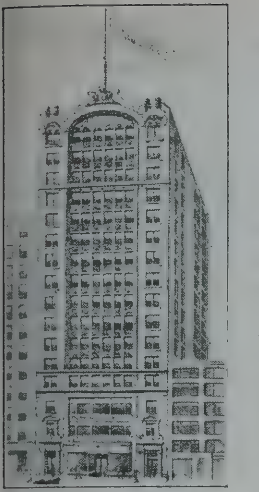
This leads me to wonder why this browsing movement first started among the New York publishers. I assure you it is one of the most interesting developments in the book world. Many publishers have quite recently allotted space, though so valuable in New York, to these browsing nooks, where book lovers, undisturbed, may take down book after book and extract the contents. Of course the thing has always been common enough in London. But here in New York! It shows that after all the haunting craving for tranquillity cannot be crushed out of the metropolitan heart.

The Oxford Press is perhaps the most typical instance of this new régime. Located on 32nd Street in hideous commercial surroundings, it is in a jarringly commercial building where trucks unload and leave huge packages blocking the sidewalk. The Oxford people, however, moving up a floor, have succeeded in making a room which is redolent of learning.

Here are no novels. But here are all the classics, all the philosophers, all the historians. And in the next room are all the Bibles, for the Oxford Bibles are known the world over. Here in one of the cases is a copy of the first Bible printed by the Oxford University Press in 1675—octavo size, prefaced by The Book of Common Priar and having the words on the title-page 'Printed at Oxford at the Theatre.' This theater was the Sheldonian. There are also on display



E. P. Dutton & Co.



G. P. Putnam's Sons.

copies of the first folio Bible of the Oxford Press of 1701 and of the first printing on India paper (1842).

My old schoolmate Mr. Lewis is here to greet me. He introduces to me a young Oxford man who has just come over to take charge of the company's publicity. Think of that: Oxford graduates becoming American publicity men! This young man has a book of Professor Robinson's, an advance copy. He tells me that it has given him a bigger 'kick' on religion than any before. He has only the advance copy but promises to send me another later. We go into the officers' room where in one frame have been collected the portraits of the four men who founded the American branch—John Armstrong, first general manager; William W. McIntosh, secretary; S. C. Skepmoes, associate secretary; and William Oliver, treasurer.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

I go back into the browsing room, and find here a young Columbia student whom I had noticed before eagerly scanning the shelves. He now has a group of books. He insists on paying cash for them and on taking them away himself. I select a Greek Testament, and Mr. Lewis informs me that there is not much demand for other translations of the Bible than the King James Version. He shows me a part of the great Murray Dictionary, upon which they seem to have been working for a hundred years. I think this part is a section on the letter *A*. It will be in untold volumes. I swoon with humility over my ignorance, and dropping down to the street level, leap into a taxicab and rush to a huge, up-to-date office building where, on the seventeenth floor, I meet Russell Doubleday.

He wastes no time on me but immediately escorts me into the Doubleday browsing room. This is quite different from the Oxford atmosphere. More modern. All the Doubleday books are here. Russell tells me they now have sixteen bookshops scattered all over the country. I ask him to let me start one in New Jersey. He shakes his head dubiously: New Jersey prefers applejack. Nevertheless I knew a woman who opened such a shop during the war and supported her husband on the proceeds.

Russell shows me Edna Ferber's latest book, *Show Boat*, and tells me they sold a hundred thousand copies before it came out. I tell him it falls short of *So Big*, and he says it is better in parts. (Later my wife tells me it is as good if not better. I have not read it.)

The Doubleday books, as is the case with so many others, are manufactured out of town, and if you are willing to take the trip down to Garden City, Long Island, you will find a huge plant, flower beds surrounding it, a private dining room—and, best of all, Mrs. Robbins and Miss Cooper. Miss Cooper is a publicity woman. You would never suspect it.

Russell is busy. He has a far-away look in his eye. He is thinking of Booth Tarkington's next. And so I leave him and go down Fourth Avenue to meet Miss Parker, of the Century Company. Miss Parker invites me to luncheon at the National Arts Club, which is on Gramercy Square nearly next to the Players' Club. Here all the publishers have their open exhibitions of books every year. On the way out we meet Barry Benefield, who, a year or so ago was—singular to say—one of the Century Company's publicity men, a quiet, almost self-effacing chap, and yet the author of some of the best short stories. His new book, *Short Turns*, is just out.

Miss Parker has charge of the religious publications and knows all the theologs. We meet a Yale professor and I tell him a joke, at which he looks very sad. I ask Miss Parker later if the man has a sense of humor and she replies, Oh, yes, that he will revel in my joke for days, but will keep it to himself (the New England idea).

We have talked too long, I rush into another cab, and go to East 33rd Street, to the modern house of Harper, where Gene Saxton, who for so long was with George Doran, greets me with his old-time courtesy. Here again is the browsing room, rather dim, up several flights; indeed, you go right into it from the elevator.

You know, it was the house of Harper which had its ancient place on Pearl Street near the present Brooklyn Bridge. All those old volumes of *Harper's* and *St. Nicholas* that we pored over in our youth, and the *Harper's Bazaar*, with its jokes in the back—all these came out of Pearl Street.

Gene Saxton and I talk about the radio. He thinks it might be a good thing.

Later he tried it and they got someone to talk about their books. I ask him why he doesn't print a dollar novel. He tells me that it can be done in only one way—perhaps—on cheap paper with a thin cover. It costs five thousand dollars to print 25,000 copies; and suppose then you do not sell them! After all, the public will not buy cheap-looking books; and then again the mechanical cost of printing and binding is high. So there you are.

The Macmillan Co.

Shuddering with sympathy and meditating meanwhile upon the wrong ideas that some people entertain of the inhumanity of publishers, I hurry once more to Madison where, at 244, I rise to the literary splendor of the Doran Company.

There is no browsing room here. But—I was going to say as far as the eye can reach—there are shelves and tables of books. And here is such contrast, for side by side with so many religious books are the most flippant best sellers—Hugh Walpole, Irvin Cobb, J. S. Fletcher, and so on.

I ask the flossy brunet beyond the rail if Mr. John Farrar is in. He is. I congratulate him on his matrimonial venture and give him some advice about domestic matters, which he takes in good part; but I know he doesn't believe me. He calls Allan Rinehart, the handsome son of one of our most distinguished novelists, Mary Roberts Rinehart. Allan conducts me through the book aisles in the side, for the long tables of books in the main room are 'just the latest.' He tells me of forthcoming books. I pick out Don Stewart's *Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris*. I admire

(Continued on page 19)

Seagoing LIBRARIES

By FREDERICK K. HOWARD

Some of the crew of a Pacific freighter at the reading table.

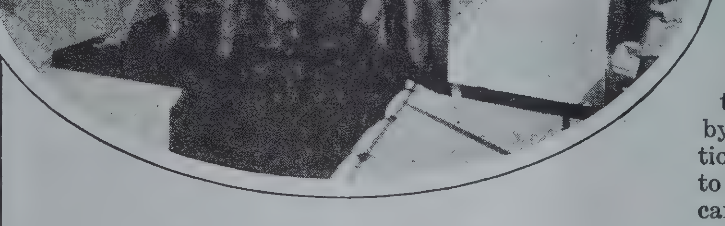
UNTIL America entered the war there was an assumption that the public library, like the public school, was the common heritage of all Americans. Then with the creation of a new Merchant Marine, the American Library Association was asked to provide books for merchant as well as war vessels, a new field for library service. These libraries on ships proved so worth while that various agencies undertook to provide them after the American Library Association quit the field at the close of the war.

The California Library Association in 1922 appointed a committee to see about supplying books to the merchant ships touching at California ports. This same year the Seamen's Church Institute of San Francisco undertook the supplying of libraries to vessels in the San Francisco Bay region on a large scale. Subsequently the California Library Association chairman, Miss Mary Barmby, librarian of Alameda County, and myself, as chaplain of the Seamen's Church Institute, arranged for a coöperative ministry to the merchant sailors on ships. The California Library Association, being long on production, undertook to supply the books, and the Seamen's Church Institute, being long on distribution, agreed to put the books in library boxes and place them on the ships. The county and city libraries agreed to send discarded books throughout the year. Eventually the plan was evolved of also asking the people of California to give books from their private libraries. This plan was started with Book Week for the Merchant Marine in 1924. People were asked to give books which they had read and liked to the Merchant Marine Library. These books were sent to the Seamen's Church Institute for library placement. The following statistics show the interest taken by Californians in supplying books for the seamen and the number put upon the ships during the ensuing years.

Library Placements

	1924	*1925*	*1926*
Ships	727	921	1,002
Books	34,681	49,814	68,023

Delivering magazines and books to the S. S. Osiris of Hamburg.



Sailors on board the S. S. Wanda inspecting a new consignment of books.

Donations Received

1924—8,000 to 10,000 books
1925—18,000 to 20,000 books
1926—23,161 books.

Books are supplied to American vessels in the name of the American Merchant Marine Library Association so that the libraries can be exchanged in any port where the association has a dispatch office. However, the Seamen's Church Institute, being a church institution, knows no limit on its ministry to seamen; so libraries are supplied to ships of all nations entering the Golden Gate. British, Scandinavian, French, German and Italian vessels appreciate the courtesy that supplies their crews with large libraries and numerous magazines. These services help weave a few threads in the strand binding nations in international friendship.

Besides circulating libraries placed on American vessels and those of other nations, cartons of discarded books are furnished to vessels which for any reason do not desire to carry a circulating library. These discards are given away to other ships, hospitals, and anyone desiring reading matter. Ships touching at some ports and especially in out-of-the-way places are boarded by English-speaking persons famished for something to read. Such books and magazines, bearing the label 'from friends in California—compliments of the Seamen's Church Institute,' are eagerly sought by such readers. In addition to these donations to readers in South American ports, the islands of the Pacific, and the Oriental places, thousands of books and tons of magazines are sent North every spring on the fishing vessels. These books are left by the returning fleet for the delight and edification of the Alaskans who remain for the long winters. Fanciful tales are brought back of miners waiting, with dog teams, the arrival of the fleet to obtain a supply of reading matter for people in the interior. In sober truth, however, the generous

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The SERVANT PROBLEM in CHINA

By L. M. CRAMER

I CAME to China when too old easily to adjust myself to a Chinaman's idea of what is clean. I have kept my eyes too widely opened and have seen too much not to feel impelled to stay in my kitchen when food is being prepared.

Because I have stayed in a hot kitchen to see that the cook did not fry the chicken's head and windpipe in the skillet with the rest of the bird for the family 'chow,' I have frequently found myself alone in that hot room after a few minutes of the cook's company, and I have turned the broiler or basted the roast, while sounds issuing from the cook's quarters adjacent to the kitchen have borne it in upon me that the Celestial is an easy and a noisy sleeper, and that my cook was sleeping the deep and contented slumber of the East while I toiled in the kitchen. Occasionally he has not slumbered while I toiled; there were times when by sounds of the click of bone tile on bone tile I have known that he and others were gambling their last month's wages or mortgaging their future ones over the mah-jong table. This much I soon found out: the Chinese cook does not want his 'missie' to come into his kitchen. It's bad enough to have her hanging around the rest of the house, but the kitchen is his own domain, and if she will not keep out, either he leaves and she gets another cook, or else he steps out and lets her do the work.

Many a Chinese joins the army for food and not for fighting.

MOST foreign families keep at least three house servants, and more if there are children. There must be other servants, coolies, to take care of the lawn and the garden. If you have a dog, that necessitates another servant, a dog coolie—a man whose whole time is supposed to be devoted to the care and welfare of that dog. Dogs can't talk, fortunately for the coolie, else they could unfold many a tale of interest to their masters.

The 'boy'—you never call him anything else in China unless you are an American, and then you call him by his name and spoil him as a servant—is the head of your ménage. In the beginning you may think you are the head, but after a reasonable length of time you change your mind about it, or else he 'catchee one other job.' Dressed in his long white coat, seemingly immaculate, he is an imposing figure. He it is who takes your orders in the morning and sees that they are executed—provided you leave it to him. He hires the other servants and dismisses them if they do not suit him. Whether they suit you is another matter—usually they stay provided they suit the boy. Through him your orders are passed on to cook and coolie.

The boy is a cross between an English butler and a man's valet. He presses the clothing of the male members of the family and sees that they are kept brushed and mended. The manner in which he appears at your drawing-room door promptly at eight o'clock at night, and announces, 'Please, missie, pay chow,' is every bit as impressive, when you get used to it, as the proper English butler's, 'Madam, dinner is served'; it means the same thing.

A cook is a cook the world over, and the Chinese cook is just the same as Judy O'Grady back home—except that he gets along with fewer utensils and has no thought of complaining. He insists however that 'missie' stay out of the kitchen; if she does not, she will find herself, as I did, alone there baking, brewing and broiling as she pleases, the while he takes time for a beauty nap—which heaven knows he generally needs—or indulges in mah-jong, which he dearly loves.

A boy or a cook demands wages from eighteen dollars to thirty dollars (Mex.) a month. The boy has the best of it, for he gets a cumshaw (tip or percentage) each month of the wages of all other servants whom he hires; this arrangement lasts as long as all the servants he has hired keep their places. The coolie, lowest menial of them all, does nine-tenths of the hard work, and gets from eight to twelve dollars a month pay.

OUR first cook came to us with splendid recommendations. The chicken curry that cook could set before you! His chicken in tomato sauce was a close second. His cookies would melt in your mouth, and his bread was fairly good, while his macaroni and cheese were the best I ever ate.

The Chinaman's idea of cleanliness and ours are as far apart as the poles—yet he is clean according to his conception of the word. He will dump all sorts of garbage and decayed matter into a pond or a canal, and will then go to the selfsame spot to wash his chicken or his vegetables. He will also bathe himself in that pool or at the same spot in the canal where he has dumped the refuse of a household, and will scoop up the water in his hands and drink while he bathes. I forbade our servants bathing in the canal that flowed past our home in Su-chau, because of the filth dumped there by the community.

The coolie was the only one who did not protest against my order. One morning I discovered why. I had gone to great pains to teach him how to wash dishes in proper foreign fashion. I had shown him how to use water of the right heat, and soap to make a little suds. I had shown

(Continued on page 24)

DEVOTED COUSIN WINNIE

By E. M. DELAFIELD

Synopsis

Cousin Winnie meant well, but her devotion to 'Val'—Mrs. Robin West—compelled 'Val' to leave Burma and Mr. West and return home to England to seek a legal separation. It was either that, or break Cousin Winnie's heart. On her way home with the baby and Cousin Winnie, 'Val' meets an old bachelor who feels a grave mistake is being made.

IT WAS a pity, I thought, that my talk with Mrs. West had been broken off. I wondered whether I should be given a chance of resuming it.

To my surprise, it was she herself who gave me the opportunity of doing so, that evening after dinner.

(Cousin Winnie had left the dining salon just as a plate of roast chicken had been put down in front of her, because she 'thought she heard Baby,' and hadn't reappeared.)

'Isn't it a lovely night?' said the soft voice of little Mrs. West at my elbow, as I leaned over the rail.

'Beautiful. And in England, we shall find east winds. There's a lot to be said for the tropics, after all.'

'England is much healthier. I'm thinking of Baby,' she added.

'Children who are born in the East, generally do very well there, in my experience.'

The sudden vehemence of her answer startled me.

'Dr. Page, I know what you mean. You were trying to say the same thing yesterday, too. You think that I ought not to have left my husband. Well, I'm going to tell you what nobody else knows, yet. My husband and I are going to get a legal separation.'

'I'm very sorry to hear it, Mrs. West.'

'Why should you be sorry? Robin wasn't a special friend of yours, and you don't know what our marriage has been like.'

I remembered how she had said, 'It seems as though it had all been a dream,' referring to her marriage, and I ventured a shot.

'I remember enough of Robin, and may I add, I've seen enough of you to know that your married life wouldn't have ended in failure at the end of less than two years if you, both of you, had been let alone.'

She might have been angry—she might have burst into tears—or have abruptly changed the subject—but nothing could have surprised me more than did her actual reply when it came.

'Sometimes I've thought that too. It—it was a mistake.'

I KNEW very well what she meant, of course, but it seemed better that she should put it into words herself.

'What was a mistake?'

'To think that Robin and—and Cousin Winnie—that they could ever—that he—Oh, I can't tell you what it was like!' she burst out. 'I'm devoted to her. I always have been—and no words can describe her goodness and devotion to me, ever since I was a child. But she, poor darling, didn't exactly realize that I'd ever grown up, and she still wants to shelter me, and take care of me, and prevent my having any responsibility at all. I can't tell you the difficulties and miseries there were, when Robin and I first got engaged.'

'She didn't want you to marry?'

'Oh, she was sweet about it, poor darling, and most unselfish. But it was a dreadful blow to her that I should marry a man who had to go abroad, and she frightened Robin so much about my being delicate, and how much I should miss everything and everybody in England, that he—he offered to break off our engagement. Only I wouldn't.'

'Then you did care?'

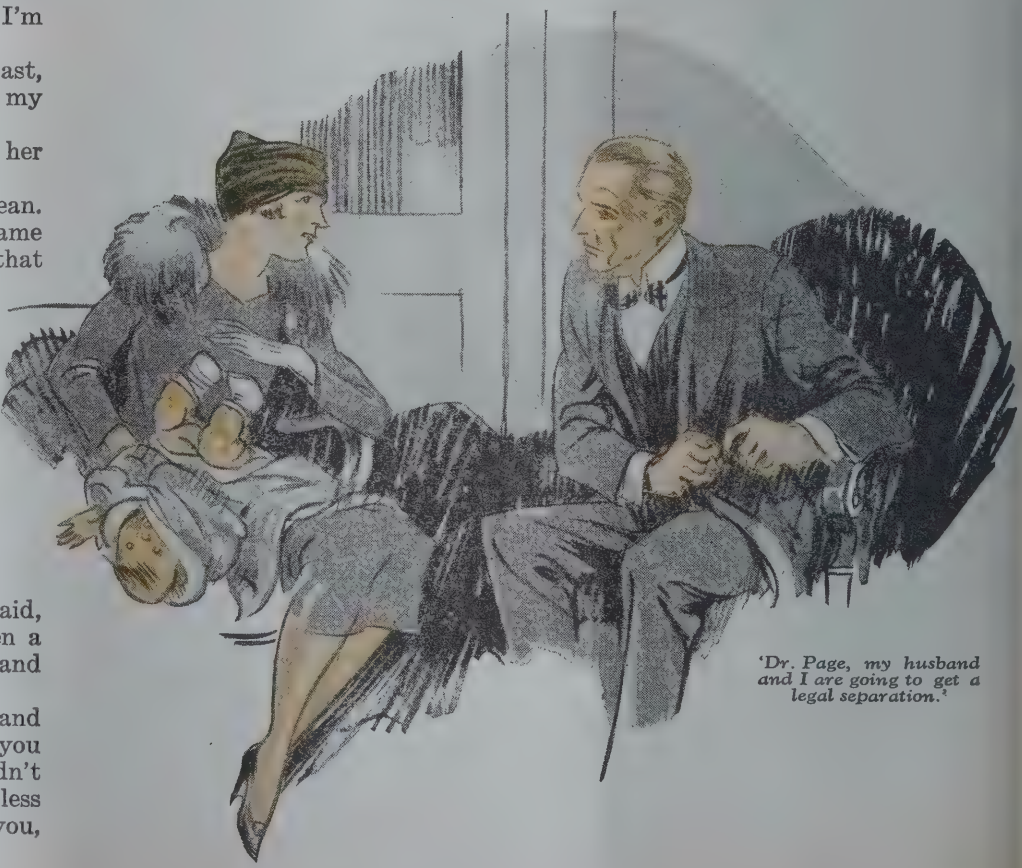
'Oh, yes, I did. But about a month before the wedding—well, we actually did break it off. At least, I did.'

'How did Cousin Winnie manage that?'

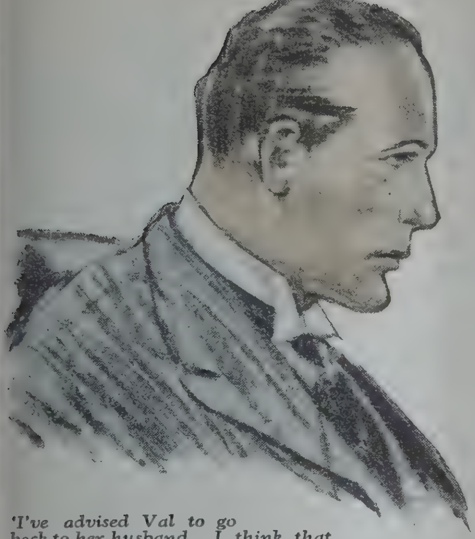
'Oh, don't! It was all because she's so fond of me. But she talked to me and somehow I felt when I listened to her, that I wasn't really the right wife for Robin—not clever enough, I mean. She was so afraid we shouldn't have enough in common, that it made me afraid, too. And so I told him I'd made a mistake, and that I couldn't marry him. And then I was frightfully miserable. And so was Cousin Winnie. We used to talk half the night sometimes, and cry—and Robin used to write me letters—oh, it was miserable.'

I could believe it. And I could just *hear* Cousin Winnie, talking, and worrying, and making herself and Val wretched, to say nothing of poor Robin West, and then being more wretched than ever because Val was wretched, and because crying all night was bad for Val . . .

'In the end, she said perhaps I'd better marry him, if I was so unhappy



'Dr. Page, my husband and I are going to get a legal separation.'



'I've advised Val to go back to her husband. I think that not only does her duty lie with him —but her happiness.'

without him, and she asked if she should come out to Burma with us just to begin with, so that I could have another woman with me, in case I did get ill or anything.'

'Robin agreed to that?'

'He'd have agreed to anything, I think, if he'd thought it would make me marry him. And we had such a perfectly happy six weeks at Avignon, before we sailed. Cousin Winnie wouldn't let me bother about anything. She did all the packing, and took all the trouble, while we just enjoyed ourselves.'

'Well, it was your honeymoon.'

'I know.' She sighed. 'When it was over, and we came back to London, Cousin Winnie was absolutely knocked up by all she'd had to do. You know how thoroughly she does things—I mean, what a lot of trouble she takes.'

'Yes, I know.'

'She sailed with us from Tilbury. And—oh, I do so hate myself for feeling it, but it's true—things were never really the same after that.'

'How could you expect them to be?' I asked her. 'A man and his wife aren't meant to have a third person planted on them like that, in the very first year of marriage. It's against nature.'

'She was an angel to me when I was ill. Though it made things worse, in a way, having her, because she was so terribly upset when Robin couldn't get the things she thought I needed, and that made him more anxious than ever. But I don't know how I should ever have managed with Baby, if Cousin Winnie hadn't been there.'

'Other mothers have managed with a first baby, even out in the East. And I'm sure, if you'll forgive me for saying so, that you would anyway have tried it a bit longer, if there'd been nobody to come between you and your husband.'

'I never would own that she *did* come between us.'

'But didn't Robin think so?'

'Yes,' she admitted. 'That's why we quarreled. And I was so unhappy that Cousin Winnie persuaded me our marriage had been a mistake, and that I should be happy again if she and I could go back to our old life together, and everything be like it was before I ever knew Robin.'

'One can't ever go back to what is past,' I said, sententiously enough.

'I know that, now. And *I* can't go back to my life with Robin.'

'That is not past. It was broken into —when you left Avignon—but it's not too late, thank goodness. Leave the ship at Port Said, and turn round and go back again by the next boat. I'll help you with passports and luggage and all that part of it.'

'How kind you are!' She was half laughing and half crying. 'But it's impossible. Even you couldn't help me with Cousin Winnie. I can't break her heart.'

'Val dear!' called a well-known voice.

I had just time to get in the obvious thrust.

'But you can break your husband's?'

'It's all right,' proclaimed the kind, breathless tones of Cousin Winnie beside us. 'Baby's gone off quite quietly, dear wee mite, and I sent Nannie to get her supper while I stayed outside the cabin just in case Baby woke again.'

'Oh, Cousin Winnie! All this time?'

'I was quite all right, darling. I just stood in the passage, and made a sign to anyone who came past to go *quietly*, and I made the stewardess hang something over the electric light just outside, so now we can keep the door open and it'll be so much cooler for Baby—'

I moved away. I really didn't know what I might have said, if I'd listened any longer to the prattling stream of Cousin Winnie's officious absurdities.

THERE was no longer any doubt in my mind that what Valerie West wanted, in the depths of her silly, loving little heart, was to get back to her husband again and have him, and their child, to herself. The only thing that was holding her back was the dreadfulness of hurting devoted Cousin Winnie.

If only they would quarrel! But I felt sure there was no chance of that. Cousin Winnie wasn't the quarreling kind. She'd be grieved, and harassed, and anxious, and even heartbroken, but not angry, whatever happened. The unwelcome, altogether frightful, idea crossed my mind that I ought to tell her straight out what a lot of mischief she was doing, and how thoroughly she was managing to spoil life for Robin West and his wife, and probably the baby as well. The question was, whether she would believe me. But anyway, she'd be pretty sure to refer the question to Mrs. West, and so give her the opportunity that she hadn't courage to take for herself. I walked up and down the deck.

'If I could believe that,' said Cousin Winnie, 'I wouldn't mind so much.'

Presently Major Adeane joined me. His first remark nearly made me jump into the air.

'What a splendid sort of woman Miss Keynsham is!' he said.

WAS he being satirical—or was he thinking of the way in which she'd mopped the ice cream off his boots with her pocket handkerchief?

'Always thinkin' of other people, isn't she?' the Major went on, and his tone now left no doubt that it *was* the ice cream, or something analogous, that had moved him to enthusiasm. He was *not* being satirical.

'I don't know that I've come across a more unselfish woman, except my poor wife. Funny thing to say, perhaps, but Miss Keynsham somehow reminds me of poor Millicent. She seems to enter into other people's interests so whole-heartedly, and make them her own.'

'Yes, she certainly does.'

'Of course I admire her devotion to little Mrs. West simply tremendously but it seems to take up all her time. And really, a good-looking woman like Miss Keynsham ought to be thinkin' about her own life, it seems to me.'

'Yes!' I answered, with a fervor that should have gratified him. 'Indeed, she ought. I—I wish you could persuade her of that, Major.'

'Yes, yes. I wish I could, too,' said Major Adeane thoughtfully.

'Tell her about your daughters,' I insisted. The poor Major had been left a widower with five little girls, all under twelve years old. 'Ask her to help you about a governess, or a nurse, or whatever they're to have. Get her to recommend a good dentist for the one who's had trouble with her teeth. Ask her to go with you and take them all to the zoo when we get home. She'd simply love it.'

'By Jove, d'you think she would? But she'll be too busy for that kind of thing. She and Mrs. West are going house-hunting.'

'She won't be too busy if you can make her feel you really need her help,' I earnestly assured him. 'You know what she's like—how ready to devote herself.'

'One hardly likes to take advantage of her unselfishness,' said the Major gruffly, but I could see that the idea appealed to him. It should be no fault of mine if he didn't put it into practice within twenty-four hours, but he did, and I gave him every assistance.

I told Miss Keynsham all about the five little girls myself, and hinted that one of the poor, tender-hearted Major's chief forebodings was that of having to take the youngest-but-one to suffer at the hands of the dentist.

'It's a woman's job, isn't it—and the poor old fellow doesn't seem to have any women relations. I don't know what he's going to do.'

'Oh, I am sorry for him!' said Cousin Winnie. 'Couldn't one possibly do anything to help, I wonder? Perhaps, once Val and Baby are settled in nice quiet rooms, I might be able—'

'He wants to ask your advice, I know,' I said gently.

For the very first time on the voyage, Mrs. West's nurse was left on duty looking after the baby the whole evening.

Cousin Winnie was sitting on deck, conversing earnestly with Major Adeane, and Valerie West, with startled eyes, was allowing me to draw up details of her return journey to Rangoon, direct from Port Said.

I never actually got a verbal assent out of her, but it was implied in her words, spoken just as she left me, after more than an hour.

'But, you know, it all depends, doesn't it?'

'Only on yourself.'

'I can't break Cousin Winnie's heart,' said Mrs. West wistfully. But last time, she'd said it desperately, so I felt that we were getting on. I had not, however, expected the climax to come so suddenly as it did come.

ON THE night before the ship was due to touch at Port Said, Mrs. West mysteriously found her courage. I was destined never to know exactly how this came about, whether through some obvious preoccupation of Cousin Winnie's own, or a definite question of hers as to the future—but I couldn't avoid knowing that they were at it hard that night, in the cabin exactly opposite mine. Talking and crying and hushing each other down on account of the baby, and then talking again.

I banged my door and cleared my throat in vain. At midnight, the baby woke and cried, and then, from the sounds, I deduced that it was being rushed down the passage to the nurse's cabin. Evidently they wanted a free field. And the talking, and the crying, went on and on and on. I couldn't, of course, hear a word, but the sounds were unmistakable.

There was more of Cousin Winnie, of course, than of Val. She must have pleaded, and exhorted, and argued, and bewailed and implored. And I have no doubt that little Mrs. West, listening to her, and crying hard, gave in twenty times, and twenty times took back her words.

It was three o'clock before I could get to sleep, and then they were still at it.

It was no surprise to me when Mrs. West didn't appear at all next morning, and Cousin Winnie, who was as white as a ghost, with dark rings round her eyes, said that 'Val hadn't had a very good night.'

I found her on deck later, collecting some things that her cousin wanted, and she looked me straight in the face and said, 'Val's told me that you know all about it, Dr. Page. Why have you advised her to go back to that terrible climate?'

'I've advised her to go back to her husband, Miss Keynsham. I'm old-fashioned enough to think that not only does her duty lie with him—but her happiness.'

'If I could believe that,' said Cousin Winnie with trembling lips, 'I wouldn't mind so much.'

ODDLY enough, I believed her. She did adore Val, and she did want her to be happy, but she'd made the mistake of thinking that it is possible to live the life of another person for her. And when a woman has been making that mistake for twenty years, she isn't likely ever to realize that it is a mistake.

'Perhaps you don't understand how delicate Val has always been,' she began. 'And she's most terribly sensitive. I haven't a word to say against Robin, but he'll never understand a woman like Val—never. I can't tell you what the atmosphere of strain was like, in our last six months out there.'

Well, it wasn't any use explaining to her that there wouldn't have been any strain, if she herself hadn't been there.

I did the only thing that I could do—listened to her, and left her as quickly as I decently could. And then I found Major Adeane and said to him:

'Miss Keynsham is frightfully down on her luck this morning. I dare say she'll tell you about it, but you know what she is—the very best way to take her mind off her troubles, with a woman like that, is to tell her some of your own. Don't think I'm butting in, but she did tell me that you were going to show her the photographs of your little girls. She seemed awfully keen about it.'

'I've got them here to show her,' said the Major quite eagerly. 'Wonderful, what an interest she takes. And I can't tell you the amount of trouble she's been giving herself, looking up addresses for me—schools, and dentists, and all that kind of thing.'

Mrs. West did leave the ship with the nurse and the baby at Port Said, and I myself sent off the cable for her which told her husband that she was coming back to him. The wording of it would have removed any doubts, supposing that I had had any, as to which side of the world her true happiness lay.

As for Cousin Winnie, she played up gallantly, once she'd understood that Val really meant it. But I wasn't surprised that I had no opportunity of speaking to her again at all.

The Major said goodby to me in the crowded bustle of the boat train at Plymouth station. It was a wet, warm day, but he was throttling in the folds of a huge knitted muffler.

'Miss Keynsham says I can't be too careful of bronchial trouble—not that I ever knew I had the tendency, before, but still, I dare say she's right. She hunted up this magnificent comforter for me; had to get the box specially out from among the luggage, and gave herself no end of trouble. And, I say, old fellow, she's coming to take the kids to the zoo on Sunday.'

Seagoing Libraries

(Continued from page 14)

gifts of Californians are conveyed by merchant ships to the landsmen of many of the out-of-the-way ports. In addition to the books which men usually care for, juvenile books and women's magazines are sent to the 'school marm' for distribution in her community. The largest number circulated on water, like those on land, are of course fiction.

Books and magazines are also supplied to sick seamen at the United States Marine Hospital in this port where a branch of the Seamen's Church Institute is located.

Putting the public library upon the seas is beginning in the same way that the public library grew up in our towns and cities. A few interested persons formerly gave books and money and solicited the same from citizens in their communities. Women volunteered to keep the library open certain afternoons in each week. Finally enough residents were interested to vote support of the library from public funds raised by taxation.

American boys employed as seamen are necessarily deprived of so many privileges and opportunities which they have when on land.

Libraries placed on ships contain three-fourths fiction and one-fourth nonfiction, a United States history, a world history, a book of travel or adventure, a life of some prominent person, volumes on health, cleanliness, diet, chemistry, mathematics, geography, grammar, citizenship and other subjects and, last but not least, a Bible or a New Testament. Ships going on long voyages are supplied with encyclopedias, technical books, and primary and secondary textbooks are given to any sailor for the asking. It is thus we try to encourage seamen to make the most of their opportunities and of their abilities.

Each week day we drive along the waterfront in the Institute automobile, which is equipped to deliver the library boxes to the ships. All ships desiring books are supplied with circulating libraries or with discards, which can be given away to others hungry for something to read. Libraries form the most abiding kind of social service. The religious, educational and recreational features of the sailor's land impressions fade away as the ship puts out to sea while each book read recalls the kindness of friends in California, ministered through the agency of the Seamen's Church Institute. Modern seamen, unlike the tars of former generations, are great readers. They pronounce the library service the best thing that is done for them in the port of San Francisco.

Sailors like anything that makes good reading, mostly fiction, of course, tales of action, daring, bold adventures, detective stories, yarns of land or sea, just so the telling smacks of thrills. Sailors do not like mushy love stories and are not interested in reading complex sex problems.

From Cornfield *to* Campus

By G. H. DACY

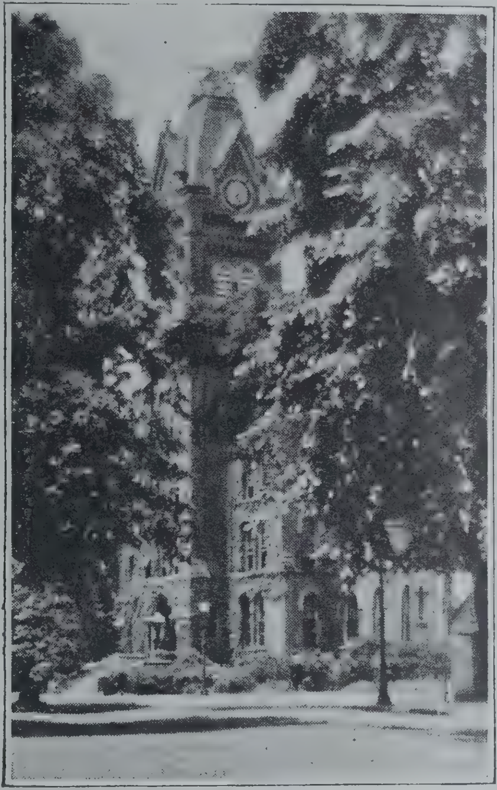
THE beautiful campus of the Ohio State University at Columbus—it covers 1,077 acres—was once the heart of mammoth cornfields; the story of the remarkable transformation which has converted the agricultural lands into one of America's finest homing grounds of state-wide education is an epic of romance and arduous achievement.

Originally a land grant college known as the Ohio Agricultural and Mechanical University, the Buckeye institution has developed from an obscure farming school with a total enrollment of but seventeen students to the fifth best institution of its kind.

A half-century ago, the Ohioan institution had but three buildings and seven professors. The total income was less than $40,000 a year. The elapse of fifty years has completely changed the perspective of the picture. Today the university has sixty-four buildings, eleven colleges and seventy-three departments of instruction and research.

The first graduating class in 1876 was composed of half a dozen students. About that period the institution began to grow. Two years later when the name was changed from Ohio Agricultural and Mechanical College to Ohio State University, the enrollment aggregated 309 students while the faculty was augmented to a dozen. From that day to this, the expansion and development has been solid and substantial. Recently, it has also been epochal in the large increases in the student body.

The university now includes every field of education and investigation. Research in agriculture, engineering, business and commerce, banking, law, science and every other educational agency is constantly in progress. Twelve years ago, Starling Medical College, the logical development of five distinct and separate schools of medicine, was absorbed by the state university. During the last decade the departments of commerce and journalism have made surprising growth and now rank among the foremost in America.


University Hall Tower.

A noteworthy educational conference convenes annually at Ohio State University. Four thousand school-teachers flock to this center of learning to familiarize themselves with the most modern achievements of educational effort. The Bureau of Educational Research is constantly delving into the problems of the country and small town school, the community high school, the grade and grammar schools. All the invaluable information gathered from this investigation is immediately circulated to every village and hamlet so that the state-wide system of schools may benefit.

During the last thirteen years, Ohio State athletics have experienced the most meteoric rise and expansion recorded by any school of similar size during the last half-hundred years. The culmination of this athletic success was the erection of a mammoth stadium. The huge concrete amphitheater seats 63,000 and cost $1,433,000.

The Ohio State Alumni Association with 6,500 active members is one of the largest organizations of its character in the country. The first Friday in December is celebrated as 'Ohio State Day' in all sections of the United States where graduates of the university reside.

A Day Among the New York Publishers

(*Continued from page 13*)

Don Stewart as one of our most provocative humorists.

Allan Rinehart tells me of others, of *The Flying King of Kurio*, by William Rose Benet—'a kingdom of joy, nonsense and adventure,' written for Mr. Benet's own children; of *Love in Greenwich Village*, by Floyd Dell; of a serious book, *American Villagers*, which I discover afterward is statistically absorbing. But he does not mention his own mother's latest book. I leave him, and make my way to the Fifth Avenue that extends beyond 42d Street.

Here, in their order, on the left are the publishing houses, G. P. Putnam, Brentano's and Alfred Knopf, with Scribner and Dutton on the right. Putnam's is an open shop (I mean without a browsing corner); everywhere there are books and one can lean against a salesman without his noticing it and read to one's content. Brentano's, the largest retail bookshop, strange to say has no browsing corner. It is highly ornate, very modern, decorative, and classified. But some day they will have a secret nook where book lovers may hide themselves from the vulgar. Across the way on the other side, Scribner's is the same—with a whole lower floor devoted mostly to fine bindings. Years ago, when Scribner's was on lower Fifth Avenue, they told me a story something like this:

A certain man was in the habit of coming in there and buying rare books. He always came with a kind of secret, mysterious air. Paying for his books, he would sidle out. One day they had a first folio Shakespeare the price of which was five thousand dollars. For a long time the man came in and viewed that book. One day he succumbed and bought it, paying the price. A few days afterward a woman came in. Her face was stern, her manner forbidding.

'Did a man who looked like'—describing her husband—'come in here several days ago and buy a certain book?' she inquired. The clerk, discreet, was not for saying, but she pressed him. Finally he admitted it.

'And did he pay $200 for that book?' she asked.

The clerk went into conference in the rear. He came back.

'Yes, madam, that is right.'

'Well,' she exclaimed, 'I knew he was a fool but I didn't think he was that bad.'

The three big publishing houses either on Fifth Avenue or just off are Putnam's, Scribner's and Dutton's, and none of these houses has a distinct browsing room; one may step into their shops and survey vast collections of books, without interference. But at Knopf's there is an inside browsing room which you don't see from the outside. Their specialty, you know, is foreign stuff.

This is as much as one can do in a day, although there are many more publishers in New York, all of whom are interesting folk—Harcourt Brace and Company, Appleton's, Boni & Liveright, Simon and Schuster. But I am already exhausted and go to hide for a few brief moments in the library of the elder J. P. Morgan.

Inside, the atmosphere and charm are indescribable. Miss Green, the librarian, told me of Mr. Morgan's dinner to the mathematicians of both continents, and of how his old German professor rose and said that if Mr. Morgan had only stayed on there, 'he might have had my place.'

In conclusion, I should like to ask as Sir Gilbert Parker so recently asked, What are we going to do about so many books? Who is to read them? And if we do read them, who then is to read the old ones?

Not only is it true that we are a reading people, but it is also true that we read better and better books all the time; and this along with the other fact that we seem to be flooded with worse and worse ephemeral literature. The two movements go side by side. Our newspapers and periodicals are the best, and the worst, in the world. The young man who came in yesterday to fix my telephone told me there was nobody like Zane Grey 'because he tells the truth.'

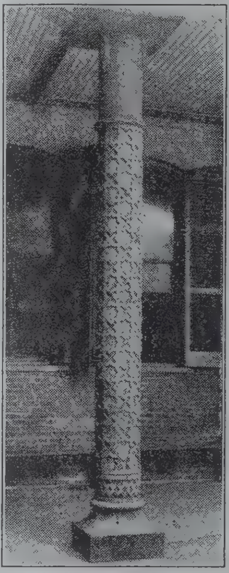
So there you are!

Gates of New Orleans

(Continued from page 9)

on the Convent of the Ursuline Nuns, erected in 1733, is probably the oldest still standing, while that on the Cabildo—the ancient Spanish council building—put up in 1795, is the second. The balconies, gates, brackets, panels and fences of the oldest period are all of wrought iron, the very earliest being welded at the joints and tapered at the ends, and the latter riveted and not tapered.

Cast iron came in at a date not definitely known, and was introduced partly because of the greater ease with which it could be made in many patterns and partly because of the lower cost as compared with wrought iron. The Pontalba Building, claimed to be the first apartment house erected in the New World, and the first to contain stationary bathtubs, was built in 1849, and it shows probably the finest examples of cast iron of any structure in the city. Up to the time of the Civil War, cast-iron ornamentation was considered almost indispensable on every building erected in New Orleans. With the coming of the war, and for a long period afterward, the people of the Crescent City were not in a position to erect new buildings, either commercial or residential, far from adorning them with any sort of expensive ornamental work. Thus, as the wrought iron had yielded to the economic factor of greater cheapness of cast iron, so the latter, in turn, passed out because of economic conditions brought on by the war.


Old cast-iron pillar of Moorish characteristics.

For this reason, there is little of either of these forms of art coming down to us from a later date than 1865, and none from later than 1870, so far as present investigations have developed. One of the remarkable attempts to use cast iron was the construction of a hotel, on the present site of the modern building occupied by the *Times-Picayune*, entirely of cast iron. The exterior of this structure was completed just as the Civil War opened, and it never was completed. It stood unused for many years and then was taken over by one John Gauche, who used it as a headquarters for his business of importing china. Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, this building, probably the only one of its kind in the world, was destroyed by fire, notwithstanding its metallic exterior and frame. Only one pillar remains, and that is preserved in actual use in the arcade of one of the buildings of Loyola University, the historic school of the Jesuits, in New Orleans. As will be seen by a glance at the accompanying photograph of this pillar, its design was Moorish, rather than either Spanish or French, and the general design of the building of which it was a part also was Moresque. The castings for this structure were made at Crystal Springs, Mississippi, by the same foundry which, during the Civil War, made most of the ordnance for the Confederate Army.

Another outstanding example of cast-iron work is the fence surrounding the residence of A. Britten, at Fourth and Prytania streets, New Orleans. The uprights of this fence consist of stalks of corn, each bearing several ears, all life-size, and each stalk entwined with vines of the wild morning-glory, whose delicate blossoms are well reproduced in the heavy metal. The top and bottom bars are cornstalks, without leaves or vines, around which the upper leaves of the uprights are twined. The section, corner, and gatepost show four stalks of corn, those on the sections and gates terminating in ears of ripened corn, with the husks thrown back to reveal the finely cast kernels. The corner posts, which are larger and four-square, also show the cornstalk and morning-glory theme, but end in four sunflower blossoms, surmounted with a basket of plantation products.

This is probably the finest and most involved example of cast-iron fencing in the New World today, and is rivaled only by a few examples in France, Spain and Belgium. Its owner has refused a number of offers each far beyond the original cost of the fence, and is keeping it painted and otherwise protected from the elements. The exact date of its manufacture is unknown, but it was probably either immediately before, during, or very shortly after the Civil War.

The cast-iron fences, doors, panels and similar ornamental work were intended to give the idea of permanence, and were accordingly massive. The much earlier wrought iron, on the other hand, was made light as gossamer in an attempt to add something of airiness to the otherwise somewhat stolid exteriors of the French- and Spanish-type houses of the period. The design of this hand-wrought iron was made differently for each house, with due regard to light and shade, position of windows and doors, character of walls, and so on, so that one looking at the house through this filmy ironwork would get a clear picture of the pattern wrought by the smithy at his forge.

IN MANY instances, as shown in some of the photographs, the initials of the owner of the building were worked into both the wrought- and the cast-iron balconies and gates. This was done notably on the old Louisiana State Bank and on the Pontalba Apartments, where the 'A-P' of the old Duke de Almonaster y Pontalba appears plainly in the cast iron. In some of the wrought-iron work on the more obscure houses, the initials remain, but the names of those to whom they belonged have been forgotten for half a century or more. Incidentally, some of the finest and most delicate of the balconies, as well as some of the most artistic patterns, are on these half-forgotten houses, once the residences of leaders in the society of La Nouvelle Orleans.

Combinations of cast- and wrought-iron were achieved with very beautiful results in a number of instances, one of them being the ancient gates of the Cabildo, the Spanish council house, erected in 1795, and still a sturdy structure, good for two or three centuries more. On the old Broulatour Building remains a protective partition between two houses, which forms the end of a wrought-iron balcony. This partition, quarter oval in form, shows on the outside a number of blossoms of the tiger lily, but with the points of the petals so sharpened that they present a well-nigh insurmountable obstacle to the thief of those days who might seek entry by way of the balcony.

Probably one of the primary reasons for the installation of this wrought-iron work was protection to house and chattels in a day when the police powers of the city were by no means adequate to cope with the adventurers in its streets. With the admiration for the beautiful usually present in the heart of the Frenchman, these home builders combined the ornamental with the useful, with the result that we have today in New Orleans a collection of old-time works of art possessed by no other city in the New World, wrought in the hardest and most unimpressionable of metals.

The Moulding of the Faun

(Continued from page 6)

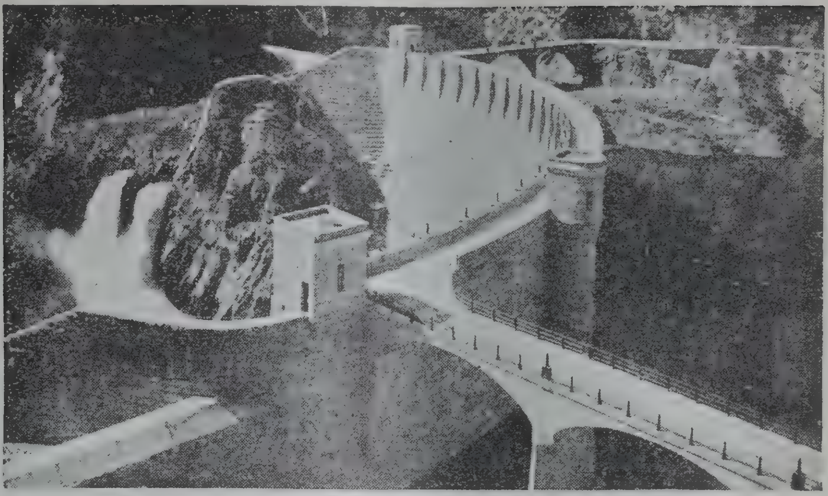
of Whitby, where we were staying for a time; and he was long in fixing upon Kenyon as the name for his sculptor. (The title of the romance itself was still longer delayed, and indeed was never settled to his own satisfaction. After the manuscript was in the hands of Smith and Elder, the English publishers, he sent them a list of names to select from. Among them was 'The Transformation of the Faun.' They liked 'Transformation' by itself: my father did not, but he yielded, the rather since Ticknor and Fields preferred *The Marble Faun*, which he was willing to accept in lieu of a better. 'The Romance of Monte Beni,' which had been one of his suggestions, they appended, the custom of alternative titles being at that time still in fashion.

All that was near threescore years ago—to be accurate, fifty-eight years in this year 1927. Critics of weight wrote admiring letters to the author; he was especially gratified by the comments of John Lothrop Motley, the erudite author of the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. Henry Bright, one of his dearest English friends, was enthusiastic, but wanted a more definite dénouement to the tale: and most of the English literary reviews had a like criticism. Hawthorne at length wrote a final chapter, in which he professes himself to be in a like inquiring frame of mind, and interrogates Hilda and Kenyon on the subject. Their answers sound like answers, but really reveal nothing; and there the matter rests to this day.

But in fact he was somewhat disappointed, because he had hoped to invest the story with an atmosphere which would make it seem half a fairy tale, and save it from the criticisms which a realistic story might incur. But such criticism was inevitable, and there is a sort of justice in inevitability.

When the WATER COMES

By GEORGE H. STRATTON



Roosevelt Dam, Sal River, Arizona.

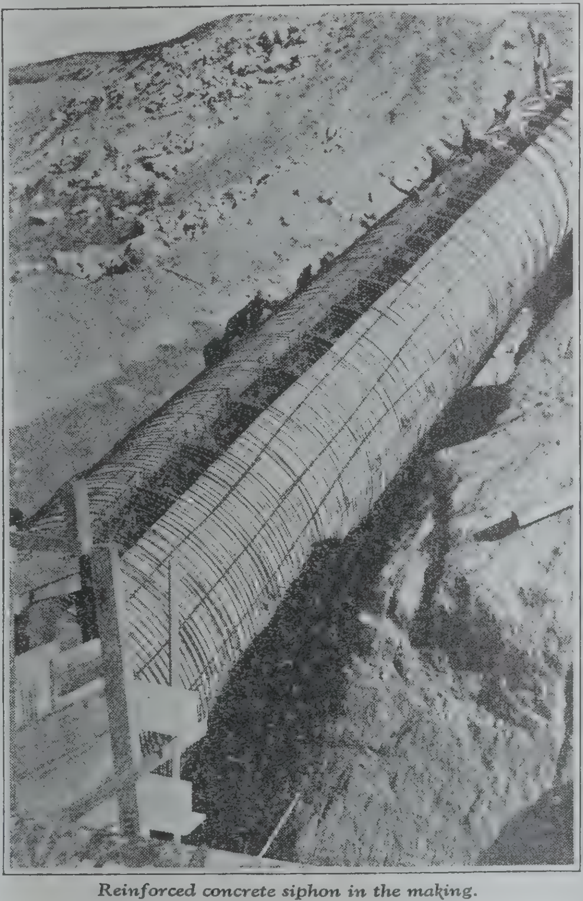
NO MATTER how tastefully arranged, a table of statistics is not a tempting picture. Curve charts of agricultural products, sharp and abrupt, arouse no interest except in the minds of sordid speculators. But figures of reclamation activities have some decided thrills; for instance, the increase of the actual cost an irrigated acre over the original estimated cost.

The settlers of these acres supposed, quite reasonably, that the engineers' estimates were correct and would cover all the indebtedness incurred in getting water to their lands. From this illusion many were rudely awakened. Coming to raw land—mostly sagebrush—with little or no capital, they were stigmatized as defaulters trying to repudiate their just debts. In view of increased costs, the settlers paid in full—or more—the total amount they *supposed* they would have to pay to get water. This additional debt or cost was forced on them without their consent or knowledge. The money was first spent, and then assessed against their farms.

WHEN they were notified that their indebtedness was three, four or five times greater than the original they protested vigorously, but the Reclamation Service authorities shook the act before them, pointing to the proviso that the total cost of reclamation must be borne by the lands irrigated.

'But why weren't we told at first what the actual cost would be?' they asked.

'Couldn't tell,' was the indifferent answer. 'Unexpected difficulties, extensions of the projects, bigger constructions and other things you can't understand caused the increase. You've got to pay!'



Reinforced concrete siphon in the making.

That was before Secretary Work's Fact-Finding commission was appointed. To the lengthy sessions of the commission at Salt Lake City in January, 1924, came delegates from each of twenty-eight projects. Many of the delegates were not actual farmers, although they were deeply interested in the welfare and good reputation of the various projects. They were representatives of loan associations, lawyers, bankers and country storekeepers, and it was clearly evident that they were more eager to uphold the reputation of their particular districts and their farming possibilities than to point to any troubles. As advertising agents, several of them were 'aces,' and frankly stated that they wanted more settlers but couldn't get them if public exposure of conditions wasn't mollified by a governmental extension of time in which to pay the debts.

Many of the delegates called attention to their excellent soil, their superb climate and the wonderful crops they could grow, incidentally bringing in the universal complaints of atrocious freight rates and wretched prices as reasons for appealing for long extensions of time to pay the reclamation costs and charges.

The farmers who came to tell of their debts and difficulties were more welcome to the commissioners than those who came to ask time while loyally avoiding any statement detrimental to their projects. Except those from two or three projects, the farmers asserted plainly that they had no wish to repudiate their debts; they would pay if they could. They related—some in pitiable detail—the reasons why they couldn't; high freight rates, low prices and, above all, the chasm of unexpected debt into which the policy of the Reclamation Service had plunged them.

It is worthy of note that although the cost ran unexpectedly high on most of the projects, it was no higher than the water was worth. It is very poor farming that cannot turn worthless

Irrigation project on a farm in Sevier Valley, Utah.

sagebrush land into a value of $100 or $125 an acre when water comes. If the settlers had been told the truth at first, if they had seen the steep rough grade ahead of them instead of a smooth easy trail, they would have been prepared.

The policy was well described by one banker: 'The business end of it—if there was any business end—figured that if they doled out the cost estimated on the installment plan they would get more settlers than if they shot in the actual cost in a lump. No doubt that has been successful in getting in poor devils who would agree to buy water for $25 or $30 an acre—on time—but who would positively have refused to come in at $100 or $125 an acre. They may call it good business, but if any private corporation did such work it would be liable to criminal prosecution for fraudulent misrepresentation and misuse of the mails.'

The only explanation of that astounding matter of costs which appeared on the surface was that after any project was decided on and work had commenced, additions and extensions were contracted for which caused extra outlay.

This explanation, however, did not brush away one fraction of the clouds of injustice. It was made by order of the Director of the Reclamation Service, and not until the additional work was done and extra cost incurred was the settler told that he owed so much more and must pay, or lose what he had already paid. It was a game of draw-poker where one player was allowed to draw as many cards as he pleased while the others were obliged to stand pat and ante-up on the first hand dealt them.

In the investigations made by the commission, the trend of opinion of all project men was that the engineering and construction work was generally most praiseworthy—the business end was atrocious.

As a result of this drastic investigation into the troubles of the reclamation policy, steps were ordered which led to improved business methods. Dr. Elwood Mead was appointed Commissioner of Reclamation under the Secretary of the Interior, an appointment which brought a decided gleam of sunshine over all of the reclamation projects, for the new commissioner had for years enjoyed the reputation of being not only a technical expert on irrigation engineering but a man of excellent business sense with ability to estimate the worth of dams, reservoirs and canals to settlers.

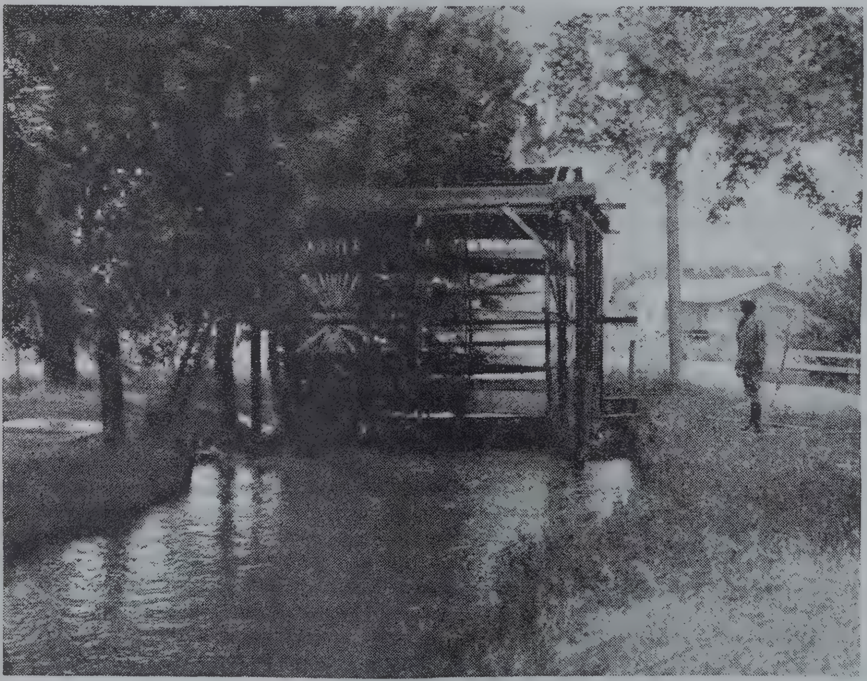
Some projects were ordered abandoned; others were resurveyed and brought to higher efficiency, while a few on which the settlers had thought they could play with the Bureau and pay or not, as they felt disposed, were notified that arrears must be paid or the water would be shut off.

A storm of protest and denunciation greeted this injunction but Commissioner Mead, upheld by Secretary Work, investigated the status of the delinquents and those who could were made to pay.

With it all, the policy of the Secretary of the Interior and of Dr. Mead, although not officially expressed, was very evidently that of slowing up on reclamation, and many congressmen expressed themselves as strongly opposed to any new appropriations until the finances of the existing projects had been put into some satisfactory condition.

Farmers generally and many men interested in some phase of agriculture have approved the policy of undertaking few new projects at present. It is generally understood by the U. S. Department of Agriculture that the present farm acreage of the United States is ample for the present needs and that improved farming methods could produce greater supply from the same areas.

The only dissatisfaction expressed has come from capitalists and land speculators who are loaded up with dry land which is worth only a few dollars an acre for rough grazing but which might, under reclamation, enhance in value to $150 an acre or more.



Water wheel north of Payette, Idaho. A flume concealed by the trees conveys the water to a higher level.

Bottles *for* Bootleggers

By A. R. PINCI

THERE exists a market, at fancy prices, for genuine empty bottles whose contents are associated by connoisseurs with their respective shapes. The most expensive bottle is the one which once upon a time contained genuine chartreuse. There are not very many of them, everything considered, and they sell at about sixty-five cents each. Before the war they would bring possibly a cent apiece from the junk dealer. Benedictine is the next highest, twenty-five to forty cents for the large bottle.

'But we don't like to sell them,' the proprietor of one place told me. 'We have a good market, and we want to accommodate only our friends and good customers. You see, we supply many restaurants and clubs. They can't pour their drinks from a stock quart bottle of plain glass. It wouldn't look right.'

'But what about labels?'

'Oh, I can furnish everything. Our trade is for completely dressed bottles. Now, take benedictine. There are four labels, the cork, the lead seal, the rubber stamp, the cap. That's what we call dressing up. And when the bottle is made up it is the real thing. Our sets are made up by the dozen, and, of course, by the gross. And my trouble is getting the bottles. The rest is easy.'

'Don't they imitate bottles at all?' I inquired.

The proprietor's face twitched. Then he smiled grimly. 'That's where I got stung,' he said. 'We do a perfectly legitimate business because we do not sell anything that is prohibited. I don't sell anything to drink and most of the one-half of one per cent cordials and other beverages you see about are just to dress up my place. The whole drinking game is a dressing-up game now, with few exceptions, and it's looks that bring the business. See those cognac bottles?'

I gazed upon a shelf with about half a hundred cognac bottles. Adjoining compartments were set aside, each for special containers, such as Gordon gin, Black and White Scotch, kümmel, crème de menthe, and a dozen other well-known brands. Then the proprietor handed me one of the cognac bottles that evidently moved him so.

The cause? Easy to discover, for there, across the face, blown in 36-point block letters, were the telltale words: CONTAINER MADE IN GERMANY.

'I bought five thousand of them, part of a twenty-thousand order. I paid for the first shipment. And then I read the bad news. I ask you, how could I sell bottles intended to contain genuine French cognac with that fool statement on the glass? And I can't give them away. I am now dickering with some people who specialize in drinks imported from Germany. Maybe they can use these bottles. I hope so. I need the space.'

For, be it remembered, the imitation drink business is not new; it is not born of American prohibition. Imitation cognacs and brandies and all other high-priced liquids were sold in this country before the 18th Amendment was ever written. Imitation drinks of this type are purveyed at every second-rate grog shop in Europe.

Your Mirror of the World

(*Continued from page 3*)

William Randolph Hearst—and very soon there was a three-cornered battle of much bitterness. Hearst needed a press association to furnish world news for many of his own newspapers which did not receive A. P. news. He could not be dependent on a competing publisher, Scripps, through the United Press. Finally, no doubt, he wanted a service of his own, to round his properties.

Today he has additional newspaper properties, acquired Associated Press 'franchises' for all but a few of his papers through purchase of additional newspaper properties, and could dispense with his news service if he wished. But it has grown more rapidly, apparently, than either of the older services in the past few years; and today stands on its own feet.

The Associated Press has, at different times, convicted both the United Press and International News of 'lifting' A. P. news, or of 'stealing' news from A. P. newspapers, and has made much ado about it. But since these discoveries, years ago, both younger agencies have grown miraculously. Editors do not seem to mind—perhaps because they themselves are ready to 'lift' a story from a competing newspaper any time they are beaten. Newspaper offices are rather busy places, offering less leisure for ethical speculation than does the classroom.

There was a time when there was justice in the charge that the A. P. took Money's side on any issue, and was dull and conservative; while the U. P. would be ranged alongside Labor; as it was true several years ago that there was likely to be a Democratic tinge to the U. P. political reports, and frequent 'Hearst policy' stories on the I. N. S. wires. But the Associated Press has been editing itself up to date; and the great growth, first of the United Press and then of the International News Service, very quickly proved to them the business office need of being square and unbiased, to be able to sell news to newspapers of widely differing complexions.

In the press association war the pot still calls the kettle black; but actually one agency is about as anxiously intent on complete accuracy as another. This is one good which competition has brought the 'ultimate consumer'—the newspaper reader.

The Associated Press operates night and day, as such. It was formed for morning newspapers originally, and the family tiffs within the organization have been based chiefly on charges that although in the United States the evening newspapers have come to outnumber the morning papers by more than two to one, and exceed in circulation almost two to one, the A. P. still pays greatest attention to its service for morning papers.

THE United Press and International News Service have ridden to success by the opposite course, that of developing news service for evening newspapers. Scripps and Hearst now operate night services, the United News and Universal Service, but these do not attempt to compete with the A. P. in its great stronghold, the morning newspaper field. They are what are known as 'feature services,' carrying the big news of the night in brief form, but devoting most of their attention to supplementary features, the theory being that the A. P. will carry to you adequately news of everything that has happened—in newspaper parlance, the 'spot news'—but that you as a reader have many interests to which the A. P. does not cater. So the United News and Universal Service lay down on the editor's desk special signed sport features, popular business and market reviews, stunt interviews, short features 'dolled up' by clever craftsmanship and more interesting than important; stories of fashion's dictates, of the theater, of movie-land, of radio; special signed articles from abroad, from Washington—and so on.

A press association is a peculiar thing. It requires years and years of grief and sorrow to build one; and when you have it built it is nothing—so far as tangible property goes.

THIS great institution which keeps you in touch—minute by minute—with the entire world, consists of:

1. A small amount of office furniture. (The writer has worked in bureaus where a couple of kitchen tables and two typewriters constituted the equipment.)

2. A contract with the telephone company leasing thousands of miles of wire for a certain number of hours a day.

3. A safeful of contracts with newspapers for the sale of telegraphic news at fixed weekly prices. (The A. P. looks upon these as 'memberships,' but that doesn't alter the case materially; except that this grants the A. P.—gratis—exclusive rights to any local news the newspaper is printing.)

4. A corps of the fastest telegraphers to be found in the country, together with operators for automatic printer machines; these to transmit the product to its destination—that is, the desks of newspaper offices.

5. That which is inside a man's head: the personal services of men who have learned how to coöperate in getting, writing, and transmitting the world's news.

In the A. P. offices men work aided by the lessons of three-quarters of a century of 'coöperation.' When the war broke, to make the point specific, the A. P. had been a national institution for more than thirty years; and it had been dominated for many years by a great editor, Melville E. Stone, who had built up a staff of veterans, and powerful foreign connections. Even so, few knew anything about covering a great war. Some few recalled precedents from the Spanish-American war, sixteen years earlier. There were a few war correspondents in the country who had skirmished in the Balkans and in China. But this one was different; and there were no precedents.

In the United Press and International News offices none was old enough to have had any war experience, except in connection with some minor Balkan troubles. At that particular moment the press associations, which began soon to make special assessments, or increase rates under certain clauses of their contracts, had 'potential ability,' rather than experience, to sell their editors.

As the telegraph caused the formation of the first press association, so, in time, the telephone came to be the biggest mechanical factor—as the war was the great news factor—causing the amazing growth of the press association in the last decade. Leasing wires for eight hours a day—or for ten or twelve, according to local needs—and manning them with telegraph operators of the highest type and highest pay, is an expensive business. The total press association bill for leased wires is well over two million dollars a year.

It isn't necessary to reach far back to recall the day when only city newspapers could afford to carry telegraphic news; and small town papers printed local news, some moderately fresh world news obtained with a pair of scissors; and 'boiler plate' or 'patent insides'—the columns and columns of 'canned' copy which filled the inside pages.

But out in Indianapolis one day a young man named Kent Cooper set out to prove that brief bulletins of the chief news of the day could be delivered to small town newspapers by telephone, in a short call and at a price they could afford to pay. This was called a 'pony' news service, or a 'telephone pony.' Within a short time all the Main Streets of the nation had their 'today's news today'—to use a slogan of one of the associations. Cooper was moved to the New York office of the United Press; and subsequently crossed no-man's-land into the Associated Press lines, where he is now general news manager, taking the job once held by Stone, and later by Frederick Roy Martin.

For a time press associations sold pony telegraphic service for a song, to 'educate' editors to the point of buying a full leased-wire report. Main Street prospered, and with it, the small-town daily. Then, along came the war, giving out-of-town news a greater importance than it had ever had in American newspaper history.

In no nation in the world is there anything like so extensive a dissemination of information as we have here. In no nation is there anything approaching American standards of integrity in the handling of news.

The rest of the world does not operate on the theory that opinions do not belong in the news columns. Bias is part of the story, abroad.

MANY men who have worked on both newspapers and press associations agree with me in the contention that not one newspaper in one hundred is as intent on accuracy as are the press associations.

Newspaper editors are quick and intelligent kickers. When a press association has grown so big that it serves six or seven hundred quick and intelligent kickers; and the opposition has a dirk in its boot and is watchful of every misstep; then there will be very little carelessness.

There will be mistakes, yes, and many of them in a year; but of important ones, not many; of avoidable ones, very few indeed; and of mistakes that are not checked up so that responsibility may be placed and recurrence avoided, in all probability, none.

Is Present Speculation Safe?

By A. R. PINCI

AN UNEXPECTED pronouncement was made by a well-known economist recently, to the effect that today the true speculator runs less risk of losing his capital than the free-lance investor.

Keyes Winter, deputy attorney-general of the State of New York, in charge of the prosecution against fraudulent and dishonest stock-selling enterprises, told the writer in an interview that the result of the application of blue-sky laws has been to materially diminish the number of fraudulent concerns and the activities of those which are still in existence though in a sort of quiescent state. Depending largely upon the comity of other states, the campaign against worthless-stock operators is extending its effectiveness to virtually the entire country. The few states which have no adequate blue-sky laws are generally considered as offering few 'suckers' to companies which would make their headquarters there.

To the extent to which the states have been able to proceed, it is believed that the campaign against worthless stocks is now attaining its greatest success. Several officials have advised the writer that the next step is preventive; that is to say, major efforts hereafter will be addressed against new fake companies.

A canvass, necessarily informal, reveals that the average person in this country today is fairly secure from the wiles of those manipulators who heretofore descended on big cities, opened luxurious offices, advertised extensively, promised lavishly, and then departed suddenly as soon as the first harvest of subscriptions was in.

According to a savings bank official, in ninety cases out of a hundred, it is now impossible for fake promoters to obtain money from the public in quantities sufficient to defray the expense of securing it, as governmental agencies are set in operation as soon as funds begin rolling in. Of the remaining ten cases, he said, at least three or four represent those who are anxious to be suckers and who therefore play into the schemers' hands.

'Now we are seeking injunctions against individuals as well as against companies,' Mr. Winter explained. 'At first the arm of the law pointed against the given company or corporation; but this did not prevent its members, or some of its members, from recasting themselves into another corporation with another name.

'At the present time there are pending about a thousand cases which the anti-fraud bureau is interested in prosecuting.'

The best illustration of the gullibility of the American investing public in recent years involved foreign currencies. As a result of the war many Americans believed that there were fortunes to be made in the purchase of foreign money. Ponzi was the first to give it a serio-comic twist. But the bulk of loss was limited to German marks. It has been estimated, according to Edward Sherwood Mead, professor of finance in the University of Pennsylvania, and Karl W. H. Scholz, assistant professor of economics, that 'nearly one billion dollars were lost by American citizens who bought depreciated German marks, anticipating their return to par.'

The Government has made repeated attempts to pass a federal blue-sky law. The Denison bill was the subject of some bitter arguments in the House of Representatives two years ago. It aimed to prevent the interstate sale of fraudulent securities, making this a separate offense from the use of the mails to defraud.

'The present laws, so far as the mails are concerned,' Postmaster-General New told the writer, 'have been put to the severest tests and they appear to be fully adequate.'

The one chief and logical objection to blue-sky laws has been that they interfere with the development of legitimate though speculative enterprises. That it is a problem to know where to draw the line between unsound and sound stock enterprises is admitted by all concerned, from the Attorney-General of the United States down to the shoe-string organizer.

According to Mr. Winter, the authorities have no intention of preventing sound enterprises from coming into being. Permission to bring such organizations before the public for funds may always be requested. A corporation is not under blot because it is speculative; the only issue that the attorney-general in the State of New York and law officers in many other principal states raise is that there be no fraud.

The more important newspapers of the country censor their 'business opportunities' advertisements, especially those in which capital is sought. Nevertheless scores of such advertisements appear daily, especially in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago.

IT HAS been said, and rightly, that several of our multimillionaire enterprises would not exist today had a blue-sky law been literally applied to them at the time of their organization. But it is pointed out that initial funds have always been obtained privately; the appeal to the public for funds comes after results have been achieved.

Private financing is easier today than public financing. The object which members of Congress have borne in mind in connection with blue-sky legislation is that the right of inventors and organizers to form their own companies and organizations, independently of related corporations, must not be sacrificed, and that legislation which would preclude public financing of purely speculative character would be unjust and uncalled for, while it would not prevent 'private fraudulent enterprise from taking its toll.'

It is quite true that 1926 proved disastrous to professionals much more than to the public; but this declaration benefits the public nothing, since professionals must get their funds from the public. Like law, which has its origin in government, professional stock operators depend upon the investing public for their funds. If they did not get them one year they got them another. And the professionals' gains are quite liable to be the public's losses.

'If I told you how much I have lost in six months,' a florist whom I know well told me early in May, 'you would call me what I have been calling myself for many weeks. With $90,000 in excellent securities in a falling market I could not borrow $10,000 to protect my margins. I had to let go of everything except one item. When I get through, the $100,000 paper profit I had last November, at the height of the bull market, will show me about $11,000 in real cash. The loss does not take into account the sacrifice of my time, the worry and tear and wear, or even the cost of running my automobile from bank to broker and back to the store many times a day for weeks.'

It was an accepted belief, until a short time ago, that 'at least a billion dollars are lost through fraudulent schemes in this country every year.' No economist is willing to admit this today. That a very high percentage of loss through fake stock deals still occurs is not denied, but what seems more important is that the regular stock markets offer greater opportunity for loss today than has been suspected.

Servant Problem

(*Continued from page 15*)

him that he must pour boiling water over the dishes afterward and wipe them dry. I had also given him plenty of dishcloths and tea towels. That morning while making a cake in the kitchen, I stood where I could look into the butler's pantry and watch the coolie wash the breakfast dishes.

I was delighted with the interest he seemed to take in getting the water at the right temperature, and in using soap enough. But my delight just oozed when I saw him bend over and with the dishcloth wash his face, his neck and his ears, taking unusual pains, it seemed to me. He wiped on the drying cloth. I watched to see what would happen next, the while forming my plan of action when the right moment should come. He started to put the dishes into the pan—that was my cue!

Unfortunately I speak no Chinese, and the coolie not even pidgin English, and so I had to press my point home by pantomime and a series of 'ah-oh's'; but I put it over at that. I registered surprise and horror at what he had done, and scowled the while, till it was impressed upon him that I was very angry. Then, taking the dishcloth out of the water with stove tongs I burned it. When I dropped that dishcloth into the fire I thought the poor coolie would cry. He begged for it—showing me by pantomime the many ways in which he could use it. But the cloth went into the fire, and the nice hot water was dumped out of the pan, which he then had to scour inside and out with cleaning compound. After that the pan had to be washed and scalded, and the dishes washed. Unfortunately I sought to impress upon him my disgust and hesitancy about trusting him to wash dishes by doing them myself, and thereby I 'lost face' with him. To have lost face in China is a sad, sad condition to find oneself in. I don't think I ever quite regained my standing with that coolie. To think that a 'missie' would so lower herself as to wash dishes—a coolie's pidgin (work)—was an offense not easily overlooked.

When Debt CLOSED the Schools

By EMERSON ROBINSON

EARLY in 1926, the people of Ohio were startled by announcements from a number of communities that the schools would be closed indefinitely; they were further startled by similar announcements that the counties themselves were in serious financial straits.

Of course, the legislature was called into session to provide legal means by which the ordinary functions of government could carry on.

Municipalities had been forced to lay off policemen and firemen; shut off street lights; stop street cleaning; throw garbage collection directly to the householder; let sewers become clogged, and halt most municipal activities.

All these evils were directly due to one thing:

The rapid increase of debt had taken so much of the current revenue and used it on maturing bonds and interest, that there was little left to operate schools or cities; and, latterly, counties.

Joseph Tracy, state auditor, sounded a warning of approaching disaster for all taxing districts which did not curb their expenses, limit their output of bonds, and call a halt on useless or, to put it mildly, unnecessary expenditures of all kinds.

He cited the fact that on July 1, 1924, the total debt for all Ohio districts was $818,920,044 and that a year later it had leaped to the amazing total of $879,143,684. Of this amount the debt on schools alone expanded from $203,920,452 to $219,600,460.

This meant that in addition to the bonds which had to be retired because of maturity, the citizens had to pay nearly eleven million dollars in interest. And eleven million dollars, even in those days of free-and-easy money talk, was not to be sneezed at.

IT HAD only been within the preceding year or two that the public school had had to pinch because of the money required for bonds and interest.

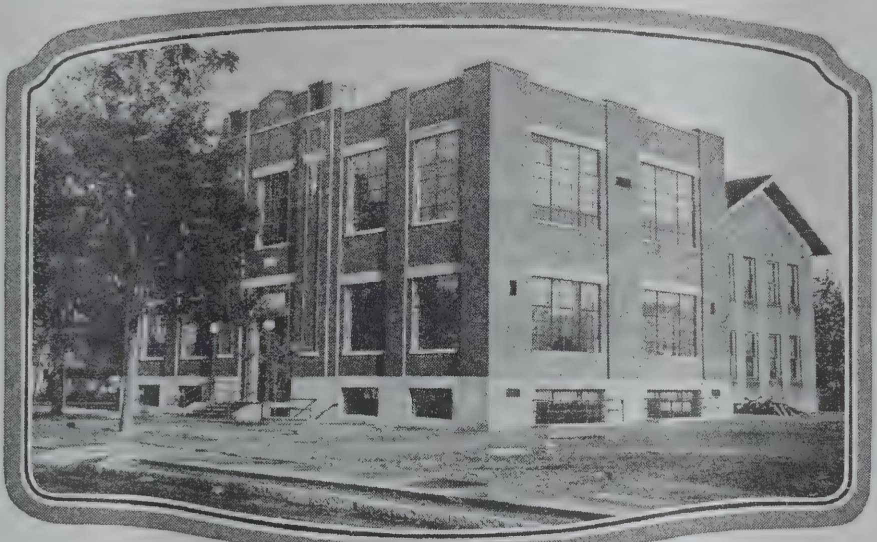
In some of the school districts nearly three-fourths of all the money raised for educational purposes was needed to pay debts.

Practically all of the financial difficulties of the Ohio school system can be traced to this one cause, with its accompanying inefficient and uneconomical administration.

The temporary closing of some schools in mid-terms, the elimination of some branches of study which had become part of the established curriculum, and, in some cases, a shortened school term, were inevitable results.

The special session of the legislature provided means for getting money, but this was only temporary. The relief was the same as that permitted the cities in 1925—an extra tax levy by petition instead of ballot vote.

Too often we forget nowadays that the teacher is the bulwark of the public school; not the ornate building to which the community 'can point with pride.' There has been fierce competition among boards of education for a 'finer, better equipped plant' than their neighbors have. Uncounted millions of dollars have been voted by the people in bonds for school buildings with little or no thought of the day when it would be necessary to meet the debt. Ohioans rejected bond issue after bond issue for general public improvements, some of them necessary; but it has seldom been recorded that they rejected a plea of a board of education for either money to build a new school or an extra tax levy to support one.


One of the modern type of rural school in Ohio. —*Pugh Photo.*

It is related that in one district the people gaily went to the polls one day and voted a bond issue with which to construct 'one of the finest school buildings in the state in a community of similar size.' When the building was completed they found out they had a wonderful plant but that it would take all of the taxes to pay interest and bonds; there was none left for operating expenses.

Of course there can be no objection to magnificent school buildings, or fine architecture in any public building. They add undoubtedly to the civic spirit; but boards of education should look first to the financial condition of their community and cut the cloth to fit the pocketbook. And they, too, should keep uppermost in their minds the fact that the building is not the principal thing.

'I would rather,' said one rural school superintendent, 'have a good teacher and a satisfactory curriculum in an abandoned barn than have the finest plant it is possible to build and poor teachers or a curtailed curriculum.'

So Governor Donahey, in one of his messages to the Ohio legislature, sounded a warning against the thoughtless expenditures of huge sums for buildings in this paragraph:

'Hundreds of thousands of dollars annually would be saved in the construction of elementary and high school buildings if the general assembly would provide a measure of state control over the caprices of overenthusiastic boards of education, which too frequently seek their advice from still more enthusiastic architects, whose fees will be high or low in accordance with the cost of the buildings to be erected.' He urged state examination by competent authorities so that unnecessary ornamentation and waste space might be eliminated.

Ohioans are proud of their schools and rightly so; their standing is second to none in America in either cities or rural sections and the most modern and approved methods of education are in vogue.

The old picture of boys and girls trudging along the country road on a blustery stormy morning with their books strapped and thrown over their shoulders and the little red schoolhouse in the offing, does not fit very well with the modern idea. Now they emerge from an auto-bus in front of a school building as modern as any city can boast. That is the ideal way, and it is the way in many school districts; but in many others, the bond and interest load has shattered the transportation system. In other instances, the one-room school still exists.

EVERY county has its centralized schools, that is, where districts combine and arrange for the erection of an especially large building of many rooms and many teachers. Every county, too, has, in addition to its small district boards of education, a county board of education, a superintendent, and under him a number of supervisors. The old school term of six or seven months has been lengthened and the school term is now fixed by law at thirty-two weeks.

Under state laws, schools are allowed a liberal tax rate within the general maximum and further are permitted, on vote of the people, to increase this by an additional levy of as many mills as people will support. In addition to this, however, there is a state fund for the aid of 'weak' districts—that is districts in which the tax duplicate with the maximum legal tax rate of $9\frac{1}{2}$ mills 8% of which must be for operating expenses, that will not yield sufficient revenue for the upkeep of the schools.

In common with the cities of Ohio, and of the nation, however, there has been an era of bond issues and competition in building which has brought an overbalanced ratio between the sinking fund and the sum raised for all purposes.

Vernon M. Riegel, state director of education, was kept busy appearing in court in cases testing the three-mill tax levy, hearing appeals for aid, and answering serious charges made public by school leaders in the affected districts. In answering one attack he made this observation:

'Extravagance means shortage of funds, and shortage of funds means lower salaries. The teachers are always the ones who have to suffer financially under such conditions. Teachers everywhere should be paid better salaries, and if educational and material wastes were eliminated from our school systems this would be possible, and the supply of competent teachers would more nearly meet the demands and needs of the children of the state, thus preventing the enormous loss resulting from poor instruction.

'You may not know that extravagances exist in school administration in Ohio but the taxpayers in many places know it. The people are becoming tired of frenzied finance in public affairs, education as well as otherwise, and boards are going to require business sense as a qualification of superintendents as well as educational qualifications.'

AFTER an extended and detailed survey of the entire situation, Mr. Riegel, in summing up his report, said:

'Heavy bonded indebtedness is responsible for considerable of the difficulty existing in school finance. Levies for building bonds are so heavy that they automatically reduce the levies that would otherwise be available for school operation. Levies for deficiency and funding bonds are so heavy in some places that a large part of the interior operating levy must be used for deficiency bond and interest payments.'

'But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' was the comment of the director, and as a result of the 'scare' some school officials found that there is such a word as economy to be applied to public affairs; others found a new meaning for the word efficiency, and still others found the truth of the old adage that 'where there's a will there's a way.'

The report found that, 'upon investigation it is shown that in all instances this closing of the schools resulted from failure of the people to authorize local levies for maintenance as authorized by law. In many cases the levy of less than three mills would provide sufficient funds to continue the schools for the minimum term of thirty-two weeks. In other places the closing is due to factional trouble . . .

'All the districts which are reported as being closed are one-room school sections, in none of which have proper steps as provided by law been taken by the local communities to enable them to participate in the state educational equalization fund. It is clearly seen, therefore, that the closing of the schools has been due to failure of local communities or boards of education to exercise the provisions of law for local relief and judiciously to expend the funds already provided for school maintenance.'

Thoughts *on* Psychoanalysis

By DONALD A. LAIRD

PHYSICIANS have always been puzzled by the many patients coming to their offices with complaints, in whom they are unable to find any cause for the symptoms. Some physicians estimate that as many as three-fourths of the patients who come to them are in this class.

Profound thought has been given to these medical enigmas. The case of the shell-shocked soldier who cannot walk or talk but who is discovered atop a hospital building shouting against the winds when a fire threatens the building is an example.

You know a large number of persons with analogous disorders—recurrent headaches, fainting spells, periods of poor health which appear to be greatly enjoyed, hay fever, languid semi-invalid conditions, sleeplessness, and chronic complaints; just 'shell shock' conditions of civil life.

Sigmund Freud had spent several years as a young physician in the children's clinic in Vienna. Then to Paris he went, to the drab two-story buildings of the Salpêtrière, the great mental hospital of France. Bent on the mission of solving this medical riddle of people with ailments for which no discernable cause could be found, he came to the clinic of the great Charcot.

Hypnotism was the method used by Charcot in effecting astonishing cures. In these it was also a tool for experimentation. One of the routine demonstration experiments at Charcot's clinic was the production of disease symptoms by hypnosis. In these startling demonstrations lay the germ of psychoanalysis which was discovered and nurtured by Freud.

Charcot proved to Freud and others that ideas can be made the cause of bodily disorders. And the energetic mind of the young medical graduate discerned in these unusual demonstrations a clue to many of those ailments of humankind for which anatomists could find no cause.

You will find no psychologist or physician who will deny that in many instances ailments are produced by tricks of thought rather than by germs or bodily diseases. But right about that point you will find agreement rapidly disappearing.

Psychologists are of practically one mind in believing, with Freud, that many of the things we do and say and think arise from rather hidden motives. Probably most of our daily behavior has these hidden springs of which we are not aware. Over this there is little controversy; but when psychologists begin to talk about *just what the springs are*, then you will be assured of a very hot discussion.

The way in which your daily behavior affords outlets for these springs, regardless of what the springs really may be, is extremely interesting. To the uninitiated it is rather amazing. These outlets are commonly known as *mental mechanisms*.

Take the student with just ordinary physique, for instance, who aspires, however, to be a prominent intercollegiate athlete. I am thinking of several students whose mental mechanisms I have studied. One such subject in particular is enlightening. His parents, from his earliest school days, had in mind preparing him for a prominent eastern college which is known for the 'gentlemen' it produces. With his heart set on entering this college he studied French, Latin, and literature.

Then came the turning point in his life. To a special school he was sent for the final two years' preparation. His roommate was a 'husky' who made Charles, as we will call him, appear a weakling in comparison. For some reason Charles became active in the athletic endeavors of the preparatory school, and before the year was over had completely changed his plans! He was no longer bent on going to the gentleman's college but was trying to settle on a 'he-man's' college for his final four years. He is now in a he-man's college and is active in all athletic activities—not by nature an athlete, but a student still.

I know very well another student who had by nature been athletic all his life. Upon coming to college he anticipated being on the varsity teams. But he was not quite the athlete to qualify. You will no longer find him competing on the athletic field or attending student 'pep' meetings before important games. You will find him in the library. This mechanism is that of *compensation*.

The second student is of his present opinion because he found that he was not the athlete he had appeared to be in his high school. But he must not be a quitter. So he has been pressed to find elaborate justifications for his changed attitude. And these are known as *rationalizations*.

The young married woman whose husband has been promoted starts in search of another house. 'The smoky air around here is not good for the kiddies,' she says.

So she locates a house in a better section of town where the air is good. The raise in wage is consumed in increased rent and in transportation to and from work. Was the smoky air the *real* reason for moving? Very probably not. Had the air been of the best, had there been no children, the ambitious wife would have found a reason for moving into a neighborhood of slightly higher social level than their previous neighborhood. Her reasons were rationalizations. In that psychologists will agree.

You and I are forever rationalizing and compensating. Edgar Allan Poe compensated for a feeling of ignorance by acquiring a wide but superficial knowledge of science which he wove into his stories. The undersized person sometimes compensates for his smallness by having a big show of jewelry.

Last summer a student of mine was selling automobiles during the vacation. A competitor had interested a small man in a more expensive car, and undoubtedly a better one, but it was low-hung. Using his knowledge of psychology, this student demonstrated the largest car of his line to this prospect. The sale was not consummated until the car was parked alongside the competitor's car.

'There,' said the student. 'See how big it is! Of course you want a *big* car.'

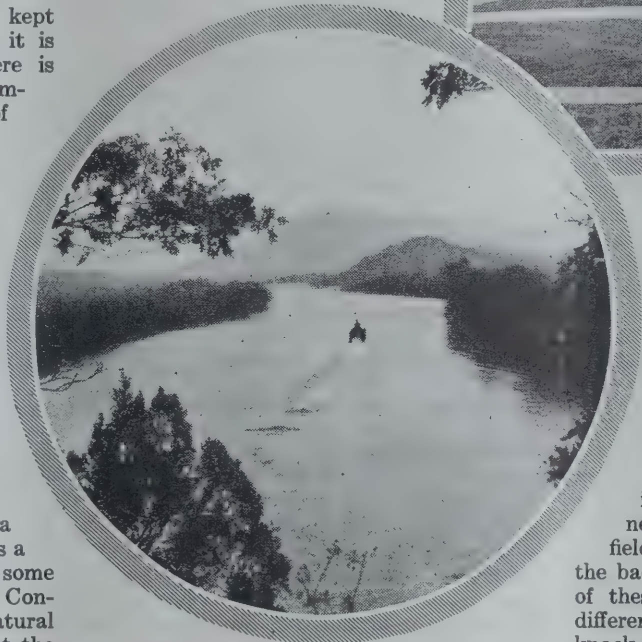
And the big car he bought, though he has to peer through the spokes of the steering wheel to see the road ahead.

Psychoanalysis, as usually conceived, is the solving of the mental mechanisms which are prepotent in any individual, without regard to theoretical convictions.

The LURE of Old Battlefields

By
HARRY E. BARNET

Below—Steamboat on the Tennessee River headed for Lookout Mountain.



The Illinois memorial. Upon the inside walls are bronze plates, bearing the names of each soldier engaged in the siege and defense of Vicksburg.

IF YOU'VE a notion that the South is a slow-poke country, where dreamy romanticism holds the biggest part of the boards, and you set out to see it in a leisurely sort of way, you'll lose the notion before you go very far. The business of trying for your particular favor is an all-southern competition. Yet it's an orderly orgy. It keeps within decent limits. Level-headedness holds the upper hand where it can do the most good. The whirl is kept honest, although the motive behind it is mostly Simon-pure selfishness. There is nothing new about this feather of competition, of course. Any other part of the country—North, East or West—will show a greater number of them, because they have more places to raise a stir about. But in these other parts of the country, the majority of the competitions travel nowhere. They work up little more than a bit of warming friction heat. In the South, such affairs are always on the 'go.' Furthermore, they're loaded with cayenne.

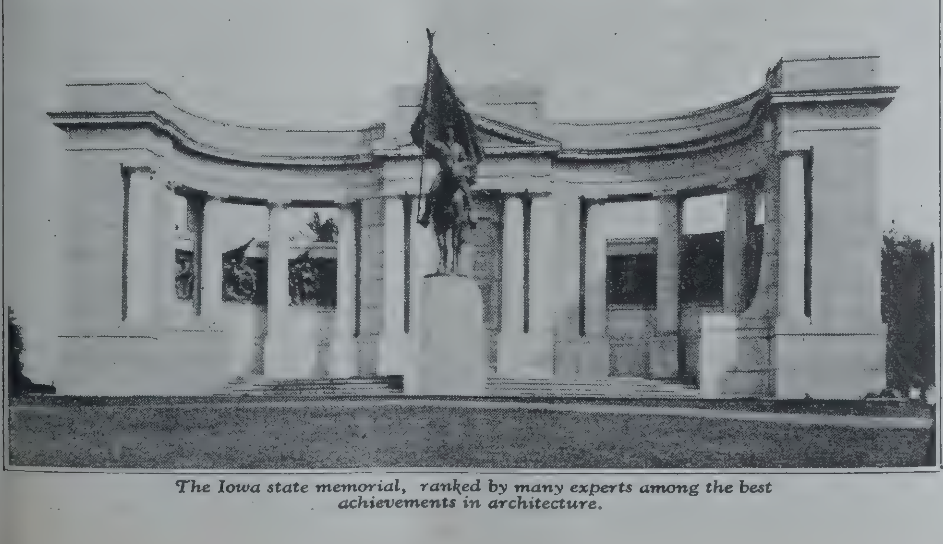
This intenseness is tremendously sustained among the big battlefields of the war between the states. Their bidding for your favor is from the ground up, inasmuch as the South has a heaped measure of scenic glory. It was a quirk of war between the states that some of the stiffest fighting of Federals and Confederates was done in places where natural splurge ran into downright flaunt. At the time of the fighting, these places blazed with physical splendor of Nature's providing. Furthermore the groundwork of none of these battlefields carries the mark of a rubber stamp. Each is something all its own—collectively they're a study in dissimilars. And the clearest illustration of what is meant is in the vicinity of Chickamauga. The latter is a prinkish valley, eastern-edged by Missionary Ridge. The western bulwark of the valley is Lookout Mountain.

Splendor freckles splendor; and distinctiveness bespots distinctiveness upon these battlefields, because they've been established as national military parks. Not national parks, for the latter lack the warfare that cut a dash in the world's affairs. National military parks, the battlefields are, whose natural splendor is undisturbed; and in which marble and bronze tell the stories of combat.

The rubber stamp comes out only as the troop positions and actions are marked and described by tablets, mortars, and cannon. Generally speaking, these are alike in all the battlefields. But this sameness is soon forgotten. The battlefields are glittering with artistry. Both the background and the foreground stories of these fighting places are a bundle of different narratives, and as far as artistic knack can do it, the narratives are plainly outlined upon monuments.

This doubled artistic splurging—that of Nature and of men—is something that smashes you at every turn you make, especially where there's wordiness, so to speak, with marble and bronze. Monuments upon which narratives have been elaborated in masses and groups of men and horses, together with the 1860's panoply and miseries of war—nothing is omitted! A profusion of narratives has been boiled down to simple shaft; and not a high spot of the narratives is missing. These shafts are not only a comfort to your overworked eyes, but they bring the biggest lumps in your throat when you stand off and look at them. Single figures spell out a volume. Incidents are recorded in massive monuments. The flourish of the raiders, for instance, which put 'Old General,' the locomotive, in its historical niche—the image of 'Old General,' done in bronze, surmounts an enormous block of stone in Chickamauga's battlefield. No inconsiderable part of the story of war between the states is blazoned upon the monuments of its battlefields.

But when you've finished your expedition, and settle back to ponder it, the scene of the siege and defense of Vicksburg scurries to the forefront of your thought. Moreover, it unwaveringly sticks there. This is because of its atmosphere, a blend of whole-hearted



The Iowa state memorial, ranked by many experts among the best achievements in architecture.

amiability with the warmest kind of personal contact.

In the first place, war between the states birthed no other battlefield like it. The Federals wrapped themselves around Vicksburg like a constrictor, and then gradually tightened the coils. The city was squeezed into surrender, despite a brilliant defense. This was done upon rolling country—hills and valleys—with the Mississippi River off to one side.

By 1863, Northerners and Southerners knew each other; and each had great respect for the fighting qualities of the other. Consequently, there were few assaults during the siege and defense. The armies didn't move around and entwine their positions. Broadly speaking, the operations were along parallel lines. The armies weren't scattered—about 1,300 acres held the battle lines and the ground between, from the middle of May to the termination of the siege, July 4, 1863.

SO IT was possible, when Vicksburg's battlefield was laid out as a national park, for the lines of operations to be marked as roadways. The inside boundary is Confederate Avenue. It closely follows the Confederate line of defense. Practically speaking, the outside boundary is Union Avenue, closely following the first parallel of the Federal Army. And there are secondary avenues and circles. In a way you see the situation from the edge of the battlefield.

More than 170 bronze portraits—statues, equestrian statues, busts and tablets—are scattered over the battlefield. And they are portraits, not idealized faces.

Pick one of them as an illustration of faithful delineation. Up to his death a few years ago, probably the most familiar figure in Cincinnati was General Andrew Hickenlooper. At the time of the siege and defense, he was a captain in the Federal Army, and his family has erected his statue on the battlefield. It shows him as he then looked—youthful. Yet, today, if this statue, unlabeled, were set down upon Cincinnati's government esplanade, no one, except the newer generation, and strangers, would hesitate to name him at first glance. The contour and expression of the general's face changed but little with the years.

The Union Navy Monument is a tremendously tall and bulky shaft. Its massiveness gives you a squashed-down feeling, as if you were a small bug under a man's big descending foot. Mounted upon stone blocks, one upon each side of its base, are heroic figures of Farragut, Foote, Porter and Davis. Each is looking off into distance. But there's nothing fixed or staring about their looks.

The bust of Brigadier General States Rights Cist, of the Confederate Army, reminds you of Hannibal. The general's father was heart and soul for states rights, and he dedicated his son to them. So he gave the general that name to clinch the dedication.

And pondering the action of the father, as well as the son's place in the Confederate Army, in this personal way you get deep into the historical significance of Vicksburg's battlefield. The decisive battles of modern times—sixteen of them—have been grouped and described by Lieutenant Colonel Whitton, of the English Army. By the word 'decisive,' the colonel intends to say, 'it could justly be reckoned among those few battles, of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent events.'

The siege and defense of Vicksburg heads the list. Small wonder! When Vicksburg gave in, the Confederacy was over and done with, although the fighting continued.

'The real truth was that by 1861,' Lieutenant Colonel Whitton says, 'North and South had resolved themselves into what might almost be called two distinct nations. Their ideals, their customs and their outlook were wholly different. The South was purely agricultural, while the most prosperous part of the North was largely industrial, with the result that in the former there was a dominant landed aristocracy, while in the Northern States, the only aristocracy which amounted to anything was that of wealth. There was little purely national sentiment. The planter of the Southern States did not say, "I am an American," but, "I am of the South." . . . More serious than the difference of views on caste and ancestry was the divergence created by the different economic conditions of the two sections of the country. To the cotton and tobacco trade of the South, free trade was necessary, while the northern manufacturers, struggling against the competition of foreign imports, clamored for protection, which they were powerful enough to secure. The feeling of dislike which had grown up in the South toward and against the things of the North was influenced by the loud threats and hysterical ravings of the demagogs . . . and these threats were interpreted as preliminary to an attack upon states rights. Southerners thought that the tirades . . . represented the true feelings of the North—the next step would be to overwhelm these states, and reduce them to provinces, and to wrest from them a freedom which they had inherited.'

Of these portraits in the battlefield, about forty have been placed there by families who had members engaged in the operations. Since the battlefield was established, about 1899, putting it in condition has been the personal life work of Captain William T. Rigby, himself a veteran of the operations, and resident commissioner of the National Military Park Board, in control of the battlefield.

The personal touch doesn't end with looking into the faces of individuals alone upon the battlefield. You're let in on the mass of men engaged in the operations—while they were in mass, and actually at work. The monuments carry bas-relief of the contest. There you have action, and plenty of it. Not idealized action, but real. It is thoroughly human.

Upon the word of a man who has studied them all, 'the scene of the siege and defense of Vicksburg is far and away the most interesting battlefield in the world.'

The Litany of Washington Street

(*Continued from page 8*)

Presidency: Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Roosevelt. These all had their backwoods or their courtly magnificences. But the Constitution of the United States was cut to fit the pattern of George Washington; and it has fitted no man who has succeeded him. Whoever rides after must ride behind the cavalcade of the General and his two aides, or else go afoot.

Washington in old age was roundly denounced by all the ultra-Jeffersonians as an aristocrat, as though it were a crime. I say if he had the grand style, it was a good gift to the nation. If he had any caste ideas from the old Virginia aristocracy, it was a bad legacy, and meant that it was time for party government to begin. The first thing in his grand style, which our richest potentate dare not imitate, has nothing to do with caste—it is this red Indian self-possession and superb horsemanship. Any broncho buster can try for it. It would be mere outdoor acting if, as I say, he had not been successfully impersonating the entire American army and navy through the entire Revolution and for some time after. Meanwhile, his extreme sensitiveness to criticism from blacksmith or lord of the manor was a form of democracy. He still outbids Jefferson in the battle for the hearts of the American people. Washington's was an honest, detailed, and administrative mind, that of a sort of archangel surveyor.

Our cavalcade of three goes down Washington Street till it reaches the great West, till it passes the Blackfeet Indian Reservation with the tom-toms still beating, till the foam of the Pacific is sweeping over the breasts of the horses, and even the far-western state called Washington is behind them.

I say anything not in the grand manner is utterly out of keeping with this cavalcade; and American thinkers, writers, students, politicians, will always be torturing themselves until they surrender to the grand manner, which is a part of them because they are first the children of these three men; flippancy and jazziness in radical or conservative is merely self-immolation. We will not be a really happy set of highbrows till we admit to ourselves that Washington Street is our Appian Way; and till we are willing that our humblest citizen shall have a chance to be a king and Indian chief on horseback as much like old George as strength and sense permit.

Scorners do not get George Washington; the bitter cannot understand him; and the tiny minority of scorners who try to say a new and final word for us every six weeks miss the ornateness of the man they chirp at and patronize and despise. We need not despair of our newly growing disposition for the grand style. We have it in acres of movies, where we hardly recognize that great rainbow curve because our fathers in Europe so long ago mistrusted any great curve as the gesture of tyranny.

George Washington's very handwriting has the long rainbow curve of the grand manner; no man north of Mason and Dixon's line ever wrote willingly with such curves, or bowed so magnificently, or danced with such pomp.

Very useful scribblers with spluttery, prosy stub pens tell us the whole cynical, dirty truth about this son of the Golden Age of Virginia. They put in everything with the exception of his splendor. These men with stub pens leave out the overarching rainbow curve which was his very self, his essential signature, and which sweeps from the great deep to the great deep.

'Ere I forget thee, O Virginia, may my right hand forget her cunning!'

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

Moonshine liquor has reached the "luxury" class,' said the ***Revenue Officer from the South.*** 'The price has taken it away from the rural districts and from the poorer classes. In the old days when it was cheap, the initial purchase price was readily forthcoming. Now the price is too high for a man who must count his nickels.

'The effect in the rural districts and small towns is very noticeable. Doors of the jails in some towns are wide open and some of them have been wide open for months. One town in Tennessee had no further need or its jail with whisky "gone to the city."

'Demand for an intoxicant—and in the southern district it means demand for the corn whisky—is causing many of the old whisky element to go into the moonshining business. These men, "who have always been mixed up with whisky," form one of two classes that are doing most of the llicit manufacturing. The other class is made up of unemployed and those of no particular calling who are willing to take ong chances for the fast and huge profits.

'Oddly enough, few Negroes are moonshiners. In something like a thousand raids, not a Negro was found. We have uncovered a few black "shiners" but the plants were small, crude, and of little consequence. The Negro population in my district is comparatively large but lack of capital to compete with the big fellows and inability to turn out a grade of liquor equaling that of the more up-to-date plants has kept the black man out of the industry. However, he is used as a tool both about the plants and in the distribution.'

* * *

'Deafness is no respecter of persons,' said the ***Ear Specialist.*** 'Only one in five has perfect hearing. In adults past thirty-five, one of every three in the United States has slightly impaired hearing. The ratio of deafened people is constantly narrowing against the hearing ones.

'In another century or two, unless the spread of deafness is checked, it is predicted by Fred De Land that we shall be a race of hard-of-hearing people. By *deafened* I do not include those born deaf, generally termed 'mutes,' but people who have lost their hearing after growing up and becoming accustomed to the use of their ears.

'The hard-of-hearing people of the United States are accomplishing now what no other body of handicapped individuals has heretofore done, organizing and financing their own social-betterment work. They are not seekers of charity; they want no pity. The organizations are merely coöperative "think shops" in which, with the aid of the deaf themselves and their friends, practical ideas are gathered and tested which will enable them, with their lost hearing, to overcome the defect. The deafened may not be able to hear distinctly, but they are able to think clearly. They are deaf, yes! But dumb, no!'

'Creation of a work of art reminds me of a harvest of grain,' remarked the ***New Englander.*** 'Each represents the fulfillment of long hours of labor. I think this comparison should be emphasized frequently, because when most of us look at an artistic masterpiece, we regard it as a flash of genius rather than as the culmination of well-nigh endless toil.

'Every achievement costs its full price. Whether in writing a poem or in chiseling a statue, the human mind must strive and strain toward producing that effect which we idly admire because it is perfect. We see the stores of grain but we do not see the hours of plowing, sowing and reaping that had to be contributed first.

'If I were a genius, the joy of the service would be in the work, rather than in the culmination. I'm sure great writers, composers and artists must feel that way. It is the creative instinct that seeks expression; and once the art has been expressed the pleasure dies away and a new labor must be started. Perhaps this is one reason so many artists find it difficult to revise or improve their past work.'

* * *

'The Federal Trade Commission is not a prosecuting agency and has no powers to enforce its decrees except through a court order,' said the ***Man from Washington, D. C.*** 'It cannot proceed against individuals and its jurisdiction is restricted to cases where an unfair method of competition is practised and where the public interest is involved.

'Considerable friction has existed between the majority and the minority of the Commission on the question of dismissal of violations without publicity. In the matter of publicity the Commission is only restrained from making public "trade secrets and the names of customers." Since it cannot impose penalties for noncompliance with its orders, publicity has always been considered one of the most potent weapons at its disposal in preventing unlawful practices in restraint of trade.

'All cases involving a violation of law are cases of the People vs. the Lawbreakers. They are not longer cases of the Federal Trade Commission vs. the Respondent.

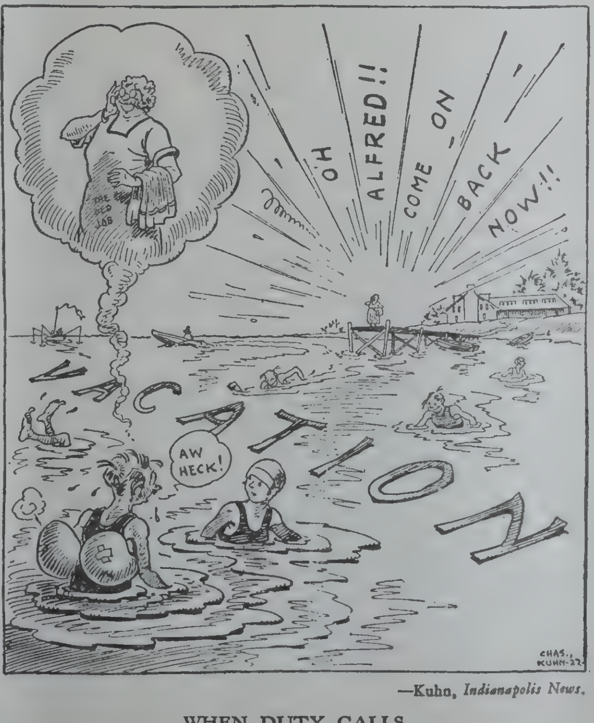
'Each and every decision of the Federal Trade Commission is important to the public welfare, and publicity of that decision is necessary in order that the public shall know to what extent their interests are being safeguarded by the officials charged with that responsibility. The public, which suffers the loss of millions of dollars annually through dishonest manufacturers, should be informed by the agency that they have created for that particular purpose without regard to "as little harm as possible to respondents" after they have been convicted of dishonesty and wrongdoing. The public may very well agree that: "I have a right to know the facts." '

* * *

'Occasionally we hear it said that the human body is an electrochemical mechanism, and electricity is the real driving power of the human machine,' said the ***Country Doctor.*** 'We hear the proposition that the cells of the human body are minute batteries, which generate the electricity to run the physical machinery. Each cell consists of a nucleus—acid in character and therefore electrically positive—surrounded by an alkaline substance, and therefore electrically negative. The two elements are separated by a filament which is said to be a minute fraction of a millimeter in thickness.

'In the living process, we are told, food is converted into sugar in solution which is deposited in the cell filament, causing oxidation and promoting electrical discharge. Thus the entire body which is composed of millions of cells becomes a battery. In response to the human will, electrical energy is carried along the microscopic wires of the nervous system, and results in muscular action. The electricity of the body moves levers by contracting and relaxing the muscles in place of turning wheels. The muscles of the body are said to be similar to an electromagnet with attractive power only when a current of electricity is sent through it.

'One interesting theory is that the brain is the positive pole and the liver the negative pole of the human battery. These two organs work together and are dependent on each other. When the great circuit between the liver and the brain is broken, and electrical discharges can no longer be carried from one to the other, coagulation and death ensue.'



—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

WHEN DUTY CALLS.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. What is the state flower of New Mexico?

Answer. The state flower of New Mexico as designated by an act passed by the New Mexico State legislature in 1927 is the yucca.

* * *

Q. I should like some information on Lieutenant Maughan's dawn-to-dusk flight. Did he receive any promotion or other reward?

A. First Lieutenant Russel L. Maughan, Air Corps, U. S. Army, flew from New York to San Francisco on June 23, 1924, crossing the American continent from dawn to dusk in 17 hours 52 minutes flying time and 21 hours 49 minutes including 6 stops. He flew a Curtiss Pursuit biplane with Curtiss engine. The distance was 2,850 miles. Lieutenant Maughan is still in active service. He was not promoted or otherwise rewarded for making the dawn-to-dark flight.

* * *

Q. What are generally known as the 'Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World?'

A. The ones selected by Creasy, the historian of warfare, as the 'Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World' are the following:

1. Marathon, at which, on September 28, 490 B. C., 11,000 Greeks defeated a Persian force numbering more than 110,000 men. 2. Syracuse, 419 B. C., when the besieged Syracusans turned upon the invading Athenians and almost completely destroyed their forces. 3. Arbela, the battle between Alexander the Great and Darius Codomannus which decided the fate of the Persians; October 1, 331 B. C. 4. Metaurus, at which Hasdrubal, the brother of Hannibal, was defeated and slain by the Roman army under the command of Livius and Claudius Nero; 207 B. C. 5. Teutoburg, A. D. 9, the battle at which Varus and the Romans were defeated by the Germans. 6. Châlons, at which, in A. D. 451, Aetius defeated Attila the Hun. 7. Tours, at which Charles Martel saved Europe by his great victory over the invading hosts of the Saracens, A. D. 732. 8. Hastings, at which, on October 14, 1066, Harold II of England lost his life and kingdom in battle against William, Duke of Normandy. 9. Orleans, besieged by the English during October, 1428; it was bravely defended by Goucour, who realized that its fall would bring ruin to the cause of Charles VII of France. On May 8, 1429, the siege was raised as the result of the heroism of Joan of Arc. 10. The Spanish Armada, the naval battle at which the Spanish fleet was almost completely destroyed by the British in August, 1588. 11. Blenheim, at which the French and Bavarians were defeated by the English under the Duke of Marlborough, August 2, 1704. 12. Pultusk, where Charles XII of Sweden was completely defeated by the Saxons, May 1, 1703. 13. Saratoga, October 17, 1777, the engagement regarded as the greatest check suffered by the British forces during the Revolutionary War in America. 14. Valmy, where the French, commanded by Kellerman, defeated the Prussians, commanded by the Duke of Brunswick, September 20, 1792. 15. Waterloo, at which the great Napoleon was defeated by the Duke of Wellington's forces, June 18, 1815. To these may now be added the prolonged battle of the Meuse in 1918 when the Allies under Foch turned back the German tide.

> *In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your questions clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of question.*

* * *

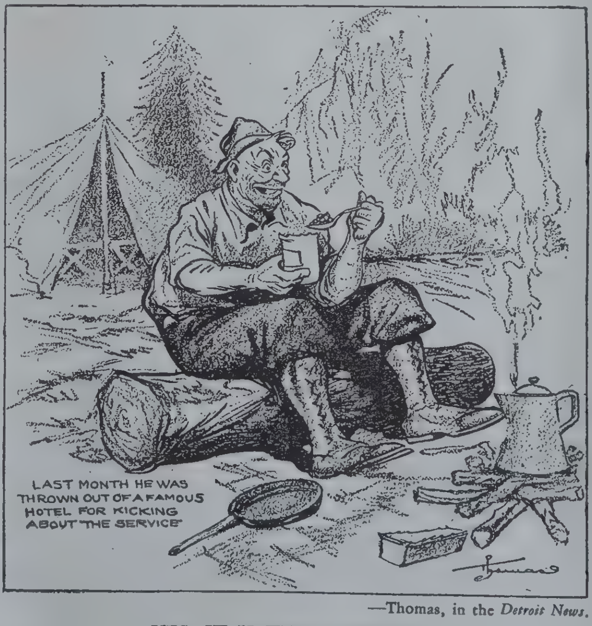
Q. What is the truth about a certain James Bird who was shot on the deck of the Niagara for desertion?

A. Lossing's *Field Book of the War of 1812* states: 'Three men were executed at Erie for desertion. One of them was a young man of some standing named Bird, who had fought gallantly on the *Niagara* (*Lawrence?*) in the Battle of Lake Erie. His offense could not be overlooked and he was shot. It was thought by some that his pardon, under the circumstances, might not have been detrimental to the public good. A ballad called "The Mournful Tragedy of James Bird" was written and became very popular throughout the country.'

* * *

Q. How wide is Egypt from north to south and from east to west?

A. Egypt extends 675 miles north and south and 500 miles east and west.


LAST MONTH HE WAS THROWN OUT OF A FAMOUS HOTEL FOR KICKING ABOUT "THE SERVICE"
Thomas

—Thomas, in the *Detroit News.*

YES, IT IS THE SAME MAN.

Q. How are the expenses of burying pauper soldiers met by the Grand Army of the Republic?

A. Rules and regulations of the Grand Army of the Republic do not make provision for the funeral and burial expenses of members, but local Grand Army Posts usually provide a relief fund from which they could by vote pay the funeral expense of a comrade. Some of the states allow funeral expenses for Civil War soldiers if they are destitute or their families are unable to pay for burial, and under the act of March 4, 1925, the United States Veteran's Bureau is authorized to pay not more than seven dollars for a flag to drape the casket, and a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars for the burial and funeral expenses of a veteran of any war, who does not leave sufficient assets to pay such expenses and when they are not otherwise provided for.

* * *

Q. What is the salary of the President of France?

A. The President of France receives a regular salary of 1,200,000 francs with as much more for expenses incidental to official entertaining.

* * *

Q. On what day of the week was July 4, 1847?

A. July 4, 1847, fell on Sunday.

* * *

Q. When was the World's Fair at St. Louis held?

A. The World's Fair at St. Louis was held from April 30 to December 1, 1904, for the purpose of celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the purchase of the Louisiana Territory from France by the United States.

* * *

Q. Can you tell me something of the history of Santa Catalina Island? How is it governed?

A. Santa Catalina was a part of the territory ceded by Mexico to the United States, and became a part of Los Angeles County in 1850 when California became a state and the counties were formed. The island was granted by the Mexican Government to Don José Covarrubias before the American conquest. He sold it to a man by the name of Packard; after a number of transfers it was purchased by James Lick who owned it for twenty-five years. In 1892 it came into the possession of three brothers, William, Hancock, and J. B. Banning. The Bannings built the hotels and developed it as a famous resort. George S. Patton also became interested with the Bannings in the development operations. Their interests were purchased by William Wrigley, Jr., in 1919. While the island is a civil township of Los Angeles County, the property is mostly owned by a few individuals including the Wrigleys who have entire control of all the enterprises on the island.

BRIEFLY TOLD

It requires a visit to 56,000 clover blossoms for a honeybee to make a pound of honey.

The grave of Betty Washington Lewis, Washington's only sister, is believed to be definitely located in Culpepper County, Virginia, and will be marked by the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Culpepper Minute Men Chapter.

Because court formalities did not permit the guard who kept watch outside the king's door to enter the king's apartment, and though the guard smelled smoke, Stanislaus Leczinski, King of Poland in 1766, burned to death when his dressing gown caught fire.

It is believed by Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly that the handkerchief in its primitive silk tissue and paper form was in use in China long before the Christian Era

Calanus, a philosopher of stoicism in the train of Alexander the Great, was never ill until he was seized with a severe stomach ache at the age of seventy-three. Believing that he had lost his health he ordered a funeral pyre and with composed countenance expired in the flames.

People in Sussex, England, once entertained the superstition that toothache could be avoided by putting the right stocking on before the left.

An eight-inch crab with labeled shell was recently captured on the Firth of Clyde, Scotland. It had been liberated eighteen months before at Aberdeen, three hundred miles away.

Felted wool was used as floor covering by the Chinese before the 18th Century.

The silkworm and the honeybee are the only domesticated insects in the world.

The Reverend Garnett Gunter, 21 years old, is the first woman minister to perform a marriage ceremony in Arkansas.

Having made considerable money from the cultivation of pearls, a Japanese firm is erecting a monument 'in memory of the oysters whose lives have been sacrificed for the pearls which have enabled the firm to prosper.'

There are nine hundred miles of silk fiber in a pound of silk. China's yearly production is 9,000,000 pounds.

The entry on October 21, 1805, in the log kept by Admiral Nelson shows that the signal sent to the fleet at Trafalgar was 'Bold Britons, follow me!' instead of the oft-repeated 'England expects that every man will do his duty.'

Because of natives' superstition that they can rid themselves of an ailment by naming their dogs for the ache, most of the dogs in the Solomon Islands are called 'Maola,' meaning stomach ache.

According to Arthur L. Adams, of the American Board of Missions at Rhodesia, South Africa, the Zulus prefer Wild West films to educational or society dramas.

There were no death sentences in Scotland last year.

Wigs nearly as well made as those of our own time have been found on the Egyptian mummies.

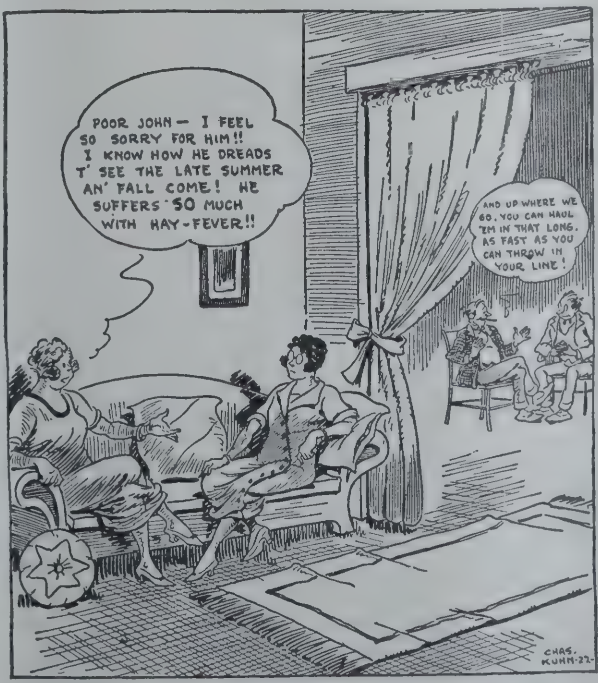
Miss Margaret Irving, the only woman tea-taster in Great Britain, tastes three hundred samples of tea every day.

Minnesota has paid $1,243,165.53 in wolf bounties in forty-nine years.

The name for the little blue berry from which Huckleberry Finn's name was derived changes so with its geographic location that had Mark Twain written his book in Devon or Somerset it would have been Whortleberry Finn, in Surrey Hurts Finn, in Hampshire Bilberry Finn, and in Scotland Whinberry Finn.

The ordinary numerals, 1, 2, 3, 4, and so forth, were derived from Hindustan by the Arabs and introduced by them into Europe.

The modern taxicab is crowding the picturesque jinrikisha out of the Japanese Islands, there having been forty thousand of them in 1897 while there are only 3,343 now.


POOR JOHN — I FEEL SO SORRY FOR HIM!! I KNOW HOW HE DREADS T' SEE THE LATE SUMMER AN' FALL COME! HE SUFFERS SO MUCH WITH HAY-FEVER!!
AND UP WHERE WE GO, YOU CAN HAUL 'EM IN THAT LONG, AS FAST AS YOU CAN THROW IN YOUR LINE!
CHAS. KUHN-27-

—Kuhn, *in the Indianapolis News.*

WHO SAID SUFFERING TIME?

The executioner of the last Prince-Bishop of Bamberg was proud of the fact that he had executed 1,600 individuals.

Denmark so appreciates her poets that she places them on her civil list and pays them a regular salary from the government.

Mansfield, England, recently sent as a token of good will to its namesake Mansfield, Massachusetts, a twenty-pound gooseberry pie.

King Alfonso of Spain has a private museum which contains all the weapons and other objects that from time to time have been employed in attempts to assassinate him.

When the Members of Parliament wore swords a law was passed which forbade the speaker addressing the House to step beyond the strip of cloth which runs along the floor in front of the first row of benches, for as long as a member was behind that line his sword's point could not reach an opponent opposite. Unaware of this rule, a recent speaker was amazed at the shouts of 'Order' when he stepped beyond the line.

Hawkers sold cabbages in the churchyard of St. Paul's, London, three hundred years ago until banished by the clergy because of the noise they made.

There are enough Smiths in the United States to replace the entire population of any one of the following states: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Delaware, Florida, Oregon, Colorado or Utah.

Umbrellas as screens against sunshine have been used since the days of the ancient Assyrians and Egyptians, but were first used in England as protection against the rain in the time of Queen Anne.

A recently measured iceberg was found to contain enough ice to keep every refrigerator in the United States supplied for a year.

Remembering that there was a motion picture in town that he wished to see and finding his cell unlocked, Henry Laird, a prisoner at Monessen, Pennsylvania, walked out of jail and went to the show. After the show, while the police force searched the city, he returned to his cell, and was asleep when found.

The police authorities of Mexico City have passed a regulation barring burros from the street except very early in the morning and late at night, as their deliberate movements impede the modern kind of traffic.

Catherine de' Medici was the wife of one French King, Henry II, and the mother of three, Francis II, Charles IX, and Henry III.

NOTES • COMMENTS • CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the use and misuse of time, energy and materials.

* * *

Frances Holmstrom's poem—'Houses'—appears on page 2 of the cover.

* * *

If the tree is responsible for its fruit, then industry is directly responsible for its dictators. Periods of crisis have brought them forth as a natural evolution and usually they have performed an important service in an intelligent manner. The business czar must be strong, ruthless and autocratic. Never in the history of the world has such power been concentrated in one man as in the ruler of a mighty industry. (p. 1)

* * *

The President has two shadows wherever he goes. One is the secret service cordon; the other, the press association squad. The correspondents hold the mirror to world events and flash the tidings wherever newspapers are printed. They work rapidly, dictating into the ear of the telegraph operator the description of an event while it is actually taking place. During a world-series baseball game, the swish of the bat and the arrival of the words 'Strike One' on the West Coast are almost simultaneous. (p. 3)

* * *

Hawthorne's longest tale, *The Marble Faun*, grew out of his sojourn in Italy and may have been first suggested by two masterpieces which he admired while there. One was the statue of a faun attributed to Praxiteles. The reason Hawthorne left his climax obscure, and did not terminate the book at the point where perhaps it should have been left, is explained by the author's son. This volume has met with much favor as a guidebook to Rome. More than a million copies of it were sold in one edition. (p. 4)

* * *

The smart boys have got together and proved that Washington was slow thinking; fond of farming; a British fox-hunting squire; a pacer off of paces; one with a passion for acres and rivers, to whom a book was a bore and an argument was an irrelevancy. Yet when their final words are spoken, General George Washington of Virginia still rides on horseback down Washington Street! (p. 7)

* * *

Dominique You, when he was not smuggling or pirating, is said to have maintained a forge and to have produced some of the finest filigrees of wrought iron that have ever graced the New World. The iron balconies, frames, brackets, gates and scroll-work doors of New Orleans are constant reminders of the days when France ruled Louisiana. (p. 9)

* * *

The setting aside by New York publishers of nooks for browsing among books is an interesting development, says Thomas L. Masson. It shows that the craving for tranquillity cannot be crushed out of the metropolitan heart. A day among the New York publishers, guided by this well-know connoisseur of humor, is a day of sparkling enjoyment. (p. 12)

* * *

Modern men who go down to the sea in ships from the Golden Gate take libraries along with them. Californians have found a means of spreading good cheer and good reading matter from the South Seas to the Far North. Books find new friends and even the worn and discarded volumes are welcomed, writes the chaplain of the Seaman's Church Institute. (p. 14)

* * *

The Chinese cook does not want his 'missie' to come into the kitchen. The kitchen is his own domain; and it's bad enough to have her hanging around the rest of the house! The servant problem in China has its interesting side. If you keep a dog, it must have its own 'coolie.' The head of your mènage is not a butler, but a 'boy.' And the announcement, 'Please, missie, pay chow,' is every bit as impressive as, 'Dinner is served, Madam'—when you get used to it. (p.15)

* * *

Reclamation means something more than watering arid lands, so settlers have found. They have been compelled to pay much more for water than was originally estimated, and serious hardships have resulted. Yet real estate promoters and mortgage holders protest against any criticism of methods used lest their investments suffer. (p. 21)

* * *

True speculators run fewer risks of losing their capital today than do the free-lance investors. A deputy attorney-general of New York State in an interview with A. R. Pinci explains this by the application of so-called 'blue-sky laws.' (p. 24)

* * *

The danger of too expensive school plants, particularly in communities where funds cannot be levied to meet their cost, along with interest and operating expense, is a problem for taxpayers to study. In Ohio, past experience has taught a valuable lesson. A good teacher and well-planned curriculum should take precedence over a costly edifice, says one rural superintendent. (p. 25)

* * *

'The most interesting battlefield in the world is that of Vicksburg,' it is claimed. This may be partly because the roadways are laid out along the lines of the military operations. Union Avenue and Confederate Avenue face each other. (p. 27)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Johnson, Arkansas.

I enjoy reading your fine publication and especially the 'Briefly Told' page. Also the page of pictures on the inside of the back cover, which I find educational as well as interesting.

I wish to call your attention to an article published on the 'Briefly Told' page in the August 27 issue, about a Maltese cat carrying her family ten miles back to a hardware store in Davenport, Iowa. If there were six kittens, and the mother cat carried one at a time, she would travel only 110 miles, not 120, as you have it. She would only have to make the round trip of twenty miles five times; and on the sixth, she would only have to traverse the distance into the city, or ten miles more.

L. H. BOSWELL.

Sunshine Valley, N. M.

Your article on Volney T. Hoggatt and the Sunshine Valley project in New Mexico has caused a large number of inquiries to be made of us here about the project. Frankly, conditions are not so favorable here as formerly and many settlers have left. I would suggest that anyone wishing to move here consult first with the state engineer of New Mexico.

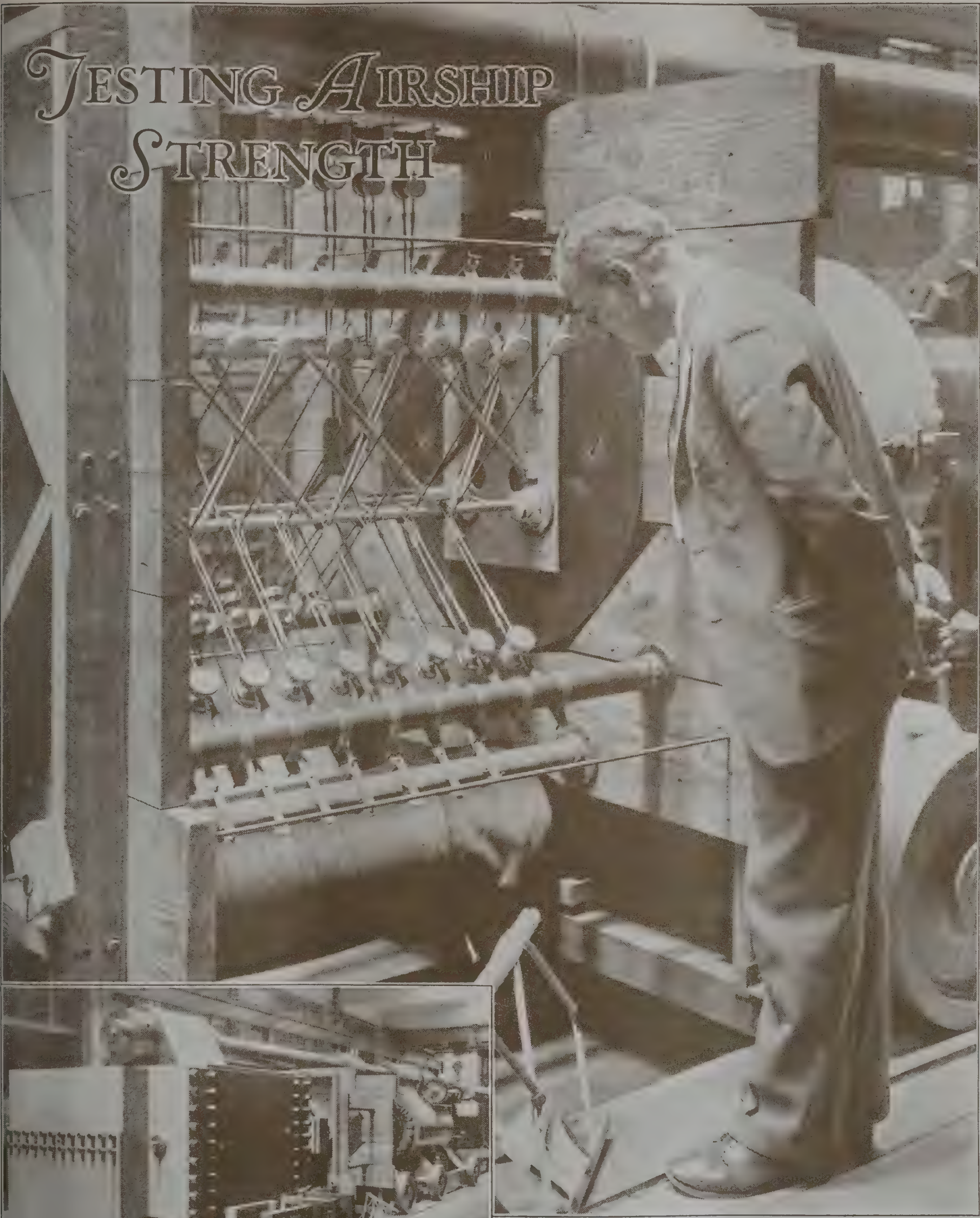
K. M. MILLER.

San Antonio, Texas.

I was much interested in your article on the 'Law West of the Pecos.' I worked on cattle in the Big Bend of Texas in the eighties. We traveled the border from El Paso to Brownsville. There are many organizations today of those pioneers, including the 'Old Pioneers of Texas,' the 'Cattle Raisers Association' and the 'Old Trail Drivers.' Many interesting stories remain to be told.

HY J. BOWLES.

TESTING AIRSHIP STRENGTH



— Photographed at National Bureau of Standards, Washington, D.C., by Ewing Galloway.

PRECISELY how much strain will an airship bear? This is an all-important problem which builders must determine definitely before their craft can safely be allowed to take to the air.

The larger of the two illustrations shows part of the business of testing an airship girder in the largest of high-precision machines. By means of numerous gauges, the operator is ascertaining the deflection this piece of metal undergoes when load is applied.

The other picture presents an end view of the same machine, which can exert 2,300,000 pounds in compression and 1,150,000 pounds in tension.

In 1926, the Bureau assisted in revising and amplifying 23 specifications for aeronautical instruments.

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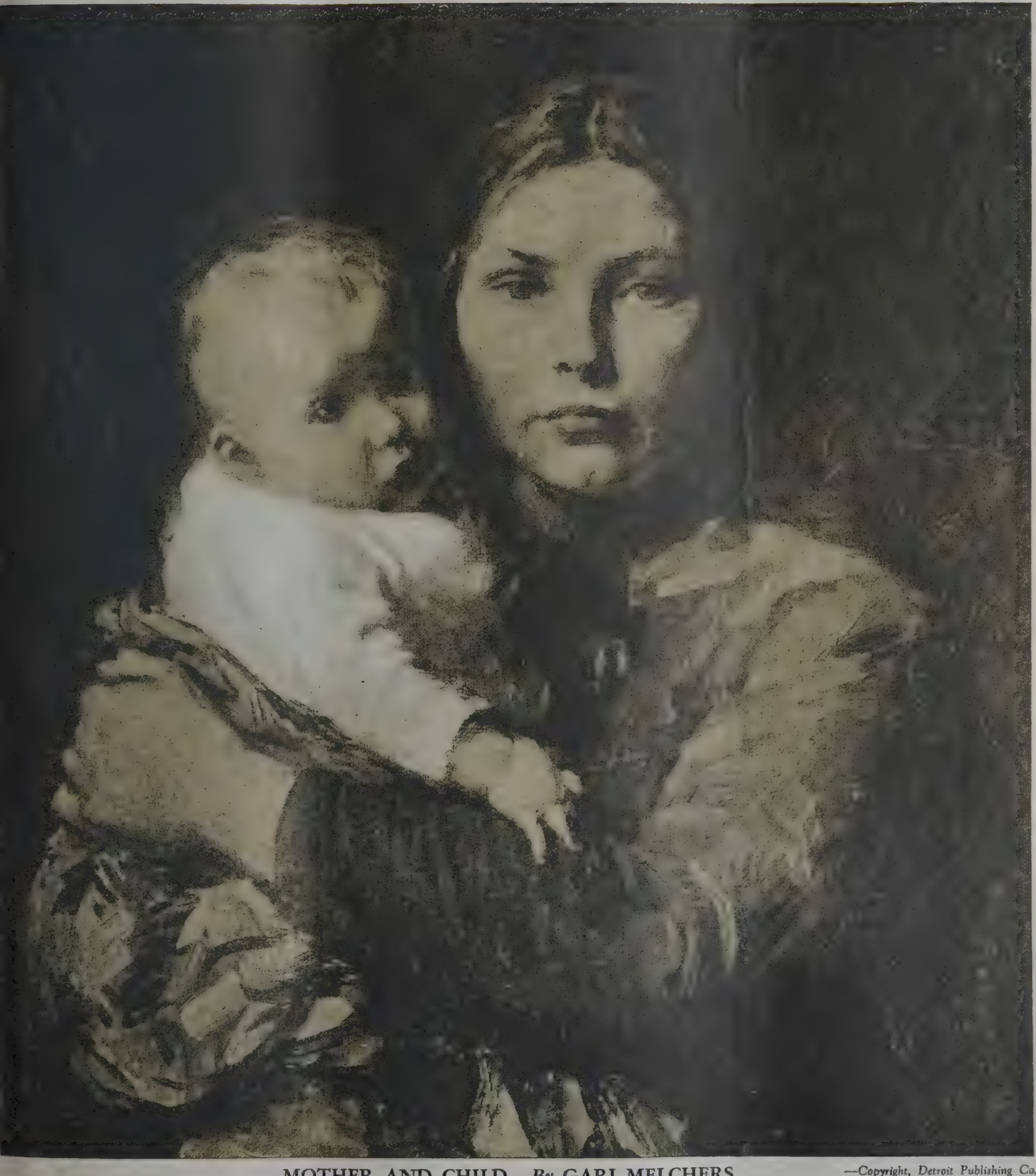
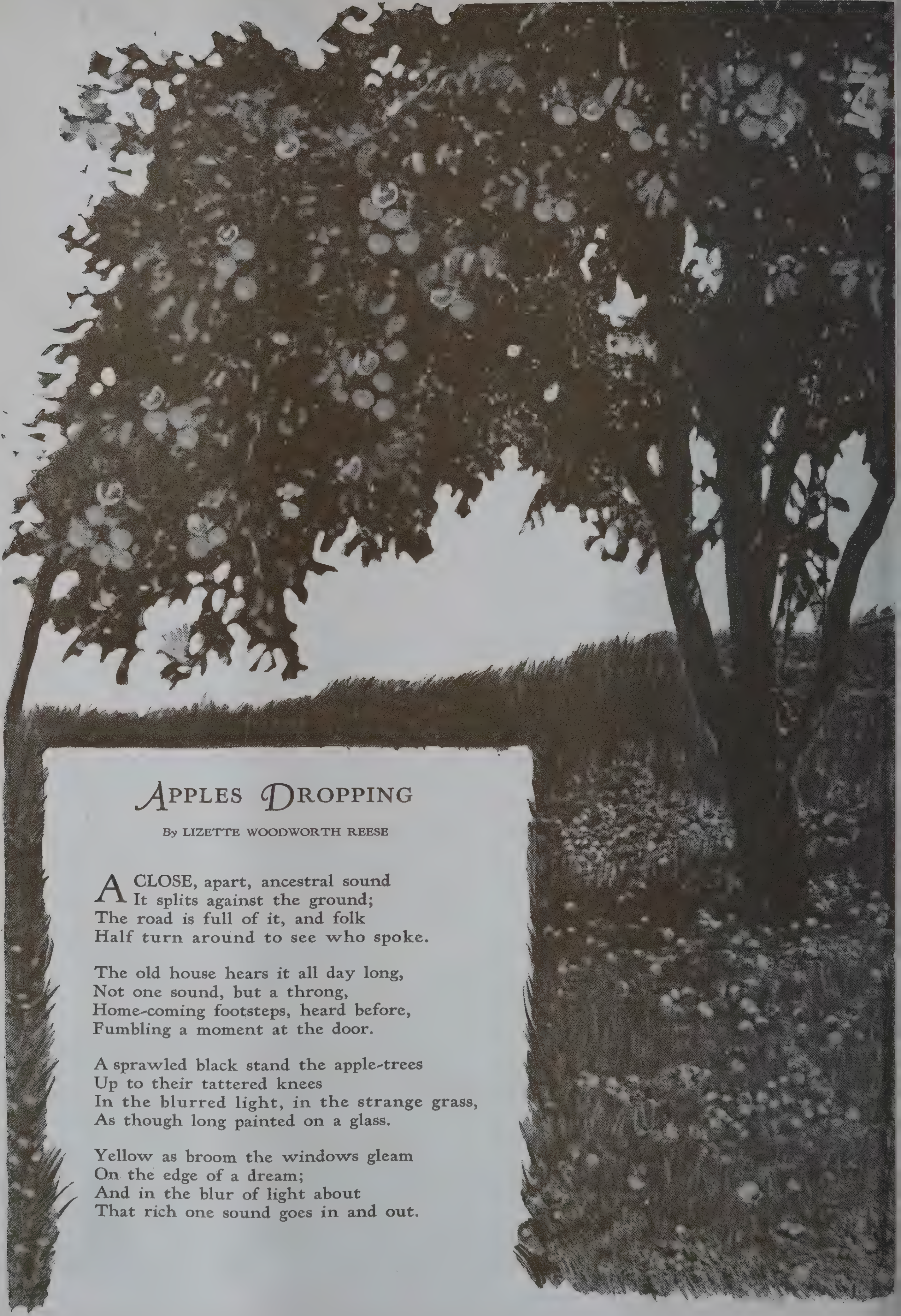


MOTHER AND CHILD—*By* GARI MELCHERS.

—*Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.*



APPLES DROPPING

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

A CLOSE, apart, ancestral sound
It splits against the ground;
The road is full of it, and folk
Half turn around to see who spoke.

The old house hears it all day long,
Not one sound, but a throng,
Home-coming footsteps, heard before,
Fumbling a moment at the door.

A sprawled black stand the apple-trees
Up to their tattered knees
In the blurred light, in the strange grass,
As though long painted on a glass.

Yellow as broom the windows gleam
On the edge of a dream;
And in the blur of light about
That rich one sound goes in and out.

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Volume 27
Number 49

FRANCE *and* AMERICA—
an Industrial Contrast

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

RADICAL revision of the tariff laws, largely with a view to excluding American automobiles, typewriters, and other machinery, is under way in France. Her unfavorable trade balance with America is the subject of a great deal of concern by the politicians and economists. That this trade balance is against France only in appearance, and not in fact, rarely is noted.

American prosperity is the subject of a great deal of comment in all of Europe. Politicians have great difficulty in explaining the high wage scale in America, coupled with the low prices of American-made machinery. The tariff barrier is made to appear responsible for much of this prosperity, as well as for preventing European products from being sold in America. However, manufactured articles like automobiles and typewriters sell in Europe in competition with the European article, despite heavy import taxes.

American automobiles made by American workmen (who receive four and five times the daily wage of European workmen) sell in Europe in competition with European cars. These American cars cost in Europe almost double their price in America, owing to transportation and import charges.

Only rarely, and then by accident, does the European ascribe American prosperity to fundamental causes. Advanced methods of education, research laboratories, technical schools and the enlightened progressive policy of most American manufacturers have been responsible in largest measure for the rise and continuance of American prosperity. Methods long obsolete with us continue in use in Europe to the detriment of manufacturer and workmen. New methods leading to greater production per man are slow of adoption, owing to resistance on the part of the management and the workman. The management objects to the cost of installation of the new machinery, and the workman fears that there will be less work for him, and consequent unemployment.

European manufacturers have little conception of the fact that profits must be shared with the workers, particularly through a wage scale which will give some semblance of a living wage. The French workman does not have a sufficient wage to provide proper food and decent habitation. In consequence he is not physically able to give the quantity of production attained in American factories. The workman takes for breakfast a small cup of so-called coffee and a roll, costing three cents; or he takes a small glass of some strong drink. Neither puts a man into condition for real work.

In 1926 French exports showed a slight excess over imports for the first time since the war. However, since the imports were about fifty-nine billions of francs and exports sixty billions, the margin could be easily wiped out. It is only wisdom for France to revise the tax schedules so as to discourage imports and encourage exports.

French proposals to increase duties on goods imported from other countries will meet with most vigorous protests from Belgium and England. These two countries are, after America, the best sellers in France. Particularly for Belgium, any radical change in the tariff will be serious.

So far as the United States as a whole is concerned, the restriction upon imports from America would have little general effect. Individual manufacturers have spent large sums in advertising and in securing a foothold in numerous European countries. For quite a number the proposed tariffs would mean large losses. But this crisis should serve as a warning that advertising in Europe and the large expenses of installing branch offices may turn almost overnight into a total loss owing to some political change.

Of course the United States has a weapon which it may use to force a more reasonable attitude toward American machinery. France sells us chemicals, fruits, silks, metal tools, and iron and steel in large amounts. The suggestion of retaliatory measures would go far to induce a more reasonable attitude toward American products.

Of our imports of four and a half billions, two-thirds come in duty free; that is, three billions are not affected by the tariff. During the past four years our total imports have increased more than seventy per cent. This increase is the result of American prosperity, creating a demand for more French silks, gloves, lingerie, and perfumes, as well as other European products. It is probable that the American tariff is of direct benefit to European exporters.

French economists neglect the most important commodity sold to America, namely, France itself. *The total of expenditures by American tourists in France far exceeds the total of all French products exported to*

(Continued on page 20)

Literary Effort *in the* SOUTH

By AARON HARDY ULM

THE South is commonly regarded as a Sahara in matters of book and magazine publication—the latter variety being thought of often in terms of O. Henry's humorous story, 'The Rose of Dixie.' Many persons no doubt will be surprised when told that at least four excellent reviews are published in the South, along with several other literary and scholarly magazines of high quality. You don't see them ordinarily on the news stands—which may be a tribute to their excellence!

THE Rose of Dixie,' as every O. Henry fan knows, was an imaginary magazine put forth from an imagined town, Toombs City, Georgia. Yet the story of its rise and fall was, in exaggerated form, that of many attempts to establish mediums of literary expression in the South.

The magazine was edited by Colonel Aquila Telfair whose library contained 'ten thousand volumes some of which had been published as late as the year 1860.' 'The first assistant editor, Tolliver Lee Fairfax, had had a father killed during Pickett's charge; the second assistant, Keats Unwin, was a nephew of one of Morgan's raiders; the book reviewer, Jackson Rockingham, had been the youngest soldier in the Confederate Army, having appeared on the field of battle with a sword in one hand and a milk bottle in the other.' And so on—'even the girls who wrapped and addressed the copies were members of old Southern families in reduced circumstances.'

'You got to buy stuff according to its quality, without any regard to the pedigree of the author,' advised the live-wire Northerner who was brought in as manager. 'It's a magazine we're trying to make go off—not the first gun of Fort Sumter. Give the readers some change from goobers, governors and Gettysburg.'

THE climax came when Colonel Telfair ran as a leading article a message to Congress, 'by a member of the *well known Bulloch family of Georgia*, T. Roosevelt.'

Publishing efforts of that kind in the South are now mostly history. The Colonel Aquila Telfairs—alas!—are gone or are so far along in life and so overwhelmed by a generation twice removed from the Civil War that they figure little in the objective phases of life in the South.

The reaching out for native mediums of literary expression continues and, at last, seems to be succeeding—in some respects remarkably well. Though he does not know how they rank in matters of circulation or money earnings, the present writer dares declare that a half-dozen magazines now coming out of the South will stand literary and intellectual comparison with any published elsewhere.

These magazines are typical of the contrasts one finds south of Mason and Dixon's line. Within a certain and distinctive range they include the extremes. The ones that are most securely rooted lean upon the classical tradition of the past, others are ebullient in their vivid modernity. The common point of distinction is good taste, which, as to literary provender, holds on in the South as nowhere else in the country. No one of them is 'professionally' Southern in the manner of 'The Rose of Dixie' and its scrappy and scrapped prototypes of fact.

Yet, outside some severely limited circles, these publications are little known even in the South. One of the best of the lot—one so good that it was overthrown veritably by its own excellence—had, when suspended, fewer than a score of paid-up subscriptions in the state where it was published.

Two of them antedate O. Henry's amusing satire. But neither of these has ever been laden with the burden of having to become a commercial success; and, while distinctively Southern, no one of them ever has been rampant as a 'voice' of Dixieland.

One of the two referred to above is *The Sewanee Review*, founded in 1892 by Dr. Telfair Hodgson, at the time vice-chancellor of the University of the South. Its first editor was Dr. William P. Trent, now of Columbia University. It is a product of the University of the South.

'*The Sewanee Review* has had a very interesting history,' says one of its present editors, 'and has contributed much of value to the literary criticism of the past thirty years. It has been highly commended by such men as Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Its contributions have come from all over the United States and parts of Europe, and include many from such writers as Galsworthy and Le Gallienne.

The other one with a long history is *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, a product of Trinity College, which is now a part of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina.

As reviews, both of these Southern magazines have ranked, among those who read them, with any published here or abroad. They survived because they were backed by institutions that did not insist on profits and also because their editors were not discouraged by meager circulation figures.

THERE are now two others of similar type and equal distinction, and perhaps superior aggression, coming out of the South. The youngest of the two is issued from Charlottesville, Virginia, out of the precincts and with the patronage of the University of Virginia, which Thomas Jefferson founded and which Edgar Allan Poe attended. It is *The Virginia Quarterly Review.*

'In the contents of its five issues,' says James Southall Wilson in the first issue of its second year, 'it has sought to redeem the promise of the first number "to be intelligently entertaining on all sorts of subjects" and to remember its claim to be "a national journal of discussion published in the South."

In this magazine there has appeared the work of such well-known American and foreign writers as Arthur Symons, Gamaliel Bradford, Luigi Parandello, Archibald Henderson, Walter de la Mare, Joseph Collins, Dallas Lore Sharp and Percy MacKaye, together with that of several others who were new to the reading public.

This magazine, which reminds one somewhat of the great *Edinburgh Review*, wherein giants of thought and expression like Carlyle and Mccaulay made their bows to the reading world, is the fruition of a plan long nurtured by that high representative of the intellectual South, Dr. Edwin Anderson Alderman, president of the University of Virginia. It conforms to what he said in 1915: 'I take leave to bring before you a dream: a magazine solidly based, thoughtfully and wisely managed and controlled, not seeking to give news but to become a great and serious publication wherein shall be reflected the calm thought of the best men.' Its future is underwritten by a group of friends of the university.

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HERMAN MELVILLE and His Dog

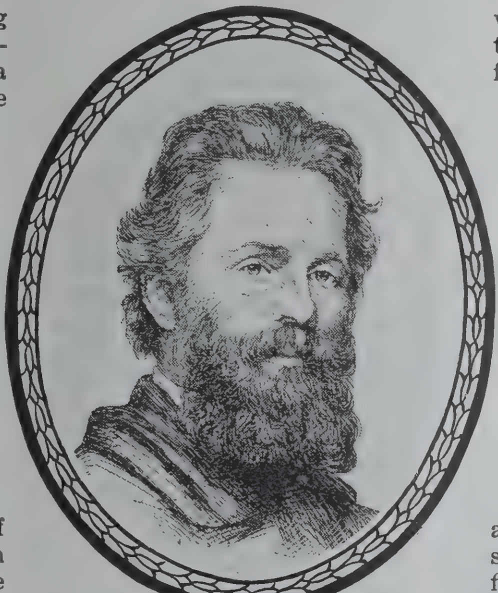
By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

IT IS some three years since these United States remembered that Herman Melville had been one of its literary assets, opened his tomb of fifty years, and brought him forth for examination. It was due to the appearance among us of a number of young persons of literary proclivity who, not satisfied with their success in poetry, fiction and drama, bethought themselves of the possible rewards of archeological curiosity.

These archeologists, questing through dusty biographical dictionaries, made the discovery that a world of letters had existed before the 20th Century, that American authors had written actual books, and that publishers had published them as lately as fifty or a hundred years ago. Treasure trove naturally seems valuable to the finders of it; and investigation showed that some of these resurrected volumes were (in the language of a late British critic) 'not devoid of a certain sort of spurious merit.' Nay, some of them were really good, allowance being made of course for the ignorance and ineptitude of such early writers. The profile sketches of cave bears and hairy elephants on the walls of stone age caverns are cordially spoken of, because we recognize the handicaps imposed upon the pre-Adamite artist.

At all events, a substantial volume appeared on our tables one morning which turned out to be a regular biography, in good set terms, of one Herman Melville (b. 1819. d. 1891). It was composed partly of such facts of his worldly career as had been accessible to the biographer, and partly of a critical estimate of his writings, rather aggressively enthusiastic; accompanying this were passages of indignant comment upon the neglect of both his contemporaries and the students of today in recognizing his amazing genius. He was *primus inter pares* of our galaxy; and yet who of our alleged intelligentsia could so much as name the titles of his works, or who had ever read the incomparable pages of his *Moby Dick?* King Tut had nothing on Herman.

Hereupon we began to ransack our garrets for possible relics of the deceased and for excuses for our remissness. Before long a new edition of *Moby Dick* appeared, which some of us read, in whole or otherwise; and we were somewhat relieved to learn that the author's *Omoo* and *Typee* had long since been included in one of the little pocket libraries of the classics. But what of *Redburn: His First Voyage, White Jacket, or the World in a Man of War* which preceded *Moby Dick*, and *Pierre, or the Ambiguities* that followed it? No publisher had been patriotic or hardy enough to republish these.



Herman Melville.

The indictment of neglect brought against Melville's contemporaries is, however, open to modification. In the first editions of the volumes named above, some of which were issued by Harper and Brothers of New York, *circa* 1849-1852, set forth on the flyleaves are a number of extracts from critical journals of the period, expressed in terms of almost hysterical adulation.

In my father's library were gift copies from Melville of all his books, the contents of which, in my boyhood, I knew by heart. After finishing a book, wishing there were more of it I would go on to reread the critical appreciations.

Fine as are many of the passages in *Moby Dick*, much may be found in the earlier books nearly or quite as good. As wholes they are superior. Nothing in sea literature, for example, is finer than *White Jacket* from beginning to end. And for us today it has a particular value because it portrays a way of life which has ceased to be and can never return. From Melville's eyes no significant detail escaped, and the episodes of his narrative—it is like Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* —are so grouped that the fascination is cumulative. A delightful masculine humor pervades it, along with the seriousness proper to a great theme handled by one who knew it from keel to truck. It can never have a rival, any more than Dana's book can, and it is American to the core.

Redburn, which was Melville's first book, written when he was thirty, and also narrative rather than story, is almost incomparable in its simplicity and power. The character of Jackson, a ruthless and poisonous scoundrel of the seas, slowly dying of consumption, and eager only to do all the harm he may while life yet lingers in him: who dominates the whole lawless crew with a despotism of fear, though any one of them could have destroyed him with a blow: this is a figure never to be forgotten, more terrible and more real than fiction can parallel.

But the young Melville, in the freshness of his strength, before the dry rot of moral metaphysics got hold of him, knew the creature and immortalized him as only a born master can. Melville wrote only of men; there are no women in his books, except a few fantasies in *Pierre*, and the one lovely sketch of Fayaway in *Typee.* Doom hunted on his trail and came up with him long before his physical end. Had his mind remained healthy, he might have been less poignant here and there, but he would have needed no exhumation today; in all our libraries he would have been a living and loved presence. His genius was as sensitive as it was genuine.

In my child memory he is associated less with the tropics than with snows. He first became personally known to us while we were living in the little red house in Lenox, in the Berkshires; he came to us from Pittsfield, where he was then writing *Moby Dick;* he was shaggy and snow-powdered

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No distinction of wealth, age or position is acknowledged during the dancing of the sardana, shown in progress at Barcelona.

The CATALAN SARDANAS

By WILLIAM CARL CHAPMAN

PEOPLE traveling in Europe who have their ears constantly assailed with rather stale American jazz cannot help wondering where Europeans get a superiority complex in regard to their own music. For if it is as good as they say, why not listen to it once in a while?

One may ask for native music in almost any restaurant on the Continent and be rewarded with a blank stare. Then after a hurried consultation among the members of the orchestra they burst forth with the national anthem, during which the guests rise disgustedly and eye one another with suspicion. For the Liberal Wing of the Left Center doesn't want the Moderate Conservatives to think they endorse such chauvinism, and the Nationalists and local Fascisti look about arrogantly and endeavor to spot the Bolsheviks. In the meantime the head waiter assures everyone that the tune is played merely to amuse the rich Americans, from whom he expects a tip, plus another for the orchestra.

There are, however, a few spots where national music may be heard without the asking, and the chief of these is Spain. For Spain, thank Heaven, is still Spain, and doesn't attempt to be a pale imitation of any other place, particularly New York, Paris or London. So if one doesn't like Spanish music he is simply out of luck. Jazz and fox trots are not entirely absent, it is true, but the national music has never been obliterated and never will be.

Spain is rich in national music and dances, not only in Andalusia, in which the Moorish influence still lingers, but in other provinces as well. The Chotas Madrileños, Valencianos, Jotas Aragonesas and the Sardanas Catalanas are equally distinctive, although for the most part they would be recognized as Spanish anywhere. It should be remembered that Spain was originally a collection of independent kingdoms, each with its national characteristics.

This article concerns Cataluña alone and particularly with its most popular dance, the sardana. The Catalans, who have been called the 'Irish of Spain,' are fiercely provincial, even to the extent of talking of separation from the rest of the nation. This, of course, would be the most foolish thing they could do, for economic reasons so obvious that only a one hundred per cent Catalan patriot will refuse to see them.

Sardana music is vastly different from other Spanish or even European music. It is as distinct as the music of Scotland, and, in fact, faintly reminiscent. Reed instruments counterfeit the drone of the bagpipes. Shrill clarinets, or something like them, imitate the chanters, and the dance itself is but a step removed from the dances of Scotland. It has been surmised that the music of the Galacian, Asturian, and Scottish pipers came from the same source, and while the Catalans have no bagpipes their reed instruments certainly play the same rôle.

The sardana is one of the surviving national dances among civilized people that is not limited to professionals. Neither is it reserved for fiestas, but is an everyday occurrence. Every Sunday after Mass crowds assemble in the city of Barcelona to indulge in the sardana, some of the visitors coming from remote mountain villages. The sardana is more than a dance—it is symbolic of the inherent democracy of northeastern Spain. For it is a tradition that no man is too high or too low to take his neighbor by the hand and tread a measure.

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Why DICTATORS Rule

By MORGAN D. E. HITE

BY WHATEVER term one may describe them—as 'czars,' tyrants, dictators—the men who reach the plane of absolutist rule of a whole nation or of a great industry in its entirety—as has been seen in modern large-scale business—are the direct products of specific subsurface and subversive conditions. A 'czar' is a growth outcropping from a soil and environment which has been prepared to produce just such a result and no other, just as fully as is the case with vegetation, plant life. And so long as the underlying conditions persist, and in just such proportionate strength, precisely that is the period when this type of lonely ruler will hold sway.

Germinating seeds of unrest, injustice, and low mental stage, produce an urgent forcing-out process which brings into the light a dictatorial ruler, as in the case of national disorganization, or as in the case of a great industry which has become demoralized, a 'czar' or 'high commissioner' invested with absolute powers.

National demoralization, so general in the southern tier of European nations, has resulted in the rising of dictator-like types of rulers in those states, of late. This process continues intermittently, until doubtless every nation which shows itself incapable of settling its internal troubles by its own innate strength and ability will come under the only form of government or control—a dictatorship—which, apparently, has proved suitable in emergencies where a nation—or an industry—faces disintegration from within.

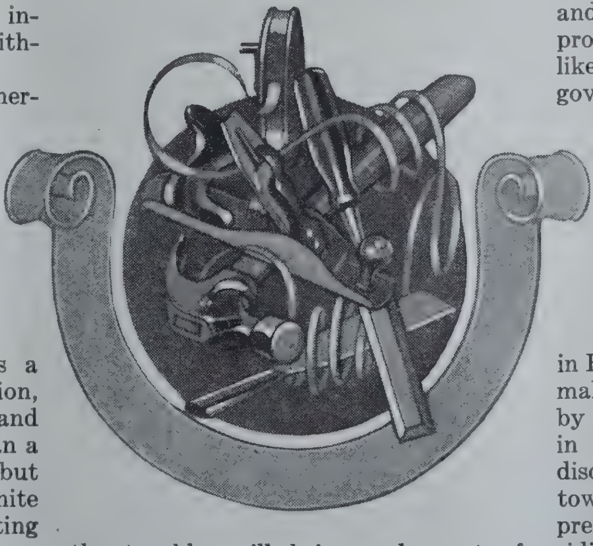
When a fine watch which has hitherto been a model timepiece begins to run faultily, and left to itself becomes more and more untrustworthy, its condition justifies a visit to a watchmaker. He may restore it to its original worth if he is expert enough, or add to its ruin if he is amateurish, incompetent. A fine watch will stand a lot of abuse before it becomes a wrecked piece of mechanism; a nation, being composed as it were of flesh and blood, is even more self-righting than a purely mechanical contrivance, but nevertheless flesh and blood has definite limits to its capacity for self-righting and readjusting.

Hence, where disorganization ensues on a great scale, ramifying through the warp and woof of a whole country, and reaches such proportions that every political, social and economic expedient fails to bring order out of a disordered situation, it is inevitable that such a nation must submit itself for a long or a short time according to the distress its disease engenders, to the autocratic domination of one man who knows what he wants, who knows his own mind among millions who have ceased to know their own.

The true dictator is one who has correctly diagnosed the causes of the vicious demoralization around him, and who has a remedy for its abatement, *and who can apply it.*

Today, business and industry in certain of its branches have grown to such magnitude that some industries are, taken singly, in worth, power and magnitude, the rivals of many of the world's nations. Such industries, usually those which supply fundamental human needs, form an integral part of modern life and cannot therefore be allowed to be sacrificed or permitted to disintegrate and crumble. They cannot collapse without bringing down with them other great superstructures of vital and world-wide importance. Hence, for such emergencies there has arisen the necessity for that entirely new figure in world history—the modern business dictator or 'czar.'

Given a disorganized and collapsing industry which has tried many expedients to save itself and has failed in its efforts, such a dictatorial personality, knowing his own mind first and having made a correct diagnosis of the trouble, will bring order out of chaos, perhaps gradually, but surely. But he must dominate the various divisions of that industry completely if he is to succeed; he must be a czar in fact and acknowledged as such.



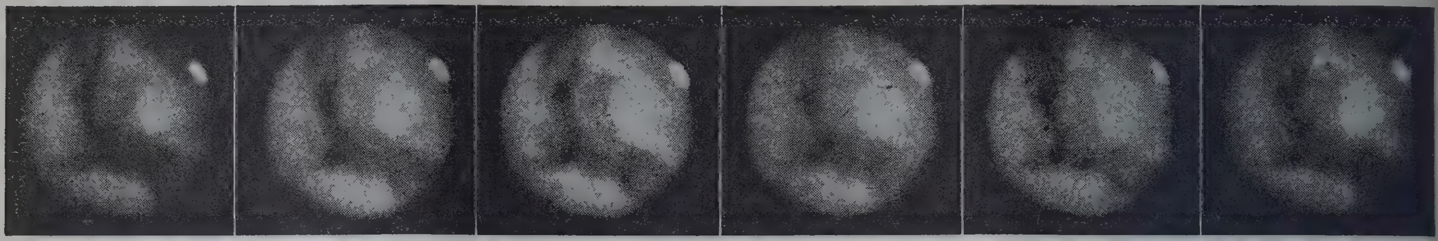
Thus in recent years two great American institutions—if it is not proper to classify them as industries—baseball and motion pictures, were subject to disintegrating influences and a form of paralysis when, for the baseball world Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis of the Federal bench was made the high commissioner with despotic powers, and when Will H. Hays, Postmaster-General in the Harding Cabinet resigned his office to assume the position of 'czar' of the motion picture industry which similarly, and very largely from internal causes quite related to those which had threatened to extinguish baseball, faced self-wrecking.

ONE of the undertakings of Hercules necessitating the turning of the course of a river to utilize its rushing waters to clean out the Augean stables—the only possible way to effect such a giant cleansing—may have been something like the difficulties which Landis and Hays were faced with. It required supreme and dictatorial powers in order to attempt the feat of salvaging these two immense industries. That task is still not accomplished in the baseball and picture world. There are some surface indications showing that either the 'watchmakers' are not expert enough for the job or these originally fine timepieces were in a much worse condition than any of us thought possible when the necessity of urgent repairs was discovered.

Therefore, there have not only been *political* czars and dictators. Modern business has become so highly organized and has developed to such enormous proportions that its powers can be likened only to those of some national governments themselves, and that what is a mode of possibly curing mortally sick nations is also the method of curing mortally sick industries.

Every tree produces its own fruit. If you see a czar in Russia for successive centuries, it is not by accident that such is the case. It means that there is something in Russia and the Russian people which makes it mandatory for a government by an autocrat, a czar. It means that in that country there is an inherent disorganization, an internal disposition toward disintegration. It means the presence in such a nation of some insidious and incurable influence working ceaselessly as a disturbing leaven.

Only one form of control will grasp and hold together so unstable a situation, so huge a bulk of peoples, and that is a pure autocracy. The proof of this is that such a form survived continuously (Continued on page 28)



Enlargements of six photographs of Mars made during the close approach of the planet in 1924.

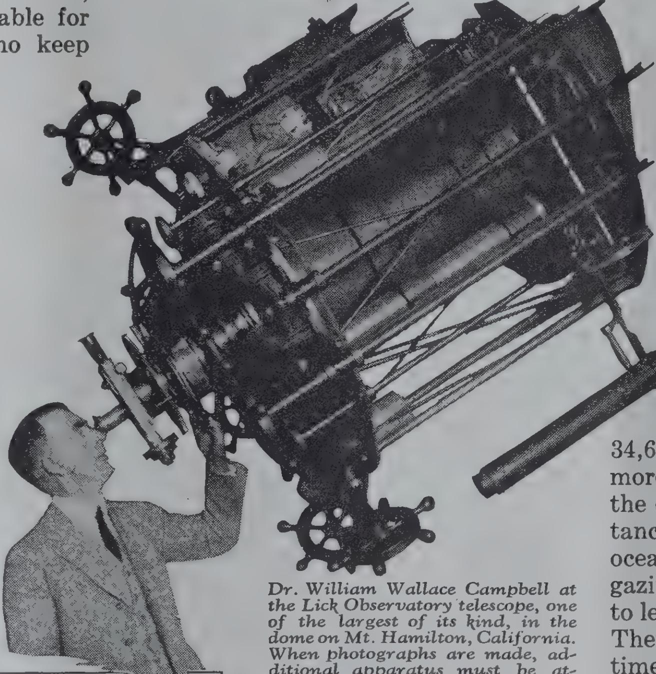
The Scientist Looks at MARS

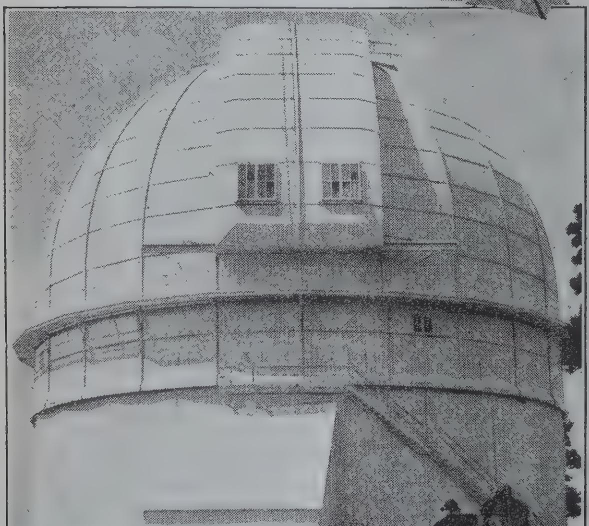
By OSCAR LEWIS

ON AUGUST 22, 1924, the planet Mars was closer to the earth than it had been in more than a hundred years. Not for many years to come will the two planets, swinging through space on their dissimilar orbits, again reach positions so favorable for observation. Astronomers, who keep accurate record of the movements, past and future, of the planets, have long known that the earth and Mars in 1924 would be in more favorable juxtaposition so far as observation is concerned than at any time since the development of the modern telescope.

In observatories throughout the world, therefore, astronomers for months had been preparing to take the fullest advantage of the planet's approach in 1924. It was hoped that some new facts might be added to the slender store of our knowledge of this most interesting of our celestial neighbors.

The facts they hoped to learn, however, were not very exciting to the lay mind. They had no expectation of making sensational discoveries or settling the question as to whether Mars is inhabited, or whether the so-called 'canals' are of natural or artificial formation; nor indeed did they hope to prove definitely if the areas on the planet's surface which are assumed to be water and vegetation actually are water and vegetation, or something else. The hope that some communication between the planets might be established, they dismissed as too fantastic.





—Ewing Galloway.

Dr. William Wallace Campbell at the Lick Observatory telescope, one of the largest of its kind, in the dome on Mt. Hamilton, California. When photographs are made, additional apparatus must be attached to this extremity. Left—Revolving dome on Mt. Wilson, housing the largest telescope.

'Don't expect startling discoveries,' they answered when questioned by the public. 'If we learn one new fact, however relatively unimportant it may seem, we'll be satisfied.'

And the public, impatient, eager for thrills, put such statements down to the excessive caution, the inbred conservatism of the scientist.

What the public does not realize are the limitations under which astronomers must work in their study of the planets, Mars included. If these scientists avoid rash statements and extravagant promises, it is because they are fully aware of these limitations and difficulties.

'Why,' the public asks, 'do astronomers hesitate to say definitely whether or not Mars is inhabited?'

Here are some facts that will go a long way toward explaining their 'excessive caution': The distance separating the earth from Mars during the time of their closest approach in August, 1924, was 34,600,000 miles. This is a distance more than 4,000 times the diameter of the earth, nearly 12,000 times the distance across the United States from ocean to ocean. Imagine New Yorkers gazing through telescopes in an effort to learn something about San Francisco. Then imagine San Francisco 12,000 times more distant than it is in reality and the difficulties in the way of studying Mars begin to grow evident.

On the date of its nearest approach Mars, when regarded with the naked eye, was a mere pinpoint of light in the firmament. It was distinguishable only by its scintillations; the body of the planet itself was invisible. On the night of August 22, 1924, the writer viewed Mars through one of the two most powerful refracting telescopes in the world. Atmospheric conditions were ideal for observation purposes. Magnified by the powerful thirty-inch lens at Lick Observatory, and further enlarged by an eyepiece, Mars looked smaller, farther distant, than the full moon appears to the unaided eye. Seen through the huge telescope, the planet was a distant, vibrating disk of light, faintly reddish in color. The untrained eye could distinguish nothing of its details beyond the polar cap, a lighter spot at one edge of the disk, and here and there

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On CHICKAMAUGA Battlefield

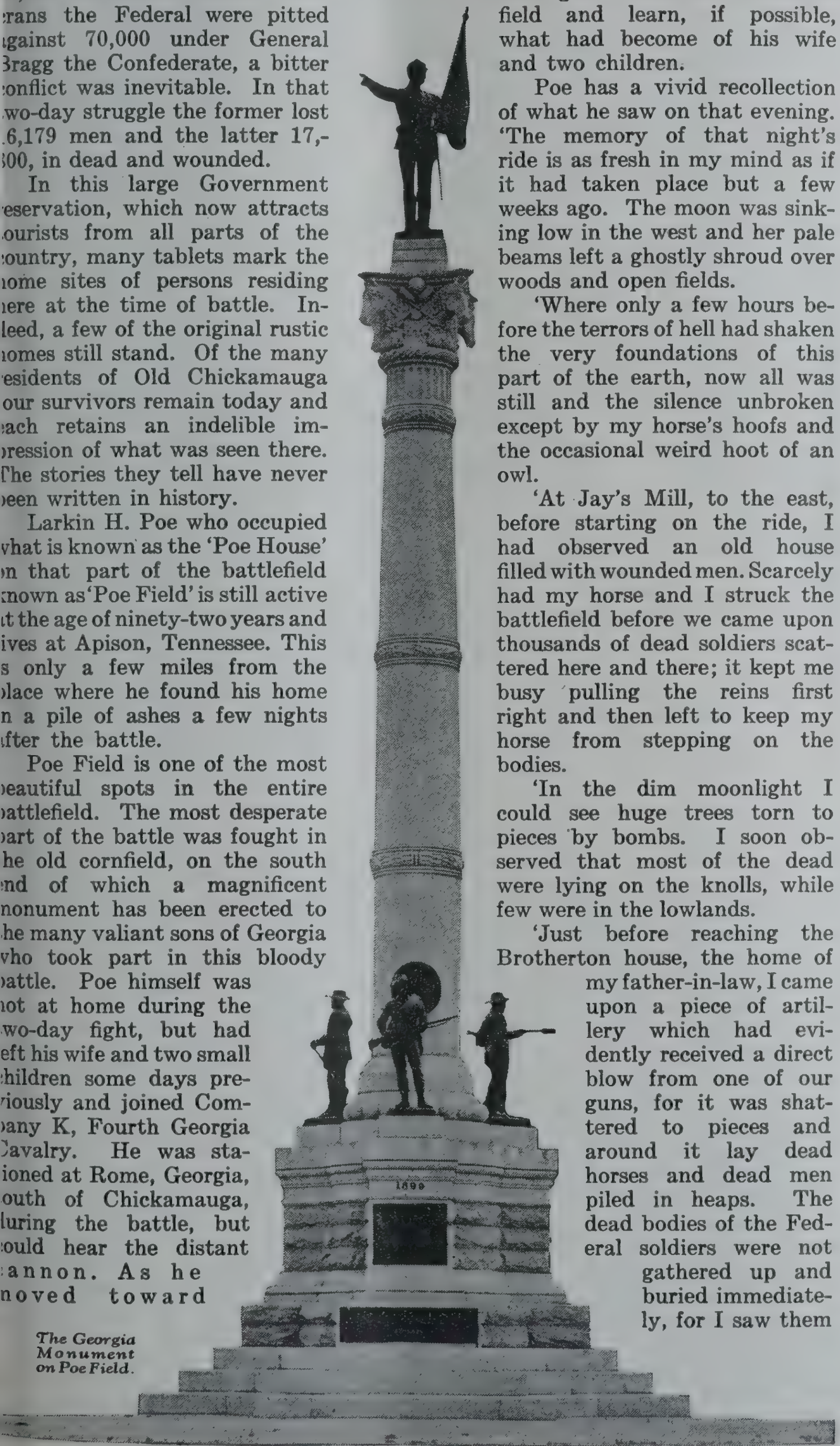
By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

ON SEPTEMBER 19 and 20, 1863, near Chickamauga Creek in Georgia, twelve miles southeast of Chattanooga, Tennessee, was fought one of the most hotly contested battles of the Civil War. When 5,000 men under General Rosecrans the Federal were pitted against 70,000 under General Bragg the Confederate, a bitter conflict was inevitable. In that two-day struggle the former lost 6,179 men and the latter 17,-00, in dead and wounded.

In this large Government reservation, which now attracts tourists from all parts of the country, many tablets mark the home sites of persons residing here at the time of battle. Indeed, a few of the original rustic homes still stand. Of the many residents of Old Chickamauga four survivors remain today and each retains an indelible impression of what was seen there. The stories they tell have never been written in history.

Larkin H. Poe who occupied what is known as the 'Poe House' on that part of the battlefield known as 'Poe Field' is still active at the age of ninety-two years and lives at Apison, Tennessee. This is only a few miles from the place where he found his home in a pile of ashes a few nights after the battle.

Poe Field is one of the most beautiful spots in the entire battlefield. The most desperate part of the battle was fought in the old cornfield, on the south end of which a magnificent monument has been erected to the many valiant sons of Georgia who took part in this bloody battle. Poe himself was not at home during the two-day fight, but had left his wife and two small children some days previously and joined Company K, Fourth Georgia Cavalry. He was stationed at Rome, Georgia, south of Chickamauga, during the battle, but could hear the distant cannon. As he moved toward the place, he reached Jay's Mill on the eastern boundary of the battlefield three days after the fight. He turned his team over to a trooper, who in turn loaned Poe a horse in order that he might ride across the battlefield and learn, if possible, what had become of his wife and two children.



The Georgia Monument on Poe Field.

Poe has a vivid recollection of what he saw on that evening. 'The memory of that night's ride is as fresh in my mind as if it had taken place but a few weeks ago. The moon was sinking low in the west and her pale beams left a ghostly shroud over woods and open fields.

'Where only a few hours before the terrors of hell had shaken the very foundations of this part of the earth, now all was still and the silence unbroken except by my horse's hoofs and the occasional weird hoot of an owl.

'At Jay's Mill, to the east, before starting on the ride, I had observed an old house filled with wounded men. Scarcely had my horse and I struck the battlefield before we came upon thousands of dead soldiers scattered here and there; it kept me busy pulling the reins first right and then left to keep my horse from stepping on the bodies.

'In the dim moonlight I could see huge trees torn to pieces by bombs. I soon observed that most of the dead were lying on the knolls, while few were in the lowlands.

'Just before reaching the Brotherton house, the home of my father-in-law, I came upon a piece of artillery which had evidently received a direct blow from one of our guns, for it was shattered to pieces and around it lay dead horses and dead men piled in heaps. The dead bodies of the Federal soldiers were not gathered up and buried immediately, for I saw them still on the field, ten weeks later, after the battle of Missionary Ridge.'

When Poe reached the Brotherton house, the home of George Brotherton, he found the house and yard filled with wounded soldiers. Brotherton walked up the road with Poe, stepping over dead bodies and among trees splintered to shreds, until they came to the place where Poe was living when he had last seen his family.

William MacDonald and Larkin H. Poe, survivors of the battle at Chickamauga. They are brothers-in-law.

When he reached the spot, he found nothing but a pile of ashes bordered with dead bodies, and a soldier with legs burned off.

Poe finally discovered his family near the Snodgrass house, together with about sixty others, including old men, women and children, encamped about an open log fire, where they had been stationed since the first day's battle and where they remained for eight days. They had been without food, except a few peas which they had gleaned from nearby fields. Before going back to his company Poe provided them with two bushels of corn.

After the close of the Civil War, Poe and his family did not return to the battlefield to live. Although more than sixty years have intervened, time has not obliterated the horror of it from his heart. He breaks into tears today when he tells the story of this great tragedy.

The visitor at Chickamauga Park finds a prominent place known as Snodgrass Hill, on which is a tall steel observation tower. Nearby is an old log cabin known as the Snodgrass House, the home of George W. Snodgrass and his family during the battle.

This hill was the scene of the last stand taken by the Federal Army under General Thomas on Sunday, September 20, 1863. The old house is still in a good state of preservation, its windows and doors barred with iron rods.

When the Snodgrass family returned to their old home they found the furniture broken and stained with human blood and little of anything remaining. They moved away and did not return until after the close of the war. Then, like the average family living in the battle-stricken area, they were hard pressed for money; and so as a means of obtaining food and clothing, they collected relics on the battlefield, which they sold at small prices.

Mrs. Julia Snodgrass Reed.

One of the conspicuous houses on the Chickamauga battlefield today is an old log cabin known as the 'Brotherton House,' situated prominently in the park. This is the house that Poe visited on the night of his search.

Of the Brothertons, Mrs. Adaline McDonald, eighty-five years old, is the sole survivor. She lives with her husband on a beautiful farm eight miles east of Chattanooga. Her father was too old to render service in the Civil War but her brothers fought for two days almost within sight of their home.

When General Longstreet, commanding the left wing of the Confederate Army, heard that Thomas Brotherton was familiar with the lay of the land in and about the battlefield, he had him serve as his guide throughout the battle.

According to Mrs. McDonald, her father and his family of five children delayed moving off the field because the Federal officers had told them that the Confederates would be quickly driven away. But when on Saturday afternoon the showers of bullets and bombs became unbearable they fled, finally landing in the refugee camp with the Poes, Snodgrasses and others.

The Brothertons left four milch cows behind. As soon as the old home was out of the smoke of guns, Adaline hurried home, to find it filled with wounded men. It seemed more than a miracle that the four cows had escaped the hungry soldiers as well as eluded the thousands of bullets and shells. Thereafter Adaline Brotherton went home each day, milked the four cows, and gave the milk to the nurses to be fed to the wounded men.

When the Brotherton family returned to their old home, Adaline and her father buried nine dead soldiers in their yard.

At the north end of Chickamauga battlefield an iron marker indicates the site of the old McDonald house. This two-room log house was occupied by John McDonald during the battle. William C. McDonald is the sole survivor of John McDonald's family.

On September 19, General Johnson T. Wilder, Federal, learning that McDonald was familiar with all the roads in that locality, sent him to General Rosecrans, commander in chief, who forced him to serve as a Federal guide, retaining him until after the battle of Missionary Ridge.

When William C., the son of John McDonald, enlisted in the army he went with the Twenty-Sixth Tennessee Infantry but was later transferred to the First Georgia Infantry. During the time of the battle of Chickamauga, McDonald, being a teamster, was assigned the task of gathering up the wounded soldiers.

These he hauled over rough roads in a springless wagon to Dalton, Georgia, Ringgold, Georgia, and other points where they could be best cared for.

A week's solid work found McDonald's task still unfinished. He declares that the dead on some parts of the battlefield were strewn so thickly that it was difficult to keep the wagon from passing over the bodies of the slain soldiers.

John McDonald and his neighbor, Thomas Brotherton, living within two miles of each other, both acted as guides during the Chickamauga battle, one for the Federals, the other for the Confederates.

After the war, McDonald's son, William, married the sister of the Confederate guide.

Out of the dozen and a half or more families who were living on the battlefield at the time of this great struggle, sixty-four years has left only these four survivors, whose memories, though keen and unforgetting, harbor no hatred.

The 1928 Campaign

By A. R. PINCI

THE campaign of 1928 will be unique because it will lack both men and issues. The issues of previous campaigns have been worn threadbare; even names already associated with candidacies do not arrest national attention. There is danger in the possibility that presidential elections may dwindle to lackadaisical proportions. The voters' apathy is not encouraging.

The Coolidge policies, as we have come to know them, are of a routine safe-and-sane nature. The country is not half so wrought up about the tariff as some politicians like to think. Economy was one of Wilson's 1912 issues, and was open to both camps. It is somewhat too soon to project prosperity as a keynote.

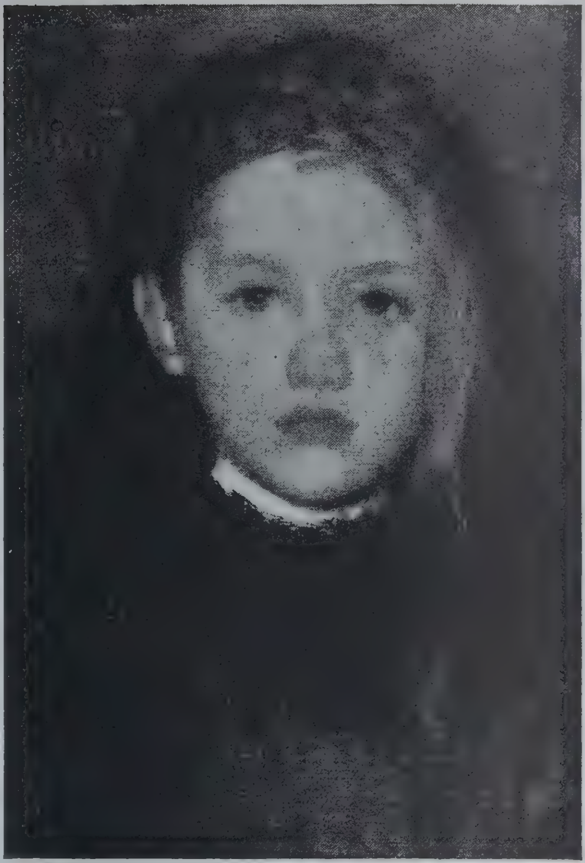
There is one issue—a grand, fiery, bitter, clean-cut and universal issue—that is prohibition. At any time that a majestic issue is needed prohibition will provide one. And it will, sooner or later. Prohibition brings us close to one of the novelties in American politics. Both parties and men are afraid of it. That is a pity, because it is the sole way in which to beget some tangible evidences of national thought about it.

It would be a welcome thing if, for the sake of an issue which would truly spur the voters to action, the major parties should decide to make prohibition the chief subject of 1928. Prohibition does not mean, in this sense, the nullifying of the Eighteenth Amendment, but rather the more simple expedient of going before the electorate with a proposal to modify the Volstead Act. The Volstead law is purely a congressional law, which any future Congress may change at will, without infraction of the constitutional amendment, the very vagueness of which is a joker. Prohibition will be in politics so long as it remains a purely congressional function enduring at its pleasure.

WITH regard to foreign affairs, the American people have reached a stage where they are weary of hearing about foreign lands and foreign problems. It is not that they want to be aloof so much as that they desire to free themselves from propaganda. The lessons taught us from preceding campaigns prove that the American people are interested in having their interests, at home and abroad, reasonably cared for, without hard and fast rules and guaranties of the kind which are adopted as campaign slogans. Voters know that campaign promises do not always square with what Providence ordains afterward.

The DRIFT of ART

By IVAN SWIFT



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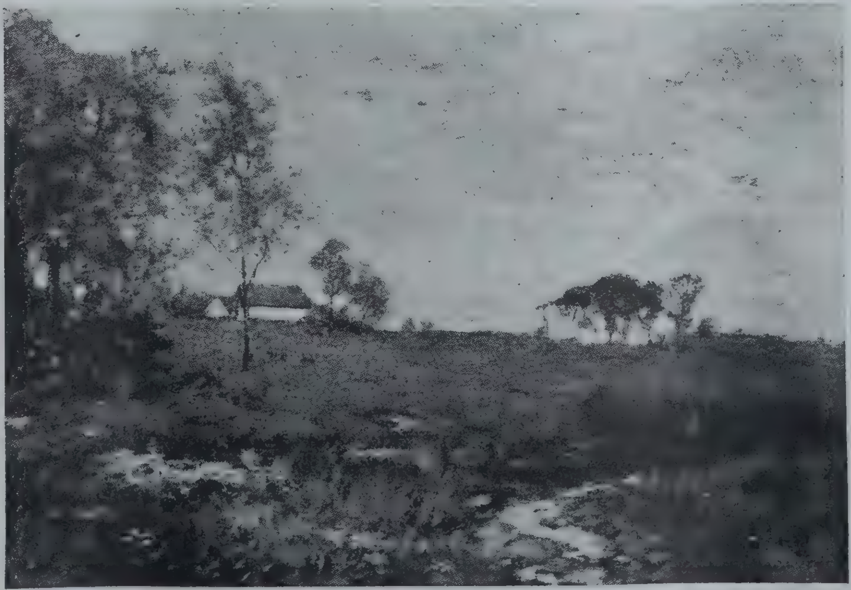
Little Rose of Lyme Regis—*by* **Whistler**, *in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.*



Early Spring—*by* **Wyant**, *in the Worcester Art Museum.*

A LECTURER may dispose of Chase by saying he was 'famous for fish and portraits,' and that may satisfy the audience if it doesn't cost them much, and it may be all they could carry home. But an artist or student of art would say more for him—not being able to say less. A knowledge of before and after is essential to a right measure of the present.

We have recently passed that period of sound perfection and preciousness and merge into manner-forgetfulness and higher beauty or radical analysis. A wonderful period of painting in America, that was. Chase was the image-breaker of the old school of inwardness and mysticism—of thought that limped for the want of language. Before a living model, a picturesque Italian, Chase said to his pupil, 'There is a copper kettle; paint it, paint it!' He painted a landscape that thrilled no one with the mood-magic of nature, but he said, 'Is it not sand? Is it not sand?' It was sand. His 'greatest picture' in his view was, 'Ah, possibly, the still life in the corner'—a tomato, a green pepper and a goblet! But they were painted by a great painter.

Now this brings us to another definition—'still life.' It has been the aim and end of many of our best painters. You will be surprised at the general application of the term to the art of the recently past time, and some painters are still backing water, afraid of the current in the mad stream of unbridled imagination. They were magicians as painters of things as they are, this Melchers, McEwen, Stevens, Symons, Sargent—top-men. Inness, Whistler, Wyant, Richel, Pyle, Dewing, Tryon, are in the poet class and would have found true expression in words, music or invention.

Art is still moving and what the painter is aiming at now is not covered by the old terms. If for four hundred years the law was that every object and effect in a given space was to be copied faithfully; and if with Whistler came in the dictum that a picture should transcribe only what can be seen at a glance; then perhaps we will concede that we have a right to paint that which we see when we look at a thing. And artists are trying that now, whether we like it or not, in such titles as *All Eyes* and *The Mustard Pot*. At least there is invention and humor in it, and the stripped soul of the artist himself, crazy or otherwise; and posterity shall know us as we were, not as we posed.

At any rate it is plain to us that a collection for the history of art cannot be made up of ancient things solely; and considering the cost of them perhaps we should not buy any of them. The best of the moderns are the best bargain and the most instructive for the longest time to come. Also the old masters have long ago starved to death for the want of contemporary aid and understanding and are not therefore in danger of the calamity now—as those are who are contributing to art's progress, honestly and bravely.

The artist is not trying to do better or worse what has been done. He is dreaming of a new thing, a new task for art, in a new manner, and banking on time for the respecter of names and negatives to look him up, as an antique—or a mummy. We respect the dead and try to preserve it. Nature respects the living and helps it to be born. The Persian rug, the Arabian nights and the radio are all part of today.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Passing of the Old

MOST of the things which people say they see are actually seen. There is no imagination about it. The pessimist who sees things going to pieces is not deluded; he is correctly reporting what he actually sees. The optimist who sees things soaring to the height of perfection is an equally good reporter—he is not fooling us or himself—he sees what he says he sees. But the trouble is, too many people are doing all their seeing within too narrow limits, and while their reports of what they see are true, they are not comprehensive.

This has an important application to the state of mind in which many people find themselves today. There are perhaps more minds focused on economic problems than ever before, more people thinking, or perhaps it is more truthful to say they are wondering, about the conditions which have befallen human affairs.

Some people see certain things going to pieces. They see correctly. Certain established customs, methods, processes, institutions, traditions we have been accustomed to lean upon, are undoubtedly going to pieces, and they are going to pieces irrecoverably too.

It is that last element—the *irrecoverability*—that strikes fear in many people. They want yesterday to come back. But yesterday is not coming back. The old world is dead! dead beyond recovery. The things you see going to pieces are its funeral, its decay.

THE pessimist sees darkly and reports darkly. The optimist sees only the bright side of life, and reports what he sees. Each is reporting accurately according to his vision. But neither is seeing the whole picture. So it is with those who decry the passing of the Old Era. They see only the crumbling of the old leaning posts, the passing of established methods and familiar customs. They blind themselves to the good new things which are taking their place. They spend their time lamenting, and thus are unaware that the New Era, with its better promise and better efficiency and greater reward, is already here.

Those who say that everything they see is going to pieces are telling the truth, because their eyes are focused on the things which belonged to the old era. The old era is dead, and is being buried bit by bit. Every day another fragment of it falls into dust.

Now, if that is all that you see—and it will be all that you see if it is all that you look for—no wonder you have the feeling that *everything* is going to pieces. But if you turn around and see what is coming swiftly up behind your back, as you gaze apprehensively into the past, you will get the other half of the field of vision; *you will see the things that are to be.*

You see the oak take color in company with other trees in the autumn. Then come the rains, and the other trees let go their leaves; not so the oak, only a few does he let fall. Then the winds, and the branches of the other trees are left ragged; but the oak holds most of his leafage. Then the frost, and all the trees are stripped clean and bare of leaves; but the oak leaves shrivel a bit and take on the tone of old Cordovan leather, but for the most part cling to the parent boughs. They are a cheering sight in winter, those shriveled leaves that defy the frosts of autumn; they are a cheering sight as they defy the winter's snow and blast. Then winter begins to wane, and spring is a promise in the air, and green things begin to appear, but still the oak holds tenaciously to last year's foliage. A little later and the leaves begin to fall—in spring. If you had not looked around upon the earth to see what else was transpiring there, if you did not know what compensating work was being done, you might well think that at last every leaf in the world was about to go.

But this is the fact: the leaves that stayed longest, that we had learned to associate with stability—those are the leaves that fall before the new leaves appear.

In the social order, is it not our seemingly most strongly established things that are beginning to flutter down? Are not the most solidly essential services the ones that are now most under doom? Certainly, as anyone who focuses his vision only on the passing things will tell you. It is the collapse of the most dominant methods and institutions that alarms most people. Well, it need not alarm anyone. When the leaves of the strongest tree fall, spring is here. If you will widen your field of vision you will soon see other things springing up to take the place of those which are passing.

So, you have a choice. You can sit and look at the fading out of all that made the old era, and you can wail about calamity to come; or you can stand up and watch the new era come in, looking for your place in its ranks. If you do the latter, you will see an entirely different state of facts. It will not be imagination, or mental suggestion, or this foolish mysticism of pretending things are all right whether they are or not; it will be fact. The thing is true, the new era *is* here.

Certainly many things are going to pieces. They ought to! And if you look at them long enough you may get the impression that everything is going to pieces. You should turn around and look the other way, and see the New Era marching up the side of the hill. Then you will see that, although the ruin of all our own stupid, inefficient, unjust and unproductive methods is unavoidable and good, the real cause of their disappearance is the New Way which is pushing them out.

While you are looking, be sure to see it all.

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EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

When Chicago Went Movieless

CHICAGO movie patrons, deprived of their daily film fare by a recent theater strike, turned to books, news dispatches inform us. Photographs of long lines of people storming bookstores and libraries while the theaters stand empty are given as additional proof. All this probably should prove something, and behind it may lie some great moral; but what is it? That the movies are harming the book industry? More books are printed, circulated and read than ever before. That the movies, being on a lower intellectual level, should be discouraged while book-reading is encouraged? Much piffle is put in Hollywood cans, to be sure, and unreeled before the world; but likewise much balderdash is put between covers and sent broadcast as literature. And those at whom the moronic influence of the movies is directed are quite apt to be attracted by the moronic influence in certain types of books.

It is difficult to get a fair perspective of the movies. Supporters can hear, see and think no evil of them: they are recreational manna, uplifting, inspiriting, devotional, given to a weary world to brighten life and lighten old age. Their opponents, on the other hand, see them only as unmoral, unclean and degrading, fit solely for suppression and that right quickly. Neither, of course, is an accurate picture; the true one lies somewhere between. But where? Of a late movie magnate it was written that he replaced thousands of saloons with hundreds of pleasant picture palaces. The first part of the statement is doubtful. No one man, and surely no film producer, banished the saloon from America: that was done by the American people. But the second phrase contains a germ for thought. The main defense of the old saloon was that it was the poor man's club. A new club has arisen. Even the chiefest censurer of the movie would scarcely say it contains the same destructive forces as the saloon.

Speeding Up Traffic

TRAFFIC congestion is not merely a matter of the number of motor cars in operation, nor even a matter of their routing. The element of speed is of vital importance. The problems presented by a fifteen-mile-an-hour speed limit are made much simpler when the permissive limit is stretched to twenty-five miles an hour. This can be understood through a simple computation or comparison. Suppose we were back in the old horse and buggy days and that there were as many horse-drawn vehicles in our cities as there are now motor cars; our cities would simply be packed with horses and buggies, unable to move. The great speed of the motor car enables the quicker shifting of congestion and its spread over a wider area. Just as the greater speed of the car eliminates the problems that would arise out of the same number of horse-drawn vehicles, so the increased speed of cars over the present rate will eliminate many problems now pressing for solution.

Many large cities have found that a fifteen-mile-an-hour speed limit fosters congestion, and have raised the limit to twenty. It is obvious that when congestion follows upon the 20-mile-an-hour limit, the remedy will be greater speed. As a matter of fact, twenty miles may be the official limit, but the actual driving practice, except in downtown districts, is higher. In most cities a driver who should run only twenty miles an hour would find himself obstructing traffic. In some cities slow driving is an offense, like fast driving.

The whole question will work itself out in practice. We are still in the period when there exists a prejudice against brisk driving in the belief that it is reckless, dangerous. Brisk driving is not necessarily reckless or dangerous. Slow driving may be both. Brisk driving has probably prevented more accidents than it has caused. Safety is not a matter of speed, but of control, and control is a matter of the motorist and his brakes. In city driving the ability to stop is as important as the brisk pick-up. The prejudice against speed will gradually disappear with increasing driving experience and under the pressure of traffic necessity. But the prejudice in favor of control will increase until it is generally obtained.

The Destructive Rat

THE greatest destroyer within the borders of the United States today is the brown rat. There are as many rats in this country as there are people; the total yearly damage they cause amounts to $200,000,000. It would take the labor of 200,000 men to produce the material eaten and destroyed; it would require 5,000,000 acres to produce the grain they destroy

The lion is called 'the king of beasts,' but a single rat does more harm in a year than a lion in a decade. One cause of the increase of the rat is undoubtedly the indiscriminate killing off of their natural enemies: owls, hawks, herons, skunks, weasels, and snakes. Systematic poisoning and trapping are remedial measures, but combating the rat successfully is largely a building problem. Buildings should be so constructed as to exclude the animals from shelter and food. It is claimed that if half the money now spent in feeding and fighting rats could be expended in wisely planned and well-executed coöperative efforts for rat repression, it would be possible within a few years nearly to rid the country of its worst animal pest.

The Senate of the Fiftieth Congress

By BARNES COOLEY

IT IS more than sixty years since the close of the Civil War; yet two veterans of that conflict between the states can still be found in Congress. There were 2,128,948 men carried on the Union rolls, but Francis Emroy Warren, Republican senator from Wyoming, is the only Union veteran now remaining in Congress. No one knows the total number of Confederates who bore arms. The estimates range from 621,000, which seems to be too low, to 1,400,000, which is too high.

Whatever the number, Charles Manly Stedman, Democratic representative in the House from North Carolina, is the sole member of either House who served the Confederate cause. Veterans of the war with Spain and of the World War, year by year, increasingly enter the legislative halls, but in recent years the congressional number of those who wore the blue or the gray has been rapidly diminishing. Twenty Congresses ago half the members of the Senate, and a large proportion of the members of the House, were ranked among the veterans who had seen service in the field. Now but two are left.

WARREN, born in Massachusetts, June 20, 1844, was only a boy when he enlisted in the Union army. He served as a private and noncommissioned officer in the Forty-Ninth Massachusetts Infantry until it was mustered out and he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for gallantry on the battlefield at the siege of Port Hudson. He was the first governor of Wyoming and has served in the Senate continuously since December 1, 1890.

Stedman is three years older than Warren. Born in North Carolina, January 29, 1841, he entered the State University in 1857, when sixteen, and was graduated in 1861, but before commencement exercises were held he enlisted as a private. He became captain, then major, served with Lee's army during the entire war, was wounded three times, and surrendered at Appomattox. He has been a member of the House continuously since March 4, 1911.

Warren was eighty-three in June, and Stedman was eighty-six last January. Warren's term does not expire until 1931, and Stedman last November was reëlected to the Seventieth Congress which ends in March, 1929. They are the venerable and venerated survivors of the hard, heroic sixties, and when the end comes to them, Senate and House alike shall know no more any who bore part in the war between the states.

The congressional loneliness of those two veterans stands out in contrast with the times, not very remote, when House and Senate rolls alike bore the names of scores of Union and Confederate soldiers. When the national legislature meets in December, it will assemble as the Seventieth Congress.

IT IS only forty years ago that the Fiftieth Congress entered upon its legislative existence. It was the product of the election of November, 1886, in the middle of Cleveland's first term and its life ran from March 4, 1887, to March 4, 1889. John G. Carlisle, a native Kentuckian who during the Civil War had been in Kentucky one of the most energetic of all the opponents of secession, was speaker of the Democratic House. But the Republicans had by a narrow margin regained that control of the Senate they lost when Cleveland was elected. The Senate in the Fiftieth Congress now stood thirty-nine Republicans to thirty-seven Democrats. In the Senate of the preceding Congress, in the first half of Cleveland's first term, there were forty-one Democrats and but thirty-four Republicans. Hendricks, who had been on the ticket with Tilden in 1876 and who was elected Vice-President in November, 1884, when Cleveland first won the Presidency, died November 25, 1885, without ever having presided over the Senate, of which he had been a member in 1863-69. In the Fiftieth Congress the President *pro tem.* of the Senate was the tall, thin, brilliant, cynical and unstable senator from Kansas, John J. Ingalls. There were then but thirty-eight states. Arizona, Dakota (as yet undivided), Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Utah, Washington and Wyoming were but territories, each represented in Congress by a single delegate who could not vote. Oklahoma was then unborn and the Indian Territory had no representation whatever.

When Mr. Ingalls called the Senate of the Fiftieth Congress to order, thirty-seven of the seventy-six senators who faced him from the floor, Republicans on his left, the Democrats on his right, were men who had seen service in the Union or Confederate armies in the war that had then been ended twenty-two years. Of these thirty-seven, twenty-seven had fought for the South, only ten for the North, and yet there were thirty-nine Republicans as against thirty-seven Democratic senators.

The South was more enduringly faithful in its support of its military leaders than was the North. Nearly a quarter of a century after the war, here were thirteen Democratic states each of which was represented in the Senate by two men who had fought for the Confederacy. Only one Republican state was represented in like fashion by men who had worn the blue. That state was Kansas, which also sent a solid delegation of seven Union veterans to the House. While the great body of Republican senators had failed to seek glory in the tented field many had been valorous officeholders during the war or busy in the marts of commerce. Most of them were well-to-do, several were rich; whereas most of the Confederate veterans in the Senate were poor, many of them dependent on their salary.

A few were rich, like Hearst of California, father of William Randolph Hearst, and the courtly Eustis of Louisiana, but only a few. The combined possessions of a majority of the twenty-seven Confederate veterans would not have equaled in value the fortunes of any one of several noncombatants on the Republican side. Poor in purse these old Confederates were yet rich in pride. Not one had bought his seat, strange as that may seem in this more practical day twenty Congresses later. Not one but would have scorned to occupy a seat so acquired.

THE desks of senators are arranged in semicircular rows and senators themselves are seated, not by states, but according to their political affiliations, all Democrats being grouped to the right of the presiding officer, the Republicans to the left of the dividing central aisle. As very nearly three-fourths of all the Civil War veterans were on the Democratic side, they properly first may be given reminiscent attention.

Alabama was then represented by John T. Morgan and James L. Pugh. Morgan's seat was in the front row, the second from the center aisle. He was an impressive looking senator of the old school, partly bald, somewhat florid of complexion, ordinarily wearing a frock coat, a fluent speaker and capable in debate. He had been a member of the Alabama secession convention. Enlisting as private, he rose to brigadier general. First elected to the Senate in 1877 he was five times reëlected. Morgan was the great advocate of the building of a canal connecting the Pacific and the Atlantic, but favored with intense advocacy the Nicaragua route. He strongly urged intervention in Cuba and did much to create the sentiment which finally precipitated the war with Spain—a war which McKinley strongly endeavored to avert. So certain did it seem that presidential preventive effort would succeed that only a few days before the storm broke Mark Hanna was confidentially assuring Wall Street, 'There will be no war.'

Morgan's colleague Pugh was a member of the national House of Representatives when Alabama seceded from the Union and he went with his state. He, too, enlisted as private but soon entered the Confederate congress and served there until the war ended.

During Cleveland's second administration Edmund Winston Pettus sought the office of United States District Attorney in Alabama. Pettus had been a lieutenant in the Mexican War, had ridden a horse from Alabama to California in 1849 and had served in the Confederate army, entering as major and becoming brigadier general. When not engaged in such adventures he had for more than fifty years been practising law and felt that his experience justified his political ambition. So he asked Pugh for his senatorial endorsement. Pugh, born December, 1820, looked at Pettus, born July, 1821, and said: 'Why, Pettus, I can't do that—you're too old.' The disgusted 'too old' Pettus went back to Alabama and some years later, when Pugh was seeking renomination as senator, he became a candidate against him, defeated him and sat triumphantly in Pugh's place for the full six-year term after March 4, 1897.

TWO JIMS—James K. Jones and James H. Berry—were the senators from Arkansas. They sat side by side at the right end of the front row. Jones was twenty-one, Berry but twenty when the Civil War broke out and both went in, the former serving as a private soldier, the other entering as second lieutenant. Jones was a plump, pleasing person, agreeable in manner and kindly, who in after years became an ardent Bryanite and a Democratic leader. Berry lost a leg in the battle of Corinth in the second year of the war and walked on crutches for all his years thereafter.

Florida's senators were Wilkinson Call and Samuel Pasco. Neither bore a conspicuous part in the Senate, but Call had served as adjutant general in the Confederate army, while Pasco, born in London and graduated at Harvard in the class of '58, was a private. Wounded and captured at Missionary Ridge, he remained in prison until paroled in March, 1865.

Georgia's senators were Joseph E. Brown and Alfred H. Colquitt. Brown was a secessionist in 1860 and was Georgia's war governor. He opposed Jefferson Davis when the Confederate president urged conscription, holding the Conscript Act unconstitutional. So, when he raised ten thousand recruits to oppose Sherman's march to the sea, he refused to allow them to leave Georgia. When the war ended he accepted the result as final and came back heartily into the Union. He urged acquiescence in the reconstruction measures, and, because the Democratic Party opposed them, voted for Grant and faced courageously the inevitable unpopularity of his course. The Republicans in the Georgia legislature of 1868 nominated him for United States senator but he was beaten. Afterward, in 1884, the Democratic Party took the old war governor back into favor and sent him to the Senate. Colquitt, a Princeton graduate, was a major in the Mexican War, a member of Georgia's secession convention, entered the Confederate service as captain and became major general. Coming to the Senate in 1883, he later suffered a stroke that crippled his activities and died March 26, 1894, during his second term. Toward the end of his service he was often brought in a wheel chair to his place in the Senate—a seat in the rear row convenient of access.

Joseph C. S. Blackburn and James Beck were Kentucky's senators. Blackburn, Kentucky born, was twenty-two when the war began and 'went South,' serving in the Confederate army from 1861 until the war ended. He was an intense partisan and one of the best-dressed men on the Democratic side, with a fondness for light-colored clothes and bright ties. Beck was born in Scotland and there received an academic education. He was thirty-nine when the war began and there is no allusion in his biography to war service on either side. He served eight years in the House and died during his second senatorial term.

Two Confederate soldiers were in the Senate from Louisiana in the Fiftieth Congress. One was Randall Lee Gibson, the other James B. Eustis, the one of Yale '53, the other of Harvard '54, and each of social as well as political consequence. In the Senate they sat in almost adjoining seats. Gibson, enlisting as private, became major general. Elected to Congress in 1872, he had seen his credentials rejected by a House that had not yet forgiven him his service in the Confederate army. Sent to the Senate in 1882 he remained there until his death. He was a man of affluence and of a social standing that found recognition to which the average senator is a stranger. Eustis, his colleague, was on General Magruder's staff and then on Joe Johnston's. In Cleveland's second administration he was our minister to France. A man of liberal culture, he found leisure to translate the *Institutes of Justinian* and Guizot's *History of Civilization.*

James Z. George and Edward Cary Walthall were Mississippi's senators. George had served as private in Jefferson Davis' regiment in the Mexican War, was a member of the Mississippi secession convention, served as an officer in the Confederate army and had been chief justice of the Supreme Court of Mississippi. He was regarded as one of the very best lawyers in a Senate that was perhaps overburdened with members of that admirable but office-monopolizing profession. Walthall resigned his place as district attorney in 1861 to enter the Confederate service as lieutenant, and rose to major general in 1864. He distinguished himself at Missionary Ridge, where his colleague Pasco was wounded and where he saved the Confederate army from utter rout.

MISSOURI was then represented in the Senate by Francis Marion Cockrell and George Graham Vest. Cockrell, whose physique was that of the conventionalized Uncle Sam and who could easily have 'made up' for the part, had been a Confederate brigadier general and was severely wounded in battle during Hood's invasion of Tennessee. He commanded a division in the operations around Mobile. Cockrell entered the Senate in 1875, having been reëlected four times. He was a plain-spoken, unassuming man of inflexible integrity and careful in his supervision of federal expenditure. Vest, who died August 9, 1904, served in the Confederate army in 1861, but in the autumn of that year became a member of the Confederate Congress. Elected to the Senate in 1879, he remained there until 1903. He was short in stature, heavily built and his neckless head sat squatly on his forward-sloping, rounded shoulders. Brilliant, eloquent and well-read Vest was superficial rather than solid, showing much glitter for relatively small gold.

Two eminent Confederates represented North Carolina, Matt W. Ransom and Zebulon B. Vance. Ransom did his

(Continued on page 19)

ORDER *in* *the* ARCTIC

By CHARLES J. FINGER

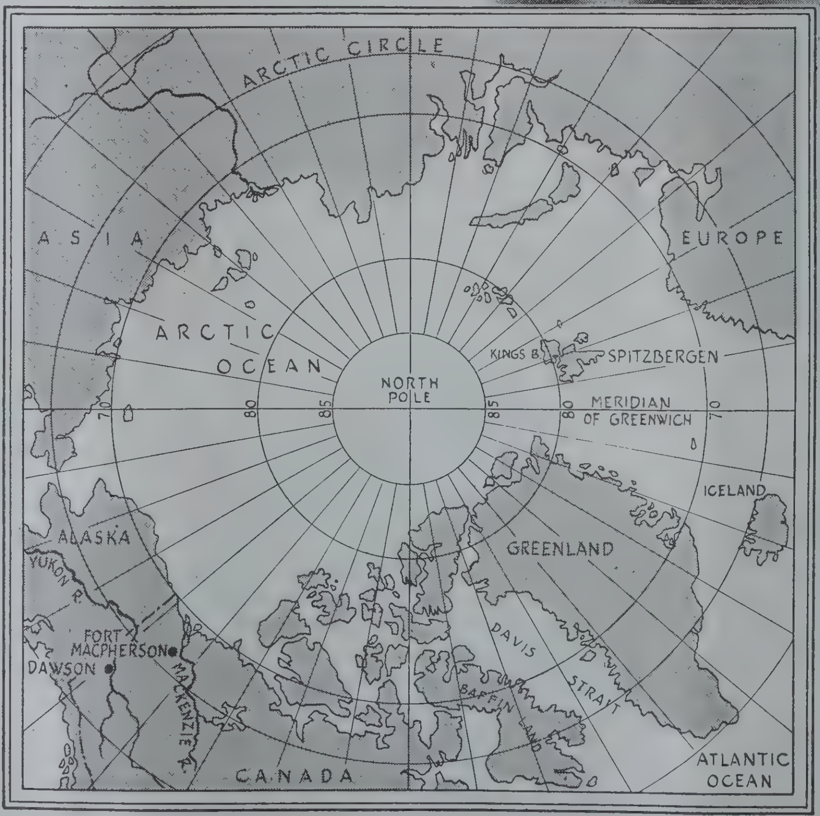
THE other day, in a Pullman smoker, a young man began to talk to me and proceeded so volubly that I could not get in a word edgeways. His pet subject was—the necessity for atheism. You have heard the sort. It's nothing new. Merely a rehashing of Ingersoll who some thirty years ago took certain phases of human depravity such as persecutions and inquisitions to be Christianity. So he denounced roundly, and much in the spirit in which a purblind man, seeing ragweed in a potato patch, might hold forth against gardening. However, this young man, who was pert and not athletic but very diffuse indeed, asked me this question:

'What do you think of the strides being made in this country toward the abolition of superstition?'

I told him that I had thought nothing at all about the matter, whereupon he fell into a state of enthusiasm and told me that no intelligent man should remain indifferent to the importance of Nietzscheanism. He said that the old order should be overthrown; that there were new ideas which had to be caught up and transmitted through society. He spoke of science and philosophy, quite as if he had them patented for his exclusive use. He referred lightly to the mechanical system of the universe, and to a fortuitous concourse of atoms, and all that kind of thing.

'What *we* aim to do,' he said, 'is to train youth to self-respect and courage and hope and cheerfulness, to the end that they may be self-sufficient and may endure and be strong. Christianity is a slave morality, as Nietzsche says, and therefore makes men cowards. You introduce your Christian civilization among natives and what do those natives see, I ask you? Nothing but a lot of weaklings! You send out to them a crowd of soft-handed missionaries and other fellows, to teach a religion that is empty and valueless. That's what you do. Away with the coward philosophy! We stand for endurance and strength.'

At that point we pulled into the station where the young man had to leave the train, and I noticed that in spite of his brave words there were no signs of endurance about him, for he allowed the porter to carry his bag, which weighed no more than twelve pounds.



—Brown Bros.
A conception of why the Northwest Mounted Police in the Arctic regions must walk. Map shows location of places mentioned in this article.

* * *

Now, to cut across lots in a manner of speaking, that young man was windy in a popular sort of way. There is a vast deal of such talk going on and the trouble with it is that the talking is done by those whose notion of travel is confined to going about in a train or an auto, but almost never by men of sound practical experience.

Let me tell you

something of some of those who have taken that order called Christian civilization into the disorder of the primitive. Mind you, they were not moved with any spirit of atheism, but were rather, to adopt the words of the talkative young man in the train, chock-full of that superstition of religion. So ask yourself, when you have read, how they niche themselves in your memory as masterful fellows of that moral character which gives self-respect and courage and hope and cheerfulness, and also the power of endurance.

Consider the case of Inspector C. E. Wilcox of whom I heard the other day in Quebec. He was of the Northwest Mounted Police. For order's sake, with his little party of Arctic police, he spent a winter at Craig Harbor, only to the end that the natives might come to know something of that mode of life which Livingstone taught his natives. The schooner *Arctic* landed the party on August 28, 1922, and returned for them on August 6, 1923. During that year patrols went here and there to a distance of seventy-five miles, making their journeys afoot, teaching the natives law and order. And consider the conditions and circumstances. Here is a passage from the official report:

'The sun was last seen on October 25th, and did not appear again until February 13th, a period of 109 days of darkness and intense cold. Severe blizzards were frequent and during January the wind blew for 21 days without a break, at times with the violence of a gale; a comprehensive idea of the winds of this region can be gained from the fact that during a period of 304 days the wind blew strongly for 221 days, frequently compelling the men to remain indoors for days at a time. The coldest temperature recorded was 51 degrees below zero in March, during which month the temperature averaged 35 degrees below, proved to be thecoldest month of the year.'

—Brown Bros.

To carry Christian civilization to the natives of the Far North has been the incentive for many white men to suffer the Arctic's cruel hardships.

That will suffice perhaps to strike the keynote for the man who talks of endurance but knows only the rigorous life of a steam-heated flat. With the keynote struck, listen to the story of Thorlief Mokleby and his companion Samonsen. It is the tale of a divine struggle, and a diary kept by Mokleby is the only document.

The two men were on duty at the Norwegian geophysical station in King's Bay, Spitzbergen, in the year 1922. Learning of a whaling ship in trouble, they set off in a boat to find the ship and pilot it to safety, and the journey began on February 21.

For three days they rowed and sailed on an ice-dotted sea, then came to a floe on which they hauled their boat, hoping to cross it. But the ice suddenly came thicker, and to launch the boat again would have been to court instant death from crushing. So there was nothing to do but to bide their time, drifting about on the iceberg in a midwinter Polar sea. However, they had two months' provisions and they were not of the sort to expect life to be a constant succession of agreeable sensations. Nor was their creed a creed of despair.

It was six days before they could leave the floe, and during that time there were blinding snowstorms so that there was no way of telling in which direction they were moving. Most of the nights they had to keep moving about for life's sake. But on March 2, they launched their boat again and made an attempt to reach land. After two hours' rowing they ran into a belt of floating ice and so had to proceed along the water lane as best they could, making very little headway. There were thirty-six hours of that heartbreaking toil before they found a floe large enough to hold their boat, and it was a task for the exhausted men to haul up their craft. But no sooner had they made things a little snug than a storm broke, and waves swept over the floe; they were forced to take to the water again. 'The oars froze to lumps of ice, and all we had to eat was a handful of raisins,' runs the diary. And again: 'Ice—ice—ice—miles of ice . . . We commended our souls to God and bade farewell to life.'

Nor did they reach the shore until March 17, and then at a place where the shore ice was from six to eight yards high. All they could do was to make their boat fast, and proceed to dig a hole in the snow. 'Our clothes and shoes are wet and frozen . . . We can only wait and hope . . . We pray to God that we may get out with our lives . . . I know what life is and also the taste of death,' is one of the entries. There is another entry scrawled by a frozen hand, one recording grief because of the anxiety which the families of the men must suffer.

ON March 20, Samonsen, frozen and hardly able to crawl, got out of the snow hole to look at the boat, and found that it had broken loose and had been carried away. Nothing remained then but to wait for the coming of a search party. A search party was indeed at work and came so close that the two men saw the schooner and tried to hail it by firing shots and shouting. But two men on a snow-covered ice ridge are scarcely discernible even a short distance from the deck of a ship, and the report of a revolver is easily lost amid the cracking and snapping of rigging, and so the castaways were not seen; the ship changed its course and was out of sight in a couple of minutes. 'We went back to our snow hole, drank a cup of coffee and after praying to God crept into our sleeping bags,' says the diary.

Four days later they shot a sea gull and three small sea hens. 'I have become used to the idea of saying farewell to life,' writes Mokleby, on April 24; then adds a line of tribute to his companion because of his bravery and high-heartedness. Another entry on May 7 expresses astonishment that they are still alive. And they were still alive on June 7, but 'tired, very tired . . . We deserve our rest.' Five days later the final words were written. They were: 'Life was short, but splendid. We are resigned and satisfied with our fate. In Christ's name: His will be done!'

* * *

There is another story of courage and endurance which would be hard to match. It is well worth rescuing from the files containing the doings of the Canadian patrols for the tale alone. It is worth more because of the hope in the midst of bitter sorrow. The belief of the men in their cause, the belief that the Christian civilization they represented was worth fighting and dying for—

(*Continued on page 24*)

Geneva, the capital of the League of Nations.

—*Henry Miller News Picture Service.*

CYCLING *in* SWITZERLAND

By QUINCY KILBY

FOR years I had looked at the map of Switzerland with a desperate longing to ride a century around Lake Geneva. I didn't know what the road distance would be, and I had no particular way of finding out, but that didn't drive it from my mind. There was no likelihood that I should go to Europe at all; but that didn't entirely squelch the idea.

I had a curious little book called *The Continong* that was packed from cover to cover with all sorts of useful and elsewhere non-get-at-able information, and in skimming through its contents one day I discovered that the distance around the lake by bicycle would be 171 kilometers. For reducing kilometers to miles, multiply the total by six, omit last figure, and add a little bit. Six times 171 gives 1026. Cutting off the 6 leaves 102. Add a little and you have 105, which is about correct.

—*E. R. Gammage.*
A Swiss Inn.

The roads were sure to be good, with the lake at our right and the Alps rising high before us and on our left. So why not tackle it? I would.

The opportunity came on the eighteenth day of June, 1909. For companion I had a young, strong, good-natured doctor. He wasn't a full-fledged doctor as yet, but a well-developed doctor-in-the-making, and I could wish no better companion. I too was strong and good-natured (at times), and on this day I felt young. On the morning of departure, we had what they call over there a *cafe complet*, which means bread, butter, coffee and honey. We were paying a dollar eighty-five at the Hôtel des Alpes—three meals and room—and it was fine. Switzerland is an extremely cheap country in which to summer, if you know how to drive your bargains.

We left our hotel at 7 a. m. with a song on our lips—

Whenever you would like to feel
That you are young,—bestride a wheel;
All business worries discontinue;
And hit 'er up for all that's in you.

The River Rhone flows out of Lake Geneva, or Leman—for the lake has two names—right in front of the city. Its current is swift and its water is clean, in marked contrast with all the rivers that flow through our own cities. As we crossed the Pont des Bergues we came in sight of Mont Blanc dominating the horizon on our right, dazzlingly white in the morning sun. I was reminded of a hot day in the latter end of June, 1890, when with a friend I had a swim in the lake close to where the river leaves it. The sun blazed with an almost stunning force on our uncovered heads, while we disported in the refreshing water, gazing up at glorious Mont Blanc, topped with that crown of snow which never melts.

That was one of the notable swims of my life, to be ranked with those in the

Adriatic at Venice, the Seine at Paris, the Thames at London, Lake Lucerne at Lucerne, the Niagara at Buffalo, various places in the White Mountains and at other New England summer resorts, not to mention the almost freezing waters of my native Passamaquoddy Bay. I could write a book about the places in which I have swam—swum?—swimmed? Swum goes.

THE Pont des Bergues is connected at its center with a little island on which is an artistic seated statue of the philosopher Jean Jacques Rousseau, who is supposed to have lived on the island for a while.

There was a great writer named Rousseau,
Who lived on an island like Crousseau;
And the people in wonder
Exclaimed, 'Why in thunder
Does Jean Jacques desire to dousseau?'

We rode past the magnificent monument to the Duke of Brunswick, who might almost be called the patron saint of Geneva, so much did he do for the city. The opera house which he built and presented to it is a lesser reproduction of the world-famous one in Paris. I once, away back in 1883, attended a performance in this Geneva, one of a spectacle called *Le Peau d'Ane* (The Donkey's Skin). As it was a little draggy and I was tired from travel and sight-seeing, I left before it was over. On my way out I thought I would take a return check, simply to see what it looked like. To my astonishment the doorkeeper gave me a playing card, the king of spades. 'Old man,' said I severely, 'I object to this. Some fellow might come in with the ace and take my seat.' American humor. Totally unappreciated by Swiss doorkeepers.

The beautiful Kursaal came next, and then we were fairly started on our way. The lake has a wonderful blue color, the like of which I have never seen on any other body of water. Looking down into it from the stern of a steamer, where it has been churned up by the wheels, I have been forcibly reminded of the water in a washtub after the bluing has been added. When a breeze skims the surface it takes on a pea-green tint, and from the heights at Glion I have seen its colorings for all the world like the strokes of a paintbrush, which would seem unreal and impossible if faithfully reproduced in a picture.

The lake is forty-five miles long and about eleven hundred feet deep at its lowest point. Its temperature near the top varies from forty-five degrees in winter to eighty degrees in summer, but at the bottom ranges only from forty-two degrees to forty-four degrees all the year round.

—Publishers' Photo Service.

A Swiss village snuggled close to the base of the Alps. Circle—Near the last lap of the ascent to the peak of Mont Blanc. Lower left—On Lake Geneva.

—*Keystone View.*

As we passed out of the city I was amused to see Waterbury watches for sale in a jeweler's window, for I had always supposed that Geneva was the watch center of the world and would brook no competition. That may have been the case once, but Waltham, Massachusetts, can beat it to death now.

We remembered that the city had been the stamping ground of both John Calvin the reformer and Voltaire the freethinker, though they never met. Most people think they never will.

About fifteen miles out we rode through Coppet, where Madame De Staël lived. If you haven't read her fascinating novel *Corinne* you must have eaten Staël bread. 'This thing has got to stop right here, or you ride alone,' says the doc. 'Aye, aye your worship,' says I.

At Nyon we saw near the railway station the Hôtel du Jura, which was built as a castle before the year 1400, and has walls ten feet thick. What we ask for in a hotel over here is not thick walls, but thick steaks. Near the lake is a walk called the Promenade de Perd-Temps (Lose Time). Of course we did not visit it as, being on a century, we couldn't afford to *perd* any *temps*.

The roads were smooth and not too hilly, and we easily made our twelve miles an hour, in spite of having so much to look at. The doctor said we ought to stop at Lausanne for something to eat, because when riding long distances one should keep the engine well supplied with food; so we went to a neat-looking little garden and consumed great quantities of Swiss cheese and bread, sparingly washed down with excellent beer. As we had done thirty-six miles in three hours we felt that we could spare the half-hour devoted to lunch.

The port of Lausanne is called Ouchy, which sounds as if someone had stepped on your corn. There is plenty to see and study in the city itself. One of the principal hotels is The Gibbon, in the garden of which the historian of that name wrote part of his great work on Rome. There are a castle, a cathedral, an art museum, and plenty of fine estates scattered about, with always that glorious view of lateen-sailed craft and white pleasure steamers cleaving the waters of the lake, picturesque villages on the opposite shore, snow-clad peaks rising above them, and dominating them all the most famous mountain in the world, Mont Blanc.

At half past ten we were away again. Twelve miles farther along we came to Vevey, where they make Nestle's condensed milk and Peter's chocolate. The towns and villages along here are winter resorts rather than summer, being sheltered from the cold winds by the wall of mountains close at hand to the northward. In another three miles we came to Clarens where on a house near the pier we saw a tablet stating that Byron the poet once lived there. Byron, one of the very few men born in the purple who ever attained artistic greatness!

Then Montreux, where in September people take the 'grape cure.'

A *funiculaire*, or cable railway, goes from here up to Glion. It is only 2,250 feet long, but is so steep that in going ahead a foot and a quarter it rises one foot.

THEN we came to the view which has always struck me as one of the most beautiful in the world, and one worth a journey from America to see—the Castle of Chillon. It juts out from the steep shores into the blue waters of the lake, dark green hills rising abruptly on the left, and directly beyond is the acute white triangle of the Dent du Midi guarding the valley of the Rhone, and in the far background rises peak after peak.

We stopped to visit the castle and found it of absorbing interest. In the basement we saw the pillar to which Bonnivard was chained for seven years, until his footsteps had worn a path in the solid rock, a path as evident today as when it was made. Poor Bonnivard! How well I remember Lord Byron's poem about him—

> Nothing to eat but food;
> Nothing to quench but thirst.

We were also shown an *oubliette*, which looked like a deep well with circular steps leading down into it. The prisoner would be told to walk down the steps, but when he had gone a short way the steps would suddenly cease and he would fall helplessly on sharp knives, there to lie until he had bled to death. Cheerful pastime for the onlookers! At the same time the duke would be living with his family in the palatial apartments overhead, perfectly callous to what was going on beneath him. He did not care any more for that *oubliette* than if it had been a freight elevator.

We reached Villeneuve (French name for Newton) at 1 p. m., quite ready for the dinner we had decided to eat there. It was to the little Hôtel du Port that we went, the meal proving entirely satisfactory—abundant and well cooked. The price was two francs, fifty centimes each, including wine. That is about fifty cents in our money. We had olives and radishes first, and then consommé, followed by some sort of fish fried in crumbs, with his tail in his mouth so that he looked like a huge doughnut. Potatoes were served with the fish. The entrée was a beefsteak. Then roast chicken, lettuce salad, a small slice of pudding, oranges, figs and cheese, with as much white bread as we cared to eat. The wine was a native product and rather sour, but we could have all we wished; and as we diluted it with half water as everybody else does over there, we found it rather palatable. With a smoke in the garden afterward we consumed an hour and a half in all, and were perfectly ready to tackle the remaining fifty miles.

STRANGE to say, most of the south bank of Lake Geneva is in France, in the province of Savoy. Few people seem to realize that Mont Blanc is not in Switzerland at all, but in France. That, however, is the case. The Monarch of Mountains is in the Alps, but no part of it is Swiss. Savoy is so isolated from the world by its altitude and its inaccessibility that the French Government has established no customhouses on its borders.

The Rhone River flows into the lake at Villeneuve and out again at Geneva, losing its identity for the entire intervening distance. We crossed it immediately after dinner and flew along at the best speed of the day until we reached the beautiful little watering place of Evian, twenty-three miles away. The guidebook says that Evian is frequented by French of the higher class, and its magnificent hotels, handsome bathhouse and showy casino seemed to prove that the assertion was right. The doctor wondered what the bathing suits in so high-toned a place might look like, but I hustled him homeward, telling him he could see a ballet at the Kursaal in Geneva that night if he wished.

Six miles farther along we came to Thonon-les-Bains, which my companion insisted meant Turn on the Beans, thereupon refusing to proceed until he had again been supplied with sustenance. This time it was an overgrown omelet that attracted us, more bread and some luscious strawberries, eaten in the garden of the Hôtel Pension du Lac, a vine-clad arbor shading us and a lazy landscape tempting us to linger.

But it was already five o'clock and it behooved us to haste away; so we sprang to our saddles for the final spurt and were once again on the sandpapered road, with but twenty-one miles between us and the end of a perfect day. It was the easiest part of the whole trip, so greatly were we encouraged by the sense of achievement and fulfilled desire.

As we rode into Geneva shortly before seven we couldn't help noticing how plentiful were the bicycles on the streets. I had never seen so many in one city before, not even in Boston in its bicyclest days.

> The wheel has always been a treasure,
> Employed for business or for pleasure.
> It bears us forth to deepest woods,
> Or carries home our kitchen goods.
> It takes us up to Alpine snows,
> Or helps young girls to meet their beaux.
> Its like there surely never will be.
> Yours very truly, Quincy Kilby.

Taking Power *From* Sleeping Volcanoes

By UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

TO ENGINEERS it has long seemed a gross waste that the tremendous energy of volcanoes should not be harnessed and put to work.

Already means have been found whereby steam from subterranean sources can be utilized for industrial purposes. In Italy electricity derived from volcanic heat is sent over wires to Florence, Leghorn, Piombino, and other cities and towns for light and power. Borings for volcanic steam are now being made on the slopes of Etna, and also on the Island of Vulcano, which is one of the Lipari group north of Sicily. The Lipari Islands are subsidiary peaks of Stromboli whose crater was supposed by the ancients to be the main entrance to Pluto's fiery realm. Vulcano was the headquarters of the blacksmith god.

Steam wells at Larderello, Italy. One puffing hole near this place yields from 6,600 to 30,000 pounds of steam an hour, at 356 degrees Fahrenheit.

In Bolivia the government has granted a concession for the use of steam from Mount Tatio, in the Sud Lipez district, near the Chilean frontier. The volcano is to be made to drive turbine engines, which are expected to electrify all the Bolivian railroads.

The wells are bored usually to a depth of about four hundred feet, and are lined with iron tubes eight to sixteen inches in diameter. At the mouths of the puffing holes, both natural and artificial, the pressure of steam remains always the same, year after year, the subterranean heat supply being apparently inexhaustible. Nowadays the water is evaporated in huge lead-lined pans, beneath which live steam fresh from the depths is conducted through coils of pipe.

Boring for steam has been going on for more than a year near the crater of Kilauea, on the Island of Hawaii; but the rock is basalt and extremely hard, so that the drills have not yet penetrated very far. It is said that the scheme in that locality does not promise very well. But the Hawaiian Government has consulted our Department of Commerce about a plan, seemingly practicable, for making bricks of molten lava from the Kilauea crater. It is proposed to extend a trolley across the crater, carrying an endless chain of buckets, which would scoop up the liquid lava, carry it to the rim of the fiery hole, and pour it into molds.

The Senate of the Fiftieth Congress

(*Continued from page 13*)

utmost to avert Civil War, but, like many other men of similar purpose and equal standing in the South, 'went with his state.' He was peace commissioner for North Carolina to the Congress of the Southern States at Montgomery in 1861. He entered the Confederate army as lieutenant colonel and was major general when he surrendered at Appomattox. Vance was a tall, white-haired, ruddy-faced man who radiated good humor. Like Ransom he opposed secession, and 'went with his state.' He entered the Confederate army as captain in May, 1861, and was made colonel in August. The following year he was elected governor and in 1864 was re-elected. He, too, was one of the number of southern Democrats who were elected to Congress and refused admission in reconstruction days because their political disabilities had not been removed. Vance entered the Senate in 1879 and remained there until his death, April 14, 1894.

TWO southern aristocrats represented South Carolina, Matthew C. Butler and Wade Hampton. Butler was twenty-five, Hampton forty-three when the war broke out. Hampton came from distinguished ancestry. His grandfather of the same name served in the Revolution under Sumter and Marion and was major general in the War of 1812. The wealthiest planter in the South, that grandfather was said to own three thousand slaves. Hampton himself was an extensive planter in South Carolina and Mississippi, and was a Union Democrat. To favor the Union in the South Carolina of that day was to invite something more than mere unpopularity. When the war broke out, however, he raised and equipped at his own cost that body of cavalry, infantry, and artillery known as Hampton's Legion. Half his men were killed at Seven Pines and he was himself severely wounded at Gettysburg. When the war ended he accepted the result in good faith and supported reconstruction. Hampton served only a single term and died April 11, 1902. Butler entered the service as captain in Hampton's Legion and became major general. The South Carolina Butlers were represented by Pierce Butler in the Senate of the First Congress. At the battle of Brandy Station June 9, 1863, Butler lost his right leg, but, unlike Berry of Arkansas, who stuck to crutches, Butler wore an artificial leg and there was but little evidence of it in his movements. When the war with Spain came on McKinley made of this Confederate of the sixties a major general of U. S. Volunteers.

Tennessee was represented by Isham G. Harris, who wouldn't tell how old he was but had been a member of Congress as far back as 1849, and William B. Bate. Harris was a bald, irascible old gentleman, of whom it may now be said in eulogy rather than in disrespect, that no senator better carried his liquor—and there were many who were exceptionally capable carriers. He was an admirable parliamentarian and extraordinarily courteous and formal when presiding over the Senate. He served as a staff officer the last three years of the war and it is doubtful if he was ever thoroughly 'reconstructed.' Bate was a tall gentleman of the old school who habitually wore an extremely long frock coat. He had served as private through the Mexican War and entered the Confederate army as private; three times he was dangerously wounded; became major general. Like most warriors he was a modest, gentle, kindly man.

John H. Reagan, the postmaster-general and acting secretary of the treasury for the confederacy was one of the Texas senators; Richard Coke, who had served as private and captain in the Confederate army, was the other. Reagan, who died March 6, 1905, had been a member of the Texas legislature in 1847, only two years after Texas had ceased to be an independent republic. He had been a member of Congress before the war and was a member of the secession convention of Texas in 1861. After being elected to the Confederate congress he became postmaster-general and toward the end of the war was also secretary of the entirely empty Confederate treasury. Reagan had served twelve years in the House when elected to the Senate. He was the author of the Reagan Interstate Commerce Bill upon which all like subsequent legislation has been founded. Coke, his colleague, was a man of huge and imposing presence with a massive dome-like bald head that loomed up magnificently over his desk, conspicuous in the front row. Sheridan removed him from the state Supreme Court as 'an impediment to reconstruction.' That did him no more injury in Texas than did his service in the Confederate army, for he was twice elected governor before coming to the Senate.

TWO Confederate soldiers represented Virginia. One was Harrison Riddleberger, who served three years as second lieutenant, first lieutenant, and captain of cavalry. The other was John Warwick Daniel, who was an eloquent, gallant, handsome man for all that he walked limpingly. His long hair, straight as an Indian's, was still black. He looked more like a poet than the author he was of such legal textbooks as *Daniel on Negotiable Instruments*, *Daniel on Attachments*, and so forth. He was only eighteen when the war broke out and served until Lee's surrender.

John E. Kenna and Charles James Faulkner represented West Virginia. Each was but thirteen years old when the war began but each saw service. Kenna was a private, was wounded in battle when but sixteen and was surrendered at Shreveport, Louisiana, in 1865. He died while serving his second term in the Senate and Catholic clergy conducted his funeral services in the Senate Chamber in the presence of the assembled Senate. Faulkner's father, also named Charles, was minister to France in 1859-60. When he returned to the United States in August, 1861, he was arrested and imprisoned in Fort Warren on suspicion of disloyalty but was exonerated the same year. The boy, who had been in Europe attending Swiss and French schools, went South after his father's arrest, and, enlisting in 1862 at the age of fifteen, remained in the service until Appomattox.

While every senator in the Fiftieth Congress from every Southern State had served the Confederacy in the field, none of the Democratic senators from any of the northern or western states had served in the Union army. For that matter Cleveland himself had paid for a substitute. Among the senators was George Hearst of California, father of William Randolph Hearst, but he was forty when the war broke out. Delaware was represented by Eli Saulsbury, who was forty-three when the war began, and George Gray, who was but twenty-one. Gray was graduated from Princeton in the class of '59. Tall, dignified and handsome, he served two terms in the Senate and was a member of the commission that made the peace with Spain.

INDIANA was represented by Daniel W. Voorhees, 'The tall sycamore of the Wabash,' and David Turpie, perhaps the most scholarly man in the Senate, Hoar not excepted. He had an unfortunate affliction that caused his head to twitch continuously. Voorhees, who died April 10, 1897, deserves credit for the building of the magnificent Congressional Library.

Arthur Pue Gorman and Ephraim King Wilson were Maryland's Democratic senators. Gorman was but twenty-two when the war began but during all its length he sat snug and secure in a job on the Senate side of the Capitol. Smooth-shaven, with sleek, smooth gray hair and a clerical aspect he needed but robe and cowl to pose as monk. He became a Democratic leader. His colleague, Wilson, never emerged very far from Senate obscurity, but that implies no reflection on his latent capacity.

John R. McPherson and Rufus Blodgett were New Jersey's senators. McPherson during the war served the Peoples Gas Light Company of New Jersey very valorously. Blodgett was working as a machinist for a New Hampshire locomotive company during the war and was never at the front. And with his name now ends the roll call of the Democratic members of the Senate of the Fiftieth Congress.

That Congress began its life more than twenty years after the ending of the Civil War. Of the thirty-seven Democratic senators in the Senate all but ten saw active service in behalf of the Confederacy. Nothing could better illustrate the constancy wherewith the South supported the political fortunes of the leaders who had gone down with it to defeat than that, after the lapse of so many years, so large a proportion of the senators on the Democratic side should still be composed of men who had worn the gray. Nothing could better prove the fact that the war was over than that they who had gallantly fought the fight in the field, accepting the decision of the sword, should be joined with their former foes in the councils of the state for the good of the Union. In what other country could such a spectacle have been seen or evidence of such real reunion following internal war have been so soon supplied.

(*A second and concluding article, dealing with the Republican membership in the Senate of the Fiftieth Congress, as this deals with the Democratic, will appear in an early issue.*)

The Scientist Looks at Mars

(*Continued from page 6*)

certain darker areas. Observation is uncertain and difficult even to eyes trained to telescopic observation, and for that reason much of the study of Mars is made from photographs taken through the telescopes.

The writer examined a number of negatives bearing photographs of Mars during its visit to the earth. Each bit of glass, about three by four inches in size, contained from six to ten exposures of the planet. The image of Mars registered on the plate had approximately the diameter of a lead pencil. Is it surprising that astronomers, working from photographs half the size of a dime, hesitate to make rash statements as to what will be found there? The photographs, to be sure, can be enlarged, but only to a certain point. Beyond that point the image loses sharpness of outline and further enlargement results in less rather than greater clearness.

In common with workers in all the exact sciences, astronomers deal exclusively in proved facts. Everything else they ruthlessly reject. From the purely scientific point of view, the 'likely' and the 'probable' are valueless to them.

THIS distinction between fact and theory in regard to our knowledge of Mars has not been made sufficiently clear to the public at large. For instance, astronomers say that the surface of Mars shows certain markings which bear a resemblance to thin, dark lines. This is fact. The existence of the markings has been proved by many photographs, by the independent observations of scores of observers. When, however, one says that these markings are water, that they are 'canals,' that they are artificial rather than natural, one jumps from the basis of known fact into the realm of theory and inference. There is at present no proof that the canals are water; scientists merely say that such markings might be caused by water. To be visible at all from the earth it is probable that they would have to be at least two hundred miles wide. To many this would indicate that they are not of artificial construction.

Similarly, the photographs of Mars show a lighter area at each of its poles. These areas are known to vary in extent at different seasons of the year. The natural assumption is that these polar areas are snow, though with the present means of observation there is no possibility of determining this for certain. Again, observation shows that at certain seasons of the year, at the period when the polar caps are smallest in extent, broad strips appear about the bases of the caps and take on another color, and that these strips fade out again after a few months. To many observers these strips appear to have a green tint. When an astronomer leaves fact and indulges in theory, he says that these areas might be vegetation which springs up as the snow caps melt and recede, and which presently dries up and dies.

Let us see how the astronomer approaches the question about which we all have the keenest curiosity: Is there life on Mars?

His frank answer is that he does not know, and that unless our present means of observation can be enormously improved, he can see no possibility ever of knowing. Asked not what he knows but what he thinks, what his theory is, he will probably draw his inferences in about this way: If the polar caps which are plainly visible are actually snow, then it is probable that the darker areas which appear about their bases are caused by the growth of vegetation. From our observations of the distribution of life on the earth we know that vegetation does not exist here without the presence of some form of animal life. Of course, we are not sure that this rule applies also to Mars, but it seems more probable than otherwise. Therefore, provided the area we speak of actually is vegetation, it seems likely that some form of animal life must also exist there.

This does not mean that the many scientists who believe that life, and life of a high order, exists on Mars are not able to marshal a considerable mass of circumstantial evidence in support of their theory. The best known spokesman of this group was Dr. Percival Lowell, for many years the director of the observatory at Flagstaff.

Dr. Lowell's belief that Mars is inhabited by a highly intelligent race is largely based upon his study of the thin dark markings, the canals, of the planet. The peculiar straightness of these lines, the fact that they apparently are unvarying in width, their extreme length and their distribution over the surface of the planet, led him to believe that they could not be of natural formation. Nature, he argued, does not create such straight lines upon the earth or upon such celestial bodies as can be studied. Why, then, should we believe that Mars is the exception?

IF ONE accepts the theory that the Martian canals are not of natural formation it must of course be assumed that they are artificially made. The natural question then arises, Why? Dr. Lowell set about to discover a valid reason that would account for the necessity for so stupendous an undertaking. He found that necessity in the known fact of the light atmosphere of Mars, demonstrated by its almost complete lack of clouds. This, combined with other evidences, points to the highly probable conclusion that the planet possesses very little water, and that such water as exists is confined very largely to the polar regions.

His deductions from this point are easy to follow. Water is a necessity to life as we know it; existence depends upon it. Where it is scarce the struggle for existence becomes, in effect, a struggle for water. 'The study of planetary evolution in general,' writes Lowell, 'shows that as a planet ages, its surface water grows scarce. Its oceans dry up, its rivers cease to flow, its lakes evaporate.' This process, he argues, has advanced much farther on Mars than it has on the earth; to the point, indeed, where water becomes a very precious commodity, its proper conservation and distribution vitally necessary to all life on the planet.

Here was an incentive, the motive of self-preservation, that would spur the inhabitants of Mars to any effort, however great. It is on these grounds that he accounts for the construction of their canal system; their purpose to carry water from the remote polar regions, to husband its precious streams and ration it out over the planet's surface.

Seen in the light of this theory, the canals of Mars take on a significant and sinister interest. They become evidences, visible through millions of miles of space, of the tremendous struggle which the life of another planet is waging for its continued existence.

Here is a theory intensely interesting, one believed to be probable by many competent scientists. Is it true? Shall the question ever be settled for certain? Will inference be replaced by certainty, theoretical belief superseded by scientific knowledge? A statement by Dr. Robert G. Aitken, associate director of Lick Observatory, has a bearing on this question. 'The largest telescopic lens in existence today,' says he, 'is one hundred inches in diameter. It cost one million dollars. With a lens three hundred inches in diameter we might hope to learn if life exists on Mars. Such a lens, however, would cost, not three millions of dollars, but twenty-five millions. We are not likely to have it soon.'

France and America

(*Continued from page 1*)

America. By the French themselves this total of tourist money expended in France is computed to exceed the exports by fifty per cent. In any event, approximately one billion dollars is spent annually in France by the sight-seers; large sums are also spent by permanently expatriated Americans, usually very loud in their depreciation of everything American except the checks from home.

In view of the enormous volume of the American and English tourist traffic the attacks made upon English-speaking people during the summer of 1925 were peculiarly regrettable. The financial prosperity of Paris depends to a greater extent upon the foreigner than does the welfare of any other great city of the world. There are thousands of hotels, restaurants, curio shops, postcard venders, and tourist agencies which live upon the tourist. The famous exclusive shops of the Avenue de l'Opera and the Rue de la Paix have one French customer to five or more Americans. Indeed it is rather uncommon for the American buyer to encounter a native in these shops. There is hardly a fine store in Paris which does not advertise, 'English spoken here.'

American prosperity is the subject of great envy on the part of many Europeans. Attempts to unite the Europeans in a tradewar against America are discussed. The beneficial effect of this prosperity in contributing to the financial rehabilitation of Europe is not recognized. A real campaign of education is necessary. In particular the fundamental sources of our prosperity—the public schools, technical schools, research laboratories and progressive methods, decent wages to workers—need to be revealed. In these sources lies the economic restoration of Europe.

Sea May Hold the Secret of Weather Control

By S. R. WINTERS

MEASURE the amount of heat stored up in the oceans and we can forecast the conditions of the weather in 1930. This is the latest theory about the weather.

The waters of the oceans are said to be a vast reservoir for receiving and distributing solar heat. The oceans distribute this heat in varying quantities, and the full effect of a change in solar radiation is not felt until some years later.

Dr. George F. McEwen has succeeded in a measure in predicting rainfall in southern California from a study of the ocean temperatures of a few summers ago. However, the Weather Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture is dubious about the possibility of long-range weather forecasting.

'There is need for determining pretty accurately the surface temperature of the water,' says Doctor Humphreys, meteorologist. 'The present method of determining such temperatures is very crude. We would like to ascertain the temperature of the water down to a tenth of a degree. Small differences in temperature frequently are very effective in determining high pressure and low pressure.

'One problem is how to determine these temperatures to a high degree of accuracy. There are some places that are more important in this respect than others—the region between Washington and the Bermudas, or, in fact, from Washington across the Atlantic at latitude 30 degrees. The data on temperatures between here and the Bermudas are very important. We would like to know if there is a barometric high-pressure ridge. There is in addition to these high-pressure ridges a high-pressure peak, wherever one of these ridges is crossed by a cold ocean current.

Chart makers sounding for depth. Position of boat is fixed by observers with sextants.

Equipment on board the U.S.S. Hannibal, used to measure ocean depth by sound.

'We would like also a survey of the output of ice in the Grand Banks region; to know whether that ice is much more frequent in one year than in another. Another thing we wish to ascertain is the supply of ice in the Indian Ocean.

'One-half of the Antarctic Continent is merely a great sheet of ice. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty square miles of ice will break off there and float away as a single berg. The thing that seems most logical as the cause of one year differing from another in India is the change in ocean temperature, and that probably goes back to the change in quantity of ice that is broken off in the Antarctic.

'We would like also to know the difference between the direction of wind and ocean drift. If the winds push the ocean surface in a certain way and affect the water drift, the water must in turn react upon the atmosphere. So almost must the land react upon the winds. We want definite determinations of the direction and velocity of the wind with increase of height.

'We find a curious thing commonly happens here in Washington and in most other places. As you go up, the velocity increases at first. Then you get to a place where the wind is faster than either above or below. We want to know if this phenomenon happens on the ocean in precisely the same way and if it has one law in one latitude only to vary in another.'

In recognition of the need for a thorough knowledge of the ocean and its effect upon weather conditions, the Navy Department contemplated a study of the Gulf of Mexico, but Congress failed to provide funds for the project.

It is claimed that *the total organic productivity of the earth's waters is probably greater than that of its lands; the agricultural and animal resources of the oceans greatly exceed those of the land.* Five-sevenths of the earth's surface is covered with water and this vast body of waters teems with living organisms.

The expedition will make an effort to have removed menaces to navigation like this derelict which was adrift for months.

An Indoor Game *With* Racquets *and* Balls

By V. A. CAZALET

WITH the exception of lawn tennis, those games which are played with a racquet and a ball do not for the most part figure very prominently in the minds of the public. Court tennis, racquets, squash tennis, handball, fives and squash racquets are games which for the most part are played in the seclusion of clubs and by a limited number of persons. Of recent years, however, the game of squash racquets has rapidly come to the fore, and is becoming almost a 'popular' game. For instance, there are in Boston and the surrounding districts, including Harvard University, more than one hundred courts. If you reckon that thirty to forty persons play on a court a year, it means that between three and four thousand play the game of 'squash' in that locality.

At Harvard University, it is reckoned that between one thousand and fifteen hundred undergraduates play the game. The other universities are taking it up, slowly but surely. This year, for the first time in America, fifty-six women entered for a squash racquet competition in Boston.

The game originated, like many other ball games, in England, and there, also, it is making rapid strides in popularity. It has, as its patron in England, the Prince of Wales who plays the game regularly.

Women have played the game for some time in England. They have realized that there is no better way of keeping physically fit and also of keeping their eye in training for the coming season of lawn tennis than by playing squash racquets in winter.

There are already one or two public courts in this country which are always booked throughout the day. There is a plan already afoot to build a dozen courts right in the heart of Wall Street so that business men can get their exercise during the luncheon interval.

THE reasons for the increasing popularity of the game are not hard to find. It is not an expensive game and it is easy to play. You can build a court (at any rate in England) for about a thousand dollars. A racquet lasts for as long as you care to keep it; the balls constitute an insignificant additional expense.

The game is played within four walls and only a very limited number of people can watch it at one time.

An all-English squash racquet team recently visited the United States. They have played some twenty-odd matches out of which they won seventeen. It is a good record, when it is considered that the team was not the best that England could send if all her most expert players had been available for the tour.

Perhaps it might be advisable to describe for those who have never played the game of what a squash racquet court consists, and how the game is played. The courts can be made of either wood or cement. The standard length is thirty-two feet; the width varies between eighteen feet six inches in this country and twenty-one feet in England. The back wall should be six feet six inches. On the front wall there is a little red line placed eighteen inches above the floor. This is called the 'telltale.' The game is played generally between two people, although there are larger courts which accommodate four players.

The object of the game is to keep the ball above this 'telltale,' and whoever hits it underneath or misses the ball loses a point to his opponent. There are no complicated rules to muddle you, and any person can learn all there is to know about the scoring and the way the game should be played in five minutes.

To become expert in squash racquets, as in every other game, requires certain characteristics. The qualities most necessary are physical fitness and keenness of vision. The playing of the game is not limited to England and the United States; it is very popular in Canada. Inquiries have been made from Japan where there is every likelihood of its being taken up with considerable enthusiasm in the near future. And even in far-off Siam, the king is a keen and enthusiastic player.

There is no better way of nations understanding each other than by meeting on the field of sport. During the tour which the English team recently completed, bonds of friendship and sympathetic understanding have been formed with people in all parts of the country through the medium of the game. There is no tie which binds all Anglo-Saxons with greater force than their love of sport. If we have done something to forge another link in the athletic chain which binds the English-speaking races together, we shall have accomplished something of far greater value than could be reckoned in the score of games or matches.

Giving *the* Dumb *the* Right *to* Speak

By GRACE T. STUTSMAN

ILLINOIS SCHOOL DEAF
JACKSONVILLE
ILLINOIS SCHOOL DEAF
JACKSONVILLE

The members of this brass band are totally deaf, but their music is very creditable.

MANY persons think that the reason a deaf person is dumb is because something is wrong with his speech organs or his brain cells. As a matter of fact the only reason he doesn't talk is because, not having heard any one speak, he doesn't know what to say. It is merely by the grace of God that we are not in like case, for the ear is a delicate organ, and anything—a light blow, a fall, a fever, or any of the thousand and one experiences of childhood—may impair its use and, if hearing is lost before the age of five or six years, a child rarely remembers for long the vocabulary it has acquired before that time.

Every state in our Union provides for the education of its deaf. Each year some school for the deaf is asked to enroll persons long past school age, who had never been sent to any school previously.

Literature has no blind heroine who is not of unusual sweetness and amiability, calling forth the deepest admiration and sympathy; but an attractive deaf character is hard to find in fiction, although in fact they are far from rare. In many ways the handicap of the deaf is far heavier than that of the blind. Imagine not knowing your own name, nor even knowing that you and everything else have a name till you were seven or eight years old, then laboriously learning the name of each thing, each action, each quality by conscious effort, and then learning how to fit these words together.

The deaf child who is sent to school from a family of hearing brothers and sisters comes back to them more sturdy in physique, more polished in manner, more firm in character, more able to earn a living than the normal boys and girls who stay at home. The schools for the education of the deaf all hold that 'education is the harmonious development of mind, soul and body.'

Nearly all the schools teach printing, including the operation of the linotype, shoe repairing, carpentering and cabinet-making. Some have courses in tailoring, house painting, and baking. The girls are taught sewing, millinery, weaving, basket making, cooking, and often photography and typewriting. It will be noticed that these are all occupations in which hearing is not essential, and the pupil is given an opportunity to learn the thing for which his taste and ability incline him.

For the student who completes the scholastic course in the state school there is an institution for his higher education in Washington, D. C. This is Gallaudet College, the only college for the deaf in the world. Its graduates are filling positions of trust and importance in all parts of the country in varied activities, from that of athletic coach to banker.

Literary Effort in the South

(*Continued from page 2*)

The growing exuberance of the field is illustrated by the way in which other publications more daring than the one which comes out of Charlottesville have entered it. One of these is *The Southwest Review*, published at the Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas, but, in its dress of red, reflecting none of the aspects of Methodism celebrated by the followers of Mencken. It was started in 1916 as *The Texas Review*, first edited by Stark Young, and it assumed its present status two years ago.

The Southwest Review puts emphasis on the Southwest rather than on the old South. By Southwest is meant the area between the lower Mississippi and the Pacific Coast, where nature, life and history abound with exotic color. The new literary movement in the South, as now taking form, seems to have an inclusive reach of that kind. Its spread is outlined by some as, broadly, covering the section of country lying south of a line running from Baltimore, Maryland, through Louisville, Kentucky, to Sante Fe, New Mexico.

Forces moving toward a more intense and diverse exploitation than the area hitherto has known are now perceptible. Those farthest away have moved mostly in miniature, but behind the groping for expression there is an evident urge which promises much. It is in this area that nearly all observers of literary trends expect the most distinguished writing of the near future in America to be done.

One finds in *The Southwest Review* the best reflection, given by that type of publication, of the literary renascence that is patently at hand in the South. Yet, like the others, it bears no sectional label, drawing its contributions from all the world.

Some time ago *The Southwest Review* absorbed *The Reviewer*, the most ambitious product of the literary revival in the South. That magazine was set up independently of institutional support, in Richmond, Virginia, in 1921. In 1925 it was transferred to Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where for a year it was conducted under the auspices of probably the most outstanding new literary group in the South, the one that is identified with the University of North Carolina. It issued from there, under the editorship of Paul Green, until realization came that it was in advance, practically, of the times. *The Reviewer* probably was the most authentic herald of the literary awakening in the South.

Yet of that awakening there are heralds which are still more provocative. One is *The Double-Dealer*, a magazine published in New Orleans by a group that bars from it no school of writing or thought.

All's Well, edited and published by Charles J. Finger at Fayetteville, Arkansas, should be included. Mr. Finger is an adopted son of the South, a man of world-wide experience in several lines of activity. As a writer he is well known to readers of this magazine.

Other Southern literary publications include chiefly poetry magazines put out by local groups, such as *The Buccaneer*, of Dallas, Texas; *The Poet's Scroll*, of Howe, Oklahoma, and *The Lyric*, of Norfolk, Virginia. *The Fugitive*, issued from Nashville, Virginia, is among the best of them. On a far boundary of the new literary belt there is published, at Sante Fe, New Mexico, *The Laughing Horse*, spokesman for the art colonies of that section.

And there is at least a reënergized school of scholarly, economic and social writers and investigators, who are abetted by probably the most distinguished magazine of the kind published in America. This is *Social Forces*, published at the University of North Carolina. And at Duke University the *Hispanic American Historical Review* has been revived. It is the only scholarly magazine dealing with Hispanic American history that is published in America.

—*Keystone View*

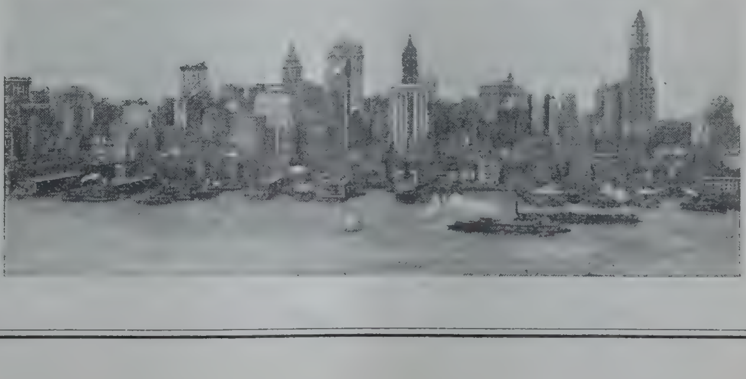
SAVAGES

By AMOS R. WELLS

TWO wild men stalked each other in the jungles of Brazil;
They crept through swamp and forest with a silent, steady will.
They were sinuous as the serpents, they were shadowy as the brake,
They were fevered with a throbbing thirst which only blood could slake
Till at once they spied each other, and their hatred with a hiss
Bathed their sudden stiffened bodies with a flame of burning bliss:
Their bow-strings twanged together and the poisoned arrows sped,
And in the rotting ooze and slime the two are lying dead.

* * *

TWO wild men stalked each other through the jungles of New York.
Not a serpent more insistent with his deadly turn and torque;
In the mazes of the market, in the labyrinths of trade,
They were feeling out each other, they were keeping ambuscade,
They were drawing lines of tape in a monster stratagem,
They were plying stocks and bonds with a sullen, savage phlegm,
Till the time had struck for action, and the poisoned arrows sped,
And they walk the streets as living men, but God knows they are dead.



Order in the Arctic

(*Continued from page 15*)

these were as real as the very snow and sky. Let me put it this way. The men engaged believed, as I believe, that real Christianity stood for order and duty and discipline. And so to the tale.

At the world's end stands Fort MacPherson, where the Mackenzie River enters the Arctic Ocean. It is the last outpost of civilization and at the settlement live a Hudson Bay man, a mission worker or two, and a detachment of the Northwest Mounted Police—the word 'mounted' is a mere name, because these must walk. The tale starts at eight o'clock on the morning of December 21, 1910, when the patrol started to go down to Dawson to see that all was well along the route, to keep up connections and to carry mail. The distance to be traversed was 470 miles. The patrol consisted of four well-tried, hardened men—the leader inspector Fitzgerald, his fellows Kinney, Carter and Taylor. They had three dog teams of five dogs each, and rations for thirty days. So there was no margin, and they calculated on making eighteen miles a day.

IT WAS a day of wolfish cold when they set out, for a strong wind was blowing and the temperature was twenty-one below; they made no more than fifteen miles—the dogs were found to be in poor condition! For five days thereafter they had a tremendous time, pushing and hauling through heavy snowdrifts, facing snowstorms that were like vast white walls, drudging all day and sleeping on ice-bitten earth. On the sixth day they met with a band of natives and hired one of them to help them across the portage. They needed the aid, for the way was over an eight-hundred-foot rise, all boulder-scattered, and beyond that rose a thousand-foot hill with very deep snow. To add trouble, the thermometer ranged from thirty-nine to fifty-one below, with a head wind at that, so that they only made nine miles a day. But they made the portage, and Esau, the native, bade them good-by and went to his own people.

Now what befell the patrol is known only from scraps of information in a diary which Fitzgerald kept. For when Esau and his people turned up in Dawson and spoke of helping the patrol at the portage, there was consternation and also activity. There were men willing to give themselves freely and generously. A rescue party set off north, and its members had a terrible time of it, what with glass-smooth glaciers, and a temperature of sixty-two below, and ice plains water-covered. With infinite toil they won their way to the Arctic Circle, for 212 miles from Dawson they struck the Fitzgerald trail, *but it was headed north*. And that trail told a tale of starvation and weariness. There were signs that the hard-pressed party had been forced to kill and eat their dogs.

And so back on that trail the rescue party went, here and there coming across signs, pieces of dog harness, things cast away to lighten loads, a broken sled. North and north the rescuers pressed, hopeful as they drew nearer MacPherson Fort that the patrol had reached safety. Then, fifty-eight miles from MacPherson they came across an old shack and in it a sign that the patrol had been so pressed and so weary that they had left the last thing they dared to part with. It was the mail sack and a dispatch bag. These were hung in safety across a rafter. And the next day the rescue party found the bodies of Kinney and Taylor. Kinney had died first and his companion had decently composed his friend's body, crossing his hands on his breast. Then Taylor had died, either by his own hand or by accident. For his hands clutched the barrel of a carbine, but of his face there was nothing left except the upper jaw.

Still there was hope in the rescue party, strong hope at forty miles from MacPherson, stronger at thirty miles, and mile upon mile thereafter. Then, when no more than twenty-five miles from the Fort, the tragedy leaped like lightning. A rag hung on a bush, and, guided by it, the rescue party found the body of Carter by the ashes of a camp fire. Fitzgerald had covered his companion's face with a handkerchief, and then, crawling on, still northward, had struggled forward until Death kissed him. And so there was peace after all that sorrow and pain in the doing of duty.

* * *

Courageous shouldering of burdens, you see. And for what? For that civilization which means order; for that religion which is not a ceremonial nor an organization, but an atmosphere and a way of life.

(*This is the first of two articles on this subject by Mr. Finger. The next will appear in an early issue.*)

The Catalan Sardanas

(*Continued from page 4*)

It is noon in the Parque de Barcelona in the *plaza* near the fountains. Already hundreds have assembled and thousands more are flocking to the spot. The members of the orchestra take seats in the big band stand and tune up. To the foreigner the instruments seem very strange. There are instruments similar to the clarinet, but a good five feet long. The brasses resemble cornets, only they are stubby and about twice as large. There is a sprinkling of conventional instruments, including bass viols, and then a series of queer-looking pieces resembling tin whistles. As a matter of fact that is just what they are except for the tin. This is a distinctive Catalan touch, as whistles of this type are found nowhere else. Attached to the right wrist of each whistler is a small drum about six inches in diameter. These are the only percussion instruments in the orchestra and the time is beaten in the cadence of three—*rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat*. At intervals throughout the dance the music stops except for the whistles, which continue for a few beats. This is the signal to change the step, and the music then resumes in another time.

As the first bars are being played everyone looks around waiting for someone to begin. A group of soldiers solemnly divest themselves of their belts, bayonets, and caps, piling them in a heap. They join hands, form a circle, and dance. Circles begin to form everywhere. Presently some young girls break into the ring, first laying their pocketbooks or prayerbooks in the heap with the rest. As the heap grows, so does the circle, and if the circle gets too big, smaller ones form within it.

It is decidedly reminiscent of the Highland fling and old-fashioned Irish dances, though in slower time. Nobody smiles—this is a serious business. I asked why they were so grim about it, and was told that about half the dancers were from the country or the hills and wanted to show the city folk how the sardana should be danced, while the metropolitan crowd was equally determined to show up the rural visitors.

Here is a peasant in the old costume—short jacket, knee breeches, footless stockings, sandals, sash, and the Catalan cap. Next to him is a little girl about nine years old whose right hand is held by a naval officer (Catalan of course). The ages run from eight to eighty.

The circles may contain from two to a hundred. Here at one side a young man and his sweetheart are endeavoring to make a duet of it. Nothing doing!

A brawny sailor, an artilleryman and his nursemaid horn in and make a fivesome out of it. Do the couple resent it? Of course not. The strangers have a perfect right to dance with them and so has the meanest beggar on the street. Even Don Alfonso himself could not resent an impromptu partner in a sardana.

We even saw one Yankee, whose love for old-fashioned things had not been killed by jazz and its associated plagues, shyly take his place in one of the rings; this gesture was accepted with obvious pleasure, even though his dancing indicated that he would never win any medals.

As my Catalan friend explained, 'This dance is centuries old. The richest man in Cataluña will take the hand of the poorest, and the general will take the hand of the newest recruit. If they refuse they insult every Catalan.'

While we watched, three more peasants came up in native costume. The oldest must have been well past seventy and was stone blind. Two middle-aged men, evidently his sons, supported him. The old man nodded in time to the music and presently his sons made a place for him in one of the rings, his partner on the right being one of the ultra-modern young 'sheiks' with Oxford bags, sideburns and everything in the way of clothes generally worn by an undergraduate with a wealthy father. On the left stood a very stout matron of forty in her best black silk. Once in the ring the old man renewed his youth exhibiting a few fancy steps that drew admiring comments from all. His sons watched him gravely for a few moments, and then seeing that he was well taken care of broke into the circle themselves.

The Layman Looks at Advertising

By G. HENRY HALE

THERE are advertisers and advertisers. First there is the golden-rule, progressive advertiser who strives to keep his product up to and a little better than what is claimed for it, and who gladly makes good any defect or inferiority in his output. Some go as far as to refund all costs, if the buyer, *for any reason whatsoever,* is dissatisfied. 'Satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back,' is their slogan.

Then we have the advertisers who have a much higher standard in their written description of their products than in their factory practice. These may not be intentionally dishonest. Some may simply lack the power of honest introspection.

How is the poor reader to choose between them?

Then there are the crooks who have no intention of making good. These criminals, masquerading in the garb of producers or tradesmen, rarely, if ever, get space in a good periodical.

There is yet another class of advertisers. In old established industries with a well-earned reputation for quality, there is a tendency sometimes for vigilance to be relaxed, and work to be done with less supervision and inspection than while the business was building its name. Articles which should be discarded as seconds are passed as first-class. The business is run on its reputation, and whatever advertising is done is written on the basis of the old reputation. You will hear from the purchaser of some product, 'It is not so good as it used to be.' Possibly the business has changed hands, and the new owners deliberately plan to cut the cost of production and thus to increase profits, in the belief that the old name and trade-mark will carry the product indefinitely.

Now, it must not be supposed that all who make extravagant claims for their products are dishonest. Thousands of men have invented some mediocre device which they believe has unusual merit, and if given a chance, would revolutionize trade, or travel, or manufacturing, or would make the housewife independent of servants. Many of them never get anywhere with their inventions. Occasionally one has enough 'salesmanship' to put his product over, never suspecting that it is not all that he claims for it. His enthusiasm and self-confidence and ignorance are such that he would scorn scientific tests, and his enthusiasm and confidence carry conviction to the readers of his advertisements.

A very popular method of playing on the credulity of people is to select some sensational scientific discovery or near-discovery that has been exploited in the newspapers, and commercialize the idea to the limit, using sentences and part sentences taken from some authority on the subject, and from these few statements pyramiding a great theory of cure, in which some particular product is the paramount remedy.

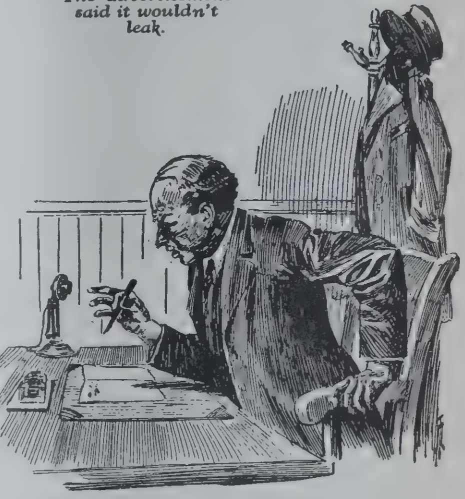
No sooner has a scientist or supposed scientist suggested some new remedy, however sensational—even to zebra glands!—than some cunning fellow, looking for easy money, plans to take advantage of the new interest of the people, and, with a plausible story, markets something that is taken up eagerly by persons who credit themselves with being intelligent.

Then there is a comparatively harmless form of misrepresentation that accompanies some legitimate advertising. It is the enumeration and elaboration of supposedly important points of superiority peculiar to the advertised product. Often much of this superiority is in the imagination.

Take, for instance, several toilet preparations.

Now, a superiority that must be measured by some sort of instrument of precision, an advantage that is not apparent to a man using the product, is not, in the writer's opinion, worth advertising. True, it is a strong selling point, for the average reader is not at all critical, and is easily misled by statements which misrepresent a thing to his mind without going through the crude and discredited process of lying about it.

'It is not so good as it used to be.'



The advertisement said it wouldn't leak.

What is the poor reader to do? As to deciding as to superiority, he might as well be a sheep among wolves. The products may be first-class. Without these claims, either might serve the purpose desired.

Advertising is one of the most ethical of professions. Advertising men know in their work that honesty is the best policy; that it is the only policy worthy of the name; that the man who advertises falsely never gets anywhere.

THE white paper that goes into a single copy of some magazines is worth more than the news-stand cost; moreover, the newsboys and others must have their slice. Who pays the publisher for his articles, his composition, his presswork, his editorial staff, et cetera? The advertiser of course. The money that the advertiser pays for space comes from the pockets of the readers. If the advertiser did not get from the readers more than he has to pay, he would soon give up advertising.

The selling point which the periodical holds out to the advertiser is that the magazine has a reading list of so many hundreds of thousands, which will represent just that much of a probable market for the advertised product. That is, the periodical, for a consideration, virtually delivers its subscription list and news-stand patronage to the advertiser. The advertiser can afford to pay, and does pay, a handsome price for this privilege. Now there can be no serious objection to this, except where the periodical (whether intentionally or unintentionally), lends its prestige in this way to misleading advertisements.

Advertisers have found that judicious advertising, by increasing sales and making it possible to take advantage of quantity production, actually diminishes costs. This theory of course does not always work out.

At any rate the consumer is satisfied; further, this is a free country, and he does not have to buy the advertised goods if he finds them too expensive.

Herman Melville and His Dog

(*Continued from page 3*)

from the drifts, and was accompanied by a great Newfoundland dog as shaggy and powdered as he. It was a journey of several arduous miles for him; but he was an alcolyte of *The Scarlet Letter*, and would have undertaken a voyage to the moon for the sake of talking with the author of the famous romance.

TO HIM, Hawthorne's genius was paramount, but it perplexed him: whence did he derive his knowledge of the human heart, and what was the experience that had led him to regions so deep and perilous? I think he finally conceived the notion that Hawthorne had in his youth committed at least one of the seven deadly sins, and was wont to meditate in that secret place of horror and receive awful information from witches. Thirty years after this Berkshire time, I talked with him in his house in New York; he was then more than sixty years old, and a melancholy and pale wraith of what he had been in his prime.

During the incoherent talk between us on that occasion he let fall several hints as to his interpretation of the source of Hawthorne's insight into the human soul. It was a sad interview; he seemed partly to shrink from the idea that obsessed him, and partly to reach out for companionship in the dark region into which his mind was sinking. I was writing a biography of my father and my mother at that time, and had applied to him for any letters that Hawthorne might have written to him in reply to several of his own during the 1850's. But he said, with agitation, that he had kept nothing; if any such letters had existed, he had scrupulously destroyed them.

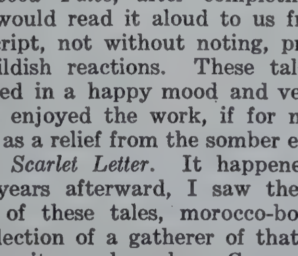
In my father's references to Melville at that time, in his journals and his letters to my mother, he had spoken regretfully of the increasing extravagance of the younger man's speculations and of his vain struggles to fathom the mysteries. Hawthorne's mind was healthy and firmly balanced and his ordinary mood cheerful, even playful, in contrast with his contemporaries, Poe and Melville. It was due partly to this wholesomeness that he was able to enter unscathed into the miseries and disasters of others—as Dante, in the *Divine Comedy*, was protected by the wise spirit of Vergil from the dangers of their tremendous journey. For months and years after the publication of *The Scarlet Letter* there had been a strange and pathetic pilgrimage of the afflicted to my father's door, seeking counsel and comfort. He gave them understanding and sympathy, and most of them, no doubt, went away with hope from the colloquy. It was a burden to him, but he sustained it without faltering.

OF ALL this Hawthorne's children knew nothing; my sister Una was six or seven years old, and I two years younger; and Rose was an infant. But we rejoiced at the visits of Melville, who with his friendly black dog would come trudging through the snow, muffled in his topcoat, his dark beard hoary with frost. He was well formed and active, not so tall as Hawthorne, his full beard giving him a quality of oriental mystery in the eyes of the young folk.

Dark, brilliant eyes looked out under the square white forehead and his bearing was simple and affectionate; we already knew his *Omoo* and his *Typee*, and would beset him for further tales of those fascinating regions. He responded cordially. His narrative powers were extraordinary by word of mouth as well as by pen. While his Sindbad yarns were spun mostly from fact, his imagination roused up as he proceeded, and he added magical touches, so that scenes and actions became visible, and were present and going on as we listened. He did not confine himself to speech either; he would be on his feet, escaping from weird perils, contending with savages, witnessing vivid events, buffeting the waves in equatorial tempests, or being tossed ashore on coral reefs and averting starvation with the milk of coconuts smashed on the rocks.

So strong was the illusion created by these tales that once my mother, after Melville had departed, searched for the club wielded by one of the native islanders in the fight which he had described: he must, she thought, have laid it aside in a corner of the room and forgotten to take it away with him. But the club was never found, nor had it ever been nearer the Berkshires than the Pacific islands of the Marquesas. It had seemed visible in Melville's narrative, for he had become the fighting savage he was portraying, and our little sitting room in the red cottage had enlarged into the hot jungles and white shores of equatorial seas.

Fortunate children to be thus entertained! And our enjoyment was the greater because our father who was about this time writing the *Wonder Book* and the *Tanglewood Tales*, after completing each story, would read it aloud to us from the manuscript, not without noting, probably, our childish reactions. These tales were composed in a happy mood and vein and, too, he enjoyed the work, if for no other reason, as a relief from the somber emotions of *The Scarlet Letter*. It happened that, many years afterward, I saw the manuscripts of these tales, morocco-bound, in the collection of a gatherer of that sort of treasure—it may have been George Childs, the Philadelphia virtuoso. The pages, as I turned them over, were written in a clear running hand, with very few excisions or interlineations, much in contrast with the manuscripts of his romances: one could feel the pleasure of the expression of a free and enjoying mind. Against this sunny background Melville came to paint his ardent pictures; and the powers of both artists were enhanced by the comparison.



Sometimes, when our visitor arrived early in the day, we would all sally forth to play in the snow. Splendid snows there were in that region, deep, crisp and spotless, and a coasting place down the steep side of the hill toward the ice-bound lake at the base. Occasionally the flying sled with its shouting freight would hit an unseen stump, and for a moment there would be silence, till we could emerge from our burial in the snowdrifts. Melville did a yeoman's part in these sports; and the Newfoundland dog would often be harnessed to pull the sled, Eskimo fashion, or to carry us astride his wet, shaggy back.

And then, after a private conference with Hawthorne in the study overlooking Berkshire Bowl, as the lake was called, and Monument Mountain and Greylock rising behind it in their ghostly robes, 'Mr. Omoo,' as my mother used to call him, would put on his topcoat, call to his dog, and tramp back to Pittsfield to resume his pursuit of Moby Dick. I wish some of the careless felicity of those days could have found a way into the pages of that appalling and inchoate work.

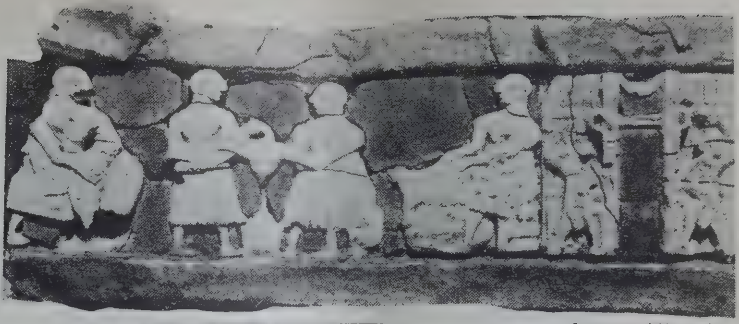
THE personal facts of Melville's career remain somewhat obscure, though his books are autobiographical; but as he was controlled from within, that record does not appear. He was born in New York of sound American parentage, went to sea as a boy, and was afloat almost continuously during his early manhood. But while a reader and a thinker—without the advantage of university education—he could not assimilate his self-acquired knowledge. His mental ship lacked ballast, and he launched upon the moral and intellectual ocean without an authentic chart.

We saw nothing of him after the Berkshire years—Hawthorne took his family to Europe in the year following. He seems to have been restless, wandering over the earth, not as a seaman but as a traveler. He appeared one day in Hawthorne's consulate at Liverpool, when chanced to be present, and sat talking for an hour. But his talk was not in the improvisatorial style of the red-cottage days; it was for the most part unintelligible to me, a boy of eight or nine, and he seemed depressed and aimless. He said goodby at last, and wandered away; I did not see him again till a short time before his death.

I KNEW that he had once proposed to Hawthorne to join him in some literary work, which suggestion had to be declined on account of our departure for Europe. During the seven following years Hawthorne wrote nothing except his journals. But doubtless he would have felt collaboration impracticable in any case. I spoke of this project to Melville but he made no intelligible response. His words were vague and indeterminate; and again and again he would get up from his chair and open or close a window with a stick having a hook at the end, which he kept by him seemingly for that purpose. When I tried to revive memories in him of the red-cottage days—red-letter days too for him—he merely shook his head. I felt that in spite of his bodily presence, the man we had known was not there.

The Oldest Building in the World

By
WILLIAM A. McGARRY



—International Newsreel.
Carvings in shell, mounted on a copper base, from the ruins at Tel El Obeid.

FOUR miles from the widespread ruins of Ur of the Chaldees, the first city mentioned in the Bible, archeologists have discovered a still older building. Its upper floors have crumbled away, and its towers have vanished, but under the sands of centuries the thirty-foot foundations are still intact, even to the delicate life-size shell carvings of men and animals made by ancient craftsmen nearly seven thousand years ago. The Arabs of today know it as the Tel El Obeid.

Scientists operating under the joint auspices of the University Museum of Philadelphia and the British Museum made the discovery more by accident than by design. The expedition went out to excavate Ur of the Chaldees, where it was expected would be found the world's first library of historical and religious records. C. L. Woolley, F. G. Newton, Sidney Smith and A. W. Lawrence, members of the expedition, looked over the Tel El Obeid one day in search of possible records concerning Ur and came to the conclusion that it was worth digging up.

Wall of the stage tower at Ur. Inset—Drain supposed to have been used to carry off blood of sacrifices from the ancient temple.

A few days later stamped bricks were found in cuneiform script informing posterity that here the great King A-an-ni-pad-da of Ur had built his temple. The name of this king was known from ancient Sumerian lists as that of a ruler in the earliest days of the empire that built the world's first civilization. But nothing definite had hitherto ever been found, and many archeologists contended that he was only a myth. The bricks stamped with his name settled that point.

The following official report of the find was made by Dr. Woolley:

'In a previous report I have given some account of the little temple at Tel El Obeid, about four miles from Ur, and have spoken of its columns overlaid with copper, its mosaic columns and decorative friezes. The excavation of the building is now complete and a much fuller idea can be had of what is, by a good deal, the oldest example of building construction yet found.

'A broad flight of stone steps led to a platform about twenty feet high on the south corner of which stood the temple proper, its gate tower fronting on the stairway, its façade set back from the edge of the platform so as to leave a narrow step on which stood a row of statues of bulls sculptured in the round. These stood some three feet high and were made of thin copper plates beaten up over a wooden core; their heads were turned out to face the spectator, and their horns were of gold.

'Two of these statues have been recovered, though in a bad condition due to the crushing of the metal under the enormous weight of the brickwork which had fallen onto the top of them, and to decay.

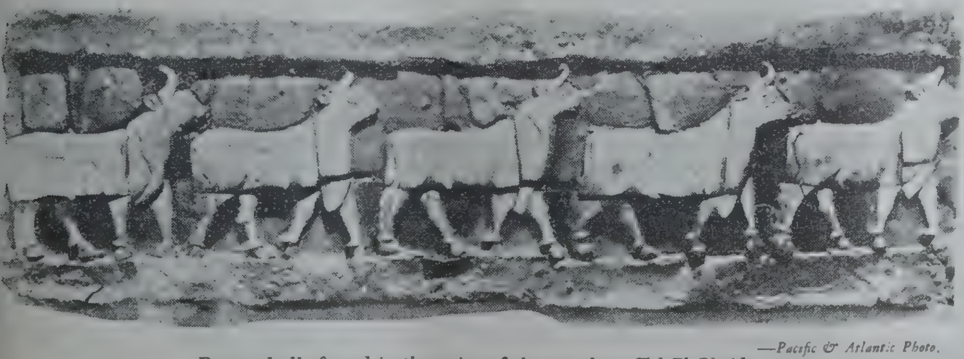
'Of the frieze of cattle lying down, these also beaten up from copper plates with heads cast in more solid metal and joined onto the bodies, we have now a dozen examples, many of them in a wonderful state of preservation. Above them was a frieze of a different sort; figures carved in white shell or limestone were inlaid against a background of black tesserae, the whole inclosed in a copper frame. Of this we have a complete section in perfect condition.

'Some show bulls advancing in solemn procession; the most interesting, a panel four feet long, has on one side a milking scene, cows and their calves, and men milking the cows into tall jars; in the middle a reed-built byre with heifers coming out from a gate, and on the other side men engaged in straining and storing some kind of liquid, probably wine, oil or clarified butter.

'Found close to this, but hardly to be connected with it, is a limestone plaque carved in relief with a mythological subject, a man-headed bull on whose back is perched a lion-headed bird. An important discovery was that of two columns ten feet high incrusted with mosaic work in black paste, red stone and mother-of-pearl; both had been damaged by their fall, and the cores on which the mosaic was set had decayed completely away, so that the tesserae retained indeed their position in the soil, but were kept together by nothing more than their own weight. However, it was found possible to remove large sections at a time and to fix these onto new cores without disturbing the individual pieces of mosiac, and so to preserve these remarkable columns if not as they stood in the temple at least as they were after they had once fallen from it.

'One small object, found almost by chance, afforded us a disproportionate satisfaction; it was a gold scaraboid bead inscribed with name and title of the man who built this, the oldest building in the world still standing above ground, King Aannipadda of Ur, who, if Sumerian chronology is right, reigned about 4500 years B. C.'

The fact that the building at Tel El Obeid is dated 4500 B. C. does not mean, of course, that no earlier buildings were constructed. Unquestionably such structures as the pretentious little temple were a long time in developing, and doubtless still earlier buildings were destroyed in the numerous wars. For instance, the archeologists have divided the periods at Ur into three, the first of which began in remote prehistoric time and continued to the seventh century before Christ.



—Pacific & Atlantic Photo.
Bronze bulls found in the ruins of the temple at Tel El Obeid.

Why Dictators Rule

(Continued from page 5)

for many centuries in Russia, and that today and ever since the downfall of the Romanoffs the control of that nation has been no less of an autocratic one, indeed has been even a more aggravated kind of absolutist government, vested in a ruthless communistic oligarchy.

The question regarding the destiny of the Russian state should be sought in the answer to this query: 'Is such an oligarchy, narrowed down to a point where it is composed of and represents about five per cent of the people, the precise form of autocracy suited to and conducive to the problem of making Russia into a homogeneous state? Or is an absolutist rule along the previous czaristic principle the more effective method of welding this mixed aggregate of peoples and diversified regions into a happy, orderly and prosperous national unit?'

THE weakness of the soviet-oligarchy is that it holds a remedy which is effective, not for the bulk of the Russian tens of millions, but only for a minute fraction of the people—perhaps five per cent. Perhaps it is true that it means to serve well only those relatively few for whom it is intended. But the point is that a dictatorship—for that is what soviet rule simmers down to—to be effective and to justify itself must serve the nation as a whole or a vast majority—or it will perish. By this test sovietism is doomed. The Russian watch has been sent to an amateur watchmaker; doubtless he is learning a few things while he pretends to repair the wonderful mechanism which is in his hands. But Russia—like the watch I have in mind—must proceed eventually, probably soon, into hands more expert.

This is the essence of dictatorship—for by this name I will classify roughly all forms of absolutist rule. It must be effective for the cure of the chief and besetting malady of a nation—or industrial sphere—as has Mussolini's in Italy, for example, and as was the industrial dictatorship of various American business figures in emergencies of the past. For the 'czar' in business is nothing new; a formidable array of past talent of this kind has appeared on the pages of American business history.

* * *

But no mention of czaristic tendencies can be complete without recalling the fact that in the French Revolution Robespierre rose as a pseudodictator for a brief hour, and that because he represented only a *fraction* of the people—because he was the representative and *tool* perhaps of the mere fraction of that identical type and kind which in Soviet Russia utilized Lenin for a tool similarly—he could not survive. Robespierre in the lust for personal power descended to become, as did Lenin, renegade to his own people—in the interest of an alien few; hence his absolute power could not be maintained. His bloody career ended at the guillotine. Absolutism is sustained, though few have considered it so, by majority rule.

The violence of the French Revolution baffled a correct diagnosis or analysis, because there were strange and entirely new forces at work underneath. The fever was for a long period uncontrollable because not understood, until the years eventuated in the rise of a man capable of truly analyzing and comprehending the causes underlying the internal conflict and disintegration of the French nation. Because he was an 'outsider,' that is to say more Italian or Corsican (and, assert some, of ancient Greek descent), Napoleon was better equipped with a viewpoint which would give him a correct vision of the events around him. One of the earliest means which he put into effect to unify the people was the reinstitution of a form of royal or imperial headship—the most effective means of bringing together the heterogeneous forces of that time, as it proved, and because it supplied the French people with something to which they had always been accustomed, for a thousand years or more, a 'king' or 'head of the tribe,' which is a monarch's true function. Without their king or something of similar import they were flopping around like chickens with their heads cut off—literally and figuratively. Napoleon recognized the void and filled it: that he profited by it was incidental. The first wedges were thus placed for the opening of a reign of orderliness.

Napoleon's progress was in direct ratio to his understanding of France's real troubles and his remedies were unusually sure and effective. His downfall came only when he placed purely personal interest in the continuance of his dynasty before the welfare of the nation; when he forgot his true rôle as mere dictator and autocrat for the salvaging of a great people and presumed to think of himself in another and wholly different rôle—that of monarchic head of the tribe, as it were. He overreached his original purpose; there are natural limits beyond which a dictator cannot proceed. The work of salvage done, he did not stop there but overdid his part, and thereby became a victim to The Nature of Things.

So it is with all who are placed in dictatorial authority; they have a specific task to perform: the powers vested in them imply such an unwritten agreement on their part to step down when it has been done. When dismay and disorder have been shaped under their hands into orderliness and peacefulness, and a state—or an industry—over which they have domineered regains the capacity for continuing itself unaided by methods of force and pressure and is able once more to follow an orderly routine and to progress on logical lines, the day of the dictator who brought such a betterment of conditions about, no matter how capable he may be otherwise, is done. His real task ends when the business can safely navigate without him. This point is readily determined in the case of a nation, an industry or an ordinary business by the same means by which is determined the point and the day when a receiver of a corporation finds his duties brought to a close and asks for his discharge.

AT TIMES some of the great American industries have faced crises in their existence and passed through perilous months or years. And though the fact is not generally known to the public, these great business structures, each worth its salt and worth fighting to save, each representing high forms of constructive industrialism and therefore of moment and vital to many thousands, even to millions, of people, andwhose welfare is bonded with that of the whole country, under circumstances involving critical turns in their history, have placed themselves unreservedly in the hands of strong and able men whom they have at the same time vested with arbitrary and czaristic powers.

The ever-increasing magnitude of modern industry makes it a field for diplomacy of a new type—novel, I should say, rather than new. It is merely the political system applied to business. It is to be noted that it is thus applied *only* where an industry is threatened with disaster or chaos. But it is my opinion that the general method has become a fixture as modern business more and more expands into dimensions heretofore only thought of in connection with nations and governments.

Training Future Tribesmen

By T. CAMERON TAYLOR

DOWN in the forests of Kamerun, French Congo and the Nigerian frontiers, the equatorial tribes have organizations which are the equivalent of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides.

Acceptance in the order is marked by a special dress. It consists, often, in a close-hung screen of palm fronds, enveloping the 'Scout' from his waist downward. They have their signs and signals, and frequently a special variation of the local dialect.

In certain districts no common male person may address the novitiates should they be met with.

They are given the tribal laws, and made acquainted with the punishments attendant upon any infraction of these: forest lore and instruction; the tribal animosities and the grounds for these; the tradition of their people.

The principal purpose of the collecting of the boys, however, is for physical instruction. There is made known every possible aspect of those intimate physical matters which in less primitive regions are taken as understood and must not be talked about.

From the seclusion of the forest the initiate returns to his people an educated man. He is quite a personage, an eligible bachelor.

The education of the girls is no less complete than that of the boys in those matters regarded as of paramount importance by the African bush native.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'The Mississippi is truly a Father of Waters,' said the ***Man from Southern Ohio,*** 'even if it does rampage occasionally. There is a navigable water mileage of approximately 15,000 along inland waterways in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys alone, serving a population in excess of 60,000,000 persons in twenty-seven states of our Union. Truly a large system!

'To construct such a system would have meant an outlay of billions upon billions of dollars. You may wonder why it is not used more. Years of study have convinced me that river transportation systems become failures because of too heavy operating costs and too irregular revenue. Small lot shipments mean profit and every waypoint, large or small, is a possible feeder of tonnage. Too often the small ones are omitted.'

* * *

'You constantly hear the advice—"Go to your banker and ask him, before you buy stocks you know nothing about." To this I would add, be sure you know your banker,' said the ***Banker from the Small Town.***

'When a stock salesman invades a community he gets the names of influential key men whose judgment in money matters is respected. He looks for one whose former financial affairs have been successful, if shady. People will follow a man of this type, though they may hold a grudge against him. In every town there is one or two of them with stock in every successful enterprise, many acres of land, and perhaps a fourth of the business buildings on Main Street. They are always first to raise the rent, last to vote for a bond issue, kick the loudest, and give the least to the Red Cross.

'But a man of this type usually guesses right in money matters. Folks wish they knew as much as he does about making money. Such a man is approached by the stock salesman with apparently but one idea—that of selling him a block of stock. Usually the stock salesman fails. The salesman goes away ostensibly disappointed. Next day the salesman returns. He has another proposition. He offers to sell the local financier $10,000 worth of stock, offering an ironclad agreement that he will later dispose of the same stock for $15,000. There is one proviso. The financier agrees to write a letter that he has invested $10,000 and believes it to be a wonderful opportunity to obtain enormous profits.

'Then the stock salesman spreads the news broadcast that he has sold "old man so-and-so" $10,000 worth of stock. It must be good. Word is quietly passed around that the stock will soon advance in price. Later a definite date for the advance is set. With the confidence that the local financier's purchase creates, the stock salesman makes a killing. Everybody who can beg or borrow $100 to $25,000 buys a block. A few days before the advance is due the stock salesman disappears. That is the last the community ever hears of him.

'What happens to his agreement to sell the $10,000 block of stock for $15,000? Nothing. He has written the agreement in his own name. The so-called company he represents is in no way responsible. They do nothing. They already have the money. The local financial genius doesn't dare let it be known that he entered into it only because he thought he was going to unload the stock on his neighbors at a handsome profit. He keeps mum and pockets his loss.'

* * *

'If, as Henry Ward Beecher said, we are richer for what we give up, rather than what we pick up, I am much richer for having given up my viewpoint as to hospitals,' remarked the ***Woman from Upstate.*** She had been in a local hospital for six weeks and was now on her way home.

'All my life I have had an aversion to them,' she went on. 'My husband felt the same way. During the various occasions that arose in our married life requiring the services of a nurse or a physician, we always insisted on treatment at home. Later, when my husband became an invalid, we still used the home, for he had begged me not to let him be taken to a hospital.

'Since his death, I have been living quietly upstate, until one night recently I was rushed down here and for the first time found myself in one of those institutions that I had always tried to avoid. To be frank, all my preconceived notions vanished. The attendants were most courteous and my care was excellent. When time came to leave, I almost dreaded the parting.

'Now that I have found my previous ideas to be wrong, I am wondering how much of my life might have been changed if I had had a different viewpoint. Why do we carry these unfounded and hurtful prejudices throughout our lives, unwilling to listen to the experience of others, only to learn, after it is too late, that we have been so unnecessarily wrong?'

* * *

'The man who seeks to clothe himself with raiment from another will only find a misfit,' said the ***Visiting Pastor.*** 'Our own material must be used. We may do much, as members of an organization, but let us not sacrifice a personal conviction to gain popularity.

'Although individualism may end in selfishness, intolerance and vanity, these are less to be feared than the lowering of life to conform to the policies which attract the multitude.

'Justice and culture can never be created by political parties or literary clubs. Being personal attributes, they must come from the individual heart. And if society ever becomes temperate, chaste, just and honest, it will be not because of acts of legislation but because each individual so lives within himself.

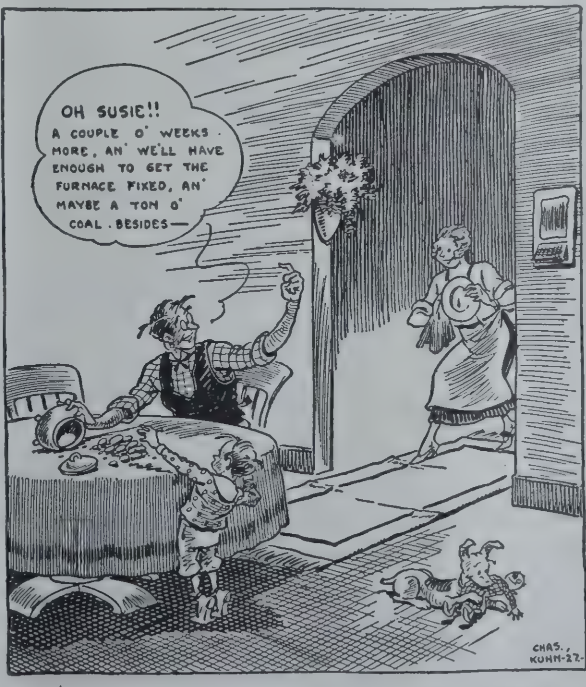
'Associated work has many advantages and uses, but it can never take the place fully of individual effort. Political parties and business corporations often adopt means to accomplish ends which those composing them as individuals would not adopt.'

* * *

'The group of Thinkers who call themselves Equitists are not Socialists,' said the ***Political Economist.*** 'They are individualists. They are far from being anarchists, for they would not seek to alter or eliminate government. Their remedy is based on an elimination of the fictitious "gold standard."

'If we would adopt a work-unit money, say the Equitists (who plan a new system of banks on new principles of banking to handle this work-unit credit), that is, if we would require that every dollar issued be issued *solely for an hour's adult human work*, and no one would have to pay money for anything but human work, this would put an end to pauperism.

'Involved in the plan is the organization of mutual banks by people acquainted with one another; that is to say, by people of the same communities, the same towns, the same cities, the same states, the same nations. In these banks the people agree to redeem their checks by their work and to accept the checks of one another, likewise redeemable by work and by work only. All the people being thus organized, and all the banks coöperating through a clearinghouse system, makes possible an up-to-date application of the work unit to modern industrial processes. Every person thus having a checking account, depositing all checks received and issuing new checks for all "payments" (orders), no "currency" would be necessary.'


OH SUSIE!! A COUPLE O' WEEKS MORE, AN' WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH TO GET THE FURNACE FIXED, AN' MAYBE A TON O' COAL. BESIDES—
CHAS. KUHN-22-

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

SPEAKING OF BUDGETS.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. When was the frigate Constellation *placed out of commission?*

Answer. The U. S. frigate *Constellation* is still in commission, the oldest commissioned ship in the Navy. She is a training ship at Newport, Rhode Island.

* * *

Q. How long a term did President Harding serve? To whom was he married?

A. Warren G. Harding served as President of the United States from March 4, 1921, to August 2, 1923. He was married in 1891 to Florence de Wolfe, a widow, daughter of Amos Kling, a banker of Marion, Ohio.

* * *

Q. Who were the members of President Harding's Cabinet?

A. Cabinet members appointed by President Harding were: Secretary of State, Charles Evans Hughes; Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew W. Mellon; Secretary of War, John Wingate Weeks; Attorney-General, Harry M. Daugherty; Postmaster General, Hubert Work; Secretary of the Navy, Edwin Denby; Secretary of the Interior, Albert Bacon Fall; Secretary of Agriculture, Henry Cantwell Wallace; Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Clark Hoover; Secretary of Labor, James John Davis.

* * *

Q. What colonies did Germany lose through the World War?

A. By the Treaty of Versailles Germany ceded all her overseas colonies to the Principal Allied Powers. She thus lost in Africa the Cameroons (divided between France and the British Empire as mandatories); Togoland (to Great Britain as mandatory); Southwest Africa (to the Union of South Africa as mandatory); East Africa (to Great Britain and to Belgium as mandatories). These territories include some 18,000 Germans and between 12,000,000 and 13,000,000 natives. In the Pacific she lost the Marshall Isles (ceded to Japan as mandatory); Samoa (to New Zealand as mandatory); Nauru Island (to the British Empire as mandatory). She also renounced outright to Japan the Shantung Peninsula, a province returned to China in 1921. In addition to all these cessions of territory, Germany lost all of her state property, movable and immovable, in her colonies. She was further obliged to cancel all her valuable treaty rights, capitulations and concessions with countries like China, Liberia, Siam, Egypt and Morocco. An absolutely clean sweep was made of her transmarine possessions, properties, powers and rights. Even the property and stations of German missionaries were to be handed over to the trustees, and the individual missionaries controlled or expelled from the mandated territories, at the will of the mandatory.

> *In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.*

* * *

Q. I should like to have the names of the governors of the various states.

A. The governors of the states are as follows: (D—Democrat; R—Republican).

Alabama, Bibb Graves, D.; Arizona, George W. P. Hunt, D.; Arkansas, John E. Martineau, D.; California, C. C. Young, R.; Colorado, Wm. H. Adams, D.; Connecticut, John H. Trumbull, R.; Delaware, Robt. P. Robinson, R.; Florida, John W. Martin, D.; Georgia, L. G. Hardman, D.; Idaho, H. C. Baldridge, R.; Illinois, Len Small, R.; Indiana, Ed. Jackson, R.; Iowa, John Hamill, R.; Kansas, Ben S. Paulen, R.; Kentucky, Wm. J. Fields, D.; Louisiana, Oramel H. Simpson, D.; Maine, Ralph O. Brewster, R.; Maryland, Albert C. Ritchie, D.; Massachusetts, Alvin T. Fuller, R.; Michigan, Fred W. Green, R.; Minnesota, Theo. Christianson, R.; Mississippi, Dennis Murphree, D.; Missouri, Sam A. Baker, R.; Montana, J. E. Erickson, D.; Nebraska, Adam McMullen, R.; Nevada, Frederick B. Balzar, R.; New Hampshire, Huntley N. Spaulding, R.; New Jersey, A. Harry Moore, D.; New Mexico, R. C. Dillon, R.; New York, Alfred E. Smith, D.; North Carolina, Angus W. McLean, D.; North Dakota, A. G. Sorlie, R.; Ohio, A. Vic Donahey, D.; Oklahoma, Henry S. Johnson, D.; Oregon, I. L. Patterson, R.; Pennsylvania, John S. Fisher, R.; Rhode Island, Aram J. Pothier, R.; South Carolina, John G. Richards, D.; South Dakota, W. J. Bulow, D.; Tennessee, Austin Peay, D.; Texas, Dan Moody, D.; Utah, George H. Dern, D.; Vermont, John E. Weeks, R.; Virginia, Harry Flood Byrd, D.; Washington, Roland H. Hartley, R.; West Virginia, Howard M. Gore, R.; Wisconsin, Fred R. Zimmerman, R.; Wyoming, Frank C. Emerson, R.;

HURRY OUTO MA, HERE COMES TH' COOK STOVE AN' TH' PIANY!

—Donahey, *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

NOW THAT AIR FREIGHT IS HERE!

* * *

Q. What was the approximate total strength of the Canadian Army in the recent war? How many were drafted and what were the casualties during the war?

A. During the war, Canada provided 628,964 men of whom 465,984 enlisted voluntarily, the remainder being added under the Military Service Act which went into effect in the winter of 1916-17. The casualties in the Canadian forces during the war were placed at 213,268 of whom 55,205 were killed or died of wounds or disease.

* * *

Q. Will you kindly give me some information regarding the Madeira Islands and their inhabitants?

A. The Madeiras are a group of islands in the North Atlantic Ocean belonging to Portugal and consist of two inhabited islands named Madeira and Porto Santo and two groups of uninhabited rocks named the Desertas and Selvagens. The area of the group is about 315 square miles, of which about 300 square miles are included in Madeira. Madeira is a collection of mountains of volcanic origin, but it has no active volcanoes at present. The scenery is magnificent, the deep valley known as the Curral das Freiras being especially picturesque. The coasts are generally high with precipitous rocky cliffs. Madeira is noted as a health resort because of the uniformity and salubrity of its climate. The inhabitants are of Portuguese descent with probably some intermixture of Moorish and Negro blood among the lower classes. The population of the islands is about 170,000. The dominant religion is Roman Catholic but the Church of England and the Free Church of Scotland are also represented. The archipelago is officially styled the district of Funchal; it returns members to the Portuguese Cortes and is regarded as an integral part of the republic. The district is subdivided into eight communes and is administered in accordance with the same laws that regulate local government in Portugal.

BRIEFLY TOLD

THE SAXOPHONE WAS NAMED after its inventor, Antoine Joseph Sax, of Belgium and Paris.

BOTH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, who deeated Napoleon at Waterloo, and Napoleon were afraid of cats.

COWS FOUND IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS are aid to be the smallest in the world, being only four feet high.

THE CUSTOM OF BUYING AND selling slaves is still practised in Abyssinia where hundreds of human beings are sold on the block each week.

AN INMATE OF A PRISON AT Birmingham, England, committed suicide by swallowing wo hair combs, a toothbrush handle, two poon handles and twenty metal links from a spring mattress.

NEAR POMONA, CALIFORNIA, IS a roadside café that will oblige its patrons by frying he trout caught by them in the little brook unning through the restaurant grounds.

THE POST OF ASSISTANT SECRETARY of the Navy has been held by four members of the Roosevelt family, Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and T. D. Robinson, a nephew of Theodore Roosevelt.

A NEW PARIS MAGAZINE, *The Feline World,* is devoted only to 'literary, artistic, scientific and other news concerning the feline tribe and its biped friends.'

N ORDER THAT THE DIN of a busy treet shall not make indistinguishable the voice of the traffic officer on duty, the Camden, New Jersey, police department has intalled loud speakers in many of its most important traffic towers.

AMONG A NUMBER OF ALIENS recently admitted to citizenship by a United States federal judge was one Constantinos Vaselogiannagopoulos. By permission of the court his name became Gus Vassel.

A MAN'S CHANCES OF drowning are eleven times greater than those of a woman, declares Horace Weir, wimming instructor of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A., basing his tatement on drowning statistics ompiled for last year. This 11 to 1 atio is due, he says, to man's carelessness in attempting feats beyond his ability.

TWO INCHES IS THE average thickness of the hippopotamus' skin.

EACH EASTER MONDAY THE members of the 'Honorable and Ancient Order of Henpecked Husbands' esape from their wives to spend a day in doing things forbidden in heir homes. The success of this year's festival, held at a secret meeting place near Halifax, England, has added many names to the list of those eagerly awaiting membership.

ACCORDING TO PROFESSOR Koellicker, a Swiss zoölogist, fish are not deaf and dumb, and in the depth of the sea give forth a buzzing sound which contains a certain amount of harmony and gayety.

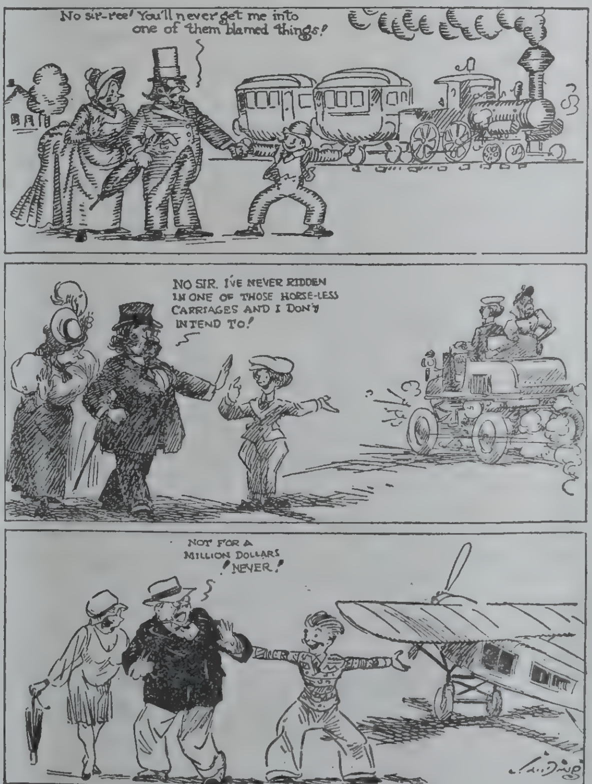
A FRENCH CONCERN IS planning a series of excursions into the suburbs of Paris on Sundays in stagecoaches of the days of Louis Philippe with coachmen in top-boots and gayly colored livery.

THE BAGPIPE IN ITS ORIGIN has been traced to ancient Greece, Persia, and Chaldea. The instrument is believed to have been introduced into Scotland by the Romans.

WHEN COAL WAS FIRST offered for sale in this country by Colonel Shumacher he was threatened with arrest 'for having fraudulently attempted to sell black stones for fuel.'

'WORSTED' THREAD OR yarn is so called because it was first made, early in the 15th Century, in Worstead, Norfolkshire, England. The name of the town was at that time spelled Worsted.

ICELAND'S LEGISLATURE, known as the Althing, is the oldest existing legislative assembly in the world, having been established in 930. The thousandth anniversary of the first settlement of Iceland was celebrated in 1874.


No sir-ree! You'll never get me into one of them blamed things!
BATH
NO SIR. I'VE NEVER RIDDEN IN ONE OF THOSE HORSE-LESS CARRIAGES AND I DON'T INTEND TO!
NOT FOR A MILLION DOLLARS NEVER!
Darling

—Darling, in the *Detroit News.* (c) N. Y. *Herald-Tribune.*

BUT WE ALWAYS DO.

JAMES HOLLOWAY, LONG ISLAND tree-grafting expert, has an apple tree in his orchard which is now bearing thirty-five varieties of apples.

THE BEST APPLE PIE AT the Wisconsin State Fair was baked by a man—Patrick Duffy of West Allis, for twelve years an assistant hotel steward.

A LONDON, ENGLAND, REAL ESTATE firm has adopted the practice of showing motion picture films of its properties to callers interested in purchasing or renting.

SALES OF LIFE INSURANCE in the United States now average $27,000,000 a day including Sundays, as compared with $17,000,000 daily in 1922.

NEW YORK CITY'S 2,000 TRAFFIC policemen are being summoned to police headquarters in groups of 100 and 150 for special instruction in the proper way to raise, wave and flip their hands so that the motions will be entirely uniform.

A RARE BOOK WAS FOUND in an old bureau drawer by Mrs. Bettie Wilson Neville of London, England. It is the first drill book of the United States Army, prepared by Baron Von Steuben, friend and aide to George Washington, and published in 1794. The only other copy known to exist is kept under close guard at the United States Military Academy.

BY THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER transatlantic fliers had won $40,000 in prize money and were competing for an additional $75,000.

ASSYRIA WAS THE FIRST country to employ kilts as national dress.

ST. YVES, 'THE ADVOCATE of the Poor,' is the lawyers' patron saint. Legend relates that when St. Yves presented himself at the gates of Paradise, St. Peter inquired, 'Who are you?' St. Yves replied, 'An advocate.' 'Come in,' said St. Peter, 'for we have not yet a lawyer.' When his removal from Paradise was later demanded, St. Yves countered, 'I cannot resist, but it must be done regularly; my expulsion must be notified to me by a sheriff's officer.' Since no such functionary could be found in Paradise, St. Yves remained.

UNMARRIED MALES OF KOREA are not permitted to wear hats or to tie up their hair.

EXPERIMENTS SHOW THAT light gray, worn by West Point cadets, is the color first lost to sight in the field. Scarlet is the second least conspicuous color, with dark gray, blue and green following in the order named. In target practice scarlet has been found the most difficult color to hit, while, under the rays of an electric light, light green is almost invisible.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week tells of the Passing of the Old Era and the coming of the New.

* * *

Gari Melchers, whose painting *Mother and Child* is reproduced on the front cover, is an American artist of repute, and was born in Detroit, Michigan. The original of *Mother and Child* hangs in the Luxembourg Gallery.

* * *

The poem on page 2 of the cover—'Apples Dropping'—is by Lizette Woodworth Reese, poetess of Baltimore, Maryland. She is the writer of a number of books of verse which are highly regarded.

* * *

French economists neglect the most important commodity sold to America, namely, France herself. The total spent by American tourists in France far exceeds the total of all French products exported to this country. Louis C. Karpinski, who has been residing abroad for some time, contrasts American and French industrial methods and points out some of the things preventing more cordial relations between the two countries. (p. 1)

* * *

While a preponderance of books and magazines originates in the Northern States, the South is making rapid strides in a literary way. In a review by Aaron Hardy Ulm, we are made acquainted with a number of leading Southern magazines of criticism. While their circulation is small, their influence is felt not only in the South but in every part of the country. (p. 2)

* * *

Sic transit gloria mundi. What sort of man was the author of *Moby Dick?* The name of Herman Melville has only recently been rediscovered—seventy-five years ago the critics were praising him with 'almost hysterical adulation.' Julian Hawthorne knew Melville as a caller at the little red house in Lenox, and heard more than one tale of sea adventure from the lips of the master. Melville was always accompanied on these trips by a dog. (p. 3)

* * *

Most of the music heard by the visitor in Europe originates in 'Tin-Pan Alley.' In only a few spots does one find the passion for national melodies. Spain is one of these. William Carl Chapman describes the sardana music of the Catalans, one of the groups of people forming Spain. Their national characteristics are highly developed, and in this dance the inherent democracy of the Catalans is symbolized. (p. 4)

* * *

When a fine watch begins to run faultily and, left to itself, becomes more and more untrustworthy, its condition justifies a visit to a watchmaker. That is why industry at times must seek a watchmaker, in other words, a business czar. A dictatorial personality may be able to bring order out of chaos, but he must dominate the industry completely. These and other points are discussed by Morgan D. E. Hite in a companion article to one which appeared in a recent issue. (p. 5)

* * *

Because of its proximity to the earth, the planet Mars has received the close attention of scientists for many years. While numerous theories have been advanced, the chief point of interest, the existence of life, remains unsolved. Oscar Lewis tells us some of the things which are definitely known, and points out some of the difficulties under which astronomers work in their study of our heavenly neighbor. (p. 6)

* * *

Four residents of old Chickamauga survive today to tell of their experiences during the Battle of Chickamauga in September, 1863. In this historic battle, more than 33,000 men were slain or wounded. A Governmental reservation now marks the spot and hallows it for both the Blue and the Gray. Larkin H. Poe, one of the survivors, lived on a homestead inside the battle area. His description of his return to find his family missing is most vivid. (p. 7)

* * *

When the Fiftieth Congress was called to order forty years ago, thirty-seven of the seventy-six senators were veterans of the Civil War. Today, but one veteran remains in the Senate, and one in the House of Representatives. When these two have served their terms, Senate and House alike shall know no more any who bore part in the war bweeen the states. (p. 12)

* * *

Christianity has been called a slave morality, a relic of the age of superstition. The universe has been described as a 'mechanical system,' or as a fortuitous concourse of atoms. To refute the charge that this religion makes cowards of men, Charles J. Finger, well-known for the tales he has told of great adventures of bygone days, relates some thrilling episodes of the Arctic. They are from the annals of the Northwest Mounted Police. (p. 14)

* * *

Around Lake Geneva by road is about 105 miles, and few bicycle trips could be more magnificent. The River Rhone at its source; Mont Blanc overhead; the Alps; the deep blue of the lake itself; Lausanne; the haunts of Voltaire, John Calvin, Madame De Staël, and Rousseau are among the delights of the trip. (p. 16)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Los Angeles, Cal.

Your article 'From Greeley to Gump' is quite right The public is not to be blamed, but rather the Press itself.

The old-time journalism is dead, and so the reader takes refuge in the only thing in a paper in which he cannot be deceived, the joke. If he gets now and then a little fun out of them, though the jokes are mostly idiotic enough, at least he feels his confidence has not been abused.

A. SPARLING.

Savona, N. Y.

The article on Benedict Arnold by Randolph G Adams in a recent issue quite fails in its aim to raise the name of the archtraitor from the list of the damned to that of the merely damaged souls. To begin with his inference that the stern ideas of New England (that section produced so many traitors) and his mother's too ardent appeals were predisposing causes somewhat extenuating his crime sounds too much like the guess of the psychoanalyst earning a fat fee for defending the son of a millionaire on trial for murder.

As to the plea that Arnold felt somewhat freed from his obligation to the American cause by the entry of the old enemies, the French, as allies, the weight of that is materially less because of the fact that the French had aided from the first and that their formal entry into the war had occurred in February, 1778, fully two and a half years before the attempted betrayal of West Point.

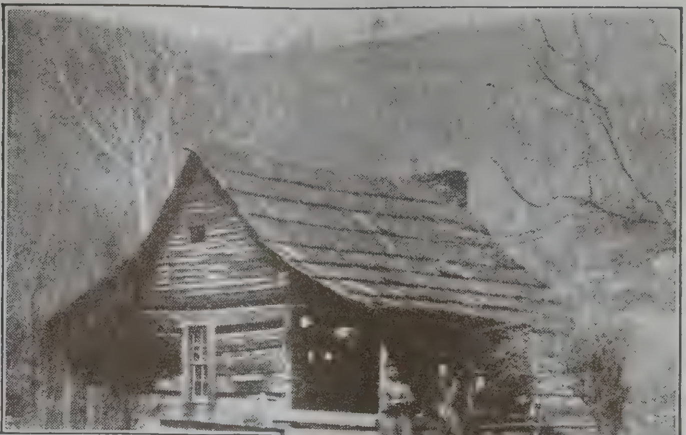
If Arnold had many annoyances he merely shared the fate of Schuyler, Greene, Hamilton, Franklin, and of Washington himself. The undisputed facts remain that he had held high commands throughout while fighting, and that, disabled, he was given the best post in America—that of governor of Philadelphia. When in trouble, as he usually was because of his own egotism, he ever had the powerful aid of George Washington by the special betrayal of whose confidence in getting him the command of West Point Arnold rendered his treason doubly foul.

In his praise of Arnold's exploits, Mr. Adams has failed to outdo any standard history of America which the reader may open. But the betrayal of his country and his chief, his raid against his native state, will ever rank the name of Benedict Arnold with that of the less-romantic and colorful Judas Iscariot.

A. L. SPENCER.

Mountain Districts of the SOUTH

Being Unlocked *by* Present-Day Penetration



Cherokee Indian cabin on the Cherokee Reservation in the mountains of western North Carolina. President Jackson drove out most of the tribe to Indian Territory, but a few fled to the mountains of North Carolina and about two thousand of their descendants live on that reservation today. They are law-abiding and moderately industrious, and lead the primitive life of the poor whites of the region.

Eastern Kentucky has in its mountains many such homes, log cabins of two rooms separated by a 'dog trot.' This home stands on a newly built road which runs eastward to the mountains of North Carolina from Berea, the mountain college town.

Little country stores, far from the main highways, are still found in the mountains of eastern Kentucky. This one is on a road that is a creek when water is running. Autos are rarely seen in these regions; horseback is the common mode of travel.

[—*Ewing Galloway Photos.*]

Sunday morning chapel finds most of the girls at Berea College in attendance. They are here seen on their way home. The nearly three thousand students of this college are practically all studying to be teachers, and to carry back to their home districts the culture they receive, thus proving Berea a mountain college for mountain folk.

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THOSE who try to appear what they are not would make a better appearance by being what they are. Most people who try to appear better than they are, are really better than they appear to be. No amount of pretense can improve on the original. Character subtly makes itself known through every disguise; and this is a very comforting fact, since the character is usually so much better than the caricature. Be yourself . . .

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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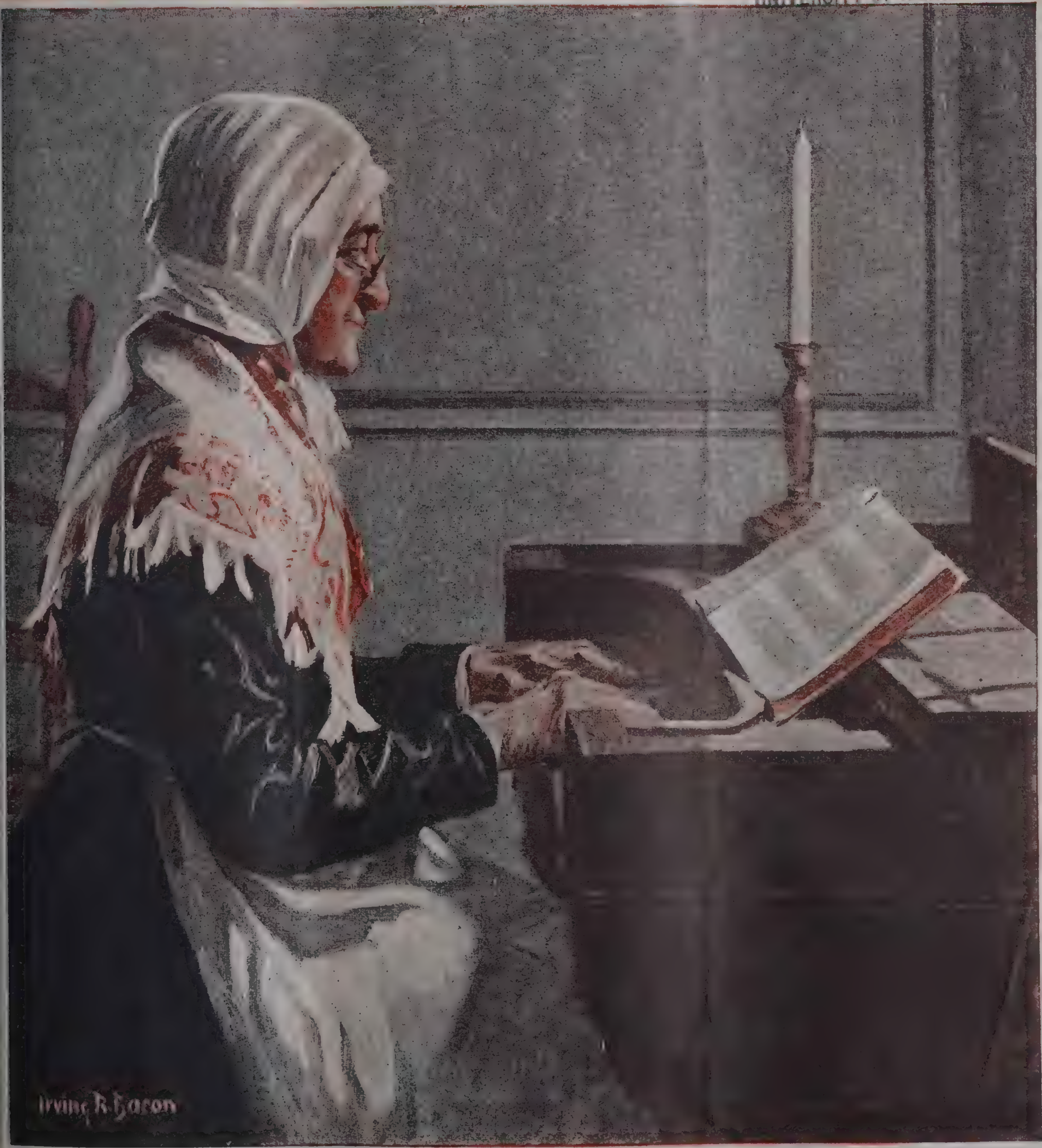
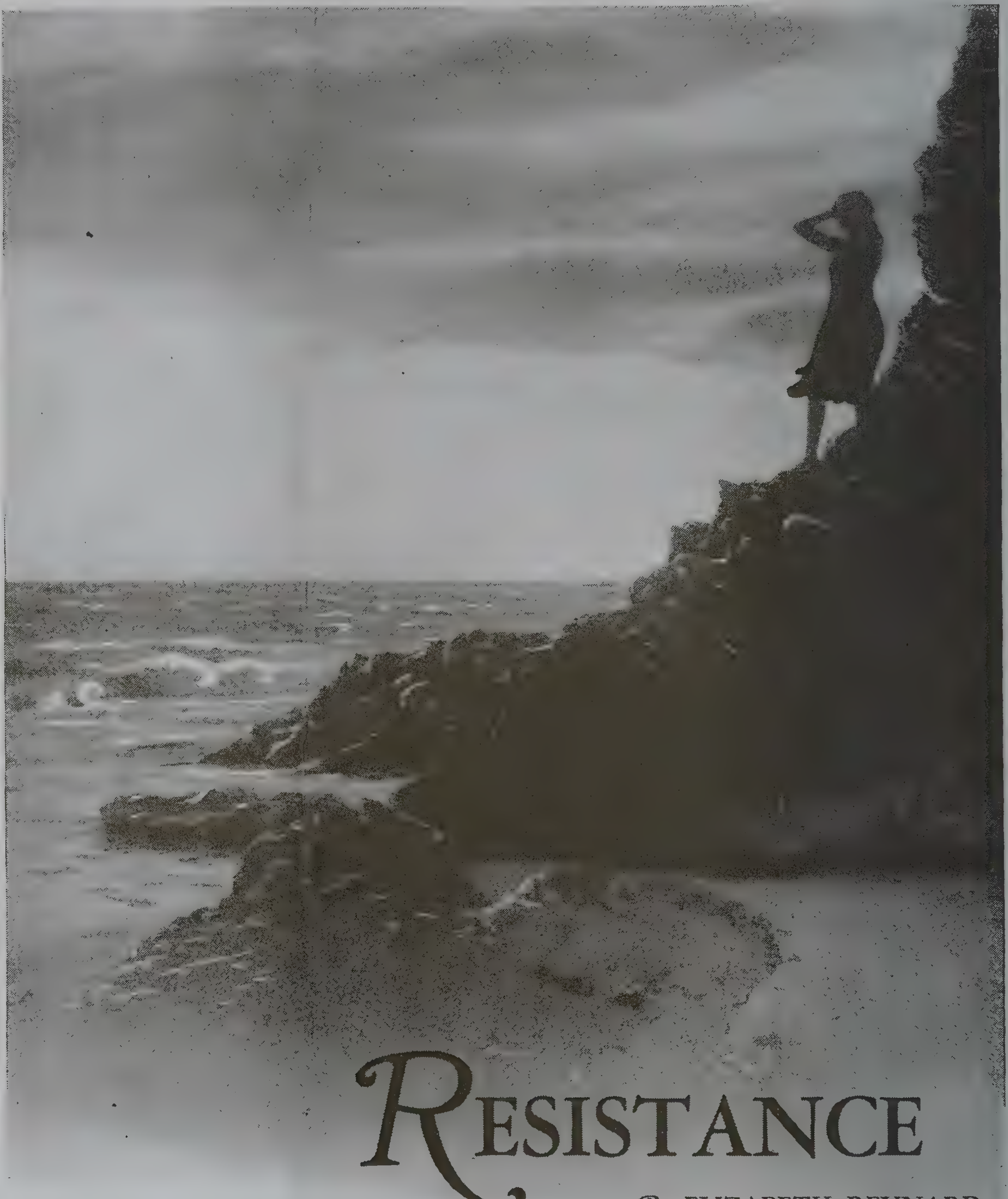


IN GRANDMOTHER'S TIME - - - Florence Taft Eaton



RESISTANCE

By ELIZABETH REYNARD

MAKING an even pattern of the days,
I find an art in laziness and laughter,
Only that memories come tumbling after
A color or a phrase;
Only that when the light plays
On a young face my heart leaps up in
wonder.

This is a peace that I create to save
My soul from Michael's sword, God's
thunder,
Devil's rack, and plumed wave
Of angel's wings, for I shall not drift under
Oppression of acceptance till my time comes.

Days come up and break like waves,
rain drums,
And sun fuses color and color. Grass
grows
And grass dies, and under it lies
Blind mole,—and unborn rose.

And of this laziness and laughter
I take courage and win faith,—
Only that echoes ride the rafter,
And smoke rises—like a wraith.

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Volume 27
Number 50

LITTLE ESSAYS *From a* NORTHERN COTTAGE

On LIKING ONE'S OWN TIME

By HUGH WALPOLE

Rest in Mount Pisgah National Forest, North Carolina.

AS I SIT in my garden here listening to the shepherd halfway up Cat Bells calling to his dog, hearing the stream, enriched with the storm of the last two days, sing through the thick grasses at the edge of the wood, and as I catch the soft refrain of the wood pigeons down by the lake, it is easy enough perhaps, for the moment at least, to be contented with my own time.

I have been aware during the last few years of a growing chorus of expostulation with our own poor generation. One of the troubles of our modern civilization is that you are made aware by press and telegraph and radio of every whisper; and the disillusioning whispers are naturally louder than the contented ones. A contented whisper also is considered a very selfish thing. How can you, you are asked, be so careless as to talk about your wood pigeons and your running streams when the world is in such a mess? And then when you enquire as to whether the world is more in a mess than usual, you are asked to look at China, at Vienna, at Mr. Saklatvala in Battersea; and when against Mr. Saklatvala at Battersea you put up Mr. Jones of Putney off on a char-à-banc with his family to Eastbourne, having beyond question more freedom and fun in his life than ever he has had before, you are asked to look again at Lord Pilborough of Bonnet Marches who has had to sell all his Rembrandts and send them to America, and to cut up his beautiful park into villas.

If you still protest, the argument is then given a personal colour. Of course you think your time a good one, just at the moment that you are one of the lucky ones, are doing a job that you enjoy, have enough money to live on, have no encumbrances, are in good health; and the answer to that is the always aggrieved personal one that one's intimate friends should know so little about one, that in truth success is as far away as ever, that money is never enough and, as to health—here one longs to enter into a thrilling history of perilous complaints.

But I believe I have founded my preference for my own time on good reasons. The first is sufficient for me. Here I have Mr. Wells for my supporter because he said only the other day that in all probability a larger proportion of the human race was enjoying comparative happiness and comfort today than ever before in the world's history. Yes, that's something, and it answers at once part of the grudge of dusty roads and piled up char-à-bancs, of beautiful places littered with paper, of the stealthy and unstayable march of the villa.

But if an adversary admits that ground, he retaliates at once by the argument of the General Level. It is probably true, he says, that the General Level has risen and that to pay for it we are losing everything that makes life worth while, we are losing rest and quiet and privacy and all the arts, the beauty of the country, peace of mind, the power of connected thought, decent morality, all religious faith. He admits that the loss of all these lovely things is not entirely due to the raising of the level but rather to the dreadful disruptive forces (a phrase that he loves), to what he calls bolshevist tendencies and (another phrase that he adores) worship of material success, selfishness of individual aim, greedy ambition. He can even, if he wishes, drive all these points into the very heart of my garden; even as I sit here, down the road go three char-à-bancs crowded with shouting school children; my morning paper has columns about the suicide of a gambling financier; my post, which the gallant gentleman on the very slow bicycle has at last brought to me, has invitations to night-club revelries, to excited meetings about bolshevist menaces, invitations to join societies for preserving the few places of beauty still left to us. Think of Jane Austen, my adversary cries, sitting—dear little sharp-eyed lady—in her charming parlour, the snow glistening beyond the windows, the church bell gently ringing, the farmer plodding his homeward way eager to bury himself, as our minister of education has recently reminded us, in the enthralling pages of *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Here I think we touch at the very root of the matter. Half the discontent with our time (only half of it I agree) lies in our poetic imaginings of earlier ages. It is a platitude to remind ourselves of how we look back and see winters forever shining with lovely frost and snow, Junes melting with the glory of their roses under eternal sunshine, families gathered in uninterrupted peace and quiet beneath their fig trees, glorious wars in which everyone wore beautiful armour and was wounded only picturesquely. And the great men, how many of them there were all crowded into one eternally glorious moment—Chatham and the younger Pitt, Marlborough and Nelson, Rembrandt and Velasquez, Keats and Dickens, Da Vinci and Savanarola; compare with these our Churchills and Mussolinis, our Sargents and Augustus Johns, our Kiplings and George Moores; look at the easy splendours of the *Spectator* of Addison and the Essays of Steel and then think of *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Chronicle;* think of Casanova and then turn to Horatio Bottomley; consider Savanarola and glance then at the pale emaciated figure of Dean Inge.

SO IT goes and so it has always gone; you can pick up no memoir or diary of the 17th, 18th or 19th Century without discovering in it lamentations over the present as compared with the past—this possibly with the one exception of the Mid-Nineteenth when everyone great or small seemed to shine with the gloss of self-satisfaction which is, thank Heaven, absent from ourselves. What nonsense it always is and always has been, and what pathetic, glorious nonsense! How stoutly it proves the eternal longing of the human soul for perfection, his exasperation with the shortcomings, mistakes, and inadequacies of his own efforts!

In the Spanish Pyrenees.
—H. Armstrong Roberts.

Well, take the 18th Century if you like, and for your instruction read the three volumes of Parson Woodforde's *Journal.* Here is an old gentleman of excellent birth, of sufficient education, of kindly heart, of benevolent intention; read and discover what a messy, guzzling, insanitary, boring, and uncomfortable life he led; read of those ghastly mountains of food consumed by himself and his neighbors, of the liquor that was drunk, of the physical pains and penalties that followed, and of the only cure for these in violent purges and perpetual bleedings by some incompetent, clumsy physician. Read of the dullness, a dullness of which they were fully aware as you can see from the violence of poor Niece Nancy's querulous complaints; read of the snobbery, of the ridiculous obeisance to the county family, dull and ordinary; read of the discomforts of the travelling, of the complete ignorance of the world's doings, of the superstition and the vulgar buffoonery, of the helpless slavery of the domestic servant, her miserable wages, and the rest. I don't suppose that, in the upper classes at least, they were any unhappier than we; happiness is a matter of individual history and temperament; the upper classes were top dog then and the so-called lower classes knew it and expressed their irritation in the French Revolution. But that the world as a whole is happier now who can possibly doubt?

Or go further if you please and take the Victorian forties and fifties. Read any memoirs of those times and think for a moment of the snobbery, the hypocrisy, the materialism, the sham religious feeling. Not that for an instant I am indicting that period; no period is to be indicted. There were great men and women alive, there were glorious deeds, splendid enthusiasms; but little children were still being pushed up and down narrow chimneys, bulls were still baited, servant girls were still housed in dark, damp cupboards under the stairs.

How many faults my own time has! I am aware of them all, of the cynicism, the immorality, the noise, the discontent; but, as for the cynicism, has it not sprung from a healthy reaction to Victorian falsehood? As to the immorality, are we not halfway to a truer, cleaner perception of the sexual life of man than the world has ever known? As to the noise, do you know that the London streets of the 18th Century with their carts and their cobbles were so clamourous that when you met a friend and wished to exchange with him the time of day you had to go into a shop before either could hear the other speak? As to the social unrest, is it not that very thing which has led in the past to the increased happiness today of nine out of every ten?

TURN for a moment to the arts; here perhaps the complaint is loudest. Doctor Murray Butler, who always delights me because of the silly things he says so solemnly, announced somewhere last week that there was no great man alive in the world today. It must be fine to be so omniscient! Who knows in that mysterious, pulsing force that creates beauty, that is forever at work here and there in the world, what great men there are? Greatness is consecrated by time; no man can say of his own period what time will do with it. The arts never progress; restless persons are forever watching to see them move up and up. But it does not go like that. All that matters is that there should be a constant succession of men and women chosen to awaken in their companions an awareness of truth and beauty. That succession is nobly maintained in our time. Let us take only one instance among many: there are more good writers alive in England today than at any other time in English history,—I do not say great ones. The names are almost endless—Hardy, Kipling, Moore, Bridges, Yeats, Trevelyan, Galsworthy, Bennett, Wells, Santayana, Lawrence, De la Mare, Clive Bell, Virginia Woolf, Roger Fry, Davies, E. M. Forster, Lucas, Huxley, and so on and on; there is more interesting painting among the younger painters—Duncan Grant, Philpot, Gertler, Paul Nash, Dod Proctor, Cundall, Roberts, and so on, than at any time in English painting since the pre-Raphaelites; there is a revival in English music, with Goossens and Bax and Boughton and Holst and Berners greater than any

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Keeping Fit at Fort Leavenworth

By FRANK M. CHASE

IT WAS hot. The July sun beat down hard in Kansas, not sparing the beautiful headland above the Missouri where Fort Leavenworth sits. On such a day nearly any man might be forgiven for not displaying his usual alacrity. Yet when I was presented to the commandant, Brigadier General Edward L. King, a man of middle age and a veteran of years of service, he came to his feet with a promptness which would have shamed many a younger officer, and in the few words that passed between us he showed a keenness and a mental alertness not found every day.

'Military training,' I said to myself as I left his office in tow of a staff officer with more time to talk. But a more enlightening explanation was shortly at hand. Just before luncheon—noon mess, as the army calls it—the General was out in the hall in front of his office, waylaying two younger officers (who weren't very eager) with an invitation to play tennis with him on that wilting, breezeless afternoon.

Keeping fit at Fort Leavenworth means more than mere physical fitness in the officers, though the commanding officer insists upon this also. It is basic to the purpose of the General Service Schools, the mission of which is to keep the higher officers of the United States Army fit to direct the means for your protection and mine.

While this nation is strongly committed against the maintenance of a large standing army, few deny the necessity of a body of officers being kept trained in the latest and best methods of military science, which body may form the nucleus of a larger organization in time of need. To give special training in higher command and in staff work to selected officers of such a body, and to keep up-to-date such military knowledge as they should have—these are the important tasks of the General Service Schools.

Technically, the principal school at Fort Leavenworth is known as The Command and General Staff School. In a way this is a postgraduate institution, carrying on the instruction of West Point and the other military schools. It trains officers for command of brigades, divisions and corps, and for general staff duty with divisions and with corps. Beyond this school lies only the Army War College at Washington, which gives special study to the problems involved in the commanding and directing of the corps, the army, and the group of armies. It also specially trains selected officers for duty with the General Staff in Washington.

Because the Fort Leavenworth School does train for high command, its students are naturally men of maturity, being usually in the forties or thereabout. Only officers of the rank of major, or above, and captains about to become majors, are admitted. These officers are from the Regular Army stationed throughout the United States, and come to Fort Leavenworth out of a desire to fit themselves for the duties of higher command when opportunity for promotion comes to them.

Their training occupies a period of nine months, from September until June. About two hundred and fifty Regular Army officers complete the course each year. The school's graduates also include about fifty National Guard and Reserve officers who come to Fort Leavenworth annually and complete an abridged course. The faculty consists of about sixty officers, ranging in grade from major to colonel.

Although the school possesses points of similarity with college and university, its method of instruction is, in general, more applicatory. Emphasis is placed upon the study of specific cases. Large use is made of so-called map problems, in which a military situation is presented and the student is required to prepare a solution. This may consist in a thorough estimate or analysis of the situation ending in a definite, clear-cut decision, or in the preparation of detailed orders covering the operation involved. Fifty-six such problems, laid around such historic battlefields as Gettysburg and Antietam, were given during the school year 1924-25.

Map maneuvers in which the various units of opposing 'Red' and 'Blue' armies represented by movable cardboard symbols contend against each other in accordance with the decisions and orders of their student officer commanders and staffs, lend further reality to the instruction. Usually both the map problems and the map maneuvers occupy a half-day. Six of the sixteen map maneuvers engaged in last year, however, occupied a full day of eight hours; and one map maneuver, coming late in the year after the officers had acquired some facility in making tactical decisions and transmitting them in clear and concise orders, lasted all day and all night. In this maneuver, which is an annual event, the students are arranged in opposing groups representing corps and division commanders with their staffs, the two groups meeting strategy and matching tactics just as they might be expected to do in a large-scale operation during actual warfare.

Riding hall at Fort Leavenworth.

IN THE so-called terrain exercises and tactical rides, the officers ride out on horseback to a selected area in the country surrounding Fort Leavenworth, reconnoiter, make decisions and issue orders under closely simulated field conditions. While attendance at about one hundred lectures is required each year, the officers have no classroom work in the accepted sense. Instead they have nearly three hundred conferences a year, in which the instructors and the groups into which the students are divided to facilitate their handling talk over the various subjects under study.

'A typical day's work for the student officer,' said Major Elvid Hunt, one of the instructors who showed me through the various departments of the school, 'begins at eight-thirty in the morning, with conferences and lectures lasting until noon. On three afternoons of the week he solves a practical military problem lasting from one o'clock until five, either in the map room or on horseback somewhere in the region about the school. During the winter he receives about three hours of riding instruction a week, finding time in the remaining hours of the afternoons for perhaps three hours of voluntary recreation.

'The evenings are pretty regularly devoted to study. In the officer's quarters, you may find him, often far into the night, before a large map posted on the wall of his study, sticking into it red and blue pins and placing bits of cardboard to represent opposing forces, adding arrows to indicate the direction of a contemplated advance or retreat, or attaching colored yarn to indicate zones of advance or lines of intrenchment. Perhaps he will be considering principles governing action which the commander might take under certain conditions; or obtaining practice in writing out orders for airplanes, artillery, infantry, or tanks for various operations; or possibly making a study of some operation in the World War involving the development of administrative plans for transporting from twenty to a hundred thousand men from one field of action to another, with due regard for food, ammunition, materials for fortifications, and signal communication.

'In planning large operations officers of the several branches of the Army frequently work together. Thus in the same study group at this school may be an officer from the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, one from the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, and another from the Infantry School at Fort Benning. In such a conference each officer contributes his special knowledge, and so exemplifies the fact that battles are not won by individual effort but by coöperation and coördination.'

The student officers at Fort Leavenworth work harder than ordinary students. Getting down to nearly any kind of school work after none of it for ten or twenty years is no easy matter; and the course prescribed is light neither in amount nor in kind. Because they are carefully graded according to the quality of their work, the officers are also under considerable tension.

For these reasons it is highly important that they have suitable recreation. To this end the school supplies various forms of athletics—tennis, golf, and riding. The Y. M. C. A. stationed at the post also maintains a bowling alley and a swimming pool. Post hops are held frequently, and at the end of each strenuous week the officers and their wives have many social engagements, both in the garrison and in the neighboring city of Leavenworth.

During the school year there are about three hundred and fifty families at the post. The officers and their wives who come here are accustomed to holding positions of influence in their communities, and to taking an active part in affairs. They do the same at Fort Leavenworth. The women have their general club, which is associated with the Federation of Women's Clubs. They belong to the Parent-Teachers Association and see that their children have good schools. Many of them are college graduates and interested in alumni and college affairs. All in all, the life of the community is a busy, humming thing, presenting a vastly different picture from that sometimes drawn of army posts.

Monument by Lorado Taft at Fort Leavenworth.

Fort Leavenworth, establishment of which dates back to 1827, was not always a school. The opening of western trade routes, notably the Santa Fe Trail, in the early part of the last century called for protection against the Indians. To meet this necessity the War Department, early in the year mentioned, ordered Colonel Henry Leavenworth, who was then stationed at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, to ascend the Missouri River, select a site and establish a military post on the east side of the river within twenty miles of the mouth of the Little Platte River.

With four companies of the 3d United States Infantry, Colonel Leavenworth labored up the Missouri on keel boats, the trip requiring about three weeks. On exploring the location indicated by the War Department, however, he found it unsuitable, the east banks of the river being low and subject to flooding. Continuing up the river, he then found an area of high, dominating ground on the west side of the stream about twenty-five miles above where Kansas City now stands. This seemed to him an ideal site for the new post, and upon it he established his camp. This was on May 8, 1827, the War Department giving formal approval to the site the following September.

THE first escort sent out from the post consisted of several companies of the 6th Infantry which, in the spring of 1829, accompanied a caravan going from Independence, Missouri, to New Mexico, returning with it in the fall. Thereafter the post rendered many services in escorting caravans, on both the Santa Fe and the Oregon trails, in quelling Indian troubles, locating commercial routes and in collecting data of scientific and commercial value.

Owing to eastern Kansas having been made into an 'Indian country' in 1830 and the subsequent removal of the Indian tribes east of the Mississippi to their new reservations, Fort Leavenworth found itself in the midst of various troubles with the red man. In ironing out these difficulties the commanders held numerous conferences with the Indians at the post. Near the present flag pole there still stands the time-scarred old tree under which those conferences are believed to have taken place, and around which Colonel Leavenworth's men perhaps camped nearly a century ago.

During the Mexican War, Fort Leavenworth was the outfitting place for the 'Army of the West' commanded by General Kearney. In the two years 1846-47 six expeditions left the post to participate in this war. In 1857 the refusal of the Mormon leader, Brigham Young, to recognize the authority of the United States resulted in the marching of a large body of troops from Fort Leavenworth to Utah. Before this difficulty ended several contingents of troops were sent out from the post over a period of three years. In the Civil War the post again became a center for the assembling and equipping of troops, although then, as for some years later, it was still more or less concerned with spasmodic Indian troubles.

All this, however, pertains to the old and now little-remembered life of Fort Leavenworth. Only a fragment of the old stone wall, with its suggestive loopholes, stands to remind one of the price at which the West was won. Fitting and significant, too, is the fact that the barracks which once housed fighting men are now, in a converted form, the dwelling places of student officers and their families.

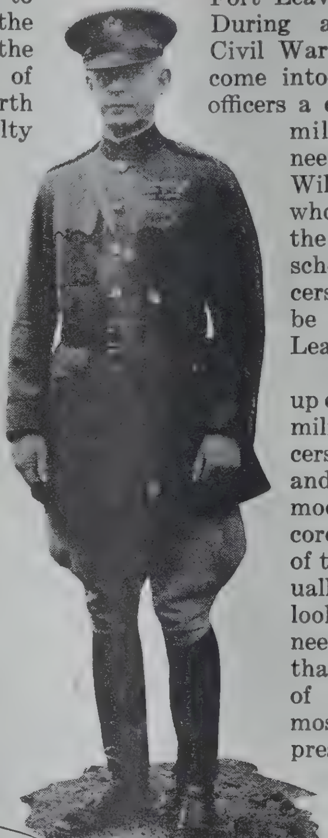
The present era in the history of Fort Leavenworth began in 1881. During as well as after the Civil War many new officers had come into the Army. For these officers a comprehensive system of military education was needed, to which end General William Tecumseh Sherman, who was then in command of the Army, directed that a school of application for officers of infantry and cavalry be established at Fort Leavenworth.

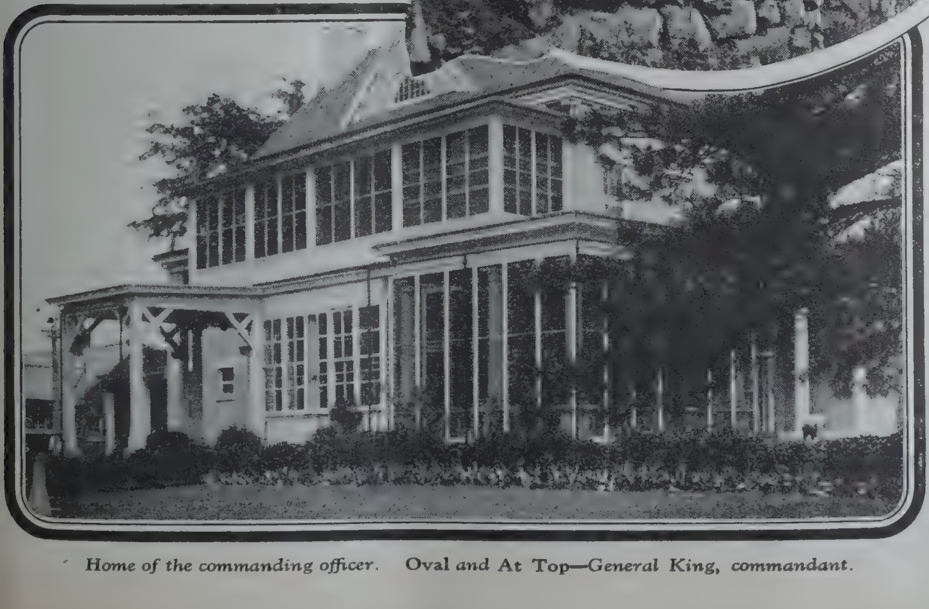
This school tried to make up existing deficiencies in the military education of the officers reporting for instruction, and during the first few years modified its curriculum according to the requirements of the annual classes. Gradually, however, a program looking beyond immediate needs was settled upon, so that by 1893 the schedule of instruction contained most of the essentials of the present course. Departments of strategy, tactics, military engineering, law, and hygiene were included and these are still to be found in the course.

During the years between the Spanish-American War and the World War the school gave instruction to so many officers approaching the rank of field officer that when the World War came there were a considerable number of officers of matured judgment, but still in the prime of life, who had received the Leavenworth training. These officers constituted the framework upon which the American Army in the World War was formed. They also organized and conducted great schools modeled on the one they had attended at Fort Leavenworth. General Pershing himself placed a very high value upon the Fort Leavenworth schools as a factor of American success in the World War.

Returning to Fort Leavenworth, some of those graduates have since played no small part in the reorganization of the school.

The commandant himself, who served as chief of staff of the 28th Division is a graduate not only of Fort Leavenworth, but of both the Army War College and the Naval War College. He bears decorations indicating 'extraordinary heroism' in the Philippines and 'exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services' in France.



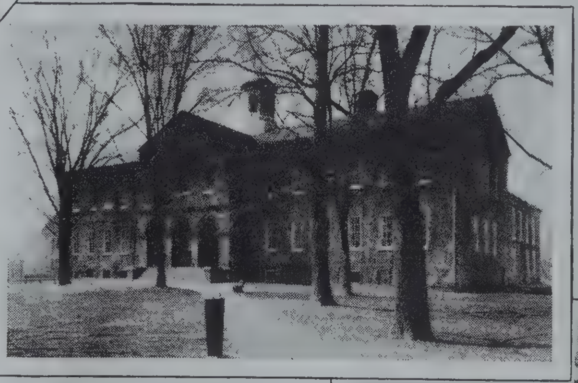


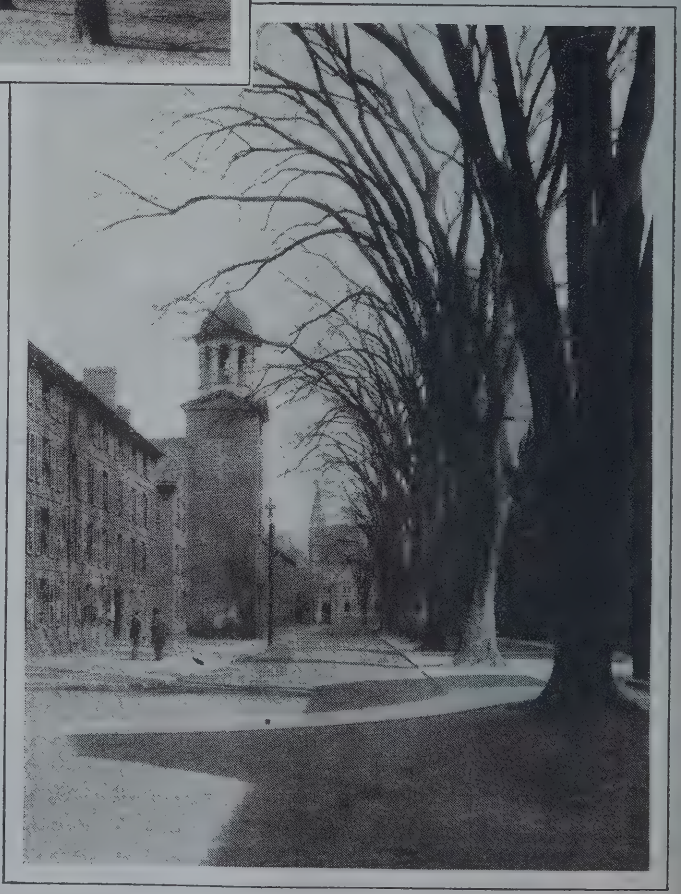
Home of the commanding officer. Oval and At Top—*General King, commandant.*

Paying for HIGHER EDUCATION

By
DR. H. M. CROOKS
President
Alma College

Salem College, which has been operated continuously 156 years.





William and Mary College, the second oldest in America. Right—The old quadrangle at Yale, showing the Chapel.

WHO is to pay the increasing costs of higher education? Ask the question of the ordinary young man just out of high school from the well-to-do home anywhere from Maine to California, or of the average young woman from Washington to Florida, and one is likely enough to receive first the answer, 'I dunno. They'll do it somehow, I suppose.'

If this young person be pressed for a better statement, if a definition of his 'they' be required, he will probably admit that the costs of education have never been his concern. Let this easy-going American youth be told that the taxpayers of America are asking whether they can continue to meet the increasing budgets of state universities, state schools of technology, state normal colleges, and he will possibly suggest, 'Well, they've got to do it somehow, you know; always have.' If he be further informed that representatives of great givers to private colleges have been saying aloud that private philanthropy cannot be expected, in a world of so many needs for every dollar that can be given away, forever to erect buildings and provide endowments that will furnish two-thirds of the students' costs to every one-third of their payments for tuition, he may then, if his processes of thought are fairly developed, remark, 'Well, maybe dad'll have to pay more.'

That's the educational heresy of the year as regards educational costs. Dad must begin to pay more. The college budgeteers have hounded the optimistic college presidents. A new class of business managers, bursars, and the like, many of them recruited from the ranks of hardened business men, have had something to do with it. Trustees have queried the presidents and have said, 'Show us the millionaires who are going to give,' and the president has had to talk only of hopes and half-promises. Troops of students passing the trustees' room are all too much in evidence. The colleges bulge and seethe with them. And the trustees, hard-pressed by the story of need, and not at all sure of the president's ability to touch the pocket nerve of the corpulent, upholstered rich, can see those students, and cannot see the givers. And the cry goes up, 'Why shouldn't they pay more? They look prosperous enough. Why should they buy education at thirty or forty per cent on the dollar?'

In the ordinary small church college with an annual budget of $100,000 a year, students probably pay $35,000 to $50,000 annually in fees, ordinarily less than fifty per cent of the institution's annual cost. In larger and older institutions, with greater endowments and more alumni to steer students to their beloved colleges, large tuition fees are charged, but larger salaries are paid, and less economy is necessary generally. Still the ratio of tuition collected to total annual cost is about the same. Throughout the Middle West few colleges charge more than $150 a year for tuition; in the East $200 to $300 a year is the ordinary fee. State institution fees are usually less than $100 a year for all but professional courses. If the smaller colleges in the Middle West did not keep down the cost of board and room, and did not maintain a more modest social standard, these private institutions could not long com-

The campus of Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts. —Brown Bros.

pete in attracting high school graduates.

If the colleges and private universities have not endowment funds that furnish the major part of the balance required, they must soon close their doors. Annual gifts come also into their coffers from church organizations or from individuals. For these, college presidents and their agents must be ever on the alert. Indeed, the modern college president wanly admits that he is today more of a promoter and solicitor than a scholar and a gentleman of the old school. He does not like it, but his grip is as constantly packed as is a traveling man's, and his knowledge of 'prospects' would make a bond salesman envious.

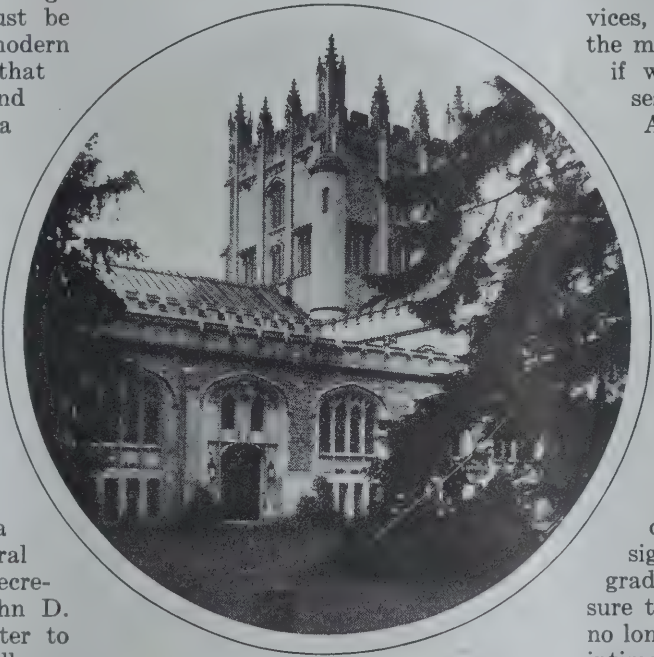
It's a fair question. Why should students not pay full price for education?

There may be an answer to the effect that they should not, but the question isn't eliminated.

Trevor Arnett, once bursar of the University of Chicago, for a time secretary of the General Education Board, and now a secretary of an intimate sort to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., spoke last winter to the Association of American Colleges, with perhaps three hundred and fifty college presidents present. He spoke on the same general theme of increased tuition fees to the Association of Urban Universities at another convention.

Now be it known to nonacademic folk that Mr. Arnett is regarded as about the wisest college and university financier in America. Indeed, the younger Rockefeller calls him 'the foremost student of, and writer on, college and university finance in this country,' when he quotes from the addresses above referred to. When Mr. Arnett speaks, college men have the habit of asking, 'Is he speaking for the General Education Board? Is he saying what John D. thinks?' The college executives have profound respect for Mr. Arnett's own wisdom at any time, whether he is speaking his own thoughts, or perhaps intimating what his influential associates in philanthropy think.

The speaker before these learned promoters of educational institutions had an excellent setting. A daring college president, Dr. D. J. Cowling of Carleton, who had read the other motto of Chicago, 'Make no small plans,' had just finished telling what a real college ought to have in the way of cash endowment and in buildings. A college of one thousand students ought to be possessed of endowment to the extent of $8,500,000 and buildings costing $3,500,000. There are many colleges with one thousand students, few of which have half or one-fourth as much money as Dr. Cowling says is necessary to train properly the members of such a student body. In addition there are four or five hundred colleges that know that when their peculiar excellencies are generally recognized they will have each one thousand students or more. Dr. Cowling spoke of the vast riches of America, reminded his audience of the familiar figures of the vast expenditures for gum, cosmetics, tobacco, war and other human vices, and put forth his opinion that the money would come to the colleges if we could only educate the possessors of the money.



—Ewing Galloway.
Library Tower, Vassar College.

And then, in a mild voice not at all lifted in controversy, Mr. Arnett gave voice to his opinion that money for education isn't abundant enough even in opulent America to do what Dr. Cowling and other college men deem is necessary to be done. He proposed a gradual plan for educating American fathers into paying more for tuition. He even suggested that students themselves whose fathers have not enough reserve money to educate their children should sign a series of notes payable after graduation. At any rate he was very sure that the costs of education could no longer be met by philanthropy, and intimated that the wise college educators would raise fees chargeable to the educatees as rapidly as their consciences and their waiting lists would allow.

In June the younger Rockefeller, whose personal gifts to college and university education are probably second only to his illustrious philanthropist father's, quoted Mr. Arnett in his address as presiding officer at the commencement luncheon at Brown University, his Alma Mater. Usually one hears much of 'dear old Brown' or 'dear old Siwash' from such presiding officers. Alumni throng the luncheon tables; perhaps they sing and cheer and roar at stories of the good old days. The ordinary luncheon orator recites anew the glories of his college. Imagine Rockefeller as presiding

(Continued on page 23)

In Grandmother's Time

By

FLORENCE TAFT EATON

I HAVE often thought how interesting it would be if, after we 'have shuffled off this mortal coil,' we could occasionally come back for an 'Old Home Week' and revisit the scenes of our previous existence! Perhaps not, however. There are two points of view always, and there is the possibility of such a visit's revealing conditions not so flattering to our self-esteem as we might fondly anticipate. I am wondering, however, if one could possibly find as spectacular and—to our present imagination—incomprehensible advances into the realm of science, both material and psychological, during a visit fifty years hence as grandmother would find, could she now revisit the scenes of her youth.

The old-fashioned character of the rooms is conveyed by all of the features of the bedroom.

Above—*Front of the house and its aged guardian.*

What would she think, for instance, of pressing a button and illuminating her house? Turning a valve and heating it? Opening the faucet and enjoying hot or cold water at a dozen convenient stations? Conversing with the world, in a comfortable seat by the telephone? Enjoying the best in music and oratory without leaving her own fireside? And what would be her sensation on looking out of her window and beholding the whirling streams of what were vaguely alluded to as a ridiculous possibility, in the last generation, the 'horseless carriage'? It's a dizzying thought—what we might find in the future of progress and development in both known and undreamed-of fields to equal the spectacular changes grandmother would now find could she take a look at the world she left!

I presume that life in grandmother's time in a small New England town was a transcript of that in countless others, and that in reproducing the occupations, pleasures, and duties of one family in one old New England homestead we may get an idea of those common to many.

The particular homestead most familiar to me, the life of which at that time I am now bringing to mind, is the old Taft dwelling house in Uxbridge, Massachusetts, a town adjoining Mendon, where the original Taft, named 'Robert' settled after crossing the water. This particular locality is still the abiding place of countless Tafts. Few, however, are now interrelated. There is a saying that if a stranger, entering town, should address the first ten persons he meets as 'Taft,' he would be correct in nine cases.

Our particular homestead had its hundredth birthday in 1807. It is not especially ancient, as you see, and has kept pace with the times in equipment, repairs, and additions. It is, however, old enough to have been the scene of interesting customs, old ways, and the various activities of grandmother's time, and new enough to be satisfactorily adequate to the far-different requirements of modern family life and to offer promise of kindly shelter to generations to come. The pleasant farm of two hundred acres, extending from broad, river-bordered intervale to forest-capped hills on the west, was originally half of that owned by the first proprietor, who rejoiced in the euphonious name of 'Bazaleel.' He divided it impartially between his two children, settling the homestead and half the farm upon his daughter when she married, and building the house here described for his married son—Bazaleel Junior. Both the houses are shaded by venerable elms and surrounded by wide stretches of velvety lawn. An ancient elm, gnarled, picturesque, and dearly beloved of the family, stretches its protecting branches over grandmother's old home, and the lawn under it has been the scene of many jollifications. In a deep fissure in its trunk was dropped by grandmother's hand, with merry rite and ceremony, a sealed tin case containing a record of the big 'Taft Meeting,' when the Taft kin gathered in the old home town in 1874. Though fifty years and more have passed, the old tree still guards the record: and whose hand shall eventually take it from its hiding place is a question for the future to decide.

A small white-trimmed brick building called the 'office' stands near the homestead, separated from it by the driveway leading to farmyard and farm buildings. This has a right to its name, since it has been used as a law office by three generations of lawyers, the last of whom is the present owner. It has now, however, fallen from its professional estate and in it are assembled various relics of old times—the ancient high desk (there was no luxurious self-indulgence in desk chairs in those days!), the old firearms and powder horn, the ancient 'broad axe' with which the timbers for the homestead were hewn, the queer farm and household utensils grouped around the roomy old fireplace with its antique iron firedogs, the uncomfortable, straight-backed, narrow wooden settle, various flotsam and jetsam, all collected from odd corners and hiding places and brought into the high esteem of modern approval. An old painted bookcase holds a collection of the often curious literature of bygone days—the 'Peter Parleys,' the 'Godey's Ladies' Books,' bound numbers of the *Cultivator*, and many separate volumes of the highly improving and religious compilations of the times. The office consists of this one big room into which one steps directly from the sunny south door, and two minute back rooms, one of which contains the tiniest and most fascinating midget fireplace imaginable. I do not remember ever having seen a fire there, but the blackened bricks affirm its use. There is no sign of closet, cellar, or second story; but I recall the apartment's having been used at one time long ago as a home for a family.

All of the original furnishings are retained in the dining room.

It is roomy, although lacking in conveniences—in comparison with some of the modern apartment houses! It is shaded by a tremendous old sycamore, others shading the road leading to the large house. We children used the office as a playhouse, and established 'museums' in the small rooms, with wondrous collections of country treasure—birds' eggs (I remember our pride and delight in the possession of a humming bird's nest and eggs, tiny and dainty), mosses and lichens, stones and shells. These we proudly exhibited to our elders on their giving the price of admission—ten pins!

The inside of the homestead in the early half of the last century included the ordinary conveniences and necessities of a prosperous family of that time. The original owner purchased the first real carpet in town, but suffered in consequence the invidious criticism that 'it was a pity the old squire had become so proud that he couldn't step on his floors!' He also, having been of an experimental and ambitious nature, substituted, to the grief of the present-day owners, twelve panes of glass instead of the original twenty-four in his front windows. And my mother remembers the townspeople driving down to see the 'big window panes'! He prided himself on the perfection of his plumbing also; and, as a contrast to the usual pump or earlier well sweep, he brought running water into the kitchen sink, where it gurgled and boasted its abundance day and night in a constant stream allowed to trickle into a big pail that it might always be found 'fresh.' Also, with great self-indulgence, he built a long wooden bathtub into a little side room in the washroom ('laundry' would be too ambitious a term) where, in warm weather, if any of the family felt energetic enough, they could carry sufficient hot water from the kitchen stove by a devious route to comfortably dilute the liberal stream of ice-cold water piped into the tub from the hill. Cold 'tubs,' which were an inconceivably ridiculous idea in those days except when warm water was unobtainable, came into esteem in another generation. The waters of the Blackstone River, rippling over a glistening sandy beach at the turn of the stream in the intervale, were pure and clear in those days, and we loved, in summer, to take our primitive bathing suits down and have a grand frolic in this part of the river. On Sunday mornings the men and boys always went down for a swim. One ambitious and well-seasoned denizen of the town took great pride in the fact that he took the river plunge every day of the year, breaking the ice when necessity required!

I cannot remember the sperm-oil lamps which in grandmother's earlier days were esteemed such a luxury; these, with tallow candles for bedroom and round-the-house use, were the illuminating mediums; kerosene lamps, then considered the acme of convenience, came while she was still here to enjoy them. Candle-dipping was one of the regular yearly (*Continued on page 23*)

Back yard. There are many vines and shrubs, and a pear tree 75 years old.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Job of Thinking

THINKING is the hardest work there is, which is the probable reason why so few engage in it. Even to say this about thinking is of doubtful use, because so few have had enough experience of thinking to enable them to judge whether the statement is true or false. If it were possible first to teach the people how to go to work to think, and then to think, there would be hope for all sorts of things.

Just to have ideas is not necessarily to 'think.' Probably the man who comes to you most frequently with 'ideas' is the man who has never thought one through in his life. His only notion of the value of ideas is derived from the excitement which they cause in him. And as some of the best ideas are not exciting or stimulating at all, his judgment on ideas does not indicate even a reasonably competent mind.

> *THE secrets of life are open to the thinker. Thinking is the work of digging to the foundations and has the aid of higher lights. Merely having ideas is not thinking. Our minds, when they are not focused on a worthy work which engages every faculty, become the playground for ideas, but they are other people's ideas, not our own. We prefer the swarm of other people's ideas to our own thinking, because thinking is the hardest kind of work a mortal can do. And just because it is hardest, the higher rewards are reserved to it. Thinking calls for facts, facts are found by digging; but he who has gathered this wealth is well equipped for life.*

It is easy to have ideas, but whose are they, and what are they worth?

Think of the experience of the average mind during the course of the average day. Think of the tens of thousands of impressions, ideas that swarm across it, as passengers over a bridge. From newspapers and signs and voices comes a perfect torrent of ideas respecting all the things in creation, from the merits of a particular brand of chewing gum to the care which is advised for an immortal soul—all these clamor across the mind. And when they stop clamoring, we get books or go to plays to start another procession of ideas. Whose are they? Certainly they are not ours.

So that merely having ideas is not thinking. Merely 'having something on my mind' is not thinking. Merely 'wondering' is not thinking. Merely 'worrying' is not thinking. Merely listening with all intentness to catch and remember something that someone is offering as the essence of wisdom is not thinking.

We have intelligence to spare; intelligence is ability to receive. But we have little thinking. Thinking is creative or it is analytical. Intelligence comprehends the outlines of a thing. Thinking breaks it into its elements, analyzes it, puts it together again.

In the long, long story of the soul of the people, it may be providential that for the present every person is not a thinker. It may be that the earth until this time has not been ready to support races given to thought. It may be that if everyone were a thinker at this stage of our common life, we should find life not so pliable as it will one day become, and so all the thinking would be frustrated. We cannot say positively as to that; at the best it is but speculation; but when you begin to see that possibly everything has been about all that it could be up to the present time, then it may be true that thus far there has been enough thinking, at least as much thinking as could well be.

One feels, however, that regardless of the fact that up to the present time everything has been about all that it could be under the circumstances, there is a sense in which from this moment forward a new era may emerge—if the necessary human components of a new era decide so.

Perhaps the most that one can hope for now is to drive home a conviction that, as a people, we have not done much thinking. If we think we have been thinking and find out that we have not, the jolt of discovery may be of service to us.

It is interesting to speculate whether the brain originates or only transmits ideas, whether the mind really originates thoughts or is a wireless that catches them out of the great invisible and translates them into terms of our experience. A decision made upon speculative grounds may never be entirely satisfactory, but an opinion arrived at by experience may become very useful as a working hint. Most of us will say that ideas have come to us without expectation of our own, certainly without conscious effort of our own, and have not been inferior ideas either. Sometimes it does seem that the air is full of messages and that those whose receivers are attuned to the messages catch them. Whether these are ideas originating in minds all about us and are being broadcast in the ether of universal mind, or belong to a general source of ideas, is a question we play with occasionally. The point is, we don't know.

But we do know that this experience of receiving ideas is a real experience. It seems also that the degree of receptivity is in proportion to the degree of activity on the other side; that is, if one uses the mind quite actively, the mind is thereby made keener to catch impressions which do not seem to originate within it.

And whatever ideas may come, none ever comes without making a demand on the voluntary action of the mind in realizing or fixing its value. The very best ideas when they come tax the intelligence afterward to work them out and make them the useful and general possession of men.

So that, practically, the academic question is settled: the mind is neither one nor the other; it is both. It receives; it also works. But 'thinking' pertains more to that less romantic activity which we call working.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Words

BEFORE the Tunney-Dempsey fight it was estimated by one of the large wire associations that two million words descriptive of the encounter would be flashed around the world by telegraph and cable alone. That is interesting. The story of Creation was told in ten words; the entire Bible contains less than 775,000. But that is not the only interesting comparison. Thirty years ago prize fights were held in back-country barns where the danger of being raided was supposed to be lessened; they were witnessed by scant handfuls of men; the participants were considered fortunate if they earned a hundred dollars or so. Today prize fights are held in stadiums dedicated to the nation's war dead; they are witnessed by thousands of people, men and women; one participant receives a million dollars while the other receives half that sum. What has brought about this extraordinary change? And which is better for the country—the attitude of thirty years ago or the attitude of today? Much hinges on the answer.

Opening the Arctic

AIRPLANES are opening Alaska. Heretofore much of that fabled territory has been inaccessible, so far as practical purposes were concerned. Particularly was this true of that region within the Arctic Circle. It required a month to mush into the interior and another to get out before the winter freeze-up, leaving little time for exploration and prospecting. Aviation has changed all this. The northern parts of Keewatin, the Mackenzie District, Yukon Territory and Alaska are being penetrated by exploring parties depending on airplanes as means of transport. A regular air passenger service is in prospect in the Klondike district between White Horse and Dawson City. It is rumored the Royal Canadian Mounted Police will don wings to patrol the northern areas. Fitted with pontoons in summer and skis in winter, planes are proving invaluable to the hardy pioneers who live on top of the world.

Nor is Alaska alone. Greenland and Baffin Island are largely unexplored, but their secrets will soon be tapped. The interior of Baffin Land remains a blank, its geography unknown. Its mystery will give way before airplanes. Vast regions lie to the north which the eye of man has never seen; they hold vast wealth in minerals and other products, and it is probable that they may be made fertile and productive. Within a few years they may furnish livelihood for countless men. The airplane is not alone a useful machine in populous districts; it opens new opportunities in unknown lands.

The Clergyman Afield

THE clergyman comes in for as much criticism, probably, as any other professional man. Some of the criticism is justified; much of it is not. The most serious reproach, if repetition is taken as the gauge, is that by widening his sphere of activity, the clergyman has lost much of his power of religious leadership.

'People do not care to hear a minister talk about international relations, the stock exchange, or similar matters,' declares Professor McFadyen, noted Glasgow scholar. 'They want to hear about religion, in which he is a specialist. If a minister talks about secular matters in the pulpit there is certain to be some one in the pews who knows more about the subject than he does.'

At first flush this seems a just and pointed criticism. Many churches have lost their mystic religious aura through the injection of secularism; many pulpits have become mere debating rostrums or lecture platforms. Appeals ring out for the return of the old-time religion. But in justice to modern ministers it must be said that changing times have brought complexities to the church as well as to other institutions. New problems are being faced, new leadership is essential. There are moral issues without the church as well as within. If, in attempting to define these issues and solve them, clergymen occasionally step beyond the bounds of pure clericality, theirs at least is the error of zeal rather than of indifference.

One Way—But Dangerous

A UNIQUE experiment in dictatorship may be attempted in Cuba. Legislation is before the Cuban congress which would give their president the power to determine the amount of sugar cane to be crushed each year. A commission working directly under the president would report on world production and consumption; and an export corporation appointed and controlled by him would have jurisdiction in the sales on the world's markets. Thus the president of the island republic would virtually direct the supply of twenty per cent of the world's sucrose.

The wisdom of vesting such power in one man—and that man of necessity a politician—is open to question. The Cuban sugar growers, taking as their example the British rubber monopolists, hope no doubt to establish a monopoly in sugar which will give them handsome returns. But monopolies, particularly of essentials, have an unhappy way of developing boomerang tendencies. Farseeing Englishmen are already doubting the advisability of rubber extortion. There are other ways of making profits than by boosting prices. One is by cutting costs.

The TUSKS of OLD BOUL

A Jungle Idyl

By PAVEL BOULIGIN

NOON scorched. The secret places of the Great Forest smelled of warmish trunks of trees; red and yellow garlands of twining lianas hung clinging and drooping.

A tree swathed in lianas leaned over the cool waters of a small river. A young hairless monkey sat in its branches, alternately hiding her head in her shoulders and shooting it out suddenly to scare an elephant which stood up to his knees in the water.

The elephant was old; he had many scores of years behind him and one of his yellow tusks was broken. He sighed contentedly, covering his broad sinciput with water out of his wrinkled trunk. His ears flapped benignly and his small eyes smiled. This elephant was a special elephant. Long ago he had lived with people and had carried great Menelik on his back during the wars, but when the Negus' rights had become established on the cold heights of Choa in the new capital Addis Abeba (which means 'new flower'), he was retired to the forest in order that he should not serve anybody after him. During one of the many wars of Negus against the robber king of Tigré Mountain, the elephant had saved the life of his master, taking the blow of an enemy lance in his trunk, since which time the warriors of Menelik had esteemed him highly.

Covered with gilded and jingling ornaments he had stood behind the throne in the shadow of a shola-baobab canopy and had learned from Negus Negisty (the King of Kings) how to mete justice. Hence when he returned to the Great Forest all the beasts made him judge, gathering on the sands of the drinking place for Old Boul to settle their quarrels. If any would not abide by his decision, the old black gorilla housewife, whom the whole forest feared, would roar angrily.

The pierced trunk had long since healed but there remained in it for all time a noticeable gurgling whenever he sucked up water, and for this all the beasts called him 'Boul'—Old Boul, Wise Boul, Just Boul. All held him in respect.

But children—especially monkey children—like to tease. The little red lemur was one such and, noticing that there were no grown monkeys about, she jeered at Wise Boul. The old beast did not mind but looked cunningly sometimes out of his mole eyes—and suddenly directed a stream of water in a snaky jet from his trunk! The little red and white whiskered head ducked quickly behind a branch and from the curtain of lianas raised an offended squeak.

Something cracked in the forest. Boul looked toward the jasmine bushes warily. Something glistened, a rifle shot sounded dully, the forest sighed and the old elephant fell heavily with his ponderous body into the water, raising a mountain of splash. Two men with guns emerged from the tangled underbrush and ran to the river.

'That's fine, Mourakoff! right in the eye!' said the first raising the ear which covered the wound. They looked over their prize.

'Listen, Grisha, go get Abatchanaka and bring the saw, while I wait here and watch—or no, let Abatchanaka stay at home; better to bring a couple of *Shankalas* (Negroes) . . . ' and Mourakoff sat down wearily on the sand and lighted his short pipe. Grisha left.

THE sun was starting down and the ashes of the bonfire had long been cold when Grisha returned with two Negroes. They started to work forthwith, but as soon as they noted the head and trunk of the elephant they sprang back:

'*Getta* (master), what have you done? You have killed Old Boul! Negus Menelik! *Tekle-Mariame* will not help you take his tusks—trouble will come!'

Regardless of the curses of their masters, the natives slunk away into the bushes, from which they apprehensively watched the work of the whites. But work did not proceed well, for the white men were inexperienced: the sun reflected a string of rubies and corals in the ripple of the river and painted the upper branches of a strawberry tree on the other bank with red, before the tusks were finally sawed off. As the Negroes refused to carry them, the friends loaded the tusks on their own shoulders and, bent beneath the weight of them, started for home. The servants followed shaking their heads, whispering and looking back.

The sun blazed for the last time and sank into the density of the forest, which at once became dark. The forest uttered its last sound and became silent. Except for the rustle of reeds and the murmur of the current the river flowed on silently too. A lone star looked out, and another, still bluish, and then the night sky of Africa opened out covered with large splashes of icy lights. There were earth lights also: they twinkled in bushes, in grass, and flitted swinging and blinking through the air. The river slime began to breathe more livingly and the voices of the cicadas rose in deafening emulation harmonious with the silence. A milky line of fog marked the river. Night pampering itself floated tremulously over the warm forest. Something shook in the trees, some noise stirred; a full, flat silver disk lit up the thin wind-torn clouds not visible before and, moving out, flooded sky and forest.

It lighted the blue river also with the elephant lying motionless on his side and the jackals busy near it. The stream beat the seconds on the stones. A spotted skin crouched on a tree trunk projecting over the water and, lunging forward springlike, a leopard jumped on the body of the elephant. The jackals disappeared shrieking and Spotty sat down on the hulk, licking his chops. The moon dived into the down of a cloud, contorted it, and swam out again brightly. The leopard noted the head of the elephant. Catlike he jumped side-first to shore.

'Old Boul! Old Boul is dead!' he howled.

'Old Boul is dead! is dead!' repeated several voices hoarsely from tree tops, and a small covey of little green parrots fluttered off the branches of mimosa where they were about to go to sleep, and flew into the night to spread the unusual news.

THE leopard sniffed the cold ashes of the bonfire. A large ugly gorilla came out from the forest density.

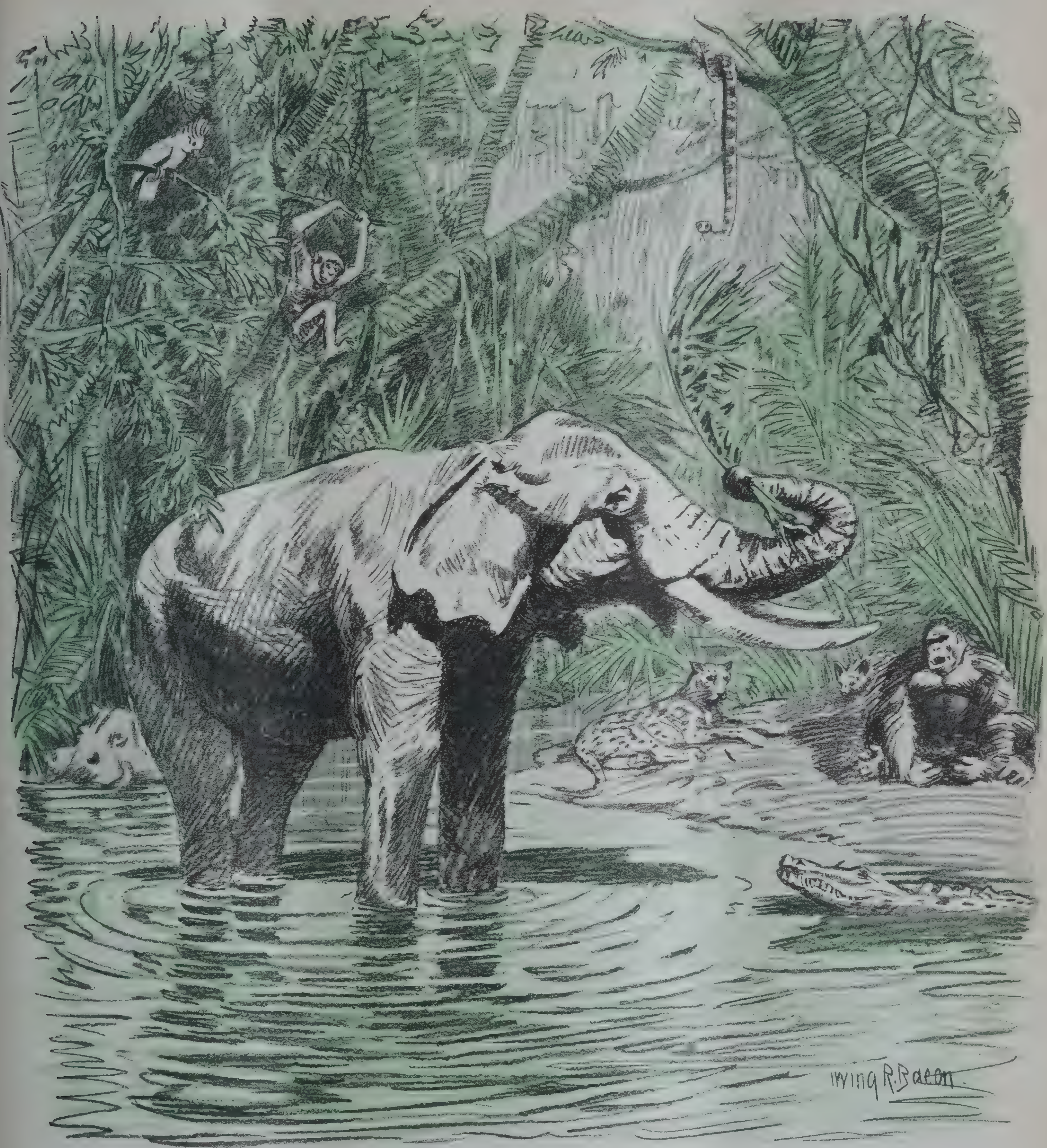
'What makes you choke, Spotty?' she sniffed. The leopard backed away with tail between his legs.

'Old Boul is dead, housewife, and right here lay the hairless murderer!'

The black shadow rose on short, crooked hind legs and, looking on the moonlit river, roared!

In the fresh dawn the birds flew through the forest wet with dew and hallooed: 'A council! A meeting at the drinking place. Old Boul is dead—killed was Wise Boul! . . . '

On a warm stone in a burned spot of the forest, unwinding its coils, with tail and little head hanging down as she turned her sides and spotted stomach to the hot kisses of the sun, basked the serpent, chilly Death. 'What do you warble about, my dear little



Old Boul stood up to his knees in the water; garlands hung drooping.

birdie?' she asked a parrot flying low. The green messenger fell into the grass weak and trembling.

'Well, I say, my dear,' continued Death, playing her emerald eyes and showing her little forked tongue. 'Who was killed, do you say?'

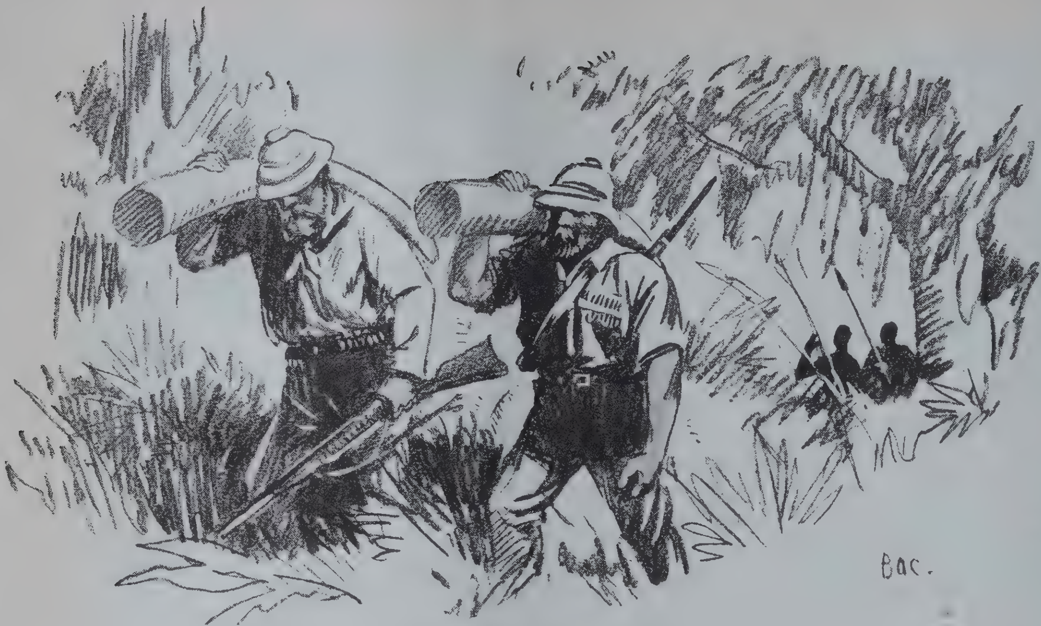
'Boul, the Wise Boul!' squawked the parrot, shuddering and raising all his disheveled feathers; 'and now there is to be a meeting at the drinking place and our housewife is already there.'

'Is that so! But who killed Old Boul?'

'I do not know . . . He lies there in the water at the drinking place . . . with a red flower in his eye . . . ' stuttered the parrot nearly dead from fright under the glitter of the emerald eyes.

'Bird, you are foolish and good only to be eaten; but then I would want to sleep and it is necessary now to find out what happened to the old elephant there. For a while . . . you may go . . . ' and with a clatter of rings, Death slithered off through the burnt grass.

So all the animals gathered on the sand at the drinking place. Near the water's edge on a hillock sat the black housewife scratching her fat hairy stomach. The leopard stood sidewise like a cat, keeping one eye on the housewife. From the reeds looked the blunt muzzle of the sweating hippo. A



As the natives refused to carry the tusks, the whites loaded them on their own shoulders.

crocodile yawned on the opposite shore. Death hung swinging over the river with tail hooked to a branch of liana. A red monkey sat grimacing on the limp carcass of the elephant. 'Great, Ancient and Wise Boul is no more!' he chattered. 'Here he lies never to get up. The Oldest Beast is dead. He lived so long, so long, and knew so much. He judged our quarrels and was just and wise. And see now how he lies in the water as carrion for jackals. And it was done by those pitiful tailless monkeys for whom he almost gave his life! They cut off his tusks, they disgraced the corpse of the Oldest Beast . . . '

'Go, fetch Death . . . ' snapped the black housewife.

'I am here,' and the liana crackled.

At the edge of the forest, near a little well, nestled a cottage roughly made of poles and earth. It sat in a yard surrounded with a fence made of branches of trees and bushes, beyond which seven mules chewed their corn and native *ashkers* lived in dark shanties. Behind the cottage was a hill crowned with the roof of a baobab tree. A cradle hung in one of the two rooms of the cottage, under the canopy of which a child slept smacking tiny lips. A big gray parrot swung in its homemade cage. Two native *olgas*, or beds, with mattresses, pillows, and blankets, stood near the wall. At the head of the beds a red icon lamp burned dimly before a Veronica image on a box covered by a clean towel, with the wedding candles and a bunch of broken willow branches behind the glass.

Morning. Mourakoff slept with his sunburnt face resting on his arm and his shaved lips tightly compressed. His wife in a kimona made of local striped cloth stood by the cradle. The slender figure bent solicitously over the child and the black braid fell over a well-tanned shoulder. Outdoors the voice of Grisha mumbled on. The parrot swung in the cage, whacked the wooden grating twice with his beak, and squawked: 'Eyes front!' The child began to cry and Mourakoff yawning stretched all his muscles.

'What are you fighting about there, Grisha. Olia, how is Lenochkka?' and he turned toward his wife.

'I fear she has a little fever.'

'Listen, Mourakoff,' said Grisha opening the door. 'I beg your pardon, Olia—may I come in? Listen, Sergei, these folks are real Ethiopians! They are asking to be released to go home; they say there will be trouble for the killing of Menelik's elephant; there was nothing written on him to say to whom he belonged and I would not say the elephant was good for much—his tusks are nothing wonderful. But our Shamil howled all night.'

'The devil take them!' answered Mourakoff—and stretched.

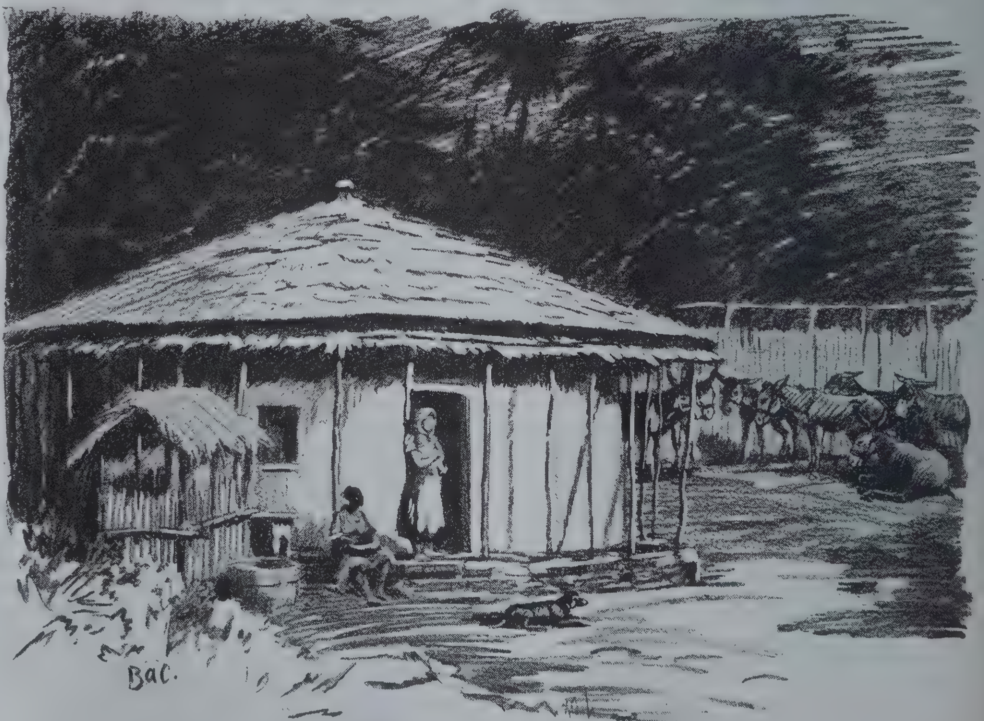
'Get out, Grisha, I am going to get dressed. Olia, is it time for breakfast?'

SHAMIL for a fact had howled and howled for two nights already! The third night Mourakoff went out to listen. The well-packed ground was striped with blue bands from the moon, and the dry reeds on the roof shone like gold. Shamil was hiding himself from the moonshine in a dark corner and howling woefully. Sergei called and the dog came and began to hound his feet trembling and whining. The hair on his back stood on end and he hid his tail between his legs. The moon was bright enough to read by, but the forest was dark, silent and dreadful. Mourakoff turned to the door. Shamil pressed close to his feet, attempting to enter the house, but Mourakoff drove him away.

'What makes him howl?' said the sleepy voice of Sergei from the first room.

'Howl! Well, the night is such that I would like to howl myself! Moon . . . sleep!' answered Mourakoff.

In the morning (*Continued on page 24*)



At the edge of the forest nestled a cottage.

In the NAME of the LAW

By C. C. DANIELS

AN HONEST, fearless public official deserves the respect and honor of the people whom he serves.

Criticism and fault-finding are always current. When officers work for the good of the public (as most of them do) they are entitled to feel occasionally some of the warmth of approval.

The line of demarcation between the faithful and the faithless public official should be clearly drawn so that each may be known for what he really is, not for what he seems. One of the most capable men to hold office in a great state was put on trial a few years ago in a strange city by the United States Government for criminal conspiracy. He was arrested, indicted, humiliated and required to pay thousands of dollars to meet and refute an unjust charge.

Somebody evidently thought they had the 'drop on him,' in the vernacular of the West. The evidence produced at the trial showed that this high-minded, patriotic lawyer, instead of being guilty, courageously advised and vigorously sought for observance of the law and preservation of the highest ideals. He was indicted, however, along with others who were in fact found guilty.

He was attorney for the organization but instead of being in sympathy with its illegal conduct he advised against the action complained of and exerted his influence on the side of the law. This could at any time have been ascertained by the use of ordinary judgment. After the evidence was all in, the court promptly directed a verdict of not guilty. He was, of course, discharged but he had been irreparably and unnecessarily injured in estate and reputation. A grave injustice was done in the name of the law and the man had no redress.

* * *

ANOTHER native-born American lawyer, of national reputation, was made defendant in a civil action for breach of promise to marry an unprepossessing woman, of whom he had never heard until demand was made for the payment of money.

The only reason such a charge was made against him was that he was of the same name as the man she claimed had promised to marry her. This lawyer refused to submit to blackmail. He was resourceful and had friends who aided him in ferreting out the scheme and uncovering those responsible. Some of those connected with this litigation were tried and convicted and the lawyer was successful in his counterfight against those who sought either his money or his destruction. The cost to him, however, was the equivalent of a small fortune and his time and attention were so taken up with the litigation that a large practice drifted to other offices.

He lost money and reputation by reason of his courageous refusal to 'buy his peace' and went to his grave before his time as a result of the terrific strain under which he had labored. One of the lawyers appearing in the action against him emerged from oblivion to the front pages of the newspapers, and thereafter became the candidate of one of the two great political parties for an important state office.

Decoration by
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN.

* * *

A doctor who gave to his practice years of earnest investigation and research, as well as conscientious service, was wrongfully charged with malpractice. Upon refusal to 'come across' with cash, he was sued. The headlines of the newspapers featured the blatant allegations of the complaint and he was thereafter discredited in the minds of those who read them and who accepted the assertions that he was unskilful and untrustworthy, if not worse.

When the case was tried it was shown that the doctor was entitled to praise rather than censure for his work. But the public had read the attack and his reputation was irretrievably injured. The fact (overwhelmingly shown by the evidence) that he was a skilful, conscientious doctor, entitled to confidence and respect, was not 'news.' His vindication was never read by the people who had read and accepted the unfounded charges glaringly set forth in the headlines.

One of the remarkable things about the violation of the tariff law by the rich, returning from pleasure trips abroad, is that most of them smuggle in jewels and fine apparel and yet most violently advocate and defend the 'protective' tariff.

A man worth millions who had contributed largely to the doctrine of protective tariff was caught smuggling jewels valued at thousands of dollars. Instead of being put on trial for criminal violation of the law he was permitted to settle outside of court and thus satisfy the demands of the law. The 'soft pedal' was put on the newspapers about his 'lapse of memory' when he came to make his 'declaration.'

Not only are courts used as instruments of injustice to innocent people, but government commissioners and administrative officers are too often instruments of irreparable injury, for which no remedy is provided.

The experience of those forced to deal with the various boards and commissions set up by the federal, state and city governments has brought this fact forcibly home—and wise ones look up those having 'influence' with the members of these boards and commissions instead of relying exclusively on the righteousness of their cause.

* * *

THE reputation of a business selling its securities to the public is fragile. Unfounded suspicion and malignant gossip often inflict more actual injury than do the sneak thief and the burglar.

Sometime ago a successful corporation selling securities to the public became the target of competitors. An employe of a commission in one state in control of licensing the sale of securities made unjust and unfounded charges against it. These were broadcast through the newspapers and carefully transmitted to other commissions and industriously repeated by competitors. After full investigation, the commission officially determined that the charges were without foundation and gave the corporation a 'clean bill of health.' The employe who made the charges sought employment elsewhere.

Of course, such publicity causes injury, the effect of which cannot be estimated. The whispered word of doubt, the shrug of the shoulder, the raising of the eyebrow, are seen and heard and leave impressions far more indelible than outspoken statements. Peddlers of worthless stock trying to pull down reliable securities revel in such.

Most commissioners honestly try to protect the public

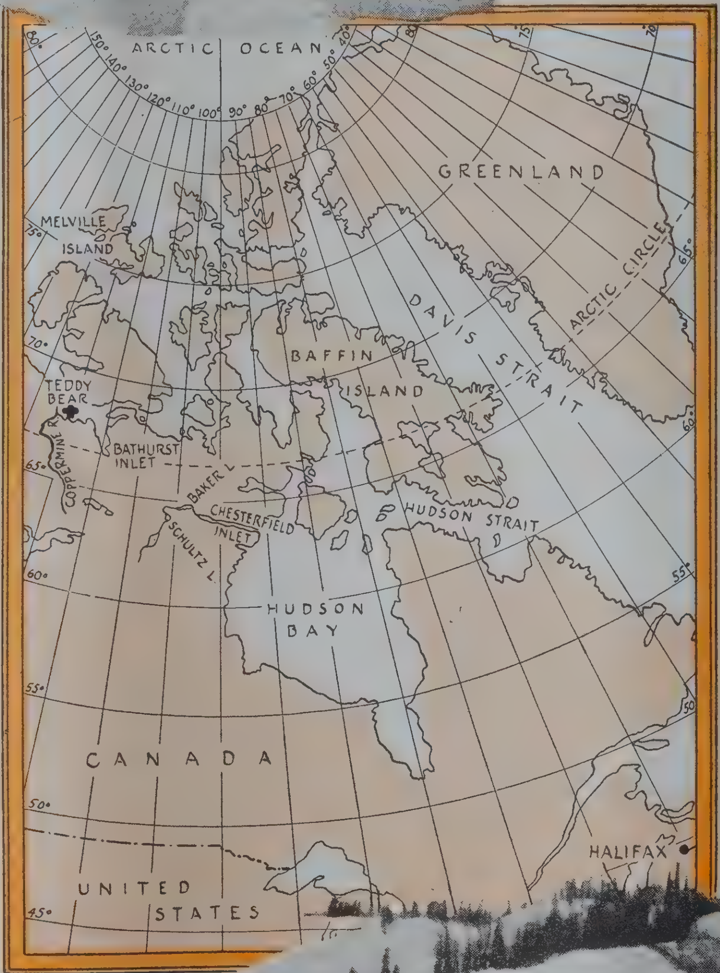
(Continued on page 18)

ORDER in the ARCTIC

By CHARLES J. FINGER

—Publishers' Photo Service.

Travel in the Arctic is made hazardous by the melting of the ice in the full days of sunshine which come with the spring. Map shows location of places mentioned in this article.

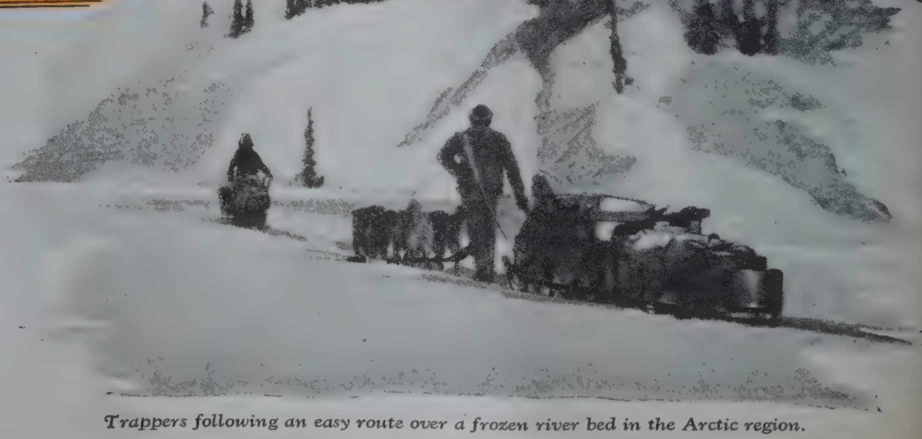

ARCTIC OCEAN
150°
140°
130°
120°
110°
100°
90°
80°
70°
60°
50°
40°
80°
75°
70°
GREENLAND
MELVILLE ISLAND
75°
70°
DAVIS STRAIT
ARCTIC CIRCLE
65°
BAFFIN ISLAND
TEDDY BEAR
COPPERMINE
BATHURST INLET
65°
BAKER
CHESTERFIELD INLET
SCHULTZ L.
HUDSON STRAIT
60°
60°
55°
HUDSON BAY
55°
50
CANADA
50°
HALIFAX
UNITED STATES
45°

THE trouble with the noisy fellows who call themselves opponents of religion is that so often they think they are attacking religion when they are attacking what religious men condemn.

My contention is that, first and foremost, religion means order. I hold that the passage in the prayer, 'Thy kingdom come, Thy Will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven,' means that it should be every man's aim to get that order and regularity in the affairs of men which we see in the stars and sun and moon. The fourteen words express common sense. Indeed, the entire prayer is as practicable as the multiplication table. So, if you ask me for examples of the power of religion, I give you instances of the establishment of order done in the name of Christian civilization. Where there has been trespassing, things done contrary to order, real religion does not go trampling and revenging and slaying, with any idea of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth and a life for a life, but rather it goes in a spirit of fair play, justice in mind, but tempering justice with mercy. And the agents of order have no vindictiveness in them, nor have they any spirit of sensationalism. But they work patiently for results. They know discipline. They are workaday men capable of zeal and self-sacrifice. Glory and name and fame are not what they strive for. The duty that lies nearest and the one step ahead, not heroics: there you have the aim. Industrious and close application to the job in hand, and not windy platitudes about uplifting humanity, that is what counts. So to my example.

* * *

There were two white men, who, in the year 1911, had a mind to journey into the Far North. They were an American named H. V. Radford, who had made some collections for the U. S. Biological Survey at Washington; and an Ottawa man named T. G. Street. Early in June, 1912, they reached Bathurst Inlet where they fell in with an Eskimo tribe. Nothing more was heard of them until May 31, 1913, when an Eskimo who had guided them from Schultz Lake to Bathurst Inlet reported that the two men had been mur-



Trappers following an easy route over a frozen river bed in the Arctic region.

dered by Eskimos. His tale was to the effect that Radford had bullied a native, and 'to enforce obedience had struck him with the handle of a whip, whereupon Radford was stabbed in the back by another native.' His companion, Street, was also killed in the scuffle.

So murder had been done and machinery had to be set in motion for justice' sake. But justice and revenge are not the same when Christian gentlemen handle matters. 'Mr. Radford showed poor judgment when he tried to enforce obedience by striking an Eskimo,' observed the Hudson's Bay Company agent, Mr. Hall, who first heard the story. Nevertheless, there had to be an official investigation, although Superintendent Starnes estimated that the capture of the men responsible for the killing would take 'the best part of two years.' It would be the establishment of order at a great price if the duty of investigation was accepted, but that price the men at the head of affairs were willing to pay. The duty was accepted with promptness and discharged with farsightedness.

And that duty? Look at the map of Canada. To get to Bathurst Inlet, which opens into the Arctic Ocean, involved a tremendous journey. It meant a long overland trip from Chesterfield Inlet. And to accomplish it there would have to be established a base of supplies somewhere on Chesterfield Inlet. To establish the base necessitated a sea voyage from Halifax, into Hudson Strait, down Hudson Bay, the journey to be made by sailing vessel. However, the job was undertaken but not in 1913, because the Hudson Bay schooner was wrecked. So, July 31, 1914, as soon as weather conditions permitted, the schooner *Village Belle*, purchased for the purpose, set sail, Inspector W. J. Beyts in charge of the expedition. But bad weather and many adverse conditions prevented the establishment of a base. Again the expedition had to be put off for a year. The next year, 1915, though there were exceptional difficulties of transportation, the base of supplies was established on Baker Lake at the head of Chesterfield Inlet, and in the winter of 1915-16, Beyts made two attempts to get to Bathurst Inlet overland but failed.

YET there was no giving up in despair. In 1917, the Canadian Government instructed Inspector F. H. French of Halifax thus: 'It will be your duty to get in touch at the earliest possible moment with the tribes said to be responsible for the deaths. You will make inquiries and take such statutory declarations as may seem necessary in order to obtain a full and accurate account of the occurrence. From information received, it is assumed that there was provocation. If this is found to be the case, it is not the intention of the Government to proceed with prosecution. If, however, there was found to be no provocation, the Government will consider what further action is to be taken.'

To that, Inspector French wrote: 'I hope to make a successful trip, commencing in March next (1917); my only difficulty is the inevitable dog-feed question, which seems to rise at every point a man moves in this country, so devoid of timber and vegetation. If I can only procure the game along the line of march, I feel sure I shall be able to bring the patrol to a successful termination . . .'

—Publishers' Photo Service.

Walrus on a floating cake of ice. These were afterward caught by Eskimos dressed in white to harmonize with the surrounding ice.

They left Baker Lake on March 21, 1917, and the party was made up of Inspector French, Sergeant Major Caulkin, and four natives named Joe, By and Bye, Quash-ak, and Solomon, the last-named a woman. They had twenty-five dogs, three sleds and two canoes. Their rations would, with care, last a month, after which they would have to live on the country.

During that month they were on the march constantly, day in and day out, over stretches of barren, rocky country. There were frequent blizzards and when there were no blizzards there was dense fog. The snow was beginning to melt; therefore their difficulties increased when they had to pass over broad ridges of sand and gravel, sometimes unloading the sleds and carrying all for miles. To carry burdens when clothed in furs is a job to tax the hardiest. There were boulder-strewn places, too, and detours had to be made. Wolves were numerous, and several times the camp was attacked by them.

THEY came out upon the Arctic Coast on May 7, about fifteen miles west of the Ellis River and crossed the ice to Melville Island where they killed some deer. Long before that there had been short rations and they were stinting themselves to feed the dogs. Then, in the middle of May, at the mouth of Bathurst Inlet they came upon an encampment of Killin-o-muits and at once set to work investigating the Radford and Street case, taking depositions, examining witnesses, interpreting, all with the same care and fairness they would have exercised in a case where their own kind were involved. It became abundantly clear that there had been gross provocation on the part of the slain Radford.

There is an entry in the report, significant of the state of affairs and what the white men were undergoing in the way of hardship. It runs:

'. . . We traded with these natives for footwear and seal-line, etc., our own being pretty well played out. We also traded and procured a native stone lamp and some blubber, but this method of cooking was so slow that after several attempts to boil a kettle, consisting of an all-night vigil, we eventually abandoned the lamp and found small twigs growing on the island in the inlet, sufficient to make a small fire.' And again: '. . . we could notice the snow disappearing off the land—in fact so much so that I concluded we had no time to lose if we were to get back out of the country before the snow cleared off altogether.'

THEY therefore started south, their business being done, though they were entirely out of dog feed and 'did not know when we would come across deer again.' The weather had grown so warm that their snow house fell in upon them one night. 'We traveled as long as we could and camped when the conditions were favorable, going on two meals of half-raw deer meat during the day, and found it not very agreeable to keep on the go for fourteen or sixteen hours between meals.' On land there were vast bare places over which they could not pull, and 'the sea ice became bare and jagged and cut the dogs' feet so that the majority were lame. I had an outfit of sealskin boots made and put on all the dogs, but the ice was so sharp that they would wear out a pair in a night, as was also the case with our own footwear.'

(Continued on page 18)

Soon they were at a place where the ice was covered with water fifteen inches deep. That became fast-running water, knee-deep, which swamped the sled loads, while the land was bare of snow and impossible for sleds and dogs. Moreover, they were entirely out of supplies and were living on a straight meat diet.

There was nothing for them to do but to get into the north and the cold, until winter made travel southward again possible. At that point, while they were studying pros and cons, some Eskimos came to the camp with news. It was that there were three ships frozen in, about nine days' march over the ice. The expedition packed up and headed northward facing the amazing trip without fuss. Here and there the white men found encampments of natives, and, says Sergeant French, 'I stayed and gave them a lecture on the murdering of white men, and pilfering, and also dwelling on the laws of civilization generally. They appeared to be greatly impressed.'

It was hard going all the time. The sea ice was getting rotted and there were large cracks necessitating detours of several miles. Snow fell also for days at a time, until 'about eight inches deep on top of the ice, and the cracks were covered over and impossible to discern. Caulkin and two natives fell down cracks in the ice and were wet through while walking ahead of the dogs, so thereafter the dogs had to be urged from the rear.'

They then took to the shore awhile. And, wonder of wonders, they came across a white man, a lone Swede named Albin Kihlman, who was trapping. He confirmed the story of a ship frozen in the ice three days west of his shanty. On June 8, they found the schooner, which proved to be the U. S. gasoline schooner *Teddy Bear*, commanded by Captain Barnard. A glance at the map will reveal more of what that journey meant than columns of words, if the exact point, which was latitude 67-46 and longitude 115, be marked.

THEY stayed with the schooner for two days, then headed southwest for Bernard Harbor, where stood the nearest Hudson's Bay Company station. Mr. Phillips, a missionary trader was there, but he had few supplies of any kind, nor did he have ammunition. The record runs, very simple and matter-of-fact: 'This was a hard trip. I must say . . . the hardest trip I have ever made, and we suffered much from cold and exposure. These we felt all the more when our supplies ran out and when, toward the end of our journey, our deerskin clothing got the worse for wear and the hair started falling out and the winds pierced through the seams and holes. Most of us were continually frozen about the face and hands, and with regard to snow-blindness we were suffering from this more or less during the whole journey . . . Both Sergt-major Caulkin and myself were in very poor shape as regards health.'

But there was company of their own kind, for at the trading post two lay preachers lived and worked under the direction of a missionary, a Mr. Girling, who had gone to Herschel Island by dog sled. Nor was there anything but hardship. Those at the station had little more than enough to carry them through the summer, and French and his companions were not of a kind to shift their burden to other shoulders. So they opened a cache belonging to the Canadian Arctic expedition, took bare necessities, made a list of what they took, and then sealed the cache again. Off they went to the mouth of the Coppermine River, there to camp until the world froze up again so that they could head homeward. On the way they picked up the lone Swede, for 'he did not possess sufficient supplies to see him through . . . and he would have been destitute if left on the coast.'

They were thus at the turning point, or halfway on the entire trip, and the mileage made was 2,483 miles. But there was no despair, no grouching. Now and then natives came to the camp, when Sergeant French seized the opportunity to pound away at his lesson of order and obedience to civilized law. 'I gave them,' he writes, 'lectures regarding civilized laws, etc., through our interpreter, Joe. For it was from this tribe that the natives came, who were responsible for the murder of two Roman Catholic missionaries.' The white men's religion was unassociated with any particular creed or denomination. It was a manly religion of order first, last and all the time.

ON the return trail they were at Bathurst Inlet again by the middle of November with 'grub getting low . . . storms at times, the snow melting as soon as it landed, wetting our clothes and outfit.'

There were days hard and weary after that. Storm followed storm, and once they were forced to burn a sled to keep themselves from freezing to death. The men went without food that the dogs might eat, for the animals were so ravenous that one night a litter of pups was devoured. There were white days of blinding snow when the horizon was two yards ahead. By January 'we were down to soup only, and none of us feeling any benefit from it, although it kept us alive, but we felt rather groggy about the knees towards night after tramping all day, and we were now feeling the cold and our clothing was sadly in need of repairs.' To make matters worse, the natives in the party lost faith in their leaders and planned to take what they could and leave the white men to perish.

At last relief came, for, tolling a rise, at 9:30 a. m., on January 26, the sky suddenly cleared and they saw the island where the Hudson's Bay Company post stood, 'which we were all greatly overjoyed to see—land we knew after an absence of over ten months. We made the post in the afternoon and were kindly greeted by Mr. Ford, the post manager, and given the best of food. We stayed there and thawed out a little, and arrived at the detachment all well and glad to get home.'

To be sure there was the other part of the trip, with the sailing up Hudson Bay and down Hudson Strait and to Halifax, but that hardly counted. What did count very much indeed was that fair play had ruled where Christian civilization had set foot. The chief thing was that there had been order and justice.

In the Name of the Law

(*Continued from page 15*)

against worthless securities and the higher their reputation, the greater the injury inflicted when they are misled, or act on malicious or ignorant evidence supplied by those having a sinister purpose.

On the other hand, the more carefully these investigations are made and the more nearly justice is approximated, the greater service is rendered the public. The public demands impartial and unbiased judgment in protecting the honest as well as exposing the dishonest.

The action of the commissioners of one state is transmitted to the commissioners of other states, and charges even though discredited are revitalized and revamped before a new audience with added prestige. To meet these charges costs money; takes organization and necessarily slows up business. If repeated often enough in different states they may bring about the destruction of the strongest financial institution.

It is a known fact that many perfectly solvent and well-managed financial institutions have been destroyed by the ignorant or malicious gossip of knaves or fools. People are often like cattle and when stampeded trample upon and destroy even their own.

The injury inflicted by unjustified assaults or rumors about financial institutions can never be corrected. This character of reckless disregard of their rights is made indictable in some cases.

The court or the commissioner, however, who recklessly or knowingly allows himself to become a drainpipe for transmitting the refuse and filth of hate or private interest into the official stream of publicity, to the unnecessary injury of another, deserves to be put under severe jurisdiction and recognized as a purveyor of things obnoxious.

Has not the time come when the lines should be tightened, if not by law, then certainly by public sentiment?

One's Own Time

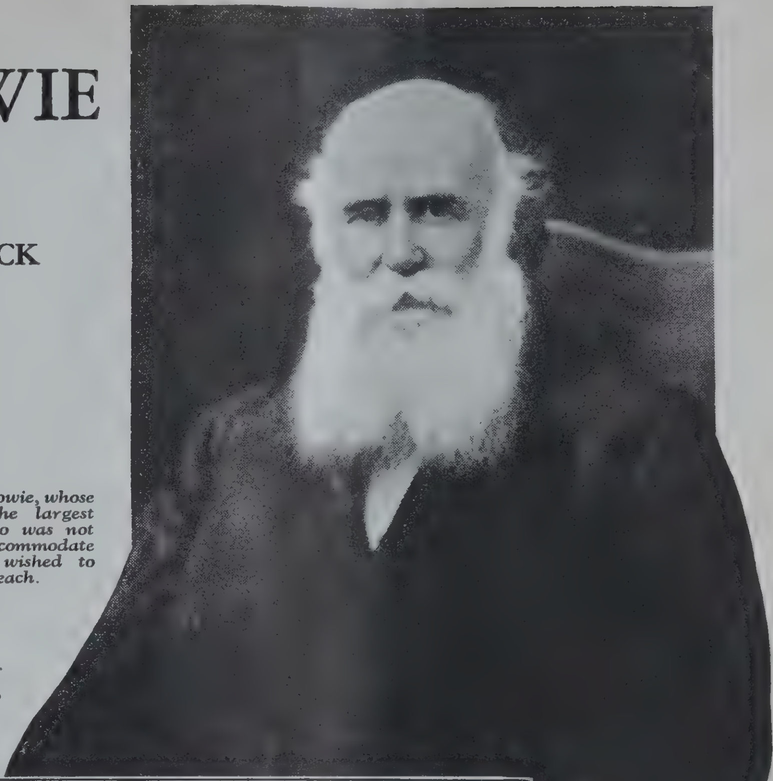
(*Continued from page 2*)

England has known since the days of Burcell. And as to religion, it is true that many of the churches are empty, that the religious sects seem to the ordinary man to be eternally occupied with unimportant quarrels; yet outside and beyond this there is a more widespread, honest and far-reaching interest in the spiritual life of man than any of us alive today can remember.

I believe this time of ours to be an intermediate one; we are beyond question in an age of transition. Perhaps every age seems to its citizens to be that; but we are moving conscious at last of some of the truth, not only among ourselves but among the inhabitants of the whole world. There are signs at last that because of the discoveries of science the world will presently move forward in harmony; there will soon be little excuse for the misunderstanding of one another, so close shall we all be together. The time has even now arrived when a passion for truth unobscured by sentiment or tradition or prejudice is leading to a comradeship based on finer instincts than it has ever known before.

The Doctor Dowie I Knew

By LEWIS WEADOCK



John Alexander Dowie, whose auditorium in the largest theater in Chicago was not large enough to accommodate the crowds that wished to hear him preach.

THE first of my many meetings with Dr. John Alexander Dowie, founder of the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church, and founder, also, of ion City, occurred in 1900. I had just eturned from Kansas City where I had een covering the Democratic National onvention for the *Chicago Journal*.

'Of course there may be no trouble at his Dowie meeting in Oak Park,' my city ditor said as he sent me on to 'cover' the ssignment.

As a matter of fact, there was nothing ut trouble. For, no sooner had Dowie, tubby, bald and with bristling beard, lanted himself upon the platform than, in he words of his favorite poet, Shakespeare, e began to unpack is heart and fall -cursing. Such words! 'Murderers' nd 'stinkpots' were two of the mildest.

He had many more. He had all he words there were. I have heard Billy Sunday, and Sam Jones, and nce I was lost in a og off Sandy Hook ight with the captain of a seagoing ug—but never ave I listened to he equal of Dowie, he man of many words. As compared with the normal vocabulary, his was n unabridged dictionary.

Present were more than one hundred students from Rush Medical College. As a rule, medical students are not easily shocked, but these were. They were o shocked that they jumped to their feet nd, laying down a barrage of eggs and vegetables, rushed the platform. Simultaneously some of the windows were shattered by stones hurled in from the street.

Above the tumult, for the students used their voices as well as their hurling arms, rose the falsetto of the First Apostle. Dowie's voice, like Theodore Roosevelt's, was likely to squeak under the stress of emotion, and this night there was reason for its shrillness. The trouble with these yells of 'Hang him!' and 'Get a rope!' was that some fool might take them seriously. Dowie showed no sign of fear.

In those days police were detailed to every Dowie meeting, and this night those that were stationed about the building charged into the fray. Surrounding the still voluble and gesticulating little man, they moved with him down the stairs to the patrol wagons which were to escort his carriage out of danger.

The auditorium of Shiloh Temple, Zion City.

After that, I covered several tumultuous meetings without detecting in Dowie any symptom of fear. But, although he was not afraid, he was prudent, as I discovered when, in the fine house his followers had built for him in Zion City, he showed me a fortified room in the basement and remarked very seriously:

'The world kills its saviors.'

Before the opening of Zion City in 1901, Dr. Dowie (as he always called himself by virtue of his degree of Doctor of Divinity) and I became good friends. In public, he declared that all newspapermen would burn in everlasting flames, forever and ever, amen; but in public he was accustomed to use the loud pedal in all his utterances. In private, his manner and speech were more subdued.

One of the most enthusiastic demonstrations I have ever seen anywhere was the one that occurred in the Auditorium Theater on the Sunday when he first announced that he was the reincarnation of Elijah the Tishbite.

When he shrieked, 'As the Lord God of Israel liveth before whom I stand, I am Elijah!' that vast audience just went wild.

I never could see why anyone should object to the fact that his followers gave a tenth of their income to his church. They had no doctor bills nor drug bills; they used neither alcohol nor tobacco nor snuff nor pork nor oysters; they went to no theaters or dances, and they did live simply and work hard. They sang much, and prayed more, but neither of these activities cost anything, and their reading cost only a trifle more. They could read only the Bible and Dowie's official publication, the *Leaves of Healing*, and the few, the very few, publications which he approved.

He was born in 1848—that year of almost universal unrest—and when he was twenty he entered Edinburgh University where he studied for the Congregationalist ministry. He earned the money in Australia with which to do it, and, when he had accomplished it, he went back to Australia and became pastor of a church near Sydney.

'Almighty God told me to go to Melbourne and heal by prayer,' he said, in the most matter-of-fact fashion. 'I did, and great works followed me. In 1888 God Almighty told me to come to the United States. I did, and great works followed me here. I shall stay, I hope, in the United States until I die.'

But he didn't. Two years after he founded Zion City and set up the lace works and the candy factory, which were the nucleus of what he meant to make an industrial center, he toured the world on a visit of inspection of his churches.

He was mobbed in London, but he had been mobbed so many times before, that it did not depress his spirits. The thing which hurt him most, I think, was that when he went to New York and held meetings at Madison Square Garden he was not mobbed. He knew how to deal with violence, but apathy was too much for him.

Of course, the action he most regretted to his dying day was his decision to plant large colonies of his people in Mexico. For it was while he was in that country making the necessary arrangements that his wife, his son Gladstone, and Voliva, first overseer in Zion City, put their heads together and came to the conclusion that it would be best for all concerned to retire the First Apostle.

I went to St. Louis to meet him in his private car on his return from Mexico, and the language with which he described the disturbers within his household was wonderful to hear.

He was breaking then, physically, at least, possibly mentally, because the tragic death of his daughter had been a severe blow to him. She was an attractive young woman in her early twenties and between father and daughter there had always existed a bond of sympathetic understanding.

Dr. Dowie's daughter died from burns she received when an alcohol lamp at which she was heating a curling iron set fire to her clothing. I heard him announce the news of her death to his congregation and, in a voice which he could scarcely control, tell them she would have lived had she not disobeyed the letter of the church law against the use of alcohol in any form.

Probably, one of Mrs. Dowie's reasons for losing some of her enthusiasm for her fiery husband was that a certain rich young woman became so impressed with his apostolic fervor that she left her home in Switzerland and moved to Zion City that she might be closer to the source of supply.

The personal attractions of this pious pilgrim were not negligible, nor was their effect upon the beholder lessened by the fact that she was one of the few daughters of the rich that could see any sense in giving one-tenth of her worldly goods to the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion.

But neither her pulchritude nor her piety caused so much anguish in the Dowie household as did her idea of where she wanted to live. Dowie bore his share of this anguish with Christian fortitude, but his wife was distinctly annoyed when she learned that the only lot in the more than three million square miles of territory in the United States which the young woman regarded as a suitable home-site was the lot which adjoined the residence of the Dowies.

Zion Home, of which the third floor between the towers is devoted to the overseer's residential suite. Inset—Wilbur Glenn Voliva.

Nor did Dowie make matters better when he once inadvertently referred to this home-seeker as his 'little lump of gold.' While Mrs. Dowie and her son Gladstone Dowie, whose chief claim to serious consideration up to that time lay in the fact that he had attended the University of Chicago without having been kissed, were at the Dowie summer home in Michigan it became noised around that the house in which Dowie lived, and the house in which the young woman from Switzerland lived, were connected not only by neighborly ties but by a tunnel. 'If you find a tunnel I'll give it to you,' Dowie said to me, disgustedly, with that faint Scotch burr that stuck to him all his life.

It was one of the only two times I ever heard him speak of a serious thing lightly. The other time was when I went to him on behalf of a celebrated author who had been commissioned by a widely circulated magazine to write an article about him, and who, having been a reporter before commencing author, thought it might be advisable to build his story on an interview.

'I won't see him. I've never heard of him. I've never heard of that magazine,' said Dowie, straight-faced, and then, grinning like a happy kid, he sputtered: 'But, maybe, they've never heard of my *Leaves of Healing.*'

His power and glory had waned considerably at the time he took me into the basement at Zion City. In a corner of that basement was a sizable room whose walls were of brick and whose door was thicker than any door I ever had seen except in a bank, a gambling house or a jail. The room was furnished with simplicity that was in contrast with the richness of the rest of the house.

Dowie's taste inclined to the ornate and sometimes ran over the line into the flamboyant. Indeed, more than one of the sumptuous apartments in which the First Apostle had received me had been strikingly reminiscent of those palatial drawing-rooms whose mirrors, chandeliers, gilt furniture, palms and other potted plants were revealed to the public eye in the twenty-four-sheet lithographs which bore the explanatory legend: 'Messrs. Williams and Walker at Home.'

I said to Dowie that this cheerless room in the basement looked as if it was built to stand a siege.

'The world kills its saviors,' the First Apostle reminded us again. It never became necessary for Dowie to retreat to his storm-cellar. The world was not responsible for his fall. He fell, as greater and lesser men have fallen, because he tried to take in too much territory. If he had not set out to establish colonies in Mexico he would not have been charged with having misused the funds of the church.

Shiloh House, Dr. Dowie's residence, which rumor claimed had connections with the 'outside world' through a tunnel.

Of the conservative element he said: 'If they had let me alone, every dollar that I put into the Mexican plan would have returned itself a hundredfold.'

In Grandmother's Time

(*Continued from page 9*)

tivities; the products were no colored, risted, or other fancy variety, but plain llow, the material for which was tried out om the fat of animals killed for food. The agrant bayberry oil, however, was even en used to perfume the candles made r 'best.'

Fireplaces were in all the rooms, and iginally, of course, a 'Franklin stove' d been built into the dining room, in hich a wood fire was kept burning to rnish the entire heat. The next generation elighted in the comfort and luxury of irtight' stoves and, later, of 'base-burners.' he upstairs fireplaces, although not bricked to keep out drafts, as was too often the se in old houses, were practically closed by ted fireboards through which the pipes the 'air-tights' were run. Downstairs, owever, we enjoyed the big open fires in ring and fall, before the base-burners ere set up. In these we always preferred burn the apple-tree brush (than which ere is no finer or more delightful firewood) immed from the trees in spring. A tre-endous rough gray hearthstone faced the g chimney in the kitchen, which, when ore modern methods of cookery were stituted, was preserved, as an interesting lic, in an outside doorstep.

HE big attic, extending over the entire ouse, was a fascinating place to visit. remendous hand-hewn beams, enough to rnish the framework of several modern ouses, support the roof. From handmade ooden pegs on the rafters hung all sorts of ncient relics (the slogan of 'keep nothing at is neither useful nor beautiful' not aving yet invaded the sacred precincts of e attic), voluminous carpetbags, bundles f rods for candle dipping, quaint bonnets nd hats and quainter garments, even the eprehensible hoop skirt, and all sorts of ld-time conveniences and necessities, which terested the visitor and delighted us hildren, who here found wonderful material or 'dressing up' to costume the plays with hich we sometimes entertained our elders. nder the roomy eaves were pushed anti-uated trunks (many of them covered with orsehair), old chests, boxes of remnants of ld wall papers, boxes of old letters and most mpressive farm account books, a trundle bed, high yellow bedside cradle, spinning and arding wheels—the accumulations of two or ree generations of owners and of family onnections who had claimed the hospitality f the old attic for their disused possessions. ne of the large chimneys was roomy nough to contain a smoke-room, in which ams and bacons were hung to cure by the moke of walnut wood or corncobs. Win-ows at each end kept the big attic fairly ool and airy in summer (I shiver as I re-ember its winter temperature!) and in ld times the extra 'help'—usually neigh-ors' sons or relatives—imported for haying me often slept there on mattresses laid on e floor. To this enchanting place—as we hildren regarded it—two flights of terrify-gly steep stairs led from the second story. mong the ancient wall papers in an old runk one unbroken roll was found, so old hat the location of its companion rolls was ot remembered. This was made up of two-and-a-half-foot lengths, single prints of the design being pasted together to form a continuous roll. The colors were as fresh and bright and the paper as strong as if the pair of quaintly costumed lovers under the spreading tree in the landscape had but yesterday plighted their troth!

The old-time cellar was also interesting, though in lesser degree. Great bins of potatoes, carrots, beets, their capacity designed to take the family through a winter guiltless of canned products, stretched along its sides. These vegetables sprouted toward spring: I remember we children used to make hanging baskets of scooped-out carrots, and marvelous dolls' bouquets of tiny bright red beet leaves, yellow turnip tops, and feathery carrot sprays. The big sand box of celery stood near the stairs, the pork barrel near it. One passage led into the cool, dark milk cellar, where the pans of cream, in those refrigeratorless days, were chilled while accumulating for the churning in the big blue hand-churn. Later in the year this room was filled with barrels of winter pears and apples, flanked with the stone crocks of preserves and pickles.

But the sight of sights was the tremendous stone ash pit in the bottom of the main and biggest chimney. This was a good-sized room, shivery and fearsome to us children, into whose cavernous depths, through a dark aperture, was thrown the winter accumulation of wood ashes, to be used as fertilizer in spring. Later on, the modern heating apparatus taking the place of the numerous stoves, this dungeonlike ash pit was taken out. Its stones turned the green back yard into a veritable stone quarry: and I should hesitate to state the dimensions of the stretch of stone wall constructed from it!

Needed extra service was of an entirely different character in grandmother's time from that of the present when the various temporary incumbents flit in and out of our kitchens, and those accepting the outside farm positions hold them in such ephemeral manner as to scarcely impress us with their personality. The terms 'maid' and 'servant' were unknown as applied to our domestic or farm helpers. 'Hired girls' and 'hired men' gave mistress and master their friendly assistance when extra help was needed—the latter, on this particular farm, including a trustworthy, affectionate, and capable Irishman who had lived there so long as to be considered one of the family, who loved the farm, and was as conscientious regarding the work as the owner; in an emergency, he would keep an eye on the children as competently as any experienced nursemaid. Extra seasonal help—as in haying—consisted of relatives or boys from the neighboring farms. At such times, there was much friendly rivalry as to who could cut the best swathe, plow the straightest furrow, or pitch the greatest number of haystacks onto the load.

For the family wardrobes a minimum of material and no made-up garments were bought. In the earlier days stockings, baby clothes, blankets, and so forth, were made of wool from farm animals, spun, carded, and woven or knit at home. Linen sheets were woven (I have a pair of grandmother's yet), rugs braided or 'drawn in,' quilts pieced and fine shirts made by hand, the linen bosoms and cuffs wondrously hand-stitched. A shoemaker came to this farm spring and fall and measured and made boots, both large and small, from skins of animals raised on the place and tanned. The little boys—even as late as my childhood days—wore minute boots reaching to just below the knee, which were an exact replica of those worn by their fathers. A tailoress who tailored a generation of small boys' clothes, also came spring and fall. Small garments were of similar nature and made exactly like large ones—except as to size: the 'little men' of those days would look very strange to us now when children's styles are as individual as those of grown-ups. There were then no sewing machines, and the 'song of the shirt,' as well as of the trousers and the women's garments, might well have often been sung.

Entertaining was absolutely different, too: no afternoon teas, no bridge parties (although plenty of serious, conscientious whist), no receptions, no week-ends—we would have been shocked beyond measure at such limited hospitality as the latter! How did friends get together? Those were the times of 'spending the day,' of tea parties, of sleigh rides ending with supper and dance; of surprise parties, barn-raisings and husking bees. Of the latter, grandmother remembered those at the farm when the big barn was lighted by chandeliers made of suspended cart wheels glittering with candles, when the huskers, after an evening of jolly but real work, gathered in the big kitchen for dances, for which the music was provided by a fiddle manipulated by a fiddler of such skill as to make one's feet to tingle and one to dance all over! For such a barn party, one of the few daily passenger trains was once stopped at the crossing on the farm and 'passengers for the husking' were informed that their destination had been reached! Visits were often unannounced and not specifically arranged. But whose hospitality could be so meager as to fail in making the unexpected guest welcome for as long a time as such chose to stay!

'How long are you going to be at Joe's, Cousin Maria?' is, with its answer, a traditional anecdote in the family. 'Well, if they don't seem very glad to see me I shall stay only six weeks. If they do seem real glad I don't know how long I *shall* stay!'—with an entirely justified inference of the latter condition.

THE farm activities in grandmother's time were many and interesting. The sheepshearing was one—all farms usually including sheep among the necessary domestic animals. Skilled shearers were necessary, and the catching, throwing, holding, and shearing of the terrified animals was—I regret to say—one of the interesting spring diversions of us children. The annual and most exciting pig killing was of interest and allure also! This involved the later 'trying out' of lard—with by-product of delicious 'scraps'—the curing of hams and bacons, the salting and packing in brine of the fat pork, the making of pans of delicious sausage meat and 'souse,' an old-time dainty most delectable. Choice chops and roasts, saved for family consumption, were packed away in snow.

Haying was of course delightful, and many frolics in the hayfield, rides on the big load of hay and thrilling, semiterrifying slides off it, were among childish diversions. Threshing time was another interesting occasion. The threshers—the same respected and skilful workers appearing so many years in succession as to seem family friends—arrived each fall with their horses, their impressive machines, and all the necessary paraphernalia, and established their machines in the open space in the big barn, their horses in the stables, and themselves in the house, where, in those days, they ate at the same table with the family. They worked and worked, with cheerful and noisy clatter and rattle of big wheels and tramping and stamping of horses as they stepped on and on and up and up, never getting any farther along, to the children's wonder, as many days as was needed to thresh, winnow, and bag all the shining grain produced yearly on the farm. Husking time was another delight. Everybody helped husk: a party was occasionally arranged, and the children too constructed wondrous wigwams with the cornstalks and played Indian to their hearts' content.

THE preparation and serving of the food was, in grandmother's time, one of the great occupations and interests of the women folk: no steam-cooked grains, no canned vegetables, soups, or fruits, no granulated sugar, none of the thousand and one culinary conveniences or products that now ease up and simplify housekeeping. 'Beef creatures' were fattened and killed on the farm, and the best roasts and steaks retained for family use. Pork products furnished one of the main staples. I remember, even in my childhood, that sweetbreads and calves' liver, considered valueless, were presented to my mother, who had a progressive taste in all directions. The making of cider applesauce was one of the seasonal activities. For this a barrel of sweet apples was used, the cutting up of which the night before constituted a jolly family job; the next day they were simmered in the capacious brass kettle, until rich and dark red, in ten gallons of sweet cider. A dish of this sauce was usually on the table. The preparation of pumpkin for pies was another family job. The pumpkins were pared, cut in strips, and simmered until tender; and next day they were mashed, spread on large tin sheets, marked into squares, dried in the sun, and packed away. When used, this dried pulp was soaked in milk, and eggs, sugar, and so forth, were added to make delectable pie filling. Grandmother knew nothing of canned products, but the farm fruits and berries were preserved for winter by being dried in the sun and then stored. The fruit was sliced, the corn cut from the cob, and dried on long smooth white boards on a nearby wall, covered with netting, the process taking two or three days. Beans of all sorts were dried and threshed with a flail if in quantity. From the beans and corn was made the most delicious 'succotash'—I have never tasted anything in the vegetable line more delectable! 'Pound for pound' preserves, made for 'company' and 'best,' were kept in big crocks in the milk cellar.

Butter-making was, of course, an inference on every farm, and enough was hand-churned to supply the family, including the scattered members, and to take to the store to pay the grocery bill. Churning was a tedious task which the children dodged if possible. June butter was thought to be best for winter use.

The big kitchen with its five windows and three outside doors was the scene of various and often delightful family activities. Although the house included not only a dining but a breakfast room, meals were usually served, for convenience, in the kitchen, except when 'company' came. Jolly family kitchen parties on Sunday evenings, when the family were gathered informally for the night meal, each person collecting his or her special preference in food from the well-stocked buttery and consuming it, perched upon table or chair, to the accompaniment of stories, jokes, and family talk, are now remembered with delight by the children of those days. In winter corn would be popped, molasses candy boiled and pulled and corn balls made, nuts cracked, and big pans of apples brought up from the cellar. Tremendous iced watermelons furnished the especial summer treat for these kitchen parties.

The big brick oven in the kitchen was long retained for sentiment and as an interesting relic of old times. In grandmother's executive days it was, of course, used for Saturday's baking.

Saturday was cooking day—and a busy day it was, mistress and maid and older daughters all being occupied in preparing enough to last over Sunday and well into the week. The baking was accomplished in the big brick oven, which could do excellent work when well managed. But woe to the person not used to its idiosyncrasies, who undertook the weekly baking for the family! A good many things had to be taken into account. First, the wood must be hard and well-seasoned and cut the right oven length—four feet. The draft of the chimney must be perfect, and more than once must the great oven be filled with wood, which must burn down to beds of bright red coals, finally to be removed by a large, long-handled iron shovel into the fireplace nearby. The smaller coals and ashes were swept out by a wet broom or a birch brush broom. Then went in the big loaves of brown bread, slipped from a bread-peel (a long-handled wooden shovel, kept white as snow); next, an iron kettle of beans, an Indian pudding, and, a little later, after the first heat had subsided, pies: mince, apple, pumpkin, and all the rest. The beans and brown bread were baked all night, and in the morning were a rich brown color, and of a flavor quite unlike that of the present time.

Patriarchal conditions of family life were much more common then than now. Almost every family included a grandmother or a grandfather who, as a matter of course, had come to live with one of the children, welcomed by all and adored by the little ones. Grandmother's room was a pleasant, peaceful place, and grandmother often proved a 'friend in court' on the young folks' side, when there was a difference of opinion between parents and children! Often two families would settle down in the same house. This particular homestead housed the grandmother—honorably retired, but theoretically the head—and two sons with their wives and families. I venture to assert it would be an impossible combination as considered at the present day!

Helping Folks *to* Help Themselves

By W. T. KRONBERG

IN HIS extensive Oklahoma enterprises representing $20,000,000, the founder Charles Page, has retained only the right of an executive, with power to manipulate and guide it during his lifetime. The Page wealth is all held in the orphanage known as the Sand Springs Home. He has endowed the home that its existence could be perpetuated after his death. Around it he has placed a circle of thriving industria units, of which the earnings go into its coffers.

Charles Page with one of the residents of his Sand Springs Home.

The Sand Springs Home was organized in 1908, when Page erected a small cottage in the center of seventeen thousand acres previously acquired from the Indians. He sought to restore health to a couple of waifs The idea grew, and so did successive buildings, until today the home proper represents an investment of $200,000.

The orphans range from one-year-olds to men and women on the threshold of life When boys or girls leave the institution they do not get beyond the watchful eye of the home. In case of marriage, a trust fund comes to the rescue. A home is built The house is paid for by the former inmate, but no interest is charged and the payments are made in moderate monthly installments To date, more than one thousand boys and girls have come and gone. The big majority find employment in the Page industries —the railroad, the hospital, the creamery, the cotton mill or in the light and power or kindred concerns.

The Widows' Colony consists of a collection of neat, comfortable cottages. Rent, heat, light and milk are furnished. The women find employment in the cotton mills or the orphanage, and the infants of this colony are fed and cared for in day nurseries during the absence of the mothers. The older children attend school and are fed in the home dining room along with the regular inmates of the orphanage.

Paying for Higher Education

(*Continued from page 7*)

cer quoting financial facts! Scores of lions have been given since 1914 to her education, he said. Generally speak- the increased income resulting has simply de good the loss in the buying power the American dollar. Those scores of lions are required for the expansion sed by the popularity of the colleges, ulting in the doubling and trebling of ollment in most institutions. Said 'That these vast sums can be ured from private sources in lition to all that has been en during the past ten years ms hardly possible, in t, is improbable.'

Every college president in ıerica doubtless read the sociated Press report of . Rockefeller's remarks. had other chances to read because a half-dozen of his stees clipped the newspaper m and mailed it to him.

If this proposal that students ır a large percentage of the cost of ıcation is accepted what will result? And y have administrators of colleges and iversities all over America missed the portunity of so easily augmenting their omes? Or is it so easy?

Let's to the latter question first. There is America the idea that every boy and girl, wever poor, ought to be educated. ucation is not alone for the titled or the neyed few. Indeed America has been led foolish in its universal acceptance of s and similar theories. Was it Plato that gan it? 'The first business of a republic is ıcation,' was his statement of it. We ieve that ignorance is the greatest foe to od government. We believe that the k and burden of edu- tion belong to society d not to the individual.

But, says the advo- e of higher tuition es, the old plan of all fees belongs to the y when embryo public vants, such as teach- , preachers, and states- n, alone were being ıcated. Now hordes of dents go to college in ler to secure business ining that will permit em to get more from, her than give more to, iety. Other hordes go social distinction, for r years of rare fun and h-class amusement. latively fewer, even in institutions founded the church, go to fit emselves for service to manity.

Says the low tuition advocate, 'Better dercharge four who could pay, but will t unless they are forced, than to keep one or lad out of college.' They point to tesmen who learned to speak on a bare tform in a fourth-story college debating ll.

They point to inventors and scientists, whose researches have made development of riches equal to the total value of all the college plants in America. They tell true and touching stories of preachers and educators who have walked from the farm, taught school between terms, somehow paid their small fees, and emerged to bless the world.

Graves Library, Hope College, Holland, Michigan.

'But,' retort the high-payment theorists, 'we'll still care for those. Let us charge full cost, from all who can pay, arriving at it by a gradual series of increases and educating the public to the idea as we go. Let us then raise loan funds. With these loan funds let us carry the poor boys and girls until after graduation—for ten years if necessary—and then let them pay out of the larger incomes college training makes possible.'

Page Hall, quarters of the Law School and College of Commerce, Ohio State University.

That state universities in the Middle West, already overwhelming in numbers and in influence in the state as compared with the colleges on private foundation, charge so little is a consideration of first importance. But rumblings of discontent are heard in many a legislative session. Legislators may adopt the new theory.

If students in state universities are asked to pay one-half the actual cost of their year's training, then the state university fees will be larger than those of the colleges now charging more than the almost negligible fees of the public institutions. Annual appropriations would be cut nearly in half. There are probably ten state universities that would collect two and a half million dollars a year from students, if half the annual costs were assessed to students. The statement has been made that five millions a year each would be a closer estimate. Will it always be easier to have all the citizens of a state pay all the cost than to have the more favored sons and daughters of the state share equally the cost of their enrichment?

At any rate the colleges of the Middle West will necessarily be slower to advance their charges than the eastern private institutions that do not have state institutions to dominate the field of higher education in their states.

The general working out of the theory depends in the Middle West on the action of legislatures and university regents.

If this theory is adopted, there will be a check on the rapidly growing college and university enrollments. There are those who consider that this is desirable. Many voices are raised in a not inconsiderable chorus that too many are going to college.

Students will demand more of the college, perhaps. As long as John Jones from Jonesville is getting a bargain he cannot demand a warrant that what he purchases is the best possible. But if he begins to pay costs in full he can then more reasonably quarrel with the seller. College professors may well shudder at this suggestion because modern student bodies are vocal enough in criticism.

When students have learned the cost of education by paying all or a large share of the cost price, will they work harder to get their money's worth? Scores of men believe that the students will react surprisingly to the result of such a plan. They point to professional schools where costs are more nearly met by students themselves as an example. They argue that free things are least valued, that a man's treasures are those articles that have cost dearly.

* * *

At any rate the movement toward higher tuition fees is on its way. Our generation will probably not see students paying all the costs, but students will soon be paying a larger share.

The Tusks of Old Boul

(Continued from page 14)

Grisha broke into Mourakoff's room: 'Shamil is gone!'

'What do you mean—gone?' asked Mourakoff jumping up.

'Well, he is gone! Olia is there and knows it, but did not want to waken you; I decided that I ought to, though.'

Both ran out to the yard. The sand showed the marks of paws and some black spots of blood. Shamil was gone. They followed the tracks; these led to the forest and disappeared in the bushes. They found a bunch of Shamil's red hair, but Shamil was gone!

That afternoon the natives mutinied and asked to be paid off. Even their chief, who had served Europeans all his life—old Abatchanaka—was silent and hid behind the others. Only the promise of double pay held them for this month.

That night when Sergei went out to the gate, he noticed a funny big black figure pass on short, crooked hind legs along the edge of the forest in the moonshine and hide behind the white trunks of the first trees.

THE evening of the next day all three were sitting in the front room which served as a dining room and also as the bedroom of Grisha. A candle was burning on the table made of packing boxes and there was also a bottle of whisky. Olga was busy preparing the supper on an alcohol lamp; eggs hissed on the pan and frying onions gave a pungent smell. The door to the bedroom was shut; in there, lighted with the quiet glow of an icon lamp, little Lenochkka wriggled her fat fingers. 'Gai,' as she called her gray parrot friend, was dreaming in his cage.

'I don't know why, Serioja, but I have been feeling uneasy of late; perhaps we ought to leave this place—don't you think so?' said Olga turning to her husband.

'Well, that's enough! These Ethiopians have scared you! It is certainly too bad about our dog, but it is a common thing—a leopard stole it; I can see that by the tracks. It jumped over the fence, killed the dog and took it off to the forest. It might happen even to the workmen. But I think it is best not to talk of it. Let's talk about old times . . . Remember, Grisha, the funny masquerade in Mourakovo at Christmas time . . . ' Supper had been over for a long time but still they sat on. Their voices were lively as they recalled the far distant past, their young days fragrant as a night during hay cutting.

'What ails them—why don't they go to bed?' muttered Gai as he stepped up bristling on his perch in the cage, seeking a more comfortable position for sleeping. 'They will wake the child with their chatter . . . '

Suddenly something crackled in the bedroom and the parrot, cocking his head, met the cold, dreadful green eyes of Death.

'Don't touch her!' squawked Gai, raising all his feathers.

'Why not, bird?' said Death hesitating.

'I love her . . . '

Suddenly Gai jumped and screeched:

'Eyes front! Messieurs Officers also!' It was all he knew of human parlance.

Death glided into the cradle. The child screamed and fell, cradle and all, to the floor.

'O God!' Olia jumped and ran to the door—and dropped. Those coming behind saw the face of the child covered with blood.

The next day they buried little Lenochkka. Olia was like one mad, and was only separated by force from the body, which had turned black. It was clear that the baby had been bitten in the mouth by a snake, because her little lips were swollen. Grisha made a small coffin from two packing boxes and Mourakoff, after reading a chapter from Matthew's Gospel, laid his daughter between the roots of the big baobab on the hill behind the house, placing over her a cross made by Grisha. On the cross he wrote with indelible pencil:

'The child Elena Sergeievna Mourakoff,
from the nobles of N. Province of the
Russian Empire.
Born 1921, died 1923.
Thy will be done.'

In the evening Olia took sick and her husband spent the night sitting by her bed. Coming into the bedroom on tiptoe, Grisha whispered that the natives had run away. Mourakoff only waved his hand, and Grisha went out noiselessly. Olia regained consciousness in the morning and, remembering, cried like a child. Mourakoff went out and rapped bitterly on his forehead with his fist.

Two days later they left. As they packed their things, Grisha asked Sergei what to do with the tusks which lay in a corner of his room—Mourakoff did not answer but only looked on them strangely.

IN THE early morning dew the little caravan was wending its journey away from the Great Forest. The first mule carried the bent, pale, tired Olga, grown old in a day. Mourakoff walked alongside with an arm embracing his wife. Behind them followed other mules carrying the slim household belongings. Grisha came last with his gun across his back; he sucked his short pipe thoughtfully. The last mule carried an empty cage, fastened to the load all askew, for Mourakoff had freed the parrot on the grave of its mistress, lest its presence might disturb Olga.

The Great Forest was left behind.

The noon hour was hot. Spotty lay in the empty cottage panting heavily, with his tongue lolling out. He wanted to get to the water but saw through the door the black housewife down by the creek. The tusks of Old Boul lay in the corner among other forsaken junk.

Under the baobab tree overlooking the grave of Lenochkka chilly Death basked in the sun on a big stone placed by her father to protect the body from hyenas. Birds screamed and scolded in the claw-shaped branches of the big tree. There Gai also protected himself from the flock of small green parrots pecking at him as a foreigner. He squawked hoarsely: 'Eyes front! Messieurs Officers also!'

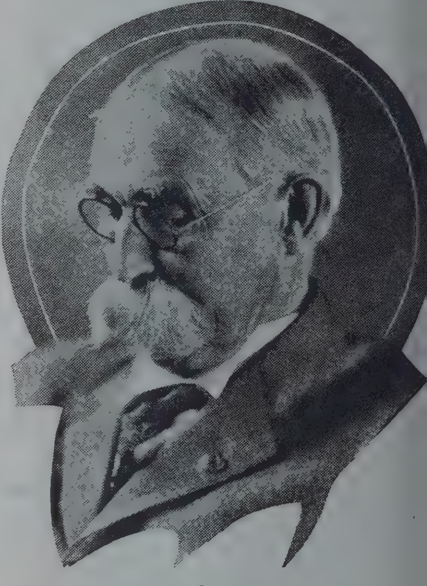
Spotty the leopard yawned, his eyes half closed; then stretching catlike, with a spring he bounded out the door. In the distance, stepping heavily on her crooked legs and raising her bald back high, the black housewife was going on all fours into the Great Forest.

How One Man Built *a* City

By FRANK H. READE

OUT on the Pacific Coast they a
building the largest city in the worl
You may smile at that; you may eve
close one eye at it, but you can't laugh
the fact that a certain town of a hundr
thousand in 1900 is now in the million clas
that it has doubled its population eve
decade for thirty years, and that peop
have come into it to live at the rate
ten thousand a month.

The most interesting feature of L
Angeles was formerly a tall, slende



Frank Wiggins.

vigorous individual, who would have be
seventy-five years old on November
1924, had he not died shortly before. Bo
about the time of the gold rush to Ca
fornia, this man grew up in Indiana, a
then made a rush of his own to the Paci
Coast where he has been held responsible
more than climate, money, men, oranges
railroads—for the making of the large
city west of Chicago.

When the writer first met Frank Wiggi
both were wearing out their shoes on t
pavements of a town of fifty thousand i
habitants, the latter as secretary of t
chamber of commerce, and the form
hunting a job. When the writer saw Fra
Wiggins thirty years after that first mee
ing, he was still secretary of the chamber
commerce, but, instead of walking fro
store to store and from firm to firm, he w
using the telephone to raise some trifli
sum like fifty thousand dollars for a ne
publicity explosion whereby the populati
of the city would be raised another ten
fifteen thousand.

Beneath Wiggins' ordinary roll-top de
lay spread a city whose industries re
resent invested capital of seven hundr
million dollars, with an annual production
nine hundred and sixty million and week
payrolls of five and a half million. The
industries were brought there by this ma
Frank Wiggins, who for thirty-five yea
ever since 1889, had lived and breathed a
thought nothing but Los Angeles.

LLOYD'S—*an* Institution

By PAUL TYNER

Where Lloyd's is located. No sign is displayed to guide strangers inside.

LLOYD'S,' perhaps the best-known and probably the oldest commercial organization in the world, occupies the northeast corner of the Royal xchange in the heart of the City of London. lthough so famous that it is known by ame the world over and its classification any years ago of 'A 1,' signifying the horough soundness of a wooden ship, has ecome an idiom of our speech, there is a ather hazy idea of just what Lloyd's eally is. While most people assume that has something to do with shipping, many hink of it as an insurance company and thers seem to regard it as a sort of general quiry office.

In reality, it is simply an association of erchants, shipowners, underwriters and hip and insurance brokers. *Lloyd's List of hipping* is an invaluable reference book in very newspaper office. It enables a subditor to ascertain at a glance and with bsolute accuracy all about any ship named a news dispatch as lost at sea, involved a collision, or overdue. An alphabetical dex tells when and where the ship was uilt, its tonnage, construction, engine, ome port, history, owner and captain.

In fact, the one great function of Lloyd's that of a great marine news agency. It as its agents and correspondents in every ort of the world and utilizes mail, cable, elegraph, and wireless in gathering and ransmitting daily and hourly formation in regard to arivals and departures, accients and delays, connected ith shipping.

Even news only indirectly ffecting shipping is transitted instantly to Lloyd's nd bulletined conspicuously. hence the splendidly organzed system posts the news in ermanent records. When a re breaks out in Bombay or ancouver, Manila, Hongong or Calcutta, Buenos ires or Rio de Janeiro—or nywhere else—if there is ven a chance of its reaching he shipping in the harbor, hat fact is instantly posted.

Underwriting room.

The name immortalizes ne Edward Lloyd, a Welshan, who must have been a orn newspaperman, although here were no newspapers when he started is coffeehouse in Tower Street away back 1680. In fact, he deserves to be hailed s the 'father of British journalism.' loyd's Coffee House became a favorite athering place for sea captains and shipwners. They exchanged news and gossip f all sorts daily and on this news and ossip the merchant venturers of that time ased many of their speculations. The reat business of betting on or against the contingency of a ship and cargo's safely reaching its destination was the 'one big gamble' in those days of wooden sailing vessels, when wireless was not even a dream and while capital organized for the express purpose of covering marine risks was still in the future.

From the small and obscure beginnings of the noonday gatherings of this little group of ship captains and shipowners, gradually increased by merchants anxious to obtain 'tips' of use to them in deciding on ventures in foreign trade from the news and gossip exchanged over a cup of coffee or other refreshment, has grown the institution that has come to be today one of the chief mainsprings in the commercial life of the world.

But its inspiration was the genius of Edward Lloyd, the coffeehouse keeper who, with a nose for news, added immensely to the attractiveness of his place by picking up and winnowing this news and gossip and posting its salient points in a daily bulletin. Merchants who undertook marine insurance in addition to their ordinary business, as a sort of side line, soon found the daily consultation of these bulletins an essential part of their business. So Lloyd's became in a short time so popular a resort that in 1692 it was necessary to remove to more commodious quarters in Lombard Street—in the center of 'that portion of the City most frequented by merchants of the highest class,' as an old chronicle puts it.

Shortly after this event in 1696, Lloyd established a weekly newspaper called *Lloyd's News* for the better dissemination of the shipping and commercial news hitherto obtained by him from letters which were read out to the company or passed from hand to hand before being digested in bulletin form. In 1726 this news sheet was resuscitated in printed form, under the title of *Lloyd's List.* This name it retains to the present day, being the oldest newspaper in existence.

Lloyd died in 1712, and the coffeehouse was taken over by a committee of his patrons who retained the old waiters on a sort of commission basis.

Despite the steady growth of the business conducted by the frequenters of the coffeehouse, there is no record of any formal organization on their part until the close of the year 1769, when abuses began to arise that threatened to bring Lloyd's coffeehouse and the more respectable among its frequenters into disrepute. The place being open to all and sundry, the company at times included unscrupulous persons who did not hesitate to take advantage of the opportunities afforded. Illicit wagering and gambling policies were sometimes issued and there were defaults in the payment of claims under these. This became a scandal to the honest frequenters of Lloyd's coffeehouse and so in 1770 a group of underwriters and brokers who desired to remedy the abuses and to do a legitimate business got together, obtained possession of *Lloyd's List* and, dissociating themselves from the old coffeehouse, moved over to Pope's Head Alley. There they opened a temporary establishment under the name of 'New Lloyd's.' Four years later they removed to the Royal Exchange, which has since remained the home of Lloyd's, except when it was temporarily vacated owing to a fire which destroyed the second Royal Exchange in 1838.

It was not until January 12, 1779, that a uniform printed policy of marine insurance was adopted, which policy still remains in use with few slight alterations, being accepted as the standard policy the world over.

Visitors to Lloyd's are not encouraged, and admittance within its privileged portals is not easily obtained.

Committee room.
Left—Casualty book. Right—Chairman's chair (made from rudder of La Lutine).

After presenting my credentials to a servitor gorgeously arrayed in scarlet and gold, I was escorted to the secretary's office on the floor above, immediately adjoining the general offices, where a staff of about 150 clerks were busily engaged in the administrative work of the establishment and in collection, tabulation and distribution of the enormous mass of marine news reports constantly arriving by post, telegraph, and wireless night and day.

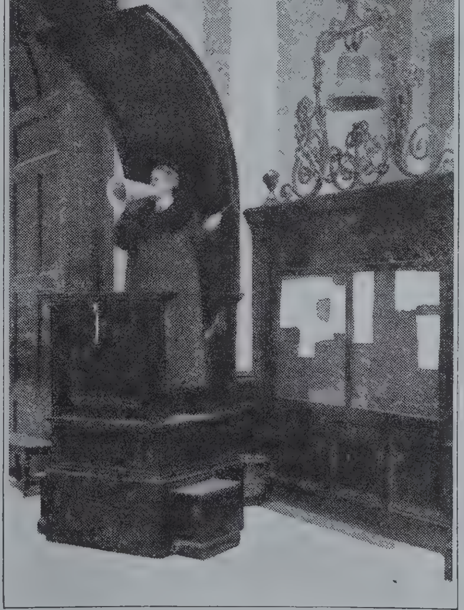
Mention must not be omitted of the famous 'Lutine bell' in the underwriters' room. It is mounted high on the rostrum, as it used to be called, from which the stentorian-voiced doorkeeper shouts out the name of any member who may be called for. He strikes a single note on this bell when news arrives of the loss of a ship at sea. When news of the safety of an overdue ship comes in two strokes are sounded.

The Lutine bell was taken from a French frigate of that name captured by the British and afterward utilized to transport bullion to the Continent. In 1799 she was wrecked at the mouth of the Zuider Zee, having upward of a million sterling in her hold at the time. Though this was a tremendous loss for the underwriters, they paid up promptly. Some of the treasure was recovered by Dutch fishermen at the time, who were allowed by the Dutch Government to retain a salvage commission of one-third of all they brought ashore.

More than half a century later, Lloyd's made a contract with a Dutch company to conduct further salvage operations, in which they were to share fifty-fifty on what gold was recovered. Some forty thousand pounds was salvaged before operations were abandoned. Something of the difficulty of the task may be imagined when it is told that during one attempt a million tons of sand were shifted, out of which only five grains of gold were obtained! Whether this great treasure still lying at the sea bottom off the Dutch coast will ever be brought ashore is an open question; there are many who think that modern salvage methods by means of specially constructed submarines may succeed with it. Should this hope be realized, the society of Lloyd's is authorized by special act of Parliament to take possession of the proceeds after paying any claims which might arise.

Another object of striking interest in this room is the *Loss Book*, in which particulars of any ship reported lost are at once written in red ink. In the telegram room are posted reports of minor casualties and of arrivals and sailings, besides notices relating to missing or overdue vessels. If no news is received within a week after a vessel is posted at Lloyd's as 'missing,' the amount for which she is insured is collectible and the crew are legally presumed to be dead, whereupon the heirs may obtain probate of their wills.

Perhaps the department around which hovers the greatest sentimental interest is the square chamber known as the 'captains' room.' In olden times this room was a favorite resort of shipmasters, and here no doubt the old salts spun many a yarn over mug of ale or glass of port. It is to be regretted that no scribe with the gift of a Conrad or a Clark-Russell was there to report the talk that went on within its walls; he certainly would have found it a rich mine of 'copy.'



Ringing the historic bell.

Nowadays, the captains' room is used chiefly as a luncheon restaurant and there is even talk of the space being converted into additional office accommodation. But the sentiment of the members is strongly against this. Indeed, when the time comes for removal to the new quarters of Lloyd's on which architects and contractors are now busy, there will be much regret among the older members for leaving this celebrated home in a building opened by Queen Elizabeth in the Sixteenth Century and by Queen Victoria in the Nineteenth.

Lloyd's figures in much Eighteenth Century literature. It was the subject of an essay by Steele in the *Tatler* and of a racy letter by Addison in the *Spectator*. That Lloyd's Coffee House early became a city landmark is shown by a poem printed in 1700, entitled 'The Wealthy Shopkeeper,' which contains this couplet:

'Now to Lloyd's Coffee House he never fails
To read the letters and attend the sales.'

The reference here is to the fact that, in addition to its chief interest as a news bureau, Lloyd's at that time had also become a ship's auction room. Vessels were sold 'by inch of candle,' the procedure as described by Pepys, being that a large pin was inserted through the candle an inch below the flame. Bidding went on until the candle was burned down to the pin. The last bidder before the pin dropped was declared the purchaser.

THAT old standby, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in its issue for April, 1740, contains this reference: '11th March, 1740, Mr. Baker, Master of Lloyd's Coffee House in Lombard Street, waited on Sir Robert Walpole (the prime minister) with the news of Admiral Vernon's taking of Portobello. This was the first account thereof, and, proving true, Sir Robert was pleased to offer him a handsome present.'

Appreciation of efficient news service in our days is not apt to be shown by a tip at the hands of a premier; a modern reporter might feel it a slight to his dignity, but at that time such reward seems to have been acceptable.

In 1824, the monopoly of marine insurance business which had been enjoyed for more than a century chiefly by Lloyd's ended with the repeal of the Act of 1720. This class of business was thrown open to all, and companies for the purpose were incorporated year by year in steadily increasing number. The various wars which were in progress almost without cessation contributed greatly to the financial prosperity of Lloyd's.

Reticence—*A Gentlemanly Instinct*

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

ONE of the striking developments in the field of story-telling in America at the present moment is a body of magazines specializing in confessions. These periodicals appeal, no doubt, to the universal human pleasure in a story. Then there is another pleasure very closely related to the pleasure with which some of us listen to gossip.

In the interest that we take in gossip there are at least two elements. So much of evil is inherent in all of us that we have some satisfaction in hearing of the misfortunes of others. A second interest is personal. We wish to know about other people. If the proper study of mankind is man (as Pope has it), certainly it is also one of his indubitable instincts. Confessions are, therefore, human documents of no small value. At any rate, people are paying for them on the news stands, and the periodicals that offer them are increasing in number.

Something like this exploitation of the private and the personal appears in recent literary criticism. In some quarters a poet is praised because her work is in a great degree self-revealing. The canons of criticism by which that quality in it becomes a merit are new to America. Indeed, they are new to the English-speaking world as a whole.

It is not the English way for a man to parade his emotions before the eyes of the world. It is not the American way, as far as America lives in the spirit of its best traditions, for a man to fling the passions that possess him in a cry on the winds for all his fellows to hear.

An instinct for reticence, a feeling for privacy, is almost the first requisite of the gentleman. When a man can no longer preserve even himself, inner or outer, from the prying eyes of the crowd and from their pushing elbows, there is nothing left for him to hold as his own. He may just as well open up his hearth to the rains of heaven as permit the very inmost part of his being to be washed out in the ceaseless beat of other lives upon his own.

A CERTAIN disdain for promiscuity always has been and always will be the mark of the finer man. No democracy, however insistent and clamorous, can ever strike that fact into nothingness.

It is fairly certain that any change in us is largely due to the influence of Continental Europeans. The desire for privacy is not a part of their creed. They understand it only as a wish to cover up something that the world might account criminal. That as a simple matter of self-respect a man may wish to preserve something of himself for himself is a thing outside the range of their mental sensibilities.

What we say or reveal to others about ourselves may be interesting as a human document, but the producing or assembling of documents is not art. Documents are but the raw material. The artist functions when he chooses from the raw material that which suits his purpose, and gives it coherency and form. When he uses it in the raw he is failing in his office. When he is willing to look into his own heart and write, he is in danger of surrendering himself as a man.

LIFE itself should be a sort of artistry. When we turn it into a welter of conflicting aims and untutored purposes, we are as far away from the artist's designing and shaping as a boy making mud pies in the garden. The *laissez faire* doctrine as applied to the ordering of society has lost the authority it once had. However much man may be helpless in the face of the material universe, he is the creator of the world of his social relations. Within the compass of so much of the universe he may insist that as far as his abilities permit, he will arrange things to suit his needs. If he thinks that life is made ugly by a too exuberant display of the turmoil of our inner beings, it is quite within the scope of his privileges to do what he can to stop it. That life has been made uglier than need be in America, no one with a reasonable degree of social and esthetic sensitiveness can fail to realize.

A strange notion seems to be prevalent that when we have made the alien familiar with the Constitution and loyal to it, familiar with our political institutions and loyal to them, we have made him a good American. That is only a little more sensible than expecting to make a South Sea Islander into an intelligent member of a civilized community by clothing him in garments suitable for Broadway. The inner man cannot be so easily transformed. No doubt being well-dressed is useful in raising the tone of the mental and moral activities of the man blessed with good clothes. No doubt, also, a good form of government is conducive to the general enlightenment of the citizenry living under it and to the general elevation of its character.

Enlightenment and even elevation of character do not necessarily contribute to social homogeneity. Taste is not a matter of intellectual capability. Only in a limited degree is it a matter of intellectual cultivation. It is the product in the main of our ancestral history. Our emotions, our social reactions, all of the things that make up our likes and dislikes, have come to us out of a long evolution of thousands of years. Inasmuch as the evolutionary process has not been the same for different peoples, the products of those processes in characters and tastes cannot be the same.

It is absurd to expect to eliminate the consequences of those processes in a few years by putting them in subjection to a governmental form. When a man who has lived in a hovel finds himself established comfortably in a good house, the change will probably have some effect upon the general drift of his ideas and his tendencies, but it will not make him over.

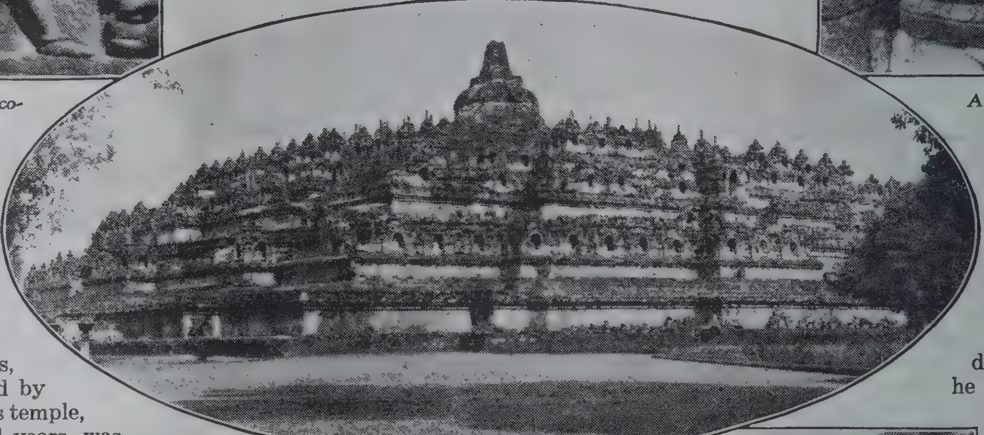
It is much to a man's interest for him to have a beautiful house. However, the life that goes on within the house is a thing of very much more importance. The customs and habits and ideals of our social order must have a roof over their heads. They must be shielded from anarchic and revolutionary storms, but they, and not the encompassing political order, are vital to happiness. We have so much ignored this that we have been very much like the man who makes a beautiful dog kennel and then gives its proper occupants the companionship of an equal number of vigorous cats. The dogs may be all right in themselves and the cats may be all right in themselves. Separately and individually they may be quite capable of achieving happiness and of contributing to the comfort of their own family group; but in their fellowship that possibility will not obtain. Their aims are diverse and they are not susceptible of reciprocal accommodation. However much they may agree that they have been provided with a wonderful kennel, they will not find occupancy of it together a state of perfection.

PEOPLES who have little regard for the privacies will vulgarize life for the tastes of those who have developed in themselves the finer restraints. That we are already suffering the consequences of this debasing of our social ideals is observable in our newspapers every day. Unabashed personal exploitation beyond the bounds of a reasonable self-respect flaunts itself on their pages continually. A nobody willing to parade as a bathing girl in the scantiest clothing within the limit of the law easily displaces the countenance of a statesman, a painter, a financier, or of anybody who goes quietly about important business. By and by, if we permit ourselves to be continually inundated from Continental Europe, he will be the greatest writer who can unearth the most interesting excitation from his personal experiences. The gracious self-effacings that have given charm to polite society will have yielded place to the babblings of egotism. The poise of good breeding will fail of recognition, and the upstarts in America will drown the voices of all the gentle and the wise. From that end to our democratic dream we can save ourselves only by shutting the sea gates tighter than they have ever been shut before.

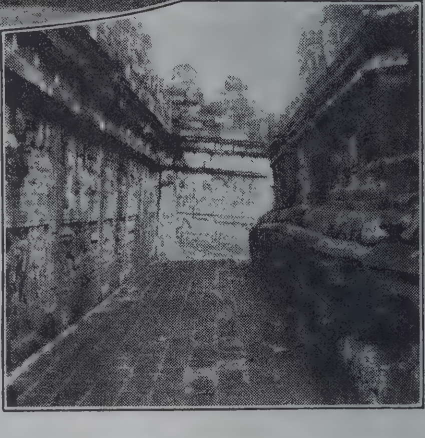
One of thousands of decorations on the temple.

BORO-BUDUR
Java's Wonder Temple

A large part of the sculp
turings depict animals



The temple, preserved a thousand years under the ash and lava from a nearby volcano. Right—Corner of a passage.



By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

IN THE central part of Java is a great pyramidal temple rising tier on tier, each level encircled by beautiful stone bells, the whole surmounted by an immense bell. This temple, buried for a thousand years, was recently excavated to stand as one of the new 'Seven Wonders of the World.' It is called Boro-Budur.

Compared with the Great Pyramid of Egypt, Boro-Budur makes that colossus with its plain stone surfaces fade to insignificance. The Boro-Budur not only is as large as the Great Pyramid but is sculptured in an ancient art, involving the history of a religion, of a people and their customs, that could not be equaled today either in fineness of conception or in skilfulness of execution.

The date of the completion of Boro-Budur is put by authorities at A. D. 850. It was built by the Javanese under Hindu influences and culture.

Then came the Mohammedans, who swept over Java destroying all things beautiful, sparing no art, no culture.

The story is told that Buddhist priests who loved the Boro-Budur, knowing the ruthlessness of the Mohammedans, covered it with earth and then planted it to tropical vegetation and trees. These grew up rapidly in the fertile valley, and when the Mohammedans reached this section of Java, the temple looked so much like a large hill that it escaped them and remained buried for a thousand years.

Some scientists discredit the story but the Javanese will have no other. The legend that old Merapi, a still active volcano only a few miles away, buried it is just as interesting, even if it does not have a human touch. Vast layers of volcanic dust and ashes and lava were found when the British excavated it between the years 1814 and 1834.

It stands a solid mile of decorations, ten thousand feet of sculptured story, 2,141 separate decorations in carved stone. It tells the story of Buddha from his infancy, through his path to holiness as he traveled the lives of the deer, the hare, the fish, the quail, the swan, the monkey, the elephant, the bull, the woodpecker, the tortoise, and the horse. These animals are prominent in the work and are so well done that a child could recognize them.

There are five rows of Buddhas, each row on a terrace of stone. These statues are the conventional Buddhas, like those of Japan. The first three rows are inclosed in stone bells, which have little peepholes in them. These are symbolic of Buddha's not having entirely isolated himself from the world. It is the first stage in the progression toward complete isolation, which is Nirvana, according to the Buddhist religion.

The final stage of the progression is symbolized by the great bell, called the
dagoba, whic
crowns the te
ple. It is thir
feet high and
made of solid m
sonry. Inside is
huge statue of Bu
dha, symbolizing th
he has reached Buddhi
perfection, co
plete isolation fro
the world. O
has a tremendo
sense of this isol
tion as one loo
up at this grea
massive bell a
ponders the anti
uity of it.

There ar
seventy-two pe
fect statues
Buddha in the bel
On the lowest te
race are thirt
two; on the seco
terrace, twent
four; on the hig
est terrace, sixtee
Each statue is life-size. I counted them
I climbed the stone-arched stairways
the temple, its steep steps, and its weathe
stained stone terraces, and it seemed th
I was climbing the ridges, and walking t
trails and levels of a mountain.

Directly to the west Merapi shot
fifty-mile trail of black smoke into t
horizon; a perfect cone gilded by t
sun. Off to the right another volca
towered, Slamat, and in another directi
loomed the black and inactive cone
rugged Kawi. Encircling the whole valle
was a range of mountain
without a single opening lar
enough to make a visible pa
from where we stood on top
Boro-Budur's highest pinnac
Below us between the temp
and the hills stretched a valle
of green and waving palms wi
here and there a burning, bla
ing flame of the forest, wi
its crimson flashes breaki
the blanket of green like gre
red splotches on a comfor
able. Through this valle
stretched two streams of wate
and brilliant green rice pa
dies, covered with wate
gleamed in far-flung acres b
tween the palm forests.

Some of the five rows of bells containing life-size statues of Buddha.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

is Baguio, a beautiful mountain spot arly two hundred miles north of Manila the Philippines, that makes American cupation possible. Americans go there ice a year, during the hot season, April d May, to build up again,' said the ***ome-Coming Correspondent.*** 'It the only pine-clad country in the islands; e one spot that makes a resort for Ameri- ns during these hot months. It cost close three million dollars to create this summer ty and to build an accessible road to it. It used much criticism, but even the most dical Filipino critic responds to its praises.

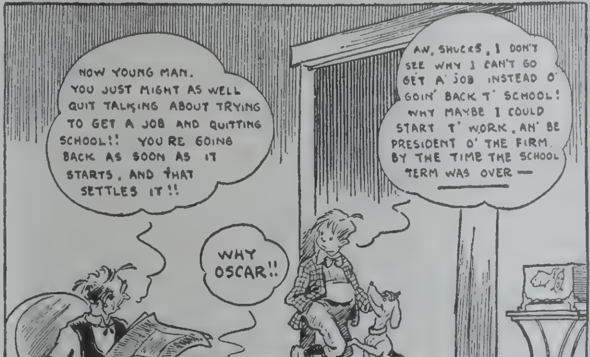
'The altitude is a mile high. The mperature is as cool and pleasant as any alifornia resort, reminding one of Lake ahoe. A great section laid out for the army en is known as Camp John Hay. The ountry Club with its mountain links, the eachers' Camp, to which come the Ameri- n and Filipino teachers who labor all ear in the trying climate of the islands, d the little city of Baguio itself, make up aguio the beautiful.

'One who has lived for months in the hausting heat of Manila can understand hat it means, after an all-day ride in a usty, dirty train in cars that boast none the refinements of our Pullmans, to imb into an automobile and ride for forty iles with the rush of cool breezes on one's eeks. The sudden change, the odor of ine trees, the murmur of mountain brooks, e dash of mountain streams and water- lls, make one forget everything but this aradise of the Pacific.'

* * *

Between East Las Vegas, New Mexico, the new town," and an incorporated town alled Las Vegas, or "old town," flows the allinas River,' remarked the ***Man from ew Mexico.*** 'In the dry season one n cross on the rocks without etting one's feet. Here in 1541 rancisco Vásquez Coronado, Span- h explorer, crossed with his caval- ade of adventurers and today the d town stands on the spot where ey made camp. From 1821 to 879 the traders' wagons following e Old Santa Fe Trail crossed here nd more often than not camped in e circular plaza now the center of e old town. This plaza, built riginally by the earliest Spanish ttlers, consisted of low adobe ouses all facing a center inclosure ome one hundred yards in diameter. was in this inclosure that the ettlers sought safety from maraud- g Indians.

'Now, of course, the old houses re gone and are replaced by mod- rn business structures. In 1846 rigadier General Stephen W. earney with his Irish Brigade rossed the Gallinas at this spot, amped in the plaza and then, from e top of one of the old buildings ill standing, proclaimed the sov- reignty of the United States Gov- rnment and took possession for the tars and Stripes. The bridge has arkers describing briefly these oc- urrences and is one of the spots of interest to the overland tourist following the Old Trails' Route.'


NOW YOUNG MAN. YOU JUST MIGHT AS WELL QUIT TALKING ABOUT TRYING TO GET A JOB AND QUITTING SCHOOL!! YOU'RE GOING BACK AS SOON AS IT STARTS. AND THAT SETTLES IT!!
WHY OSCAR!!
AW, SHUCKS, I DON'T SEE WHY I CAN'T GO GET A JOB INSTEAD O' GOIN' BACK T' SCHOOL! WHY MAYBE I COULD START T' WORK. AN' BE PRESIDENT O' THE FIRM BY THE TIME THE SCHOOL TERM WAS OVER —
CHAS. KUHN-27.

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

THE ANNUAL BATTLE IS ON.

* * *

'Speaking of delayed mail,' said the ***Postman,*** 'did you ever stop to consider the many different causes, such, for instance, as the use of the two-cent stamp? While this item may not mean much in a small office, in larger offices it impedes the transmission of mail sometimes as much as twenty-four hours.

'Numerous devices have been worked out to eliminate this one item. Stamped envelopes, meters which print postage directly on mail matter, the postage imprint, a combination of stamp, cancellation, meter and postmark, are among them.

'In business offices the development of devices to eliminate the adhesive stamp has also resulted in large savings. One thing these have done, besides saving labor, has been to stop petty pilfering. One large business concern which sends out 175,000 statements at the end of a month was able to cut down the time consumed in sealing and stamping the letters, from 21,370 minutes to less than 700 minutes.

'So even the lowly two-cent stamp has its faults, and some day it will probably vanish from the business world, although probably never from private correspondence. There is something about a stamp on a personal letter that no machine-made postmark can replace.'

* * *

The ***Country Parson*** from the Middle West brought an anecdote with a moral. 'I will not soon forget the day,' he began, 'when I came upon a parishioner, a typical mountaineer, seated upon a log, the picture of dejection and grief. His face was in his hands and through his fingers the tears fell like rain. All solicitude and sympathy, I wondered what dire calamity had befallen this downcast man.

'On inquiry I found that the cause of grief was the recent rains that had fallen, ending a long summer drought. It seems that this particular farmer had cleared a long, narrow piece of new ground along a water course, and had planted it out to corn which gave promise of a good harvest.

'He began to have visions of himself selling corn to his neighbors whose crops were drying up in the dusty fields about him. But in the nick of time the rains descended and floods came. His visions of a corner on the corn market of the community disappeared and his opportunity for a little profiteering vanished into thin air. Hence his bitter tears.'

* * *

'Everyone who comes out of West Virginia brings a new story,' said the ***Editor from That State,*** 'I wonder why. For example, I was eating lunch at a certain hotel in downtown Detroit last week, when my companion turned and asked: "Tell me, why is it that West Virginia never did anything about the Herrin affair?"

'Of course, I immediately explained that Herrin is in Illinois and that the affair belonged to the people of that state. The thing that bothered me was *why* he thought it was in West Virginia.'

* * *

'The humble burro, unheralded and unsung, contributes not a little to the economic welfare of Spain,' said the ***Visitor from Abroad.*** 'Day in and day out, morning, noon and night, in the mountains and on the plains, the faithful servitor is seen, plodding cheerfully along under burdens sufficient to crush a less sturdy spirit. Passengers and goods are on the same burro.

'Commonly, however, the major burden is carried in a tremendous load in the saddle baskets, and the driver sits on top with his feet stretching straight out in front, or hanging over the shoulders of the mount. In the early morning the milk wagon, which at home awakens so many Americans, is replaced in Spain by the jogging burro. Four large cans, suspended in a saddle-bag of basketwork, enable the beast to perform this service with little danger to the contents. In Spanish cities milk is in large measure distributed directly from these containers to the buying public.

'The burro serves numerous communities as a water carrier, since running water is not found in any large number of Spanish houses. Olive oil in protected containers and wine, which also serves for drinking purposes, are transported in the same way. Frequently two large flagons of glass, in basketwork, replace the four large metal cans used for milk and water. For milk, six baskets, three on each side, carry large milk cans, with additional baskets sometimes of boiled milk.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Question. Will you please tell me who built the Capitol at Washington?

Answer. After the National Capital had been located on the Potomac in 1789, George Washington and Major P. C. L'Enfant selected sites for the public buildings. On the decision of a board of three commissioners with Washington and Jefferson, the plans of the Capitol and the President's house were given out in 1792 to public competition. For the President's house James Hoban's plans were accepted at once. For the Capitol none was satisfactory, but the three foremost competitors were given another trial and one, Stephen Hallet, was employed to revise his plans under the commissioners' criticism. But later in the year, Dr. William Thornton of Tortola Island, West Indies, submitted plans whose 'grandeur, simplicity, beauty and convenience' forced the committee to accept them. They were too grand for the commissioners' ideas of national needs or resources at that time, however, and specified too costly materials. Thornton was accordingly forced to reduce their scale and material greatly. Work was begun about August 1, 1793. The southeast cornerstone of the original building was laid on September 18, 1793, by President Washington with Masonic ceremonies. It is constructed of sandstone from quarries on Aquia Creek, Virginia. The work was done under the direction of Stephen H. Hallet, James Hoban, George Hadfield, and B. H. Latrobe, architects. The north wing was finished in 1800 and the south wing in 1811. A wooden passageway connected them. On August 24, 1814, the interior of both wings was destroyed by fire, set by the British. The building was immediately repaired. In 1818 the central portion of the building was commenced, under the architectural superintendence of Charles Bulfinch. The original building was finally completed in 1827. The cornerstone of the extensions was laid on July 4, 1851, by President Fillmore, Daniel Webster officiating as spokesman. The work was prosecuted under the architectural direction of Thomas U. Walter till 1865, when he resigned, and it was completed under the supervision of Edward Clark. The material used in the walls is white marble from the quarries at Lee, Massachusetts, and that in the columns from the quarries at Cockeysville, Maryland. The House extension was first occupied for legislative purposes December 16, 1857, and the Senate January 4, 1859. The dome of the original central building was constructed of wood, covered with copper. This was replaced in 1856 by the present structure of cast iron. It was completed in 1865. The entire weight of iron used is 8,909,200 pounds. The dome is crowned by a bronze statue of Freedom which was modeled by Crawford.

* * *

Q. What is the largest area of ground covered by a pyramid in Egypt and where is it located?

A. The 'Great Pyramid,' the tomb of Cheops at Gizeh, covers upward of 13 acres of ground, its base being 9,068.8 inches square. Its present perpendicular height is 451 feet but originally, including the nucleus of rock at the bottom and the apex which has disappeared, it measured 482 feet. Gizeh is located on the left bank of the Nile, opposite the island of Roda and about three miles from Cairo.

* * *

Q. I should like to get a report of the undesirable aliens deported by our Government in 1925 and how they are distributed as to nationalities. Who decides on deportation and do the individuals have any legal rights of resistance?

A. Aliens deported to countries whence they came, after entering the United States, for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1925, are as follows:

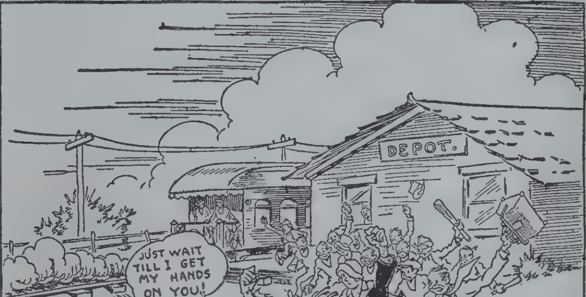
African	167
Armenian	26
Bohemian and Moravian	30
Bulgarian, Serbian and Montenegrin	105
Chinese	261
Croatian and Slovenian	117
Cuban	8
Dalmatian, Bosnian and Herzegovinian	22
Dutch and Flemish	249
East Indian	67
English	1,072
Finnish	94
French	469
German	750
Greek	279
Hebrew	250
Irish	554
Italian	796
Japanese	83
Korean	6
Lithuanian	23
Magyar	72
Mexican	1,751
Pacific Islander	3
Polish	161
Portuguese	65
Rumanian	82
Russian	93
Ruthevian	44
Scandinavian	5
Scotch	4
Spanish	3
Spanish-American	
Syrian	1
Turkish	
Welsh	
West Indian	
Other nationalities	1
Total	9,4

When an alien is to be deported, he arrested by the immigration authoriti under a warrant of arrest issued by t Secretary of Labor, and he may be releas on bond pending final decision of his cas He is first given a preliminary hearing, an after this, he is given a final hearing befo the Board of Reviews, when he is given opportunity of being represented by couns The hearing is then forwarded to the Gener Board of Reviews, Washington, D. where he has a further opportunity of bei represented by counsel. After the fin decision is passed, if it is unfavorable warrant of deportation is issued. Then is taken into custody by the Immigratio Service and deported to the country when he came.

* * *

Q. I should like to get some statisti on the Post Office Department.

A. The revenue of the Postal Servi for the fiscal year ended June 30, 192 including fees from money-order busines amounted to $659,819,801.08. The audit expenditures for the year were $679,704 053.25 or $19,884,252.17 in excess of t revenues, and by the addition of losses postal funds by fire, burglary, and oth causes of $88,127.25, the total cash deficien in the postal revenue for the fiscal ye amounted to $19,972,279.42. T deficiency is subject to adjustmen however, since it is based on actu payments made during the fisc year ended June 30, 1926, and i cludes payments for services re dered in previous fiscal years whi could not be paid at the time t obligations were incurred, and do not include obligations outstandi as of June 30, 1926. Thus adjuste the total of expenditures and undi charged liabilities chargeable to t fiscal year ended June 30, 1926, $697,725,919.15 and the operati deficit, $37,906,118.07. The pri cipal source of the postal revenu is the postage paid on mail, the r ceipts therefrom during the ye amounting to $587,856,191.18 89.09 per cent of the total revenu On June 30, 1926, there were 15,4 postmasters of the first, second a third classes and 35,411 postmaste of the fourth class. On June 3 1926, mails were carried und authorization of the departme over 229,280 miles of railroad while during the year 2,256,1 miles of air-mail trips were flow with mail.



—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

WE MAY HAVE A FEW MOB SCENES OURSELVES.

BRIEFLY TOLD

A CAFE ON THE BOULEVARD St. Michel, ris, is a sign which reads: 'Ladies are quested not to smoke pipes.' This order as made necessary after two girl students d been ousted for smoking their briar pes at a sunny corner table.

ERMAN PHYSICIANS DECLARE that inhala- n of oxygen for three or four minutes will mediately cure seasickness. This illness, ey claim, is caused by an anemic condition the brain which is remedied only by oxy- n.

POLICEMAN OF BOURNE, England, recently ld up traffic when a duck started to waddle ross the road. In the middle of the road e sat down to lay an egg. Ten minutes ter the egg was rescued and traffic resumed.

TTO OMIKRON, A NATIVE of Berlin, Ger- any, lays claim to the distinction of being e only man on earth who can inhale deadly s and exhale it again without any injury himself.

REMARKABLE HIMALAYAN tribe, the mem- rs of which have not been sick for nine ears, is reported by a British medical offi- r. Their diet consists of grains, vege- bles, fruits, fowls and eggs.

SPANISH NOBLEMAN, DESIRING protection ainst nicotine stain, is credited with in- nting paper bands for cigars.

EVELOPMENT OF 'THE MOST courteous lice corps in existence' is the aim of olonel H. N. Schwarzkopf, head of the ew Jersey state police.

MACHINE ENABLING music com- sers to write their music rapidly as been devised in Budapest. The usical ideas can be typed down as ey come to the composer.

UPERSTITIOUS PEASANTS OF Ger- any say a lottery ticket bought ith stolen money is usually a inner. Copper rings are worn on e fingers in Turkey to prevent ysipelas. If the ring has been olen from someone it is supposed answer its purpose twice as well. hese superstitions arise from the sire of the criminal to find some cuse for his delinquencies.

HERE ARE 3,000,000 lepers in the orld.

WOMAN, MRS. JEANNETTE HYDE, s filled the post of Collector of ustoms in the Hawaiian Islands r more than two years. The ties handled by this office aver- e more than $1,750,000 annually.

HE INDIAN GOVERNMENT HAS in- ructed its censors to eliminate om motion pictures scenes depict- g illicit love between white men d women, revolutions, night life, d other features which might wer the Indians' idea of Western vilization.

EACH AMERICAN CITIZEN owns approximately thirty square feet of land in Yellowstone Park, the total area of that Government-owned plot being 3,348 square miles.

FISH, BEING UNABLE TO close their eyes, take their 'sleep,' or repose, during periods of inactivity more or less variable in degree.

TWO THOUSAND REINDEER will probably be used in forming a protected herd of the animals in the Northwest Territories of Canada, under the Dominion's program for conserving wild life.

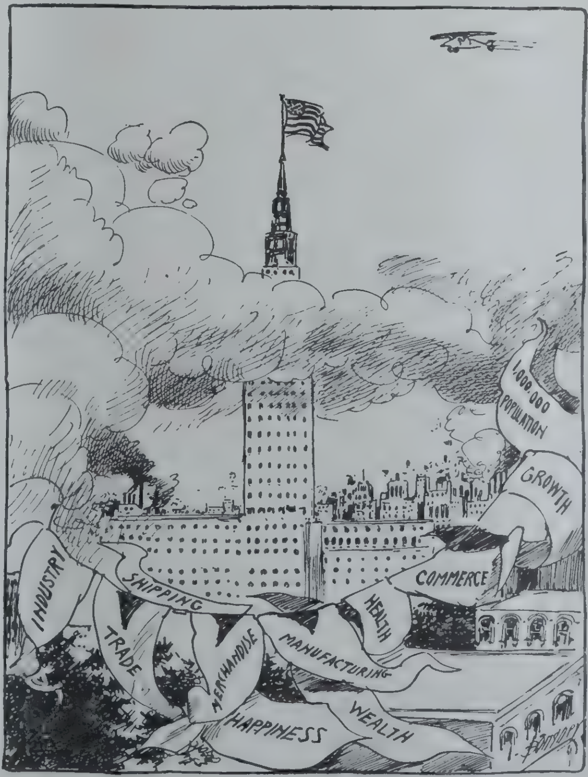
A LARGE FOREST OF petrified wood has been found in a remote valley in Texas.

AN 'ANARCHIST ALBUM,' containing the photographs of some five hundred anarchists of international reputation, was published and distributed among interested nations in 1894 by the French Government.

GIRLS IN SEARCH OF HUSBANDS are advised to 'go West.' In the State of Washington there are 87,195 more men of marriageable age than there are girls; Idaho has a surplus of more than 30,000 men, while Montana and Oregon are also girl shy. Alaska's surplus of bachelors now totals 2,567.

THERE ARE SEVENTY Negro women doctors in the United States.

ON A TABLELAND SIX MILES wide, located near the west coast of Africa, stands a forest of trees only twelve inches in height, bearing leaves (never more than two to a tree) often six feet long. The trunks of the trees measure about four feet in diameter.



—Donahey, *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE!

FALLS KILL MORE people than battles, according to the National Safety Council.

THE POPULATION PROBLEM IS one of immediate concern to the globe, warns Professor E. M. East of Harvard University. Available food supply, he states, can eventually sustain a total of only 5,000,000,000 persons, which number, judging by the current rate of increase, will be reached in about 100 years.

TWO HOSPITALS IN London have no male surgeons.

SINGING TEAKETTLES HAVE been manufactured and used by the Japanese for many centuries. Musical sounds come forth only when the water boils, for they are produced by steam bubbles escaping from beneath thin sheets of iron fastened closely together near the bottom of the kettle.

OVER 6,000 KINDS of caterpillars have been found in America north of Mexico.

ETON COLLEGE SCHOLARS dress according to their height. Those five feet four inches or more in height wear morning coats, while their shorter brother students must wear the famous Eton jacket.

NEVADA IS NOW A STATE without a street car, buses having entirely supplanted the trolley system.

A CLOCK MADE NEARLY 350 years ago by Isaac Habrecht and now in the British Museum recorded the recent eclipse. The clock has two dials representing the sun and the moon. The 'moon' covered the 'sun' at exactly eclipse time this year.

AFTER RICHARD GRIFFITH OF Baltimore, Maryland, rolled from his bed out of a third-story window, he awoke in mid-air to find himself clutching a pillow. Using it to protect his head when landing, he suffered only slight cuts.

THE REALLY HAPPY MAN OF today never laughs, declares Professor F. Aveling, University of London psychologist. Laughter is an ugly mask indulged in only by the 'superior' or discontented man, according to the professor, but smiles, he says, are beautiful 'as marks of human sympathy and understanding in a heart that is at peace with itself and all the world.'

PATRICK KENNY, A GREENWICH, England, cobbler, believes he has the smallest workshop in the world. Built in the massive stone support of a railway bridge, the shop is only four feet square, but has a roof fifty feet thick.

THE KING OF CAMBODIA, who recently died at the age of eighty-seven, delighted in completing his dress attire with an old opera hat on the top of which was fixed a knob of diamonds worth $100,000.

NOTES · COMMENTS · CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the job of thinking.

* * *

Is it a good thing to be contented with conditions as they are? Half of our discontent today comes from poetic imaginings of earlier ages—'the good old times,' as we like to refer to them. Hugh Walpole, the eminent English novelist, gives us his philosophy as to 'liking one's own time,' in the sixth of his little essays from a northern cottage. (p. 1)

* * *

To give special training to selected officers in staff work and in higher command, and to keep up-to-date in military knowledge, are the purposes of the Fort Leavenworth Military School. In an enlightening article, Frank M. Chase describes the nature of this training. He also tells of the methods employed to keep the higher officers of the Army fit to direct our military forces in time of war. (p. 3)

* * *

Will the day ever come when students will have to pay the entire cost of their education? America has had a tradition that every young man and woman, however poor, should be educated; that the branches of higher learning should be open to every class. The views of Doctor Crooks will interest a large number of our readers. (p. 6)

* * *

It would be a strange world that great-great-grandma would find, were she to revisit the scenes of her former existence. Think of her pressing a button and illuminating a house! Opening a valve and heating the house! Turning a faucet and deriving an endless stream of hot or cold water! Conversing with the world from a comfortable seat near a telephone! Enjoying the best music and oratory without leaving her fireside! And watching the whirling stream of motor cars from her window; or the droning airplanes!

Some of grandmother's joys in housekeeping are set forth by Florence Taft Eaton. (p. 8)

* * *

Old Boul, Wise Boul, Just Boul—in his day he had carried Menelik, King of Kings, and learned how to mete justice. Retired to the Great Forest, he served as arbiter for all its denizens until one day a white man sped a bullet into his brain. Thereupon the old black gorilla housewife and Death, the chilly serpent, went forth to avenge the patriarch. The faithful dog and the big gray parrot warned in vain . . . Death kissed the sleeping babe. (p. 12)

* * *

Not only are courts sometimes used as instruments of injustice to innocent people, but government commissioners and administrative officers are instruments of irreparable injury, for which no remedy is provided. Things are done in the name of the law which bring ruin to an honorable career, for which no redress is possible. Some incidents of this nature are related by an attorney. (p. 15)

* * *

If religion first and foremost means order, then the efforts of the Canadian Government to dispense even-handed justice in the murder of two whites by an Eskimo tribe on the shores of the Arctic should reveal the stamina of a Christian civilization. So believes Charles J. Finger, whose *Tales from Silver Lands* and whose *Romantic Rascals* have been so much enjoyed. (p. 16)

* * *

John Alexander Dowie was a unique character in Middle Western history just a few years ago. He believed himself to be the reincarnation of Elijah the Tishbite, and was able to heal many sick and crippled persons. A newspaperman of Chicago who attended many of Dowie's meetings and interviewed him on various occasions relates his recollections of that interesting figure. It was Dowie who first discovered that all newspaper writers are eternally damned, *per se.* (p. 19)

* * *

Down through the years since the days of the old coffeehouses of London has come Lloyd's—a business institution the growth of which has kept pace with the centuries. Few persons know that this establishment grew out of a gathering of old-time merchants and mariners who met to exchange notes on shipping conditions and the far seas. It was Lloyd, the innkeeper, who first conceived the idea of posting bulletins recording this information. Thus his coffeehouse became the rendezvous of the sea captains and the traders. (p. 25)

* * *

The influence of Continental Europe is responsible for the abandonment of a certain reticence regarding our personal affairs that has marked the Anglo-Saxon gentleman. The parading of our mistakes before the world in popular magazines or in vaudeville or in the daily press tears down ideals of decent conduct and fills the mind with filth. Lewis Worthington Smith appeals for a return to modesty and refinement. (p. 27)

* * *

Even greater than the Pyramid is the Java temple, Boro-Budur, according to Doctor William L. Stidger. This little-known masterpiece of an ancient builder combines the massiveness of the Egyptian monuments with the carvings of an Inca monarch. Bells of stone expressing the travels of the Lord Buddha form just one of the fascinating features of this forgotten shrine, recently dug out of the jungle. (p. 28)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

La Grande, Oregon.

The migration into the Oregon country, whi
began in 1842 and reached its peak ten years lat
was the greatest of all time—its many perilous mi
from Independence, Missouri, are steeped in ho
seekers' blood, and unknown thousands paid the gre
price along the trail. Those who belong here in t
West can show even today where trails were wo
axle-deep through the scorching desert sand as t
prairie schooners, four, five, six, and even ten of the
hub to hub creaked and skidded their weary way
the Oregon country.

We who live on the Old Oregon Trail as it is toda
adorned with pavement and modern convenienc
are saturated with the romance and tradition of t
world's most historic highway, and are ever alert
tell somebody that may have only vague fancies of
all something about the Oregon Trail.

A. W. NELSON.

Bonanza, Oregon.

I am a constant reader of your valued paper.
have been very much interested in the articles by Vac
Lindsay about the Pacific Northwest, in which he h
referred to us as 'backwoodsmen.'

Well, comparatively, we are backwoodsmen wh
considered alongside the great industrial cities of t
East.

We have no complaint for thus being designate
but we have a complaint against the idea that scene
is more valuable to mankind than the watering of lar
commonly referred to as irrigation.

The backwoodsman is at a loss to know why so
cannot regard development under irrigation and ag
culture in any other light 'than a destruction of natu
grandeur.' There is nothing we can do to the W
to make it more beautiful. Is it not a fine thing to
people living and aspiring to higher things out on t
'Great American Desert' where, even when I was a b
there was nothing but desolation? Is it not a fine thi
that we are able to visit the grand forests and lof
mountain regions in comparative comfort? Yet it
the plainsman and backwoodsman who have made t
possible. There could be no great amount of ag
culture in the West without irrigation. There could
be much industrial development without the supp
of agriculture, and hence for the all-round developme
of the West, there must be encouragement given to t
development of irrigation and power.

We have read much against irrigation in easte
papers lately but nearly all these writers have hunt
up failures and made little effort to locate success
spots.

WM. G. B. CHASE.

The Sands of the Desert Baffle Scientists

But Roads *Are* Penetrating *Their* Most Remote Sections

—Photos by Publishers' Photo Service.

View from the top of the Pyramid of Cheops, looking over the pyramid road toward the Mena House. The small camp seen at the left is a desert police station. It has been said that Egypt is but the facade of an immense sepulcher, and it is this feeling that impresses one when examining this view of the timeless sands that hold captive the secrets of centuries of history.

Circle—
View of the winding roads on the desert route on the way to Biskra, approaching the Arab village of El Hamel. It was to this country that the Moors came on their expulsion from Spain. Later a piratical state was established and the famous Barbary Corsairs or Algerian pirates terrorized Christian nations. To-day, however, under the third republic Algeria is developing rapidly, industrially and politically, and colonists are establishing homes there in increasing numbers. Such fine roads as these are coming to penetrate all parts of the country.

Another view from the top of the Pyramid of Cheops. To the right in middle distance is seen the Sphinx.

B-41
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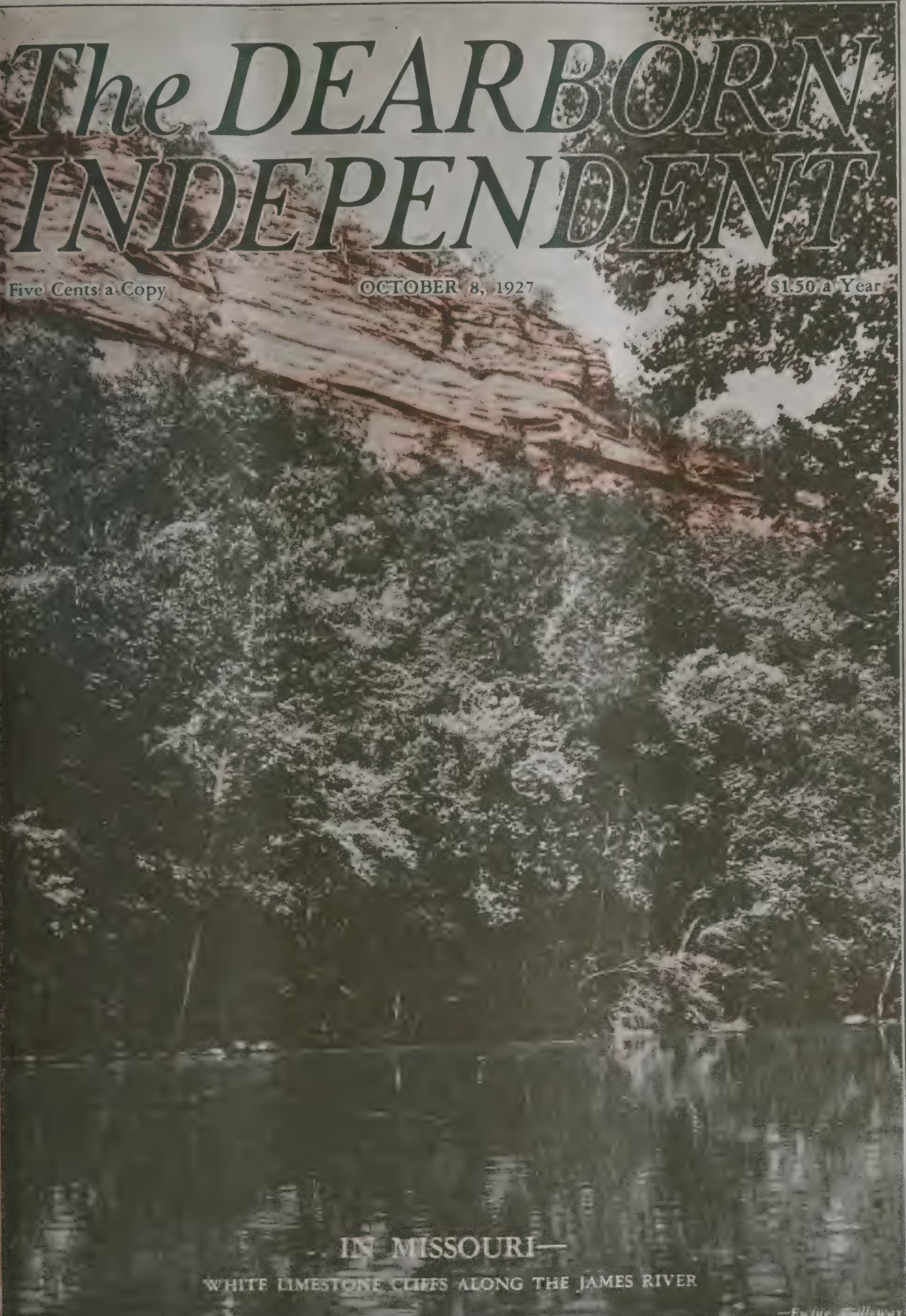
URBANA ILL

TO BE good is not enough: we must be good for something. Unfortunately weakness is often mistaken for goodness because it is harmless and brainless. Ability, ambition, achievement—these must be added to give goodness true value. Combined they spell Service. And Service is no longer a mere word. It is a work.

A

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Five Cents a Copy OCTOBER 8, 1927 $1.50 a Year



IN MISSOURI—

WHITE LIMESTONE CLIFFS ALONG THE JAMES RIVER

—Ewing Galloway

—J. C. Allen.

FOOTSTEPS

By JOSEPHINE PINKNEY

I PACE the dry floor heavy-shod
Between the gray-green walls
In the silence of a windless wood
Where no leaf falls.

Yonder a slowly twisting stick,
Giving a ghostly sound
As of a bodiless footprint's tick
On the dead-leaf crusted ground.

Echoes on cluttered boughs above,
Portent that time goes by
On silent dials under the roof
Of an uncandescent sky.

The blue palmetto's saw-edge drips
A gray light, shivering
In nightmare at the impending steps
Of yet another spring.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

OCTOBER 8
1927

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A Nation's Menace—HER CHILDREN

By WILLIAM MATTHEW HOLDERBY

THIRTY-ONE million five hundred thousand children—30 per cent of the population of he United States—are uner fourteen years of age.

The child population of he United States is greater han the entire population of he twenty-one states west f the Mississippi, including Visconsin. The total popuation of the United States n 1860 was only 31,400,000. Ve have enough boys and irls of nineteen years and nder to replace the entire opulation of France; nough under fourteen to epopulate Canada almost our times.

The State of Kansas ould be repopulated every ve years by the boys and irls of America who die beore reaching the age of ten ears. And Kansas has a opulation of 1,769,000.

From these 31,500,000 oys and girls will come tomorrow's presidents, legisators, judges, authors, artists, musicians, teachers, inventors, fathers and mothers. They are the hope of America; commingling of the world's civilization, they are he hope of the world.

Where are these boys and irls today? And how are hey preparing for tomorow's tasks?

Our public school system ims to make the child inelligent—but it does not each righteousness as such. Religion has little or no lace in our public schools; the result is hat we are raising our young people o lead lives of spiritual illiteracy.

The various Christian denominaions are endeavoring to curb this literacy through the Sunday school nd young people's organizations, but he results have been far from satisactory.

More than 27,000,000 children and youth, under twenty-five years of age, are not enrolled in Sunday schools and receive no systematic religious training.

Protestant denominations are not alone in this neglect. Catholics also complain of the spiritual ignorance of their youth; New York City Jews complain that three-fourths of their children of school age—206,000 in all—do not attend religious schools.

—Northwestern Photo Service.

There are Rotary Clubs for father—
Women's Clubs for mother—
Sororities for sister—
Boy Scout troops for brother—
But
Where is the Club for the Family?

The Family has been split into individuals, and the individuals have been segregated.

This survey of national condition confronts us with circumstances appalling in their dimensions of possible dissolution of our Government if this generation of childhood is not conserved religiously and politically. No man needs to be counted an alarmist who frankly faces the facts and truthfully reveals them to the people.

Two expressions of religious life nationally have been the means of securing for us and securing to us our national liberties. These institutions are the Christian Sabbath and family worship. The breakdown of these two expressions of religious life in our nation, within the past decades, confronts our national life in its political phases, with the certainty of suffering inevitable disintegration. So serious are the conditions of total disregard for constituted authority now developing in all the social areas of America's population that, unless something is accomplished within the next five years to reëstablish in the national consciousness a responsibility toward the things of righteousness and godliness, America must pay the price of veritable anarchy that shall be forced upon her by what may be expected in a complete social breakdown.

Water wastes itself when it flows on in a stream, but when a dam blocks it, power is developed. Today tremendous energy is being wasted in a stream of social effort, on behalf of youth, because it is not working against the barrier of an idea. What is needed today is an idea with the efficiency of a scientific accuracy that would get results for all the time, energy and means now being wasted on impractical methods of social service. *The greatest* *single error in modern life is the development of the individual as the unit of society.* This is most seriously represented by the conceited attitude of present-day youth, fostered by types of educators playing for popularity.

The Marxian philosophy in its development within the half-century has displaced the *ideal of the family as the pivotal point* about which revolves the organization of industrial, religious, political, and social expressions of life. The vogue of criticism of excesses and indulgences of the children of our present age, however, will need more than resentment on the part of a passing generation of adult minds, if conditions are recovered that will produce decency as in former social relations. We are now doing no more than treating the sores with either salves or caustics rather than eliminating the cause of our social splotches and open pus pockets of moral decay.

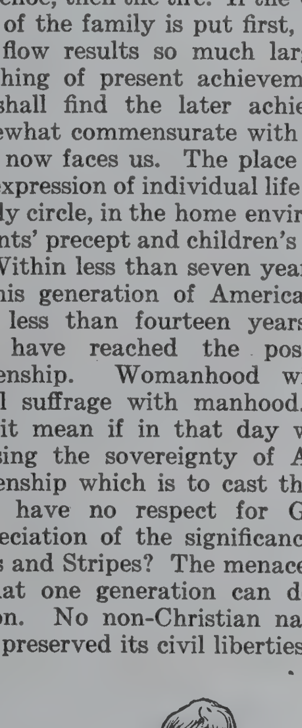
America is surfeited with community movements and public welfare organizations. The plea for support of these efforts is almost bedlam. Cannot someone in the midst of the din and confusion see the futility of them? What these misdirected social efforts have done is to destroy the family in America's life. According to sex and age, father, mother, son and daughter have been separated into groups and the social expert has been given the responsibility to progressively develop these into the social units that will represent our eventual achievements for a mass society. The benefits of any discipline as exerted by such directors of youth groups seem to last only while the supervision lasts. This won't work. No such conditions of juvenile delinquency ever existed in American life as that discovered today. Not until the American family is reconstituted and father and mother are again placed as the social experts at the point of original responsibility, as God intended them to be, dare we hope for a better generation.

THE contribution of a high order of organized family life is expressed toward the three divisions of a social, religious, and national responsibility. These are represented in the three institutions of home, church, and nation. These institutions are themselves creations of the family and in turn are the protectors and defenders of the family life. It is evident that only as the family is of a high standard of living and representative of the solidarity that this group demands will these institutions be strong to serve the community life of groups of families. The family must be preserved intact if these institutions are to live, and anything that strikes at the preëminent position of the family and the official position of father and mother strikes at the heart of home and church and nation, for neither individualism nor socialism can establish them or preserve them.

When the Pilgrims gathered in the cabin of the *Mayflower* and devotedly committed themselves to God for His service, they covenanted with each other and signed a compact. A reading of this document discloses the first stipulation to be that when they reached the shore each man should build himself a house. Thus we are somewhat justified in maintaining that the home is the foundation of our other institutions, both of religious and political life, in that it has been the forerunner of them.

THE staggering thing is that the task is so large. Using wrong methods of social effort, such as the idea of the individual for the primary unit of society or the mass idea of socialism, we accomplish very little. The failure of present-day methods is as if we were trying to work from the outside in, rather than from the inside out. It is not practical to build the wheel by putting the felloe inside the tire, then placing the spokes in the felloe and trying to insert the hub as the last operation. The order must be reversed. First, the hub, then the spokes, then the felloe, then the tire. If the vitalizing idea of the family is put first, out of it will flow results so much larger than anything of present achievement that we shall find the later achievements somewhat commensurate with the task that now faces us. The place to begin the expression of individual life is in the family circle, in the home environs with parents' precept and children's practice.

Within less than seven years, many of this generation of American youth now less than fourteen years of age will have reached the position of citizenship. Womanhood will have equal suffrage with manhood. What will it mean if in that day when expressing the sovereignty of American citizenship which is to cast the ballot, they have no respect for God, nor appreciation of the significance of the Stars and Stripes? The menace we face is that one generation can destroy a nation. No non-Christian nation has ever preserved its civil liberties.



Human Wastage

By JANE BARCLAY

WHENEVER relief money
spent to support an ab
bodied man, or one who mig
be able-bodied if properly nourishe
there is a waste of man power—
greatest loss to the state, far more
be reckoned with than the millions
dollars and cents.

Yet thousands of complacent peo
are proud of the growing millions
charity; not for the purpose of removi
the need for its expenditure, but mer
to fill up the gap.

Ameliorative measures, charity
der many guises, leave the workir
man less capable, less fit to look af
himself and to regain the standi
which he may have lost through fau
not his own, but common to all
manity.

The charitably inclined pub
merely tread the mill and keep
wheels going with cash, while the
chine, dealing out charity, investigat
catalogs, devises, surveys without e
plans boxes at Christmas and fr
air camps for the summer, holds
head high above the stench of crowd
rooms and damp cellars, and saves
soul twice a year, only to let mis
run for cover wherever it may ple
the rest of the time.

I am interested in this particu
machine and I know its workings.
know, moreover, that it must
drastically changed by the very peo
it menaces. Sad, but true it is,
only those who have actually suffer
from the machine can understand
Indeed, only they seem capable
realizing that it not only falls short
relieving suffering, but actually cau
it. Those whose business it is to sup-
vise the machine and keep it going
not seem at all interested in the outp
The machine is the whole thing a
raising money to buy its power is
doubtedly their greatest achieveme

INSTEAD of intelligently getting
the cause in each individual insta
we are organizing financial federati
so that business men will know as lit
as possible about it and be saved
time and trouble of listening to
plaintive requests. We are asking
larger grants to keep up Old Me
Homes, Old Women's Homes, Fr
Air Funds, Children's Institutio
Social Service Councils, Reformator
etc. Each of these organizations he
to make up one of the largest, m
expensive and most elaborately
ganized cogs in our civilization.

It is upon the workingman that
organization feeds, and it is the wo
ingman from whom must come
machine's reorganization, so that
man and not the machine will be
important factor.

—St. Louis News Service.

Encamped below Cedar Grove.

n

MISSOURI—*A Land Worth Knowing*

By CHARLES J. FINGER

THIS is about Missouri and a booster.

Boosters have the best intentions in the world, but in many cases they grow eless and will go on telling about ir industries, their churches, schools, nks and waterworks, never once pecting that they are guilty of a d of reflex egoism. They make ary human signboards of themselves, , like many wayside signboards, y effectually hide the scenery and tort the character of the country.

Here is an instance of the wrongful ivity of a booster. He did not lize that most men are interested in nature of a country rather than in commercial activities. Some of us e sitting in the Hotel Mayfair in Louis, listening to Opie Read who ppened to be in felicitous mood, and ose conversation was a happy chap- of literary chronicles plentifully prinkled with old-fashioned oaths. ie of *The Jucklins* is a downright sort man who has a way with him. Also knows his Missouri.

There were, in our little party, art P. Sherman, Carl Sandburg, bertus Love who wrote a history of se James the outlaw, and a pushful ing English novelist who entertained high opinion of himself. Opie was king of the jewels in Missouri's wn and named Mark Twain, Herbert S. Hadley, and Jim Reed, besides many others now on the road to fame who had been discovered by William Marion Reedy—Zoe Akins, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edgar Lee Masters, the artist Bloch, and the woman who had the *Patience Worth* experiences.

'Missouri,' said Opie, 'has things to her credit in a literary way.'

THEN it was that the booster swung into the center of things. He was a breezy and bustling man, well-dressed in a flashy way, and, with curious zeal, he wrung our hands and slapped our shoulders, assuring us that he was extremely glad to meet us because we could put Missouri before the world in her true light.

'Missouri!' he exclaimed. 'Lemme tell you. There's nothing like her in these here states.' Then he waved his arm, and, to use a style of eastern allegory, switched on a battery of information, stepped on his rhetorical gas and went full speed ahead. Never shall I forget the sadness that came over us as he went on, not merely content to hold us with his glittering eye, but hooking a detaining finger into our coats at the least sign of impatience on our part. He told us about Missouri's farming and stock-raising; then he gave us much information about the number of bushels of peaches and grapes and cherries and potatoes both sweet and Irish that were raised annually.

He grew eloquent about mules and sheep and pigs and turkeys; also about soy beans and cowpeas and peanuts and millet. It was all very true and impressive, and he flung vast statistics in ou faces in the manner of a lecturer o economics, doing it all so gallantly a well that we were both amazed wearied because of his gift of men for figures.

Strongly, ably, volubly, he went on to talk about Missouri's geology and mining, plunging headlong into a mass of facts about the production of mines of coal, iron, lead, and zinc. Then he gave us very minute but tedious information about the manufacture of boots and shoes, of clothing, of confectionery, of street and railroad cars, of tobacco. Mind you, all that he said was quite true, for Missouri is a busy place and her assets are in the cleanest possible shape, but, after all, few men are so constituted that they can find repose in a workshop contemplating enormous activities.

So, one by one, with sickening treachery, my companions slipped away while the man went on unperturbed, steadily marshaling his facts with indefatigable skill, crowding into me important facts about Missouri banks and their capital stock, about the estimated value of school property, about the assessed valuation of the state, about miles and tonnage connected with railroads. All of which fell on my brain with sledge-hammer blows so that I became dazed and gazed at the booster spellbound, much as the wedding guest gazed at the Ancient Mariner. Suddenly he ended by telling me that the attention I had given him augured well for the future of the state.

'Tell the world about us,' he said. 'We develop daily, and as we develop so must our institutions adapt themselves to increasing wants. So now you catch on,' he added, in a kind of confidential undertone. 'Now you've got a picture of Missouri.'

—St. Louis News Service.

The swift Current River, recently made a trout hatchery by Missouri.

Certainly I had. But it was an impression as of an enormous tract of factories; of metallic clangor; of cities crowded with excited, energetic people. It was a confused picture of men plowing fields with tractors, of men rounding up mules, of men driving beasts to slaughterhouses and stockyards. I saw Missouri as a place of gray business affairs bordering on a vast yellow flood that was the Mississippi; as a place of barbed-wire fences, of silos, barns, banks, ditches, and corrugated-roofed sheds—but I did not see it as I have seen it since, that is as a pleasant place for any man whose aim it is to get away from the endless circumstances of everyday existence for a little while. I did not see it as a place in which a man might make a comfortable home; nor as a place of natural wonders. If the booster knew anything of the existence of what I saw in a few auto rides off the beaten track, he kept that knowledge a dark secret from us.

Consider.

For the whole of one day, for the greater part of a night, and for the whole of a second day, I, with my three sons, were swept down a tumbling, roaring river in Missouri territory, and during all that time we did not see six human beings. For seclusion we might have been on the upper reaches of the Congo. For adventure we might have been on the Green River in Wyoming. For beauty to compare with what we saw when the su

Tricks his beams, and wit
new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead o
the morning sky,

we might have searche the Berkshires, the Adirondacks, the Grampians and Killarney.

We shot rapid afte rapid. Sometimes w bumped on hidden rock and sometimes we wer capsized and forced t swim. And always w had to keep a shar lookout for landin places, marking the speedily and making fo them energetically because of the swiftnes of the current, for ther was no hope of headwa against it. Nor were such landin places very numerous, because for man miles the river sped through a canyo the sides of which were cliffs two an three hundred feet in height, perpendicular and forbidding, and against th base of them the waters dashed in whit foam. A place of adventure, as yo may see; yet the beginning of it i only a few hours run from St. Louis at the little town of Galena on th James River. There, I repeat, you ma launch your boat and give yourself t the strong tide, to be swept into solitary valley which is much as it wa a thousand years ago.

The fortunate part of it is that o the way to the starting place, in going from St. Louis to Springfield, you cros the land of the Gasconade which i one of the most healthful spots in th

High bluffs densely covered with foliage along the Gasconade. —St. Louis News Service.

world as well as being full of interest. At any rate the people living there radiate health. As for the interest of it let me give this by way of indication. In one place the road slowly ascends until it sweeps along the crest of a hill. It was early morning when I first found myself there, and a white mist in the valley hid the river. As the sun climbed higher the white clouds became rose-tinted and soon afterward vanished. Then it was that the river Gasconade took on a strange, emerald beauty as it wound through green woods far below.

—Ewing Galloway.

Old mill once used to grind corn. It is located in the Ozarks, near the Missouri-Arkansas border.

The sensation of looking down at the land that lay as a map outspread was like that of viewing a country from an airplane. The hills were checkered with sun and shadow, and through openings in the trees glory after glory appeared in flashing pictures—a patch of red-gold wheat, a quiet meadow, a flower-dressed hill, a cliff all scarlet and brown, a great amphitheater where sheep grazed, a little lake framed in graceful boughs.

Small wonder that Stuart Olivier, riding through that country and finding the sight of it to gratify some desire within him, left his Baltimore and his Broadway, his theater and his banking interests, and without a second's thought wrote his check for three-quarters of a million dollars for a Springfield newspaper property! Small wonder that Fielding P. Sizer, worried with the friction of a hundred affairs, finds fresh vigor of soul in his Ozark town of Monett, occupying himself happily with such things as the making of a public library, the turning of waste land into a playground, the creating of a public park! Small wonder again that William Marion Reedy refused offers that would take him away from the hills and rivers of his native state!

THINKING back, it amazes me that my booster said so much about commercial activities and nothing about that part of Missouri so likely to make for peace of mind. For all of us would have been far more interested hearing about Roaring River than about the number of passengers going through the Union Station annually. Because this Roaring River is one of the world's wonders. I have seen a hundred and more river sources on this continent, and in Africa and in Europe, but never such a one as this.

Imagine a river flowing out of a rock at a speed of six miles and more an hour. Picture that river as being sixty feet wide and ten feet deep, the water sweet to the taste and of delicate coloring because of the blue of the sky and the rich-hued foliage of the hills and the play of light and shade. Out over clean white and yellow sand the water flows, a river full grown at its birth—out and down a valley the sides of which are lined with poplars and maples and sycamores and willows, the higher hills covered with pines and firs. Imagine the air sweet with the subtle perfume of a thousand mountain shrubs and flowers, and strangely restful, too, because of the drowsy music of bees and babbling waters. Imagine a clear river without mud, with grass growing to the water's edge, with shade trees everywhere. If you can, you have a hint of the source of Roaring River. I know nothing at all of the river in its maturity because its perfection of youth satisfied me. Heaven lies about it in its infancy.

Then there is a curious cave not far from Springfield. It reminded me somewhat of Fingal's cave, because I explored it in a boat, which is the only possible way to explore it. To enter it is like venturing into a world of spirits because of the gloom and the mystery, the silence and the coolness. As you twist and turn, the golden radiance of the world narrows to a mere speck, it then vanishes, and all that is to be heard is a distant gurgle of waters and the faint sound of falling drops. At one place I heard a queer sound like the steady beating of hidden machinery, very regular and very mysterious, as if it came from a subterranean workshop like that pictured in the German film *Metropolis*. From time to time I stopped to listen but without discovering any change in the character of the sound. After awhile I happened to thrust out my left hand and in doing so felt something hard and cold and smooth, which exploring by touch, I found ran perpendicularly. So I struck a match after several attempts, and the mystery was a mystery no longer. It was a four-inch iron pipe, and when I grasped it I felt the vibrations of a pump plunger. Eighty feet above my head was a farmhouse, and the owner of it had drilled a well that went down and down, piercing the cave roof and entering the cave river.

I could tell of many other things seen in Missouri; of a place where a man has made an estate out of a hillside, with underground dens for silver foxes, of a lake and a fountain, of a pleasant home; or a town called Neosho where people may have a considerable river at the end of their lawns and gardens; of orchards hung thick with fruit; of other places where nature strikes a sterner and grander note. But what continues to puzzle me is why anyone should be foolish enough to think that anything could be known of Missouri when only its commercial activities are told of, with all that, and more, of which I have here so sketchily told, omitted.

Business is business whether public or private, and most certainly industry is a duty and a sheer necessity, but it is hardly to be classed as a virtue. As for the ordinary machinery of commerce and civilization (for churches and schools and banks, like typewriters and safes and motor trucks, are, after all, nothing but tools), why boast of possessing them? They should be taken for granted exactly as are knives and forks and spoons.

To be sure, Missouri is busy and industrious and is on a very sound economical basis, just as the booster said! But it is more. It is an ideal country in which to idle and ramble. It is a good place in which to rest and loiter and drowse. In its shadowed stillness a man may think, may learn to be patient and tolerant, may know the singing world. Some day I hope to write a guidebook about it. It is a land worth knowing.

(*In early issues Mr. Finger will write of West Texas, New Mexico and Ohio.*)

Making EDUCATION a SERVICE

By
WILLIAM
A.
McGARRY

—Gutekunst Studio.

Dr. Russell H. Conwell, author of Acres of Diamonds.

IN PHILADELPHIA not long ago a man passed away after fifty years of unexampled achievement. The man was the Reverend Dr. Russell H. Conwell, and one of his achievements was a university built in garrets, cellars, shops, office buildings or wherever he could find cheap space and students.

The personal story of Dr. Conwell could never be told while he was still alive. For one thing, men were too much impressed with his works to get a proper perspective. In addition, Dr. Conwell was too shrewd a psychologist to permit even his own personality to overshadow his aim.

First as a newspaper reporter and later as a writer of magazine articles, I knew Dr. Conwell rather well during the last fifteen years of his life. During the first ten years of that period I was sent to interview him nearly every year on the anniversary of his birth, and later I saw him two or three times a year until shortly before his death. In all that time I cannot recall anyone writing a personal description of the man—how he looked and acted at close quarters, what made him a famous preacher, how he reacted to praise and blame and the normal human vanities. One day I suggested just such an article, and his reply throws a great deal of light on his character.

'I will answer any question you wish to ask,' he said, 'but each of us wants your article to have the greatest possible inspiration. You come to me because you and your editors believe there will be wide popular interest in the things I have been trying to do. Don't you think it would be a mistake to write into that account more than the biographical summary? If you go beyond that, there will be a temptation to depart from the true picture. An account of my personality should contain a record of my faults and failings as well as my virtues and accomplishments. Such things are not well done in one's lifetime. The writer wants to be generous, and he flatters. If you confine it to things done, there will be no need for flattery.'

'You keep your faults pretty well concealed even from your friends,' I suggested.

'Only by trying to work so hard that they will not have a chance to crop out,' he said.

There is Conwell in his own words—challenging himself after a lifetime of toil and suffering. I do not believe that even many of his friends knew how much he suffered. Exposure during the Civil War had made him subject to the most violent attacks of rheumatism and he was never wholly free of its effects. A few years before his death I saw him in his study while he was convalescing from an attack that had been expected to kill him, and I asked
him what he planned to do when h
was able to be about again. He ou
lined three books he intended to write-
and he was then more than eighty yea
of age.

'But I'm only an old man, crippl
up with rheumatism,' he added, 'ar
the work is terribly slow.'

He exhibited his hands, the finge
so twisted by disease that he w
unable to straighten them. Neverth
less he did get back to work, and h
did finish most of what he had set ou
to do. Much of his later writing w
done by hand, late at night or in th
early morning hours, when a secreta
was not available to take dictatio
Page after page was written und
extreme difficulty, so much so that D
Conwell at times had to draw ea
letter.

Dr. Conwell's own idea of th
secret of this indomitable will was fait
But it was not merely faith in a li
hereafter. He saw with econom
clarity how earth could be broug
nearer to Paradise for all human b
ings. His belief in the power of goo
over evil seemed naïve and childlik
until you sounded his economics.

'Did you ever stop to consid
what would happen in this world,' h
asked me once, 'if we could transfor
all the energy used in scolding an
denunciation and attempting to f
the blame for evil, into a united effo
to replace it with good? If every cit
and town and hamlet had all the pla
grounds and recreation and civic ce
ters needed for all its population, youn
and old? If we had all the librari
and schools we need? If we put mo
thought and humanity into living an
less into the mere earning of a living

His own answers to these questio
are of particular interest today becau
nearly five million dollars has bee
pledged for the development of ideas i
education that he did not dare to e
pound in full when they first came t
him. Very early in life he had learne
the uselessness of urging too strongl
changes that society is not yet ready t
accept. One of these—the basis of h
whole scheme of teaching—was tha
the educational system should exist f
men, instead of the other way abou
A dozen years ago he made this stat
ment:

'America is too rich and prosperou
for any boy or girl to be without a
education. The trouble is that we st
regard anything beyond the hig

hool as the privilege of the wealthy. generation ago we had the same idea the high school. It was said the untry would find it impossible to pport itself unless children went to ork at an early age. Since then we ve seen the prosperity of the country crease in proportion to the increase educational facilities for the masses; t we have not taken the lesson to art.

'I should like to see a rearrangement work in all our stores and factories here it is at all possible to give part-me employment to young people, to the age of twenty-two or beyond, that they could continue their udies into the college courses. In not ry many years I believe we shall me to that in this country. When we we shall carry education to the asses instead of making them seek out and hedging it about with re-rictions.'

HE SAW education, in other words, a service that society owes to each dividual, instead of a privilege for e favored few. But instead of wasting s time making speeches to at effect, Dr. Conwell set t forty-two years ago, in 84, to prove that his plan as practicable. He began ith seven students and the ar of his death saw an en-llment of more than ten ousand. More than that, per cent of the students ere partly or wholly self-pporting; the university as paying a larger propor-n of its expenses out of ition than any institution comparable size, and ition fees were consider-ly below the American erage.

Dr. Conwell has been ened to Lincoln. There as a physical as well as a iritual resemblance. He as a huge man, rather avily set, and with a ambling gait and a loose-inted carriage that made m seem even larger. He as also more homely than e most unflattering portraits of ld Abe' and his lack of formal comeli-ss was accentuated by a set of gold eth reminiscent of old-time dentistry. e profile photographs most fa-iliar to the public flatter him, but l to indicate fully his rugged ength. Yet in spite of the gold eth, when Dr. Conwell smiled, mething happened that is hard to scribe. It sounds trite to say that face was changed. Actually one t an impression as of a shade awn up and a sudden burst sunlight into a room that d been cold.

This curious power of radiating kindliness and warmth has been noted by nearly everyone with whom the famous author of *Acres of Diamonds* came in contact. It was in keeping, too, with his talk—his refusal to criticize individuals. He held that no man takes kindly to public criticisms, and that the calling of names defeats its own purposes by inciting to anger. At all times he was fearful of driving men to evil by too much insistence on good.

'You cannot compel righteousness,' he would say; 'it must be inspired. Where evil triumphs it is the fault of the good. Merely to destroy a gambling house or a dive is not an act of Christianity. It should be replaced with a library or a school made more attractive than the dive. The basic philosophy of Christianity has always been constructive.'

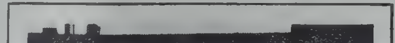
A newspaperman who had been sent to cover one of Dr. Conwell's sermons once said that he was a great preacher because he never preached. In other words, the constructive principle that he applied to education was the foundation of his course of conduct in everything he said or did. Analysis of all his sermons shows them to be filled with homely incidents. He tried to dramatize familiar things, and to that end he drew constantly on the training he had had in his younger days as a newspaperman. His legal training helped also.

EVEN into his old age Dr. Conwell carried a remarkable power of observation, and he never lost the gift of applying what he saw to the lesson he wished to teach. He was fond of the parable form, but the basis was always something near at hand. It is said that *Acres of Diamonds*, delivered more than six thousand times, was never exactly the same. Dr. Conwell always tried to get a local, familiar application. The first thing he did on entering a new town or city during his lecture tours was to visit a barber shop, where he always said he could learn more about a community in an hour than he could anywhere else in a week.

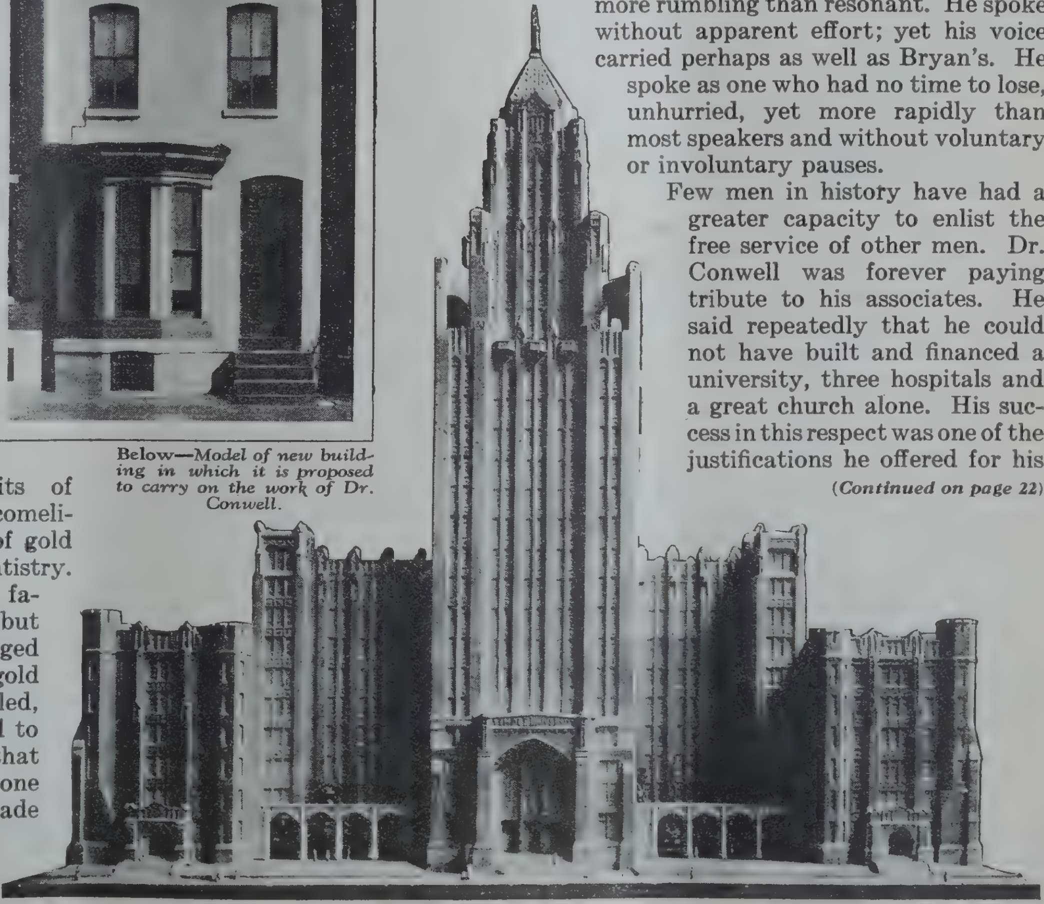
IT GOES without saying that after a lifetime on the lecture platform Dr. Conwell knew all the tricks of the trade, but if he used them at all he did it so artistically that it was never apparent. He said himself that he did not aspire to be an orator. He wanted to talk *to* men, not *at* them. And even when his audience ran into many thousands he was able to create the impression of intimacy. Undoubtedly his voice was an aid in this respect. It was deep, but more rumbling than resonant. He spoke without apparent effort; yet his voice carried perhaps as well as Bryan's. He spoke as one who had no time to lose, unhurried, yet more rapidly than most speakers and without voluntary or involuntary pauses.

Few men in history have had a greater capacity to enlist the free service of other men. Dr. Conwell was forever paying tribute to his associates. He said repeatedly that he could not have built and financed a university, three hospitals and a great church alone. His success in this respect was one of the justifications he offered for his

(*Continued on page 22*)



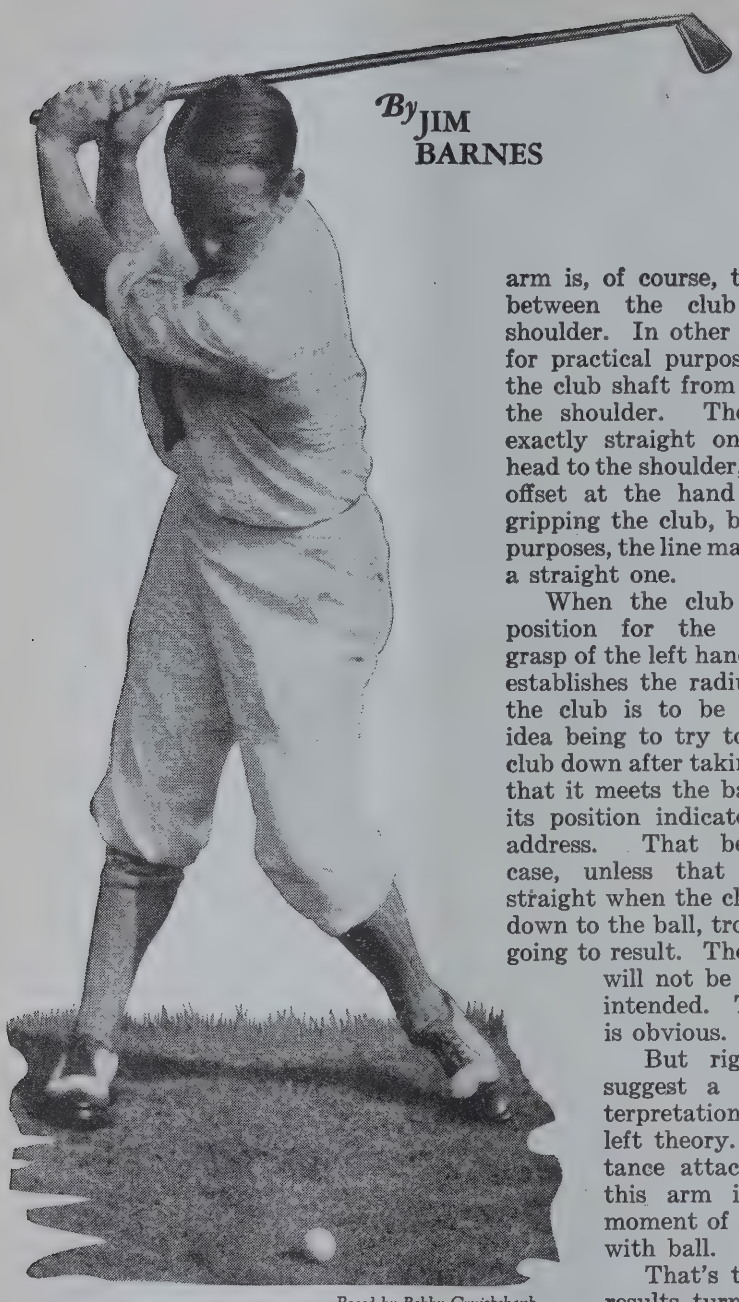
The early quarters occupied by Temple University.



Below—Model of new building in which it is proposed to carry on the work of Dr. Conwell.

The STRAIGHT LEFT Arm

By JIM BARNES



—Posed by Bobby Cruickshank.
Correct position at top of swing for midiron shot.

LIKE keeping the head still, the eye on the ball, following through, and the like, every golfer who has listened to any appreciable amount of instruction, paid for or received gratis, I suppose, has had pounded into his head the advice to keep the left arm straight on the back swing. I may add that the doctrine is good, though I have known cases where too much of the theory worked the wrong way. Or perhaps I had better say, the patient did not fully understand just what the prescription meant and possibly applied it in overdoses.

A little careful study of a well-made golf swing will readily show just how and where the importance of the straight left arm lies. Its importance is this and nothing more: The left shoulder is the actual anchor point on which the club is swung, and the left arm is, of course, the connecting link between the club shaft and that shoulder. In other words, that arm is for practical purposes an extension of the club shaft from the head on up to the shoulder. The line is not an exactly straight one from the club head to the shoulder, owing to a slight offset at the hand in the way of gripping the club, but for practical purposes, the line may be considered a straight one.

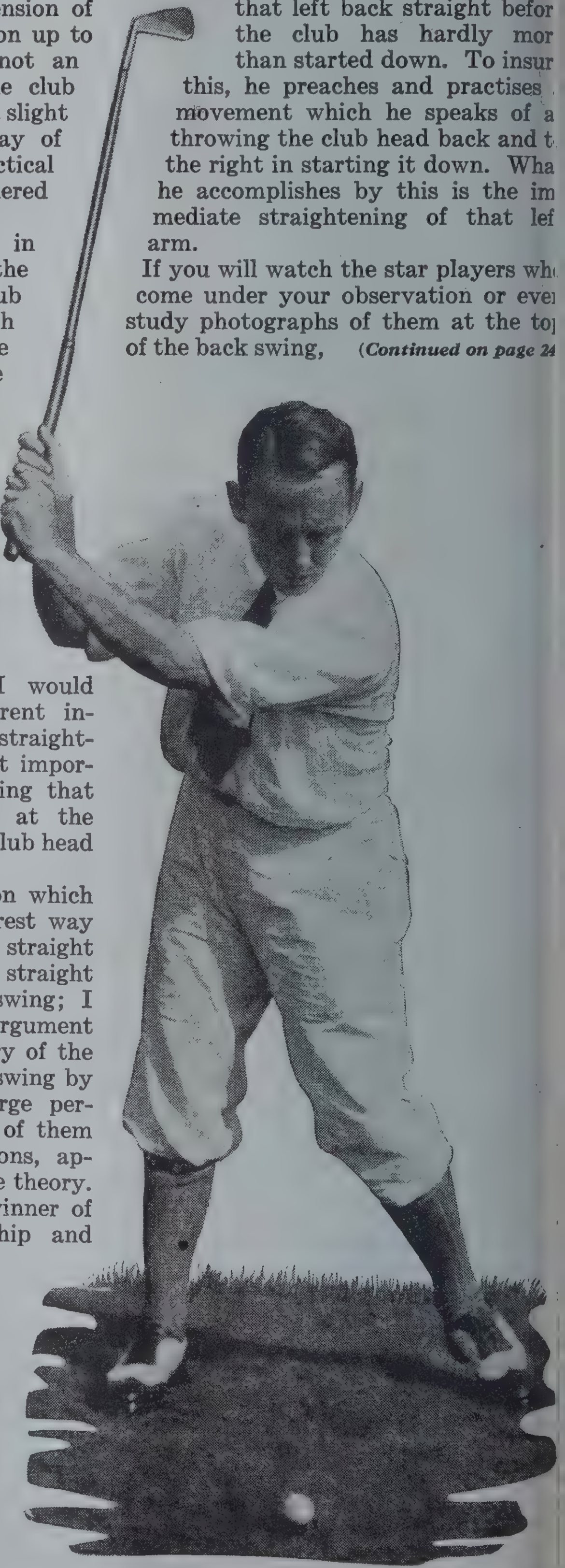
When the club is placed in position for the address, the grasp of the left hand on the club establishes the radius on which the club is to be swung, the idea being to try to bring the club down after taking it up, so that it meets the ball just as its position indicates in the address. That being the case, unless that arm is straight when the club gets down to the ball, trouble is going to result. The ball will not be hit as was intended. That much is obvious.

But right here I would suggest a little different interpretation of the straight-left theory. It is that importance attaches to seeing that this arm is straight at the moment of impact of club head with ball.

That's the point on which results turn. The surest way to go about having it straight there is to keep it as straight as possible throughout the swing; I make this point to meet the argument of those who answer the theory of the straight left at the top of the swing by pointing out that a very large percentage of good golfers, some of them champions or former champions, apparently give no thought to the theory.

Harry Vardon, six times winner of the British open championship and American champion in 1900, for instance, has his left arm bent very noticeably at the elbow at the top of the swing. But Vardon is a very rare exception, aside from his most remarkable championship record, in this respect. In bringing the club up on the back swing, Vardon slings it back, using both hands to a more nearly equal extent in the operation than any other player I know. In order to do this, he mus bend that left arm. Yet Vardon, a does every other first-class golfer, get that left back straight befor the club has hardly mor than started down. To insur this, he preaches and practises movement which he speaks of a throwing the club head back and t the right in starting it down. Wha he accomplishes by this is the immediate straightening of that lef arm.

If you will watch the star players wh come under your observation or eve study photographs of them at the to of the back swing, (Continued on page 24



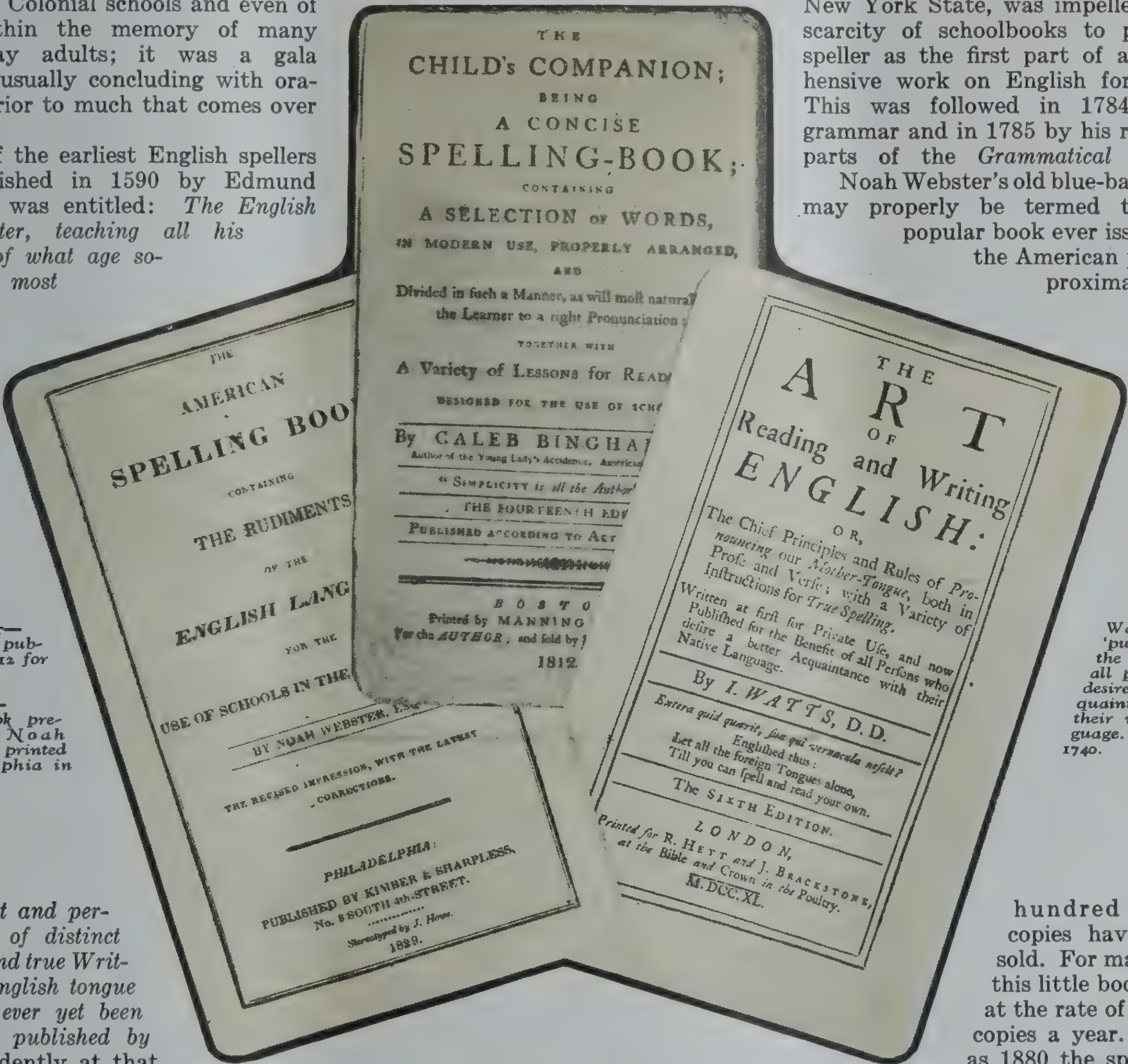
Incorrect position of arms, body and midiron.

Early AMERICAN Spellers

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

IN THE English-speaking world spelling has long been a favorite indoor pastime. Even today a spelling contest arouses widespread enthusiasm and national contests are staged periodically to determine a spelling champion. The weekly spelling match, held usually on Friday afternoon or evening, was a feature of Colonial schools and even of those within the memory of many present-day adults; it was a gala occasion, usually concluding with oratory superior to much that comes over the radio.

One of the earliest English spellers was published in 1590 by Edmund Coote; it was entitled: *The English Schoolmaster, teaching all his scholars, of what age soever, the most easie, short and perfect order of distinct Reading and true Writing our English tongue that hath ever yet been known or published by any.* Evidently at that time tailors, weavers, shopkeepers and seamsters occasionally included the teaching of spelling and reading with their weaving or their shop-keeping, since to them Coote addresses a direct word of advice. He says, 'Thou mayest sit on thy shopboard, at thy looms, or thy needle, and never hinder any work to hear thy scholars, after thou hast once made this little book familiar to thee.'



THE
AMERICAN
SPELLING BOO
CONTAINING
THE RUDIMENTS
OF THE
ENGLISH LANG
FOR THE
USE OF SCHOOLS IN THE
BY NOAH WEBSTER, ESQ.
THE REVISED IMPRESSION, WITH THE LATEST
CORRECTIONS.
PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY KIMBER & SHARPLESS,
No. 8 SOUTH 4th. STREET.
Stereotyped by J. Howe.
1829.

THE
CHILD'S COMPANION;
BEING
A CONCISE
SPELLING-BOOK;
CONTAINING
A SELECTION OF WORDS,
IN MODERN USE, PROPERLY ARRANGED,
AND
Divided in ſuch a Manner, as will moſt natural
the Learner to a right Pronunciation
TOGETHER WITH
A Variety of LESSONS for READ
DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF SCH
By CALEB BINGHA
Author of the Young Lady's Accidence, American
"SIMPLICITY is all the Author'
THE FOURTEENTH EDI
PUBLISHED ACCORDING TO ACT
BOSTO
Printed by MANNING
For the AUTHOR; and ſold by
1812.

THE
ART
OF
Reading and Writing
ENGLISH:
OR,
The Chief Principles and Rules of Pronouncing our *Mother-Tongue*, both in Proſe and Verſe; with a Variety of Inſtructions for *True Spelling*.
Written at firſt for Private Uſe, and now Publiſhed for the Benefit of all Perſons who deſire a better Acquaintance with their Native Language.
By *I. WATTS*, D.D.
Extera quid quærit, ſua qui vernacula neſcit?
Engliſhed thus:
Let all the foreign Tongues alone,
Till you can ſpell and read your own.
The SIXTH EDITION.
LONDON,
Printed for R. HETT *and* J. BRACKSTONE,
at the Bible *and* Crown *in the* Poultry.
M.DCC.XL.

Center—Spelling book published in 1812 for school use.

Left—Spelling book prepared by Noah Webster, and printed in Philadelphia in 1829.

Watts' rules 'published for the benefit of all persons who desire a better acquaintance with their native language.' London, 1740.

F. D. Pastorius about 1698 published in Philadelphia from the press of William Bradford, *A New Primmer or Methodical directions to attain the true spelling, reading, and writing of English.* This was probably the first speller printed in America; the only copy known is in a library in Manchester, England. The German author settled in America in 1683, becoming an ardent Quaker; his memorial of 1688 against slavery inspired Whittier's poem, 'The Pennsylvania Pilgrim.'

The spelling books used in the American Colonies before the Revolution were largely made in England or were American reprints of English works. In Pennsylvania the most popular of these was compiled by the Quaker, George Fox. His *Instructions for Right Spelling and Plain Directions for Reading and Writing True English* appeared first in England in 1673, and then several times on this side of the water.

Perry's *The Only Sure Guide to the English Tongue* superseded in popularity about 1785 Dilworth's *New Guide to the English Tongue,* which like the same author's arithmetic had been exceedingly popular in the Colonies. Both enjoyed many American editions.

In 1783 a native product appeared to contest the field with the numerous spellers of English compilation. Noah Webster, a schoolmaster at Goshen, New York State, was impelled by the scarcity of schoolbooks to publish a speller as the first part of a comprehensive work on English for schools. This was followed in 1784 by his grammar and in 1785 by his reader, all parts of the *Grammatical Institute.*

Noah Webster's old blue-back speller may properly be termed the most popular book ever issued from the American press, approximately one hundred million copies having been sold. For many years this little booklet sold at the rate of a million copies a year. As late as 1880 the speller was going strong and it continues publication to the present day, being found in the current publication list of one of the great publishing houses. Probably no other book except the Bible has had a greater influence upon American speech and American choice of words.

Originally Webster took the title, *First Part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Language.* Later the title *American Spelling Book* was adopted; and it is safe to say that the text would never have sold in the millions if it had retained such a title as *Grammatical Institute.* Webster's portrait ornamented, so to

(Continued on page 22)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

New Methods Are Needed for New Problems

WHAT portion of progress is due to effort, and what portion to the pressure of destiny no one can say. It is certain, however, that not all progress is due to conscious effort, whatever the philosophy of the times may say to the contrary. There is a mixture of the two forces; it may be that there is a coincidence of human effort and destiny, so that when the universe begins to urge, man begins to will. Certainly progress cannot be forced upon those who are unable to receive it, and it is equally certain that mankind is not wise enough to know in what direction progress ought to be made. There is a mixture of exterior guidance and interior desire.

> *WE SHALL not make any progress by trying to solve new-era problems with old-era men or methods. The people know this by instinct. That is why they expect so little from the politicians. Politicians would do better if they only knew how, but they belong to the old era and they do not know—they will not learn that old things have passed away, and they have not the understanding to fall in with the new. But the people know that new men will come to fit the new time. Then our present problems will be not only solved but abolished.*

It is not necessary, however, to chart the whole wide sweep of destiny before we are able to understand certain matters near at hand. In our own affairs, in our own time, it must be clear to us that progress rarely comes of the adventurous will of man—taking mankind in the mass—but as the result of some kind of outward pressure. Men are pushed ahead oftener than they go ahead of their own will; that is, mankind in the mass.

The pressure may sometimes be due to the appearance of a new personality with a new idea, or it may be due to a combination of circumstances too big for any person to cause or control. An illustration of the first may be found in the inventor who throws a new idea into the midst of society, forcing society to reorganize certain activities around that invention as a high point. That has happened several times in the lives of men still young.

But the other pressure—that generated by circumstances—is the clearer illustration of the dependence of progress on outside influences.

Take the political and economic conditions of the country. No one can say with any conviction in his voice or his heart that present conditions are perfect or even near-perfect. No one can pretend to say with wisdom that there is nothing to be done but wait. But every one knows in his mind and in his heart—that is, by both his thoughtful mind and his instinct—that none of the old remedies will work the cure. And every one knows just as surely that the old remedies will be dropped only under compulsion.

Well, there will undoubtedly be compulsion. Not the mistimed compulsion of revolutionary violence, nor the impatient imbecility of illiterate usurpation, but the compulsion of events. When old-era men attempt to grapple with new-era problems, something inevitably happens. Instead of the men's solving the problems, the problems dissolve the men.

It is probably necessary that this process should appear between the old era and the new, because it has a preparatory value. The tree never easily lets go its leaves until the old leaves cease to serve and the new leaves begin to press in. Society holds hard to the old until the pressure of the new pushes it off.

To know that we have come to the end of our resources within a given circle is to know something worth while. If the old circle is barren, nothing is left but to break into a newer and wider circle, and that is exactly what will occur under the pressure of the circumstances which are now piling upon us. Responsible persons are waiting for something to happen, praying for some issue to turn up, that will give them a cue how to act. But there will be no such luck. The old system is going out of business; there is no cure but the wisdom to welcome the new era, which will not alone solve our present problems but abolish them utterly. No people in our stage of development has any right to have the kind of problems that we have! They don't belong to civilized mankind.

It was very nice to be a politician and officeholder fifty, or even twenty years ago, when so much could be done by a deft speech or a skilful bit of legislation. Those were the good old days when legal enactment could soothe almost any hurt. But that day is past. The political day is past. The day of speeches on the stump and bills in the legislature is past. Because, the circle in which these charms worked has fulfilled its destiny. A new and wider circle waits.

The tragedy of present-day politics is that, with the most desperate need of party salvation on all sides, the party men cannot see what they must do to be saved. And could they see it they would not do it. The old era has them in too fast a grip, and all the powers that are to collapse with its passing.

That is where the pressure of destiny will come in. This state of things will continue. There will be conferences on this and that, and agreements to this and that, and great trumpet announcements of this and that, but nothing will move.

Circumstances, however, will steadily press. Men and measures will give up and disappear. And then, silently out of the long preparation of obscurity, it will be done. The people who will do it are here. The vast majority of plain people are new-era folk. They know already that the old way is forever finished. The soil for the new time comprises practically all of the people.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Measure of Education

THE real standard of education is usefulness; nothing more. You don't read Plato just for the satisfaction of being able to say so; you read him because he is going to contribute something to your mental equipment which, in turn, you will apply to the practical problems of your own life and time.

If a man were shut in a room filled with books containing all the wisdom of the world, and lived long enough to absorb them all, and died there, he might be the wisest man in the world, but he would also be the most useless; if, instead, he had learned only how to drive a nail, and had spent his life driving nails in building new homes, he would have been turning his knowledge to useful ends, and contributing something to his fellows.

It isn't what we know; it's what we do with our knowledge that matters. Any study that is idle and adds nothing to a man's stock in trade for his life work is wasted study. When a youth completes his course of study, whether at university or technical school or shop, he has had his chance to sow his seed; the fruits of that seed will be his success in life, plus the attention that any good crop demands, which means work. But when he steps out into the world all the education he has garnered must be directed toward his personal productiveness, whether with brain or hand.

Looking at it in another way, the boy spends his years of study in constructing, adapting and completing a machine with which he purposes working out his life; if he has waste parts on that machine, he has wasted his time putting them there; if it is just a pretty machine, but doesn't make anything, he has wasted all his time; if he has built a simple, but useful machine, and has learned to make the other parts he needs as they become wanted, he should make a good job of himself and his life.

The man who knows a little and knows that little well is generally more useful to his fellow men than the man who has a smattering of all tongues and arts, but can practise none of them.

Mere learning means nothing; the application of it is everything.

It would be an interesting experiment if universities should devote the first two years of the college course to dispensing knowledge and the last two to teaching the students *how to use* the knowledge they have acquired.

Give Him a Chance

WHEN a man, not a criminal at heart, has completed a prison sentence imposed upon him by Society and walks forth from the prison with what little money the state allows him, bearing the marks of his confinement, he is entitled to say to Society:

'I've paid. Now see to it that I am not constantly reminded of the fact that I committed a crime. Be as game as I have been, and give me a chance.'

He is entitled to say that, and perhaps he does say it. Whereupon Society proceeds to let the plea in one ear and out the other. The commonest thing is to make the man's record a perpetual handicap against his attaining any degree of success outside the prison walls.

However, we are making some headway in the matter of our attitude toward the man with a prison mark against him. We no longer subject him to the tortures that were common a few generations ago. We make sure that he is given light in prison, something to occupy his mind and hands, exercise, sanitary living conditions, and we allow him at least a few of the common pleasures of existence. We give him tastes of freedom outside the walls occasionally. We have grown broader, kinder and more tolerant toward the prisoner while he is a prisoner. The time is here when we should be kind to him after he is released.

Mining Camp Preachers

GOLD miners of northern Manitoba not long ago advertised for a minister—'a he man who wears a Mackinaw and stuffs his pants in his boots and can paddle a canoe and trek on snowshoes.' All of which was perfectly in accord with human nature. The successful clergyman must understand the problems of his fellows. The problems of a mining camp are comparatively rudimentary: a knowledge of hardships, of rough life, an aptitude for good fellowship. But it is as necessary that the mining camp preacher understand these, as that the metropolitan clergyman know the complex problems of a great city.

Industry the Solution

IN AN obscure journal of an obscure country in an obscure corner of Europe appears an obscure statement by an obscure speaker in which he half-timidly says: 'America is wealth. America has industries. Is it effect and cause? Should we not cultivate industry?'

There was a time when it was the custom in certain circles of Europe to decry American industry. Americans were referred to as inveterate dollar-chasers. The increasing output of manufactures, from motor cars to watches, was looked on with outward contempt and some inward trepidation. Today civilization looks to industry, and industry alone, to rebuild its fortunes. Looking over the map of the world, note this fact: where there is industry, there is prosperity. Test every country by that; it never fails. Where industry is halted, or even threatened, grave councils are called and the national safety is considered imperiled. Industry is the result of intelligent human effort; it is the commander of prosperity.

SPANISH Spirit *in* PAINTING

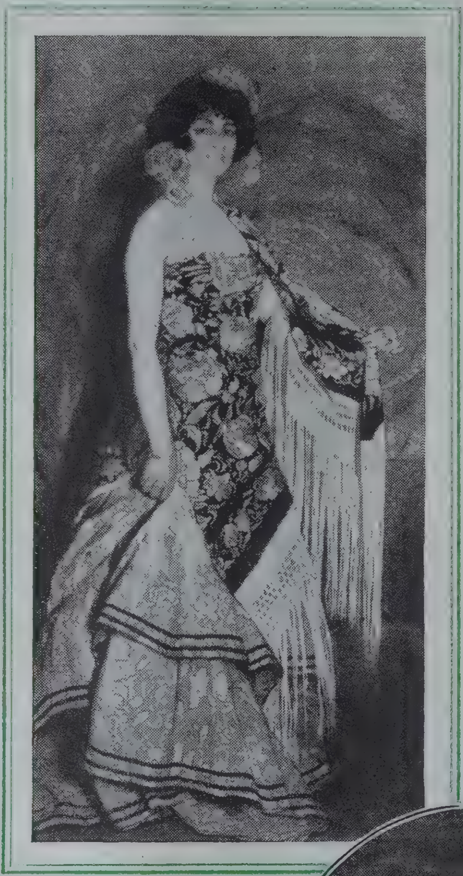
By REGINALD POLAND

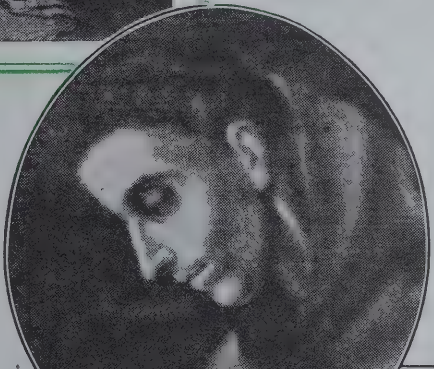
LION-COLORED, barren, undulating land—self-satisfaction and indifference, with *mañana* (tomorrow) as a watchword—extremes of climate—extravagant expressions in life and art—and, finally, contrasts in character such as kindliness and severity—these are some of the first dominating impressions of Spain.

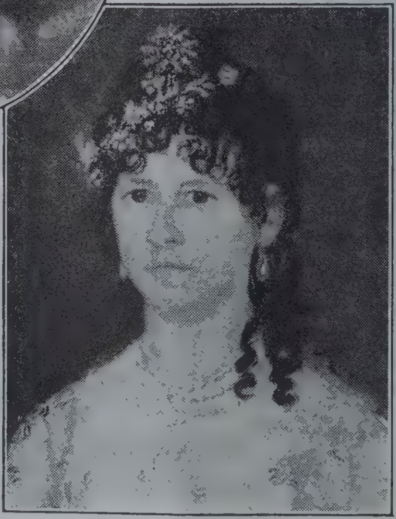
This land seems isolated from Europe and is still suggestive of connection with northern Africa. At times it recalls a volcanic waste. Such verdant areas as those of the north and the south are like oases in the desert. But it is prolific in olives, grapes, almonds, tobacco, cork, and wheat, in spite of burning summers with long droughts and the ghastly strong and cold winds of the winters. Spring alone offers a paradise as balm to refresh the drooping spirits that the people may weather another year. The Spanish have become inured to hardship and conflict so that they are self-reliant and proud, keeping apart from other civilizations, primitive and provincial and mystic as compared with matter-of-fact Western Europe.

In the Eighth Century Spain received the Mohammedans, who by their science, art, and strength made a valuable contribution. Alphonse I began to eject the Moors, however, so that by the 13th Century, the heyday of their culture, Granada was their one last stronghold. In 1492 the Catholic kings concluded their expulsion and inaugurated the era of glory and wealth when Spain was mistress of the world. It was the loss of the Armada in the reign of Philip II that brought defeat to the dreams of conquest. In art, however, her painting has justly attracted the world; and she is most clearly interpreted by this painting.

In the 16th Century appeared Morales, influenced by both Italian and Flemish, but emanating an aristocratic Spanish air. Somewhat later El Greco liberated the soul of Spain, especially in her chivalrous aspect. Thus he is a parallel for Cervantes and his *Don Quixote*. In the 17th Century Ribera of the southeast led on to Murillo and Zurbaran. Ribera is a virile dramatist in sensitive color and sure chiaroscuro. Murillo has the spirit of youth; he reveals his soothing Andalusia with a feminine, sensual, but faithful ardor. No wonder his laughing children and sweet brunettes are popular! Zurbaran is of the monastic sphere, simple, humble, frank, but of impassioned expression. He is a more realistic Fra Angelico, a link between robust Castile and gentle Andalusia, between genial Murillo and dignified Velasquez.







Top—*'My Cousin Antonia,' by Ignacio Zuloaga, in the permanent collection of the Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego, California.*

Circle—*'St. Francis,' by El Greco, about 1585. In the permanent collection of the Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego.*

Right—*'Portrait of a Lady,' by Francesco Goya. This is a signed picture, and is of the Spanish 18th-19th Century.*

Critics have often recognized in Velasquez the epitome of painting. He said of his own work, 'It is truth, not painting.' But it is a beautiful truth. After him painting declined and languished.

A hundred years later Goya aroused the dormant art. Inspired by nature and Rembrandt as well as by his last great compatriot, he kindled a fire that culminated in the Spanish revolution, symbolizing the decay and corruption of Spain. He initiated an imaginative, temperamental impressionism in which colors became emotional and decorative. This manner has contributed much to present-day art as developed by Italy and France.

TODAY Zuloaga has 'modernized' Velasquez by his more schematized forms and his highly organized composition; the De Zubiaurre brothers reveal the Basques and their life in virile forms and in emotional, decorative tones. Anglada interprets the soul of present-day Spain with his almost abstract splashes of luscious, fresh color, suggestive of oriental stuffs or porcelains. At his best he gives us the fête life—our own dream-pictures of Spain.

On our way to visit Zuloaga, we stopped at the picturesque Gothic San Salvador church, in Guetaria, on whose undulating old floor knelt worshipers before curious coals of fire like glowworms in the weird, dark interior. A private museum on the Zuloaga grounds reveals El Greco, Velasquez and Goya whose torch Zuloaga keeps burning brightly. The artist himself lives in a flower-covered house set on a narrow strip of land between mountains and sea.

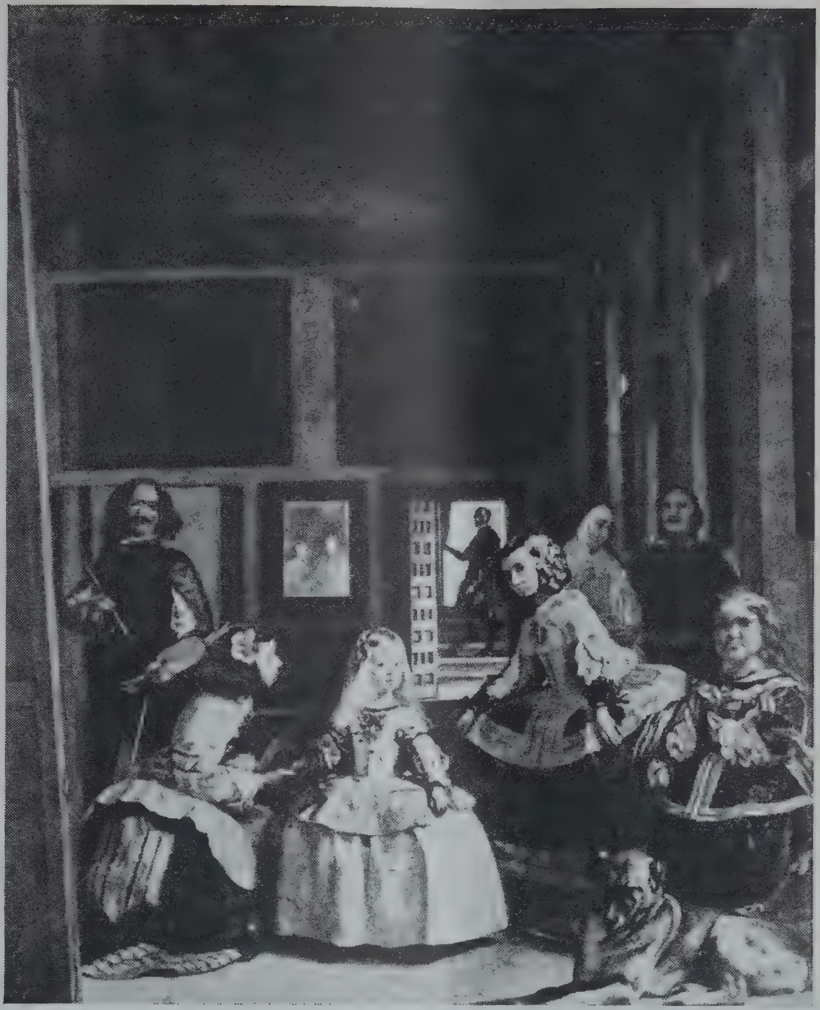
Toledo is the place in which to study the Moorish. Often called the 'oldest Spanish City' it has an opulent cathedral on the site of a Sixth Century Visigothic temple. In the sacristy we saw El Greco's magnificent 'Expolio,' wherein Christ is being stripped on Mount Calvary, the blood-red robes and the ivory flesh interpreting the sacrilege against the spotless Saviour. In burning color, dramatic light and drawing that ranged from the academic to the 'distorted,' El Greco re-created the soul of Spain, the ecstatic religious and spiritual attitude which scarcely permitted one to remember that, after all, humanity is partly of the earth. His people try to free themselves from such bonds.

A museum of El Greco's pictures is a significant attraction in Toledo. Still more so is the artist's house, emanating the atmosphere of a perfect home. About a court open to the blue sky, its walls are adorned with sculptured panels, wrought-iron grills and inlaid wooden doors. At just the right place, ample jars and climbing vines increase enchantment.

MADRID'S Prado Museum reveals completely the brilliant story of Spanish painting, from eclectic or colloquial primitives to Goya and his early followers. Here are Ribera's sentimental Magdalenes or melodramatic martyrdoms and a room of portraits and church themes by the intriguing El Greco. Another big gallery discloses Goya's positive personalities. There are 'Murillos' from dirty but delightful urchins eating melons or grapes to the 'Miraculous Works of Saints' and the 'Immaculate Conception,' for which he is justly famed.

The oval gallery filled with Velasquez canvases would alone more than repay a trip to Spain. There appear three superb equestrian portraits wherein he makes the king dominate an entire scene. His two greatest, the 'Maids of Honor' (Las Meninas) and the 'Spinners' (Las Hilanderas), would 'make' any gallery, of course. The former portrays the little Infanta well attended, the King and the Queen reflected in the mirror, and Velasquez himself painting on a huge canvas in the midst of the scene. For many reasons it has been called Velasquez's masterpiece, the 'Theology of Painting.' Personally, we prefer 'The Spinners,' wherein women in a complexity of direct and diffused light form a more colorful, dynamic, perfectly balanced and harmonized organization full of life and interest. Another picture there, 'Los Borrachos,' which should alone entitle Velasquez to a place among the immortals, depicts rough but handsome peasants in the open, drinking a toast, while their leader, garlanded and in the guise of Bacchus, places a wreath on the head of a neophyte. The whole is bathed in a glorious golden light.

How dignified, proud, aloof and aristocratic are his people, without vulgarity or too intimate familiarity between sitter and artist or public! Philip IV showed true greatness in patronizing Velasquez.



'Las Meninas,' by Velasquez. The artist himself is represented painting the Infanta. The King and Queen are reflected in the mirror.

One hurries through Cordova, staying as long as possible, however, in the glorious, arcaded mosque. This mosque with one thousand double superimposed horseshoe arches, alternately light gray and pink, has experienced much. In the Eighth Century the Moors had built on an old Christian site. After two hundred years of growth it had become the greatest of Mohammedan shrines. Then the Moors were ejected from Spain. The Catholics placed their own cathedral in the very center of the mosque, a colossal, crushing structure, trying vainly to outdo the Moorish success. Charles V, on beholding the clashing of these opposite architectural spirits, said, 'You Christians have built here what anyone could have built anywhere and have destroyed that which can never be replaced.' However, this conqueror did not practise what he thus preached; a little later he was to tear down the most glorious part of the Alhambra to make room for his own depressing Italian palace.

The southern part of Spain is both Spanish and delightful. Picturesque storks are quite prevalent. In one place we saw in the blistering sunshine of midday two successive lines of about five horses, each 'tearing around' in a circle on the hard ground of a threshing floor beating out the grain, while scores of storks looked down from housetops as if superintending the work.

SEVILLE, in genial Andalusia, has been called the Venice of Spain and with reason, for, though there is only a river connecting it with the sea, the air is balmy, the growth tropical and life prosperous and pleasant. The leisure class enjoys clubs, theaters, and bullfights, and driving along the many attractive routes in open carriages drawn by horses. In the heart of the city is the far-famed cathedral, the largest Gothic structure in the world, with a quiet Moorish patio and bell tower. Before the high altar the dances of the 'Seises' take place in connection with Corpus Christi Day.

If Seville offered a luxurious life, Granada was still closer to Paradise with its palaces of the Moors. The setting for the winter palace of the Alhambra is an elevated site looking from west to east;

(Continued on page 20)

King Solomon Discusses Us

By CHARLES D. CAMERON

A NEW kind of surprise awaits any man or woman who will open the twentieth book of the Old Testament.

He will find a writing more up-to-date than his newspaper and as local as his city hall.

Of making many volumes of adages and sayings there is no end. But these collections are localized and national and limited in time or place. In *The Proverbs* we do not find mere Hebrew wisdom, isolated and temporary, but an international insight, an everlasting common sense. They are not wisdom about life, but the wisdom of life itself.

In these days all educators, philanthropists and preachers are aghast at the violence of criminal gangs composed of young men. What leads these lads into robbery and murder? The writer of the first chapter of *The Proverbs* knew all about it:

> My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.
>
> If they say, Come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause:
>
> Let us swallow them up alive as the grave; and whole, as those that go down into the pit:
>
> We shall find all precious substance, we shall fill our houses with spoil:
>
> Cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse.
>
> My son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path:
>
> For their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood:
>
> And they lay wait for their own blood; they lurk privily for their own lives.

This has in it volumes of criminology. In this way youth is still corrupted. In this way youths who go out meaning only to rob are involved in murder, because such gangs 'make haste to shed blood.' Solomon knew all about crime waves. He would have said that a crime wave is a folly wave and needs to be counteracted by a tide of reason. Who can say more?

A pleasant type of modern writing is that called 'inspirational.' All this mass of books and papers is like expansion and commentary for *The Proverbs:*

'He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.' Again, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard.'

The best of these 'inspirational' works show a thrifty appreciation of independence. One proverb is: 'The rich man's wealth is his strong city: the destruction of the poor is their poverty.'

Still another has a grim bearing on all schemes and plots for hasty advancement: 'He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.'

In business transactions and in everyday life, we need again and again to be reminded: 'A fool uttereth all his mind: but a wise man keepeth it in till afterwards.'

And who that has observed life has not also observed: 'Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise: and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding.'

THE wise men of *The Proverbs* seem not to have missed observing any of the problems of our life, as individuals or as a race. We have not mentioned the ever-familiar sayings of meekness and sweetness, such as, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath,' and 'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' All that our best-bred ladies and gentlemen know of self-control can be discerned in this: 'The discretion of a man deferreth his anger; and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.' The book includes promises that a man diligent in his business shall stand before kings—it also includes words of vital value for all who are to be in social intercourse with the powerful. The etiquette of *The Proverbs* is as sound as its business counsel.

Though words of wisdom are thus valued, mere talk is not, for 'In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin.' The wise man is not a mere arguer: 'A prudent man concealeth knowledge: but the heart of fools proclaimeth foolishness.' And the sages of old could see as others of us have seen: 'If a wise man contendeth with a foolish man, whether he rage or laugh, there is no rest.'

One seems to be thrust into the midst of life, so that he sees one lesson after another.

The Proverbs announces itself as a book by which one may know wisdom. And the wisdom offered, though it deals with earthly affairs, is never presented in *The Proverbs* as a mere earthly sagacity. It is always a divine thing—it is proffered as being of like matter with the wisdom by which the Creator made the worlds!

This lifts *The Proverbs* far above all other proverbial collections, while still keeping the readers on the ground and in the street. The thought of the book is summarized in a title given to a commentary on it by a Scottish preacher of the last century: 'Laws of heaven for life on earth.' The book is offered as wisdom for the world, though not 'worldly wisdom.'

In the old Greek proverbs Aristotle thought he discerned fragments of primitive philosophies. *The Proverbs* are offered as wisdom itself. They are offered, also, as illustrative of Solomon's wisdom. It is evident that even in David's time a recognized proverb, a sort of condensed parable, could be cited in a public plea as a lawyer now cites a legal precedent. Thus David did before Saul. Of Solomon it was said that he knew three thousand proverbs. In the book called *The Proverbs* there are about four hundred. If Solomon knew all these, and twenty-six hundred more as telling, as universal, as perpetually true, we may say of his wisdom what the Queen of Sheba said, 'The half was not told me.'

THE wisdom for which the great king asked in his vision of the Lord at Gibeon was not a mass of mere learning and still less of the magical knowledge ascribed to Solomon by Mohammedan fables. He asked 'an understanding heart to judge Thy people,' the judicial wisdom of knowing right and wrong. Whether Solomon knew these same proverbs, or others like them, or more than these, the fame of his answers might well draw troubled minds to him from the uttermost parts of the earth. If anyone wishes to know why all men sought Solomon, let him go to this book today with his own questions: personal, domestic, political, religious, commercial, social—and let him read until he finds the proverb that deals with his matter—it is sure to be there.

Did Solomon himself really write the proverb which will give him his answer? The man will not know. He will not deem this so important. But he will know that 'on the lips of him that hath understanding, wisdom is found,' and that some such man of understanding set down these words for him and for all of us.

The Courting of Mary Todd

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

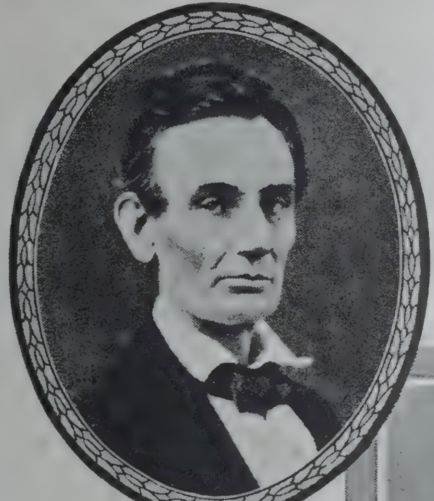
ON THE tenth day of October, in the year of our Lord, 1839, the Honorable Abraham Lincoln and certain other of the younger members of the state legislature of Illinois took a survey of the new state capital at Springfield, and decided that it was deadly dull. It lacked the charm of settled society which had belonged to the older community of Vandalia.

The session was to convene in Springfield, December 9, 1839. There was a grand ball in honor of the opening. There were printed invitations, as ostentatious as any that could have been produced in Vandalia. The caption 'Cotillion Party' was set in a curve that was a trick of high-grade job printers calling for the use of plaster of paris. Underneath was a spread-eagle, with the motto, '*E Pluribus Unum.*' The invitation read:

> The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited at a Cotillion Party, to be given at the 'American House,' on tomorrow evening at 7 o'clock, P.M., December 16, 1839.
>
> M. H. Ridgely
> J. A. McClernand
> R. Allen
> W. H. Wash
> F. W. Todd
> S. A. Douglas
> W. S. Prentice
> N. W. Edwards
> J. F. Speed
> J. Shields
> E. D. Taylor
> E. H. Merriman
> N. E. Whiteside
> M. Eastman
> J. R. Diller
> A. Lincoln
> Managers.

We do not seem to miss any names from that list of men who ought to have been managers. But the real manager of that ball arrived a little late, with her sister Elizabeth. When the younger Todd girl entered the room, a plump, vivacious little woman, dressed within an inch of her life, her changeable silk dress standing out over seven or eight flounced or starched white petticoats, there was not a man who did not turn and look at her.

Mary Todd had arrived. If there was a young man in Springfield who did not propose to her within six months, it was because he considered that it would be of no use. She left behind her a long line of broken hearts, and came very near to breaking her own in the process.



The Abraham Lincoln of the early 1850's.

Mary Todd was born in Lexington, Kentucky, December 13, 1818, a daughter of Robert S. Todd, of Lexington. She had a stepmother and for that reason came to Illinois to make her home with her sister Elizabeth. Mary Todd had lovers enough, and admirers still more. For she was more brilliant than lovable, and more witty than wise. She had studied under Madame Mentelli, and spoke French fluently. She was a gay conversationalist and a vivacious correspondent.

—*Ewing Galloway.*

The Edwards home, where the Todd-Lincoln nuptials took place.

One thing Abraham and Mary did in Springfield. In the autumn of 1840 they saw the elephant. For two days, October 8 and 9, a menagerie and circus were in Springfield. The *Journal* had a two-column cut showing an animal declared to be of that species, and a gigantic male elephant was actually there, the first ever seen in Springfield. There was a giraffe and a Bengal tiger. There was ropewalking and trapeze work, and a display of horsemanship, and an exhibit of the new dance known as the waltz. And Mr. Lincoln and Miss Todd were among those present.

—*Albert Davis Collection.*

Mrs. Lincoln and two of her sons.

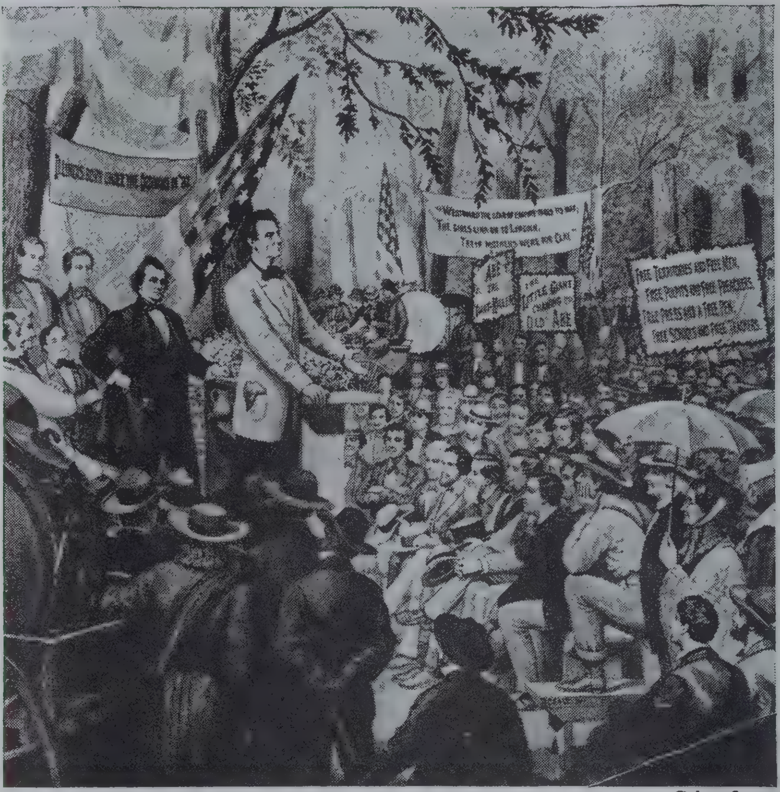
The fact that other men wanted her was an added incentive.

Mary Todd had encouragement in her own family. Her sister and her brother-in-law, Edwards, had known Lincoln ever since their arrival in Vandalia. Lincoln and Edwards were personal and political friends. And, while Lincoln lacked social graces, he was a rising politician and a man of the very best moral character.

To the surprise of many people he

courted Mary Todd and won her.

He called at the Edwards home, not as regularly as Mary could have wished, and he took her out less frequently than she desired. When he called he sat almost silent while she, a brilliant talker, chatted to him. Once in a while, though she liked to do more than half the talking, she wished he would talk more. He could talk with men; he often spent with them evenings she could have wished him to spend with her.


OLD ABE
FREE TERRITORIES AND FREE MEN,
FREE PULPITS AND FREE PREACHERS,
FREE PRESS AND A FREE PEN,
FREE SCHOOLS AND FREE TEACHERS.

—Culver Service.

Impression of the Lincoln-Douglas debate, from an old drawing.

And that brings us to the perplexing problem of what Lincoln in one of his letters to Speed calls 'the fatal first of January, 1841.'

It is affirmed by many people that it was the date set for the marriage of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd, and that he deserted her at the altar. It need not have been so bad as that. The fatality may have been at a New Year's Eve party, and he may have kissed another girl when the lights were out at midnight. It may have been that he offended her by some act of what she thought impropriety at the Edwards' New Year's reception. He may not have paid her as much attention as she thought due her on the night of the New Year's ball. We simply do not know what it was that made the first of January, 1841, a fatal date. The newspapers of Springfield have been scanned line by line to discover a social event whose character or location might have given rise to a quarrel.

The testimony of Mrs. Edwards, as related to Herndon, was:

'Lincoln and Mary were engaged; everything was ready and prepared for the marriage, even to the supper. Mr. Lincoln failed to meet his engagement. Cause, insanity.'

It is undeniable that something happened to mark what Lincoln called 'the fatal first of January, 1841.' It was something in which he felt that he had caused the deepest pain to Mary Todd, and he blamed himself for it with a merciless and desperate self-castigation. On January 23, 1841, Lincoln wrote to Joshua F. Speed:

'I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth. Whether I shall ever be any better, I cannot tell; I awfully forebode that I shall not. To remain as I am is impossible. I must die or be better, it appears to me.'

There is no escaping from the import of these incidents and letters. The first day of January, 1841, was a day when Lincoln and Mary Todd parted under most unhappy circumstances; and the memory of it made him ill and nearly drove him frantic.

It does not appear, however, that the preparations had gone so far as a formal announcement of the wedding. There would surely have been some public announcement, some documentary proof in the form of card of invitation or newspaper announcement.

One thing we know, which is that Lincoln's mind was of such a cast, and his circumstances in life at that period were such that, had he proposed to any woman and been accepted by her, he would almost immediately have reacted into sad contemplation of his debts and his slowly growing practice, into doubts whether his services in the legislature had stood for anything but the ruin of the state, into serious misgivings whether he had laid or was likely to lay any foundations upon which he could hope to build a successful life, and, consequently, whether he had not committed an irretrievable blunder for himself and an unpardonable sin against the lady in asking her to share his hopeless future. In case of Mary Todd, this situation was aggravated by the sharp contrasts between them, and the quarrels that now and then arose.

From 'the fatal first of January, 1841,' till late in the autumn of 1842, Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd kept apart. He had paid brief attentions to Matilda Edwards, and had had a little affair with Sarah Rickard, and found no more rest than Noah's weary dove. He was rather more than ready to pluck an olive branch and fly back to the ark. Mary, too, had had her share of gayety, and Abraham heard of it and thought he was glad, but deep down in his heart he was not happy about it, and she, if anything, was even less happy than he. These two people, who were divinely created to irritate each other, were also constituted in such fashion as to be necessary to each other's comfort and peace.

Two matters occurred to help in bringing them together after the breaking of their engagement. One was Lincoln's correspondence with his friend Joshua F. Speed. Speed had been in love and hesitated much as Lincoln did; but Lincoln had encouraged him to go on and be married. Speed married and Lincoln wrote to him, asking questions such as one man seldom asks another. Speed answered these questions frankly, and in a manner wholly to his credit. He assured Lincoln that his misgivings had been largely imaginary, and that his married life was happy beyond his expectations. Lincoln believed that Speed would not lie to him in so grave a matter, and Speed's letters had weight with him, and exerted no small influence in reuniting Lincoln and Mary Todd.

The other affair concerned a prank of Mary Todd and a friend, Miss Julia M. Jayne, afterward her bridesmaid, and still later Mrs. Lyman Trumbull. Lincoln had written for the Sangamon *Journal* an article entitled, 'Letter from Lost Townships' and signed 'Aunt Rebecca.' This article held up to public ridicule James Shields, an Irishman, prominent in

Springfield politics and a rival of Lincoln's. The article excited much mirth, for Shields, though a man of ability, was one whose characteristics easily lent themselves to ridicule. Simeon Francis might have hesitated to publish an article so certain to provoke wrath, had he not been a warm personal and political friend of Lincoln.

Mary Todd, the future wife of a President, and Julia Jayne, the future wife of a senator, wrote a second article, in which the satire was carried further, and they signed it with the same name, 'Aunt Rebecca.' This also was published in the *Journal*. Shields, angered by the first, was infuriated by the second article. He sent a friend to Francis demanding the name of the author of the two articles. Lincoln was out of town and could not be consulted. Francis, compelled to reply, and feeling sure that Lincoln would wish to shield the girls, gave Lincoln's name.

Shields, accompanied by a friend, followed Lincoln to Tremont, where Lincoln was attending court, and challenged him to a duel. Lincoln, after some attempt to avert such a proceeding, accepted the challenge. Happily, the duel was called off by the good offices of their friends, but not before the affair had become public, to Lincoln's subsequent great mortification. He had the good sense to be heartily ashamed of his part in the whole matter. Mrs. Francis was an intimate friend of Mary Todd. This matter, which had coupled the names of Mary and Lincoln in much public talk, proved Mrs. Francis' opportunity to bring the two together. They had a number of secret meetings at the Francis house; and at length reached a swift agreement to be married at once, with no more nonsense about it.

The next day was Friday. It was not a day which either Lincoln or his bride would have chosen for a wedding, for both were superstitious, but they feared nothing now so much as a delay, in which each would have opportunity to permit the resolution to be 'sicklied o'er with thought.' The Springfield records contain the license, issued November 4, 1842, with the return of the minister, the Reverend Charles Dresser, certifying that on the same day he married Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd. The only contemporary newspaper reference is in the *Journal* of the following week, November 11, 1842, and may have been written by Lincoln himself. It is very brief and precise, as follows:

> MARRIED: in this city, on the 4th. instant, at the home of N. W. Edwards, Esq. by the Rev. Charles Dresser, ABRAHAM LINCOLN to MISS MARY TODD, daughter of Robert S. Todd, Esq. of Lexington, Kentucky.

Lincoln and his bride secured quarters in the Globe Tavern, and there lived for a considerable period. They paid two dollars a week each for room and board. There they remained until after the birth of their first child, who alone, of their four sons, lived to manhood, Robert Todd Lincoln; born August 1, 1843, and died July 26, 1926.

The first year of married life of the Lincolns was far from being free from care. The prospect of maternity was immediate, and the Lincolns prepared for the coming of the baby. On July 26, 1843, in an unpublished letter, Lincoln said to Speed:

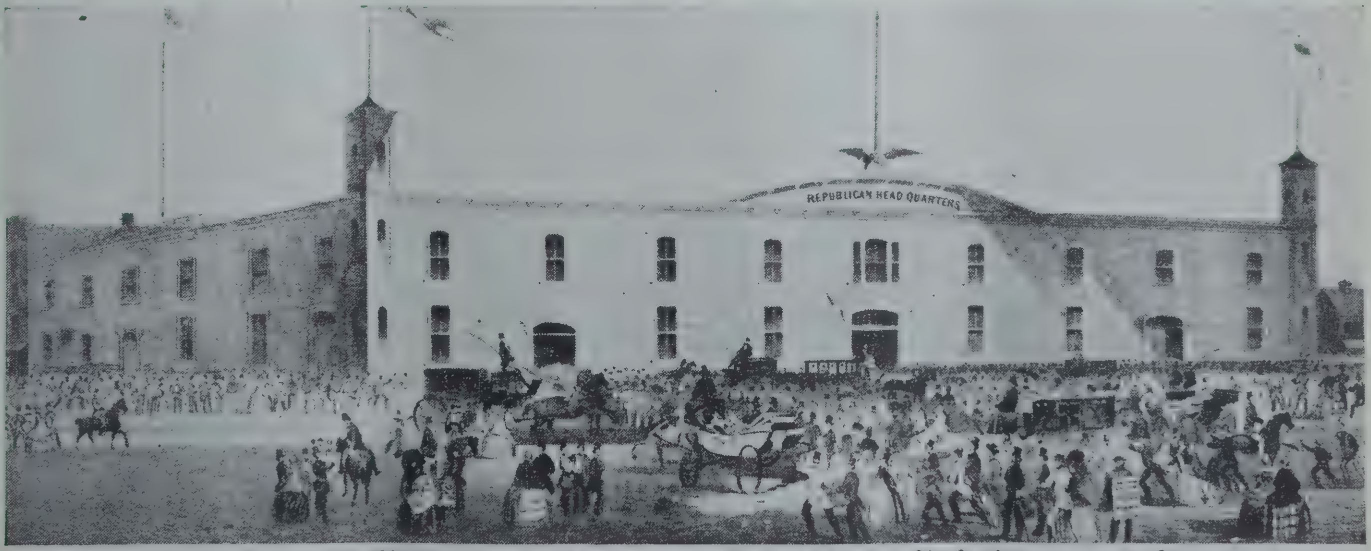
'We shall look with impatience for your visit this Fall. Your Fanny cannot be more anxious to see my Molly than the latter is to see her, nor so much so as I am. Don't fail to come. We are but two, as yet.' Only four days longer were they two. This is Lincoln's only contemporary reference to the increase in his family. It is as laconic as that which he sent to Sam Marshall of Shawneetown just a week after Lincoln's wedding: 'Nothing new here, except my marrying, which to me is a matter of profound wonder.'

He had not much time to sit down and wonder about it. Even four dollars a week for board is an item, and there were other expenses. If Dr. Henry was the physician who ushered the new baby into the world we may be sure that he took his fee in political expectations, for he was a good Whig and Lincoln was trying hard to get him the postoffice as a means of livelihood.

At this he did not succeed any too well. His partner, Stephen T. Logan, was trying hard to go to Congress and wanted Lincoln to attend to the law business while the senior partner made stump speeches, but Lincoln preferred to look out for politics on his own account. Lincoln drove Logan out of the running, but had himself to reckon with other rivals.

He wrote to a friend in March, 1843, 'If you should hear anyone say that Lincoln don't want to go to Congress, I wish you, as a personal friend of mine, to tell him you have reason to believe he is mistaken. The truth is, I would like to go very much.'

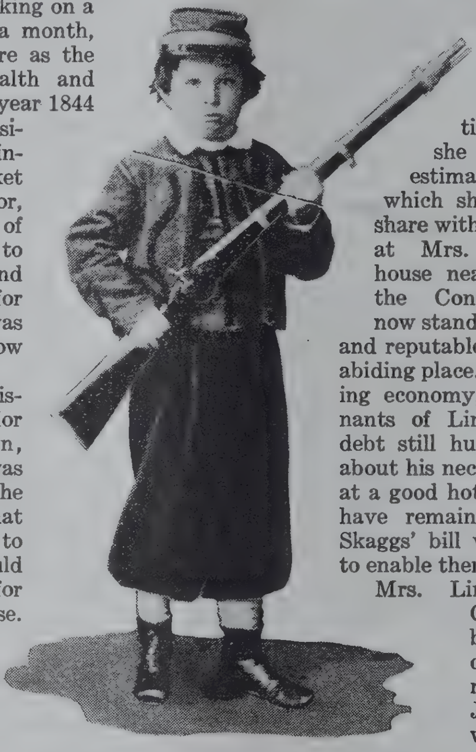
There was a sort of Whig primary in Springfield, and he and Edward Baker were the leading candidates, but as the voting went on, Baker came to Lincoln, and proposed that the balloting cease, and Lincoln was glad to accept the suggestion. Baker had beaten him badly and was generous enough to be willing not to advertise the extent of Lincoln's defeat. For him Lincoln named his second son, Edward Baker Lincoln, who was born March 1, 1846, and who died February 1, 1850.



Republican Wigwam, capable of accommodating 10,000 persons. Dedicated May 12, 1860, for the convention in Chicago.

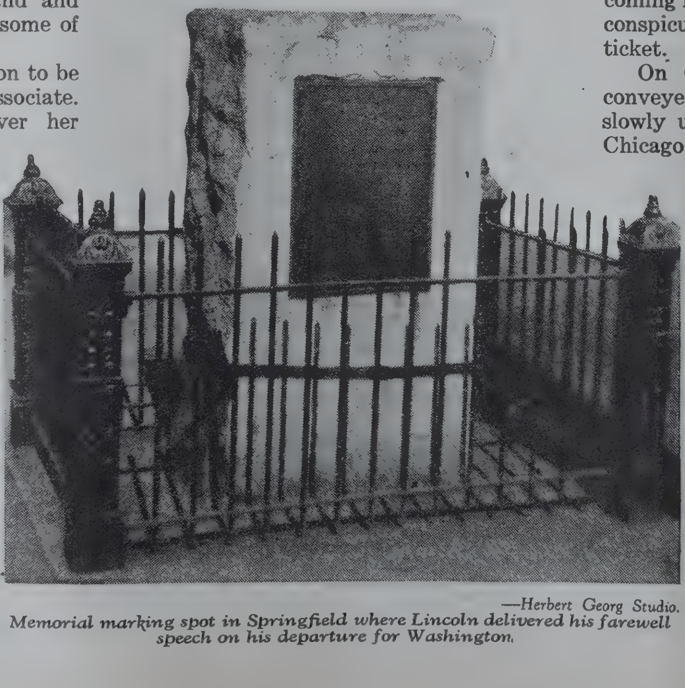
But when the district convention was held, though Lincoln went as a delegate instructed to vote for Baker, and did so, the winning candidate was John J. Hardin, thus many well-laid plans went wrong that year.

And now Lincoln made a sad discovery; his marriage had not thus far helped him politically. There was a certain prejudice against the aristocratic families of Springfield, and Lincoln had to explain that he did not belong to the silk-stockinged class. 'I, a strange, friendless, uneducated, penniless boy, working on a flat-boat at ten dollars a month, have been put down here as the candidate of pride, wealth and family distinction.' The year 1844 brought the next presidential election, and Lincoln was on the Whig ticket as a presidential elector, and stumped a portion of Illinois, and also went to his old home in Indiana and made stump speeches for Henry Clay. But Clay was not elected, to the sorrow of Abraham Lincoln.


Thomas ('Tad') Lincoln when he was eight years of age.

In 1843 Lincoln's disagreement with his senior partner, Judge Logan, reached a crisis. It was practically certain that the Whig nominee from that district would be elected to Congress and Lincoln would not step out of the way for Judge Logan or anyone else. The partnership was broken off on September 20, 1843, and Lincoln chose a new partner, William H. Herndon. Herndon was the son of an influential proslavery man, but had been a student of Illinois College, where he became an Abolitionist. He was younger than Lincoln. He was impetuous, and a very good judge of human nature. He had more initiative than Lincoln, and was much more given to diversified reading. He was a prolific correspondent and his letters from Theodore Parker and other eminent men in New England and New York kept him in touch with some of the leading minds of his generation.

All in all Lincoln had much reason to be thankful for such an assistant and associate. Mrs. Lincoln was not happy over her husband's choice; she did not like Herndon. Her feeling of repugnance dated from their first meeting. At a ball in Springfield, she danced with Herndon in that new and fascinating movement called 'the waltz.' Herndon greatly admired the lightness of her step and the precision of her rhythm; he attempted to pay her a compliment. He should have said, 'You glide through the waltz like a bird,' but unfortunately he said, 'You glide through the waltz with the agility of a serpent.' She resented the simile and ever afterward disliked Herndon. Although Herndon was a good lawyer and his qualities were such as to supplement those of Lincoln, his personality was offensive to her. When she entered her husband's office, she walked straight by Herndon, and was careful to hold her skirts a little aside. She never made a worse mistake. If Mrs. Lincoln had treated Herndon with a little more consideration, the world would never have heard of Ann Rutledge.


—Herbert Georg Studio.
Memorial marking spot in Springfield where Lincoln delivered his farewell speech on his departure for Washington.

Mary Todd Lincoln was a happy woman when the November election showed her husband to be the new member of Congress from his district; she was going to Washington, where she was certain she would be a society belle; she had no doubt that her husband would go on from one position to another and she set no limit in her estimation as to the honors which she might ultimately share with him. They boarded at Mrs. Skaggs' boarding house near the place where the Congressional Library now stands. It was a pleasant and reputable but rather modest abiding place. They were practising economy, for the last remnants of Lincoln's New Salem debt still hung like a millstone about his neck. If he had put up at a good hotel, that debt would have remained unpaid. Mrs. Skaggs' bill was modest enough to enable them to get out of debt.

Mrs. Lincoln visited the Capitol with her husband and he pointed out to her the great men who were there: John Quincy Adams, who had been President of the United States, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun and Alexander H. Stephens. On the whole her Washington experience was a disappointment. The wife of a new member of Congress filled no very large angle in Washington society. Mrs. Lincoln did not have the social standing or the dry goods necessary for distinction; she was an interested onlooker, but she subsided into inconspicuous obscurity. However if she saw in that one term in Congress that her husband was not enough to give her standing in Washington, she also saw that the star of the Whig Party was in the ascendant.

Willie Lincoln at the age of eleven years.

Congress adjourned August 4, 1848. Mr. Lincoln went to New England to make speeches on behalf of General Zachary Taylor, when in February he had helped nominate at Philadelphia a Whig candidate for president. He made most earnest arguments on behalf of Taylor and returned to Illinois by way of the Great Lakes. At some point on the return route Mrs. Lincoln joined him; apparently she had remained in Washington during the New England trip and met him in New York.

It had become certain that Lincoln would not be asked to succeed himself in Congress, but he was not feeling very bad about that. The Whigs were very certainly coming into power and Lincoln had rendered conspicuous service for the party and its ticket.

On October 5, 1848, the boat which conveyed Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln steamed slowly up the mud-clogged channel of the Chicago River, and they walked down the gangplank, and put up at the Sherman House. To her great delight their arrival was not without recognition. A committee of Whig politicians awaited her husband and asked him to deliver a political speech the next night in the courthouse. Lincoln was happy to accept the invitation. Handbills were printed and circulated, and with only thirty hours' notice the town of Chicago was made aware that the Honorable Abraham Lincoln, who was returning from a successful campaign in New England, would address the citizens of Chicago on the political issues of the day.

The courthouse was packed, and Mary Todd Lincoln sat in the audience and heard her husband, who was almost a stranger in Chicago, applauded to the echo. They went back to the Sherman House after the evening's entertainment and sat and talked awhile before they went to bed. The future had never seemed more rosy. The days of their Springfield residence were numbered, Taylor would surely be elected and Abraham Lincoln already knew just what office he wanted and what he thought he would get. He wanted to be Land Commissioner of the United States. If he secured that position he and his family would have a permanent residence in the capital of the nation.

Zachary Taylor was elected, but the influence of Daniel Webster secured the land office for Justin Butterfield. Lincoln was so distressed that he made a special trip to Washington in a desperate effort to secure the land office; he did not succeed. Moreover, he found that his objections to the Mexican War had brought upon him and his party so much criticism that while Judge Logan secured the Whig nomination for Congress and while the Whig ticket in general went into office with Zachary Taylor, Logan was defeated—as he believed, largely on Lincoln's account.

It was a cruel home-coming for Mary Todd Lincoln; all her political hopes and social ambitions seemed to be at an end. There was nothing to do now but to live in Springfield and make the best of it. With many tears, as we must surely believe, and yet on the whole, with a courageous heart, and an ambition that, if hurt, was not killed, she set herself to her unwelcome task.

THE services rendered the new Whig administration by Abraham Lincoln did not go wholly unrecognized. 'Old Rough and Ready' Taylor died too soon after his inauguration to look up a suitable office for him, but Millard Fillmore promptly tendered Lincoln the secretaryship of Oregon, which was virtually a territorial governorship. Lincoln was so discouraged he was tempted to accept this consolation prize, reflecting that Oregon would soon be a state and he might hope to be one of the first senators therefrom after its admission to the Union. That was precisely what had occurred in the case of old Governor Ninian Edwards. He was territorial governor of Illinois, one of the original senators from the new state, and then returned to be governor. But Mrs. Lincoln vetoed the proposition to go to Oregon. She had faith in her husband's political future after he himself had lost it. In Springfield they remained.

Whatever faults Mary Lincoln had, she was not indolent; she looked well to the ways of her household. She was an excellent seamstress and made most of the clothing for her children; she was a most affectionate mother, though too excitable to be always a good one. Her home was well-kept. Lincoln had difficulty in living up to her standards of propriety. It was not easy for him to restrain himself from going to the front door in his shirt sleeves, welcoming in the neighbors and excusing himself till he could 'trot out the womenfolks.' Only by degrees did he learn that he must let the 'hired girl' open the door, and that he must not put his own knife into the butter. Mary Todd Lincoln wanted an aristocratic home; it is said in Springfield that while Lincoln several times visited his father and stepmother in their home his parents were never invited to visit Mrs. Lincoln in her home.

In 1854 the repeal of the Missouri Compromise brought Lincoln back into politics. Again his wife had a vision of life in Washington, for there was a time when it seemed that her husband was to become United States senator. So sure was Mary Todd that her husband was to be nominated, that she and Elizabeth Edwards prepared a great reception to be given to Senator-elect and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln on the night when the two houses of the Illinois general assembly, in joint session, were to have elected him United States senator. That honor did not come to him nor to her. Lyman Trumbull and his wife, who was Miss Julia Jayne, and who had been Mrs. Lincoln's bridesmaid, received the honor which Lincoln failed to get. The reception at the Edwards house was given in honor of Senator and Mrs. Trumbull, but Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln stood beside them in the receiving line.

DISAPPOINTMENT had come again to Mary Todd Lincoln, but her spirit was unconquered; she still believed that honor might befall her and her husband, and that good fortune would ultimately return them to Washington.

In the summer of 1858 Lincoln formally entered the lists as a candidate for senator against Stephen A. Douglas. The campaign which ensued was one of the most brilliant and picturesque in the history of the United States. There were processions and brass bands, cannon and fireworks. The most notable incident of the campaign was a series of joint debates between Lincoln and Douglas. In November it was found that the legislative choice gave Douglas a very small majority. For the second time Lincoln failed in his attempt to become a United States senator; yet he failed so narrowly as to give him promise of a successful political future. His popularity was growing, his name was becoming known outside the limits of the State of Illinois. Mary Todd Lincoln every now and then repeated to her friends what she said when she married her tall husband; namely, that while he was not a handsome man, he would some day be President of the United States.

SWIFTLY passed the months between the Lincoln and Douglas campaign and that of the election of 1860. Abraham Lincoln went to New York City and delivered a notable address at Cooper Union. He went on to New England and gave another series of addresses, which increased his reputation as an orator, a thinker, and a man of coming power. The political convention of 1860 was arranged to be held in Chicago, the great city of Lincoln's home state. He was far from being the most prominent candidate. William H. Seward held that place, and next to him stood Salmon P. Chase, but Lincoln, though a minority candidate, was in a strong position as a possible dark horse. Nothing happened that summer in the political arena which passed Mrs. Lincoln's observant eye. She was the most interested of all those who believed in the tall Illinoisan. In all the ups and downs of his career which had in it no little of disappointment she steadfastly believed in him.

On the concluding day of the Chicago convention a telegram was received, stating that on the third ballot Abraham Lincoln had been nominated as President of the United States. A hundred evenings he had sat at the grocery store, swapping stories and apparently forgetting that he had a wife or a home, but in that high hour he hardly waited for the first congratulations of his friends. 'Excuse me, gentlemen,' he said, 'there is a little woman down on Eighth Street who is interested in the result of this convention. I want to go and tell her.' She knew before he got there, for the neighbor women had rushed in and brought her the information. No record exists of the manner of their greeting; it was decorous, without doubt, for Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were not alone; but then, or later in the day, we cannot doubt that he took the plump little woman in his great arms and told her she was entitled to her full share of credit for the honor that had come to him.

There came in due time the day when Mary Todd Lincoln and her husband boarded a train for Washington, and he was never to return. They had rented their house and spent the last few weeks of their stay in Springfield in the Chenery House. It cost them more than the four dollars a week when they lived in the Globe Tavern, but still their expenses were not large, and their manner of living was modest. On the night before they started for Washington, their trunks were brought down into the office of the hotel, and Mr. Lincoln, with his own hands, carded them. He took some cards of the hotel, and wrote on the back, 'Lincoln, White House, Washington, D. C.' and tacked them on the trunks. Then he went upstairs and he and Mary Todd Lincoln and the three boys—Robert who was in the East at school had come home to accompany his parents to Washington—spent their last night in Springfield together.

NEXT morning, Monday, February 11, 1861, the day before Lincoln's fifty-second birthday, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln entered the rickety old hotel bus and rode in a drizzling rain to the old Great Western station, where the car in which he and those who were to go East with him stood on a spur track, with a group of neighbors and friends assembled about it. Just before the train pulled out, Mr. Lincoln appeared on the rear platform, and in a voice that he could with difficulty control, said:

'My friends: no one not in my situation can appreciate my feelings of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a youth to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether I may ever return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let me confidently hope that all may yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.'

He reëntered the car, choking with his tears. The train moved, and the old friends of Lincoln and his wife went home in the rain, and wondered how the Lincolns would enjoy life in the White House. Frequently the train stopped and Lincoln made short speeches. Once, at least, before going out, he lifted Mary to the car seat, and she 'fixed him up' a little before he showed himself.

But he grew more serious as he neared Washington and ended the journey under stress of a warning that sent him into Washington by night and attended only by a single companion, Ward Hill Lamon. It was an inglorious ending of a none-too-brilliant tour. But at length it ended. Mr. Lincoln took the oath of office and the Lincolns found themselves at home in the White House. Then Washington stood agape, and at the first public reception there entered the room a very tall man with a little plump woman on his arm, and Mr. Lincoln said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, here is the long and short of the Presidency.'

Mary Lincoln had arrived. She had refused the most brilliant man in Springfield under the conviction that he would never be anything more than a senator, and she wanted to be the wife of a president.

Spanish Spirit in Painting

(*Continued from page 13*)

for miles to where finally a mountain range incloses the slightly rolling expanse of plain and the city of Granada is at one's feet. To northwest is the summer palace, the beautiful Generalife, to northeast the Sierra Nevada in eternal snow.

When the Moors were ejected from Cordova they retired to the great stronghold and palace in Granada. The Alhambra reflects the brilliancy of the Moors with its lion-fountain court, a throne room of over one hundred and fifty-two designs in raised and perforated arabesques of primary colors, halls with stalactitic honeycomb vaulting, and pools reflecting horseshoe arches or tiled domes of rainbow hues. It is wrought in the magic of a 'goldsmith' architecture, more like a dazzling piece of jewelry than an abode.

No wonder Boabdil wept when he had to leave the Alhambra to others, even though his mother taunted him by saying, 'Weep not like a woman for what you could not defend like a man.'

Toward the northwest again is Aragon, the battle ground of Spain, and also the region of Goya, himself a fighting painter. He did much to clarify to court and people the terrible conditions of the day. He satirized by lurid color and dramatic lighting the court and other phases of life such as the bullfight—the worst thing on earth next to war. At La Mancha are the windmills that Cervantes mentions in *Don Quixote*.

We left Spain via Barcelona, a city of modern, even modernistic, thought, life and art. But still it has the most mystic cathedral in the world to me.

Although Spain is too rapidly approaching a Twentieth Century aspect, a sense of the primitive is still quite prevalent there. Wild scenery, ancient monuments, unsophisticated mankind, attract the visitor to this land of adventure and art, of African and Berber, of Moor and Christian.

Horses, Judges *and* Judging

By WILF P. POND

IT IS one thing to look at a horse show, and quite another to understand what is going on. Even if one is conversant with the rules and regulations laid down for the direction of the judges, there are still many irrational complications. Nothing is more needed in the horse-show world than a new list of carefully remodeled rules, with several new rules added.

How many people have any idea of the eccentricities possible under a strict administration of the popular 'touch-and-out' in an obstacle test? If a contestant 'touches' a fence with any one of its legs or feet, it is automatically retired from the contest, which continues until all but the winner have been eliminated. The title 'touch and out' supplies the rule. A horse is at liberty to refuse any jump (a cardinal fault in most jumping and hunter classes), to act atrociously, throw its rider, lie down in the ring, roll over and play dead, and yet, if the fences are cleared without a touch, no rule retires the horse; and, further, if the owner of such an ill-performing animal should care to make a protest to the last court of horse-show appeal, goodness only knows what would be the result!

How much easier and more satisfactory it would be if the event were called 'fault and out,' with the 'faults' set forth in the rules. The 'faults' would be: touching the fence with fore or hind feet; refusing to jump; a fall by either horse or rider whether at a fence or not.

In most catalogs too little time is accorded this event. At a recent national gathering it was given fifty minutes with no less than sixty-one contestants; several of them made perfect scores and so had to be sent around again until all but the winner had committed 'touches.' This, naturally, threw all the following classes behind; everything was late, the final contests being witnessed mainly by empty boxes.

The judges should order only four fences for those 'tied' at perfect scores; if more ties ensue, the cash prizes should be divided; and if the prize is a trophy it should be left to the owners of the horses to come to agreement. Recently, horses went over thirty-two fences before the final tie, which unnecessary hard work-out incapacitated both animals for the remainder of the show.

UNDOUBTEDLY the public desires to see hunters jump fences. If so, why must we have the wearisome, time-wasting examination of each class for what is called 'conformation,' or classification according to bodily symmetry and to types of disabilities that militate against a horse's going well across country. Audiences yawn, and also those judges for whom the novelty of being the central figure in the ring has worn off. There is no reason why an early morning class should not be called and each horse given a percentage figure representing the value of its 'conformation,' this decimal to be added to other points when the actual classes are judged.

This is important when it is remembered that horse shows are largely educational, and that it was the national gathering in New York which, upward of half a century ago, taught American horsemen what is correct and what incongruous in horse equipment, and in carriages and other vehicles.

An illustration of what perfect manners are in a riding horse may be instanced in the mount of the wife of an ex-master of the famous Meadow Brook Hunt of Long Island. She rode this horse (which, by the way, was bred, raised and broken by her husband) into the national ring, and took the regulation fences and then the pen jump, clearing all perfectly. Now, in the pen jump, the horse is taken over the front fence, turned quickly as soon as he lands inside the pen, and then jumped out over the side fence; the fences are four feet six inches in height. Having noticed something peculiar about this exhibit, I went to meet the lady riding out of the ring, to find the horse had no bit in its mouth but had been ridden on the bridle headpiece through the trying test.

An amusing incident at the important Brockton gathering was when two very well-known champion horses were antagonists. The lady owning one of them disagreed with the judge, not hesitating to tell him so; she also said that she would never exhibit before him again. The judge, however, was perfectly correct, and said with a smile: 'Madam, these two horses have now met four times this season; on the other three occasions, as the judges were not agreeing, I was called in as referee; in each of the three cases I gave the verdict in favor of your horse. Today, however, I cannot do so; your horse is not going as well as usual.'

IN ANOTHER case there was a very nervous mare, winner of several championships, which had to be handled 'just so,' as the saying is. One day the judge mounted to ride, and the first thing he did was to pick up the curb rein. Away went every chance of the mare winning! Yet the exhibitor could do nothing, say nothing. If the judge had not mounted the mare she would probably have been awarded the blue. The judge is a man with years of experience, and has bought and sold many horses.

Nearly every loser wishes the judge to tell him exactly why his horse did not win. If the judge is foolish enough to say: 'Oh it was straight and too long in the pasterns,' or something of that sort, the exhibitor makes a bee line to the man who sold him the horse; the seller hints that he has seen the judge dining with the owner of the winning horse—and away go reputations all along the line.

As a matter of fact, every sympathy should be shown judges; and the greatest care should be taken to make rules clear and plain. These men are men of standing; they give time, work, and knowledge without expecting or receiving pay; and yet there are few horse-show committees who will back them up when trouble arises, though the judges may be in the right. Judges should have the admiration of the more sensible and sportsmanlike element connected with horse shows.

The Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Ship Channel

By D. M. LeBOURDAIS

—Ewing Galloway Photos.

Rapids in the channel about fifty miles southwest of Montreal.

THE proposal to improve the St. Lawrence River, so as to enable ocean-going vessels to proceed to the head of the Great Lakes, has been referred to by competent persons as the greatest economic project of the 20th Century.

This matter has been discussed for a good many years, but the fact that a considerable portion of the proposed improvement lies wholly within the Dominion of Canada is no doubt responsible for the failure to get beyond that stage. In 1909, however, an international joint commission composed of three members appointed by Canada and three by the United States was given jurisdiction over waterways common to both countries, and for the first time provided an avenue whereby this problem might be approached.

In 1919 the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association was formed, not of individuals but of states, and included Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Ohio, Indiana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, Missouri and Washington, whose legislatures made financial contributions toward the cost of educating the public to the great possibilities of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence scheme. The Mississippi Valley Association with twelve member states has been coöperating with this organization, making a total of more than half the states in the Union in favor of a great natural outlet to the sea.

The portion of the United States which can be most economically served from ports on the Great Lakes comprises about one-third the total area; approximately one-third its population; a similar proportion of its wealth; and one-third to one-half its productive capacity. From this area come the following percentages of the country's staple products: Corn, 65; wheat, 74; flax, practically 100; cattle, more than 50; hogs, 57; horses, 60; butter, 54; eggs, 54; cheese, 57; apples, 21; beet sugar, 53; wool, 47; coal mined, 36; coal reserves, 72; copper, 39; lead, 46; iron ore, 85; and zinc, 74 per cent. It comprises the greater part of the states of Montana, Wyoming and Colorado; all of North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, Ohio and West Virginia; as well as the western portions of Pennsylvania and New York. An area similar in extent lies adjacent to the Great Lakes in Canada.

In the manufacturing field, too, the area economically tributary to the Great Lakes holds a high place. Illinois, for instance, is the third state in the Union from a manufacturing standpoint, being surpassed in this regard only by New York and Pennsylvania. It leads all states in the slaughtering and meat-packing industry—which also takes a leading place in Indiana, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri; it also leads in the agricultural implement and zinc smelting and refining industries. Ohio is the fourth manufacturing state, leading all others in the production of rubber goods (other than belting, hose, boots, and shoes), of which it produces 49 per cent of the total of this classification in the United States. Ohio likewise ranks second among the states in products of steel work, rolling mills, and blast furnaces. Indiana also takes a foremost place in the latter industry; while most of the automobiles produced in the United States are manufactured in Michigan.

A look at the map will show how these populous, wealthy and productive states are clustered around the Great Lakes, or farther

Evening silhouette of a Great Lakes freighter passing St. Mary's lighthouse on way to locks at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Above—Freighters on the Welland Canal.

inland, and thus farther removed from ocean connections. It will also be observed how the St. Lawrence River points directly at the British Isles and Central Europe. Liverpool is but 2,785 nautical miles from Montreal, as against 3,107 from New York.

A carload of freight destined for Liverpool from Chicago at present must go by rail to New York, a distance of 912 miles, and be then transferred to an ocean boat, the total distance being 4,019 miles; whereas by way of the St. Lawrence the distance would be only 3,867 miles; and once the consignment was loaded upon the boat at Chicago it would not need to be touched again until it arrived at its destination. Water transportation is cheaper than rail; but in this case the greatest saving would not be in the difference between the water carriage from Chicago to Montreal and the rail haul between Chicago and New York, but in terminal charges.

By opening the Great Lakes to the ocean, the United States will be provided with 2,700 miles of additional coast line containing many excellent harbors and a dozen magnificent cities, to say nothing of making accessible to the world's commerce the richest and most productive part of the country—in fact, its very heart.

WELL might the proposal to implement this great scheme be referred to as the greatest economic project of the present century! Nothing in the history of the Republic can be compared to it in the prospect which it offers for the economic advancement of the whole nation, because the good of the whole is inextricably combined with the welfare of such an important and extensive section as that affected by the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence route.

Opponents of the project assert that ships will not use the route even though it should prove successful from an engineering standpoint, and argue that canal-borne traffic has shown a decrease as compared with railway traffic. In this connection traffic statistics for barge canals and for rivers formerly navigated by river steamers are freely quoted; but these figures have nothing to do with the case. The only fair comparison by which a ship channel may be judged is with another ship canal.

Another argument used against the St. Lawrence route—and a more valid one, as far as it goes—is that it is available for part of the year only. But many extravagant statements have been advanced regarding the length of time the river and lakes are closed to navigation by ice, and also concerning the alleged difficulties and dangers due to ice and fogs. It is a matter of record that the average date of opening of navigation at Montreal is April 24; and the average date of closing November 25. The Erie Barge Canal does not have a longer season, and yet even in its limited field it has proved worth while.

The volume of traffic carried each season on the Great Lakes also provides a criterion by which the value of a part-year navigation route may be measured. In Europe the Baltic ports, which are closed by ice during four to six months of the year, manage to handle a satisfactory volume of business during the navigation season. There is no doubt that should it be found desirable the season on the St. Lawrence might be lengthened by the employment of ice breakers and by the maintenance of an international ice patrol and ice signal system.

Early American Spellers

(*Continued from page 9*)

speak, the title-page, but the sale continued in spite of it; Webster was often twitted about it.

To Webster is due the great dictionary which is commonly referred to simply as Webster—'according to Webster,' as they say. While Webster in this enterprise made an enduring contribution to learning in America, his income was derived mainly from the little speller. It has been well said that to multitudes his books 'have been of lasting benefit, not only by the course of early training they have furnished, but by those precepts of wisdom and virtue with which almost every page is stored.'

Webster's dictionary and his speller contributed greatly to the uniformity both in spelling and in pronunciation which marks American speech. No other country enjoys over so wide an area such uniform speech as does America. The differences are trifling as compared with European lands where one dialect in Germany or France or even England varies so greatly from another that the natives of different parts are not able to understand each other.

Caleb Bingham published his little speller, *The Child's Companion*, in 1792, followed by *The Young Ladies' and Gentlemans' Spelling Book* in 1799. This latter work was enlivened after a manner by the introduction of a series of poems by the Reverend Isaac Watts on such timely topics as 'Against Pride in Clothes' and 'Against Evil Company.' These were illustrated by rather rude cuts, it being the assumption that children would read the poems and profit by their warnings. Isaac Watts himself wrote a spelling book popular in England from 1720 to 1750, but he did not include therein poetic efforts like those mentioned above.

The early speller had many features which are not found in the present-day manual. Words sounded alike and spelled differently, and those spelled the same but pronounced differently, received special attention. The hard words came in for particular treatment as also abbreviations and Biblical names.

TODAY spelling as a separate exercise has been abandoned in many schools. Much attention, however, has been recently paid to the securing from business letters, from newspapers, from ordinary correspondence, of a list of the words which are most frequently used. It has been found that the following fifty words are used more frequently than any others:

> *the, and, of, to, I, a, in, that, you, for, it, was*
>
> (These twelve words make, on the average, thirty out of every hundred words that you commonly use.)
>
> *is, will, as, have, not, with, be, your, at, we, on, he, by, but, my, this, his, which, dear, from, are, all, me, so, one, if, they, had, has, very, were, been, would, she, or, there, her, an*
>
> (These fifty words run fifty to the hundred in all ordinary writing and only one, *very*, is of two syllables.)

The demand today is that before learning to spell *Constantinople* the child must learn to spell the words in common use. It is a reasonable demand. The word *morning* or the word *respectfully* is vastly more useful than *Constantinople*, and occurs in writing a hundred times as often. While spelling today is apparently only incidental to reading and geography, yet it does receive careful attention. Psychologists agree that it is better to give words in natural sentences, so that the child will feel some reason for desiring to learn how to spell the word. Some psychologists say that it would be more desirable to have the spellers not in print type but in a special cursive type, like ordinary writing, so that the child would see the form which he is to reproduce. Long ago first readers and spellers were printed in cursive type; the right thing was done by instinct and not by psychology.

Making Education a Service

(*Continued from page 7*)

sublime faith in the essential goodness of human nature. It was his contention that every great human need is satisfied when it has been made sufficiently apparent. As a rule when Dr. Conwell wanted something for one of his enterprises he had only to state the need, at least during his later years. The services and funds he enlisted were generally voluntary.

UNDER Dr. Conwell's direction Temple University was the first institution of academic stature to hold regular night courses for students compelled to work during the day. It was the first to carry the university to the student. For many years it has had a standing offer to establish a class at any point in the city most available to a group of students, and at any hour of the day or night.

In view of the work now in full swing to perpetuate Conwell ideas it is interesting to note that on several occasions he attempted to give Temple University to the city of Philadelphia as a city college. The last time the offer was made—with the approval of the board of trustees—the property holdings of the university were appraised at about five million dollars. Today the plant is worth approximately seven million dollars. It has operated in spite of decreased grants from the state with a constantly increasing student body. It is planned to raise eventually a twelve-million-dollar endowment.

Some time before his death Dr. Conwell told me in answer to a question that the list of young men he had put through college out of his lecture and literary earnings was close to thirty-three hundred. More than ten thousand students in all got some pecuniary help from him. He kept a record of the number, but he did not retain a list of the names. In spite of this, the 'Conwell boys' were never forgotten, and they did not forget. Nearly every one communicated with him at least once a year, and most of them were in constant correspondence with him.

(*This is the first of two articles on this subject by Mr. McGarry. The next will follow in an early issue.*)

HISTORIC FONTAINEBLEAU

By
SOMMERVILLE STORY

OF THE beautiful royal palaces in France, many prefer Fontainebleau—not because of its charm artistically or architecturally, but because of its exquisite setting in a lovely forest and its close association with three of the most interesting monarchs of France.

Although Fontainebleau existed when Francis I came to the throne, that magnificent monarch was the real creator of the chateâu. It was at Fontainebleau that Francis in 1539 received Charles V, and one can but faintly imagine the scene when the Pericles of France in all his grandeur received the rival who aspired to rule over the whole of Europe.

After Francis, Henry IV did much to enlarge and embellish Fontainebleau, after which it was left much as it was until the time of Napoleon, who in turn did a good deal of restoration work. Napoleon III and Louis Philippe also spent huge sums on its restoration.

The foundation of the palace goes back to the time of Louis VII, who turned a hunting lodge into a fortified chateâu in the 12th Century. François I razed the old building, all but the Donjon, and rebuilt on its site. He brought numerous famous artists from Italy to aid in the decoration of the palace—Rossi, Cellini, Serlio, and others—and to him was due the apartment known as the Galerie de François I, containing allegorical and mythological compositions about the monarch's life and adventures.

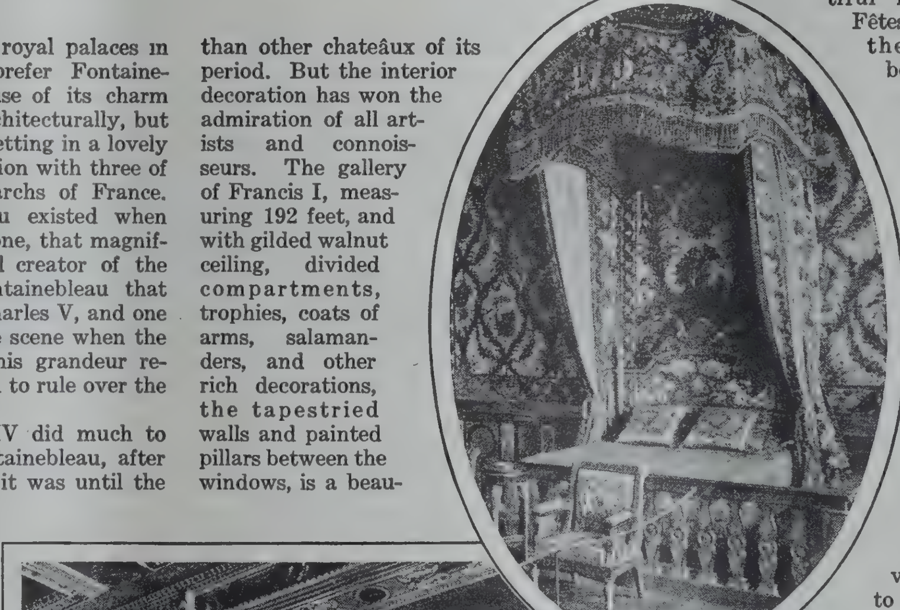
Owing to many changes and additions Fontainebleau is mixed in its style and architecture, and less imposing than other chateâux of its period. But the interior decoration has won the admiration of all artists and connoisseurs. The gallery of Francis I, measuring 192 feet, and with gilded walnut ceiling, divided compartments, trophies, coats of arms, salamanders, and other rich decorations, the tapestried walls and painted pillars between the windows, is a beautiful hall. The Salle des Fêtes, when filled with the gallants and the belles in the costumes of the 16th and 17th Centuries, must have held visions of splendor as fine as any the world has ever seen.

Interesting figures in the world's history played their parts in the palace of Fontainebleau during the centuries.

After the rebuilding by Francis I, the long list of historical events connected with the palace began. In 1536 James I of Scotland visited Fontainebleau to see the French King's daughter Madeleine, whom he subsequently married. Elizabeth of Valois, the daughter of King Henry II, was born here in 1545. Betrothed to King Edward VI of England, who died before he could marry, she wedded King Philip II of Spain. Here, too, in 1560, Francis II was married to the unfortunate Mary Stuart.

Catherine de Medici, while regent, and her son Charles IX spent much time in the palace.

Louis XIV signed the Edict of Nantes at Fontainebleau at the instigation of Madame de Maintenon. To visit Louis XV, Peter I of Russia came to Fontainebleau. Here the sentence of divorce against Josephine was pronounced in 1809; and in 1813 Napoleon made the Pope sign the famous Concordat by which he resigned the sovereignty of the Roman States. The Cour des Adieux, is the scene of Napoleon's farewell to his 'Old Guard' before his retirement to Elba.



Salon of Louis XIII. Oval—Bed in Marie Antoinette's chamber.

The Straight Left Arm

(*Continued from page 8*)

you will note that Vardon is not alone in not keeping the left arm absolutely straight at the top of the swing. In fact most of them have a little bend at the elbow. But what you would also learn, if you could make the examination, is that though the arm is slightly bent, the elbow joint is quite firm if not rigid. A slight bend is made for comfort, especially with the distinctly upright swingers. But the arm straightens as soon as the club is started down.

Conceding then the importance of a straight left, what about the most practical methods of achieving it? Here is my best suggestion. In starting the club back from the ball, practise making the left arm do most of the work. In other words, begin by a push from the left shoulder. This starts the arm straight in the first place, and furthermore it checkmates one of the strongest counter movements against keeping it straight, and that is allowing the right hand to take too big a part in the beginning. Where this is done, the player is almost sure to lift the club too abruptly up from the ground.

This bringing of the club up instead of swinging it more around behind the body is a very common fault. The average person in trying to hit a golf ball for the first time will bring the club up too quickly and then strike at the ball with a chopping motion. Of course, in doing this the left arm is bent almost to a right angle at the elbow. The novice presumably knows nothing of the importance of keeping the left arm as near straight as possible. The natural tendency is to lift the club with the right hand, and one of the first steps toward a correct golf swing is to learn to overcome this tendency. The way to do this is to work along the lines suggested above of making sure that the left arm does most of the work in starting the club back.

I HAVE already referred to the importance of having the left arm straight at the moment of impact between the club head and the ball. It may be well to point out some of the reasons. One source of trouble with a good many players lies in smothering the ball; that is, the ball is hit clean enough but after traveling a short distance it ducks down, frequently failing to clear rough or other trouble in front of the tee. At other times the ball gets up, but the shots take a wild hook landing far to the left of the fairway.

The cause of both these sources of trouble is that the left arm bends partly down and partly in toward the body, and in so doing allows the right hand to turn too much over the left. Where this bending takes place just as the club head strikes the ball, the shot is smothered. If delayed a fraction of a second the ball is brought up, but it takes a wide hook. Keeping the left arm straight at the moment of impact is the best preventive for such trouble, together with maintaining a firm grip on the club with the left hand.

This matter of a firm grip with the left, which of course results in making the left wrist firm, also is a factor in any function that a straight left arm at the moment of impact performs. It is this: A correct snapping forward of the right wrist just as the club head is coming to the ball, usually spoken of as 'putting the wrists' into the stroke, is a big factor in getting distance on a shot. This motion introduces additional leverage to that afforded by the general swing, and where there is a lever in action there must be a fulcrum on which it works. The left hand and arm provide this fulcrum. That is, they should, but it is necessary that the left arm be straight and fairly firm and stiff to do this.

I want to call attention, however, to a very important matter on this point. Do not get the idea that the hands are to stop their progress on the general swing in order for the left one to act as a fulcrum for the right. This is rather a common fault, even in the long game and much more so in shorter strokes. The player practically stops the forward movements of the two hands, and tries to do the work of hitting the ball with a pure wrist and forearm action. This is wrong from first to last whether he is playing a full drive or a short mashie pitch. The hands must go on through. With the short shots, the wrists want to be kept fairly stiff, but for the longer ones, an effort should be made to snap the club head forward with the right hand as explained above, but in either event see that the hands move on through.

Keeping the left arm straight as I have advised will not, of course, absolutely guarantee a straight shot. There are too many other things that may bob up to cause trouble. But it will certainly minimize the danger of getting off the line. It is, to my way of thinking, the chief fundamental to keeping the ball straight, and if a player acquires the knack of keeping the left straight, he will eventually find it easier to correct other troubles that cause him to get off the line.

'Wild Weed' *Found on* Best Tables

By JOHN SLOAN

The process of threshing mustard leaves a stubble like a cut-over grain field.

BOTH as a *salsa piccante* for the table, and as a medicinal herb, mustard has occupied a place long antedating the beginnings of written history. Hippocrates made use of it in his medicine, and the cooks of ancient Rome had it in their kitchens.

The name now applied to both plant and condiment comes to us from the French word *moustarde*, modified for modern use into *moutarde;* but this word had its origin in the mixing of the crushed mustard seeds with must, or unfermented wine, the Latin name for which was *mustum.* Eventually, the word for the mixture came to be applied to the seed and then to the plant. These derivations, however, had little to do with the establishment, more than a quarter of a century ago, of an important industry in the warm little valley of middle California.

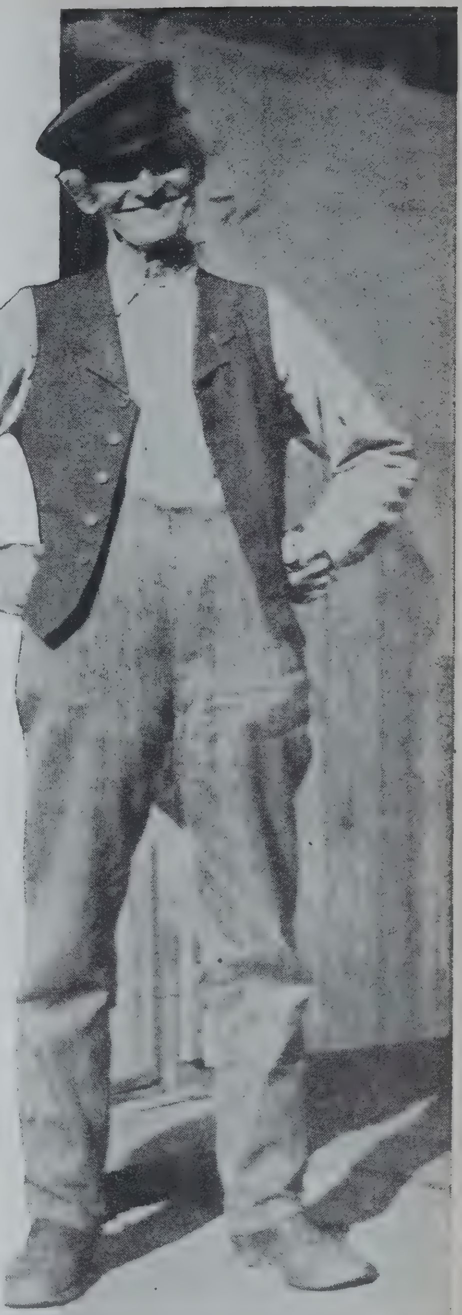
This valley comprising about twelve thousand acres all told, of which not more than five thousand acres have ever been planted to mustard, produces 90 per cent of all the mustard consumed in the United States or manufactured and exported from this country. Something like ten million pounds of mustard seed are marketed every year in the United States, of which the Lompoc farmers produce better than 90 per cent, or around nine million pounds.

Mustard seed is of two varieties, the black or red (Austrian) and the yellow (English or German). One is of about the same value as the other, and the plants growing in the field are virtually indistinguishable except to the eye of a mustard expert. The seed is sown broadcast, as much as sixty acres being seeded in a day. Thereafter, there is nothing to be done to the mustard crop—unless it is flooded with irrigating water—until it is cut with a reaper, much as hay or grain is cut. Cutting takes place just as the seed pods, which are similar to those of the radish, begin to dry, and before they open, so that the seed will not be lost. The cut mustard brush is piled on sheets of canvas about sixty feet square, and so carried to the threshing machine, the same thresher that is used in the threshing of wheat or barley.

To those who are accustomed to consider mustard as merely a 'wild weed' growing on waste lands or as a yellow-brown paste used with cold meats at table, the varied uses of mustard seed and its value as an agricultural industry will be surprising. It is estimated that the total sales value of the products of mustard seed throughout the world is nearly three million dollars a year, considerably more than half of which sum is paid for the oils developed from mustard seed for medicinal and mechanical purposes. It is interesting also to note that in the realm of medicine mustard is the only emetic which is also a stimulant to the heart and to the respiratory organs. Many a person who has taken poison, either by accident or with intent, owes his life to this peculiar quality of mustard.

The FISHERMAN *of* Little Traverse Bay

By IVAN SWIFT



I ASKED him about his health one day and he said, 'My keel is good, but my old engine is little weak. If I get new engine I go hundred-fifty year. My father live hundred-four—then the boys have to choke him with crackers!'

Alexander MacGulpin came of Scotch-Irish descent with, if we judge by his accent, a strain of French. In his own words he tells us, 'My father-father was genuine Scot—come from Glasgow to Quebec long time 'go. Them's where I get the name *Magulpang.*'

There was further evidence enough, in his looks and mental make-up, of the gifts of at least three good races; and lifelong association with American Indians added a touch of something more silent and inscrutable.

Knowing him as I did, from almost daily meeting as he went to his work and I went to my school, for many years, I have to guard against too much fervor in a convincing record of his personality. Familiarity with the man did not breed contempt, and, prophet as he was, he seemed to be with honor in his own country.

His country, it happened, was the Mackinac district, where he was born about 1830. He always lived in the vicinity of it and seemed to get more out of it because he was imprisoned in it. It was commonly understood that in an existence of nearly ninety years he was never more than a hundred miles south of his birthplace. He remained where his task was and met it like a man.

HE WAS history in himself—of the country, its people, thought and industry. Many are that, perhaps, but few indeed are so honest and lucid and good reading. Art was his handmaid and he could convey to others the true spirit of the time with an amiability that credited nature with beauty, and labor with dignity.

Just what the contribution of Alex MacGulpin was is hard to say beyond the statement that he preserved the best traditions, and foresaw the new tendencies, with confidence and cheer.

'It's all faith,' he said to the priest. 'All faith. Every morning for eighty years the sun come up in the east. She's coming up tomorrow, I believe. I got my kindling to build fire tomorrow morning. It's all faith, Father!'

This made him a tremendous agent for good in a period of struggle, fear and superstition.

When asked the secret of his long life and good health, he answered that he always made it a rule to 'get up at twelve o'clock at night and eat one pie and smoke a pipe.'

He was not the first great man to answer unanswerable questions by indirection, sometimes shockingly.

A talkative drummer on a train once suggested that if Alex had got up earlier in the morning he might have seen the ground hog looking for his shadow on Candlemas Day.

'No, gentleman,' replied the old man; 'when I'm working on the lake and in the wood I always make a rule never get up before three 'clock in the morning. If you see ground hog shadow three 'clock in the morning—she's moonshine shadow!'

That settled that little argument.

Whatever he was, MacGulpin has become a legend as measured by his neighbors, his words a sort of gospel, his example stimulating. There seems to be no going back of his decrees, no refuting the findings of his experience—earning his bread in sweat. This *earning* seems to have been his secret and solution—the thing that let him breathe well and fear nothing. His faith was logical. As he put it, he had '*had* everything and was no longer afraid of *catching* anything.'

EVEN in his younger days he told the priest:

'Some men can't steer the boat. They run on the rock; the church come, show them the deep channel. Then they run on the sand—cry "Help, help!" The priest come, read them the chart. That's good. But, Father, I'm gov'ment pilot for thirty year. I can steer the boat through Saint Marie River like a snake, never touch nothing, come out Lake Superior. I work for my bread, I pay my debt, I know the deep channel, I can read the chart. I'm going to meet you in the Big Watair, by grace of God!'

In practical life he was a trusted and reliable aid to the Federal Government and missionaries of all denominations, as interpreter, pilot, guide, messenger and peacemaker; as a neighbor he planted vines and flowers where they would bless those of less imagination, for whom the day was sufficient; as a father he provided well, advised and entertained with wit and kindliness and made himself remembered with affection; as a citizen he counseled tolerance with the varied natures of men and patience with the poor and distracted. His sympathy was unfailing, his indignation terrible to the oppressor, his logic final with priest or publican.

He was too sane to feel obliged to be busy constantly, and on his days of vacation called himself a *resorter*. Once in midsummer a husky, overfed hackman remarked:

'*Resorter* nothing! A man that ain't got money might just as well go jump and say, "here goes nothin"'!'

Alex looked down upon the slouching figure with a smile of pity.

'Listen to reason, man. The best thing in the world don't cost nothing. Them *resorter* come thousand mile, pay thousand dollar, to see the tree, the sea gull, drink the spring water. It don't cost me nothing, twelve month the year. Look up the sky some more, not down your feet so much, you feel better. Yes, I'm *resorter* today.'

He never seemed to get the idea that he would be a pillar of the struggling church if he stood with it. Somebody had to mow the lawn and paint the house, and the better the day the better the doings. His wife could 'go to church and say her pray and read the Bible—and she would open the Gate' for him. He also modestly affirmed that, 'A bad apple on a plate only spoils the good apples.' He would pick flowers in the woods, fish for perch in the harbor and watch the sea gull on Sunday—and take his chance.

His was, until his death on the shore of Little Traverse Bay a few years ago, a dramatic record of the days of King Strang and the Mormons, the smugglers, the fur-traders, lumbermen and fishermen, as well as of the social lapses and advances. He faced the facts impersonally, remembered clearly and reacted reliably. He wrote no word, could read English only imperfectly, received no more for his *menage* than a bird for its song. Being an unpaid counselor he was a free and frank one; being no slave he adventured with delight upon the precious philosophies of his employers; but being human and witty he was not penalized for his liberties, unless perhaps retention in menial tasks was the price he paid. If so, he paid it with dignity and grace.

Whatever may be said about MacGulpin, and however well it be said, the interest begins with his own stories in his own tongue, of vivacity and inflection. The written word is inadequate but these few stories, common to this old philosopher's daily conversation, or soliloquy, may be repeated for their good sense, if not their true sound. Here is one called 'The Creation of the World':

'You ever hear about the time Christ make the world? Well, I suppose in first place he make up his mind. Then he make the sky, with the sun in the sky, the moon and all the little star in the sky. Then that's all finish. Then he make the watair, with the wave and the whale, and the fish and the eel and the pollywog and the seaweed. That's all finish. Then he make the land—the tree and the flower, the rosebud and the wintergreen, and all the bird and animal—the crow and blue jay, the bear and deer and woodchuck and porcupine, the toad and the spider. Then he make the man and woman and all the people—the French and Scot and Injun and Polock, the policeman and preacher. Then he make the no-see-um and the cheese-skipper. Then that's all finish.

'He say, "that's a good job." Well, it *is good* job. But he's got some small piece leave over. He think long time, "what I do them scrap I don't know." Bimeby he say, "I know what I'm going to do them scrap—I'm going *make a lawyer*, so all the rest of the people have to work hard to feed her!" That's the way Christ make the world.'

This may not square with tolerance, but our opinions must attach to our own experiences, and his perhaps were unique. Again, a good story-teller does not spoil his chance with conservatism.

Suggestion *and* Witchcraft

J. M. CREED, of Sydney, N. S. W., draws an interesting analogy between Suggestion and Witchcraft. Writing in *Notes and Queries* he says: 'I have used suggestion in my medical practice for upwards of forty years, and my experience has convinced me that its influence over the human mind is unquestionable. Maladies quite irremediable by ordinary remedies are marvelously cured under its influence.

'We have heard that witchcraft was used for benevolent as well as for malevolent purposes, and that many of those indicted for witchcraft acknowledged their guilt, but were quite unable to give any explanation of the source of their convictions.

'With modern suggestors who use hypnotism it is different: if intelligent, they always appeal to psychology for an explanation.

'Suggestion is now conscious; in the days of witchcraft it was often unconscious.

Mrs. Nesta H. Webster—Historian

By FRANK R. WORTHINGTON

MRS. Nesta H. Webster is known throughout the civilized world by her writings. In England many claim her acquaintance but few really know much about her. I, who know her well, count myself one of a fortunate few. Some days ago I took an American to see Mrs. Webster and we had tea with the famous writer and her family. On leaving the house he said: 'Can that charming and gracious lady be Nesta H. Webster, the historian who wrote *The French Revolution?*'

Mrs. Nesta H. Webster is the youngest of a family of fourteen, seven boys and seven girls. Her father was a wealthy banker of Welsh descent. Mrs. Webster's mother was a voluminous and gifted writer, solely on religious subjects.

For an accepted historian of the front rank, it seems curious that throughout her education history should be the one subject she did not like; in fact she cordially disliked it. But then history is not usually written in the arresting manner of Mrs. Webster's *French Revolution*—a history book is generally as dry as the dust of those whose acts it chronicles.

She began to write at the early age of seven. She has always felt compelled to write. Something within her has always urged her on. She wrote novels, plays and short stories in rapid succession. All went into a trunk; she published none of them.

When in India she met and married Arthur Webster of the Indian Police. He was then one of the best polo players in the country, a remarkable big-game shot and a thorough all-round sportsman. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Webster have two very charming daughters and it would be difficult to find a jollier family anywhere.

Her husband was ever urging her to publish something. Mr. Webster had a great admiration for his wife's work and argued that there was little use for her to write unless she tried to do something with what she wrote.

At length she finished a novel which she called *The Sheep Track.* She was quite prepared to offer it in turn to all the London publishers but, true to herself, she took it first to John Murray, the recognized head of the publishing trade. She was very politely received and told that the manuscript would be read and a decision reached within ten days. She was all impatience. On the tenth day the postman delivered a registered packet. She recognized it at once as her precious manuscript returned. She brushed aside a feeling of bitter disappointment, made up her mind to whom she would take it next, and opened the parcel. Inside she found a letter. To her unbounded delight she read that John Murray would be very pleased to publish the book but would Mrs. Webster shorten it by a few thousand words? *The Sheep Track* was a little too long.

The book was published in the spring of 1914, was most favorably received, and quickly ran into five editions.

As is so often the case with those who tread the path of fame, a very trivial circumstance set Mrs. Webster on her way. The family was spending the winter in the Swiss mountains, and one snowy afternoon she wandered down to the hotel library in search of a book to while away a dull hour or so. Among the usual rows of Tauchnitz volumes, she chanced to find a small book of essays written by Jubert de St. Amand on the women of old France. She turned the pages idly but soon became engrossed in the romantic story of the Comtesse de Sabran and the Chevalier de Boufflers.

That chance happening upon a book of romantic essays led Mrs. Nesta H. Webster to become an historian. She felt a strong desire to know more about these two people. On her return to London she commissioned a French bookseller to get for her all the available books on the subject.

AS SHE read page after page the strange fascination which the two lovers held for her increased, but as at that time she was still writing her novel *The Sheep Track,* she had no thought of making them the subject of a book. In fact, she had little hope then of ever publishing anything.

However, as already explained, wise fate decreed otherwise. With *The Sheep Track* published and doing well, she turned her mind seriously and with enthusiasm to the study of the Chevalier de Boufflers and the Comtesse and to the times in which they lived. To the disappointment of publishers and booksellers she decided to leave the ranks of novelists for the less popular band of biographers. She argued that truth being stranger than fiction, a real love story would be far more wonderful than any novelist could invent.

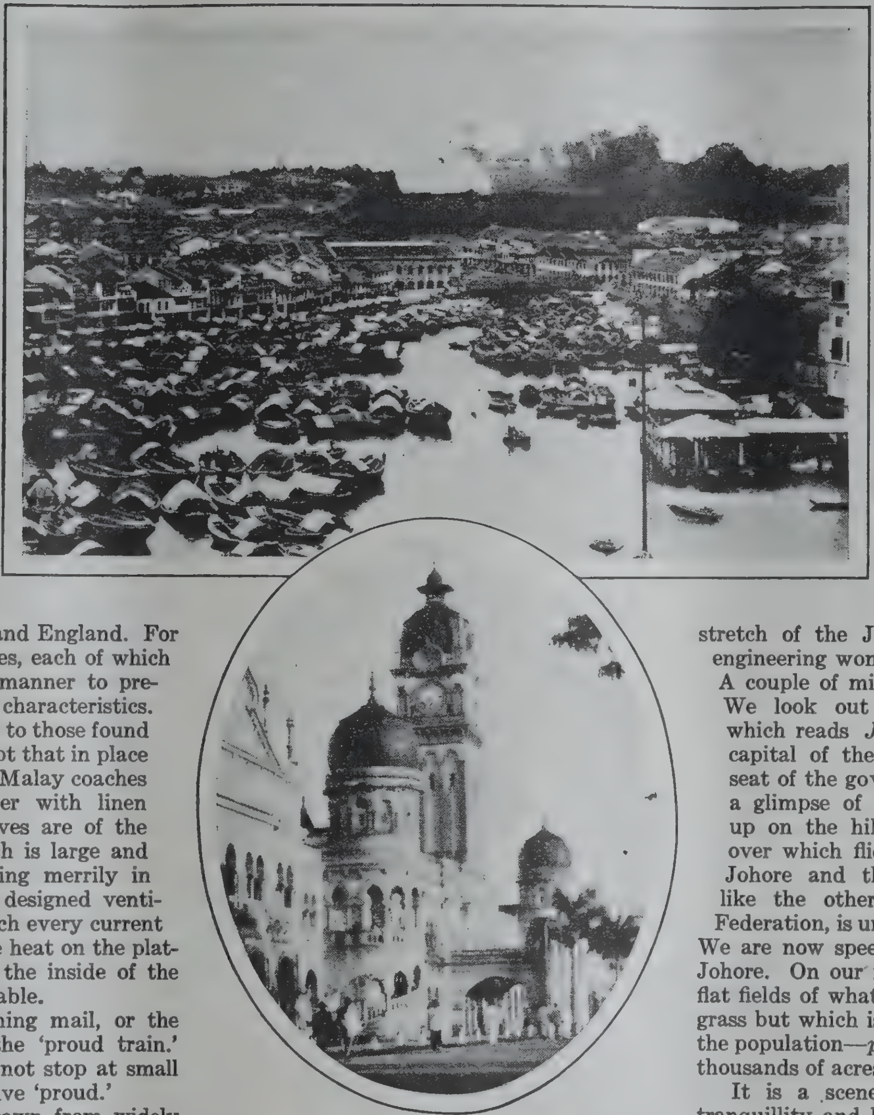
So Mrs. Webster began to write her second book *The Chevalier de Boufflers.* His doings and those of the Comtesse de Sabran made a strong romantic appeal to her. She wished to reconstruct faithfully the scenes through which they passed and was determined that the story should be absolutely true in every detail. She embarked upon the book with no idea of ever becoming an historian, but as she worked she found that in order to follow the adventures of her hero and heroine during the French Revolution it was necessary to make a close and thorough study of the period. When *The Chevalier de Boufflers* was published it immediately attracted attention.

The book had taken her two years to write and hardly was it finished before Mrs. Webster began her first contribution to history, *The French Revolution.* Even before she had completed *The Chevalier de Boufflers* a new light had dawned upon her. She realized that all she had read before about that sinister period was wrong, that every incident of the revolutionary drama had been totally misrepresented to the world; that seen through the eyes of contemporaries it bore no resemblance to the French Revolution of history books.

Thus did Nesta H. Webster the novelist become Nesta H. Webster the historian. But her story does not end here. Some say it is only begun. Many think that like Florence Nightingale she is the bearer of a lamp; that by the light of her lamp we shall see, if indeed we have the courage to look, what is going on around us.

A Railway Trip in MALAYSIA

By SIDNEY R. SMYTH



—Photos, U. S. Rubber Co.
Upper—Sampans on Singapore River, with Fort Canning in background. Oval—Administration building and railroad depot of the Federated Malay States Government in Kuala Lumpur.

TANK Road railroad station, Singapore—terminal of the Federated Malay States Railway. A wooden platform with a tin shanty 'waiting room,' an air of old paint and a smell of tar, which has nothing of oriental atmosphere, but reminds one more of a watering station on a Midwest prairie.

The traveler is not encouraged by the surroundings. The train itself looks grimy and uninteresting, but by the time the northern terminal, Penang, is reached, the traveler, if he is observant, will have seen not only the life of Malaya, but also that of India, China and England. For this is a country of all races, each of which manages in a marvelous manner to preserve its own racial characteristics.

The coaches are similar to those found on railroads at home, except that in place of plush-covered seats the Malay coaches are upholstered in leather with linen covers; the seats themselves are of the armchair type. The coach is large and airy, electric fans humming merrily in the roof while specially designed ventilators are employed to catch every current of air. Compared with the heat on the platform, about 110 degrees, the inside of the coach is cool and comfortable.

Our train is the morning mail, or the *kreta sombong*, meaning the 'proud train.' Being an express, it does not stop at small stations, hence the adjective 'proud.'

The passengers are drawn from widely different spheres of life. A couple of European youths, rubber planters from an up-country estate who have just finished spending their month's salary in Singapore and have borrowed enough from the hotel to pay their fare back, are among them. Tin and rubber—that is all one hears in this country.

In a seat across the aisle are four Chinese in the rich robes of the upper class. They are *towkays*, or merchants, men who can probably count a million dollars for each one which we have. This is a country of wealth and the Chinese seem to have assimilated most of it. Down the car is a youth, the colors of his garments matching those of the rainbow all blended, without the bizarre effect which one would naturally associate with such a costume. In his red fez gleams a diamond of such size and luster that every woman who sees it gasps with envy. The youth gazes with bland indifference while he puffs his cigaret; he is a Malay *anak*, scion of a ruling house, childlike in simplicity and demeanor.

Through the window we catch a glimpse of a scene right out of a fairy tale. A strip of water, azure blue, is studded with tiny islands on which palm trees sway gently in the breeze, while in the background lies the dense green jungle unbroken as far as the eye can reach, except where tall minarets gleam out from amid the foliage, and where a glimpse of lawn and flower garden gives an impression of an English countryside. It is the palace of the Sultan of Johore, who is one of Asia's wealthiest and most progressive rulers.

Everyone gets out here, a roadside station with no more exciting name than 'Woodlands.' Our planter friend comes to our rescue and tells us this is where we board the train for Penang.

What a din! A jargon which must have been similar to that heard at the tower of Babel! Along the platform we see every race under the sun. Chinese hawkers call their wares, *Tamil kadee* men come along with their trays of ice water and gaudily colored drinks of sweetened liquids, which are eagerly bought by the native travelers. We realize now that we are in the East, thousands of miles away from the humdrum of everyday existence, transported to a land where every movement seems impregnated with color and romance.

Our new train pulls in and we notice with surprise that the toy-like engine has been replaced by a giant locomotive of the Pacific type, complete with headlight and cowcatcher. We resume our seats and the train pulls down to the causeway which crosses the two-mile stretch of the Johore Straits, one of the engineering wonders of the modern world. A couple of minutes later we again stop. We look out and see the signboard which reads *Johore Bahru*. This is the capital of the state of Johore and the seat of the government. Again we catch a glimpse of the sultan's palace, while up on the hillside we see the regency, over which flies the flag of the state of Johore and the Union Jack. Johore, like the other states of the Malayan Federation, is under a British protectorate. We are now speeding through the state of Johore. On our right and left stretch long flat fields of what looks like very tall green grass but which is the sustenance of life for the population—*padi*, a swamp rice of which thousands of acres are grown in the country.

It is a scene of incomparable peace, tranquillity and beauty, the emerald green of the *padi* fields fading into the darker green of the jungle which looms in the distance. Overhead the morning sun beams down from a sky of the purest blue. It is a tropical land at its best, so our planter guide, for by this time such he has become, tells us. He naïvely adds, 'We get rather fed up with the sun and the jungle and *padi* fields after a few months, and begin to hope for a "leave" when we can get home and perhaps see a little snow and feel the sting of a fresh sea breeze.'

Suddenly we plunge into a semigloom. We have just entered the jungle. The railroad cuts a tunnel through the dense foliage. Giant trees loom from the thick undergrowth, strange birds flit from branch to branch and now and then we catch the sheen reflected from the swiftly moving body of some wild animal frightened by the roar of the train. A few feet away from the shining track—triumph of civilization—roam tiger, wild elephant, and tapir.

Gradually the jungle gives way to a semblance of order; the trees take regular shape and form themselves into straight lines like soldiers on parade; the undergrowth of thick foliage is lacking, its place being taken by a carpet of brown leaves. People in gayly colored dresses are flitting from tree to tree, pausing at each for a moment and then continuing to the next. We are going through a rubber estate. A modern gold mine, if we are to judge by the price of rubber. The people we see are Malay tappers collecting the latex which has been running since sunrise, when the trees are tapped, but which ceases to flow when the sun gets warm, owing to the heat's vulcanizing the rubber and automatically stopping it. Luncheon is announced and we go back to the dining car to try our first meal on this interesting train. Our planter advises us to try the curry. We do and have our eyes opened as to what a curry really is. Rice in long puffed beads which pile one upon the other. The Chinese boy brings the curried chicken, every bone withdrawn and yet the chicken retaining its shape. After that come the side dishes: Baked plantain (a large banana), dried sweet potatoes, especially prepared yams, granulated fresh coconut, peanuts and at least a dozen different spices and roots. A little of each is added to the rice and the whole mixed up—and a dish of marvelous flavor and rich delicacy is the result. The dessert is simple, *gwala malacca* made from sago and cane sugar flavored with coconut milk, which all makes a very wonderful pudding. Whatever else has been forgotten in this far-away land, the epicurean art has not been lost.

The heat has become terrific. The thermometer in our coach registers 110 degrees Fahrenheit; and as it cannot be any warmer walking around than sitting still we decide to make a tour of the train.

There are sixteen coaches not including the refrigerating cars where the food is carried. These coaches are divided into first, second, and third class. The first class is occupied mostly by Europeans and high-caste Malays and Chinese. In the second-class compartments there is a heterogeneous mixture: Malays, Tamils, Chinese and Eurasians are but a few. Some are eating lunches of dried fish or curry; others are preparing for the afternoon siesta. As we enter the coach everyone seems to be talking at once, but there is something strange about the conversation. Despite the different nationalities with their different languages, there is no discord in the steady hum of conversation. We ask our guide to explain. Simple . . . everyone is talking Malay, the lingua franca of the Far East from Shanghai to the Persian Gulf. With a knowledge of Malay, the simplest language in the world to master, you can travel anywhere in the East and converse with the Chinese merchant or the Indian water carrier.

Every few miles we see a little bungalow with wide verandas and with tennis courts overshadowed by palm trees. Europeans are either sitting or reclining on long chairs, watching ocher Europeans swat tennis balls while Tamil kiddies rush around and retrieve them. Where two or three persons of the same color gather together a club will be formed, and if one of the three is a Scot the clubhouse will also become the headquarters for a local lodge of the Caledonian Society.

The setting sun presents an aspect of sublime beauty. As it nears the horizon we can actually see it sink, and suddenly as we swing around a horseshoe curve our breath is taken away by the beauty of the sight which meets our eyes. To our right and in a slight hollow lies a city which appears as if it had been plucked from the *Arabian Nights*. Tall minarets stab the sky. Countless windows sparkle like jewels and the entire city is a mass of glistening white. It is Kuala Lumpur, the city of marble and the capital of the Federated Malay States. We rattle over the points outside the station; trains rush past, the air of bustle and life reminding us somewhat of the Pennsylvania station in New York. Brakes grind. Half our journey over, we shall rest for the night in this city beautiful.

Street in the Chinese quarter of Singapore, with laundry hung out to dry.

Part of a rice-growing plantation.

As we step from the train we see a sign 'Hotel' across the platform. We enter a vestibule which leads into a reception room. Again the contrast. Except for the white-coated Chinese boys moving swiftly about, we might be in New York, Chicago or Paris.

The hotel is large and airy with a veranda running around three sides. There are no windows; in case of rain the 'chicks,' screens of bamboo, are lowered. Plenty of air adds to the coolness—and in this country your leisure moments are spent in trying to keep cool.

Our train leaves at 8 a. m. About 6 a Chinese boy brings in a tea tray with fruit and bread and butter. 'Morning tea.' Our first morning or two we regarded it as a nuisance; now we look upon it as a luxury.

Breakfast on the train is a meal which would do credit to any hotel in the world—fruit, eggs, bacon, and the most delicious coffee imaginable; and the cost is surprisingly low, about forty cents in American currency.

The country through which we are now speeding is more civilized than that in the lower end of the Peninsula. Rubber trees extend for miles and miles along the track, broken here and there by *padi* fields, sugar plantations or coconut groves. The villages and towns we pass seem to be thickly populated and the entire country wears an air of prosperity.

The rubber trees thin out and the ground becomes broken as we enter the great tin-mining area in the state of Perak with its mile after mile of ground covered with mines which produce 75 per cent of the world's supply of tin. Modern methods are everywhere in evidence.

Rising sheer above the train is a huge mountain; we hook another locomotive on, for we are about to cross the famous Taiping Pass. Below as far as the eye can see stretch acres and acres of jungle, rubber trees and *padi* fields intertwined by two great rivers. Now and then we catch a glimpse of the Straits of Malacca. We begin to feel chilly. We descend the Pass and come to a stop in the city of Taiping—'the city of eternal rest.' A Tamil porter dozes on a truck loaded with mail sacks blissfully unconscious of the fact that the train is in, until aroused by a well-placed kick from the station master.

The railroad track skirts the water's edge, and looking across the narrow strait we see the Island of Penang, with its capital, Georgetown, the second city of British Malaya. The word *Penang* in the Malay dialect means betel nut, arising from the large number of those nuts which are to be found on the island.

A ferry takes us across the harbor to the island, and after a short ride in a ricksha through streets lined with beautiful palms we arrive at a palatial hotel, and our journey is over.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'The late Theodore Roosevelt used to tell a story about some cowboys who, after hanging a supposed horse thief, discovered to their dismay that they had executed the wrong man,' said the ***Westerner.*** 'One among them, noted for his tact and diplomacy, was chosen to break the sad news to the victim's wife. ' "Be you the wife of Jake Smith?" he began. "Yes," the woman replied. "No, you ain't neither; you're his widow," said the messenger. "I got his body out yonder in the wagon. We hung him for hoss-stealin'. But don't you go fer to feel bad about it, because he wuzn't the guy we wuz lookin' fer. The joke's on us." '

* * *

'A long time ago I heard a lecture on the Money Question,' said the ***School-Teacher.*** 'In it was this statement: "When you and I give a promissory note we have to pay interest on it; the banker draws interest on his."

'At the close of the meeting I approached the speaker to make him prove this statement. I admitted readily that we pay interest on our notes. But I could not understand how banks draw interest on their notes. It seemed absurd.

' "Have you a bank note in your pocket?" the speaker asked. I had, and at his request read, "Bank so-and-so will pay to bearer." Up to that time I had been thinking of the bank paper as money and not as a note promising to pay money.'

* * *

'I have just finished perusing a powerful attack on "the demon debt which masquerades among the ignorant as wealth," ' said the ***London Advertising Man.*** 'It was written by Professor Frederick Soddy and is entitled *Wealth, Virtual Wealth and Debt*. Without exaggeration, I can truly acclaim this book as one of the most startling I have ever read. Drawing his conclusions from the laws of the physical universe, and conceiving money "as the servant and not the master of man," Professor Soddy reaches the conclusion that our money system is "an elaborate confidence trick."

'The author of this arraignment is a man who has held a unique position among the scientists of the world. Professor Frederick Soddy is known as professor of chemistry in the University of Oxford; he was the Nobel laureate in chemistry in 1921 and is the author of a number of books, including *The Interpretation of Radium, Matter and Energy, Science and Life, Cartesian Economics*, and *The Inversion of Science*.

'The settlement of indebtedness by check between those using the same bank is merely an affair of bookkeeping which dispenses altogether with money. The money thus freed may be used over again by a banker, who can, and does, lend it. But, again, the money itself need not be used for this, as a check book serves the same purpose everywhere, so long as the bank's reputation for solvency remains good. The original money is thus used over and over again.

'It certainly does seem odd to a tyro, the professor goes on to say, to discover that the law proceeds with the utmost severity against a fraudulent counterfeiter for uttering new money tokens, but allows banks to create them wholesale to lend at interest, a far more profitable business.

'This professor wants to put an end to the so-called trade cycle. Uniform prosperity whereby famines and droughts are reduced to their real local significance is his objective.

'When democracy understands that the production of wealth is really an affair of scientific engineering and not primarily one of how to make pieces of paper bring in interest, it will have learned something which lies about as near to the root of economic freedom as it is at present possible to get. That is the conclusion Professor Soddy reaches.'

* * *

'Surprising figures are bunched when the annual turnover of the handbook octopus is totaled,' said the ***Racing Enthusiast.*** 'As an instance, in Cincinnati for years about 150 handbooks were in operation, openly or covertly. By and large the average turnover was estimated to be $500 a day. This average was struck because some of the big "books" would run into thousands, and some of the "pikers" would scarcely reach $100.

'This amounted to $75,000 a day; $450,000 a week. In summer the "play" ran about double that in winter. In the summer six months the turnover amounted to $10,700,000; in the other six months it totaled about $5,350,000—a grand total of more than $16,000,000 that filtered through the fingers of these off-color bookmakers in the period within which I made this study—about one year.'

* * *

'Let me explain the real meaning of the term "drug addict," ' said the ***Government Agent.*** 'I read De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* and, like many others, thought that people used narcotics for some pleasurable effect, that they did it because they enjoyed it, and that they had formed the "habit" through frequent and regular enjoyment of that effect.

'The truth is that drug addiction is not a habit; it is a disease. Even if the addict once used the drug for the pleasurable effect, he no longer uses it for that reason. He clings to it because its misuse has set up a diseased condition, in which the withdrawal of the drug, except under experienced medical supervision, entails suffering.'

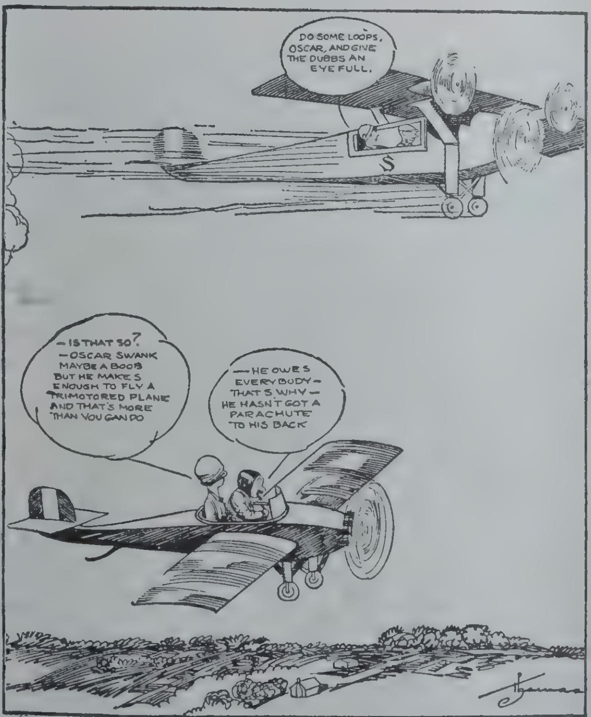
* * *

'In the early days of the operation of Pullman cars,' said the ***Conductor,*** 'the Pullman Company received all the revenue from the sale of seats and berths. In addition the railroads generally paid the Pullman Company mileage for the use of the cars, in event the revenue derived from such sale did not reach the specified minimum amounts. As the Pullman business grew, railroad participation in the Pullman earnings commenced and has steadily increased.

'They are saved the expense of inside cleaning of the cars, and the cost of their maintenance. The average haul of Pullman passengers is several times the average haul of coach passengers.

'The Pullman surcharge, which threatened at one time to become a burden of large proportions upon the traveling public, was imposed as a war measure when the railroads needed financial assistance. In June, 1918, Secretary McAdoo, who was director-general of railroads, put into effect a surcharge of 16⅔ per cent on Pullman travel, explaining that he wanted to discourage civilian travel in order to have railroad equipment free for the transportation of soldiers and supplies to the seaboard.

'In December, 1918, the director-general revoked this order. After the Transportation Act of 1920 became a law, the Railroad Labor Board announced that the advance in wages granted to railroad employes would require $618,000,000 more annually than had previously been paid. The Interstate Commerce Commission, in an effort to see, among other things, that carriers would receive increases to take care of the advance in wages, instituted a 50 per cent Pullman surcharge. The money from this surcharge goes to the railroads and not to the Pullman Company.'


DO SOME LOOPS, OSCAR, AND GIVE THE DUBBS AN EYE FULL.
S
—IS THAT SO? —OSCAR SWANK MAYBE A BOOB BUT HE MAKES ENOUGH TO FLY A TRIMOTORED PLANE AND THAT'S MORE THAN YOU CAN DO
—HE OWES EVERYBODY— THAT'S WHY— HE HASN'T GOT A PARACHUTE TO HIS BACK
Thomas

—Thomas, *Detroit News.*

HUMAN NATURE WILL REMAIN THE SAME.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. What is the salary of the governor of Tennessee?

Answer. The salary of the governor of Tennessee is $4,000 a year.

* * *

Q. What is the Dyer Act?

A. The Dyer Act which amends the China Trade Act of 1922 was approved February 26, 1925, and concerns corporations organized under the original act.

* * *

Q. What became of Sarah, sister of Abraham Lincoln?

A. Sarah Lincoln was married to Aaron Grigsby in 1826 and died a year and a half later.

* * *

Q. Where did the Indians obtain the flint for their arrowheads and what was their method of shaping them?

A. Among the Apaches every tribe had its factory in which arrowheads were made and in which only certain adepts were allowed to make them for the use of the tribe. Boulders of flint were collected and broken into pieces with a sort of sledge hammer made of a rounded pebble of hornstone set in a twisted withe which held the stone and formed a handle. Such flakes of the flint were selected as from their angles of fracture and their thickness would form the basis of an arrowhead. The master workman, seated on the ground, laid one of these flakes on the palm of his left hand, holding it firmly down with two or more fingers of the same hand, while with his right hand he placed his chisel or punch on the point that was to be broken off. A helper, sitting in front of him, then struck the chisel on the upper end with a mallet of very hard wood, flaking the flint off on the under side below each projecting point that was struck. The flint was then turned and chipped in the same manner until the required shape and dimensions were obtained; all the fractures were made on the hand, the yielding elasticity of the palm enabling the chip to come off without breaking the body of the flint. No metallic instruments were used in the work, the punch or chisel being made of a piece of bone or sometimes of the teeth of the sperm whale. It was about six or seven inches in length and one inch in diameter with one rounded and two plane sides; this gave one acute and two obtuse angles to work with. The operation was usually accompanied by singing, the strokes of the mallet being given in time with the music. Materials for the manufacture of implements and utensils and for building were gathered from the surface of the ground or quarried from the rock. The largest quarries so far examined are those at Flint Ridge, Ohio, in the suburbs of Washington, D. C., at Mill Creek in southern Illinois, in northeastern Oklahoma, in Wyoming, and in the State of Hidalgo, Mexico.

* * *

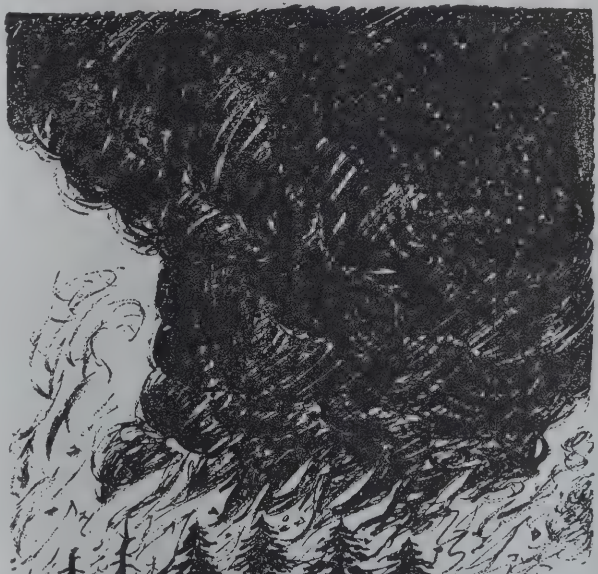
Q. When, how, and why did the Democratic Party of today separate from the old Federalist and Republican parties and take the name 'Democratic'?

A. The Democratic Party, originally the Democratic-Republican Party, is the oldest of the existing political parties in the United States. Its origin lay in the principles of local self-government and repugnance to social and political aristocracy established as the cardinal tenets of American Colonial democracy, which by the War of Independence became the basis of the political institutions of the nation. The evils of lax government, both central and state, under the Confederation caused, however, a marked anti-Democratic reaction, and this united with the temperamental conservatism of the framers of the Constitution in the shaping of that conservative instrument. The influences and interests for and against its adoption took form in the grouping of Federalists and Anti-Federalists and these, after the creation of the new government, became respectively, in underlying principles, and to a large extent, in personnel, the Federalist Party and the Democratic-Republican Party. The latter, organized by Thomas Jefferson in opposition to the Federalists dominated by Alexander Hamilton, was a real party by 1792. Its general attitude was one of opposition to all centralizing tendencies in the interpretation of the Federal Constitution (Strict Constructionists). They wished the National Government to remain weak and regarded the states as sovereigns in an extreme sense of that word. The Democratic-Republican Party gained full control of the Government, save the judiciary, in 1801, and controlled it continuously thereafter until 1825. After 1801 the commercial and manufacturing elements of the Federalist Party, being dependent on Jefferson for protection, gradually went over to the Republicans (as the Democratic-Republican Party was also called); moreover, administration of government naturally developed in the Republican ranks a group of broad constructionists. These groups fused and became an independent party calling themselves National Republicans (standing for protective tariffs, internal improvements, and so on) while the Jacksonian Republicans soon organized into a compact party and came to be known simply as Democrats. It should be borne in mind, however, that the Democratic Party of Jackson was not strictly 'identical' with the Democratic-Republican Party of Jefferson although it adhered to the orthodox tenets of the old Anti-Federalists (the strict construction of the Constitution and the limitation of the powers of the Federal Government), wherefore some writers date back the origin of the present Democratic Party only to 1828-29.

* * *

Q. Please give me some information regarding the Volstead Act. Was it vetoed by President Wilson?

A. The National Prohibition Act, popularly known as the Volstead Act, passed the House of Representatives July 22, 1919, by a vote of 287 to 100. It passed the Senate with slight amendments and without a roll call on September 4, 1919. The conference report to Senate and House was adopted in the Senate October 8 and in the House on October 10. The measure then went to the President who vetoed it, because he did 'not approve that part of the bill with reference to war-time prohibition'; recommending that Congress 'separate these two questions and effectively legislate regarding them, making the proper distinction between temporary causes, which arose out of war-time emergencies, and those like the constitutional amendment of prohibition, which is now the fundamental law of the country,' he returned the measure with his veto message on October 27. The House on the same day passed the bill over the President's veto and the Senate did likewise on October 28, on which day the measure became law applicable by its terms immediately for the enforcement of the War Prohibition Act, and 'when the 18th Amendment goes into effect' for the carrying out of the purposes of that amendment. The Act fixed ½ of 1% alcohol by volume as the test of intoxicating liquor and delegated the power to make regulations for the carrying out of its provisions to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury. The United States Supreme Court sustained its constitutional validity in two decisions in June, 1920.



—Gale, *Los Angeles Times.*

SOMEBODY WANTED A SMOKE.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Lepers so often suffer from other diseases that only about three per cent of them die from leprosy itself.

Millions of European insects, resembling small fighting monoplanes, are being 'trained' and multiplied by Dr. L. C. Howard at the Government laboratory in Arlington, Massachusetts, under an appropriation of $10,000,000. Within the next few years these parasites will be loosed upon the country districts to wage a bug-eat-bug campaign against the deadly corn borer.

At a recent English flower show, exhibit was made of a rose whose coloring changes from pale yellow to yellow deeply splashed with red, the change depending on whether it is cold or warm when the bud opens.

If the stamps used in the United States in one year were placed end to end, they would extend 250,000 miles, or ten times the circumference of the globe at the Equator.

Because the ear of a dog can detect sounds above the audibility of the human organ, German police are equipped with whistles that are totally inaudible to the human ear but can be heard distinctly by the dogs that assist in police work.

The fine art of lying is cultivated in Gascony, in southwest France, and such has its reputation become that for hundreds of years a whopper from any source was called in France a 'gasconade.'

In the four minutes required to play Rubenstein's 'Staccato Étude,' a Chicago pianist found that he exerted a force of 14,700 pounds on the keyboard.

It requires from twelve to fifteen gallons of water at one time to quench the thirst of an elephant.

To obtain two ounces of poison used in the curing of snake bites, two hundred diamond-back rattlesnakes are killed.

The fairy humming bird of Cuba, two and one-fourth inches long, is the smallest bird in the world.

There are fourteen pairs of twins, ten girls and eighteen boys, among the nine hundred pupils in one school in Dundee, Scotland.

There are, on an average, a hundred tornadoes every year in the United States, in which 250 people are killed, and eight million dollars lost in damage to property.

The government of Brittany has established an agricultural school for the farm girls of France, in which the girls are taught gardening, dairying, the care of poultry and pigs and the care of a dormitory and a dining room.

Dr. Thaddeus L. Bolton, head of the Department of Psychology, Temple University, states that cows, horses, monkeys, and dogs laugh and that smiling is a cultured or refined form of laughter in man.

Scientists have discovered sixty-six kinds of birds which eat the cotton boll weevil.

Billy Sunday has turned down offers amounting to $2,000,000 from vaudeville and motion picture concerns, he announced recently at Ocean Grove, New Jersey.

The world's largest one-piece table is thought to be that used for community dinners at Glen Grayland, Washington. Having been made from a section of spruce log which floated into the harbor, this table has a diameter of more than eleven feet and will easily seat thirty-five persons.

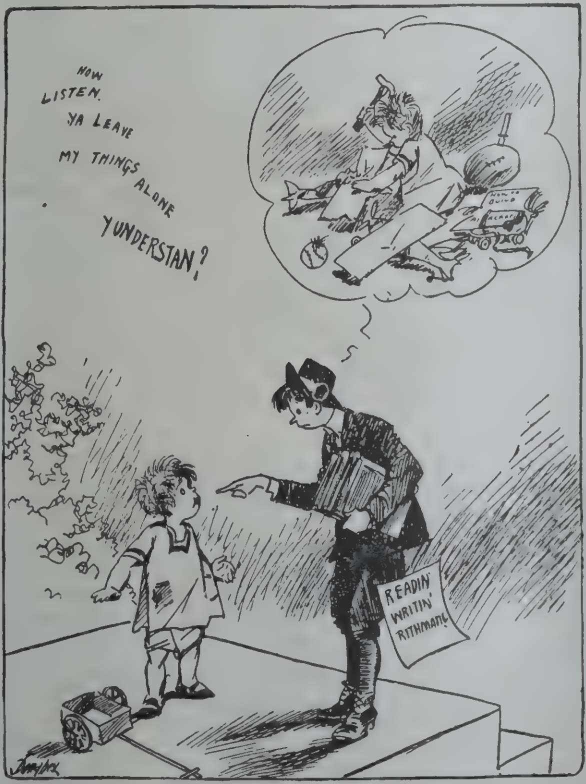
Public school pupils in Kent, England, have built an open-air swimming pool during their spare time.

A mushroom twenty inches in diameter and weighing more than ten pounds was found recently in Pergine, England.

Five former presidents of the United States were living in 1861, the largest number in the history of the country.

More than 5,000,000 pounds of American confectionery was eaten by the Europeans last year.

Mme. Thible was the first woman to make a balloon ascension when, on June 4, 1784, she went up to a height of 9,000 feet.


NOW LISTEN YA LEAVE MY THINGS ALONE YUNDERSTAN?
READIN' WRITIN' RITHMATIC
Donahey

—Donahey, *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A LAST PRECAUTION

Because of the demand for their hides few alligators live a natural lifetime.

There are only six public libraries in British Columbia.

According to Dr. George A. Smith of New York, insane people are much happier than sane people.

White flowers, experiments indicate, are usually sweetest, while yellow, red, blue, violet, green and orange are next in the order named.

Nicholas Pike brought the English sparrow to America in 1850 to rid the trees of the devastating caterpillars which were very numerous at that time.

In a collection of 711 specimens a Cincinnati professor has flutes made of gold, jade, a ram's horn, and glass.

One-eighth grain of nectar can be obtained by a bee draining sixty different flower tubes in a single clover blossom.

According to Albert Baler, forest ranger, a meteor severed and set fire to a tree in the Umatilla National Forest.

L. F. Griffith of Rosendale, Missouri, claims that 741 English sparrows were found to have been killed or injured in his yard by hailstones during a recent storm.

According to an official of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, the pyramid form of building construction used by the Egyptians is the least liable to be disturbed by earthquakes.

All the scientific learning of the twenty-five visiting British surgeons touring American medical centers availed them nothing when confronted on a diner by corn on the cob. Unfamiliar with the vegetable served in this state they were unable to eat it until the steward gave them a demonstration.

In the zoological gardens of Leipzig is a crane with an artificial leg made of aluminum which it uses with perfect ease.

The often repeated and untrue story that the Greek cynic, Diogenes, lived in a tub is believed to have originated from a remark made by Seneca, who wrote of Diogenes three hundred years after his death saying: 'A man so crabbed ought to have lived in a tub like a dog.'

The perfect square meal, containing the proper balance of vitamins, according to British dietitians, includes cold chicken and egg sauce, new potatoes, salad, corn flour mold, fruit salad with cream, whole wheat bread, butter, and lemonade.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the importance of new methods in solving new problems.

* * *

There are clubs for father, mother, sister and brother, but where is the club for the family? So asks William Matthew Holderby, who writes of the menace of the coming generation to America. Mr. Holderby is a leader in the work of the Christian family crusade, holding that the greatest error in modern life is the development of the individual as a unit of society, rather than of the family. The menace faced in the coming generation, he points out, might be great enough to destroy America. (p. 1)

* * *

The booster is a useful character. Without him, many of our outstanding qualities and characteristics would remain unknown. Unfortunately, he is apt to overdo his art and devote his eulogies to trade and commerce *in toto*, ignoring the natural beauties of the country about which he is so enthusiastic. Such a one met Charles J. Finger, when the noted writer of adventure tales was visiting in Missouri with a party of friends. In order to set the matter right, Mr. Finger points out some of the attractions of that great state not so well known that contribute to the peace of mind and happiness of the average individual: Flower-dressed hills, quiet valleys, fields of red-gold wheat, Roaring River, strange caves—a miniature paradise for those who would enjoy the singing world in all its beauty. (p. 3)

* * *

Although the great lecture *Acres of Diamonds* was delivered literally thousands of times by its author, Dr. Russell H. Conwell, it was never given the same way twice. It was the custom of Doctor Conwell to crumple up his notes and throw them in the wastebasket. When a sermon became important enough for publication, the preacher dictated it from memory. One of his achievements was the building of a university in garrets, cellars, shops and office buildings. William A. McGarry, well-known magazine writer, tells of his personal recollections of this notable man. (p. 6)

* * *

Of all the instructions which the golfer must observe to play a successful game, none is more important than that of keeping the left arm straight on the back swing. A low golf score requires complete coördination of all the rules, and failure to observe any one of them will add unnecessary strokes to the total. Jim Barnes, expert golfer, explains the function of the left arm in relation to the club head; and describes how to secure the best results. (p. 8)

In 1783 a schoolmaster at Goshen, New York, named Noah Webster, brought out a speller as the first book in a comprehensive work on English for schools. A grammar and reader both followed later, but the speller was the most popular book ever issued from the American press. Approximately one hundred million copies were sold and as late as 1880 it was still issued in large numbers. Louis C. Karpinski tells of the spellers which influenced early American life. (p. 9)

* * *

Primitive, provincial and mystic as compared with matter-of-fact Western Europe, the Spanish are self-reliant and proud, keeping aloof from other civilizations. These characteristics are reflected in the art of this gallant people. One can trace the spirit in their paintings. Reginald C. Poland, author of this article, is director of the Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego, California. (p. 12)

* * *

Of the wise King Solomon it was said that he knew three thousand proverbs. Only four hundred are included in the twentieth book of the Bible, which we call *The Proverbs*. Even in David's time one of these recognized adages, a sort of condensation of wisdom, could be cited in a public plea as today a lawyer will cite a legal precedent. All of life and its problems appear in the sayings of the great King. (p. 14)

* * *

On October 8 and 9, 1840, two young people, a tall, lanky youth and a plump, vivacious belle, went to a circus at Springfield, Illinois, and saw their first elephant! They also stared at a giraffe and Bengal tiger and were entertained by an exhibition of the new dance known as the 'waltz.' Little more than two decades later, these two were to enter the White House, described by the husband as 'the long and short of the Presidency.' Mary Todd at the time of her marriage admitted that her husband might not be handsome but predicted he would some day be President. William E. Barton presents interesting side lights on Abe Lincoln's courtship. (p. 15)

* * *

A waterway from the Great Lakes to the ocean which will permit the Atlantic liners to sail from Middle Western ports will add 2,700 miles of coastline to our country. The distance between Chicago and Liverpool via the St. Lawrence is only 3,867 miles, whereas via New York it is 4,019 miles; and at the latter port the cargo must be transferred from box car to hold. Incidentally, water transportation is cheaper than rail. The St. Lawrence project has been called the greatest economic enterprise of the 20th Century. (p. 21)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Ketchikan, Alaska.

There is a difference between the Alaskan sourdough, so-called, and the actual Alaskan. I write this because I have been inspired by your 'Office Chat' of August 27 on the sourdough. Today you are chatting with a real Alaskan.

The sourdough was a pioneer in the territory, but his life, hopes and ambitions were elsewhere. The Alaskan looks on the place as his home. He expects to live and die there. Home interests and permanent institutions are his aim. Southeastern Alaska, the panhandle of the territory, especially responds by offering him those possibilities. The climate is equable and moderate the year round; and the resources are ample to support the population of a state.

Lumber, fishing, and mines are among Alaska's wealth. Alaskans are becoming convinced that they must displace the nonresident type of ownership in their industries. They want to invite home interest. One important objective is the creation of an Alaskan port, enjoying transcontinental railroad rates. There is such a railroad now ninety miles from a flourishing Alaskan town, in Canada. Carload lots with seals unbroken could be shipped in from eastern United States, and then transferred by ferry; but so far this idea has died through utter neglect.

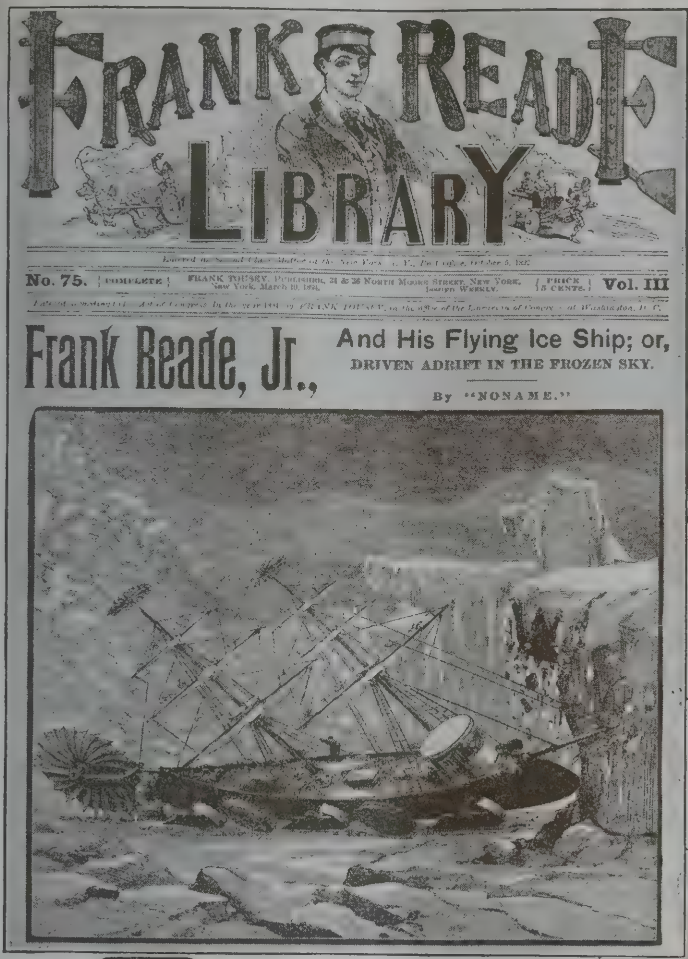
E. L. SAMPSON.

In the August 20 issue in an article referring to the old Mission buildings of California entitled 'America's Passion Play,' by John Sloan, appeared a sentence which read: 'Some years ago an effort was made by leaders of intellectual life in California to have the state restore these missions, but members of a creed with headquarters in Boston blocked the movement.'

Judge Clifford P. Smith, manager of committees on publication for The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Massachusetts, authorizes this magazine to say that the Christian Science Church took no such stand at any time. 'I feel quite sure that there is no basis in fact for the statement in question except as individual Christian Scientists may have expressed their individual views,' he says.

A FICTION HERO of the 'PAPERBACKS'

Frank Reade *Thrilled* Boy Readers *in the* '90's



FRANK READE LIBRARY

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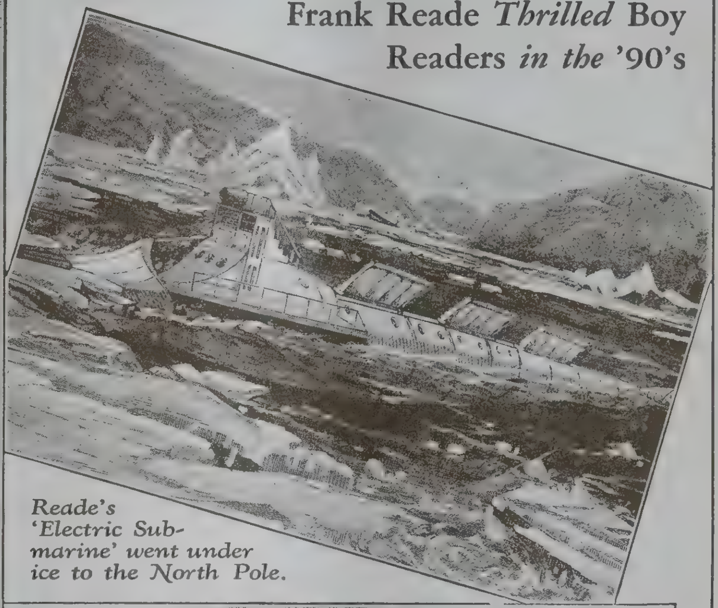
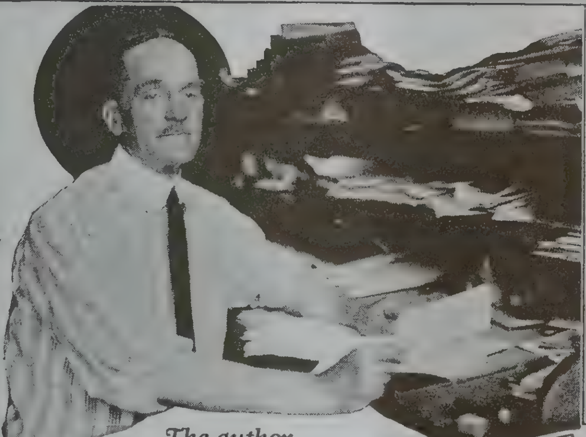
Frank Reade, Jr., And His Flying Ice Ship; or, DRIVEN ADRIFT IN THE FROZEN SKY.

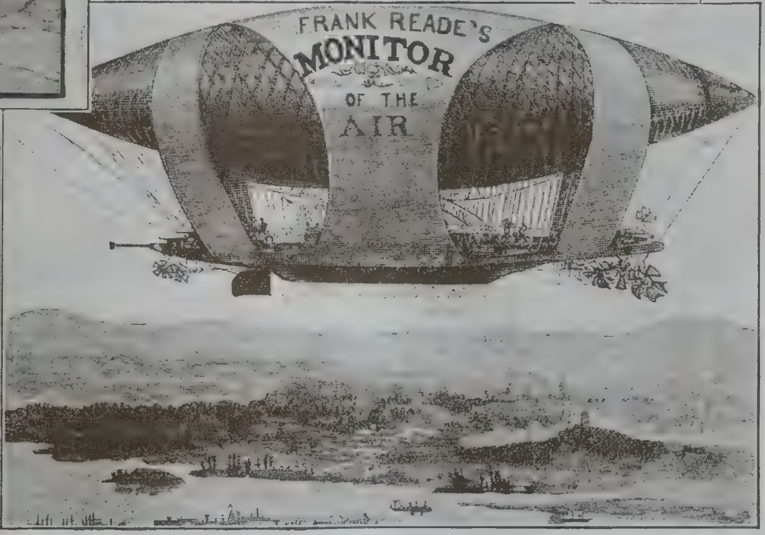
By "NONAME."



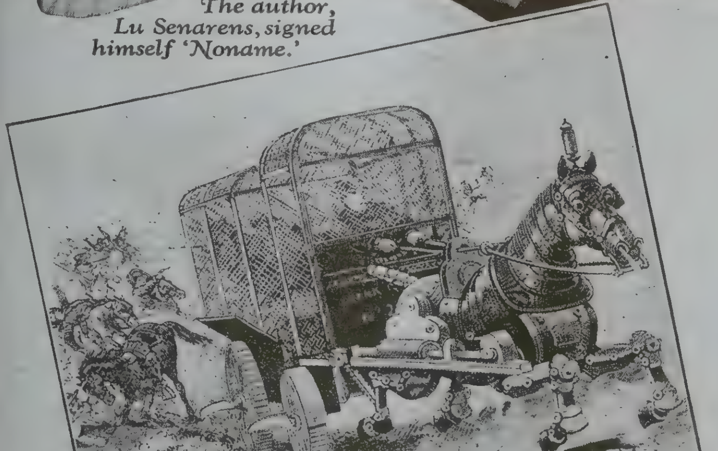
Reade's 'Electric Submarine' went under ice to the North Pole.



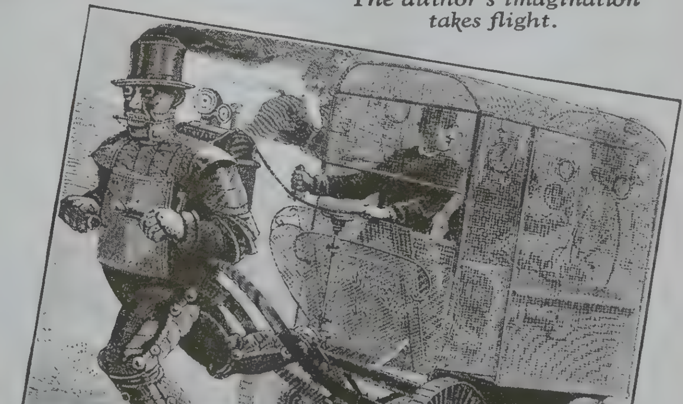
The author, Lu Senarens, signed himself 'Noname.'



The author's imagination takes flight.



The steam horse outruns the cowboys on the plains.



Reade invents a steam man to take him far West.

PROGRESS is geared to every man's gait. ❦ ❦ Those who keep step feel the pace to be natural. ❦ ❦ Dragging behind is where the strain comes in. ❦ ❦ Keeping step is keeping fit.

DER

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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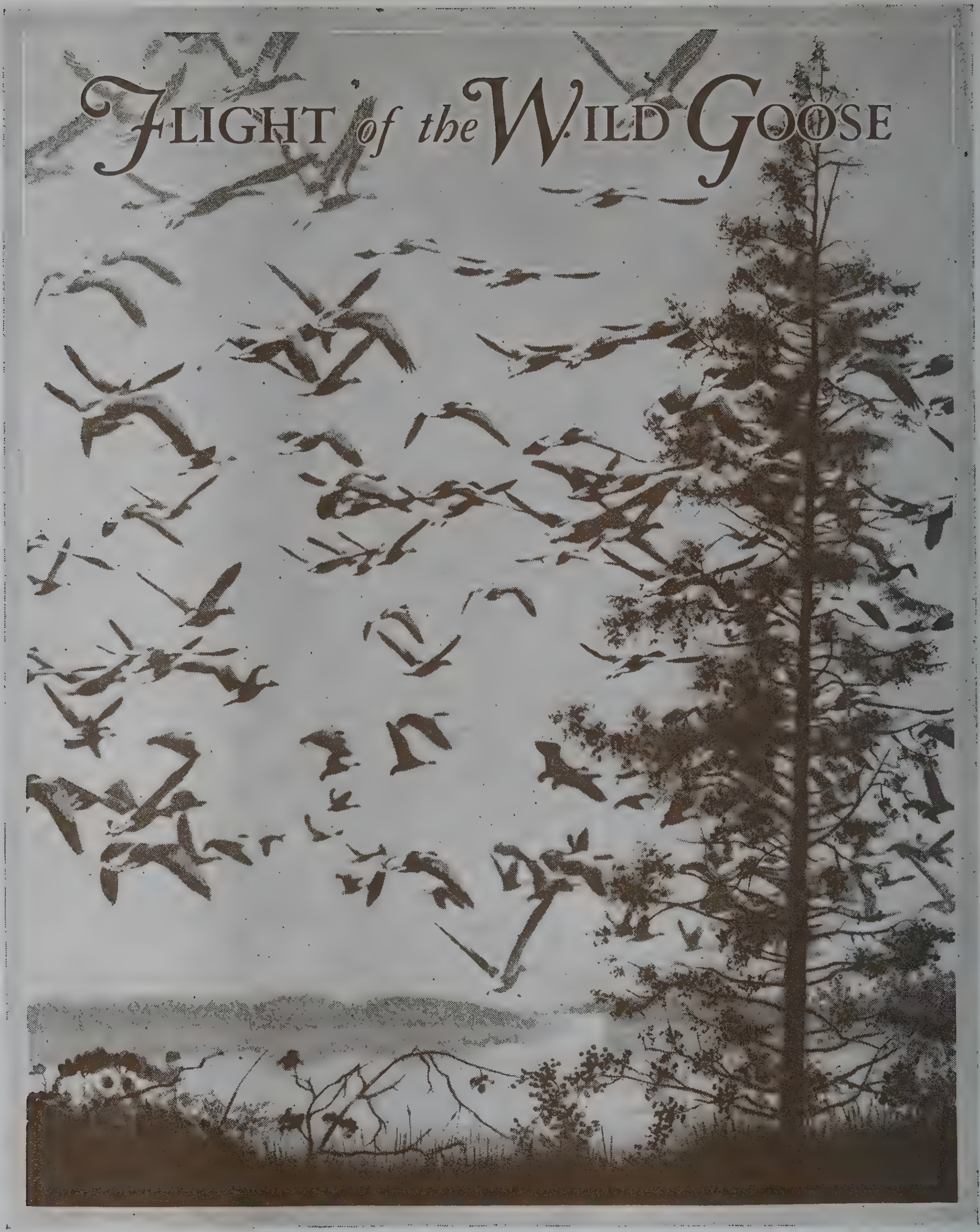
FLIGHT of the WILD GOOSE



BY WADE VAN DORE

BRIEFER days, and wind and rain,
Start the goose chains south again
Loudly clanking through the sky.
Now autumn, letting go the lead,
Meditates no trivial grief,
And I ask myself, shall I?

SLOWLY is gray disclosed on boughs.
The earth is covered with such mows
The chill winds reap of ripe leaves here.
It's not I suffer loss of these.
My task is that the simple goose
Has power to be wild and loose,
While wingless I must stable here.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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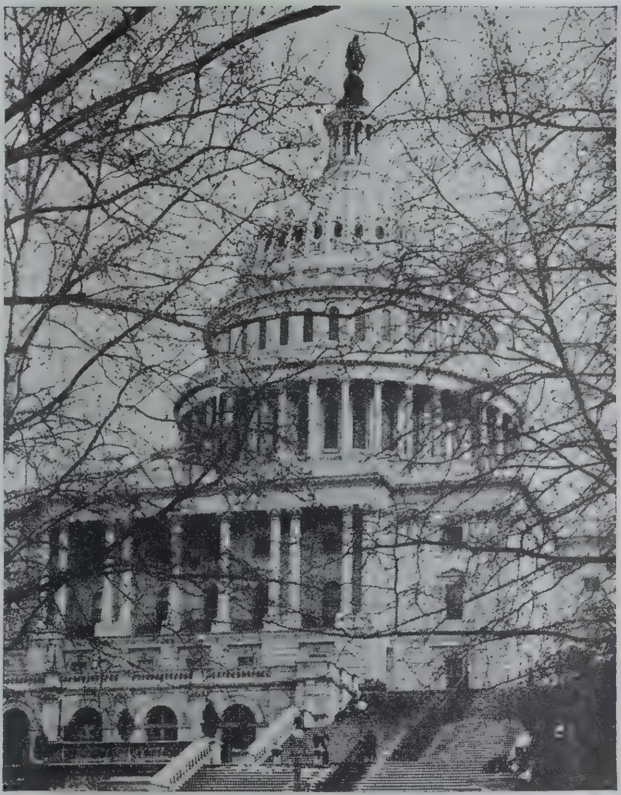
Volume 27
Number 52

Clearing the POSTAL Deficit

By CLYDE KELLEY



—*Harris & Ewing.*

CONGRESS can and should come to the aid of the United States Post Office Department, Congressman Kelley says in this article.

The postal service needs a new and definite policy which will prevent Revenue from ousting Service as the keynote of the organization.

Ways and means are possible by which the Department may show a favorable balance sheet and still continue to render the free services which, while costly, are so important to the nation.

IN DECEMBER when Congress assembles I will insist that consideration be given my bill to declare a postal policy for the nation.

My proposal is that Congress proclaim the post office as having been organized for service, not for revenue, though of course, financial considerations have their proper place in the conduct of that immense public enterprise.

The question of how much money is to be made out of the business of carrying and distributing the mails and doing all the things that are necessary in this mighty enterprise, must be subordinated to that of effective service.

Efficiency should be the primary consideration; and if after the people have been given incontestably good and satisfactory service there remains a balance to be turned into the treasury, well and good. But service should be the controlling and impelling idea in a business of this character.

My idea is that we are requiring the post office to carry too heavy a load.

We require it to perform all sorts of free service which, if paid for, would add perhaps one hundred million dollars a year to the revenue. Then we accumulate a deficit and say that the revenues of the post office have unfortunately been insufficient to cover the expenses. In all fairness we should not charge this gratis service against the income of the system.

The paid-for service in the department is nearly always self-sustaining and self-financing. It is not good business to do an additional hundred million dollars' worth of business and then charge the cost to that portion of the enterprise which really pays its own way.

I am not demanding that free service be discontinued, but I am demanding that payment for this service be made from the public treasury and not from the revenues of the Post Office Department. If this is done, we shall be able to tell exactly what it costs to administer the business of the department which is self-financing.

The educational value of the post office is immense. In fact it is the greatest democratic university in the world, an instrumentality for the diffusion of knowledge and the distribution of necessary information. So I am in favor of continuing the policy of making it an agency through which the people can obtain access to world information at the smallest possible cost.

Our people are always ready to pay for education. An ignorant democracy is an impossibility, and so I believe the service the post office is performing for the people should be expanded rather than restricted.

THOSE who differ with me by insisting that the post office should annually present to the nation a favorable balance sheet resort to all sorts of expedients in their efforts to keep down the cost of the distribution of mail and at the same time make the service more efficient. Hence it was found advisable to put a service charge on parcel post; this added substantially to the burdens especially of the farmers.

Then it was apparently necessary to increase the price of post office orders, to make an advance in third-class rates in general and to cause anxiety to business by additional imposts in every grade of the service except first class.

If my plan were adopted it would be possible not merely to leave rates as they were before the last 'readjustment' but to reduce them substantially.

There is no real reason why the cost of distribution of Congressional and departmental mail should be charged against the revenues of the post office. This is a kind of impost that no private enterprise in the world would tolerate.

I am not in favor of discontinuing

the franking privilege of Congress. If anything, I would extend it. The purpose of the franking privilege is not to save members of Congress the cost of postage. It is to provide a means through which the people can be correctly and swiftly informed of the progress of public business in both Houses.

The franking privilege is very rarely abused. I am aware that some persons are in the habit of accusing congressmen of making too liberal use of the privilege, but the fact remains that it is utilized only when the use is justified by the law and by the requirements of public business. That members of Congress pay for their own private postage is shown by the fact that the post office in the House office building during the last session reported an average income of two thousand dollars a week.

CITIZENS of the United States are entitled to all information concerning their business affairs as conducted in all the departments. Hence every member of Congress is given a certain quota of documents which he causes to be sent to his constituents.

These documents are in the main of very important educational value. I refer especially to those of the Department of Agriculture, which has become an immense information-distributing organization. Farmers who study what this department has to tell them inevitably become more proficient in the business of tilling and cultivating the soil.

Uncle Sam uses his post office to keep the farmers informed regarding the best uses to which the soil can be put and the best methods of production. For this splendid service no charge should be made against the receipts of the Post Office Department. It is unfair to ask parcel post, for instance, to bear any share of the cost of administering the part of the service referred to above.

FARMERS are the greatest patrons of parcel post in the country and therefore are required to bear the brunt of any additional cost in the administration of that part of the postal service.

Through the free distribution of departmental and Congressional information a free school is brought to the very homes of the farmers who live in the remotest parts of the country.

But, I repeat, it is unfair to charge to the revenue of the post office the administration cost of this exceedingly important and necessary section of the postal service.

Every department of the Government has information to which the people are entitled and it is the duty of all heads of all departments to see that this information is distributed.

I would not have it disseminated in a reckless, extravagant manner, without regard for cost. Indeed the rules of all departments forbid a wasteful and improper use of postal facilities.

Then there is the free carriage of county papers.

When this method of distributing local publications was adopted, the view was that the Post Office Department should help any movement calculated to disseminate needed information among the people who live within limited boundaries. I see no reason for changing that policy, nor for charging the cost of administering the system to the revenues of the post office.

Nobody wants to limit or restrict the rural free delivery service. On the contrary we all want to see it expanded and made more and more useful.

It cannot be denied, however, that the system is very costly when measured by dollars and cents, but it is worth all we pay for it.

We have a huge deficit in our rural delivery revenue. Those who believe that each branch of the service should be made financially self-sustaining are met with a poser here.

If we required the farmer to pay the cost of rural delivery, we should be compelled to establish country rates which no farmer would pay. He would return to the custom of going to his own local post office for his mail. But on the other hand it is manifestly unfair to charge this deficit to the revenues of the postal service and then solemnly to declare that we have an adverse balance for the whole system.

The theory on which the rural free delivery was established was a highly enlightened and patriotic one.

IT WAS an agency which not only gave the farmer rapid access to the news of the world without requiring him to travel several miles to get the needed information, but brought the urban dweller and the ruralist into more direct contact with each other. This theory has been fully justified by the experience of the system.

But again I say the cost of administering should not be charged against the revenues of the Post Office Department.

To meet the deficit in the rural free delivery service a special appropriation should be made annually and charged against the general revenues. There should be no objection to this, more especially as all the people share in the benefits of the rural free delivery system and should, therefore, all make a contribution to its cost.

Those who founded the post office system never troubled themselves about the revenue it would produce. The paramount thought in their minds was that it could be made a very valuable factor in the promotion of world progress and would contribute largely to world civilization. It has had exactly these beneficent effects To handica it and cripple it by imposing un necessary costs of administration woul be little short of a crime.

Congress made provision for speci exemptions for religious and fratern publications which are not conducte for private gain.

This policy should be continue Though naturally it costs more t distribute these publications than wha we collect from them, they have a educational value which in a republi like ours should be very highly e teemed. But again, it is unfair to charg the cost of this service to the gener postal revenues.

A special appropriation should b made from the general funds to mee the financial needs of this work.

TO MEET the situation in general would charge up to the House, th Senate, the Executive and every othe branch of the public service the cost c distributing franked mail. Then would have Congress in the regular wa make the appropriations necessary t meet these accounts. The same polic should be adopted in relation to a mail which is carried below cost.

I am informed that the policy outline has been adopted in Australia

There the railroads are owned by th government, but the postmaster-genera must pay the cost of carrying the mail over government-owned highways. Thi is fair to the railways and fair to th post office.

When one considers that the cost o administering the Post Office De partment in this country would pur chase the entire wheat crop of th United States at one dollar a bushel some idea of the magnitude of th business can be acquired.

To a man who has had some share i shaping the modern postal policies o the nation the idea that the post offic is merely a cold business institution with the collection of revenue as it supreme motive for existence, is sorel repellant.

I AM hoping that we may get sub stantial reductions in third- and fourth class mail before the end of the firs session of the Seventieth Congress But this cannot be done if we continu the policy of charging against th legitimate revenues of the post offic the cost of free services. I am partic ularly anxious to see the servic charge on parcel post dropped.

A living wage must always be th policy of the postal service.

Let us state authoritatively tha the post office was organized for servic and not for revenue.

Such a national conception of thi great agency would stimulate interes in the enterprise and give the peopl a new view of their biggest busines organization.

Two VILLAGES *in the* FAR NORTH

By D. M. LeBOURDAIS

WE WERE at anchor when I awoke. When I went on deck I saw that the schooner was lying some distance out in a broad stream. The south shore, heavily covered with spruces and cottonwoods, rose steeply. Through the trees I could see a number of buildings, two or three quite large, along the edge of the plateau. That was Noorvik.

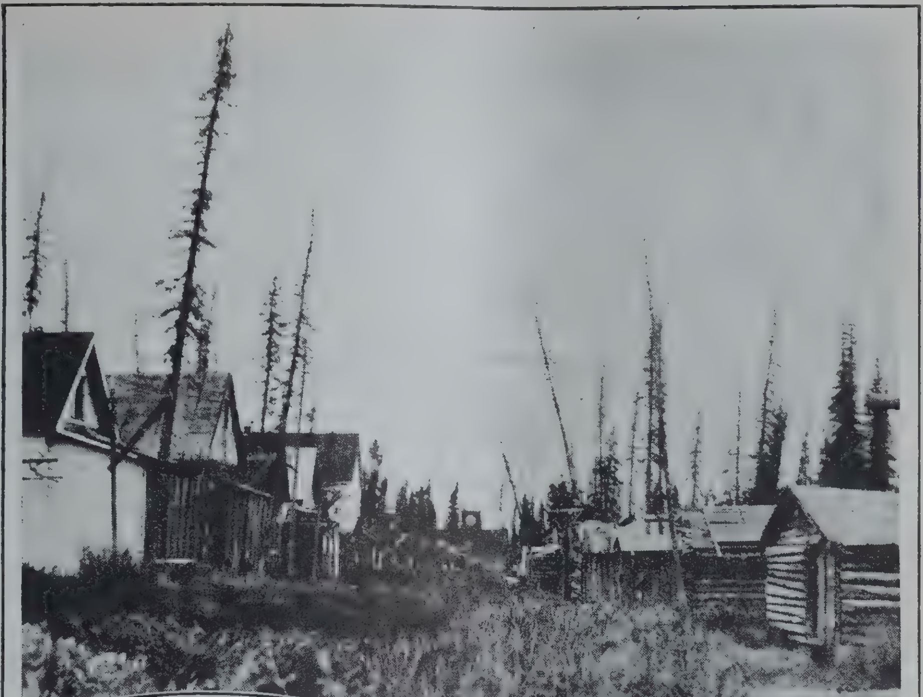
We rowed ashore in the dory. We followed the path beside a tramway which led from the landing place up the slope to the village. Although still quite early, the sun was high, for we were north of the Arctic Circle and it was July. By the time we reached the plateau we were bathed in perspiration. It was not only hot but humid. At every step we were met by fresh swarms of mosquitoes which buzzed and hummed about our heads in impotent rage, baffled by the all-enveloping nets we wore. We halted at a quite-modern cottage.

A splendid breakfast had been prepared for us and the climb up the hill had prepared us for it. Because of the heat we were invited to eat in our shirt sleeves.

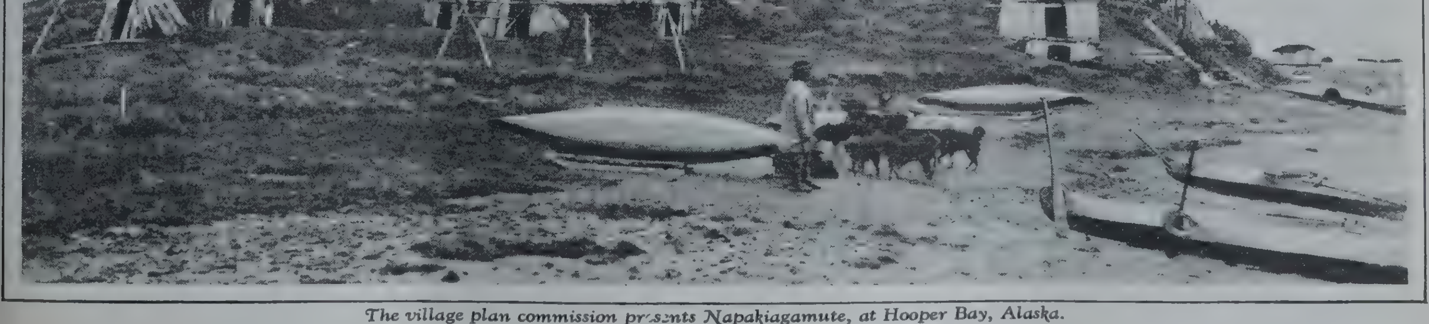
Breakfast over, we followed our host, Mr. Chance, outside to see the village. Noorvik means 'transplanted.' Some nine or ten years ago representatives of the U. S. Department of Education in the district became aware that the Eskimos in certain places along the south shore of Kotzebue Sound were becoming demoralized by contact with whites and they devised the plan of a model village exclusively for Eskimos.

By presidential proclamation an area of about 225 square miles was set aside on the Kobuk River some 40 miles above its mouth. It was a timbered region and the Bureau of Education supplied a small saw-

(Continued on page 22)



'Main Street' in Noorvik.
Oval—Native Eskimo villagers.
Below—Roses and fireweed growing north of the Arctic Circle.



The village plan commission presents Napakiagamute, at Hooper Bay, Alaska.

Where HAWTHORNE Wrote

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

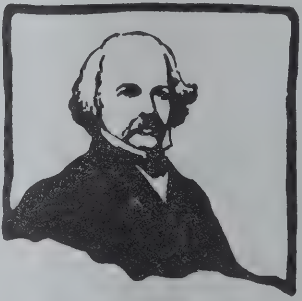
AMONG the early emigrants from Old England to New England were ancestors of Nathaniel Hawthorne. They fought as soldiers, sat on the bench as judges, and subdued the wilderness as farmers; but in every generation, one or more of them took to the sea.

My grandfather lived, when he was ashore, in a little frame house on Union Street, Salem, neighboring the docks; so that his wife when he sailed away might have waved a handkerchief to him from the bedroom window, as he stood on his quarter-deck. But in his thirty-fourth year he was seized with yellow fever in Surinam, and died there.

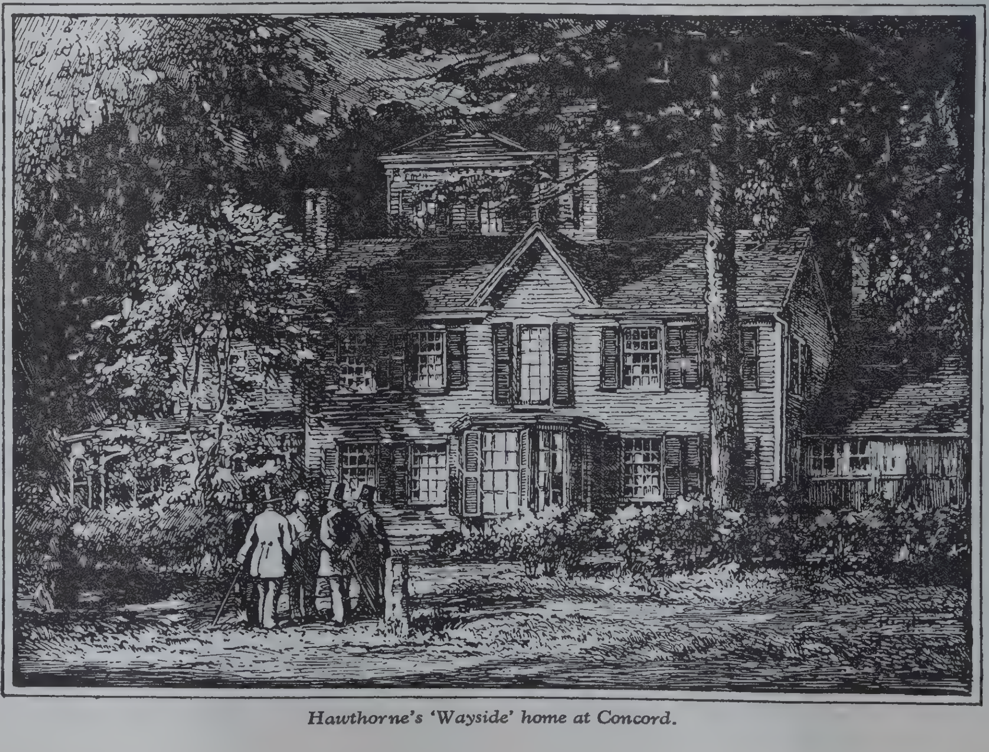
His widow was left with three children—two girls, and the youngest a boy, named after his father, 'Nathaniel.' She dwelt in the little house in seclusion, and the children grew up apart from other children. The family lived, at various times, in other houses, leased or lent to them by relatives; but did not own any.

During father's tenure of surveyorship of the Salem customhouse, we lived on Mall Street; and it was there that *The Scarlet Letter* was written. There, too, my grandmother, when her strength began to fail, came to live with us; and there she died, in the room below the one in which the book was taking form. The money which the book earned enabled Hawthorne to rent a little red house in Lenox belonging to Mr. Tappan, a friend of his; and we never returned to Salem. But after two years, Hawthorne bought from Amos Bronson Alcott a small frame building in Concord, on the old Boston highway. And to that he came in 1852, designing to take up his permanent abode there. It was the first house that he had ever personally owned.

It was very old, as age goes in New England. The original builder hewed his timbers from solid oak; some were twelve inches square. One of these crossed the ceiling of the room which we occupied as 'parlor' and also as dining room; the door opened from it into the kitchen. The ceiling was so low that a man could lay the palm of his hand upon it; and the old beam was cased in a sheathing, which was also old.


The master of 'Wayside.

The house stood, and it still stands, facing the highway, and not more than two or three paces from it. It was of the simplest design: a plain oblong structure, with a gable at each end, lying sideways to the road. The chimney went up through the center of the house, and the stairway, narrow and twisting, clung to it like a vine. The house stood at the foot of a steep little hill, a hundred or so feet high, tree-grown; from the hill summit, the forest receded, with a downward slope, to the margins of the River Musquetaquid, a couple of miles northward. In front of the house was meadowland, divided by a brook, and extending beyond to a great pine forest.


Hawthorne's 'Wayside' home at Concord.

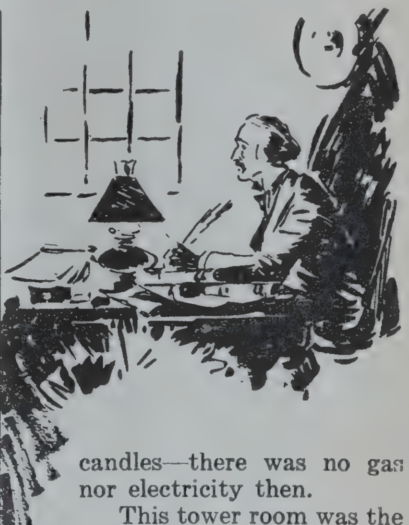
Hawthorne had written a pamphlet on the career and character of his old friend Franklin Pierce, with the view of helping him into the White House in Washington. When Pierce got in, he cast about for an agreeable and remunerative post for Hawthorne, and selected the consulship at Liverpool. Hawthorne accepted it, after some hesitation; but soon after his taking up his consular duties, Congress diminished the emoluments of the office by about nine-tenths; he would probably have made more money had he stayed at home and continued writing books. But the friends he made and the things he saw in Europe were compensation. Be that as it may, he left The Wayside after occupying it for only a few months; and during the seven years of his absence it was given over to my mother's brother, Dr. Peabody, who in lieu of paying rent kept it in order.

DETACHED from the house, and at a distance from it, on the west, of perhaps a dozen or fifteen yards, was the barn, a typical New England creation, and perhaps not of a date much more recent than the original house itself. It was spacious within, and quite undecorated without; and as we never kept cattle, it was left to ruminate over its past; swallows built their nests under the eaves; it was unpainted, and its seams gaped and its roof leaked, but it stood firm, as its massive skeleton promised. It was important to the children, who played in it and climbed into its lofts and sequestered some of their treasures in it.

Moreover, hay, in the season, was stored in it, and exchanged for work done on the farm by Irish laborers in the vicinity. For we grew our own fruit and vegetables, and would have kept poultry (as we did in Lenox) had the conditions been more favorable. But Hawthorne, after our return from abroad, had no disposition for farming, and was already less robust than in former years. He caused to be planted an avenue of larches, which he had imported from Norway, along the path through the meadow down to the brook, and also along the path toward the Alcott place, which ran inside the fence along the highroad. They flourished exceedingly. On the other side of this path were three hollows, grass-grown, each about twelve feet in diameter and of half that depth. They were understood to have been dug as cellars for three huts which had formerly stood there, but of which no trace or memory had survived. Hawthorne had always been fond of sunflowers, and he planted them in these hollows; he would often pace along the path for the sake of musing over them. They lifted their great golden disks to a surprising height.

—Darling Photo.

Path to the 'Ridge' at 'Wayside' where Hawthorne used to pace to and fro while composing his romances.



A memorable feature of our estate was the apple orchard. The trees were planted on the steep hillside behind the house, the lower part of which had been terraced for the purpose. The crop was abundant; we always had several barrels of apples in the cellar—a large subterranean cavern—reached from the kitchen by a rickety wooden stairs, and not free from rats. To enter it was an adventure, but I was never unwilling to undertake it, for the split salt cod was hanging from a nail on the way down, and it was easy to tear off a strip of it as you passed. Salt raw cod, brought by Gloucester fishermen from Newfoundland Banks, is very good for a boy. The apples were made into pies, deep and excellent, and also into pandowdies, the manner of creating which is a secret of the old New England housewives, now, I am sorry to say, irretrievably lost. I could give the recipe, but it would be as from an onlooker and eater only; there are refinements which only the maker could know, and that from inheritance only. All that an ordinary person could see of the matter was apples and pastry; but the pastry was not the thing that commonly bears that name; and the apples were occultly prepared, and then followed a transaction entirely original and unprecedented, from which came forth, after a due interval of seclusion, a dish that was the ambrosia of the Olympian gods in a brown earthenware bowl, twelve inches in diameter and three or four deep. It is served cold, for breakfast, and a cross section of it looks like mottled eastern marble from Cathay. I was capable of consuming the entire bowlful at a sitting, besides a pile of genuine buckwheat cakes (now also lost to sight and knowledge in the abyss of the past). These cakes were broad, thick, light, and brown, and were treated with antique molasses from Jamaica in the West Indies, dark brown in color, dense and slow-moving as one poured it out of the jug.

Our return from Europe had been in June, 1860; Uncle Peabody relinquished the house to us in good condition; but the children being no longer babies it was necessary to make enlargements, and besides my father, urged on by my mother, resolved to build a tower; to write in the top room of a tower, uplifted above the earth, had always been a dream of his, and my mother made up her mind that then was the time to realize it. Some months were spent in making and revising plans; my mother was an artist, and she knew something of architecture; my father made an occasional suggestion. Thoreau might have been consulted; he had made a survey map of the estate, and he had proved his ability to build a log hut on the shore of Walden Pond; but my mother perhaps thought he would be too utilitarian in his conception.

In due time the great work was begun, and it turned out to be greater than was anticipated. The tower was to ascend in the angle formed between the body of the old house and the west wing, and a room comparatively large was designed below it—the drawing-room, handsomely proportioned, and beautified with the prettiest wall paper and grained woodwork that were available. It looked grand and imposing, the only drawback being that its window on the north was compelled to look out on the hillside, which rose only a yard or two from it. We received company in it; in the evenings it would be lighted with candles—there was no gas nor electricity then.

This tower room was the outstanding feature of the remodeled house. A narrow stairway went up to it, but the only way to get into it was through the floor. The aperture was covered by a sort of hood, rising through the floor and furnished with a door, through which you emerged from darkness into light. Within, a standing-desk was contrived against the side of the hood, for Hawthorne sometimes liked to write standing. There was an ordinary sitting-desk against the south wall of the room, between two windows. On the three other sides of the room were also windows, so that there was a free outlook in every direction.

One of the windows on the south (overlooking the meadow) gave access to a platform, which had been built over the gap between the north slope of the roof of the old house and the vertical wall of the tower. On this platform one might sit at evening, and watch the sun go down and the stars come out. The tower room, rising above the entire structure, was visible from afar, and gave character to the building. After my father's death in 1864, the room was assigned to me; and to save time and trouble I often omitted the dark and narrow staircase, and got into the room by climbing up outside and entering burglariously through a window.

My mother often consulted with the artificers and gave (*Continued on page 20*)

How MACHIAVELLI Missed His CHANCE

By HARRY PENCE

A FEW months before Christopher Columbus set foot in the New World which he believed to be India, Lorenzo the Magnificent, most admirable of the Medici, died in Florence, Italy, then the center of art, literature and learning. Two years later that city deposed his son and set up a republic, governed by a Council of Ten.

Niccolò Machiavelli was a Florentine nobleman of good education, appearance and manners, then twenty-five years of age. He entered the service of the republic as secretary of the council and was sent on a number of diplomatic missions, which he handled with varying success.

Eighteen years later the Medici returned to power; Machiavelli, with others, was dismissed. He was accused of conspiring against the new régime but either the evidence against him was weak or he was not regarded as sufficiently formidable an enemy to be dealt with drastically, as was the established custom of the day.

IN FORCED retirement, he devoted himself to authorship, and, while engaged upon a history of Florence and other ambitious works, he composed *The Prince*, rewriting and elaborating it throughout a number of years and giving out hints about it calculated to arouse the curiosity of his ruler, whose patronage he sought.

It was never designed for publication, as the following extract, characteristic of the entire work, will make clear:

'Therefore it is unnecessary for a prince to have all the good qualities I have enumerated, but it is very necessary to appear to have them. And I shall dare to say this also, that to have them and always observe them is injurious, and that to appear to have them is useful; to appear merciful, faithful, humane, religious, upright, and to be so, but with a mind so framed that should you require not to be so, you may be able and know how to change to the opposite.

'And you have to understand this, that a prince cannot observe those things for which men are esteemed, being often forced, in order to maintain the state, to act contrary to fidelity, friendship, humanity and religion. Therefore it is necessary for him to have a mind ready to turn itself accordingly as the winds and variations of fortune force it, yet, as I have said above, not to diverge from the good if he can avoid doing so, but, if compelled, then to know how to set about it.'

In those two paragraphs is concisely expressed the entire Machiavellian philosophy. The following is more specific:

'Upon this a question arises: whether it be better to be loved than feared, or feared than loved. It may be answered that one should wish to be both but, because it is difficult to unite them in one person, it is much safer to be feared than loved, when, of the two, one must be dispensed with. Because it is to be asserted generally of men that they are ungrateful, fickle, false, cowards, covetous, and so long as you succeed they are yours entirely; they will offer you their blood, property, life and children, when the need is distant; but when it approaches they turn against you. And that prince who, relying entirely upon their promises, has neglected other precautions, is ruined; because friendships that are obtained by payments, and not by greatness or nobility of mind, may indeed be earned, but they are not secured, and in time of need they cannot be relied upon; and men have less scruple in offending one who is beloved than one who is feared, for love is preserved by the link of obligation which, owing to the baseness of men, is broken at every opportunity for their advantage; but fear preserves you by a dread of punishment which never fails.'

Certainly nothing new, especially to the ruler, the second Lorenzo, grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and son of the crafty and cruel Pietro de Medici.

But Niccolò Machiavelli would have recoiled from this extreme application of his creed. He wasn't cast in heroic mould. With more skill and courage, he might have become his own hero, strutted out his little day, been assassinated and forgotten.

It seems incredible that the renowned literary critic and historian, Henry Hallam, and the even more celebrated essayist and historian, Thomas B. Macaulay, should have taken this book seriously and feelingly defended its author.

'Few books have been more misrepresented,' says Hallam. 'His crime was to cast away the veil of hypocrisy.'

Macaulay wrote, 'The character of Machiavelli was hateful to the new masters of Italy. His works were misrepresented by the learned, misconstrued by the ignorant, censured by the Church, abused with all the rancor of simulated virtue by the minions of a base despotism and the priests of a baser superstition. The name of a man whose genius had illuminated all the dark places of policy, and to whose patriotic wisdom an oppressed people owed their last chance of emancipation, passed into a proverb of infamy.'

But when all is said, Machiavelli's *The Prince* remains a splendid side light on the age and environment of which it can be regarded as a faithful interpretation.

After all, only a small-minded scoundrel could have written it as it has come down to us. There is one chance—a fanciful one, but not unreasonable—that a cruel joke has been played on Machiavelli. What is regarded by many as the most literal and exact translation of *The Prince* is by W. K. Marriott, who says, 'It was plagiarized during Machiavelli's lifetime . . . and its text is still disputable.'

HALLAM says, 'His history of Florence is enough to immortalize the name of Machiavelli. Seldom has a more giant stride been made in any department of literature than by this judicious, clear and elegant history.'

He wrote other books, among them, strange as it may seem, some rather clever comedies. This gives us a clew. The polished elegance and seriousness of *The Prince* palls. Brief as it is it becomes laborious. It is unrelieved by any touch of lightness such as a writer of comedies might well have imparted to it, to its great improvement.

The utter absence of anything of the sort invites the suspicion that it may have been there but was deleted. With a few deft touches *The Prince* might readily have been converted into a cynical bit of political satire more trenchant even than Dean Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*.

It would have cost its author his life, no doubt. Niccolò Machiavelli thirsted for fame. He wrote for the gratification of the mighty of his day and for the plaudits of posterity. He wrote of things as he saw them. His vision concerned the present. It was impossible for him to visualize any other possible order of things. Never could he have imagined that the crusading monk, Savonarola, would today be revered by a world which doesn't know or care who Cesare Borgia really was, or *if* he ever was.

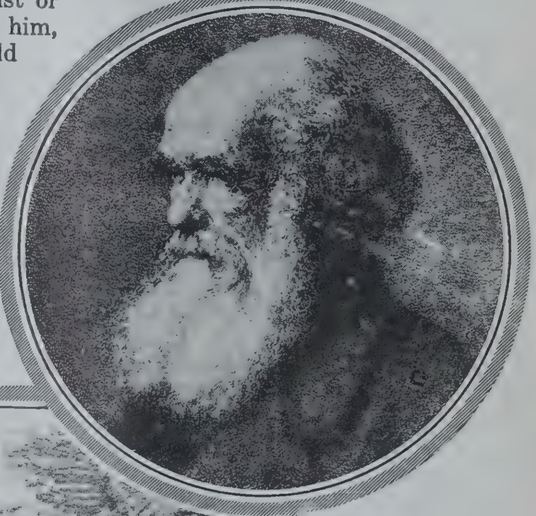
But could he have realized that there would come an age which conferred its honors upon doers of good and keepers of faith, and that by casting away the veil of hypocrisy and devoting his patriotic wisdom to giving an oppressed people their last chance of emancipation he might have insured his own immortality, Niccolò Machiavelli would have put forth one of the greatest as well as one of the most significant books of all time.

Village of Down, Where Darwin Lived

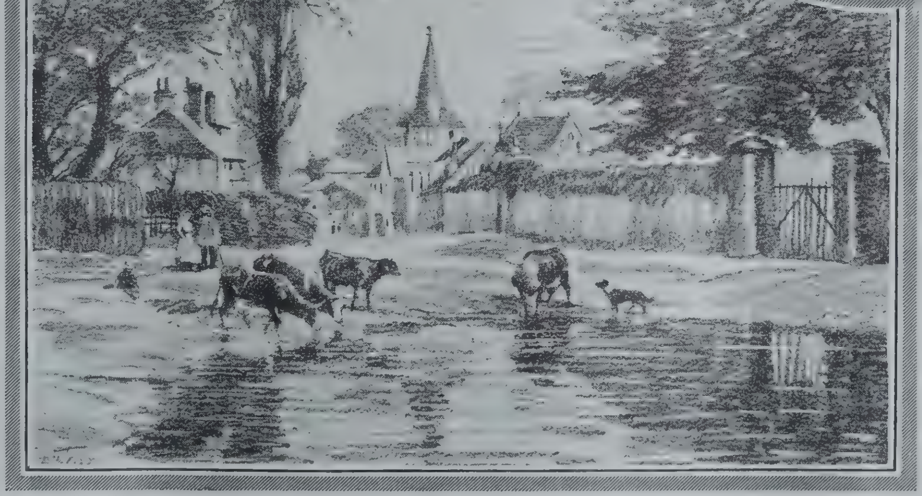
By HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

THE road thither is all "ups and downs," and winds prettily through a park of high elms. There is also a way to it along pleasant country lanes and field paths.' So did a writer describe it forty years or more ago, shortly after Darwin's death, and so it is today. London is steadily expanding southward, as it is in all other directions, but the red tiled roofs and stucco of the new order have not yet appeared over the hills to the north, nor invaded the firs and the link grass of the heaths around the village of Down. The little church with its quaint octagonal spire still sleeps behind its elms and yews, as it did four hundred years ago when Henry VIII was king, and on its worn floor, in the dim light of old stained glass, may still be seen many brasses placed there in memory of successive lords of the manor, great men, and great crusaders before Crécy was fought on the fields of France.

And about a quarter of a mile from the church, along the village street and past the pond, is Down Court where, for so many years, Charles Darwin lived and labored and took up arms manfully against a sea of troubles. It is an old-fashioned house, set well back from the road, and may be known by its white front covered with clusters of ivy. On the right of the old front door is the library which Darwin built for his books and where, in the latter years of his life, he read and wrote; on the other side is a smaller room which was used previously as a study and in which most of his more important works were written. The drawing-room at the back looks out upon a lawn shaded with mulberry trees, such as many country rectories possess, and on a veranda covered with creepers, of many kinds and hues. In the far corner of this lawn, carefully railed in, is a little grass mound; it marks the grave of Darwin's favorite dog.



Charles Darwin (1809-1882), member of the French Academy; recipient of the Prussian Pour le Merite.



Down, which has succeeded in evading the aspect of modernization.

This little mound has always seemed to me strangely typical and revealing. The great world knows Charles Darwin from the cold categories of the *Origin of Species* or the *Descent of Man;* it reviles him or lauds him accordingly as it condemns or endorses the revolutionary theory so intimately connected with his name; it dubs him atheist or blasphemer and will have none of him, or hails him as a pioneer in a field of license from which he would have withdrawn himself with a shudder. But it is only a very small world that has taken the trouble to follow him to this little village of Down in the weald of Kent, to see what manner of man he really was.

There are still some who remember him well, who remember the regularity with which the gaunt figure with long white beard and stooping gait might be met as he made his way toward the heath on his daily walk. Francis Darwin, his son and biographer, has recorded that he never missed these walks whether it was 'wet or fine.' Some few of the villagers, like thousands in the great world outside, looked askance at him, but for the most part they had, through many years, known him too well, had come in contact too often with his many acts of kindness and rather diffident charity, not to appreciate him at his full worth. When the bells rang out from the little steeple of a Sunday morning, and when the people made their way to church, they never found him there; but the good parson of Down knew how much he owed to the master of Down Court, and how many good works in the parish had been maintained through his help and influence.

There is something peculiarly pathetic about Darwin's so-called agnosticism. It may be too much to assume that he 'wanted to believe but could not,' and yet the anxiety he always evinced, this man who hated dogmatism, lest his opinions should influence the religious faith of others, seems to point that way. As a young man, he was a believer in Christianity as he found it; indeed, when he went to Cambridge, it was with the idea that he would take orders. Then, later on, came his famous voyage on the *Beagle*, and during the two years which elapsed between his return and his marriage he reflected 'very deeply,' as he tells us, on religious questions, with the result that—in his own words—'disbelief crept over me at a very slow rate but was at last complete.' The world today with its larger and saner

(Continued on page 20)

HEAD HUNTERS *and* Others

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

IT WAS a scorching hot day when I tramped the jungle trails of Borneo to the Dyak *compoong* with a missionary friend who was in the good graces of the natives. Without him I would never have dared take the trip.

The temperature was 130 degrees in the shade of the palm trees. With a heavy Graflex over my shoulder and a belt with an automatic, I felt as if I were carrying a ton.

The Dyak *compoong* which we were to visit was in the midst of its harvest festivals. It is at this time that they send out their marauding parties on head-hunting trips. The night before our arrival the young bloods of this particular *compoong* had brought in six heads from a neighboring tribe. They were ghastly to look at, covered with flies, hanging in a row with about a hundred skulls that had been taken in former raids.

We spent most of the day with the Dyaks. Their *compoongs* are built about ten feet above ground. Each has the shape of a large platform and is made of bamboo tree trunks set an inch apart. In the center is a common gathering place, around which the single rooms of individual families are built. Every door opens upon this common square.

A bamboo ladder that can be pulled up at night leads from the ground to the platform. I saw a group of girls coming in with bamboo tubes of water strapped over their shoulders. They were well formed, firm and solid in their limbs, and with remarkably straight shoulders owing to the fact that they carry all their burdens on their shoulders. With the exception of a piece of loin cloth these eight or ten water girls were innocent of clothing.

When I tried to get a photograph of them, there was a confused cry such as might have come from a crowd of American girls surprised by a camera man, and they scampered away.

I asked my missionary friend to act as ambassador and persuade them to let me take their pictures, but the Dyak 'beauties' were obdurate. In other words—like woman of any clime or land, they needed coaxing.

'The white man may take our pictures if he will let us adorn ourselves in the dresses the Dutch women at the post gave us,' they announced, peeping at me from behind doors. 'But I want to get them just as they are, just as they live, just as they carry their water tubes,' I suggested.

No! They would not let me take them in native costume.

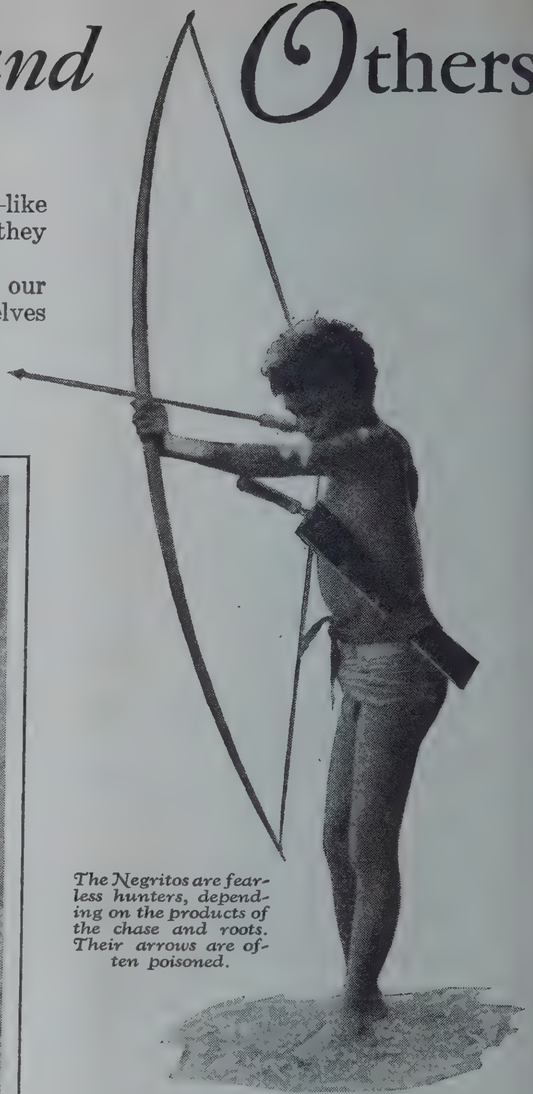
I finally had to give in.

After a while they appeared, giggling and happy, all dressed, much to my amusement, in discarded nighties given by the women of the Dutch settlement. Though some of these gowns were in shreds, this was their idea of being dressed up. I was permitted to take the photographs.

The head-hunting custom is fascinating to a peace-loving American. The Dyaks go after heads with several motives.

(*Continued on page 21*)

While the men of the Negrito tribes go out for game, the women remain with their pots and pans. This girl is carrying water.



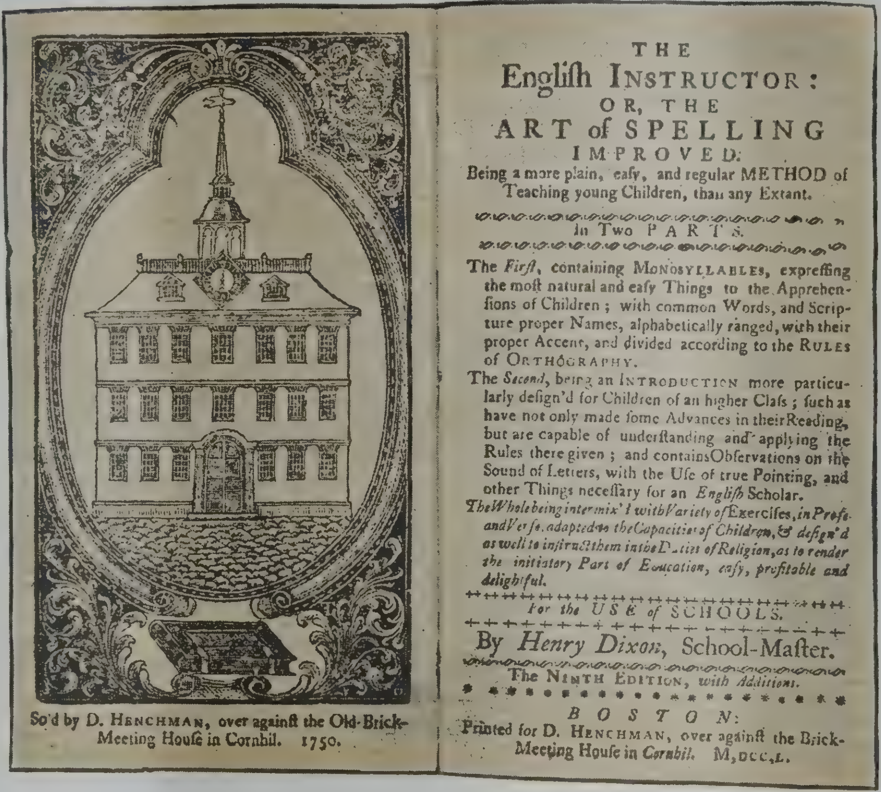
The Negritos are fearless hunters, depending on the products of the chase and roots. Their arrows are often poisoned.

The verandas are the important work-places of the native dwellings.

Early AMERICAN Schools

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE first schools of the New World were established in Mexico, where devoted friars spent time and energy in learning the Indian languages in order to convert the natives. However, schools as a means of popular education were foreign in the 16th Century to Spain and, in consequence, foreign to Mexico. Few families came to the Spanish New World, since America was (for the Spanish adventurers) largely a road to wealth, an enterprise to acquire gold and silver. Nevertheless due credit should be given to the Spaniards who in 1539 introduced the printing press to the New World, and in 1553 set up the first American University in Mexico City.



So'd by D. HENCHMAN, over againſt the Old-Brick-Meeting Houſe in Cornhil. 1750.

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For the USE *of* SCHOOLS.

By *Henry Dixon*, School-Maſter.

The NINTH EDITION, *with Additions.*

BOSTON:
Printed for D. HENCHMAN, over againſt the Brick-Meeting Houſe in *Cornhil.* M,DCC,L.

Public schools, as we know them, were first set up in New York and Massachusetts. The Dutch were first in Europe in devotion to public education. To the Dutch must be accorded a great share in opening public schools in New England and in New Amsterdam.

Washington Irving gave a fine account of the Dutch schoolmasters of early New York. Irving was a competent historian and his account, disguised as a novel in story form, presents accurate historical information, well worth reading today as history and as literature.

The first schoolmaster of old New York was Adam Rolands, or Adam Roelantsen, whose teaching activity extended from the spring of 1638 to that of 1642. Rolands functioned also as sexton, as a church reader or precantor, and as court bell ringer, and possibly as gravedigger. This versatility demanded of the school-teacher had a bad effect upon poor Adam. The name of this first schoolmaster of New Amsterdam appears in the court records as a defendant in suits for slander, for not paying his laundry bill and for even more reprehensible actions. After leaving the teaching profession Rolands became attached to the court, with which he had an unfortunate familiarity, and later acted as jailer. Rolands was no credit to the profession. The Dutch successors of Rolands were fortunately better men, although the varied duties of the office did not attract men of the highest caliber.

The Records of the Virginia Company reveal the first missionary enterprise in the United States, five hundred and fifty pounds having been given in 1619 by an anonymous Mr. 'Dust and Ashes for educating the Infidles Children.'

Later 'Mr. George Ruggle lately fellowe of Clare hall in Cambridge . . . by his will bequeathed 100 li. for the educacion of Infidelle Children.'

Plans were made for bringing Indian children to England and for establishing a school in the Virginia plantations, but these plans were never completed. An usher, Mr. Dike, was appointed in March, 1622, to serve 'in the free schoole intended at Charles Citty in Virginia . . . ' It was agreed that 'if he can procure an expert writer to goe over with him that can with all teach the grounds of Arithmaticle whereby to instruct the Children in matters of Account, the Companie are content to give such a one his passage . . . 100 acres of land' and permission to charge tuition.

Books also were to be provided by the company, but 'their Parents are to be aunsweareable' for the books. Unfortunately Mr. Dike got a better job in England and did not come to Virginia.

Carpenters were sent to build the free school but the great Indian massacre of 1622 put an end to the project, and public schools in Virginia were delayed for several generations.

In Massachusetts the first school to be established was authorized on April 13, 1635. 'Likewise it was then generally agreed upon that our brother Philemon Pormont shall be entreated to become schoolmaster for the teaching and nurturing of children with us.' Philemon Pormont was married in England to Susanna Bellingham and with wife and two children arrived in Boston in 1634, being admitted as 'freeman' directly after his appointment. As part pay Philemon received in 1638 an allotment of thirty acres in Brookline.

Apparently Pormont was only a writing master. In 1636 Daniel Maude of Emmanuel College in Cambridge University was chosen 'free schoolmaster.' To Mr. Maude was also granted a plot of ground. Both Pormont and Maude found teaching an insufficient means of earning a livelihood. The former made a venture into Maine and finally sold real estate in Boston; the latter left Boston for Dover where he engaged doubtless as pastor probably combined with teaching.

The general Court in Boston in 1647 passed the so-called 'deluder' law relating to public education and formally establishing public schools. This act reads as follows: 'It being one chief project of that old deluder satan to keep men from the knowledge of the scriptures, as in former times by keeping them in an unknown tongue, so in these latter times by persuading from the use of tongues . . . It is therefore ordered that

(Continued on page 26)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Goal of Life Is Experience

ALL that we are here for is to get experience, and the product of experience is character. We think we are doing a number of new things and leaving the old behind; but what we are really doing is this—we are constantly returning to the old things, bringing our increased experience with us, and discovering after all that the 'old' things are the newest in the world. There is really nothing new, but the old is seen at new angles; the old objects are reached by new methods; the facts are approached by new generations.

> *EXPERIENCE is preparation. It is preparation to know the Truth when we meet it. Everything that helps make a man a little freer is headed along the highway of Truth. This does not mean books and ideas only; it means mechanics and commerce and science. Even the motor car is an element in the liberation of mankind and will rank higher than many a philosophy in its effect on human destiny: it is freeing more men, freeing them into more diverse regions, than most book systems do. We are mixing our experiences more than ever before, which ought to result in our making swifter progress toward the twin Objects of Experience—Truth and Character.*

There is nothing new except new appreciation, new understanding; and these are the result of experience, and the result of experience can only be character.

That statement by itself may have no practical bearing, but it is capable of endless application, and its clear understanding would liberate us into a great deal of useful knowledge. The routine of life is crushing unless we have an interpretation. In the Bible there is a pessimist who saw the ceaseless round of life and wondered what it meant. 'One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh but the earth abideth forever. The sun also riseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about to the north; it whirleth about continually, and returneth again according to its circuits. All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place whence the rivers come, thither they return again.' What is the use of it all?

Experience, that is the answer. One class goes out of the school of life, another class comes in; the school remains. What is the answer? Experience. That is what the school is for. Take the rivers mentioned by the pessimist. They ran into the sea; they returned in clouds of rain; they cleansed and watered the earth. It was a ceaseless round, but it was accomplishing something. The rivers needed to be run into the sea for their own cleansing; then they came back to keep the earth fruitful. Why? That the human business of Experience might keep moving on.

The basic things, then, are very old. Nothing ever useful passes away. If a light-headed group comes along and imagines that they have found a new morality, and if they draw to their books and plays and strange philosophies a following of other light-headed groups, serious people are inclined to believe that the old morality has passed away—the good old type of goodness, they say, is gone! It is a rather foolish position to take and causes needless worry.

When the false prophets of commercial bookmaking have been forgotten, there will be enduring quality found in a straight saying like that which Irving Bacheller once made: 'Either you have the old morality or you have none.' There is not anything new in the basis of human life. The seeming newness is confined within the reactions of our own experience in learning the reality of the old.

Now, there is a basis, something that remains unchanged, and it is the chief object of life that we should find it. Because people do not find it in one lifetime, it has been thought that a lifetime is not the full term at school, but only a day's session. However that may be, it is perfectly clear that the highest result of life is that men should find the basic truth about things.

How do we know when we have found it? How do we know when we have not found it? What should be our attitude toward the things we are doing while we are trying to find it?

We shall know that we have reached Truth when we are free. We shall know that we are on the right road toward Truth when the things that we are doing make men a little freer than they were.

We shall know whether we are on the right road by examining what our motives are. Mistakes may be committed with right motives, but the general direction is right when the motive is right. These are things that we may be perfectly sure of. These principles belong to the very basis of things.

In some instances we are doing right things in the wrong way, and because the method is wrong and the wrongness begins presently to show in wrong results, people are quick to draw the conclusion that the whole thing is wrong. They want to wipe it all out.

They want to overturn all the machinery of social or political life. Well, if that were the right thing to do, then it would be the right thing to do. May we never be fearful of the cost of the right thing, but may we also remember that the cost of the right thing is not high in those values that count!

It will be one of the great surprises of human experience, when the Truth comes everywhere, to see how near we were to it all the time and did not recognize it. It will be a great surprise to see how little were the changes to be made in our exterior mode of doing things.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Navy Is Criticized

IN 'PUNISHING' Rear Admiral Magruder for criticizing the Navy, Secretary Wilbur sets an excellent precedent. He does not demote or transfer Magruder to some minor post, as has been done in similar cases in the past. Instead he requests the admiral to elaborate his criticism. He instructs him to submit promptly 'a full and detailed plan for the reorganization of the Navy and the Navy Department.' Few can quibble with such a decision.

Admiral Magruder's charges are serious. 'There is a rotten condition,' he declares. 'The Navy is spending $300,000,000 and getting $200,000,000 worth of navy. War extravagances have never stopped. I see it constantly.' Force is added to Magruder's charges by the fact that he is not criticizing individuals; rather he is assailing a system. 'There is no criticism of any person or official,' he states. 'There is simply a criticism of bureaucratic methods and red tape. Everybody knows what a bureaucracy is, and we have a corker in the Navy.'

These are strong statements. If they prove true, drastic reform is needed. Secretary Wilbur's action gives Admiral Magruder exceptional opportunity for instituting such reform.

Medicine Advances

ADVANCES in the science of medicine seldom receive the newspaper attention given prize fights or comic strips. Thus a recent announcement by Dr. W. L. Aycock of the Harvard Infantile Paralysis Commission reached comparatively few newspaper readers. The announcement was, however, of vast importance. The germ of infantile paralysis, Dr. Aycock declared, had at last been definitely classified. It is difficult to overestimate the significance of the discovery. With the germ at last classified, scientists can now turn their attention to finding a suitable animal to yield an antitoxin; and the dread scourge of childhood will pass into the category of conquerable diseases.

Ruddy Autumn

ANOTHER autumn is here, and the countryside once more is arrayed in colorful costume. Hills and vales have a heightened beauty. The flat farmlands have the charm of crazy-quilt patterns, with dark-brown wheatfields, new seeding coming into light, and woodlands and pastures giving varied tinges. October is a month for travel. It comes with a blaze of wild glory that takes one's breath. Autumn colors run rapidly through tree tops as far as we can see from the hillside, scarlet on chestnuts, flaky orange on apples, yellow on birches.

And who can view an autumn morning without pausing to honor its rare beauty? Those dew-impearled gossamers on bush and grass! Built in the night they silently collect the falling dew. They are wondrously exquisite from spike to spike of thorny hedge across woodland trail. Who taught the spider his pattern? These are the days to wander forth upon the high roads and the low roads to feast the eyes on Nature's grandeurs. It is not necessary to uproot the trees and the bushes. Visit open fields and shrouded forests, but bring home all glorious nature only in your memories. Then the beauty will be there to greet you again next season, when Jack Frost paints it all anew.

Sense or Censor?

PROBABLY most of what the objectors have to say about censorship has a grain of truth in it. Seldom does any course, taken to prevent an evil, itself escape evil. Nevertheless, in this practical world, censorship has become somewhat established. Government chemists censor adulterants and poisons. Legitimate business censors fakes. Traffic laws censor certain careless tendencies on the part of motorists. Parents censor the greed and the temper of children. As to the theater, there are still young men who seek information concerning the plays to which they may invite young ladies—a sort of private censorship known in colleges, schools and many business offices.

Censorship discussion nowadays centers largely on the movies, and the great outcry against it comes from the film folk. The propaganda against is greater than the propaganda for, which fact in itself is significant. Opponents threaten the country with many dire results if national censorship should ever be established.

The value of censorship is in the presumption that it would lead producers to do their own censoring first. By the time the public pays its millions to see a picture and form its own opinion, the producer's purpose is served: the admissions have been paid. That is what he wants. And it would satisfy him most abundantly if that sort of thing could go on forever. It is the judgment that may be rendered *without the previous expenditure* that rouses his objections most.

The statement is made by the publicity men of the movies that pictures have taken a turn for the better. Maybe so. But as one observer puts it, the damage done by the movies is not the demoralizing but the dementalizing of its patrons. You park your mind outside with your car, and bring to the screen your eyes and your emotions.

Can censorship stop the trivializing of the pictures? Probably not, so long as our greatest strings of newspaper, magazine and picture producers insist on treating the public as a child with a twelve-year-old mind.

John Singer Sargent *in* Boston

By JANET MABIE

AS LONG as he lived, home in America to John Singer Sargent was Boston. For eight or ten years he had a studio in an old building in an unpretentious Columbus Avenue neighborhood. This neighborhood enormously lacked the sumptuous tone which characterized his Tite Street surroundings in London where his studio was also his home. Sargent had no home in Boston more personal than an hotel apartment; yet many believe he loved Boston best of all the cities in the world.

It was doubtless directly from his father that Sargent inherited that keenness of insight, that quality of searching for truths, which was often to become the despair of sitters. Later the effect of an ingrained scientific habit of mind was to become one of the chief characteristics of his work. Variously it was to win him extravagant praise and violent criticism. From his mother, undoubtedly, he had some flair for painting. If, when he was a child, she saw in him a potential great artist she spoke of it little, but she made it early possible for him to draw and paint, sometimes side by side with her. And she made a rule that the boy might commence as many sketches in a day as he desired but he must finish *one*.

In 1888 the artist made what was one of his most successful visits in Boston from the point of view of the work he accomplished during it. For instance, it was then that he painted a portrait of Mrs. John L. Gardner, then in the heyday of her amazing, almost epic, social reign. Undoubtedly Sargent baffled Mrs. Gardner. It was said of her that she could be more terrible than an army with banners when she was not pleased, and certainly it could not please her at all to be mystified by a painter of her portrait.

Sargent was impartial with his analyses of sitters, and when the sitters did not like what he said of them upon canvas they generally masked their chagrin in ice and fire and locked up the portraits, because they could expect no tempering of the artist. It is perhaps a generous tribute to him, for all the frequent difference of opinion that undoubtedly existed between him and Mrs. Gardner, that there remained always a charming friendliness between them and that Mrs. Gardner liked, herself, to show people the Sargents which hung in Fenway Palace.

Sargent was nevertheless charming with women. That, especially, exasperated those who had been dissatisfied with his portraits of them. There was, for instance, the woman who complained, with a mixture of bitterness and rage, 'But, Mr. Sargent, you have given me a red nose,' and found nothing at all to say when the artist said cheerfully, 'But, Madam, you have one.'

—Herbert Photos.

John Singer Sargent, R. A.

Women tried being hypocritical with him when he was painting them. They smiled like cats and tried to overlay, with some dissembling haze whose alchemy only they knew, little changes in expression that otherwise gave away petty sins. But they never could fool Sargent and when they became wroth he, shrugging and smiling absently a little, murmured: 'But one must paint as one sees.'

With men who sat to him Sargent was equally faithful to what he saw. He loved truth, but he did not consider himself a great painter. To him the denominator of knowledge was infinity. He was not trying to be witty when he said to an important sitter, as he finished a portrait, 'There! It is all done but a few little things, and when you carry it home you can finish those yourself.'

And to the last he was the sort of man who could step back from a flawless painting, as he often did, glower at it and mean it deeply when he exclaimed ferociously, 'Damn it, damn it, I must learn to draw!'

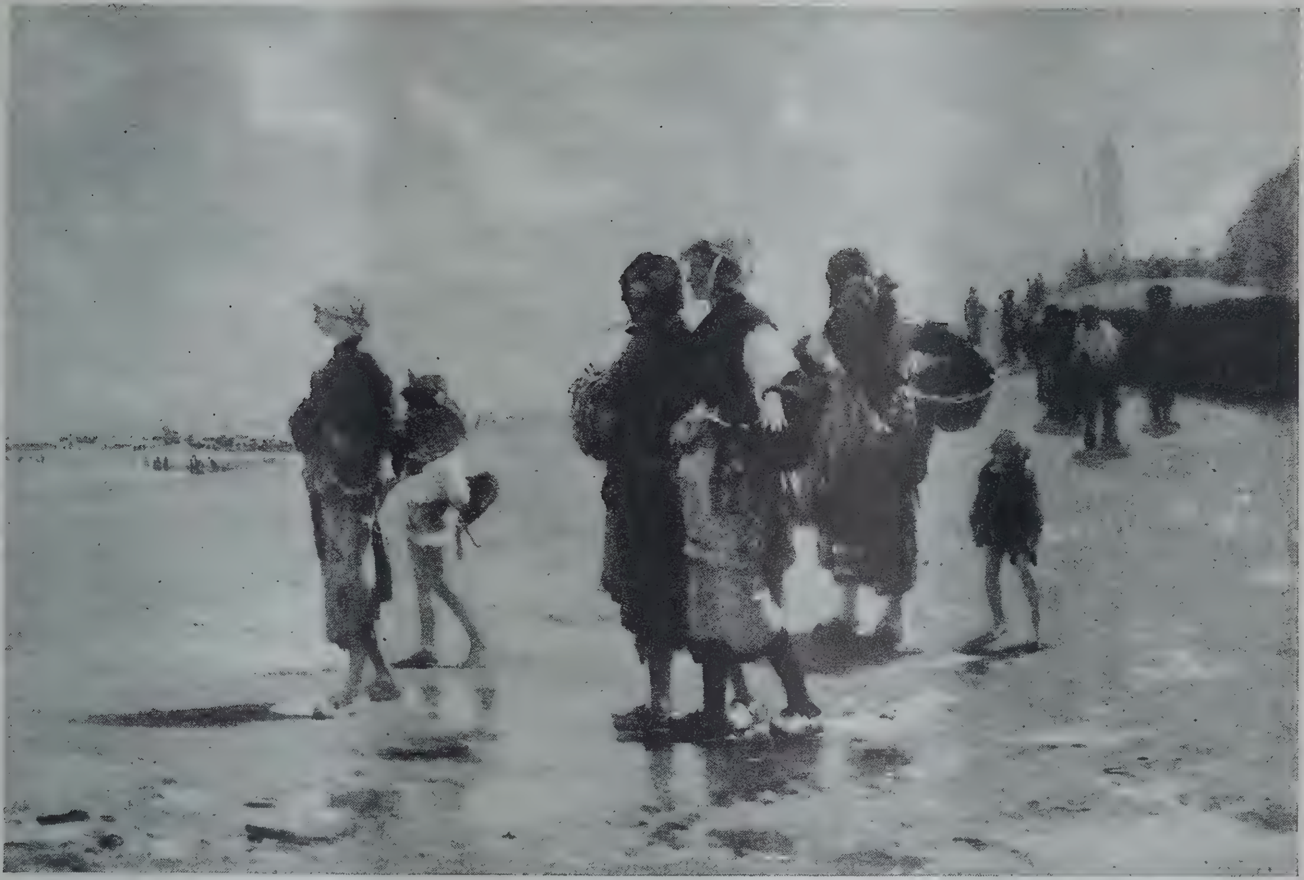
Sargent was intrinsically one of the kindest men in the world; he was gentle for all his great stature and often ferocious concentration of expression. You could block out the forbidding curtain of bushy brows and see eyes that were piercing but lustrously deep and filled with peace. Sargent's success never went to his head, but he had the manner of his world even when he was stopping to speak to an urchin scuttling through long golden shadows upon the Public Gardens in the late afternoon.

He could go and stand upon the bridge over the little lagoon and watch children ride in the swan boats, and he appreciated, with the children, that the boats were not creaking contrivances of modern manufacture, but that they were of vermilion lacquer, with sails of silver, and that they were sailing seas made of sapphires that the queen of the fairies had ordered melted up expressly for such a purpose.

He always went to the symphony concerts when he was in Boston. He liked to arrive a few minutes before the hour. People liked to see the burly figure, straight and commanding, stride down the aisle and to see the man who pleased their idea of what a great artist should be, smiling quietly and bowing this way and that to his friends.

For week ends he loved the North Shore. He took along his things and sketched. He loved shimmering flowers and blue firs and cloistered peace to be found in copies of great Italian gardens. He would do a water color in a blue and gold morning and would ceremoniously 'beg leave' to present it to his hostess.

He played chess too in Boston. The narrow, steep streets of Beacon Hill knew him in the chess hour of late afternoons when the Charles River basin was a bowl of rose-beaten silver. He acquired proficiency in chess as he



—Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co

The 'Oyster Gatherers of Cancale,' by Sargent, part of the permanent collection of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington.

did in the music of Ravel and Debussy, Grieg and Satie. Nothing that he did ever seemed to be done with an effort.

He loved humanity and he perceived that humanity was often encountered in curious places and guises. He knew, for instance, that bellboys in his hotel listened outside the door when he played his piano—and he smiled. And if, going out abruptly, he discovered one of them standing there, with a silver pitcher in which ice water had long since ceased to be, he smiled directly at him, perhaps wagged a mock derisive finger and made some casual, humorous remark that took from the boy any latent sting of discovery.

Thus it is possible to hear this estimate of the man Sargent and his music and individuality from one of the bellboys who has been in service long enough at the hotel to have acquired a well-defined impression of the artist.

'We liked to know that Mr. Sargent's piano was being moved in. That meant he would stay several weeks, months maybe, and that there would be lots of music. He played—oh somehow—I don't know much about fine music, but when he played people like me were glad to listen. Lots of musicians come here. They're no treat. But Mr. Sargent didn't play like the rest. I don't know what he played. I guess it was fancy things. When people came to see him, there was always lots of music. Sometimes duets. He loved to play duets. I guess he got rested playing the piano. Sometimes, when I'd take things to his rooms, he'd come in while I was there and he wouldn't say much, but he'd look tired and I mostly wouldn't get back to the corner by the elevator before I'd hear him start in, wonderful chords and runs, like silk—know what I mean? It wasn't often he was sad. He was good-natured, and when he wasn't he didn't let on. He didn't seem to me like the kind of man that'd get down and be selfish or mean to anybody. He was a big man, in more ways than one, I guess.'

IT WAS possible frequently to see him around the lobby. He liked shaggy clothes, often green or bronze, that had a little blur of fuzz over them and a trace, elusive as a half-forgotten thought, of the perfume of peat. His voice was low and genial, sometimes bantering. His hands were apt to be full of letters and English papers.

He was shy, excrutiatingly shy. He had common sense and he knew it was necessary for him to appear at private views occasionally. Sometimes it was too much for him, although he intended to be dutiful, and he exploded on the threshold of a roomful of folk purring and waiting to acclaim him, and dashed precipitately away.

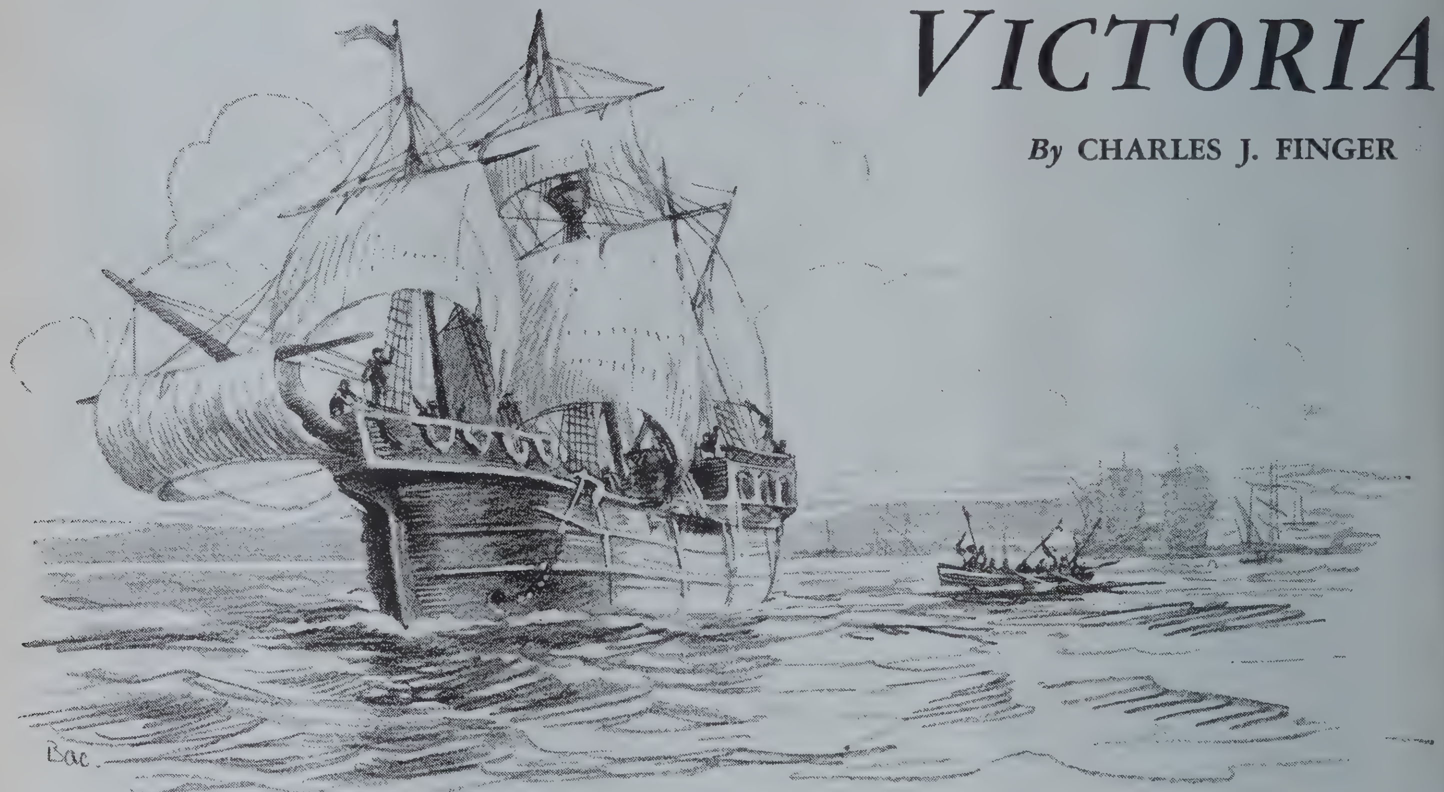
He detested private views, but he had it impressed upon him if he was too reluctant that it was ridiculous to think even an established artist could always remain unseen.

He insisted that a man ought to be able to look like a kangaroo if he chose so long as he did his work faithfully, or that it was preposterous to suppose people should really need to see him when there were so many other artists, but often his modesty was painstakingly defeated. Sometimes by cajolery, sometimes by the exercise of a firm hand. And when every dodge had failed him he would turn up, hesitating and uncomfortable. He became quite tongue-tied and a great disappointment to those who thought epic witticisms should tumble from his lips.

He felt, for instance, when a woman asked him, as she pointed to the 'Apollo and Muses' panel at its private showing before it was placed in the rotunda of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, that he had replied accurately when he said, 'Just blokes dancing, Madam,' and that her astonishment must be a mistake.

The VOYAGE *of the* VICTORIA

By CHARLES J. FINGER



SYNOPSIS

In the month of April, 1926, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT commenced to publish a series of articles on Magellan and his voyage, the story ending with the death of Magellan and an account of the way in which the fleet became a mere piratical outfit. But the story of Magellan did not follow the beaten track, nor, in the usual way of historical essays, was Magellan set on an impossible pedestal as a perfect knight. Instead, he was shown in his true colors, as a man of pertinacity, a hero, and a rascal all mixed up, and as a person not without his ulterior motives. It was also shown that, contrary to the usual belief, the cost of the fleet was defrayed not by the king of Spain, but by the merchants De Haro and other men of affairs who had in mind not the expansion of empire, but commerce. The advancement of trade was the idea behind the expedition, as it had been behind the expeditions captained by the Cabots, and Pizarro, and Cortes. New markets, not the flag, formed the incentive.

The story also showed that there are reasons for believing that the Magellan Strait had been known before Magellan started on his voyage, and that he possessed a map showing not only the strait but also the Falkland Islands. Indeed, in the New York Public Library is kept a copper globe on which the strait is indicated, which globe was certainly made before the expedition started. Another curious and little-known piece of history which the author laid bare is that the first individual to encompass the world was a native of the Philippine archipelago, named Enrique, a slave. For Enrique had been bought by Magellan in a slave market in the Indies, when Magellan was serving as a captain in the Portuguese service. Captain Magellan took his purchase to Europe, and when the Magellan expedition sailed, the slave was on board the *Victoria*. On reaching the archipelago, after crossing the Pacific, the slave found himself among his own people, and quite properly deserted. Magellan himself was killed in Mactan, in a native quarrel with which he had nothing at all to do, but in which he foolishly took part. It was also shown, and this is another strange and little-known piece of history, that the existence of the archipelago comprising Banda and Borneo and Java and some of the Philippines, and perhaps Australia, had been known to a lone wanderer named Varthema, an Italian, who carried the tale to the Portuguese fleet in which Magellan was captain.

After Magellan's death the crews revolted against Carabello, and chose the knightly Sebastian del Cano as commander. There were then only two ships left—the *Victoria* and the *Trinidad*. But the latter being in unseaworthy condition, the men agreed to route it to Spain by way of Panama. The *Victoria*, under Sebastian del Cano, set a course westward and finally reached Spain by way of the Cape of Good Hope. The chapters that follow take up loose ends, and begin on December 21, 1521, when the two ships parted company.

SEBASTIAN DEL CANO, man innocent of self-seeking, skilled navigator, who had held himself free of all entanglements through tragic and awful circumstances, faced the terrible journey in a wretched little craft with confidence. Twenty days of sailing, with heavy weather and a foundering sea, brought them to Ombay Island where it was found that the *Victoria* was leaking badly. The pumps, though kept going night and day, were quite inadequate. So the ship was beached and careened, the work taking two weeks.

On January 25, 1522, they reached Timor. Offshore they sighted a trading junk that proved to be from Luzon. The *Victoria* hauled alongside, making signs of friendliness, and invited the chief to board the ship. No sooner had he set foot on the deck than he was seized and bound, being told that he would be held prisoner until his people had ransomed him with livestock. The trick was successful and the natives brought load after load, whereupon the chief was released, and, by way of solace for indignities suffered, was given some of the trading trinkets. Moral obligations were not in the men's minds. The men of the *Victoria* were not so much pirates as robber-knights of the sea, depending for their sustenance on brute force and trickery.

Until the middle of February, Del Cano stood along the Timor coast; then, having reached the furthermost point, he held due west until the island of Savu was sighted, when the course was set south-southwest for the passage across the Indian Ocean.

The authorities are at variance as to what happened in the neighborhood of Timor, both Oviedo and Gomera making reference to a mutiny and the execution of those guilty of insubordination. There may have been trouble and an expressed determination on the part of some to go no farther because of the unseaworthiness of the ship, but Pigafetta mentions no executions. According to his account, forty-seven men left Timor, fifteen died from disease while crossing the Indian Ocean, two deserted, and as thirty reached the Cape Verde Islands—or with Pigafetta included, thirty-one—the complement of men is fully accounted for.

Alvo's diary, a plain and straightforward account, hints at tormenting experiences. Heavy seas tried the old ship sorely, and time after time it was necessary to drift under bare poles while hasty repairs were made. Scurvy broke out and starvation rode with them before they were in the neighborhood of the Cape of Good Hope, in the middle of May.

THERE a storm carried away the topmast and some of the sails were torn to rags. Shivering men, their fingers numbed and their bodies ill-clad, long accustomed to warm climates, became indifferent sailors in those cold latitudes. They were reduced to rice for their food, too. And two good seamen were lost in the persons of Lorenza de Irema and Martin Magellan before they touched the Cape Verde Islands.

Although that was Portuguese territory, Sebastian del Cano put in there and sent a boat ashore for provisions. The tale he ordered told was that the *Victoria* was part of an armada in the American trade, homeward bound. At first all went well, with one boatload of food taken aboard the *Victoria*.

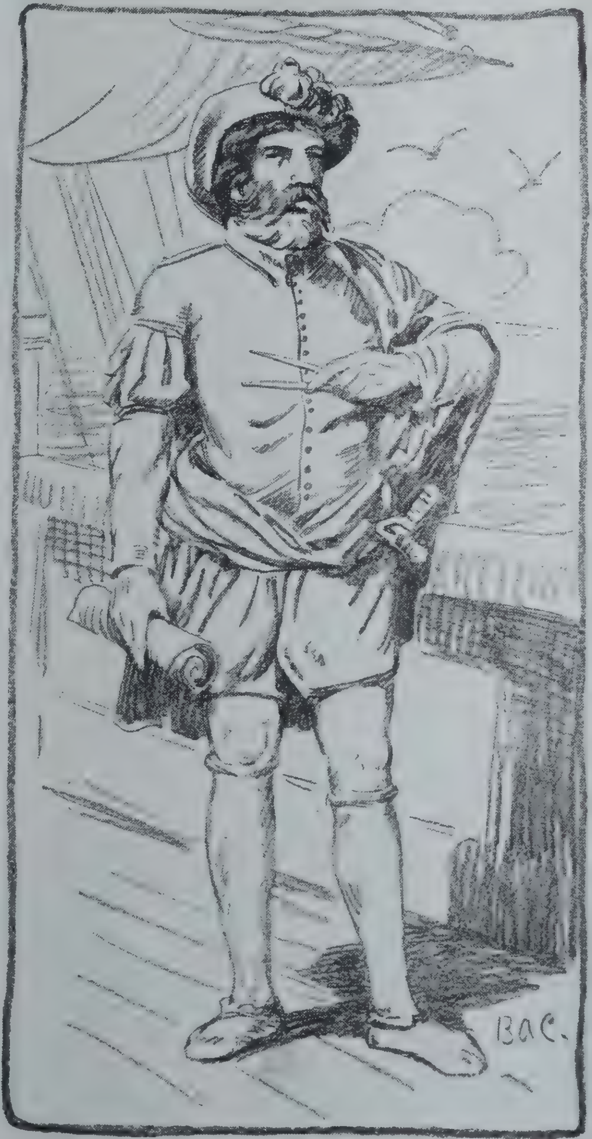
But on the second trip things did not go so well. Some sailor, grown mellow with wine and good company, talked too much, and, what was worse, offered cloves for sale, and then the secret was out, for it was well known that America produced no cloves. But the *Victoria* had not dropped anchor and was rolling in the light wind, ready to put to sea, a circumstance suspicious in itself. So a boat came from ashore and officers called on Sebastian del Cano to surrender; he made some equivocal reply. But when two caravels were sighted, getting under way, the *Victoria* lost no time in putting the port in her wake, homeward bound, though her crew were reduced to eighteen Europeans and four natives.

At last, with hardly a hale man in the crew, they saw San Lucar de Barramedas again on Saturday, September 6, 1522, three years lacking twelve days from the time they had started. The first ship had circumnavigated the globe. On Monday they were at Seville.

From this account and that, we picture the scene—the sunshine and the color, the crowds pouring from street after street to see the wonder, pushing in haste to the mole in an endless line, all eyes bent on the ship that was like an apparition, so battered and patched, so storm-worn and sun-blistered.

Then the men came ashore, famine-wasted men with shrunken limbs, hollow-cheeked men with ragged beards, men whose skins were like parchment and whose eyes had a strange, far-away look as though they saw visions; men who walked strangely over the worn stones because secure footing was a thing new to them after those three sea years; men once stalwart who were unrecognized by those who pressed about them and called their names aloud; men unable to walk who were carried on litters by their shipmates; men whose faces were scarred with disease, who were crippled, who were vacant-eyed as if walking in their sleep. And with them was Sebastian del Cano, the good knight who had suffered silently, and who had taken up the burden when the voice of duty called. He had won, but was not at all boastful of his deed.

I have referred to them as men, but as the world counts things, many had hardly passed out of youth. The oldest of the survivors was only thirty-nine years of age, a Greek named Nicholas. Five were boys: Juan de Bubileta aged seventeen; Juan de Arratis, who was eighteen; a Portuguese lad, Vasco Gomez, who had shipped at the age of fourteen; Juan de Santandream then aged nineteen, and a boy named Martin de Issurraga who was fourteen when he joined the fleet. Of the others, the mate of the *Victoria*, Miguel Sanchez de Rodas, was still in his thirties; Diego Gellego had shipped at the age of twenty-two; Francisco Albo, the mate who kept a diary, was thirty-five; Antonio Ros was twenty-four; Juan Rodriguez was twenty-three when the fleet sailed; the mate of the *Concepcion* was in his twenty-fifth year, and a Portuguese seaman named Francisco Rodriguez was in his middle thirties. Then there was the barber, Hernando de Bustamente, twenty-nine years of age.

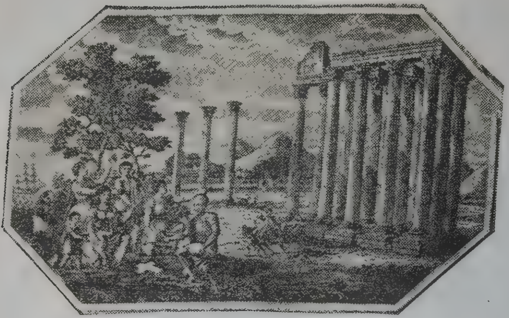


Sebastian del Cano, the first man to sail around the world.

YOU picture that little procession winding its way through the crowd, making its pilgrimage to the church barefoot, because of vows and promises. You picture the curious crowd—old crones who sought sons, and who fell into high-wailing lamentations when they found their fears confirmed—loud-mouthed fellows who bawled inquiries about friends who had left for the mysterious land on the other side of the world—friars elbowing trading Jews in black skullcaps and striped gowns—a mounted man or two, tall and slender—those who ruled *hoi polloi*—olive-skinned Moors, solemn of manner—a monk or two—beggars—loafers from wine shops and market place who had laughed when the expedition started—ragged men with oxen and panniered donkeys—on the edge of the crowd groups of girls in gay-colored shawls, bright-eyed with excitement.

A few days later the thirteen who were detained at Cape Verde arrived. They were Maestre Pedro, supernumerary of the *Santiago*; the carpenter of the same ship, a man named Ripart; formerly of the *San Antonio* there was Juan Ortis de Gofegar, purser; of the *Concepcion* there were Gomez Hernandez, a seaman; Roldan de Argote, the gunner; and Pedro de Churduza, a page; of the *Victoria* there were Martin Mendez, the clerk; Felipe de Rodas, a seaman; two boys named Pedro de Tolosa and Vasco Gallego, and two servants named Juan Martin and Simon de Burgos.

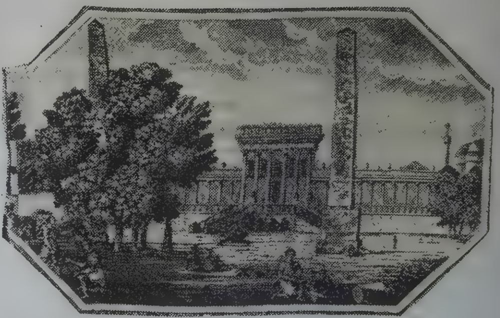
(Continued on page 23)



French chintz showing Napoleonic influence—ruins of ancient temple.

Old Time Cottons

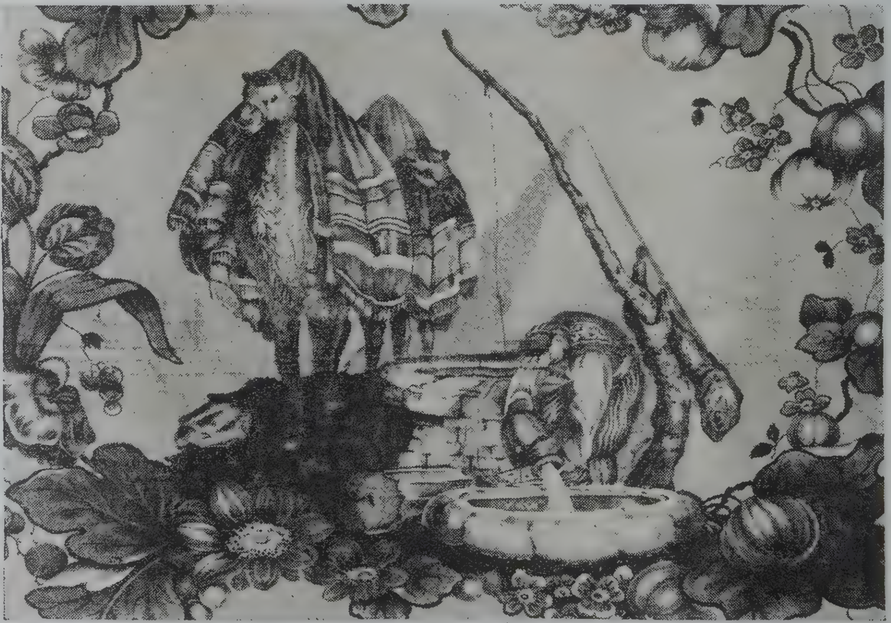
By
MARY HARROD NORTHEND



Another print of Napoleonic Era, portraying scene laid in Italy.

IN THE first place, it is necessary to correlate the term 'printed cotton,' which the print collector invariably will employ in speaking of his treasures, with the more familiar but less exact 'printed chintz.' Chintz is a word of Hindu origin—*chint* is the original derivative. The early form of the word in English usage was 'chint.' The plural 'chints,' in time, became mistaken for the singular 'chint'; and so we find the newer form 'chintz' as singular and 'chintzes' as plural. These are commonly employed to designate cotton cloths printed in a number of different colors and often glazed.

THE present vogue for chintz draperies, loose covers for chairs and settees, even tablecloths, has once more made the quaint old word one of common usage, covering a wide range in quality and design. The original definition would have been 'a painted or stained calico from India.' From this definition it becomes apparent how in due course chintz became known as an English fabric. The imagination cannot fail to picture the caravans of rich spices and jewels and choice robings which the East India Trading Company conveyed from the Orient to European shores at such great cost of time and money. Among the more elegant silks, satins, and velvets came calicoes—the printed and stained calicoes of India. To this day in England, one buys calico, not cotton cloth. A world of romance is woven into its transition from East to West. It is barely possible that a few fragments exist of the real 'Indiennes' or 'Sismoises,' that were first fabricated in Europe.



A test of French origin, Egyptian period design. Note perspective of pyramid in background.

Mention is made of the industry in England in the 16th Century, but there is no record of the first English chintz printer, or 'calico printer,' as the trade card reads in the old print at the British Museum: 'Jacob Stampe, living at ye Sighne of the Callico Printer in Hounsditch prints all sorts of Callicoes, Lineings, Silks stulls New or Ould, at Reasonable Rates.' This was in the reign of King James II of England, near the end of the 17th Century. The Dutch and Flemish emigrants from the Continent introduced the industry into England. It is likely that the Dutch were the earliest exponents of the art in Europe, although there is some trace of it in Russian contemporaneous records.

The French periods of production are clearly defined because of the law which was enforced up to the year 1759, when the manufacture of such stuffs was authorized only by royal decree. Abraham Frey of Geneva, who had printed furniture coverings at Corbell for Madame de Pompadour, in defiance of the law, opened an establishment near Rouen, in upper Normandy, in 1758; and in Alsace, as early as 1746.

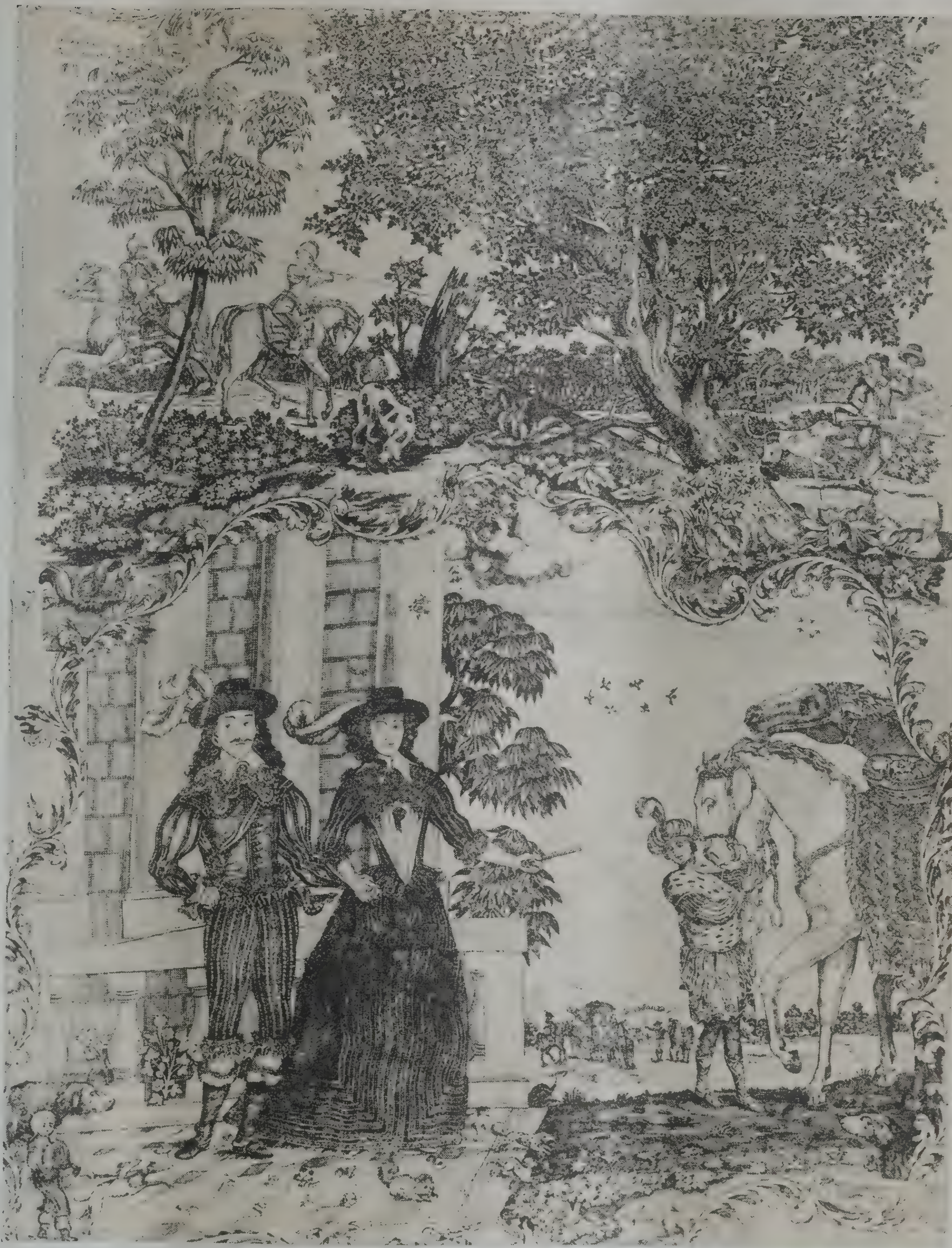
Samuel Koechlin of Mulhouse conducted a factory which for a long time had the almost exclusive control of the French market. Koechlin made many improvements in the infant industry, chief among them being the discovery of a red acid—'*mordant rouge*'—by means of which a solid red color could be printed. One of the severest handicaps of the early printers was the limited color range. Green was another trying color, because it was necessary to use a blue impression over a yellow.

The majority of early manufacturers in France were of German birth or descent. The man whose work is of greatest importance in its bearing on the trade was Christophe Phillipe Oberkampf. He was a naturalized Frenchman born at Wiessenbach, Bavaria, in 1738, and died at Jouy-en-Josas, near Versailles, in 1815.

Oberkampf, with a capital of only six hundred francs, obtained the right to open a factory in an abandoned building he had hired at Jouy. His models were the Persian and Indian cottons which had only the outline printed and the subject matter painted by hand. To print the colors he constructed machines and perfected processes invented by his father, by means of block and cylinder. He was mechanic, designer, printer, dyer, engraver as well as merchant. He was so successful that he sent agents to England and Germany and even to Persia and India to study the best processes, especially those of dyeing, which were known only to the East.

He soon surpassed all rivals and as the material became fashionable in France, he was honored by an edict of Louis XVI, in 1787, making his works of royal manufacture. He was obliged to close the works during the Revolutionary rule but later, in the Empire period, the industry flourished and reached its zenith. In 1809, he was awarded first prize in the first class of the decennial prizes instituted by imperial decree at Aix-la-Chapelle. In the year 1815, the invasion of France by her allies caused the destruction of the workshops of Oberkampf, and his own death in consequence.

In 1818 work was resumed at Jouy and an improved two-cylinder process adopted; but by this time the printed cotton and linen industry had spread throughout France and the former distinction of the '*Toiles de Jouy*' was lost in the multitude of cheaper productions. The age of machinery brought degradation to the art and from 1830 there was little of interest historically or artistically. With modern methods came the inartistic imitations of the Victorian Era. America is hardly to be considered in the early history of the industry, although today American fabricators are turning out reproductions of the old and some modern variations of which we can be justly proud. There are a few specimens of the early American cotton printing which will survive the tests of art and time, notably a wonderful old quilt in the Metropolitan Museum of New York.



Ups and downs of royalty. In upper section Charles I hides in tree from Cromwell's men. Below—Charles II and Henrietta are in their heyday.

The quality of the goods manufactured at Jouy was always excellent, the material being well dyed. Even in the 19th Century there was a rage for floral designs of small bouquets and disjointed sprigs on sanded backgrounds, as though the flowers had been plucked and cast upon the cloth. The Oberkampf factories supplied the best of these, and their furniture coverings and other fabrics for hangings were not less sought after. The Norman manufactures were patterned closely after Jouy and are difficult to distinguish in both quality and design.

The designs followed in great measure periods of the nation. In the time of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, the shepherd's crook and pipes were frequently used in decorative and ornamental designs. During the Napoleonic Era came the Egyptian period characterized by the Sphinx, the Pyramids, Isis and Osiris, and other Nile gods and goddesses with gaudily bedecked camels and military trappings; after the campaign in Italy classic scenes, views of ruins, temples, palaces and triumphal arches, formed the prevailing *motif*. Again after the Consulate and during the Empire, the Greek and Roman influence is shown in mythological depictions, historic episodes, medallions and cameos representing warriors and lawgivers. In the period of the Restoration under Louis XVIII and Charles X scenes from the fashionable romances of the period (Sir Walter Scott's among them), village weddings, pastoral scenes, ladies and their lovers, brigands and roisterers, figure profusely. Thus it is quite easy to fix approximately the date of a piece by the design. Furthermore, the methods of workmanship give *prima facie* evidence of the time of execution.

At first the stuffs which were rather coarse and loosely woven were printed by means of wooden blocks, some of which are still in existence. These blocks were handmade, and as a design was usually in four sections, four blocks with the outline were necessary, the design being then reproduced the requisite number of times. A length of cloth was stretched upon the table; a boy dipped the blocks in the dye tub and handed them to the printer who applied them at marked intervals on the cloth, striking the block with a wooden mallet to stamp the dye firmly into the threads of the material. At first only the outline was printed and the colors painted in by hand as in the imported specimens. As the dyestuffs were discovered, separate blocks were applied.

The first impression was styled *'moule,'* or mold. The second block was known as *'entrure,'* the entering color. When it became possible to use a third or fourth color, the blocking was called *'rentrure,'* or reentering of the mold. *'Piccotage,'* or purling, was invented as a novelty and greatly beautified the background. Brass wire points planted by means of a punch, as in the bristles of a brush, in interstices of the pattern and dipped in the ink or dye, produced the finely dotted or sanded background effect. In 1809, Oberkampf brought out a variation by executing the design in white on a colored background. In 1818, a process was invented whereby two cylinders acted simultaneously: one cylinder in relief stamped the *'entrure,'* and the other printed the *'moule,'* or outline.

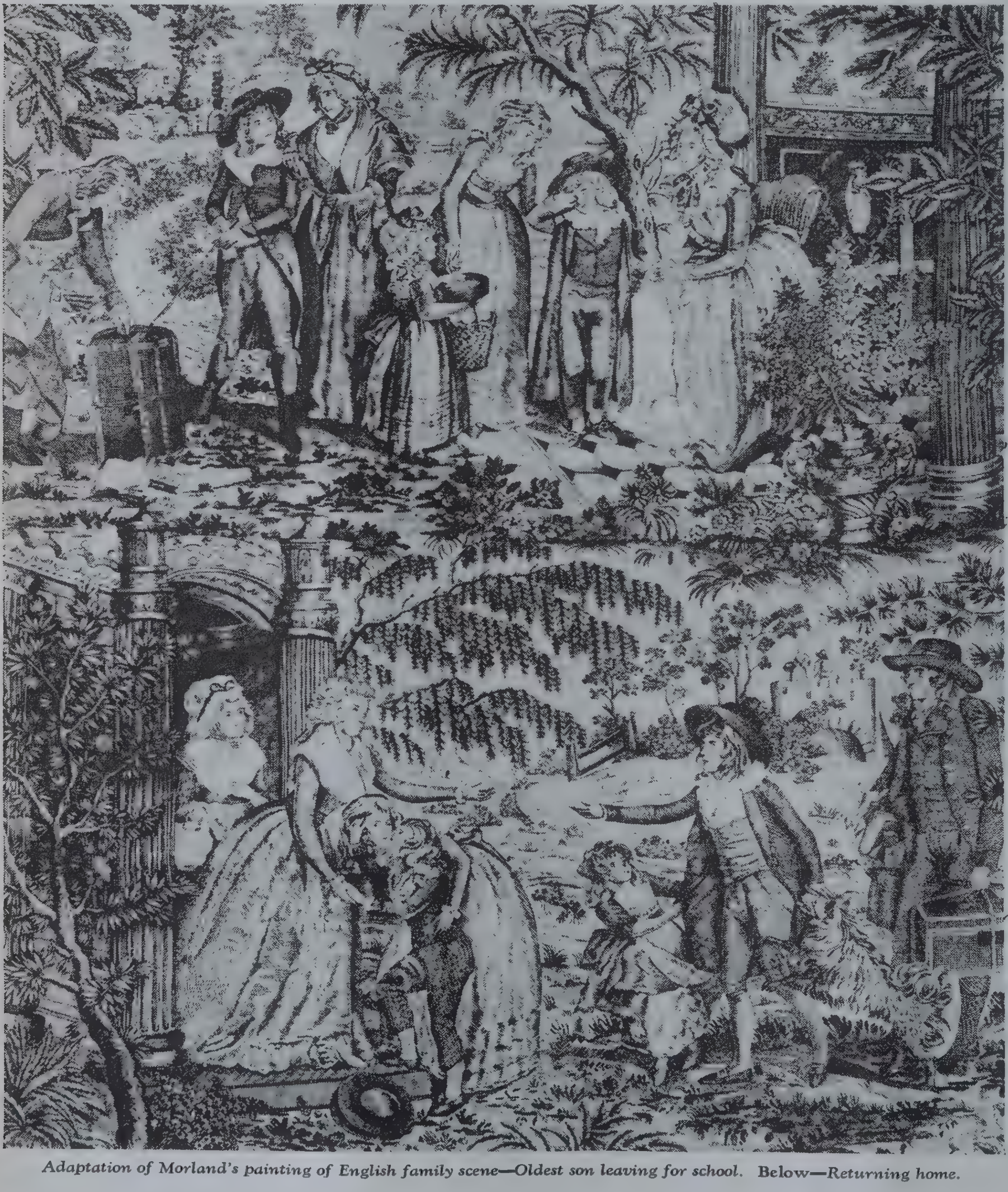
The early hand-blocked designs were crude in a measure, indistinct or blurred, and were used principally for hangings and curtains, the textiles being of a coarse, rough finish. During the last quarter of the 18th Century important strides were made toward better finished, finer materials and more delicately executed and artistic designs. The invention of the Englishman Arkwright made available home-produced calicoes of the fineness of the imported Indian cottons at much lower cost. Then the cylinder printing and the discoveries of new dyes, giving a more extensive range of colors with full rich tones, opened up a much broader market for the wares of the calico printer.

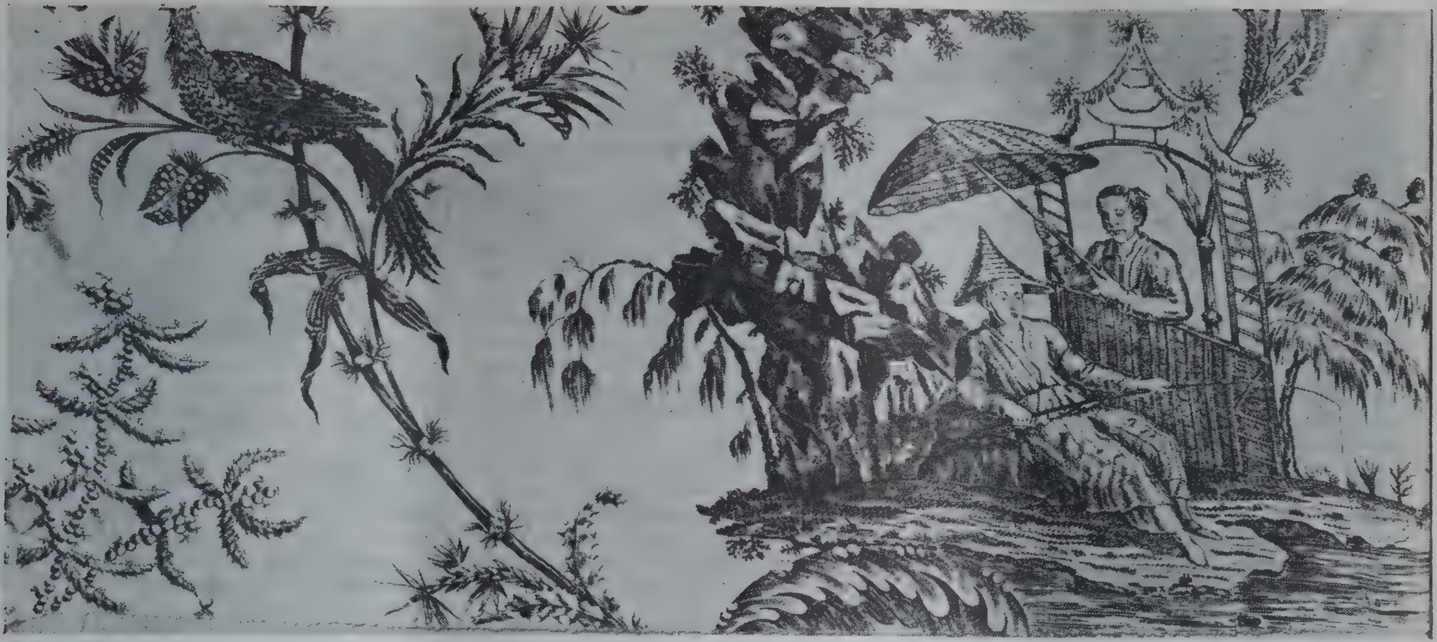
The heyday of prosperity came with the closing of the 18th Century and lasted through the first quarter of the 19th. At this time the vogue for printed cottons ranged all the way from palace draperies to cottage bed quilts and from the peasant woman's petticoat to milady's garden-party frock. As DeFoe, in his *Tour*, wrote of the century-earlier English vogue, 'they crept into our houses, our closets, and bed chambers, curtains, cushions, chairs and at last beds themselves, were nothing but Callicoes.' And in this, the early part of the 20th Century, we might easily subscribe to DeFoe's delightful exaggeration.

Fitting close to the chapter on the history of the French development of the printed textiles is perhaps a list of some of the more important pieces extant. From Jouy there came first *The Fables of LaFontaine*, after designs of J. B. Oudry. *The Village Festival* and *The Doves, The Occupations of the Manufacture, The Balloon Ascension*, in 1783, and *The Federation* in 1790, are among the earlier productions. Among the later designs taken from historical and literary subjects *The Four Quarters of the World, The Farm, Paul and Virginia* are best known.

The English fabricators copied largely from French designs so that it is difficult from the design itself to name the origin of any one piece. The texture is a better test because the French in their early efforts used the imported materials, which were finer, and when they began to manufacture their own textiles they used an admixture of linen and cotton. The French specimens are more rare as the period of production was shorter than in England, and it was never commercially developed in France.

One of the accompanying illustrations, the camels, answers the expert's test of actual French origin. It is of the Egyptian period in design. The richly caparisoned animals stand by a well in an oasis while the driver fills his water bottles for the next lap of the journey. The floral design surrounding this scene is in rich reds, blues, and purples, and it creates the floating island effect generally employed in scenic de-


Adaptation of Morland's painting of English family scene—Oldest son leaving for school. Below—Returning home.



From the golden age of English chintz printing—Chinese Chippendale. Perfection of art shown in grace of vine and pheasant.

signs. A faintly outlined pyramid gives a suggestion of perspective astonishingly real, showing that the designer was truly an artist.

In the ruins of ancient temples is an illustration of the Roman influence on French production.

What was France's loss, occasioned by the prohibitory laws affecting weavers and printers, proved to be England's gain. With the advent of William of Orange and Mary, French and Dutch refugees swarmed into the country bringing with them a superior craftsmanship. A goodly number were printers and silk weavers, who settled around London and quietly established themselves in their respective trades, the silk weavers at Spitalfields, and the calico printers at Richmond, Bow and Old Ford.

The competition of the imported Oriental 'chint' was an incentive which soon caused very close imitation and eventually Anglicization of even the name *chint*. At the end of the 17th Century the printed stuffs were dear in price; an old diary of 1690 records this: 'Gave thirty-three pounds ($165) for one parcel of Atlass, etc. I gave to dear wife,' and 'thirty eight pounds ($190) for one India quilt for bed.'

In 1631 the East India Company was allowed by royal proclamation to import among other things printed 'cakkucies,' under which heading were included several kinds of Indian cottons; these were used for the most part in the better class of work. The home-woven materials of this early period were like coarse canvas and were doubtless either destroyed by subsequent owners or covered up by a newer material; in some cases old horsehair-covered walnut chairs, apparently Victorian, have been found to reveal successive coverings. It is in this way that most of the very few surviving fragments of the earlier crude type have been preserved.

Not until the last quarter of the 18th Century were home-produced fabrics generally used. The new and improved processes of the mid-century printing brought the printed cottons into such high favor that the silk weavers, observing the effect upon their market, were forced to protest. This they did with increasing vigor.

This ill feeling vented itself in riots and street demonstrations. Weavers of silks and woolens marched to Westminster in a body, and asked for a ban on the production of chintzes. They tore the gowns from the backs of women on their return route. Eventually Parliament temporized and actually passed an act forbidding 'printed cottons' to be bought or sold, after first imposing heavy taxes. However, taxes were evaded and foreign stuffs were smuggled in and the act had to be repealed in a short time, when the trade again flourished.

The golden age of chintz printing by handwork was the decade corresponding with the Chippendale epoch in furniture; in fact it is the Chippendale influence which makes the printers' product of this period the golden age of art. The change from the Queen Anne design of intertwining spirals and delicate floral combinations is marked in the introduction of the Chinese atmosphere so prevalent in all art of that time.

THE exotic bird patterns are the finest of all, but the flowers and foliage, the vases and porcelains, all depict Oriental designs. Pinks, blues and grays and brilliant orange and reds are the predominating colors. This parallelism of furniture and textile art is borne out by the transition from the Chippendale through the Gothic or architectural school (the Spode plates bear the same quaint mixture of ruined churches and rococo floral ornamentation) to the Hepplewhite and Sheraton periods.

These latter designs are distinguished by vertical stripes within lace-like ribbands with the elimination of architectural detail and reversion to flowers as subject material. The cornflower and carnation, prunus flower and oak tree are suggestive of the Chinese influence, while the rose and bachelor's-button mark the trend away from the East to the more English taste in art. It may almost be said that this departure from old lines, due to the cheapening of the market and commercialism in general, put the seal on chintz printing as an art. Real craftsmanship has been defined as the work 'of one individual or a small group of workers who are so closely associated in the bonds of craftsmanship that the work may bear the impress of a definite personality.'

The canons governing this craft differ radically from those of other decorative textile works. The weaver of silks and woolens is confined to solid patterns which will appear in his transverse threads; but the printer of cloths is like a painter of pictures—he is fancy free and can stamp on his cotton the most delicately intricate and colorful subjects. This will be demonstrated by scrutinizing some of the accompanying illustrations.

In soft brown and white is the fine portraiture of King Charles II and Henrietta his Queen, in riding attire, with their roan and white steeds champing at the bit and pawing with impatient hoofs at the door. What relationship there is in dimension between the grand royalties and the tiny dogs on the carpeted ground has the writer guessing. It may have been necessary even then to create impressions of grandeur by false comparison—at any rate the distant equipage and mountain view bear out the theory that the artist knew whereof he painted, and quite probably he was rewarded for his loyalty in perversion. The upper portion presents the other side of the picture. King Charles I is hiding in the thick branches of the tree while Cromwell and his men with bloodhounds are tricked off the trail to the apparent amusement of the smiling monarch.

The technically exquisite portrayal of the English family scenes in the double-paneled picture is an adaptation from Morland's painting of the departure from home of the eldest offspring and his subsequent return from school, events which count in the life of an English family. The color scheme is red and white, indicating an early period.

The choice titbit of the lot is the Chinese Chippendale in rose, red and white. The fine shading of the scene and expressive pose of the figures is art *par excellence*. The beautiful pheasant poised gracefully on the slender curving branch of an exotic flowering vine is lacking his head—the fragment has been so denuded—but the effect of the whole is the embodiment of grace and typifies the best in the art of the printer of chintzes in the Chippendale period.

Where Hawthorne Wrote

(*Continued from page 5*)

sound advice in emergencies; my father, who found the racket inimical to composition, would climb up on the hilltop and follow his fancies to and fro on the path along its brow which his feet wore among the roots of the pines and the huckleberry bushes and sweet fern. When I revisited Concord twenty years after, traces of that path still remained. At other times he would stand, his hands behind him, contemplating the work going forward, thoughtful, a little amused, silent. Perhaps he remembered the old proverb, 'When the house is built, death enters in.'

He was only fifty-seven or fifty-eight years old; but age, in the last century, had a way of overtaking one betimes, and he died at fifty-nine. But when the carpenters at last withdrew and came no more—they painted the house all over a golden brown, first—and he could inhabit it in peace, he seemed content; he sat down by the wayside of life, to remove no more. It was his own place, as far as any on earth could ever be.

Hawthorne went up in his tower, with pens and paper, and stayed there three or four hours every day; and in the afternoons he would mount the hill, and from below we could catch glimpses of his figure pacing to and fro, in his old suit of dark clothes, with his soft felt hat on his head. The ascent to the hill was made by a circuitous route, slanting up the southern front under the laburnam trees, and round the bare forehead of the ridge, which sloped sharply down on the west to the Alcott's place below. We put up a bench there from which to see the sunsets; and there was another bench halfway along the path, underneath the great white pine tree; on both these my father and mother would often sit side by side, conversing and thinking of the past and the future; the children never invaded them there. Once in a while they would stroll down the path to the brook, beneath the Norway spruces.

Twice or thrice they walked down to the Emerson house, to sit in one of his weekly receptions, or farther to the town hall to hear him speak; and my mother would come to the school dances, to look on at the waltzes, polkas, quadrilles and mazurkas, and to smile at her children when they caught her eye. In 1862 Hawthorne journeyed to Washington, and sat for a while in the tall President's room at the White House, and was afterward conducted within hearing of the guns at the battle front. But he never willingly left his home, and it wasn't easy to get him to the Saturday Club, glad though he was to meet Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, and the rest. He was done with roaming; he had made his place, and there he would stay.

One summer, however, his wife prevailed upon him to go with his son to Mount Desert for a couple of months, perceiving that he needed the sight and sound of the ocean: it was virgin territory then. It was a pleasant time, but he was more than ready to return. During these years he was trying to give form to his Romance of Immortality; he could not satisfy himself, and finally he wrote the essays on England and the Continent, first printed in the *Atlantic*, and afterward gathered in the volume which he called *Our Old Home*.

I remember the evening when the title was chosen; we were all in the old dining room, after supper, and my sister had been playing some old English ballad music on our little cottage piano, brought from abroad. He was pacing meditatively to and fro in the little space, and proposed that we should suggest a name. We offered one after another, but he shook his head. Suddenly he stopped in his pacing, and said, 'Our Old Home!' with an intonation of finality. In an inward region of his mind he could not forget, or help loving, the ancient place from which his forefathers came; the root from which he sprang had been planted there a thousand years ago, and its essence lived in him still.

Village of Down

(*Continued from page 7*)

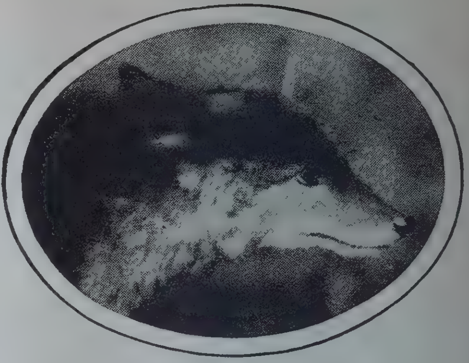
views is inclined to interpret this statement more justly than the world of fifty years ago. It may not agree with Darwin in many things, but it is more than ever inclined to agree with the man of Tarsus that faith without works is dead, and to admit that this 'tolerant, unaggressive agnostic who sympathized with and helped in the social and charitable influences of the English Church in his parish,' was not deficient in works.

In spite of the fact that he considered his day's work done at 12:15 and 'went out for a walk,' it is probable that it was on these walks round about the village of Down and across the heaths of Farnham that most of his work was done. He often refers to them in his writings. Was it not on a day in early autumn, when the air was fresh and soft after a scud of rain from the south, that in a walk across Farnham downs he learned the story of the Scotch firs? They were old friends of his; he had seen them there on the hilltops for years; but now some inclosures had been made, and there had begun to spring up all around the trees a great host of little firs.

'On looking closely between the stem of the heath,' he says, 'I found a multitude of seedlings and little trees which had been perpetually bowed down by the cattle. In one square yard I counted thirty-two little trees, and one of them, with twenty-six rings of growth, had, during many years, tried to raise its head, and failed. No wonder that, as soon as the land was inclosed, it became thickly clothed with young firs. Yet the heath was extremely barren . . . Here we see cattle absolutely determining the existence of Scotch firs.'

And so these walks of his were not idle. He would often come back from them 'very tired'—for the last forty years of his life was 'one long struggle against the weariness and the strain of ill-health'—but happy, and greatly refreshed with a store of new thoughts.

Time has abated the harshness of the storm which raged around Darwin and his theories. I know no better way to see it all in a just setting and a great calm than to pay a visit, say of a summer evening, to this little village of Down where Darwin lived.



A Cunning Thief

By E. R. GAMMAGE

There are thieves *and* thieves. Some of them are human and some are animal, but their various traits and characteristics compare strikingly. The term 'honor among thieves' is often heard; but the coyote corresponds to the other kind of thief that can boast no such quality and, like him, will do the most dastardly deeds under cover but is ready to cower and give up completely when caught, like the sneak that he really is.

The coyote is one of the smallest of carnivorous mammals, but to supplement this he is possessed of a great cunning which counts his size no great handicap. In fact, he is the most cunning of all thieves and is on the alert every moment. I have tried numerous times to secure some good still-life photographs of him on the prairie but because of his ever-watchful eye and his lightning speed I have never been successful in my attempts to get close enough to him for a good view.

I did, however, succeed in getting him at one time with a motion-picture camera; this was on the plains of Jackson County while the cowboys were endeavoring to catch him alive. I accomplished this feat with the aid of special lenses and a platform on a truck, which enabled me to photograph him at his speed of thirty miles an hour. Whether I shall ever secure him with a stationary camera is still a question.

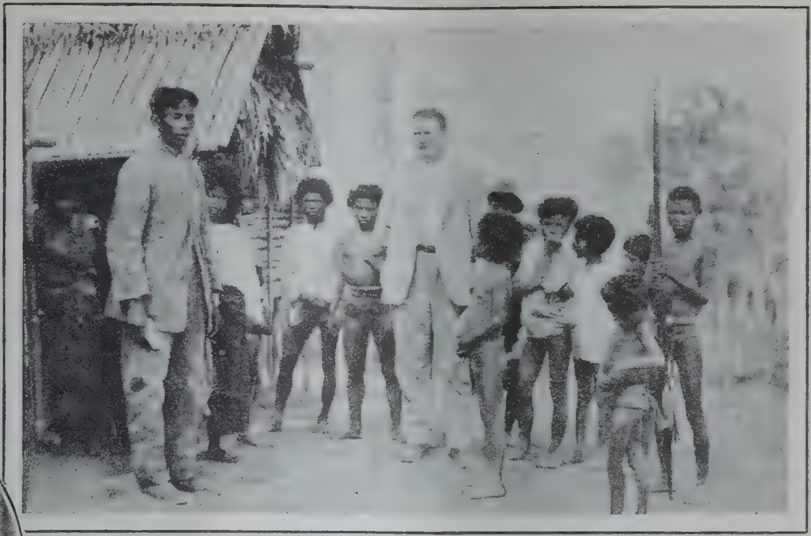
Our domesticated dog, as we all know, is a descendant of the wild wolf. The wolf is native to many countries and inhabits nearly all of Europe, Asia and North America. We do not, however, find him in Africa and South America. Fox and jackal, which are closely related to the wolf, are not found in the two last-named countries, either.

If a farmer is fortunate enough to catch him and to turn his fur into a garment of utility and beauty, the wolf is a friend, but if he must wage a fight against his thieving nature and his gluttonous appetite, he is an enemy of the worst kind, for he preys upon sheep, chickens, goats, small pigs and the young of all other animals. He will gather his fellows together in a pack and give chase to a man, some of the old Texans stating that he will actually attack.

In America, we have a common species of wolf which inhabits the territory extending from Greenland to Mexico. The varieties of this family include black, gray, red and timber wolves and the two varieties of coyote—the timber and the prairie coyotes.

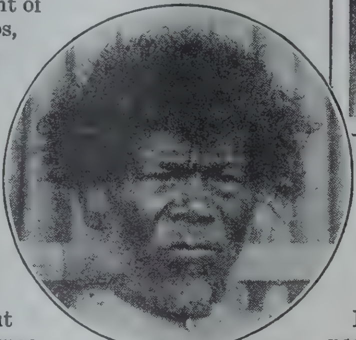
Head Hunters and Others

(*Continued from page 8*)



The stature of the majority of Negritos is less than five feet, as shown by this comparison with a white missionary.

First, it is a kind of game like our football. A gang of young Dyaks will challenge a neighboring village to a head-hunting contest. A time is set, 'officials' are appointed; and a period for the 'game' is allotted. The tribe that has the most heads at the end has won the game. This type of head-hunting has the element of sport about it with, perhaps, a type of finality about defeat that allows no argument and needs no umpire. When a player has 'lost his head' that is final. He is out of the game and from that time is merely a 'point'—part of the 'Score' in the reckoning.



Tribesman who aided the author.

Second, there is the element of courtship about head-hunting. A young Borneo Dyak who has fallen in love with a bonny brown-bodied belle would not think of proposing marriage if he had not a head or two to his credit. No boy is considered eligible or self-respecting, unless he has taken a head or two. Indeed, he is liable to lose his own head at the hands of his possible father-in-law, if he dare propose without having taken the preliminary step of getting one or two to indicate his manhood. In case the girl is spirited, she may demand that he produce half a dozen heads, or even a dozen, before she will marry him.

To be a 'go-getter' among the Dyaks in Borneo is something of a risk, for the fellow whose head you are after will try to get yours—and to get it *first!* He, too, may have proposed to a bonny Dyak belle!

THE third significance of head-hunting is a religious one—without doubt the most propelling of all motives. On harvest festival days, certain selected warriors are sent forth to get heads so that the gods of harvest and sun and rain may be propitiated. The heads are offered in sacrifice, which guarantees good crops for another year.

There is also an idea that every victim of a Dyak's sharp knife will be a personal servant in heaven for the victor, and this adds zest to head-hunting. It is impossible for the Dutch Government to stop it. A trained warrior with a long, sharp knife on a bamboo stick will cut off a head at a single stroke. The Dyak cuts the head off at the neck. It is art to leave the jaws intact and unbroken by the stroke.

Of a decidedly different savagery are the Ainu Indians of Japan, who are white people.

They are the original inhabitants of Japan and occupied the islands when present-day Japanese came swarming from the Malay Islands. All the mythology of the Japanese people centers around the bravery of the Japanese in driving out these white aborigines.

I was told that these Ainu Indians are a sterile race and can no longer reproduce; there are only a few thousand of them left and they will soon be one of the many vanished races. They have been driven to the upper end of the northern island, Hokkaido; and I was told that it would take a week to get there.

I arranged for the trip. The party consisted of fifteen, the largest party of white people that had ever visited that part of Japan.

We found the Ainus white and bearded, very unlike their conquerors, the brown and beardless Japanese. It was a revelation to me to discover a race of white men on the islands of Japan.

They live in grass huts, with a hole in the top to let out smoke; but owing to the fact that their huts are always full of smoke, a large percentage of them are blind, or partially blind. Their huts look much like our Indian tepees.

The bear is worshiped as their god. In nearly every village there was a live bear in a frail bamboo cage, against the day of sacrifice. Those old bears looked mighty restless in their frail cages and I wondered that some of them didn't lunge out and escape.

The Ainu will go up in the mountains and catch his bear. He will then bring him home and fatten him. Every day the Ainu prays to this bear. He prays that the strength of the bear, and its courage, may enter his own limbs and body and soul. He kills him gradually. First he cuts off the bear's leg, praying that the strength of that leg may enter his legs. Limb by limb the Ainu kills his god.

Of the wild tribes of the world, none interested me so much as the Negritos of the island of Luzon in the Philippines.

They are Negroes. They have thick lips, curly hair, wide cheek bones, and they look exactly like our American Negroes except that they are dwarfs. They are so small that two of their warriors could stand under my extended arms.

They live in tree tops like monkeys and eat honey and nuts, with wild fruits and coconuts in season. Now and then they kill animals with their huge bows and arrows.

They carry huge bololike knives, and look ferocious, but they are as harmless as children. This is because they have been underfed for so many centuries that they are small of stature and gentle of disposition.

They live in the mountains of Luzon about three hundred miles from Manila. I organized an expedition to visit them in their native haunts. The trip entailed a long train ride and a fifty-mile hike up the sides of a mountain through jungle trails on a hot tropical day when the thermometer registered 125 degrees all day long.

I could not eat. I could hardly breathe, it was so hot. But the rest of the party spread a lunch under the trees. As they ate, an old man, hideous and blotched with sores, approached and looked on.

'There is the most hideous human being I have ever seen. I have traveled in South America, in Africa, and all over the South Seas, and I have never seen a human being nearer an animal than that old beast,' said one of the newspapermen in the crowd.

I looked around and, sure enough, there beside me, squatting within reach, was a half-animal, covered with scars, dirty and ferocious looking. We all agreed that he was the most hideous human being we had ever seen. He was about seventy-five years old.

Suddenly the old fellow disappeared, and when he came back he carried in his arms a bundle of huge palm leaves. These he spread out on the ground in the shape of a bed and pointed to me. Seeing me ill he intended that I should lie down.

He disappeared again, and returned with a great bamboo tube of spring water. He came up to where I was lying, flipped the tube of crystal water from his shoulder, and filled a sort of a bamboo cup for me to drink.

As he smiled down on me I decided that he was not so ugly as I had thought.

After lunch was over one of the party took a sandwich and handed it to the old man. He looked at it with hungry eyes but did not eat it himself. He took it away and gave it to a mother with a child at her breast.

He came back and they gave him another sandwich. This one he gave to an old woman who was peeping timidly from the bushes.

They gave him a third sandwich. He took this to a hungry old man.

They gave him a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth, and he gave them around until every man, woman, and child of that crowd of starving Negritos had been fed. Then he partook himself.

And yet, only a few moments before, we Caucasians in our wisdom had decided that this ugly old man was the nearest to an animal of any human being that we had seen.

Two Villages in the Far North

(*Continued from page 3*)

mill outfit which the natives soon learned to operate. They cut lumber to build cottages for themselves and also for the teachers' residence, hospital, church and school. Eventually the village provided homes for some three hundred people.

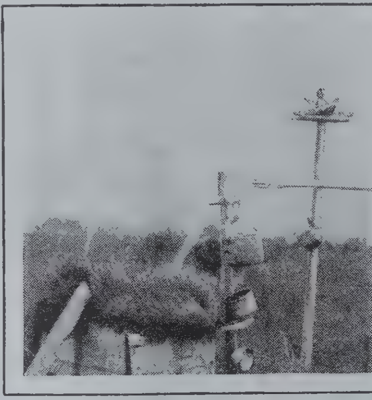
A small electric light plant was installed by means of which the natives were able to light their houses at an average cost of seventy-five cents a month.

No whites were allowed in the settlement aside from the teachers and the doctor and nurse at the hospital. The natives have organized their own coöperative store which acts as a clearing house for all the financial transactions of the community. The stock is owned entirely by Eskimos and a native manager is employed on salary. So far the store has shown a good profit each year, besides rendering to the people a service such as could not have been duplicated by white traders.

Caribou crossing the Yukon, seen from a steamer. Sometimes the animals migrate in such large numbers that the boat is compelled to tie up until they pass.

We had a botanist in our party and we spent the forenoon roaming through the woods gathering specimens. Alaska is a land of flowers. The subsoil is frozen perpetually to bedrock. It is covered by from a few inches to two or three feet of unfrozen soil which produces in the long summer days a vegetation as luxuriant as that generally associated with the tropics. We identified seventy different varieties of flowering plants in a forenoon, including primroses, bluebells, forget-me-nots, irises and wild roses.

The thermometer stood at seventy-six in the shade when we returned to the house at noon and a haze hung over the valley of the Kobuk such as may be seen on sultry July days in the so-called temperate zone.



An Eskimo grave.

There are reasons other than good management for the success of Noorvik. Most of the Eskimos in Alaska live along the coast where the land is open tundra. What wood they have drifts in from the sea and is never sufficient to heat large houses. Therefore their homes consist largely of holes burrowed into the sides of hills, roofed over with drift logs and sods. These are heated by lamps burning seal oil. For the sake of economy they are generally small and crowded. Noorvik, being in a timbered area, is well supplied with material for building substantial frame or log houses and with fuel to heat them. It is a good region for game; and on the tundra a few miles distant the natives run reindeer. Obviously a higher scale of living is possible here than along the coast.

We were able to see the contrast at the village of Napakiagamute, Hooper Bay, near one of the mouths of the Yukon River. Napakiagamute consists of about fifteen or twenty dugouts and is the home of some two hundred natives. The huts are about ten feet square at the base and slope upward to an opening about two feet square in the roof. Leading to the entrance proper is an alleyway of poles so low that one has almost to crawl on hands and knees.

On entering and becoming accustomed to the gloom, sleeping platforms are seen on two sides of the hut. In the center is a fireplace. All around on the rafters are hung dried fish. Other fish are piled in heaps in the corners.

Napakiagamute is well located for fish. There are three or four varieties of salmon. Their principal fish, however, is the needlefish, or nine-spined stickleback. It is about the size of an ordinary match, and abounds in the small tidal streams that run into the river channel from nearby sloughs.

The people of Napakiagamute are among the most primitive in Alaska. The region in which they live supplies plenty of food but they are not able to provide for themselves that degree of physical comfort which natives in most other parts of the country have attained. Nevertheless, they seem just as happy and contented.

It would be hard to find people happier and more care-free than Eskimos, no matter how poor they may appear to be to eyes accustomed to other ways of living. They are jolly and pleasant and greatly enjoy a joke.

The Yukon delta is one of the world's great breeding places for wild fowl. Last year H. B. Conover, an ornithologist from Chicago, spent some weeks there collecting bird specimens. Most Alaskan Eskimos have heard of Seattle. To them it represents all of the outside world. Therefore the people of Napakiagamute asked Conover if he had come from Seattle.

'No,' said Conover, 'I come from Chicago.'

'Chicago big village?' was their next question.

'Yes, be-eg village!' Conover replied with appropriate gestures.

'Chicago be-eg village like Seattle?'—doubtfully.

'Aw! Chicago five times as big as Seattle!' retorted Conover. And then they laughed. That was a good joke! To them (although they had never been there) no place could be bigger than Seattle. Even to suggest such a thing was the very essence of humor. And so they usually met Conover with the sally, 'Chicago be-eg village!' and then would roar with laughter.

Many of the Alaskan Eskimos are experts in basketry and ivory carving, some displaying very great artistic ability.

Much of the ivory used by the Eskimos in their carving is obtained from deposits left over from the feasts of thousands of years ago. It is the custom of inhabitants of the Bering Sea Islands to kill walruses, eat the blubber, and toss the gleaming white tusks in dumps outside their igloos. This has been going on for centuries all over the islands.

Ivory-hunting white men have created a demand for both new and old ivory with the result that these old kitchen middens are being prospected and worked for their valuable contents. Shafts are sunk on sites of almost forgotten camps and villages. The strikes are invariably rich. On one island alone they have dug out each year for four years thousands of dollars' worth of fossil ivory. These discoveries of the ivory mines have changed life for certain families of Eskimos. Instead of faring forth miles to sea, to spear their meat, they dig out the fossil ivory, sell it to the white trader and buy a greater variety of food.

This fossil ivory is almost as valuable as the new. Some carvers prefer to work with the age-old ivory. Many beautiful ornaments are made by the natives and some whites.

The Eskimos bury their dead in small wooden boxes placed on the surface of the ground with a few sods thrown above. Nearby on a pole are suspended the few personal belongings, and occasional carved figures to denote the prowess or virtues of the departed.

Napakiagamute is perhaps the muddiest place I have ever seen. The people go about bare to the thighs and must certainly remain wet most of the summer. Yet they do not appear to be aware of any particular discomfort. Like their fellow humans the world over they doubtless believe that where they live is the most favored spot in the world.

Voyage of the *Victoria*

(*Continued from page 15*)

Then royal curiosity had to be satisfied and there was a state reception of all the returned men, after Sebastian del Cano had been called to a prior conference to which he took, by royal command, 'two the most discreet and wisest.' After that an official was appointed, in the person of the Alcalde Leguisamo, whose work it was to examine closely Del Cano and Hernando Bustamente and Francisco Albo touching the affair at St. Julian.

As part result of that investigation, Alvaro de Mesquita was released from prison and a small pension awarded him. But the chief duty of the investigator was to clear up muddled reports, and to find out why there had been friction between the captains appointed by the king and Magellan; why Magellan had caused Mendoza to be killed by Espinosa, and whether Espinosa had been paid blood-money; why Quesada was executed; why Cartagena had been abandoned; why Magellan sailed such and such a course, and whether he had it in mind to deliver the ships to the command of his Portuguese friends. At the end, Sebastian del Cano was granted a special coat of arms in commemoration of his services, with the motto *Primus Circumdediste Me.* Also by royal order he was granted a pension of 500 gold ducats a year for life, though no provision was made for its payment and Del Cano got nothing but honor.

HE WAS a man of admirable qualities, loyal to his commander and never careless of the lives or happiness of those under him.

The cargo of the *Victoria* consisted of 26 tons of cloves, nutmegs, mace, cinnamon and sandalwood, no account being taken of the portion allowed the crews. All that went to Christopher de Haro who realized a sum equivalent to nearly $26,000; it will be remembered that the original cost of the fleet and fittings was in the neighborhood of $25,000.

As for the *Victoria* and her end, we have to go to Oveida, the historian, who became interested in the voyage when he met Del Cano at Court. He says, quaintly, 'that unique, that famous ship, the *Victoria* . . . the track she followed is the most wonderful thing and the greatest novelty that has ever been seen from the time God created the first man and ordered the world unto our own day. Neither has anything more notable in navigation ever been heard or described since the voyage of the patriarch Noah.'

And the little ship died fighting. As if despising dreams of a life of indolence after all that gallant boisterousness, she sailed on a voyage to the West Indies and returned. Then followed a voyage to Cuba in which she made her port in safety. But after that she disappeared when homeward bound, and with her all on board. We picture her running into heavy weather and a raging sea in mid-Atlantic, battling strongly the while with her ancient enemy, and then, weakened and overcome, settling to her well-earned repose.

(*The next and last installment of this series by Mr. Finger will appear in an early issue.*)

The Groom *Is* Frightened: *The* Bride Enjoys It

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

THE groom is frightened, the bride enjoys it, the mother cries, the father laughs louder than usual to cover his feelings, and the preacher is expectant! That about sums up the feelings of the participants at an average wedding.

And universally, bride, groom, witnesses, and preacher want it short.

'Cut out all the extra frills,' is the usual admonition from the nervous groom. 'I don't see how I'm going to pull through unless you trim it down a lot.'

The preliminary steps leading to a wedding in the parsonage or the church are interesting.

One day the telephone in the preacher's home or office rings and a nervous male voice says, 'Doctor, are you going to be at home next Saturday about six o'clock?'

'Yes, I'm expecting to.'

'Well, I've got a little job for you to perform at that time!'

He tries to make his voice sound as if the whole affair were a casual thing he happened to think of as he grabbed the phone; the truth of the matter is, it takes almost as much courage for the prospective groom to ask the minister to perform the ceremony as it does for him to propose.

When the average groom approaches a minister to request that he officiate at his wedding ceremony, he acts as if he were committing some heinous crime. He seems to feel ashamed to ask a minister to marry him to the lady of his choice.

Come to think of it, this young chap has a threefold session of important interviews about this time, and they all make him nervous: He must ask the girl; he must ask her father, and he must ask the preacher. If he is as nervous about the other two as he is about the minister, I often wonder how he gets through all of these interviews. It ought to be good training for a newspaperman.

Some of them do it by wire. I once received a wire which read like this:

'Doctor Stidger: Nell and I want to get married next Sunday afternoon; and, of course, we want you to do the dirty work. Will you help us out?'

I HAVE tried to analyze the nervousness of the prospective groom, but it is beyond me.

A hulk of a college football player who has plunged into a Yale line without a quiver will stand like a trembling child at his wedding ceremony. The preacher begins to worry how to carry him out if he faints.

I have married soldiers who won medals for bravery in France, but in the face of the ceremony they trembled like aspen leaves and perspired until they wilted their white collars. From the sighs of relief when it was all over, you would think they had been through purgatory.

'Why is it that a girl is always calm and self-possessed at her wedding and a man so nervous that he can hardly stand up?' I am often asked.

Getting married is always a glorious adventure for the bride. She has been dreaming of the event all her life. It is romance to her. Not so to the man. The marriage ceremony is a thing to be hurried through.

It is a means to an end. It is like a train taking him into the Yosemite. He doesn't enjoy the trip in, but he knows that when he gets there, it is going to be a little taste of Paradise. So he is willing to go through with the trip in order to arrive.

It is considered extremely important by the women present that the groom should kiss the bride immediately after the ceremony. The minute the parson gets through his final prayer, the groom is traditionally, among women folk, supposed to kiss the bride.

TO THE women this is vital. Sometimes the poor groom gets excited and forgets this important matter.

Then you can hear audible comments from the women all over the room at the parsonage or the church, 'He didn't kiss her!'

Then the women giggle or comment about this omission as if it were an ominous indication that the groom doesn't really love the bride after all.

'I don't think he cares much for her if he forgets to kiss her on their wedding day!' said one sharp-nosed female of the unmarried variety one day at a wedding that I performed.

The groom usually performs this kissing act perfunctorily. It is a public display of affection that is distasteful to the average man; he goes through with it, usually, because he has been warned against forgetting it by his bride.

She knows how the average woman looks upon this first married kiss; and she is not going to have her nervous groom forget that important moment and have all the women of the neighborhood saying, 'John forgot to kiss Elizabeth at the wedding!'

The bride answers the questions in a clear and unwavering voice, while the groom answers as if he is afraid somebody is going to arrest him for yelling. Frequently in his nervousness he answers at the wrong place; or, even more frequently, he does not answer at all until his bride or the preacher prompts him. The bride usually does it with a nudge.

Not one groom out of a hundred hears a word the preacher says, or knows what the preacher is talking about. It is a dim, hazy dream to him, but the bride enters into the spirit of every modulation of the preacher's voice and into the sacred meaning of every phrase in the beautiful ceremony.

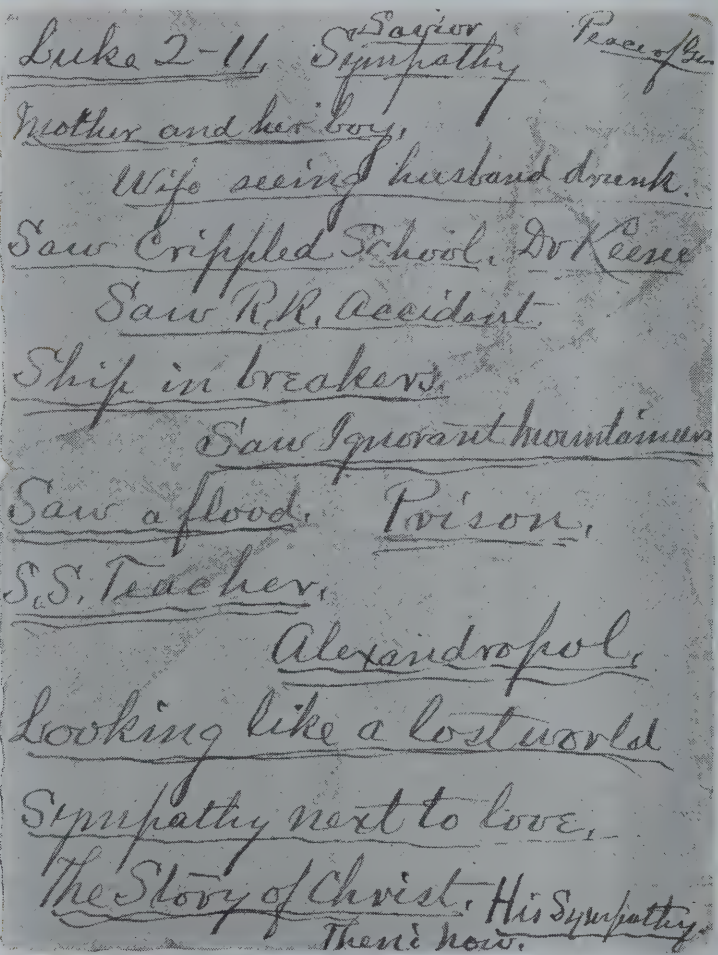
The one phrase that seems to get the heart of the bride more than any other in the entire ceremony is, 'Until death us do part.' I have seen many a beautiful young bride express a sudden and deep emotion when the preacher came to that part of the ceremony by a new light in her eyes or a pressure of her groom's hand.

Making EDUCATION a SERVICE

By WILLIAM A. McGARRY

A STOCK challenge to ministers of all creeds and faiths throughout the history of religion has been the failure of the church to reduce the power of prayer to an economic basis. Even where there is no intent to be cynical or to commercialize things of the spirit, men of literal minds have argued that if prayer has any power there must be a law to govern it. Since no such law is discernible to the majority of human beings, churchmen are taunted with the assertion that prayer is without response and that any apparent answer is merely a coincidence.

If the late Reverend Dr. Russell H. Conwell had not been so occupied with what he regarded as more fruitful fields it is possible that he might have shed a great deal of light on this question. Dr. Conwell, who was inclined to understate in order to avoid the charge of exaggeration, nevertheless went far beyond the ordinary claim for the value of prayer. Repeatedly he asserted that economic benefits had been gained by his congregation at Grace Baptist Temple, in Philadelphia, through the power of united prayer. While he did not lay claim to the discovery of a law, he did insist on the existence of a cumulative return in material as well as spiritual benefits, which he believed was measured only by the faith of his flock.



Luke 2-11, Savior Sympathy Peace of G

Mother and her boy,

Wife seeing husband drunk.

Saw Crippled School. Dr Keene

Saw R.R. Accident.

Ship in breakers.

Saw Ignorant mountainee

Saw a flood. Poison,

S.S. Teacher,

Alexandropol,

Looking like a lost world

Sympathy next to love,

The Story of Christ. His Sympathy

Then & now.

One of the rare sermon notes of Dr. Conwell.

More specifically, it was stated by Dr. Conwell on many occasions that the physical health and material well-being of his congregation had increased out of all proportion to the general national averages, as a consequence of what might be termed coöperative prayer. To the best of my knowledge he never made a detailed record to prove this statement, and he was far too wise a man to place undue emphasis on individual cases. Occasionally, however, he did refer to individuals without revealing identities, and anyone acquainted with the business and professional life of Philadelphia could check the general statement for himself.

The congregation to which Dr. Conwell ministered was one of the largest of the denomination in the country, with a membership of about three thousand. His church was located in the heart of one of the older residential districts of the city. This district included some of the two-story workmen's homes for which Philadelphia is noted, and also many larger dwellings of the type generally occupied by prosperous small merchants. The mansions of North Broad Street, however, had disappeared. Some large dwellings had been turned into boarding houses. It was still a substantial neighborhood, but not a wealthy one, and it is probable that a real estate expert would have said it had lost much of its residential character in the last fifteen years of Dr. Conwell's life.

Yet there is no doubt that the average wealth of Dr. Conwell's followers was considerably greater than the average of like sections, even though it was lowered by the large number of poor to whom he ministered. In other words, while the general aspect of the section indicated a falling off, actually there was an increase. This was illustrated in one way by the fact that virtually every board or commission in the city of a philanthropic nature contained members of his congregation. Conwell men were to be found on public and semipublic committees—there was always at least one on the board of education. They were in organizations depending for their guidance on men of wealth with time to spare and a real interest in civic matters.

Two other points of evidence were the unusually large number of young men in the congregation who had made outstanding business progress, and the large proportion of very wealthy men who remained in the neighborhood after others in their class had gone in for vast country estates. One of these men was quoted once as saying, when asked why he did not move into the country and begin to rest a little, that 'Conwell won't give me time to move.' He was only partly serious, of course, because the secret of Dr. Conwell's ability to get so much help was that he never tried to compel it. His aids were always volunteers.

I have outlined the extent of the social service contributed to the whole city by Conwell men because it throws a great deal of light on the spirit animating the members of the congregation in their dealings with one another. And without attempting to analyze the supernatural, I say tha spirit was and is an integral part of the mechanism through which, in Dr. Conwell's opinion, the power of coöperative prayer made itself manifest. As he saw it, his followers prospered spiritually, physically and materially because they had placed themselves in position to prosper, developing by prayer a mental attitude of peace and charity that eliminated minor vexations and left the mind free for important decisions.

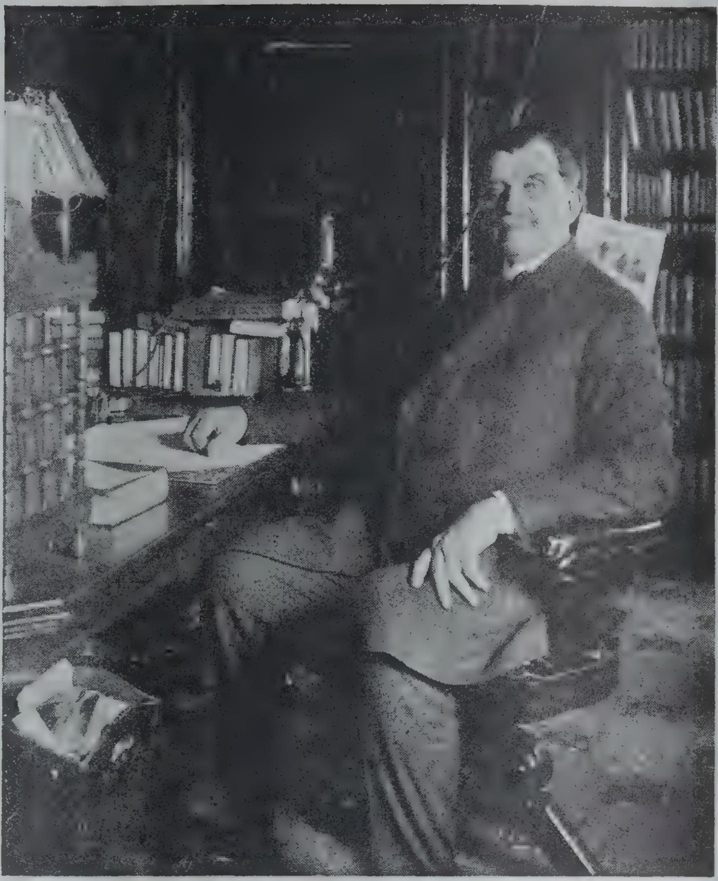
During one of my interviews with Dr. Conwell some years ago I commented on the preponderance of men from his congregation in the philanthropic organizations of the city. 'That is our surplus of good will,' he said. 'It helps to explain why my people are so happy and content. If only we could make the world realize that friendliness is a tangible thing, carrying its influence far beyond the limits of direct contact, we could eliminate a great deal of human misery. So many of our troubles are of our own making.'

The same idea was expressed in several of his public utterances. In common with many other men of great personal influence, Dr. Conwell had a marked touch of the mystic in his make-up. He believed in many things—apart from the realm of the supernatural—for which he was unable or unwilling to furnish an explanation. One of these beliefs was that every man is swayed to some extent by the things other men are thinking—the unspoken things. Again and again he referred to the unseen but potent force of cumulative thought, and undoubtedly he saw this as another part of the mechanism through which the response to prayer functioned.

But Dr. Conwell was not limited to explanations that had to be taken on faith. The Reverend Dr. William Dyre McCurdy, who was Dr. Conwell's assistant from 1917 until the latter's death a short time ago, believes that many of the economic benefits claimed for prayer by Dr. Conwell could be traced through forces within the range of human understanding, and traced so that anyone could follow them.

'The congregation of the temple under Dr. Conwell became a sort of coöperative organization,' he says. 'When Dr. Conwell said that prayer yielded material as well as spiritual returns he had this in mind. Not only that, but he referred to it frequently. From time to time, and particularly during periods of business stress and unemployment, it was his custom to ask from the pulpit for the names of men and women in need of work. He would tell them that no one need go without employment or any of the necessities of life when a thousand fellow members of the congregation were willing to help him.

'Some of this mutual help came under the attention of Dr. Conwell and myself, but by far the greater part of it was without our knowledge of the specific details. Dr. Conwell was a very friendly man, and he had so thoroughly established the spirit of friendliness in the congregation that every service at temple was followed by at least an hour of social intercourse. I doubt if any other congregation of equal size could boast as many personal friendships. Naturally Dr. Conwell contended that much of this spirit was due to the unity established in prayer, which engendered a spirit of friendship. This in turn led to a mutual helpfulness that could not but be reflected in the fortunes of the members.'



Dr. Russell H. Conwell in his study.

Still another influence in the material well-being of the congregation was Dr. Conwell's own advice in personal and business matters. It was not generally known, but, according to Dr. McCurdy, it is a fact that many of the most successful business men in the congregation never made an important decision without consulting the famous preacher. Far from being annoyed by this, Dr. Conwell took a keen delight in it, and the harder the problem presented to him the greater he enjoyed helping to find the solution.

'His acumen in business matters was universally recognized,' Dr. McCurdy points out. 'Without a sound business training he could not have built the great university and three hospitals, in addition to his private charities. As a rule his advice was based in sound economic reasoning. But there were times, particularly when he was giving advice to young men, when Dr. Conwell assumed the rôle of prophet with results that often seemed uncanny. One case in point is that of a man who is now the owner of several prosperous stores. Shortly after I joined Dr. Conwell he came in one day seeking advice. He had just been graduated from Temple University and had taken a position.

'I remember watching Conwell as he sat in his characteristic attitude, eyes closed, massive head nodding, listening to the boy's story. When it was ended there was a moment of silence. Dr. Conwell seemed to be waiting for more. Finally he turned with an impatient gesture of his hand and asked,

' "When will you own the business?"

'The youth almost fainted. But when he suggested that his ambition had not gone so far Dr. Conwell became all action. He told the boy how to go about getting control of the business, where to borrow money after he had saved as much as possible, how to expand it later.

'Of course it is easy enough to look back over the record made since by this young man, and to say that it was a perfectly logical and natural development. The original proprietor wanted to sell out after a short time, but there was nothing at the time to indicate this. So it was with the other steps that became easy to see as the time arrived for them to be taken. Conwell saw them all in advance.

'Another man is now one of the leading textile manufacturers of Philadelphia, and his progress was foretold step by step. If Dr. Conwell had been interested in self-advertising he could have reeled off hundreds of names of men he had helped—men who were willing to testify to the value of his advice in business matters. But even when some of them sought to make these facts public he checked them.'

It was not only a lack of interest in the limelight for himself that influenced Dr. Conwell in this course. Few men even in public life have had a more profound understanding of how the public will react to new things. Dr. Conwell knew that the slightest taint of commercialism has ruined many movements for good, and he avoided it scrupulously. This does not mean, of course, that he was not a supporter of commerce. Some time before his death he made the following statement relative to business education:

'The best education is an education in the most useful things of life. The most useful education is the one most useful to humanity, and consequently the most profitable to the individual. The greatest number of human beings in a civilized community are engaged in business, either manufacturing or commerce of some kind. Therefore, the highest honors of a university should be given to the man whose education has made him the most useful in business. Without business, civilization would cease, as business is necessary to the support of every phase of modern life.'

In this connection Dr. McCurdy recalls that as early as 1900 or thereabout Dr. Conwell predicted that the next war would be fought in the air and under the sea. In the same lecture he prophesied wireless, and about the time radio began to develop in a national way he said the time would come when people in their homes could see a play in a distant theater.

He would analyze the discoveries to show that all scientific progress is merely the product of skill and patience. The wonders of science seemed to him relatively simple things in comparison with the wonders of prayer. He believed it was far more important to influence the hearts of men than their minds.

An interesting side light on the capacity of Dr. Conwell's mind is furnished by Dr. McCurdy. 'I was puzzled for some months after I joined him,' he said, 'in trying to determine when he prepared his sermons. It is true that his talk was extemporaneous, but even so some preliminary thought was necessary. When I put the question to him he told me at first he didn't know. Later, after some thought, he said he prepared new sermons while lecturing on *Acres of Diamonds*.

' "Every once in a while," he told me, "I get *Acres of Diamonds* going unusually well. I then forget all about it and prepare my sermons. The lecture becomes automatic." '

Dr. Conwell never carried more than a single page of notepaper with him to the pulpit.

Early American Schools

(*Continued from page 9*)

every township in this jurisdiction, after the Lord hath increased them to the number of fifty householders, shall then forthwith appoint one within their town to teach all such children as shall resort to him to write and read, whose wages shall be paid either by the parents or masters of such children, or by the inhabitants in general, by way of supply, as the major part of them that order the prudentials of the town shall appoint; provided, those that send their children be not oppressed by paying much more than they can have them taught for in other towns; and it is further ordered that, where any town shall increase to the number of one hundred families or householders they shall set up a grammar school, the master thereof being able to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the university . . .' Even as early as 1642 an act was passed requiring that children and apprentices be taught to read and also that the same be brought up to learn 'some honest, lawful calling, labor, or employment, either in husbandry, or some other trade, profitable for themselves and the commonwealth, if they will not or cannot train them up in learning to fit them for higher employments.'

In these ordinances may be recognized some of the fundamental principles of the American public schools, 'the corner-stone of the American nation.' No institution more truly represents the free spirit of America today than the public school, the high school and the state university. No greater tribute has been paid to any educational system than is being paid today to the American schools by European nations, which are revising and changing their systems to make them like our schools.

THE Boston Latin School continues today in active operation, having been known during many years as the Grammar School or the Latin Grammar School. In those good old days to go to school meant to learn Latin; anything else was largely accidental. Even arithmetic was considered in the category in which are music and dancing in modern education. Arithmetic was largely taught by separate teachers, reckoning masters, who served also as town clerks.

The curriculum of the Boston Latin School in 1789 included:

First year: *Cheever's Accidence; Colloquies of Corderius* in Latin and English; *Aesop's Fables*, same; *Ward's Latin Grammar; Eutropius.*

Second year: *Clarke's Introduction* (to Latin); *Ward's Latin Grammar; Eutropius,* continued; *Selectae e Veteri Testamento Historiae*, or, *Castilio's Dialogues.*

Third year: *Caesar; Tully; Ovid; Vergil; Greek Grammar* . . .

Fourth year: *Vergil; Tully; Greek Testament; Horace; Homer* . . .

All Latin and Greek!

Today it is believed that knowledge of science, of nature and of art, as well as Latin and Greek, contributes to a real education. This change in the curriculum is the logical outcome of the program which began in the schools of Massachusetts and New Amsterdam three hundred years ago where all the children of all the people were given the opportunity for education.

Bedford *and* John Bunyan

By PAUL TYNER

—Photos by Burton Holmes from Ewing Galloway.

Rural English cottages on a road near Bedford.

Left—Bridge over the Great Ouse River in Bedford.

THE city of Bedford, an hour's run from London, enshrines the memory of John Bunyan who while imprisoned for his faith gave to the English-speaking world from the dire environment of a common jail the deathless allegory of *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

Local appreciation of Bunyan in Bedford is hardly less keen than that of Shakespeare in Stratford on Avon. Of many memorials, perhaps the statue of John Bunyan in St. Peter's Green is the most outstanding.

A few miles outside of Bedford is the hamlet of Elstow in which is the cottage in which Bunyan was born and the 'Moot Hall' in which he danced as a youth before taking up the trade of a traveling tinker. The hall is evidently a remodeled old Elizabethan 'Tithing Barn' and, as is the case with such spacious and substantially built structures in many parts of the country, had been adapted to the uses of a community meeting place. Both buildings are carefully preserved and present undoubtedly very much the same appearance as in Bunyan's own day. The cottage reminds one a bit of the Burns birthplace at Ayr. It contains numerous portraits of Bunyan with copies of his books and several manuscripts while the furniture consists of close replicas of the original furnishing of the cottage.

The Methodists of Bedford recall with pride the frequent visits to the town of John Wesley and point to the local Wesleyan congregations as evidence of the response of Bedfordites to his earnest and ardent exhortations.

St. Paul's Church—whose lofty spire is a striking landmark from the Embankment—adds picturesqueness to the view with its pretty churchyard. Within is the pulpit of white stone in the Lady Chapel, from which Wesley's famous 'Assize Sermon' was delivered in 1758.

Archeologically speaking, probably St. Peter's Church near the Embankment is the most important edifice in Bedford. This is the church which gives its name to St. Peter's Green of which the center is occupied by the Bunyan statue. One sees at a glance that the church is of very ancient date. Traces of the big fire that marked the attack of the Danes on the town in 1010 are still perceptible.

Old-time workmanship may be studied in the fine Saxon doorway, in the belfry, and in a fine Norman porch on the south side of the building. Here is found a beautiful window erected by his fellow townsmen to the memory of that prince of war correspondents, the valorous Captain Frederick Burnaby of *A Ride of Khiva* fame. He was killed, it will be remembered, while fighting against the Arabs at Abu-Klea on January 17, 1885. Although a brave soldier and a brilliant pen-picturer of battles, Burnaby was no militarist and his friends have recognized the fact in the inscription beneath this window: 'They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Question. Will you please give me a list of the presidents of the United States?

Answer. George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, James Knox Polk, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Ulysses Simpson Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur, Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, Grover Cleveland, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Warren Gamaliel Harding, Calvin Coolidge.

* * *

Q. How many Negro soldiers were enlisted in the Union Army in the Civil War?

A. President Lincoln stated in his message on December 8, 1863, that there were a hundred and fifty thousand colored men in the Government service, fifty thousand of whom had borne arms in battle. The inscription upon the back of the frame of the tablet of the monument on Boston Common by Augustus St. Gaudens to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw and his Negro soldiers states: 'One hundred eighty thousand such Americans (of African descent) enlisted under the Union flag in 1863-1865.'

* * *

Q. I should like to get some information on the battleship Wolverine.

A. The U. S. S. *Wolverine* has been in the naval force of the United States on the Great Lakes since 1844. It was originally named the *Michigan* and bore that name from 1844 to 1905. It was the first iron vessel built for the Navy, and the fifth steam-propelled man-of-war. For fifty years the vessel was the most powerful fighting unit on the Great Lakes. At the time of the commissioning of the *Wolverine,* protests were frequently made by the British Government to the effect that the ship's armament violated the Rush-Bagot Treaty of 1817. This matter was the cause of contention intermittently for many years between the two countries. The boat served to protect the lake borders from attempted raids and from transportation of arms from Canada by Confederate agents during the Civil War. She also guarded Johnson's Island in Lake Erie where a large number of Confederate prisoners were held. The gunboat is now in the possession of the City of Erie, Pennsylvania, which city offered to take care of the ship after the Navy Department had announced its intention of junking it together with three other ships of like class.

* * *

Q. Do army titles carry any salary when conferred upon a person not in active continued service? For instance, does Colonel Lindbergh draw a salary?

A. Commissioned officers on the retired list of the Regular Army receive retired pay by due process of law. A federally recognized officer of the National Guard not in the Federal service receives drill pay for attendance at drills and, if in command of an organization, a certain extra allowance for administrative purposes. When called for active duty for a fifteen-day training period, he receives training pay. If a National Guard officer is called into the Federal service he receives pay and allowances exactly the same as does a Regular Army officer. A reserve officer draws no pay nor allowance except while on active duty. In the case of Colonel Lindbergh, he would receive no pay in his capacity as a reserve officer, except when called to active duty. While he is commissioned in the National Guard of the State of Missouri, his commission as such has not yet been federally recognized, there being no vacancy for him in that grade. Therefore, he would receive no pay as a National Guard officer.

* * *

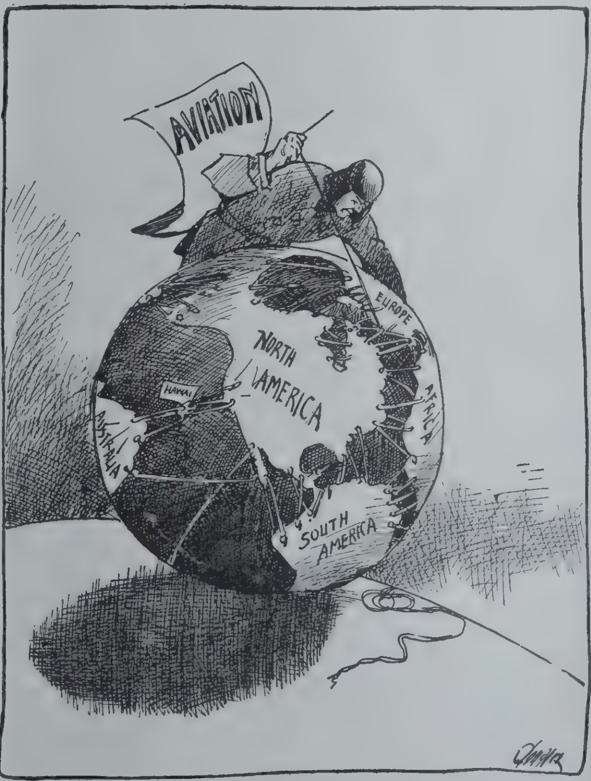
Q. Who were some of the first owners of the land on which the White House stands?

A. The White House grounds were owned by two different parties. The north half, by Samuel Davidson, and the south half, by David Burns. The dividing line would now run directly through the White House.

* * *

Q. During the World War what religious sects in the United States were exempt from active warfare under the Selective Service Act?

A. The Selective Service Act provided that members in a well-recognized religious sect on May 18, 1917, whose creed forbade participation in war in any form, would be required to serve only in a capacity declared by the president to be noncombatant. Under the classification system, therefore, registrants claiming relief from noncombatant service under this provision were not placed in a deferred class on this claim alone, but were classified, their classification entering into the records like that of other registrants; but for the purpose of designating them their names were accompanied in all records by the insertion of a cipher. The administration of this regulation was left to the decision of the local boards; that is, no list was prepared of religious denominations recognized as existing on May 18, 1917, and professing a creed opposed to war in any form. No report has ever been required of the boards showing the creeds thus recognized. However, from materials gathered in the Census Bureau it appears that the principal creeds professing such a tenet are these: Brethren in Christ; The Yorker, or Old Order Brethren; United Zion's Children; Christadelphians; Amana Society; Churches of Christ; Church of the Brethren (Conservative Dunkers); Old Order German Baptist Brethren; Brethren Church (Progressive Dunkers); German Seventh Day Baptists; Church of God (New Dunkers); Friends; Mennonites. From a comparison of the total number of claims made for noncombatant classification with the estimated total number of registrants from the above creeds, it appears that the entire body of registrant creed members availed themselves of this privilege. Under a presidential regulation the following military service was declared to be noncombatant: Service in the Medical Corps wherever performed; any engineer service or any service in the Quartermaster Corps in the United States; and certain specified services in the two last-mentioned divisions in the rear of the zone of operations. Under this regulation persons ordered to report for military service who had been granted noncombatant status were assigned to noncombatant military service 'to the extent that such persons are able to accept service as aforesaid without violation of the religious or other conscientious scruples by them in good faith entertained.'



—Donahey, *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

PULLING THEM TOGETHER.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'I used to drive a car along a road in Luzon,' said the **Major,** who had just been transferred. 'I was a sergeant then. At a certain place a big half-tame carabao used to step out into the road and dispute my pathway. I knew enough not to argue with him. I always took a detour through a field. I hated to give in to the old rascal, but he had a spread of horns of about eight feet which were like young oak trees. I knew what he could do to my car if I angered him. He would just naturally take it on his horns, me with it, and toss us into a field. So I drove around.

'One day the old car wouldn't work and my captain ordered me to use a big truck. It was a three-ton truck, loaded to the full. When I got to the familiar spot where I met Mr. Carabao every day, he was right on the job with head lowered.

'I drove up to him slowly. He turned, still with head lowered threateningly. Suddenly I shot on all the gas I had, picked that carabao up, carried him about fifty feet, and then stopped the truck. He dropped off the fenders, took one look behind him and started to run. I tooted the horn and he cut through a fence without stopping. He never disputed my way again. In fact I never saw him again.

'All of which shows that even a carabao may form habits that will become dangerous if not carefully watched.'

* * *

'The Peace Palace at The Hague is most interesting,' said the **Diplomat.** 'One recognizes the shrine when afar off. It stands in the suburb of a quaint old town, with barge-bearing canals, peaked Renaissance roofs and red-brick dwellings, all painstakingly true to type. The great building stands well back from the road in the midst of a twenty-acre plot with a lodge at the heavy iron gates and sweeping driveways leading to the door.

'The grounds are elaborately landscape-gardened with sunken rose plots and beautifully ornamented ponds reflecting Greek pagodas, Roman vases and formal shrubs breaking into native woods in the back.

'The building itself is not what one expects. In the first place, it belongs exclusively to none of the established types. It is Roman inside and out in its low, round, heavy arches. Its roof and façades are Renaissance with many a borrowing from those old buildings in The Hague that date back three hundred years. Yet it goes still farther afield and imposes on these its two towers that are distinctly Byzantine. Thus a strange and somewhat incongruous effect is produced on the observer, an effect that is likely to be a bit disquieting.

'Andrew Carnegie, whose experience in public buildings cannot be said to have been inconsiderable, gave this building as a homing place for the dove of peace. He accepted the competitive plans of L. M. Cordonnier, a French architect, with whom he later associated J. A. G. Van der Steur, a Netherlands architect, and the Peace Palace resulted. Americans who are familiar with the Pan-American Building in Washington, probably the most satisfying public building in America, are likely to feel that European artists have here not done so well. Yet from the ends of the earth men and women of many nationalities come here and gaze.'

* * *

'Some day some one will write the romance of our western commerce,' said the **Ship Captain.** 'Even in these latter days there is abundant material. Take, for instance, the pioneer days of California.

'Older than the Golden State to which its steamer brought news of statehood, the Pacific Mail has flown its flag on the seven seas since April 12, 1848. Its first vessel, the side-wheel steamer *California*, carrying masts and sails in case the engines should fail, cleared from New York for San Francisco on October 6, 1848.

'Two years later the *Oregon* steamed through the wide-thrown portals of the Golden Gate on October 18, 1850, bearing the news that California had been admitted to the Union. With flags flying and masts decorated with bunting, the *Oregon* was received by a city which suspended all business for a holiday that lasted nearly a week. It is recorded that as a flag was being raised in the plaza a knot caught the halyards at the top of the pole, and that two hundred dollars in gold dust was raised in three minutes to pay a sailor to climb the pole and free the flag!

'These ships were equipped with side-wheels and paddle wheels; yet one of them, the steamer *Colorado*, clearing from San Francisco, crossed the Pacific Ocean. The steamer *California*, mentioned above as one of the first to pass through the Strait of Magellan, had accommodations for only a hundred passengers, but she carried four hundred gold seekers some of whom paid as much as a thousand dollars for mere sleeping and standing space on deck, bringing their own food and bedding.

'Sometimes a steamer would bring as many as fifty thousand letters, a holiday being declared in Monterey and San Francisco whenever one of these ships came into either port. When the *California* reached Monterey, she ran short of coal, and was fueled with wood, for the cutting and loading of which the captain paid soldiers, civilians and sailors ten dollars a day.

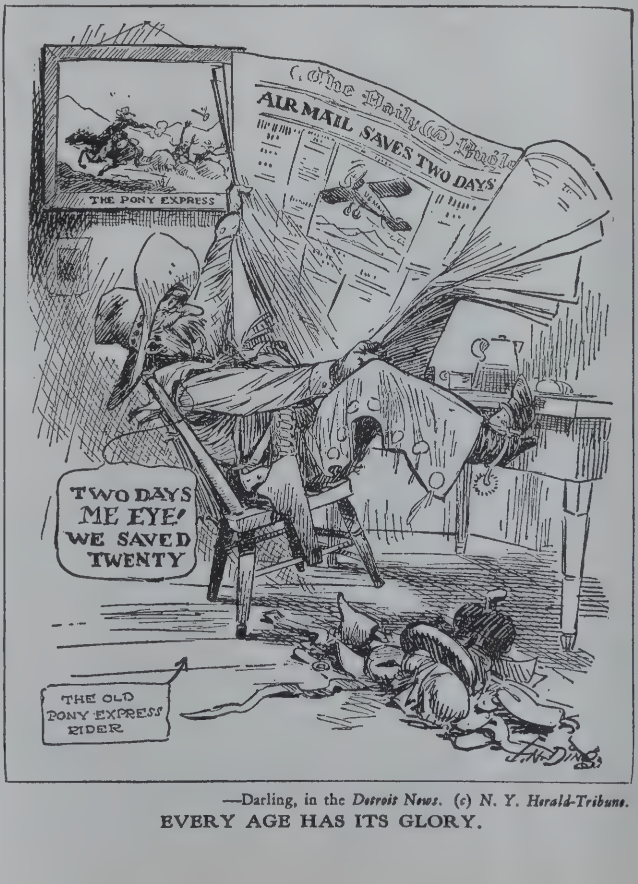
'When the steamer arrived on "letter days," men stood in lines hundreds of yards long, and paid five to twenty dollars each in gold dust for places in those lines, so that they might receive their much-traveled letters from loved ones at home.'

* * *

'I have no hesitancy in saying that the improvement of general conditions under prohibition is marked in any community,' said the **Man from a Southern City.** 'Even with the handicap under which Government agents are working, I have every confidence in the final result. Numbers of people thought they were going to die immediately when they got to a place where they could get no more whisky. It will take that class of people some time to make up their minds that they will have to do without it, but I think that enforcement is getting better and more complete day by day.

'Many of those opposed to the enforcement of this law suggest that it be modified to permit the manufacture and sale of wines and beer. While there is no danger of that modification being made by Congress at any time in the near future, it appears that if the American people wish to abandon the hope of prohibition in effect and retain only the name, with an expensive organization, the manufacture and sale of beer and wine would be a successful way to do it. There would be a dozen grogshops in every block, and most of them would be used as a subterfuge for places to sell every alcoholic beverage the mind of man could devise. The effect of real prohibition in diverting the funds of the poorer classes from the purchase of liquors to supplying the home with necessities would be defeated.

'Those who now connive to belittle the enforcement of this law may think they are advancing their cause, but, as a matter of fact, they are holding conditions at a point which presents America to the world as a nation of people who are not willing to abide by the mandates of their own self-chosen government.'

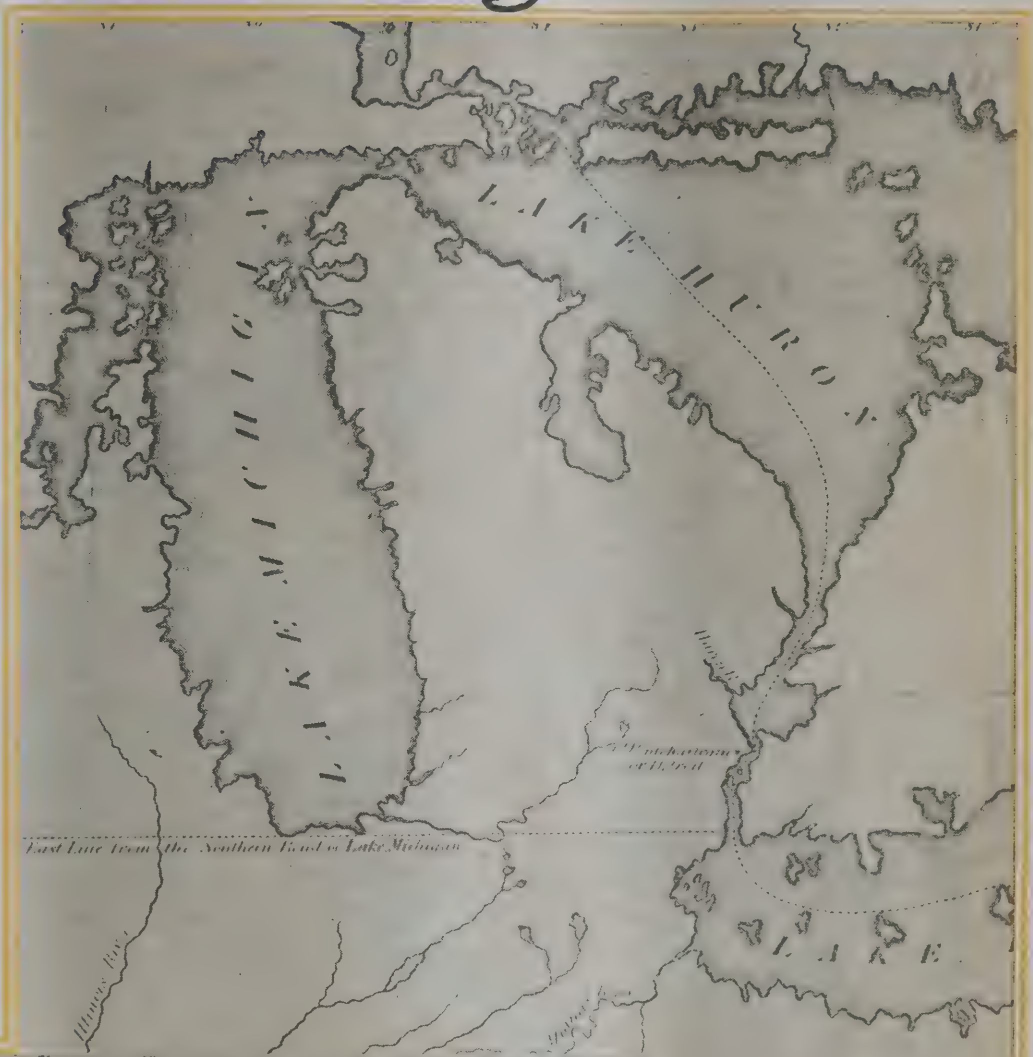

The Daily Bugle
AIR MAIL SAVES TWO DAYS
THE PONY EXPRESS
TWO DAYS ME EYE! WE SAVED TWENTY
THE OLD PONY EXPRESS RIDER

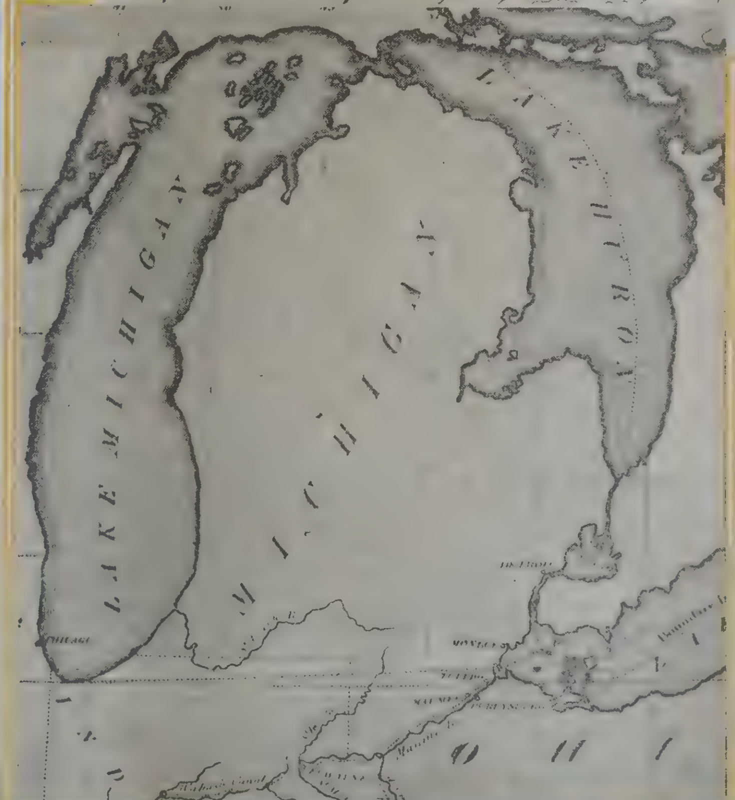
—Darling, in the *Detroit News*. (c) N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*.

EVERY AGE HAS ITS GLORY.

The WAR to Win TOLEDO

By
E. L. McCOLGIN





Three of the Great Lakes according to Mitchell's map of 1755. Left—Recent survey of the same territory, with two dotted lines, one running from the southern bend of Lake Michigan due east and the other to North Cape.

THE so-called Toledo War of 1835 between Michigan Territory and Ohio State over the sovereignty of a strip of land, including the city of Toledo, is the only case of collision between two units of the American commonwealth.

The famous Northwest Ordinance of 1787 specified that the State of Ohio, which was to be formed when it had 60,000 people, should also include the land 'lying north of a line drawn east and west through the Southern Extreme of Lake Michigan,' known as the County of Wayne of the Northwest Territory, until it also had 60,000 people and was thus eligible for statehood.

On a map in the State Department (which guided the Congressional Committee that framed the Northwest Ordinance of 1787), there was a pencil line from Chicago to a point between what is now Monroe, Michigan (north of Toledo), and Detroit. This was doubtless Mitchell's map, the standard map of the day, which unfortunately placed Lake Erie more southerly and the tip of Lake Michigan more northerly than their true positions. This marked map indicated the intent to include what is now Toledo in the State of Ohio.

Ohio was made a state in 1802 in violation of population requirements and Wayne County mandates of the Northwest Ordinance. There were only about 45,000 people in Ohio instead of the specified 60,000 and Wayne County, which included Detroit, instead of being temporarily attached to Ohio, was joined to Indiana Territory, whose seat was at remote Vincennes.

Thomas Jefferson and his partisans were responsible for the Ohio statehood effort. The Wayne people were opposed to Jefferson's party. It was feared that their inclusion with Ohio would prejudice Jefferson's chances. In 1805 the Detroit people were mollified by the creation of Michigan Territory from the County of Wayne.

When the Ohio Constitutional Convention met its only idea was to accept the Ohio-Wayne boundary line specified in both the Northwest Ordinance and the congressional enabling act. However, a hunter named Wells, who had been a prisoner of the Indians near Chicago, appeared among the delegates and warned them that Lake Michigan extended much farther south than the maps indicated and that there was danger that Ohio might accept a northern boundary that would deprive her of the western end of Lake Erie.

The apprehensive delegates inserted a proviso in the new constitution that the 'line drawn east and west through the Southern Extreme of Lake Michigan' should in no event strike Lake Erie below the northern cape of the Maumee River, the location of Toledo.

Congress, in its zeal to get Ohio into the Union without the inclusion of federalist

Detroit, passed over these boundary discrepancies when ratifying the Ohio constitution.

Congress again violated the Northwest Ordinance by admitting Indiana in 1816 with its boundary 'ten miles north of the Southern Extreme of Lake Michigan,' thereby giving Indiana the sites of the present cities of Gary and Michigan City at the expense of Michigan Territory. Michigan's delegate in Congress prejudiced her claims to Toledo by failing to protest the Indiana boundary, because the land there was regarded as practically worthless.

Governor Cass of Michigan had the Washington government undertake in 1817 the determination of the Michigan-Ohio boundary. The General Land Office had a line run by a surveyor named William Harris. When Governor Cass learned that Harris had been supplied with the Ohio Constitution instead of the Northwest Ordinance as a guide for the survey, the line was protested to President Monroe who good-naturedly had John Fulton run another line in exact accord with the wording of the Northwest Ordinance.

THE Harris Line gave Toledo to Ohio, and the Fulton Line gave Michigan the advantage. There was about four hundred square miles between the two lines. Here was the basis for what Sir Lucius O'Trigger would have termed a 'pretty quarrel.'

Neither Michigan nor Ohio pressed the boundary issue until about fifteen years later when the Wabash Canal from Fort Wayne and the Maumee Canal from Cincinnati were started toward Lake Erie. Both of these canals would naturally utilize the mouth of the Maumee River at Toledo as their port. Meanwhile the disputed territory had been governed by Michigan. The Great Black Swamp, south and east of Toledo, cut it off from Ohio.

A public meeting was held in Toledo in November, 1834, to memorialize the Ohio legislature to claim Toledo.

Governor Lucus of Ohio called the attention of the legislature to the apparent desire of Toledo to become an Ohio community. The legislature created Ohio townships in the district between the Fulton and Harris boundary lines and named three commissioners to return and mark the northerly or Harris Line.

Governor Cass had been made Secretary of War by President Andrew Jackson and Secretary Stevens T. Mason was acting governor when Ohio took action. Mason had the Michigan legislative council pass an act prescribing severe punishment for anyone who attempted to exercise other than Michigan official functions in the disputed zone. He also ordered General Joseph Brown to call out the Michigan militia and assume field operations, stating he was not waiting for instructions from the Secretary of War in Washington.

Warned by the rumbling from Michigan, Governor Lucus of Ohio, accompanied by his military staff and boundary commissioners, reached Perrysburg, below Toledo, on March 31, 1835. He had General John Bell enlist about 600 volunteers from northwestern Ohio. Governor Mason and General Brown arrived in Toledo with between 800 and 1,200 Michigan militia, about the time that the Ohioans gathered in Perrysburg. Sober, responsible citizens of the region were appalled at the imminent risk of the respective 'generals' ordering their embattled farm hands to shoot at each other over a quarrel in which the Federal courts clearly had jurisdiction.

Both Michigan and Ohio historians agree that the Michigan troops, away from home influences, became a drunken crew that terrorized the whole countryside. Men, women and children were constantly being dragged from their homes and flogged regardless of sex and age.

Before hostilities could actually occur between the opposing armies, Richard Rush of Philadelphia and Benjamin Howard of Baltimore, who had traveled day and night, arrived on the scene as commissioners of President Andrew Jackson. Governor Lucas acquiesced in the peaceful overtures of the commissioners, but when they informed Governor Mason that President Jackson, his official chief, forbade the use of force until Congress could pass upon the question, Mason swore that he would resign rather than obey.

Governor Lucas disbanded his troops and named S. Dodge, an Ohio canal engineer, to make the Harris Line survey under the peaceful direction of the Ohio boundary commission. However, Mason spurned the proposals of the commissioners as 'dishonorable and disreputable.' Rush and Howard then returned to Washington in disgust to report to Jackson.

The Ohio survey parties working upon the Harris Line speedily found that Governor Mason and General Brown were determined to prevent the line from being run. Surveyors were assaulted, arrested and jailed without bail. Governor Lucas called the Ohio legislature into special session in June, 1835. The legislature created Lucas County out of the disputed area and directed that court be held in Toledo upon the first Monday in September at any convenient house in the town.

MASON was perfectly furious when he learned what had been done and redoubled his raiding efforts in the border country. Ohio sent three agents, skilled in politics, to Washington to interview President Jackson. Jackson was quick to recognize that since both the Indiana and Illinois boundaries also had the same defects as Ohio's in respect to the Northwest Ordinance, he must either support Ohio or incur the political enmity of three states with thirty-five electoral votes. Jackson would not risk these votes although he was personally sympathetic to Michigan because ex-Governor Cass was his Secretary of War.

Jackson ousted Mason on the ground that his zeal had overcome his prudence, but Mason defied the President and continued to issue General Orders as the Executive of Michigan.

The President let the Ohio delegation know that he would veto any bill admitting Michigan to the Union that failed to specify the boundary desired by Ohio. Mason mobilized 1,200 Michigan militia in and about Toledo in an effort to prevent the Ohio tribunal from functioning. Colonel Vanfleet with a handful of Ohio guardsmen had been detailed to assist the new court.

It was agreed that since no hour for assembling the court was mentioned in the law that one hour was just as good as another. At one a. m., the judges and officials, Colonel Vanfleet and twenty troopers set out for Toledo, which was reached about three a. m. Court was convened at once in a school building that stood 'well out of town.' The court clerk qualified himself and three county commissioners were appointed.

The troops from Detroit returned there, arriving on September 10, and celebrated the anniversary of Perry's Victory upon Lake Erie instead of the one that they did not win over Colonel Vanfleet and the Ohio court.

When Congress assembled, delegates from Mason's government sought the immediate admission of Michigan as a state. With the acquiescence of President Jackson, Congress made Michigan's admission conditional upon acceptance of Ohio's boundary views. Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, all of whose northern boundaries were jeopardized by Michigan's claim, swung Congress to this course.

In 1837, the people of Michigan, anxious for statehood, ignored Mason, as he had Jackson, and held an unofficial convention that accepted the boundary line claimed by Ohio, and obtained admission. Congress gave Michigan all of the Upper Peninsula.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION,
ETC., REQUIRED BY THE
ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, the Ford International Weekly, published weekly at Dearborn, Michigan, for October 1, 1927, State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Black, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:

Publisher, The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan; Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Fred L. Black, Dearborn, Michigan.

2. That the owners holding one per cent or more of the stock are:

The Ford Motor Company of Delaware; Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; E. G. Liebold, Detroit, Michigan; Clifford B. Longley, Royal Oak, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders, who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED L. BLACK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1927.

[SEAL] ISABEL LAWTHER
(My Commission expires Sept. 24, 1930.)

BRIEFLY TOLD

Dried grasshoppers are considered a delicacy in Calcutta, India.

A bread line for cats has been established on Centre Market Place, New York City, where the alley cats are fed milk and beef.

In place of the ceremony of shaking hands some Chinese have the custom of wagging their clinched fists.

Colorow Point, 2,000 feet above Clear Canyon, was the spot selected by the Ute Indians to which went an Indian who had committed any unforgivable crime against the tribal laws, to pay the death penalty by leaping from the cliff.

High and low tides may be predicted two years in advance for any port in the world by a recent calculation invention, consisting of 15,000 parts.

To protect itself from its enemies, the swellfish can fill its body with water or air in balloon fashion.

The natives of the village of Kolungani in South India offer thousands of sheep each year as sacrifices to the goddess Muthumalai Amman. The animals are sacrificed, after a special animal reared by the temple authorities, by those who have any ailment or unsatisfied want; but if an animal sneezes before the deathblow it is considered a sign that the goddess does not want it, and it is spared.

The British and Foreign Bible Society reports that the Bible has been printed in 593 languages.

The daily breakfast of the United States Navy requires sixty-two tons of food.

A Brussels antiquary gave a banquet to his colleagues at which he served bread made from wheat found in one of the pyramids, believed to be three thousand years old, and butter made during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The Reverend Andrew Knox, a missionary in Alaska, returning from a trip into the interior, found that his dogs had exhausted their food supply of dried fish and had eaten the walls of his church, which were made of walrus and reindeer hides.

There are nineteen sons of presidents living in the United States: John Coolidge; Charles and Robert Taft; Theodore, Kermit, and Archibald Roosevelt; Richard and Francis Cleveland; Russell Harrison; Chester Arthur; Abram, James, Irwin and Harry Garfield; Ulysses and Jesse Grant; Lyon and David Tyler; and Webb Hayes.

The perfumes of fruit, flowers and leaves of the orange tree are all different.

New shoots of the bamboo grow at the rate of nine inches in twenty-four hours during the rainy season.

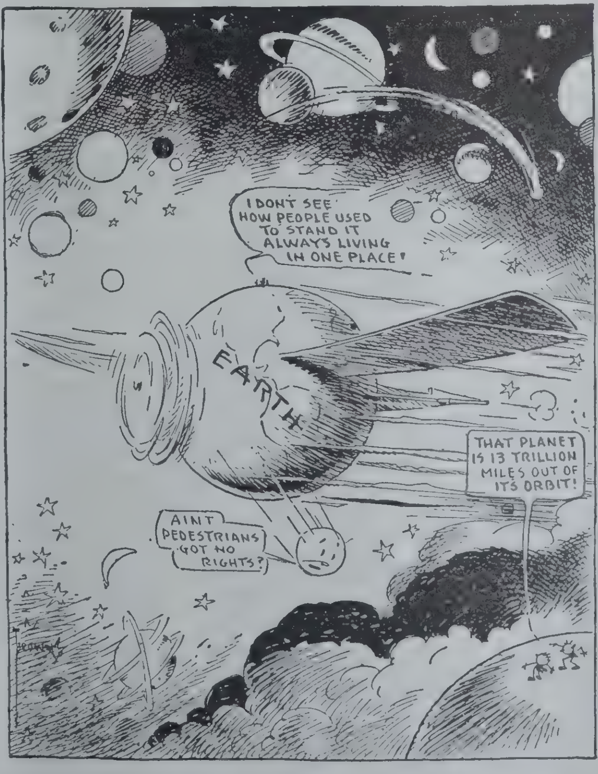
The Cleveland police department uses a 'caution car,' an automobile equipped with loud speakers on the roof, to cure persons of jaywalking. Once addressed by a loud voice from an unseen source, 'Don't do that again. Cross the street at regular crossings,' the jaywalker seldom repeats his offense.

The electric chair is not used as a method of capital punishment in any European country.

The sardonic laugh, the forced, artificial, sneering, mocking laugh, derived its name from Sardonia, an island in the Mediterranean on which the ancients claim a plant grew that screwed up the face of a person eating it and made him appear to laugh.

Hipparchus, the Greek astronomer of more than two thousand years ago, cataloged 1,080 stars; fixed latitude and longitude; determined the length of the year, the obliquity of the ecliptic, and the eccentricity of the earth's orbit; measured roughly the distance of the moon from the earth; discovered the precision of the equinoxes. These discoveries waited many centuries for explanation.

A woman's false teeth, lost while she was swimming in Lake Waubesa, Wisconsin, were found some days later by her husband in the stomach of a fish he had caught.


I DON'T SEE HOW PEOPLE USED TO STAND IT ALWAYS LIVING IN ONE PLACE!
EARTH
THAT PLANET IS 13 TRILLION MILES OUT OF ITS ORBIT!
AINT PEDESTRIANS GOT NO RIGHTS?

—Brown in the *Detroit News*. (c) *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*.

IF THIS FLYING CRAZE KEEPS UP

The natural color of skin or fur and the figure of wild animals change when they are kept in captivity.

A watch invented by an English watchmaker is wound by the movement of the wearer's wrist. A special arrangement is supplied to prevent overwinding.

Bluebeard, a big spider in the backyard of a citizen of Macon, Missouri, has been found to be a reliable weather prophet. If he is industrious and active it is a sign of fair weather; if he refuses to work, of rain.

An army order written on a sheet of parchment by Napoleon in 1812, commanding the French military authorities in Moscow to shoot down on the spot all persons found setting fire to the city, was found in the possession of a private book dealer in Russia.

The road followed by the dead to the Elysian fields was pictured on a sarcophagus of the old empire of Egypt now in Berlin.

The building crane derived the name of 'derrick' from that of a 17th Century hangman who made his own gibbets.

Because of the shortage of ready money, eggs are used as currency in Samoria, Russia, 20 fresh eggs being given for a quart of vodka, 12 for a pound of sugar, 3 for a loaf of bread, 2,000 for a suit of clothes and 300 for a pair of shoes.

When a couple on Blasket Island wish to marry during the stormy winter months they signal to the mainland, there being communication only a few months of the year; a priest appears on the mainland, reads his ritual and blesses them and they take their vows without hearing a word the priest says and without his hearing their vows.

To obtain the skins for raccoon coats more than a million raccoons are killed annually.

The Savoy Hotel in London has installed three drinking fountains, copied after the famous Benvenuto Cellini Fountain at Florence, for the dogs of guests.

The military annals of the United States show that beginning with 1860 and ending with the World War of 1917-18 the United States Army has participated in fifty wars.

An English automobile driver is awarded a diploma by the National Safety First Council if he has driven his car one year free from any blameworthy motor accident.

Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, was named in honor of Admiral Vernon under whom Lawrence Washington, once owner of the estate, had fought in a war against Spain.

NOTES · COMMENTS · CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses Experience as the goal of life.

* * *

Uncle Sam's postal deficit has caused many sleepless nights among conscientious public servants who believe that the business of the post office should be operated at a profit. Congressman Clyde Kelley believes that the deficit could be wiped away easily if debits, now charged against the post office, were assessed against other funds. One such debit is the franking privilege. (p. 1)

* * *

On the Kobuk River in the Arctic is an Eskimo village, Noorvik, from which all whites except teachers and medical men have been barred. Its residents are contented and thriving. By way of contrast, the village of Napakiagamute, near the mouth of the Yukon, has been created by the natives themselves, two hundred persons living in about twenty dugouts. Yet its residents seem just as happy as those under the government wing in Noorvik. (p. 3)

* * *

'I felt that "Hawthorne's Own House" ought to be written,' said Julian Hawthorne, 'to complete the Concord picture. No one has ever done it, and no one but I could do it. It gives a more intimate picture of Hawthorne. The Wayside was the only home he had ever owned in this world; and if it was not in all ways his ideal, he was happy in it; and that is as much as mortals can expect of mortal habitations.' (p. 4)

* * *

At least two great observers, Macaulay and Hallam, find more to Machiavelli than the Machiavellian idea of statecraft. Was *The Prince* written by the noted Florentine in the form we know today—or has it been tampered with? Why is it so dissimilar to the other works of Machiavelli? (p. 6)

* * *

Down Court is in the Village of Down; it is an old-fashioned house, set well back from the road and distinguished by its white front covered with clusters of ivy. In the far corner of the lawn, carefully railed in, is a little grass mound; it marks the grave of Charles Darwin's favorite dog. (p. 7)

* * *

'Everyone save thee and me is a little queer,' said the Quaker; and of all queer people, he might have added, the Dyaks of Borneo, the Ainu of Japan, and the Negritos of the Philippines are most queer. Dr. William L. Stidger describes his impressions of them. (p. 8)

* * *

The first schoolmaster of old New York was Adam Rolands, who was also sexton, church reader, court bell ringer, and possibly gravedigger. The court records show him defending suits of slander, not paying his bills, and later becoming a jailer. Incidents in the development of the public school in America are related in an interesting vein by Louis C. Karpinski. (p. 9)

* * *

When his feminine patrons protested about their portraits, John Singer Sargent shrugged his shoulders and remarked: 'But one must paint as one sees.' When one of the society matrons complained that he had given her a red nose, the only satisfaction she got was—'But, Madam, you have one.' Sargent's days in Boston afford a new side light on the great painter's character, as revealed by Janet Mabie. (p. 12)

* * *

In these days of receptions and honors for intrepid adventurers who have flown successfully across great stretches of distance, one finds a common footing with the crowds who swarmed to greet Magellan's men, returning from the first voyage round the world. Magellan himself was not with them; an untimely brawl had cost him his life in the remote islands. This article is one of a series written by Charles J. Finger, whose tales of stirring adventure have delighted many DEARBORN INDEPENDENT readers. (p. 14)

* * *

The word 'chintz' was derived from the Hindu *'chint'*; after a time, the plural 'chints' became the singular 'chintz'; and the correct plural of the word today is *'chintzes.'* While Napoleon was in Italy, the French cotton prints presented scenes of old Roman ruins; when he was in Egypt, they showed camels and pyramids. Similarly, English history is to be traced through the patterns stamped on the prints during the days of Charles I, Cromwell, and The Restoration. (p. 16)

* * *

The highest honors of a university should be given to the man whose education has made him the most useful in business, declared the late Dr. Russell H. Conwell of Philadelphia. William A. McGarry concludes his recollections of the author of *Acres of Diamonds*. (p. 24)

* * *

When the troops of Michigan and Ohio faced each other near the site of the present city of Toledo, the issue involved was whether Indiana, Ohio and Illinois were to accept a northern boundary marked by the southern tip of Lake Michigan, or whether Michigan was to own down to the southern shore of Lake Erie. Michigan was doomed to lose the unequal struggle—too many electoral votes were at stake. So Detroit, instead of Toledo, became the metropolis of Michigan. (p. 29)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Tampa, Florida.

William E. Barton's 'Nancy Hanks, the Mother of Lincoln,' takes me back to my boyhood days when we washed at the bench and ate a 'snack.' The illustrations recall the log rollings and the wood choppings of Cumberland County, Tennessee. Barton could not flavor his articles with this touching human element except for his life in Morgan County and his contact with 'God's people' of the Cumberland plateau.

HARRY G. SABINE.

Mitchell, Nebraska.

I wish to comment on a statement in your good paper, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, issue of September 3. Under the heading 'They Watch Through Eternity' there is an article on our soldiers who died in France. The writer says, 'Row on row they sleep; and so they will remain throughout eternity.'

Will they? Let us examine a few Biblical references. In John v, 28, 29, we read that all who are in the grave shall hear His voice and come forth, some unto life eternal and some unto damnation. In Revelation xx, 13, we find that the sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and the grave delivered up the dead which were in them. All persons, good or bad, will be resurrected; no one will sleep on throughout eternity, not even our soldier boys in France.

J. G. GOMPERT.

Monteagle, Tennessee.

I enjoyed the very interesting article on 'The Stone of Destiny' in the issue of August 13. The writer says no one knows how the stone got to Egypt or Ireland, but it got there. Much has been written on the 'Stone of Scone' as it is often called. It may interest your readers to know of the legend (which many believe) which says that this stone was carried to Egypt first, and then to Ireland by the Prophet Jeremiah, who had with him Baruch, his secretary, and the granddaughter of his daughter Hamutah, the mother of the King Zedekiah whose eyes were put out by order of the King of Babylon. It is believed that this great granddaughter of the prophet married one of the five Irish Kings, and that through this marriage Queen Victoria became a true descendant of King David. His name, I have read, is at the bottom of her family tree.

A gentleman I knew went to England merely to see the 'Stone of Scone.' *Tea Tephi, A Romance of History*, by Col. A. C. L. Totten, is a beautiful story on this subject.

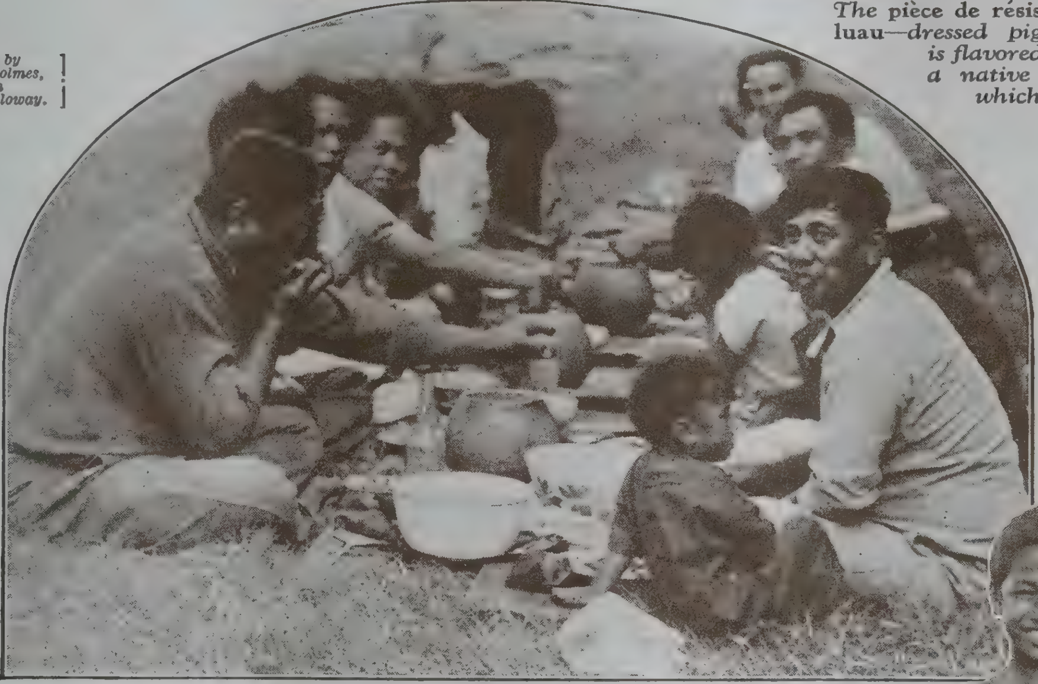
J. RHETT BACOT.

Sitting in *at a* 'LUAU'

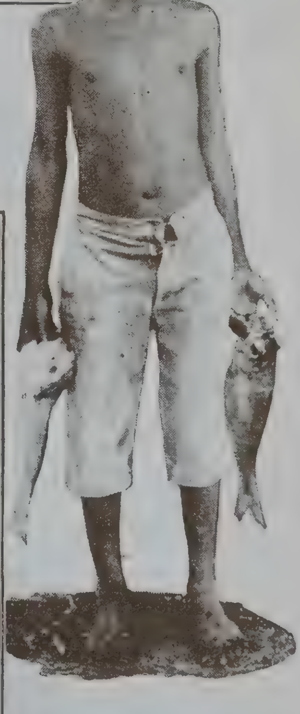
It *Is* Exclusively *an* Hawaiian Feast, *Rarely Open to* 'Outsiders'

The pièce de résistance of the luau—dressed pig. The meat is flavored by ti leaves, a native plant, with which it is roasted.

[*Photos by Burton Holmes, from Ewing Galloway.*]



Every one for himself! The luau, managed in 'picnic fashion,' does not prohibit the 'boarding house reach.' For a setting these Hawaiians have selected a cool place near the beach in the vicinity of Honolulu. The natives consider their ceremonies at the time of a luau almost sacred, so that seldom if ever before have the details been photographed.



Fish, usually mullet, forms an important part of the luau. It is kept in a wrapping of ti leaves while being broiled.

Smell the roasting meat! A piece of corrugated iron, laid over hot rocks, serves as a stove. To hasten the cooking, and to brown the meat, the cooks place hot stones inside the carcasses.

Right—Heating the stones that will be used to cook the feast. In localities where stones are not plentiful the meat is roasted on spits over fires in trenches.

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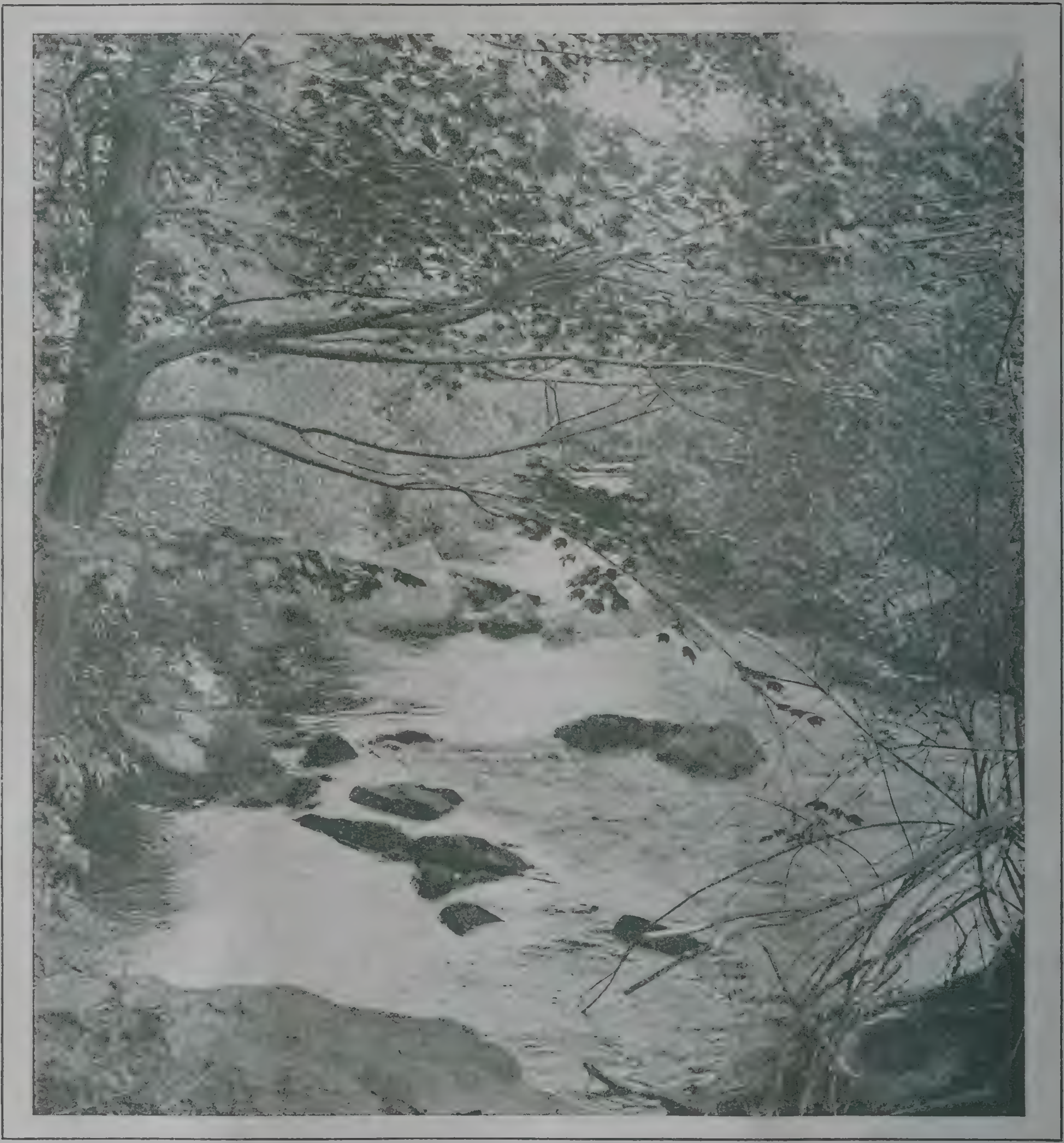

THERE are days which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection, when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth make a harmony, as if nature would indulge her offspring . . . These halcyons may be looked for with a little more assurance in that pure October weather, which we distinguish by the name of the Indian Summer. The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields . . . The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic. The stems of pines, hemlocks, and oaks almost gleam like iron on the excited eye. The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles. Here no history, or church, or state, is interpolated on the divine sky and the immortal year.

—*R. Waldo Emerson.*

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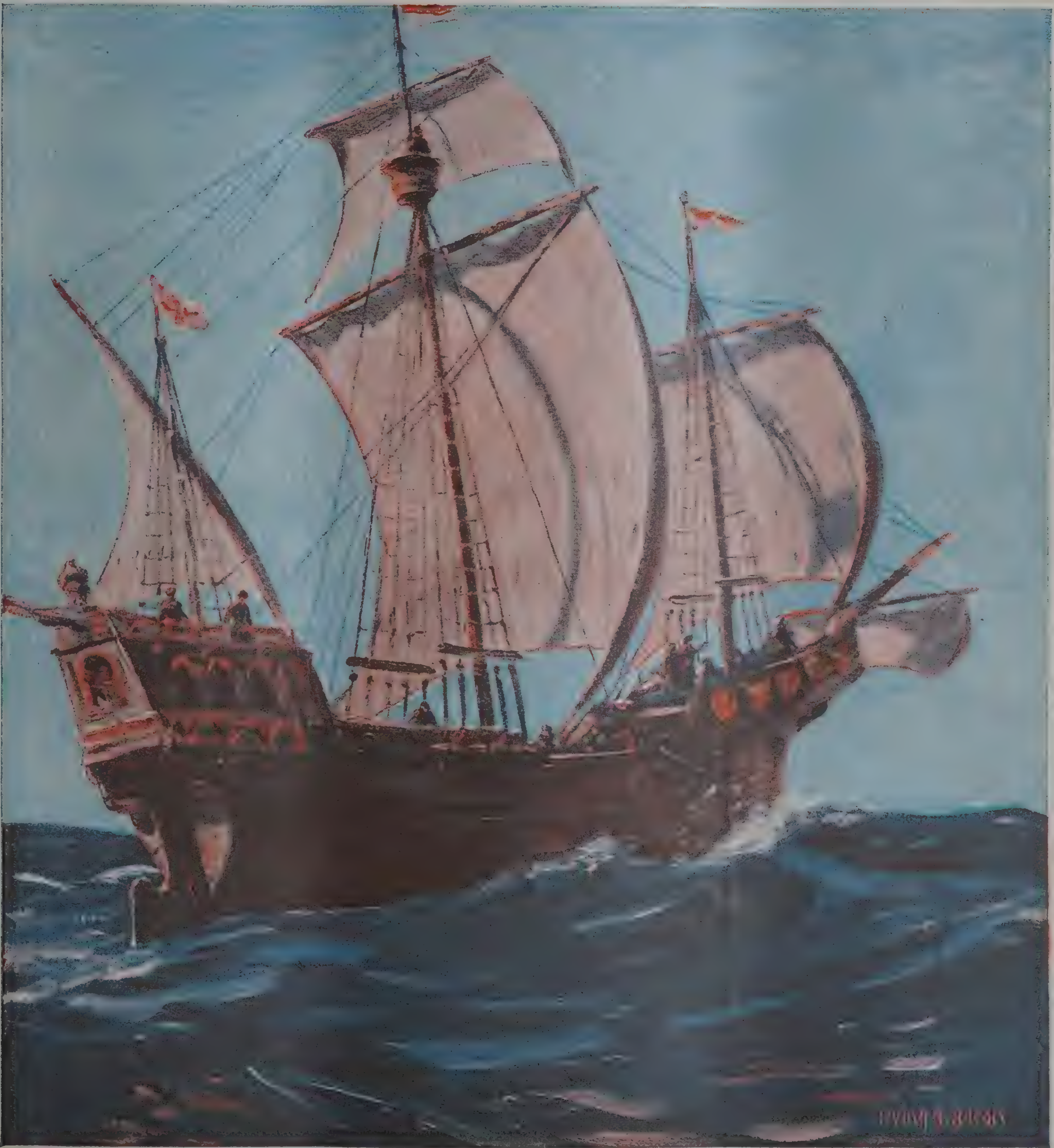
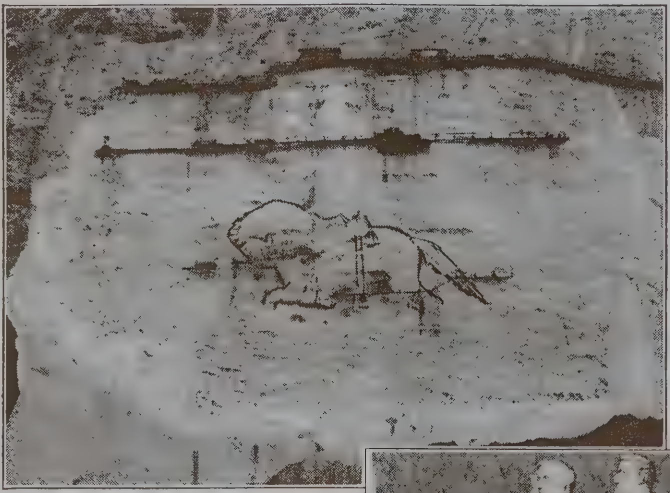


THE VOYAGE OF THE VICTORIA - - - Charles J. Finger

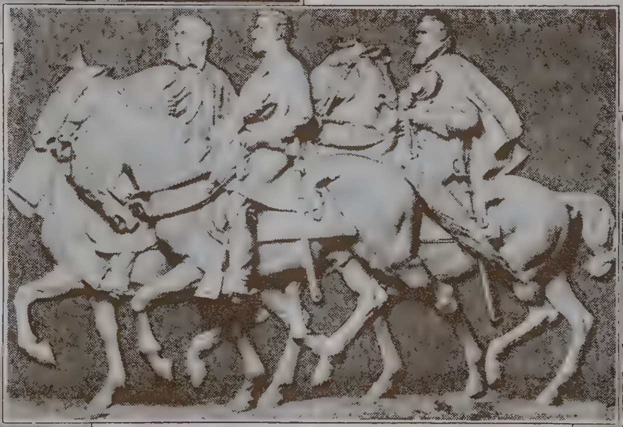
What Hath MAN Wrought?

Confederate Ideals Live *In* Mighty Stone Memorial



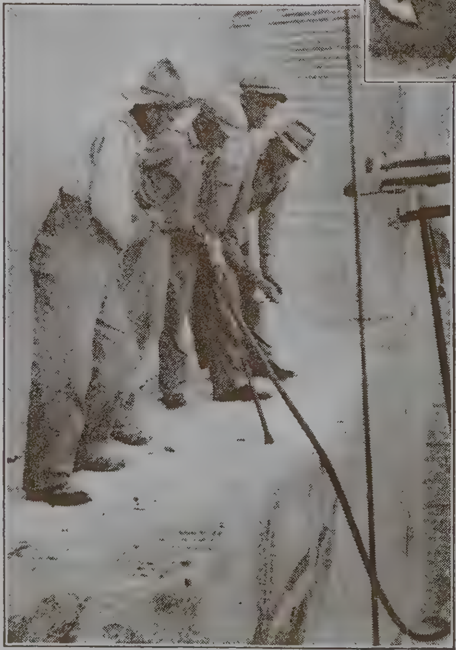
On Stone Mountain, largest solid body of exposed granite in the world, is being carved a practically imperishable monument to perpetuate the inspiration of Robert E. Lee. Here the picture is seen emerging. The specks which are men on the scaffold illustrate the size of the undertaking.

The stupendous mountainside picture is carved by the combined forces of men, machinery and gunpowder. Here the men are planting a charge to knock out a lump of granite under the neck of General Lee's horse. The Great Sphinx could be placed on the neck of General Lee's horse and would not conceal Jefferson Davis' face. So skilled are these men in the use of explosives that they cut the rock with almost as much precision as a grocer would cut a head of cheese.



Augustus Lukeman's master model for equestrian figures of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. This monument is not to glorify the ideals of military conquest nor physical beauty, but rather loyalty to principle, devotion to duty and sacrifice of self. That is the ineffable symbol it will kindle in the hearts of youth.

Here are shown the workers fighting hard rock on the sheer face of the granite mountain. They are roughing out the outlines. The memorial will comprise an infantry group, a cavalry group and an artillery group, which together will form a stupendous military panorama sweeping across the precipice a quarter of a mile or more. The size may be conceived when it is noted that General Lee, from the top of his head to the feet of his horse, will be as high as a ten-story office building.



Stone Mountain stands solitary and alone on a plain in Dekalb County, Georgia. Here the men at work on the memorial are 'giving her the gun.' Some of the big jack hammers used in drilling big holes go into the granite fifteen feet. So heavy are they that four husky men are required to handle them when they go into action. The compressed air used to operate the drills is generated at the foot of the mountain and piped up to the work in a five-inch pipe line.

This immense steel trestle runs along the face of Stone Mountain, seventy-five feet above the neck of General Lee's horse. From it working scaffolds are suspended by steel cables. The trestle is five hundred feet above ground and four hundred feet below the summit of the mountain.

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A settlement of man at the base of the San Andreas Mountains.

—Aultman & Dorman Photos.

Where the THRILL Comes In

By CHARLES J. FINGER

IF YOU are to see the really Wild West—the West of Bret Harte and Captain Mayne Reid and Eugene Manlove Rhodes—you had better 'get busy.' For it is disappearing rapidly. There are some untamed stretches still, very much as they were when 'Wild Bill' Hickok played bad man, and when that romantic rascal, Frank Stevenson, rustled cattle on the Mexican border, and when George A. Custer rode down the valley of the Little Big Horn with his gallant two hundred and twenty.

One of those stretches lies in Wyoming, south of Mount Cloud. Another is the sweep of Nevada country west of Salt Lake and south to the Rulston Desert. A third is the stretch beginning in the Staked Plains, taking in the Sacramento Mountains in New Mexico, crossing the Old Lava Hollow and ending about Bill William's Fork, north of the Cactus Plain in Arizona.

A little beyond that you come to the Grand Canyon, which is stupendously magnificent but approachable as all the world knows. It has become a place where the luxurious may patronize nature. But there's small profit in doing something that every man may do and in seeing something every man may see. To do and see the rare thing, especially when the appetizing sauce of difficulty goes with the doing—that's where the thrill comes in.

Here is a guide to a desert trip; and if you are daring enough to take it, you may see a corner of the world exactly as it was when the Aztecs lived, and when the conquistadors played their high-handed game. When I say *if you are daring enough,* I do not mean that you will face death by murder or starvation, but that you must be prepared to encounter heat and sandstorms and tracts of old lava and cactus lands and grassless wastes, and perhaps some uncomfortable hours of thirst. Yes, I faced all those and more, thirty years ago, when I rode with Pat Garrett and others in the same territory; also when I went into the Mescalero Apache reservation with Australian Billy Smith, pugilist, philosopher and high-hearted companion.

As to the way, first, get to Sierra Blanca, which is a station on the Texas and Pacific Railway where the desert proper begins. Next, head your auto into the Salt Basin between the Guadalupe Mountains and the Findlay Mountains, and travel north until you come to a place where it is so lonely and the silence so profound that you can shut your eyes and believe yourself out in space.

If you get there in the noonday blaze, which would be the best time, you might imagine yourself to be in the Sahara Desert or in the South American Atacama. One place is as much like another as one pin resembles its fellow. It is a world of yellow soil with scanty tufts of wiry grass. It is a world of vast horizons. It is a world where the hot air quivers and shakes. The far-off mountain, violet and purple, stands sharp and clear-edged against the sky, looking as if it had been cut from cardboard, a two-dimensional thing. Nor does it appear to have its roots solidly planted in the earth, but instead, because of the mirage, it seems to rest on a luminous cushion.

The immensity of things begins to dawn upon you. You are in the middle of a dun, illimitable sea under a steel-blue sky—you are a speck in creation, a queer little bundle of whims and passions and obstinacies with a quench-less thirst for wealth and place, a mite saturated with self-love! Perhaps that realization of one's littleness, the coming of that self-searching moment when the inner man asks unanswerable questions and wanders in ever-widening spheres—perhaps that experience is the greatest thing that can come of any journey.

Once, at the place I have in mind, when the air was so still that the smoke of my pipe rolled upward in fairy rings, a 'dust-devil,' as such miniature whirlwinds are called, formed itself. They often rise up, only to fall exhausted and to die almost immediately. But in this case the whirling grew stronger and the sand cloud reached higher and higher, spreading meanwhile at base and top, until it reminded me of some monstrous Arabian genie struggling to be free.

Before I saddled my horse the sky had changed from blue to yellow-green; from the southwest a leaden cloud came up. At a leap came the storm, blinding and terrible; first wind and dust; then dust and rain; then thunderings to shake the earth, and lightnings that darted from horizon to horizon. When the storm ended the land had become a shallow lake from which nothing stood forth except low thorny scrub and twisted cactus. The phenomenon is alarming to one new to the country, but there is no real danger. The passage of a few hours brings things back to the normal.

From the Salt Basin you will do well to turn northwest by west to take a look at the Rio Grande country in the neighborhood of Fort Hancock. To be sure, a more melancholy-looking country would be hard to find, but it is well worth seeing if only to get your perspective right in connection with the boundary river which bears so fine a name. Because, in spite of all the sea chanties about 'Sailing Away for the Rio Grande,' the river is not navigable.

When adventurers belonging to Cortez' army marched north in their search for the mythical Seven Cities of Cebola somewhere in New Mexico, they crossed the Rio Grande without thinking it worth mentioning as a river.

I remember once when I was camping out with a troop of horses not far from Fort Hancock that a man came riding. He was a sorrowful young man, evidently new to the country if one judges by his dress which was too cowboyish for anything outside a motion picture. He was loaded down with grub, water canteen, shotgun, and six-shooter, and he carried besides a pair of field glasses. He asked me the way to Fay, Texas, and I told him, assuring him that he could not miss it if he took the trail to the right where the roads split. In answer he said, very mournfully, 'You don't know what I can do in the way of losing myself in this God-forsaken country!' He made a little map of the place because he could not trust his memory, and presently went on much cheered after eating some of the stew I had made.

I stayed on at the place a couple of days, resting my horses, and was about to take the trail when who should ride up from the very direction from which he had come before but my melancholy man. I asked whether he was riding around because he enjoyed the scenery, whereupon he told me a mournful tale of how he had followed my instructions as he thought, but had evidently taken a cattle trail down to the river bed, and then another trail up the other bank.

So he had crossed into Mexico and had ridden without knowing that he was in a foreign land until he came to the village of Presidio, where he caused mild excitement by trying to buy a United States postage stamp with the use of those contortions and gesticulations which silly people call sign language.

While touring in this neighborhood, you should see the little town of Ysleta, which is one of the oldest in the United States, for it began as a village of Tigua Indians in the year 1680 and has always been more Indian than Spanish. There was a time when it was completely isolated, what with the surrounding desert and the activities of the fierce Apaches and Comanches. Its last adventure was on September 17, 1880, when its

(Continued on page 23)

Left—'Switchback' in the Sacramento Mountains. Inset—Waterfall in a wild spot, San Andreas Mountains.
Right—Golf course 9,000 feet above sea level, Sacramento Mountains.

Hidden Lake valley.

—Hileman Photos, Great Northern Railway.

Hiking in the Mountains

By DOROTHY E. PILLEY

THERE are three ways of enjoying the mountains—trail hiking, independent cross-country traveling, and mountain climbing. They shade off into one another, of course. Many mountain ascents begin with trail hiking upon the lower slopes, and often another welcome trail is available to lead the tired climber home again. Cross-country travel, too, in any mountains which deserve the name, will often demand from the hiker a great deal of the climber's special technique, if he is to deal safely with the obstacles he encounters, extricate himself from difficulties, and bring his journey without mishap to its appointed end.

I want to describe all these kinds of journeys, and to bring out, if I can, the differences in charm. The most familiar is what I have called the 'orthodox trail hike.' Its peculiarity is its restfulness to the mind. However long and strenuous, a clearly marked, well-trodden trail, an easy and certain way leading to the desired destination, gives such a day a quality of mental repose which is vastly alluring—perhaps by contrast with days which demand pathfinding on new ground.

Such a day I spent crossing Triple Divide in Glacier National Park. One leaves Cut Bank chalets early, if one is wise. After three miles the trail forks and begins its ascent. As it rises, it lifts the traveler from time to time above the curtain of timber which has all but completely hidden the landscape.

Before long the upper reaches of the valley open out. The lake below seems nearer. Deceptively near, the switchbacks can be discerned crossing and recrossing the white thread of waterfall that rushes out from beneath one snow patch to plunge under another at the head of the valley. And now in the lap of the valley a dim gleam begins to awaken. Under the vertically streaming sunlight another lake can just be discerned. We go up and come to a stream just above the lower snow patch. Now is the hour for one of the leisurely lunches which trail days allow. Little or no uncertainty as to the length of journey remaining can mar one's pleasure, if the map has been duly studied. Up the switchbacks we go to the divide. The last stretch has a charming surprise to offer. We mount the final switchback, cross the stream for the last time, and then suddenly, not more than a long stone's throw away, behold the pass itself.

This is the Continental Divide. The valley from which we have just mounted is that of Atlantic Creek; ahead of us is Hudson Bay Creek. Beyond the peak which juts up truculently on our left is Pacific Creek. Standing thus on the orographical hub of North America, one is tempted to speculate.

Triple Divide Peak is linked with Norris Mountain by a wall of precipices, gaunt, bare, hopeless, utterly forbidding even to the most optimistic climber. They stretch in awesome and terrific grandeur for more than a mile. Our way lies along the crest of the moraine that bounds the snow beds at their base. By stepping onto the snow and paralleling the path, we can lighten the labor of the descent. To the properly shod person, few things are more delightful than running down firm and moderately inclined snow—the motion half a slide and half a walk.

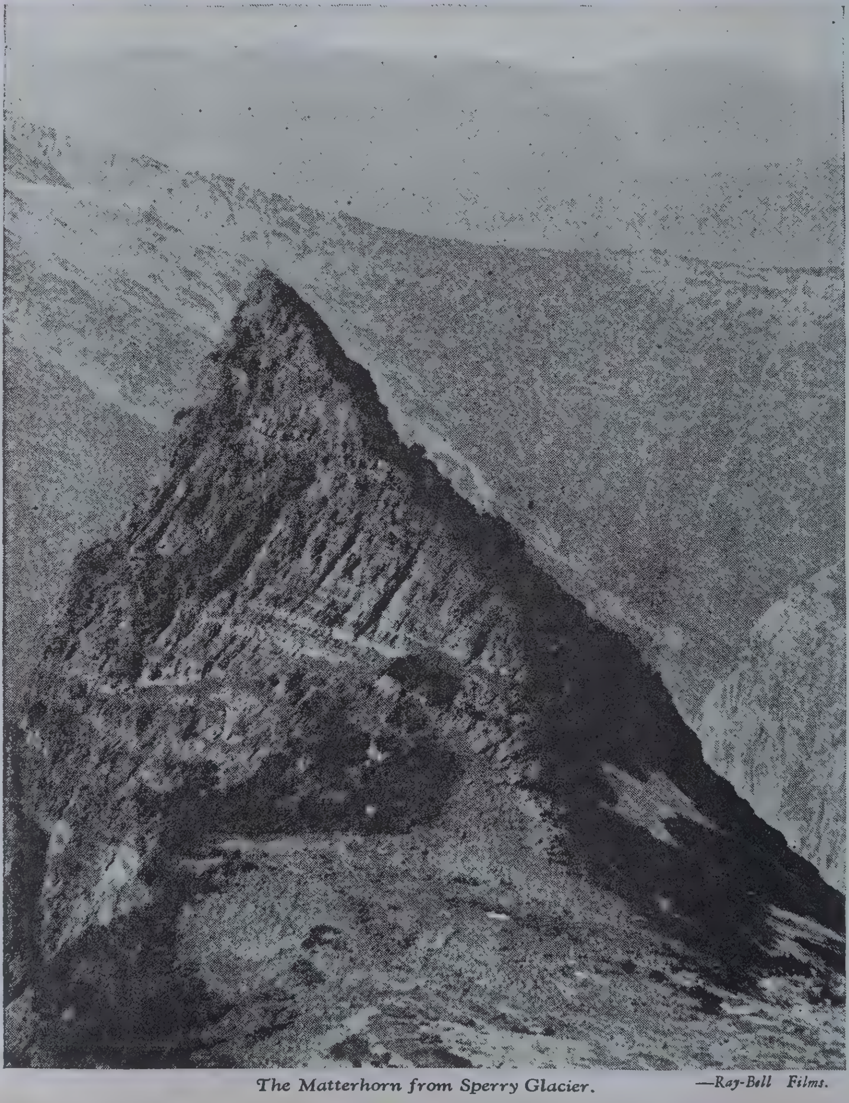
Below, the trail winds in generous loops over grasslands threaded with murmuring rivulets, and then through underbrush. With a final twist it curves under a rock wall, where thunders a sudden and direct plunge of waters.

Soon we are below the timber line again, the upper reaches have become a memory, our thoughts are set upon arrival. The trail turns and turns in the woodlands, dropping steadily; at length a glimmer of light breaks through the trees ahead; we come suddenly to the head of Red Eagle Lake and over against us on a bluff at its foot are the gay green tents of the camp.

STEFANSSON'S saying that everything which has to be added to the explorer's heroism has to be subtracted from his intelligence applies even to a simple holiday hike such as I shall next describe.

The Hidden Lake country, also in Glacier National Park, lies between two well-traveled trails: Gunsight Pass to the south, and Logan Pass to the north. From Sperry chalets, perched like an eagle's nest on cliffs overlooking the McDonald and Flathead country, a good trail leads up to Sperry Glacier. The passage of this ice field is the first stage of our journey.

The root of glacier difficulties lies in the fact that these ice sheets move. Ice flows like very stiff tar and splits open into large fissures which may be anything from an eighth of an inch to eighty feet wide and a few feet to a mile long; they are commonly as deep as the ice. On a high glacier the depth may exceed a hundred feet. Every winter a layer of snow falls on the glacier which covers over these fissures ('crevasses' as they are called) masking them completely. As summer advances, this cloak of snow wears through. The crevasses widen with the movement of the glacier and it becomes quite easy to step unawares through the thin surface sheet. It gives way with the suddenness of a trap door, precipitating the traveler into an abyss of darkness. Sometimes in hot summers all the snow vanishes, whereupon the real structure of the ice glacier is revealed. When this happens it is easy to avoid the crevasses.



The Matterhorn from Sperry Glacier. —*Ray-Bell Films.*

The invisible crevasses under the snow are the dangerous ones. They compel the climber to tie himself to his companions with a rope and to carry an ice axe with which to probe the surface snow in all doubtful places. But the rope is an added danger unless it is properly handled. Cases have been known in which its only effect was to jerk companions and all into the crevasse.

On Sperry Glacier, when we traversed it, the crevasses were apparent. Deep noble clefts some of them were, their walls passing from white to sky-blue and blue-black darkness, according to the depth. At the foot a little pale-green lake nestled amid the moraines, and far beneath, the jade waters of Avalanche Lake seemed to sleep.

The next stage of our route lay plain before us. A spur from the divide held up a green wall rising to an inviting saddle. Behind the spur must lie Hidden Lake. This side offered no difficulty; but what was the other side like? We might find, for all the map told, precipices steep enough to cut us off completely.

We went up to the saddle in a lively mood. The green slope, though steep, was a walk, not a climb. At the top came a little stone-strewn plateau which we crossed; then at the edge of a snow slope which tilted downward, we halted. Miles of our route lay suddenly all before us and we could sit down and enjoy the prospect.

Such moments have a peculiar dramatic thrill. The slight glimpses we had been able to gain from other summits of this south slope of the Hidden Lake valley had prepared us for trouble. We had surmised the existence of cliffs which would take much time in the descent, but now in the space of half a second came the realization that we were mistaken.

No difficulty of any kind separated us from Hidden Lake. We could see our route practically all the way to Logan Pass itself. The rest of our journey could, if we wished, be an affair of loitering. It may perhaps help to explain this sudden relaxation of tension if I add that two attempts to visit Hidden Lake in just this way had both resulted in fatalities. The fatalities might have had no bearing upon the nature of the country; yet this information had undoubtedly added a sinister flavor to our expectations. And instead of finding a rock-walled pit, we were looking down into a veritable paradise. A short slope of snow, a few yards of pleasant boulders, and then the grass began. The whole west and north sides of Hidden Lake are open park, the green expanses nicely broken by low bands of rock and dotted by dark clumps of trees.

We wandered happily down the grassy glades and along the shore, noting the activities of bears whose special sanctuary this almost unvisited valley must be. Acres of turf had been torn up by them in quest of roots. So fresh were some of these excavations that we almost expected, as we rounded each corner, to come across a silvertip clawing and grubbing

(*Continued on page 24*)

OLD-AGE COMPETENCY

By C. P. VARY

MAKING provision for the latter years of life, like many other things which people know they *should* do, is, more often than not, either left undone or undertaken so late in life that the task is a hardship. Actuarians for insurance companies have presented this graphically under the heading: *The Fate of 56.* They dolefully predict the expectancy of 100 men, aged 25 years, to be after 40 years, or at the age of 65, as follows: 1 rich, 3 well-to-do, 8 comfortable and self-sufficient, 32 dead, and 56 wholly or in part dependent upon others for their support.

Such a large percentage requires innumerable young people, willingly and otherwise, to share their homes, even their lives, with dependent elders. This sharing may be just, it may be equitable, it may be logical, but it is seldom pleasant for either young or old. Such a relationship, whether it is entered into in a spirit of love and affection or for purely economic reasons (the latter is often the case) too often degenerates into a sullen tolerance through frequent bickerings and real or imagined interference of one generation with the other. This condition is too general to require exposition. It probably would not occur at all if it were not economically necessary.

The distressing aspects of dependent old age are continually before us; economists and sociologists volley and thunder; yet the fifty-six go marching on to their fate. People know that they ought to save; they continually plan to save; they perpetually fail to save.

Can they be made to save? Probably not. Can they be interested to the point whereby at least some of the fifty-six may be brought to save? Unquestionably. It is being done, and being done in no little degree.

Let it be said flatly that gratuitous pensions for the old have little if any effect in interesting people to acquire old-age competency. The prospect of a pension probably weakens the determination to save as much as any single thing in our present economic scheme. If ever the shadow of a thing is mistaken for the thing itself, it is the consideration of an unaugmented old-age pension in the light of a *competency.*

To be sure pensions usually keep their recipients from becoming public charges. The donors frankly limit them so that they will do no more. If they did less, nothing could be said in their favor.

Administrators of pension funds generally admit that the prospect of a pension does not reduce labor turnover; does not discourage the organization of labor; does not mitigate the likelihood of strikes; does not suffice as a disciplinary instrument; does not greatly increase employe loyalty. Nearly all pension administrators agree that there is absolutely no moral obligation to an employer to provide an old-age competency for any employe. If the latter is too shortsighted or improvident to provide it for himself he cannot morally expect any shelter for his, and his wife's, declining years other than the almshouse. 'Then why pay any?' one asks. The answer is surprising. 'We have to, on account of public opinion.'

It would seem that if there exists neither legal nor moral responsibility to pay pensions, public opinion would not suffice to exact such a toll from industry. The payment of industrial pensions has not resulted from any close study of the question. This is confirmed not only by the obvious lack of benefits, but by the ill-considered manner in which most pension systems have been undertaken. Proprietors of the six or seven hundred recorded pension systems in operation in the United States apparently agree on one thing with respect to pensions. If they had the question to settle again their systems would be radically different.

How blindly these pension systems were instituted is further illustrated by the fact that scarcely any of the companies now paying pensions in the United States have funded one cent of their accrued pension liability. One such company—and not the largest either—would require $42,500,000 to fund its pension liability. Another, which employs about one-fifth as many men as the former, would require nearly $11,000,000.

THIS accrued liability is not difficult to compute or foresee. It is merely necessary to know the age and employment date of each employe. Then, by applying the rules of a pension system, the accrued liability is immediately determined for each employe. No more ability is required than that necessary to use a compound interest table.

If a pension director is asked outright what, if any, pensions return to the company which pays them, a long and involved answer is sure to result. Through it runs one slim thread of opinion, to-wit, pensions increase efficiency by permitting production to flow at a speed and promotions to take place with a frequency compatible with the endurance and ambition of youth.

The director of one of the largest industrial funds in existence, after expressing this opinion, was asked why he did not replace the forty-five clerks in his department with five or six posting machines and operators that not only would do the work of the forty-five but would require only about one-seventh the floor space. He admitted that the equipment would do the work and pay for itself within a year, but said he could not authorize it because most of the people in his department were incapable of any other work and, if replaced by machines, would be out of a job!

EVERY active, normal individual knows that the surest proof against minor ailments, mental and physical, is *work.* It matters not in what field a person's interests lie, be it the erection of skyscrapers or the painting of china, let him rise at his wonted hour of the morning, proceed to his place of business, and engage in his task; the neuralgia or indigestion which threatened on his arising will then either disappear or become endurable.

In the same manner but to a vastly greater degree, this panacea, *work,* operates to delay the encroachment of old age. Remove it from a young man and he becomes prematurely old; remove it from an old man and he becomes senile.

Most pension systems require an employe's retirement on or before his seventieth birthday. A comparatively large percentage of retired men are able and usually desirous of continuing some form of work suited to their abilities. Once he is retired, it is well-nigh impossible for a septuagenarian to obtain work of any kind. To be sure he has his pension which will probably average forty dollars a month. In this day of concentrated population and high cost of living, the average industrial pension about covers the cost of space occupied and food consumed by the pensioner. His pension is in no sense a part of his estate. Should his wife survive him, the pension, in industrial cases at least, will not contribute to her care or comfort after his death.

From the close scrutiny to which present-day pension systems are being subjected it would appear that industry is slowly awakening to their inadequacy. Other means of providing old-age competencies—means which allow employes free choice in the matters of where, how, and with whom they wish to spend their declining years—are being put into practice by some of the larger industrial concerns. One such plan is in operation in the Ford Motor Company. It permits employes to continue working as long as they choose or are able; and their competencies can be included in their estates.

The plan is basically simple. It centers around an investment fund in nowise connected with the stocks or bonds of the company. This fund yields an interest rate sufficient to encourage saving and discourage speculation. The policy of the company allows continued employment, with adequate wages at tasks suited to the declining endurance of employes up to the point where they no longer desire to work.

The plan is taken advantage of by twenty to twenty-five per cent of the company's employes. The men have between twenty and twenty-five million dollars of savings on deposit.

Participation in the company fund is subject to very few rules, each one of which is calculated to further the end of the plan, which is—*thrift.*

First, no obligation, either expressed or implied, is placed upon employes to invest. Any amount of periodic saving may become a burden if compulsory. The most efficient saver is the one who saves voluntarily and consistently. The employe who may be induced to save systematically by any means other than coercion, irrespective of the amount with which he starts, is almost sure to become thrifty and self-reliant. The means used to attract employes' savings to such a fund are, simply, relatively high rates of interest and entire security of the principal.

ASIDE from self-indulgence, the greatest deterrents to saving are the constant speculative promises of high returns held out to small investors. It is axiomatic that the more slowly money is saved, the greater is the owner's temptation to invest it in enterprises promising a greater return than is consistent with safety. Unscrupulous real estate and stock investment companies take heavy toll of wage savings.

The ambition of a great number of wage earners to go into business for themselves is another consumer of savings. Annual surveys of business failures indicate that between seventy-five and eighty-five per cent of them occur for reasons *within* the control of the principals, or for reasons which they should have foreseen. Savings of wage earners figure heavily in these failures.

Although the stipulated rate of interest of the Ford investment certificates is only 6 per cent, the actual return has been 16 per cent, paid semiannually, for a number of years. Interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum was paid for the first half of 1927.

Not more than one-fourth the wages of an employe may be invested at one time and that investment must be made on pay day, or during the two days following. Thus, an employe may not borrow any large sum of money at lower rates and invest it in the fund, nor may he return money to the fund faster than at this specified rate if he takes any part of his savings for use. He may withdraw any part, or all, of his account as he wishes, but experience has shown that employes will do this only under greatest exigencies.

INTEREST does not compound and must be received in cash by a depositor upon the stated date of payment. He may only reinvest his interest, however, up to one-fourth his wages and this on the regular pay days. This regulation serves a double purpose. It gives the investor tangible proof of the advantages of saving by allowing him to taste the fruits of his thrift and it keeps the fund from pyramiding.

Of equal importance to the so-called superannuated employe with the forming of the habit of thrift and its resultant savings is the stimulation and inspiration of continued occupation at normal and adequate wages.

In the Highland Park plant of the Ford Motor Company there are ninety-one men, aged from seventy to eighty-eight years. Under the industrial pension system, these men would have been retired from one to eighteen years ago. They are earning an average daily wage of $7.13 for eight hours' work. Of the entire group, only three receive the so-called minimum wage of $6 for eight hours. Interviews with these employes, whose stated age is over seventy years, make it evident that the thing which they look forward to with the greatest dread is not death, but the inability to continue their daily work.

They do their work, which consists for the most part of the manufacture and assembly of the lighter portions of the company's product, in clean, well-ventilated departments.

It is safe to say that these employes bring to their appointed task a pride of accomplishment and a determination to give a satisfactory account of each hour worked not surpassed by many of the younger employes. Many of them could retire and live in idleness on their savings, but they will have none of it. Though youth is no longer theirs, by virtue of their work they still retain many of the attributes of youth, the joy of accomplishment, the inspiration of daily association with their fellows; the pride and self-respect which go hand in hand with self-support; a living which is something more than mere existing.

Shrineshire—In Old England

By T. CAMERON TAYLOR

SHRINESHIRE, England, is a composite of several shires. The central point is the city of Northampton, county town in the country of the famous Pytchley Hunt. Shrineshire is that area which will be included in a twenty-five-mile circle.

A day around Northampton can be a full day indeed! Through a lovely land one reaches, easily within an hour, giving due appreciation to things worth seeing, a quiet little village named Long Buckby. There is not much to distinguish it from the run of English villages; but look at it slowly, picture it in an earlier and even quieter time, and remember that from that village came the mother of Longfellow.

The villages are important in Shrineshire! If you are motoring, with Northampton as your center, you can reach Little Brington in half an hour if you wish to travel at twenty miles an hour, even, through such scenery. There's a wonderful old church at Brington. The Washingtons attended it in post-Sulgrave years, and on a tombstone there you will see the Stars and Stripes of the family which gave to America its first President.

Another easy half-hour's run; another village. Flore, this is. There is a cottage here which made history. You have no difficulty in locating it. It is 'Adams Cottage.' The roof is deep-thatched; the windows are of the tiny, lead-trim panes. In this Cottage was held the first meeting of Friends, and the founder of the meeting had a son who, emigrating to America in 1635, was great-grandfather of our second President.

From Flore the run to Ecton is short—a matter of a few minutes only. Just a village pretty much like the others, but renowned, no less! Here in his hearty day flourished Thomas Franklin, blacksmith, skilled in the founding of bells, but bound by no precise margins as to calling, and conscious of ability but not of restrictions. We know he became skilled in the law; that his common sense and courage made him a power in his neighborhood; that in general he accounts, almost fully, for his amazing grandson, our own Benjamin Franklin.

Have I indicated sufficient to justify the title? You have not completed the circle yet. Only a matter of a two hours' run has been accomplished, only a small sector of Shrineshire covered. But that is America's sector of this wonderful area whence Shakespeare, Bunyan and Cowper likewise sprang.

The VOYAGE of the VICTORIA

By CHARLES J. FINGER

SYNOPSIS

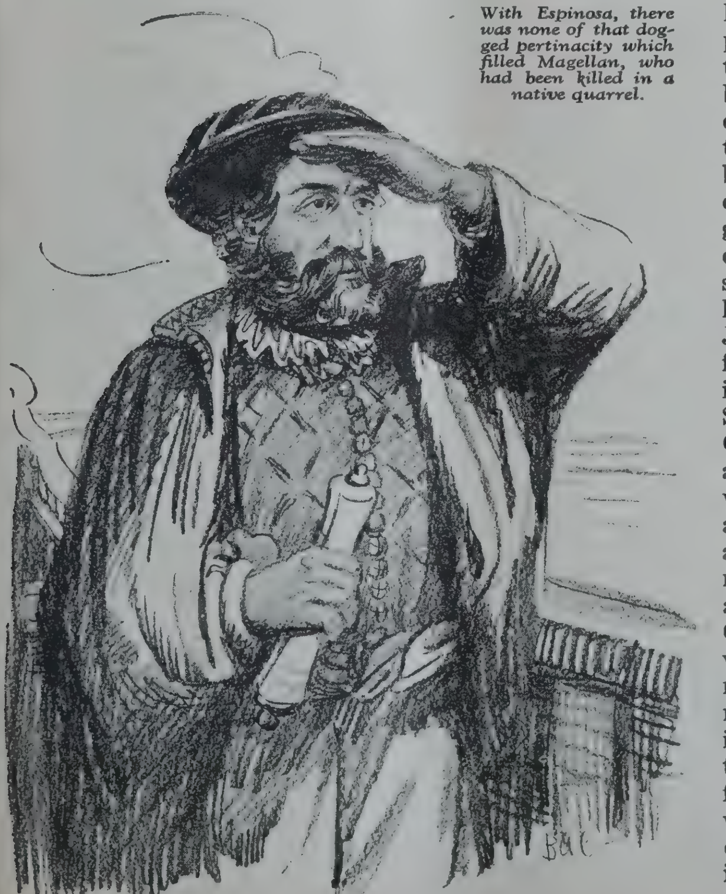
After the *Victoria* had completed her voyage round the world, and Magellan's name had been inscribed in history, one sequel remained to be told, the adventures of the sister ship *Trinidad*. Of Espinosa and his fifty-four men, only three finished the journey.

The END *of the* TRINIDAD

LONG months after all the excitement was over, and when the wonder of the first voyage around the world had lost its sharpness to fall into place as a familiar thing, there came a thin ghost of the first enthusiasm when three men whose very existence was hardly suspected found their way into Spain. They were Espinosa, who had stabbed Mendoza in the San Julian mutiny, and two sailors named Ginez de Marfra and Juan Rodriguez. The story they had to tell was one of dreary toil and hardship. It was the tale of the last voyage of the *Trinidad* and the fate of her crew.

After the *Victoria* left the island of Timor, Espinosa and his fifty-four men had their hands full with the crippled *Trinidad*, but while repairs were being made, Espinosa, following the example of Magellan, became involved in local politics. The Giolo chief, pursuing his peculiar statecraft, had incurred the enmity of some neighboring tribes and now sought the help of the Spaniards to overcome them. Espinosa sent out a little detachment of men, and Giolo's enemies were easily subdued. It was only a tribal disagreement after all. But in return for the loan of soldiers, the native chief had given Espinosa a gang of laborers, and the men worked so well that when the little campaign was ended, the ship was ready for launching.

As there was much to dispose of, because of the surplus stock left by the *Victoria* in addition to the cargo which the *Trinidad* in her weakened condition could not take, Espinosa decided to build a trading station with the surplus as stock, leaving a few men in charge, with the idea of sending out a merchant ship to clean things up when he reached Spain. So the trading station was built and stocked and fortified while the *Trinidad* was being prepared for sea. Then came the choosing of five men to run the station. To have taken charge of such an adventure would have delighted the soul of Master Carvalho; and, indeed, he asked for the post, but he was then on his deathbed and his days of rough combativeness were numbered. But Luis de Molino was glad enough to accept the stewardship, remembering his part in the St. Julian mutiny and fearing the result if he landed in Spain. Juan de Campos who had a taste for trade was made clerk and treasurer, and a couple of sailors named Diego Arias and Alonzo de Cota, together with a gunner named Pedro, announced their willingness to stay on the island, having found life as lived with the natives of this Malaysian island much to their tastes.



With Espinosa, there was none of that dogged pertinacity which filled Magellan, who had been killed in a native quarrel.

That left a crew of fifty-four to work the *Trinidad* across the Pacific to Panama with approximately fifty tons of spices, cinnamon, cloves and valuable woods. So on April 6, 1522, the *Trinidad* lifted anchor, eastward bound. But she carried the elements of failure with her, for her captain was a hard-headed ignoramus who could not write his own name, who knew nothing of seamanship, who lacked character and was all uncertainty. The check to disaster was Juan Bautista Poncero, a skilled pilot who had been friendly with Sebastian del Cano. Doubtless the erratic course of the *Trinidad* is to be accounted for by clashes of opinion, Espinosa's notions colliding with Poncero's knowledge.

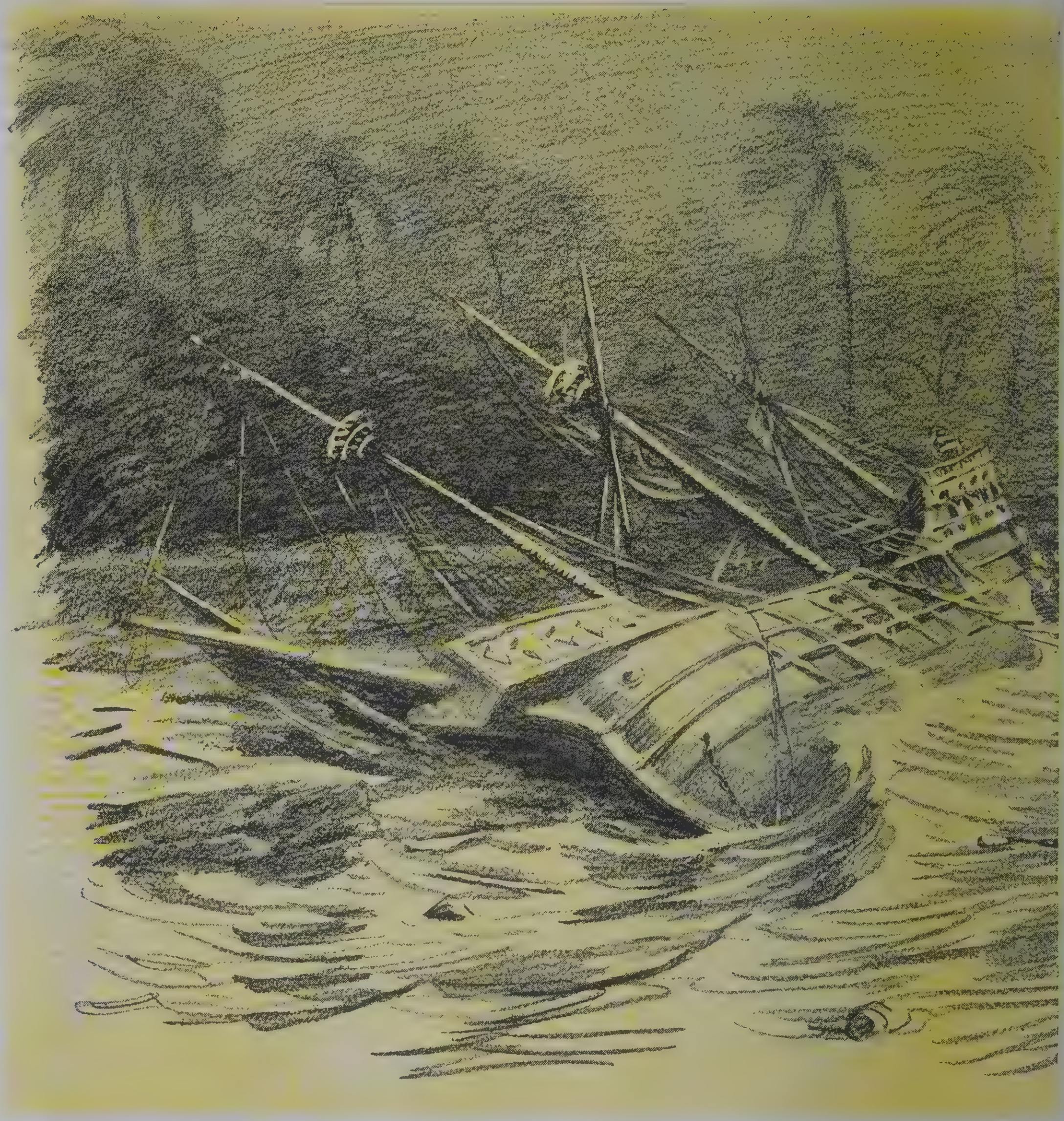
Their course from Timor took them north, past the western coast of Gilolo, through the channel between Morti and Rau, thence to the north of Morti Island. There they stayed for nine days, laying in fresh provisions, taking on water and gathering fruits; they then left on either the twentieth or the twenty-first. There was no Albo to keep record. Open sea having been gained, the course was set at east-quarter-north, but, in consequence of strong head winds, it was presently changed to north-northeast, until two islands were sighted, which they named St. Anthony. They may have been what are now known as Warwick Island and Warren Hastings Island. Touching the most northerly of the Ladrone Islands they impressed a native as deck hand, and then most unaccountably struck a course northeast until they gained 43 degrees north latitude.

AS MAY be seen by reference to a map of the Pacific Ocean, they were then headed in a general direction which, if followed, would have made them the discoverers of southern Alaska. There seems to be no way to account for the course except on the supposition of clashes between Espinosa and Poncero. Still, with all the erratic movements, had they set their course right even then they could have made Panama with little more sailing distance than what was necessary in returning to their starting point. For return they presently did.

With Espinosa, there was none of that dogged pertinacity which filled Magellan. Poncero was well able to calculate distances; so every man could have known how far they were from Panama or from Mexico, where, as they knew, there were Spanish settlements. But Espinosa weakened where Magellan's obstinacy would have carried him through. He did not know his own mind. He lacked determination.

So, halfway between starting point and destination, Espinosa gave the word to return to Timor, and the *Trinidad* was put about. Certainly their plight was serious enough. They were reduced to rice as fare, and they were afflicted with scurvy; so, without proper vitality, rough weather that might have been met with determination brought immense difficulties. Then a gale took away their mainmast and part of the poop—and so they gave up in despair.

The first land touched on the return trip was the island of Saipan, where the stolen native deserted, taking with him three sailors. Four years later, in August, 1526, one of the three was found by Captain Salazar. He was Gonzalo de Vigo, originally a ‘glass’ boy* on board the *Concepcion*. His companions had died. He was a youth given to observation, for he told his rescuers a great deal about the islands, stating correctly the number of them, their products, and the ways and customs of the inhabitants. He had learned the language of the natives and went with Captain Salazar, acting as interpreter.



The lightened ship capsized and was driven ashore to sail no more.

When the *Trinidad* touched the Island of Dui, it seemed impossible to continue the journey. Of the crew thirty-two had died from sickness and there were left only nineteen, none of them in health. Nor was there semblance of authority or of discipline. Men had no confidence in their leader and he had no confidence in himself. It was a ship in which men neither dreamed nor hoped, a ship of despair.

As they lay at anchor, information came from natives in the lurid light of which Espinosa saw nothing but trouble. For there were serious complications and intricacies. It was learned that soon after the *Trinidad* had left, eastward bound, seven Portuguese ships had sailed into Ternate under the command of Simon de Brito, a hard-fisted adventurer given to tyranny and baseness, one who was not long after beheaded by his own people for his misdoings.

De Brito got on the trail of Espinosa at the island of Banda where his fleet had anchored to trade. There they saw a white man, a Spaniard, who turned out to be one of those left by Espinosa in charge of the trading station in Timor. He was seized. A little questioning revealed all, and swift action followed. De Brito of the mailed fist and the wolf's heart was direct and emphatic. He was in authority, and by the papal bull all this was Portuguese territory, and Portuguese influence would permit no rivalry. Nor would free lances or buccaneers be tolerated. So at once he set sail for Timor and seized the trading station and its contents; and then, by way of bumping all natives into economic righteousness, he laid the hand of authority on the island ruler, calling upon him to explain his relations with Spaniards when the whole world knew and agreed that Portuguese influence was dominant. The honor and repute of Portugal, he declared, deserved greater consideration. There was an effect of stiffness and angularity about him that the chief found irresistible.

The immediate result was that the flag of Portugal was hoisted, and the native monarch acknowledged his new master. As for those who had been left in charge of the trading station, one had died, Luis de Molino had taken to the jungle, and the gunner, a seaman, and also Juan de Campos, the luckless adventurer who was found at Banda, were put in irons.

Learning all that and dismayed at the complexity of things, Espinosa did not know which way to turn. There seemed no course open but an appeal to the enemy. Calling Bartolomew Sanchez, a kind of ship's clerk, he sent him with instructions and a letter to De Brito, recounting something of the plight of the *Trinidad*, and asking for help and leniency. But De Brito had quite another part to play in the drama and made no reply, keeping Sanchez as prisoner or hostage. On reflection Espinosa decided to surrender, and took the *Trinidad* a few miles, hugging the coast. De Brito checkmated his move by sending a ship toward the

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* A kind of timekeeper, the term ‘glass’ meaning hourglass. The boy kept count of the turns of the glass as the sand ran out, and then at stated hours struck the bell, calling: ‘One hour passed in two turns, and more will pass if God will. Let us pray to God to grant us a good voyage, and to her, the Mother of God, who is our advocate to deliver us from pumping out water, and other troubles. Forward ahoy!’ In answer to that, the watch on the forecastle shouted, ‘What says He?’ and ordered the boy to recite a Lord's Prayer and an Ave Maria. The quaint custom seems to have been followed by all the early Spanish navigators.

Trinidad, and so it came about that at Benacora the *Trinidad* sighted a caravel sailing briskly, on board of which were Portuguese officers and armed men. It was capture and not surrender, and matters had passed entirely out of Espinosa's hands.

The caravel took possession, the Spaniards being too disheartened to stiffen their backs, and the *Trinidad* was worked to Ternate, where the unloading of her confiscated cargo commenced. But before the cargo was transferred to shore a squall broke, and the lightened ship capsized and was driven ashore to sail no more. Instead of an innocent-looking surrender, De Brito had to his credit a dashing operation without the loss of a single man, the capture of a ship, the impounding of her cargo, the destruction of a trading and semimilitary base and twenty-three prisoners, for the runaway Molino gave himself up.

But the Spaniards had to be further discredited in the eyes of the natives. They had to be taught that Portugal, not Spain, stood on star-crowned heights. They had to learn that the credentials of De Brito and not Espinosa were valid. To that end Espinosa and his men were set to work to build a fort with the timbers of the old *Trinidad*, man and master toiling side by side, Espinosa laboring shoulder to shoulder with his slave, Anton Moreno. Prestige was shattered beyond repair. Social considerations were swept away. Quite ruthlessly De Brito flattened things out. And that he acted harshly with deliberation is very clear not only from the treatment accorded his prisoners but from a letter he wrote to his king, which read in part:

> 'So far as concernes the master clerk and pilot, I am writing that it would be more to your Highnesses service to order their heads to be struck off than to send them to India. I kept them in the Moluccas, because it is a most unhealthy country, in order that they might die there, not liking their heads to be cut off, since I did not know whether your Highness would be pleased or not . . .'

De Brito was a man very direct, very emphatic. For him, men at his command were no more than animated puppets.

The little band of miserable prisoners was shipped west toward the end of February, 1523—twenty-one of them, for De Brito kept two who were carpenters. And from that time it seemed as though the Spaniards were sports of a malignant fate determined that they should know nothing but their own sorrow. It was as if an evil spell had coiled fatally around them. Four were drowned on the voyage to Banda, the junk that carried them being lost in a storm. The remaining seventeen were held in Banda for four months before they were delivered to Albuquerque at Malacca. There they were in prison for five months; four died in chains, the luckiest being Moreno, Espinosa's slave, who was confiscated by Albuquerque's sister. The twelve who were left were shipped in two batches in separate ships bound for Cochim. Only one ship showed up at that port and it bore nine prisoners; the other three, Luis de Molino who executed his own master, Bartholomew Sanchez and Alonzo de Cota, had been drowned. For the nine there was sad disappointment, for at Cochim it was found that the ship designated to take them to Europe had sailed, so that their hopes for an early end to all that specialized and cruel treatment swiftly vanished.

But two, the pilot Poncero and a Genoese sailor named Leon Pancaldo, still had something of courage in their hearts. For the *Santa Catalina*, a trading ship bound for Portugal, being in the roads, both men broke away at night, swam to the ship and stowed themselves away, neither knowing of the action of the other until they were discovered when the ship was at sea. As they were expert seamen their way was easier for a time; they were put to work until the ship reached Mozambique when they were handed over to the authorities to be returned to Cochim. But Poncero found the relief of death and Pancaldo stowed away on another ship bound for Portugal. Reaching Lisbon he was put in prison, but when his story reached royal ears, he received his pardon and was permitted to leave for Genoa, his own town.

Of the seven left at Cochim, three died in captivity, and at last, a more compassionate viceroy ruling, the four were shipped to Europe. They were Espinosa, Ginez de Marfra, Juan Rodriguez the deaf, and Ance or Hans, the German gunner. No sooner had they reached Portugal in the year 1525, than they were transferred from chains on board ship to a prison cell ashore, and there Hans died.

For seven months Espinosa, Mafra and Rodriguez lay in prison before there was investigation. Then Espinosa and Rodriguez were released. But Mafra was detained longer, being under suspicion of peculiar knowledge of the strait and the way to the Spice Islands. That was because certain charts had been found in his poor belongings. Satisfying the authorities at last that the documents did not belong to him, he was given his liberty.

But Espinosa's cup was not full with his release from prison. In due time he presented himself before the India House and asked for his pay, but was informed that he had been cut off from the payroll at the time of his capture by De Brito on the ground that he was no longer in the service of Spain.

Magellan had been killed in Mactan, in a native quarrel with which he had nothing at all to do. Sebastian del Cano, chosen commander by the crew, completed the first voyage around the globe, and received a pension of 500 gold ducats. Since no provision was made for its payment, Del Cano got nothing but honor.

And now Espinosa, finally reaching home after harrowing adventures, found that he had been off the payroll for some time, and not even honor awaited.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

On Choosing One's Career

THERE is something almost pathetic in the wistfulness and the demanding eagerness with which young people challenge us to give a word of counsel, a word of advice which shall solve the problem of their careers.

Whether the young man and the young woman really believe that anyone can solve the problem for them is a question. Perhaps somewhere in the background of the mind there is a sense that the best any friend can do is just to let it be brought out and turned around in discussion. But what every mature person knows is this—none of us knows enough of all the elements involved to give sure counsel in personal matters.

The report of experience and observation is this: oftener the career chooses the person than the person chooses the career. To one who makes himself, there are a thousand who are made by circumstances they did not foresee. 'There is a destiny that shapes our ends.'

This does not mean, of course, that we are the sports of fate. It may mean that, deeper than our intellectual conception of what we should like to be, there is a spiritual direction toward what we were meant to be, and in this sense what we were meant to be is usually just what we are; we would not be anything else.

The whole question is suggested by two persons who were recently seen. One has come late to his career. For nearly a quarter of a century he has kept himself ready to use his opportunity when it came, and for a quarter of a century it seemed to him that his opportunity would never come; there were months when it almost seemed that the quest would end in heartbreak. The glow had gone, the vision had vanished, nothing remained but sheer grit—then the opportunity came, and the man was ready to embrace it. Of course, it had nothing of the halo about it—for him—that it might have had twenty years before. To the world of onlookers there is a great thrill in the story, but not for him; he knows by what painful steps he toiled up to it, he remembers how often he was on the verge of letting go, how often indeed he did let go but was carried on by the sheer momentum of his effort. It all makes for modesty and sincerity in him, but it is very different from what the onlookers conceive it to be. Behind the scenes, success is a very plain experience.

> *EXPERIENCE is the harvest of life, and every harvest is the result of a sowing. The experience which young people most crave is that of success in some service for which they are naturally fitted. And they wish it at once—immediately. Youth wishes to touch a magic button and command success without apprenticeship. But nothing ripens that is not first planted, and the very desires, the impatience, the dreams, the ambitions of youth, are by way of a planting which shall come to fruition—sometimes after these desires are abandoned and forgotten. For the sown seed goes on growing whether we remember it or not. The wisdom of life is to keep on planting.*

The other person is young, high-spirited, brilliant with the new ideas and the modern vision, restive and impatient, believing that there must be some secret spring which if discovered and touched would, presto! bring about the desired success in service. Not at some future time, but now—bring it to pass next week!

It is rather difficult to say to such a person (probably it is unnecessary even to try to give youth a glimpse of middle-age experience) that all this straining at the tether, all this brilliant impatience, all this generation of high effort, is not solid performance at all, but practice, training. The efforts seem so real, so final—to describe them as only the prancing of the impatient mind and not genuine progress sounds cruel in the ears of the one most interested.

In the deep unwritten wisdom of life there are many things to be learned that cannot be taught. We never know them by hearing them spoken, but we grow into them by experience, and recognize them through understanding. Understanding is a great experience in itself, but it does not come through instruction.

And one of the matters which we understand and which may perhaps be reduced to words in such a form as to help those who are on the brink of life, and those who are wondering why things do not immediately respond to their imperious command—one of the elements of experience which may perhaps be passed across from the more mature condition to the less mature condition is this: Life is a series of plantings, and what your restive desire may be planting now will take root and grow and come to flower at a time when it may be you have forgotten that you ever planted it.

What a man sows he shall reap—it is not a threat, it is a promise. And earnest, ambitious people are sowing all the time. One of the surprising qualities of life is that men reap things they have forgotten they ever sowed. They plant the seed of desire and expectation, but because they do not immediately see the fruit they grow weary of waiting and turn their attention elsewhere; but the seed is a living thing and grows—forgotten or not, it grows, and in due time it comes to flower and fruit.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

New Baumes Laws

CALEB BAUMES has given his name to laws which mete out drastic punishment to habitual criminals. Now he would also lend it to laws dispensing mercy to first offenders. As chairman of the New York State Crime Commission, he proposes new measures which would surround an erring youth, should he have to go to prison, with at least a modicum of protection. 'The first offender ought to have every chance to alter his ways and go straight,' he declares. 'I am speaking now of the young man or young woman whose heart is not hardened against society and who has no previous criminal record of any sort. We should like to throw around the prison career of such an offender an environment that would help and not hinder the prisoner's regeneration. To illustrate what I mean—the first offender should not be allowed to come in contact with the calloused criminal, the pervert and the convict with homicidal proclivities.'

It is no exaggeration to state that the Baumes Laws have struck terror into the hearts of the underworld. In New York, where they were first put into effect, crime has shown a marked decrease. Other states have copied them with equally felicitous results. Through the enforcement of the laws, the name Baumes has come to stand for order and stern justice. It is fitting that it should now be associated with mercy and the rehabilitation of unfortunate youths.

Apple Cider

NEVER was that nectar brewed for the gods on Olympus more palatable or more delicious than American sweet cider. When the glow of the year begins to fade, and Autumn stalks through gold-shot woods and meadow mists to keep a tryst with Winter, there comes a time when it pauses, as if regretful of the chilly pact. It is then that the farmer gathers his apple crop. Part he may store in the cellar against a cold night. Northern spies will mellow with age. Russets he will bury in a pit near the woodshed. The windfalls of the better grades he will gather and sack for cider. Then some morning, when the frost has whitened every blade of grass and the hardy sparrows gather about the top rail near the straw stack, he will harness the team and hie away to the mill with his precious load of windfalls. There he will await his turn among others on similar bent. Stone flagons will be passed around filled with the rich amber fluid that now rushes from the presses. Tiny fruit flies will hover over the discarded pulp. A sweet, delicious odor assails the nostrils as the juicy fruit rolls into the hopper. At night barrels loaded with precious juice replace the sacked apples as the farmer starts homeward. He breathes deeply of the free air of the country. From the top of an elevation the low-ridged hills fall away like the ebbing swells of a mighty sea. A silvery creek winds between the hills into the quiet valley. From afar is heard the low of a cow. Over all the splendor, blending its vividness to enchanting harmony, is drawn a dim and indefinable veil of gauzy haze. The late October night descends as a wheeling flight of blackbirds dots the pale, high-arched sky. The scent of smoldering bonfires drifts across the road. It is good to be alive and in the country!

He Brought Death

MILAN ZIGANOVITCH is dead. Who was he? Not one person in a thousand can answer. Yet it was his overt act that brought on the greatest holocaust in human history, that brought death to millions and suffering to millions more. Thirteen years ago in the obscure Serbian village of Sarajevo, Ziganovitch and his companions threw the bomb that killed Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria. The World War followed.

The world knows now, if it did not know then, that the death of the archduke was not the cause of the war, that it was merely an excuse for war. There had been bomb-throwers before Sarajevo, there have been bomb-throwers since, and their cowardly acts have not resulted in war. The roots which blossomed so evilly lay deep under the surface. Europe was honeycombed with intrigue. Everything was in readiness for the catastrophe. But a spark was needed to touch off the blaze. The bomb-thrower of Sarajevo furnished that spark. He was an insignificant pawn in the great game of international intrigue, and yet the bomb he threw resulted in the death not of one man but of millions. So much greater were the tragic results of his deed than the man himself that no one had time or thought either to praise or to blame him. Now he is dead, has gone to join those millions who died in the shambles that followed. His very death emphasizes his insignificance. The war can never be forgotten; the man whose act touched off the flame was never known.

Of, By and For the People

GOVERNMENT of the people, by the people and for the people,' remarks Dean Inge, 'is claptrap.' By which he probably means that in his opinion democracy is a failure. But what would the good dean substitute? Government of the people by and for the aristocracy? That has been tried with dismal results. Government by and for royalty, the clergy, the wealthy? All have failed. Democracy in its present stage is not perfect, it is true; but still it is a vast improvement over any other form of government yet tried.

OURSELVES Across the PACIFIC

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

The flag above Fort Santiago.

An entrance to Manila—a beautiful gate in one of the thick walls which surround the city.

EVENING on the Lunetta. A great bay to the west bathed in a glory of light. Cavite, giantlike against the background. In the foreground, the Rizal monument and the Manila hotel silhouetted against the sky. Here and there a light in the great hotel.

Great four-masted schooners and transpacific ships lay quietly at anchor in the harbor. The constabulary band, led by an American Negro, was playing next to its last selection for the evening. The Lunetta was crowded. Whole families were there: Americans, Spaniards, Filipinos, Chinese, Japanese; men and bloods from the ends of the earth, to hear the music; as indeed they meet three evenings a week.

Little children romped about on the grass lawns. A brown-skinned Spanish lad chased his browner brother, the Filipino, and they laughed together as a fair-skinned, bare-legged American girl tripped one of them up. Filipino women, with their winged gowns about their bare brown shoulders, laughed and listened.

Then suddenly the leader of the band lifted his baton, the band arose, and 'The Star Spangled Banner' with which the band always closes its concert each evening swelled out across the evening air. It was a magic scene; one to thrill the heart of an American far from home.

Everybody arose. American soldiers, just returned from two years in Siberia, stood rigidly at attention, tears in their eyes. Little groups of soldiers could be seen here and there all over the Lunetta with hands in salute as the strains of the national anthem swept to glorious climax.

One was reminded of the 'dawn's early light' of nearly a quarter-century ago when Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Bay and literally planted the Stars and Stripes on the flagpole of Fort Santiago. I could see that fort dimly outlined in the distance.

Off to my left a group of native constabulary stood at salute with as much pride in their eyes as I have ever seen. Their major stood as rigidly as any of his men.

Filipino boys about to go for a swim in the Pasig River.

One other thing that night on the Lunetta stirred me even more than seeing the soldiers and officers and Filipinos at salute.

That was the sight of little American children ostracized from their native land because their parents' work was in the Islands. I have never asked an American child in the mission fields of China, Korea, Japan, or anywhere else, 'Where would you rather be, in China or in America?' without getting an answer back as quick as a flash, 'In America!'

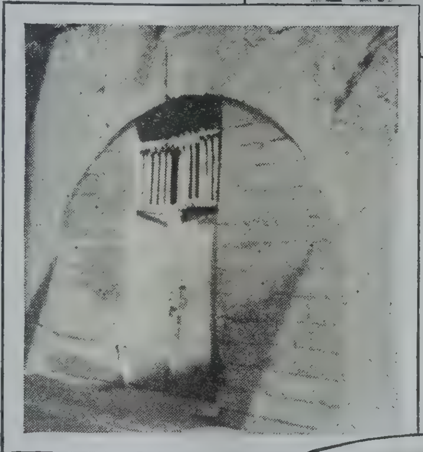
There is a deep sense of national love and pride bred in the hearts of these ostracized children of America. My heart has bled many a time to see their loneliness and their hungry eagerness to talk about America. Every boy in a foreign land will fight at the slightest criticism of his America by a native of the land in which he lives. I am told that during the war the most intense patriots in the Orient were the children.

And so they stood that night on the Lunetta, boys with their little hands at salute, rigidly jerked to attention, their eyes full of tears, their heads lifted in pride as the music of 'The Star Spangled Banner' swept out over their bare heads; little girls with their hands at their sides motionless. It was such a contrast to the jumping about, the playing and confusion in which these children had indulged while the rest of us were trying to listen to the band music during the concert.

After one has traveled all over the Orient and has caught no glimpse of the Stars and Stripes he begins to get hungry for it, especially if, as was the case with me, he has traveled on a Canadian ship. I shall never forget the thrill that came when, for the first time in six months, on the city walls of Manila, I saw the fluttering Stars and Stripes. I stopped! I stood still in my tracks and lifted my hat; tears came to my eyes; and I said, 'Thank God for that Flag!'

Class of native students in one of the thousands of public schools supported by the United States in the Philippine Islands.

Later, all over the Islands I saw the flag. I have been in villages where there was no other white man but myself and where a few people had actually never seen an American, and I have found our flag flying in the breezes: it has thrilled me to the core!



Forbidding gate to a prison in a wall of Manila. The wall is ten feet wide.

Those who have visited Bilibid Prison in Manila will never forget a certain thrill that they had at the close of the visit. I have talked with business men, missionaries, a bishop, doctors, lawyers, men, women, children, and all have admitted the same thrill.

Buglers of the Philippine Constabulary. These natives are trained under American direction and are very proud of their positions.

It must be remembered first of all that this prison has a record of horror and terror such as few prisons on earth have had. Under the Spanish régime its dungeons and cells could tell tales that would freeze the blood with terror: Murders, buried cells into which the Pasig River could be turned by a gate to obliterate forever the memory of a political prisoner, dungeons of starvation, cruelties of unmentionable description—all made Bilibid a name that was spoken in fear and trembling.

But America has made it a model house of reform. It is as clean as Spotless Town. Men attendants dress in spotless white. Every corner is immaculate. Inmates are given both an education and a trade when they are confined within its walls. It has become one of the outstanding show places of Manila.

The one feature of a visit to this prison is to stand on a great platform in the center of the prison yard from which radiate, like rays of light in octagonal form, little sections of walled-in drill grounds.

Suddenly one hears a bugle call. From each set of cells the prisoners march down these radiating drill places in formation. It is one of the most perfect illustrations of machinelike drilling that I have ever seen. A major in the American Army said to me, 'There isn't a regiment in our army that can beat that drilling.'

They drilled for half an hour, each group in its own triangle. One group was dressed in blue, one in white, one in brown uniforms, and one in stripes. Each tried to excel the other in perfection of step. Several thousand prisoners marched as one man to the music. Then suddenly the drilling stopped, a bugle blew and the band started to play 'The Star Spangled Banner.' The entire army of prisoners stood rigidly at attention.

(*Continued on page 20*)

In a park on the Gulf of Davao.

Below—*Silhouettes of ships riding at anchor on Manila Bay.*

Wall Street's National Daily

By AARON HARDY ULM

ON THE heights of Mount Carmel in the Holy Land two men were taking tea. One, the manager of the Palestine Railways, excused himself as he was summoned by an important call over the telephone. The telegraph operator at the foot of the mountain had a difficult problem.

'This is the longest message I ever saw,' he said. 'And the chap who filed it wants it sent all the way to New York by cable collect. What shall I do with it?'

The manager said, 'O. K.; send it.' For the three-thousand-word telegram was being sent by his guest at tea, Clarence W. Barron. The message told of King Tut's tomb, of the crop and the political outlook in Egypt and of other things. It was a story for *The Wall Street Journal*, a truly significant American newspaper.

Both *The Wall Street Journal* and its proprietor, the man who sent the long message from Mount Carmel, stand alone on several counts. Clarence W. Barron is about the last surviving journalist of the Greeley, Watterson, Pulitzer type—whose newspapers and themselves are, so to speak, one. Unlike most others of the type, Mr. Barron is more than an editor. He is a reporter, working in the ranks at 72 years of age. He was crippled by two accidents that would have sent many a lighter and younger man to bed or to the wheel chair. Yet he chases elusive news facts around the globe, by foot and otherwise, as eagerly as when, a cub, he covered his first assignment for a Boston newspaper more than a half-century ago.

The Wall Street Journal issues from one of those canyons of finance on the lower tip of Manhattan Island. Edited for the national circulation which it has, this paper is rarely seen by the seekers for news sensations and yet it bears mightily on the lives of all of us.

It is only one of the Barron news-distributing mediums. The Barron organization carries on an immense commerce in facts of the kind that are to the wheels of business what lubrication is to wheels of metal. These facts flow through other agencies, too. But it is estimated authoritatively that the Barron organization gives first fluidity on broad scale to 80 or 90 per cent of the basic facts of general import which guide those who conduct the business of the country. And this business amounts to more than a hundred billion dollars a year. Those who have to do with it in a big way must have their news quickly and accurately.

—Ewing Galloway.
Wall Street from the roof of the National City Bank. Trinity Church is at the Broadway end of the street.

A big corporation decides to speed or to cut production . . . The Federal Reserve Board changes the discount rate . . . Exports increase or decrease . . . A change of weather affects the crop outlook . . . Banks become free with loans or restrict them . . . And the prices that you pay or receive thereby go up or down, the employment outlook is rendered good or bad.

And all is based in some measure on facts put forth by the Barron organization, facts that are usually statistical and sometimes superbly exciting. Reports of these facts come to a head more pointedly than elsewhere in *The Wall Street Journal*, a veritable diary of American finance. It is probably the most quoted and the most widely trusted newspaper in America.

The perspective of any picture of this newspaper must include the organization of which it is a part, and its head.

This means going back to the 1860's when a Yankee boy used to lean at night out of a window in his Boston home and study the stars. He now likes to repeat the line which Brashear, the astronomer, wrote for his own tomb where his ashes are mingled with those of Mrs. Brashear:

'We have lived to love the stars too fondly to be fearful of the night.'

For the stars turned Clarence W. Barron toward a career of inquiry via journalism. He made ready for it by learning shorthand, without a teacher, when he was fifteen. Then he worked for a court reporter and for an eccentric writer who said to him one day:

'I'll see that your name is remembered by giving it to a character in the novel I am writing.' In the novel, long forgotten, it appears as 'Major Clarence W. Barron.'

Then the youth got a job on a short-lived newspaper in Boston. One day when the paper came out with a two-column story headed 'Wendell Phillips on Finance,' editors on the older dailies realized that here was a reporter worth salvaging from the impending wreck.

'The other papers had only a few perfunctory lines on the story, which was the sensation of the day,' says Mr. Barron. 'It developed at a meeting of one of these organizations that try to solve with talk all the problems of the universe. It had been organized to give Henry Villard, who later made millions out of railroads, a job as a paid secretary. They were discussing finance when Wendell Phillips came in and stated his views. I took down in shorthand what he said and the sharp discussion that followed. Then I sat up all night to untangle the record.'

The Boston *Transcript* employed young Barron, who, specializing in economic subjects as he had done at school, virtually invented the art of analytical reporting of business news. The industrial boom of the period was causing funds to flow from rich New England into many enterprises throughout the West, notably railroads, often run by promoters who were not always candid with investors.

Barron, as financial editor of the *Transcript*, began making first-hand researches of big enterprises sustained by New England capital. He made a study of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway, with far-reaching results. He studied also the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, the Union Pacific, and other big properties. He began an agitation, still carried on by him, for full publicity concerning the affairs of such enterprises.

HE WAS the reportorial godfather of the telephone business, having been present at its birth and having followed it as if it were his own child. Theodore N. Vail, who developed the telephone commercially, confided freely in him.

'All of us had at the start only a meager notion of the telephone's possibilities,' says Mr. Barron. 'Vail thought its chief use would be as a substitute for speaking tubes. I remember how he used to tell me that it might be used in communication between one's house and one's stable! Local exchanges and long distance wires were scarcely imagined in the beginning.'

Mr. Barron wrote the first story of the arrangement that suggested the telephone exchange. A burglar alarm company that had an office near the *Transcript* in Boston arranged to relay by messenger boys express calls for business concerns that put in telephones for the purpose. Out of that came the exchange.

His newspaper work caused Mr. Barron to see that even bankers and brokers, relying on their own resources and the newspapers, often operated far behind much news that bore mightily on what they were doing.

He instituted a printed news bulletin service, delivered by messengers, in the Boston financial district and has since then been the banker's trusted reporter.

'My salary during eleven years on the *Transcript* totaled $14,000,' he says, 'but when I quit I was getting fifty dollars a week'—which wasn't bad for those days. The business he and his family now own has a monetary worth running into the millions.

A segment of this business is the news bulletin service he set up forty years ago in the Boston financial district. A final daily summary of financial news items and stock exchange transactions has evolved into a daily newspaper which carries the service throughout New England, Canada and over the country. It is the *Boston News Bureau.*

In the late nineties he established a similar service, with its daily financial newspaper, in Philadelphia—*The Philadelphia News Bureau.*

For both cities he had a working arrangement for the interchange of news with Dow, Jones and Company, which developed an even more extensive service in New York City. In 1902 the founders of the above company, wishing to retire, offered the business for sale. It included a local bulletin service, a ticker service for transmitting news instantaneously by wire, and *The Wall Street Journal.* Barron purchased the business, thus combining the three principal financial news organizations in the East. The combined organization has been greatly enlarged and has long been a national one. This is because of its supremacy in the financial center of the country, Wall Street, the reach of the automatic news ticker, and the position occupied by *The Wall Street Journal.*

ONE finds here the most complete utilization of news material as a salable commodity. A story of big financial import 'breaks' at, let us say, eleven o'clock in the morning. In a few minutes or seconds the facts are being typed automatically on rolls of paper in machines standing by the desks of bankers, brokers, and corporation executives throughout the financial district of New York and in other cities. A little later the news in fuller form will be dispatched on printed sheets by messengers to subscribers to the bulletin services. Then, probably in still fuller form and perhaps analyzed by experts, the news will be published in the three Barron newspapers in evening and morning editions. If of interest to the leisurely class of investors, it will appear again, with further amplification, in *Barron's Weekly*, a financial magazine. The

(*Continued on page 26*)

FALL RIVER LINE

—Publishers' Photo Service.

Sky line of a section of Lower Manhattan across the North River.

Uncle HORACE MANN As I Remember Him

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

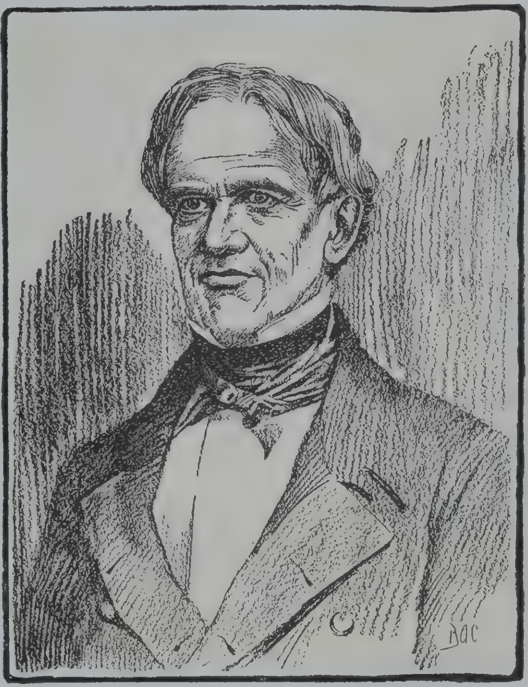
HORACE MANN became my uncle by marrying my mother's sister, Mary Peabody. My Aunt Mary was a good woman, intellectual and attractive, and the marriage resulted in general contentment. Horace Mann had been born in 1796, and was therefore about fifty years of age, and had been active in educational reforms for fully two decades.

He was the author, or one of them, of the Massachusetts school system; had already been secretary of the Board of Education, was a Whig candidate for political preferment, and even aspired to be governor of the state. The people wouldn't go so far as to elect him, but years after his death a bronze statue of him was set up in front of the old State House on Beacon Hill, Boston. That is something!

He wore spectacles of course; his face was long and rectangular, his nose rather large and irregular, and his mouth (my mother admitted) was 'terrible.' But Uncle Horace, whatever the propensities of his nature, was a person of really appalling moral strictness; he was an authentic Sir Galahad in action, however little he might look the part. No typical old maid could be more indignant at the lapses of others. He saw ideals of conduct for mankind with one eye, while with the other he could discern little but evil in the actual community around him. This attitude kept him very busy, but in a state of irritation. His measure of wrong was divergence from his conception of right.

I don't know what his religious faith was, but in Massachusetts at that period most of us attended the Unitarian Church. He distrusted emotion, and loved reason; yet he was driven by emotion. He was addicted to theories, and to 'sayings' derived from them. He was a friend and admirer of George Combe, and after naming his first son after himself, called the second after George. He embraced vehemently the theory of coeducation, was the first president of Antioch College, in Yellow Springs, Ohio, and so a sort of foster father of Sanborn's School in Concord.

If morality be the whole of goodness, my Uncle Horace was a good man. He had fondness for his wife and children; it was mingled with the sense of ownership and control. My Aunt Mary adored him as one of the best and greatest of men, and his children obeyed his law. He was keenly aware of the surface of life, but was unconscious of its depths, so that he was unable much to enjoy communion with my father, for instance: not, however, that the latter ever betrayed, in their intercourse, anything other than amiability. One of the occasions, however, when something was heard to drop, was when, abruptly entering a room, Uncle Horace discovered my father in the very act of smoking a cigar.


'He was to me education incarnate—'

When he breathed the accursed fragrance, and saw the cigar in my father's mouth (or between his fingers, perhaps), Uncle Horace stopped short in his tracks, as one brought unawares to the brink and reek of the Pit.

He snapped, 'Mr. Hawthorne, I am sorry to say that I can no longer entertain the same respect for you that I once had!'

My father smiled sympathetically, but did not throw away the butt, and my uncle withdrew.

As I grew older, I did not approve of my uncle. It was a temperamental aversion. It was confirmed, as I grew in years, by the bogey of 'education,' which attended him as a familiar spirit, and to which I was constitutionally opposed. He was, to me, education incarnate. Not that he ever attempted to become my instructor, but I knew him to be too deep in the plot to put the fetters of learning on dauntless infancy, and I revolted in imagination. To be lessoned was bad enough, but to undergo that outrage at the hands of my uncle would have been quick poison. So, with the injustice of childhood, I bore him a grudge for what he didn't do, but might have done; and also no doubt because his aspect and physical propinquity were distasteful to me. I don't recall his making any effort to capture me. But I once saw him in the act of shaving, and the spectacle, for long afterward, disgusted me with the practice.

His purpose in life was nothing less noble than to rescue mankind from its errors, by making it conform to his ideas. He never suspected that his presence was not delightful to his nephew.

My chief personal recollection of him was in the winter that we spent in West Newton, not far from Boston, from which, in the early summer of the following year, we removed to The Wayside in Concord. West Newton must have been quite a small place then, and probably wasn't looking its best in winter. We had lived for the previous year or two in the loveliness of Lenox, in the Berkshires. My father had written *The House of the Seven Gables*, and the two *Wonder Books;* and it was in West Newton that he was to finish *The Blithedale Romance.* The Manns, it appeared, had there rented a house much too large for them, and what more natural than that they should invite us to share it with them?

IT WAS a shapeless frame structure, painted white, with green shutters, in the prevalent style of the 1850's. There was a long boardwalk down to the gate. Within, the bare rooms were papered with pale paper stamped with diamond-shaped patterns; they were warmed by registers opening through the base of the walls, and emitting a suffocating breath from the furnace in the cellar. They kept us from freezing, but we had known the joy of log fires in the little red house in Lenox. Outside, the snow lay white and bleak.

My sister Una was then about eight; my other sister, Rose, was a baby; I was six. The Manns also had three children: Horace, George Combe, and Benjamin Pickman. We were fairly matched in our ages, the Manns being a little older.

Horace was a shy and silent youngster, dark-haired, and already showing a leaning toward natural history. Before he was twenty he had attracted the attention of the great Agassiz, and was his able assistant in the arrangement of the great museum of natural history in Cambridge. He was serious, earnest and devoted; but his health was never good, and he died in his twenties. He had no social faculty, though he was affectionate in a silent, painful way: he would conscientiously 'make calls' on people he knew, but would sit voiceless and embarrassed all the evening; if asked a question, he would reply slowly (as if to get over as much time as possible) —'Why—I really don't know—whether that is so or not.' His mind was far from being vacant, however, and on his own chosen subject he could be almost voluble.

GEORGE favored his father, and his father made George his favorite. He had the same bleached, dry, straight hair, unhealthy complexion, and spectacles. He was not an outdoor boy, but was bookish and clever, did his lessons well, was a good boy. He acquired early a sort of erudite wisdom, and never got over it. He took a good degree at Harvard, and afterward became principal of a girls' school, where he remained happy and successful until his death, I think, at seventy-five.

Benjy began life under an untoward star; his mother was never robust, and a third son seemed a little too much. Soon after his birth his father, mindful of George Combe, solemnly examined Benjy's head for bumps and general configuration; as the examination proceeded, his solemnity became severe, and he finally declared openly that a child with a head like that was not worth bringing up. His submissive little mother heard the sentence with what equanimity she might, sensible that it was her fault. His Aunt Elizabeth Peabody, always an indomitable optimist, and by far the deepest, highest and broadest of the tribe, protested with confidence and cheerfulness, pointing out that the heads of babies changed shape radically as they grew up, and almost hinting that the great George might not be infallible.

The father's gloom was not lightened, and Benjy grew up—perhaps not altogether to his disadvantage—in the outer courts of the parental consideration. His head did change in shape, but whether for the better was not determined until later, when his genius declared itself in favor of entymology, and he achieved real and lasting distinction in that pursuit. In his later years he occupied an important position in Washington, D. C., as a professor in the Smithsonian, and he flourished among his darling bugs to a venerable age—in fact he may be still alive. He was odd, original and lovable, for under his sardonic and malign humor there was keen ability and fine, independent character, and, moreover, honest affection and good will.

But he was wont to parade his foibles and to mask his virtues, perhaps out of a kind of sensitiveness due to unsympathetic influences in his childhood. He never sought sympathy; his mood was of smiling defiance, and he would perpetrate startling enormities with an air of sardonic humor. One day, soon after our establishment in the West Newton house, Benjy was admitted to participate in the worship of our baby Rose, who lay placid and imperial in her cradle—she was an exceedingly pretty infant. Benjy, in his turn, bent over the crib with apparent interest, when all at once Rose sent forth a piercing scream, and Benjy stepped back with a diabolic grimace. There was a bleeding wound on the baby's fairy little forefinger. What had happened?

'I did it!' quoth Benjy. It seemed a foregone conclusion that such a boy must in due time become a rampant Cain. He was talked to very severely, and the inhumanity of his deed pointed out; but nothing could efface from his little visage the grin of contented wickedness.

At Sanborn's School he was physically smaller than the other boys, but instead of permitting that to discourage him, he used it as a protection against being punched for the mischief he was continually doing his comrades. It wasn't serious mischief, but such as to turn the laugh on the victim, who was prevented from retaliating by the manifest inability of 'Pickie,' as we called him, to defend himself. Thus he became among us a licensed malefactor, never doing any real harm, but by his quick-wittedness making the other party appear foolish.

UPON the whole, he was rather a favorite except with the sufferer of the moment.

Meanwhile Benjy, or 'Pickie,' became possessed of a small wooden printing press, with types and ink. After passing through the period of delight arising from smutching his hands, face and garments with ink, he suddenly made the machine a source of commercial profit. He catered for local custom; every tradesman in the village must have labels printed by Pickie; private persons were also 'sold' on one pretext or another; and he got an order from me for one thousand labels to use in my collection of shells, butterflies and birds' eggs; they were delivered done up in neat little packages of one hundred each.

Pickie received payment, but of course I never collected specimens enough to use a tithe of the labels. I think recognition of this fact added to Pickie's pleasure in the transaction.

He didn't go to Harvard, but instead was attached to an entomological expedition which went to Brazil and was absent several months. Here the youth proved his value; he had found his proper function in life, and the life, energy and curiosity which had hitherto been exercised in childish pranks found their satisfaction in useful work. The collections of insects that he made in the tropical forest won him deserved distinction, and from that time his career was settled. He applied his every faculty to congenial and restless employment, not seeking to make himself a name, but devoting himself to the cause.

Horace Mann died in 1859, probably before he was called upon to recant the verdict he had passed upon his youngest son. The ambition and the achievements of Benjamin Pickman Mann were divergent from those of his father, and perhaps would not have kindled his enthusiasm. The father was identified with a great public enterprise, the final judgment upon which it is still too early to determine.

He was a man of great singleness of purpose, and he believed unfalteringly in himself.

THINGS done for the public are, in intent at least, a measure of civilization. Nothing is of more public importance than is education, which includes in its broader aspects the lifting of mankind to higher levels of thought and deed. All the greater is the responsibility resting upon educators, especially upon those who are founders rather than followers of new systems.

The bronze figure of Horace Mann still stands on the left as we ascend the steps leading to the Boston State House with its gilded dome. The face was modeled from a drawing made by my mother, at my Aunt Mary's request, from such daguerreotypes and *cartes de visite* as were available; but she slightly modified the mouth into nearer harmony with the ideal of masculine beauty. And, in view of the man's lifelong devotion to what he intensely believed to be the welfare of his fellow creatures, we may rest in the persuasion that the countenance of the great apostle of education, as seen in the light of infinite understanding and justice which now illuminates it, may possess or mirror something of the nobility and radiance which he hoped and strove to awaken in posterity.

It is in a man's work, rather than in the trivial imperfections which, in various degrees, impede us all, that we find his reality. One exaggeration tends to correct another; only by tempering eulogy with criticism do we approximate the truth.

For Bigger *and* Better COUNTY FAIRS

By BARTON WINSLOW

BEING placed in a position where fair men bring their troubles, talk shop in season and out of season, and canvass every phase of making agricultural shows into greater successes, the writer at the editorial desk of a fair publication must see some things that impress and cause enthusiasm.

All of which is preliminary to the convincing feeling that in general the fairs, state, district, and county, are moving forward; that out of the warring opinions of the managers, the conflicting interests of the legitimate concessionaire and the crooked and salacious concessionaire, the progressive ideas of the modern-minded exponent and the stuck-in-the-rut man who believes that because things have been right they continue right and prudent—that out of all these things, threshed out to a great degree through the press devoted to fairs and attachments of fairs, there is a steady movement for the betterment and advancement of these institutions so linked with agriculture.

In analyzing the present situation of the county fairs, one is struck with the readiness to adopt praiseworthy ideas which appear to dominate the managers. If one cares to bring into concert the relation of the upward-looking managers to the material success which is manifest on numberless grounds about the country, one can readily establish convincing evidence that the determination to run a clean fair, a fair with progressive ideas, with an ideal in view, is fruitful of money at the gate, the grandstand and the other sources, whence comes the sustenance from year to year.

In this movement—and perhaps it is unnecessary to specify it—the principle of fair-and-square dealing is foremost. In short, the claim is for a clean fair, and the management makes good the claim. The men of these fairs believe that because crooked games were permitted in the old days, and because salacious exhibitions drew throngs in other years, these are not legitimate claims for the patronage of the present or the future, either. They believe that whatever is right is the thing to do. Now, this is not to indicate that there were no managers of the old days who believed that these shows, these games and the rest, were proper fittings for a county fair: but they oiled their consciences with the thought of the income from such sources, and they fallaciously reasoned that there would be no other source for this lost revenue. It was the old-fogy reasoning that tied up a magnificent source of aid and encouragement for the farming industry to an anchor that was not even dragging, but was deeply imbedded in the slush of degraded exhibition effectually impeding any progress of friendship.

Progressive handling, following logical reasoning, is to kill all possible sources of attack upon the fair by removing the drawbacks. It is properly held that permanent success cannot come from an unfair invitation to the farmer and his family. And the old form of invitation to the fair was deceptive. There were exhibits, attractions of legitimate character, racing, band music, and other things of correct form, but if a concessionaire of ill repute came along, his offer of money secured a place.

One step forward is the juvenile club movement. In nearly a hundred county and district fairs of that state, well-organized in a great state body, well-officered and progressive in every angle, the boys and girls of the state by the thousands are brought into a new acquaintance with the dignity of agriculture, and the wealth of achievements that are possible within its scope. There are calf clubs, pig clubs, colt clubs, lamb clubs, canning clubs, sewing clubs, and other clubs, all with the incentive contained to turn new thousands into an honorable, praiseworthy, and remunerative vocation.

For years there has been a decided movement away from the farms. The city with its bright lights, glamour and gayety has been the goal. The turn from the humble highways and byways of the productive regions has been strangely contradictory of a movement urged by our best scientific men to greater advantages for health. But youth is headstrong.

Club work teaches better farming opportunity. There is the stimulus of the competition, the luring interest to study scientific feeding, cooking, sewing, and the strong hope held out that the end of the rainbow is not a delusive one. Personally, the writer can cite several cases that came within his own observation where the club idea brought into useful work boys who had never taken things seriously—had failed to find a single inducement in farming or stock raising before the call came through an admirably combined urge of the theoretical and practical in the form of a calf club. Life took on a new phase when this presentation made its appeal. Great things hitherto hidden from the eye of the juvenile mind were brought within the vision, and the boy went forward—to win in life a definite goal ahead.

AND there are the grain clubs—corn, most particularly. In Indiana this corn club medium has been a remarkable stimulus to the youths of the farm. The competition in the county brings the winner into the sterner competition of a district, and in time the state, if he is successful enough in his application. The state offers trips to the great international show held in Chicago, and thereby again brings before the boy winner the practical lessons that go to make success in his field.

Then, if it is necessary to choose a third factor—or is it an effect of the modernist that has turned to the good of the fairs in the humble agricultural districts?—it is unquestionably the trend toward neatness on the fair grounds. The unkempt form of the old days is departing fast. It has not yet passed away entirely, but it is moving out of the scene at a gait rapid enough to make it certain that another decade will find tumble-down fair grounds a rarity.

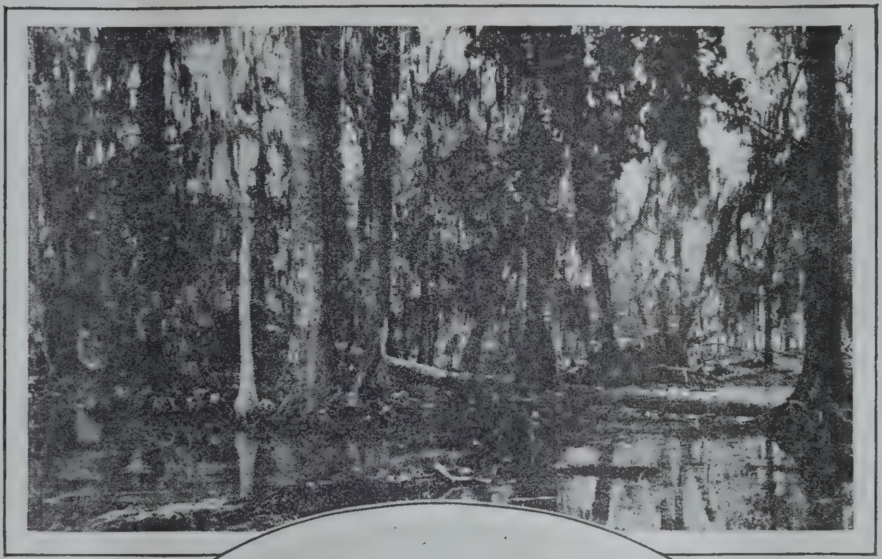
Numbers of county associations have found that cleanliness, extended over the whole area of land within the inclosure, paid well not only in cleanliness of morals but cleanliness resultant from the abolished rubbish and accumulated filth during the fair week as well as before. There are some notable examples of fair grounds run by county associations where the strictness of supervision is amazing. It would be unfair to point out any one of these as an example, because there are many. There is in particular an Ohio county fair grounds where golf is played through the summer season by a private golf club, and where the burden of keeping the plant in prime condition is gladly assumed by those using it. It is a delight to the eye at fair time, or during the other fifty-one weeks of the year. The buildings are trim, well constructed, not palatial, but sufficiently commodious and dignified, and the vast stretches of green that surround them are delightful. No rubbish is allowed to accumulate anywhere on the grounds, but it is carted away as rapidly as it is made. A loose board on the fence becomes an object of attention; a broken limb from a tree is a matter for the custodian's attention, immediately, not soon, with a prospect of delay. Even in winter the grounds seem to reflect the care and attention that are compelled by the management, despite the ugliness of barren, branched trees.

YES, the county fair is moving up along with its big brother, the state fair. The premiums exist as before, with the addition of the club prizes; the band blares away each afternoon; the races are on the track for the entertainment of those who attend, and numerous other attractions are there, remnants from a past era. But there is progressive attendance upon recently disclosed opportunities that means forward moving. The farmer is no longer considered a clumsy dolt to be joked about and plagued with crooks. His advancement has been steady, and his intelligence has brought about quick adoption of the great scientific improvements that have bridged the chasm between city and country.

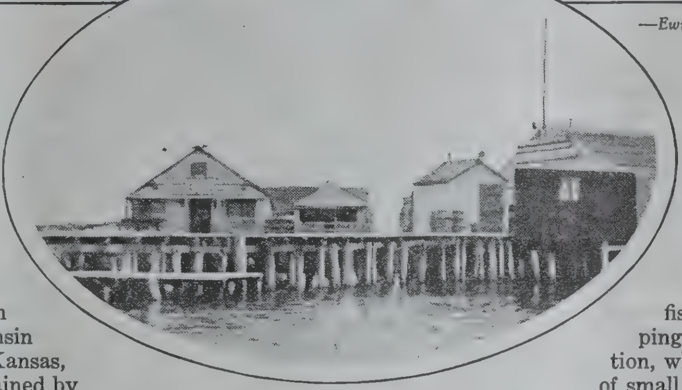
Young people of the farm are as well dressed as their brothers and sisters of the city; they are not behind the times at all. The fair did not do all this, but it presented in a practical way the means of supplementing onerous labor with development toward less brawn and more brain. It is encouraging the youth of the land to a new place in the world, not outside, where the bright lights of the city shine, but right at home, where the greatest possibilities on earth exist, only to be disclosed by energy, perseverance and intelligence. The race to the town has been slackened, scientifically, and the science which turned the trick succeeded because it made attractive the farm and its surroundings. In this work the county fair has been a remarkable agent, not because of the noise of the midway, the disgusting blare of the ballyhoo man, the sensational presentations of the immoral shows, but because these agents of evil have been tabooed and new and admirable forms have replaced them.

The People of the Great Marsh

By JOHN SLOAN



—Ewing Galloway.



Oval—*Part of Manila Village, photographed from a passing motor boat. Above—In the wet jungle of the Louisiana marshland.*

THE largest marsh in the world is in the United States. It is approximately 200 miles long, from 10 to 60 miles wide, and contains from 9,000 to 10,000 square miles of water-soaked land, cut thickly with bayous, rivers, bays and lakes, the majority of them navigable to shallow-draft boats. This great, overwatered plain lies between the Mississippi River on the east, and the Sabine River of Texas on the west, with the Gulf of Mexico to the south. Low bluffs which mark the prehistoric boundary of the gulf form the northern rim. Like a desert in its level topography, but varying from isolated and wooded knolls, called 'islands,' to flat prairies which tremble as one walks upon them, the soil of this marsh is in large part composed of the slowly settling and not yet solidified delta of the Mississippi and other rivers which flow southward into the gulf. Wisconsin and Minnesota, the Dakotas and Kansas, and all the rest of the great area drained by the Missouri and the Mississippi and their tributary streams, have built it up. Some day, after centuries have passed, it will become solid enough for cultivation.

Although it is impossible of cultivation because of the amount of water permeating it, the great marsh supports a population of nearly a quarter of a million; yet the traveler passing through it, and unacquainted with its peculiarities, would consider it uninhabited. But the marsh, like the desert, hides and protects its own. On the surface, it is a vast mat of wild rice, wild oats, and other cereal grasses, green in spring and brown in autumn, the growth higher than the head of a man on horseback, and often completely concealing the cabins which pass for the homes of its indwellers. More than 5,000 miles of waterways cross and recross it; scores of islands dot its southern border; spreading canebrakes offer hiding places to bear and deer and wildcat, with an occasional jaguar, and groves of oaks and willows and alders furnish further cover.

Out of it, carried in ancient cypress luggars, motor freighters, schooners, barges and even rowboats, there went to the markets of New Orleans and other points last year, nearly $25,000,000 worth of products, foodstuffs in the main, and they largely composed of fish, oysters, shrimp and similar gleanings from the waters. A fleet of more than two thousand shallow-draft boats of many kinds play upon its waterways, ranging from motor freighters, carrying as much as fifty tons' cargo, down to hollowed logs, called 'pirogues,' barely buoyant enough to carry one fisherman, one hunter or one trapper. More than a million dollars' worth of furs come out of the great marsh in a single year, mostly muskrat skins.

But it is the people of this great marsh that furnish its most interesting feature to the outsider. Here has grown up gradually a population as much of its own kind as the mountaineers of Tennessee and Kentucky. The marsh is not easy of access, and its widest waterways frequently are so hidden by the high growth of vegetation that a boat is invisible at a hundred yards. Living in villages built on piles in the water at the rim of some bay, or on the hummocks which pass for islands in the marsh, or in solitary cabins set on high stakes in the trembling prairies, these people communicate seldom with the world, and then always by boat.

In this marsh are Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Americans, Greeks, Filipinos, Chinese, and a few Englishmen and Germans. The Filipinos are commonly called 'Manilamen,' and the French are mainly the descendants of the Acadians and other early French settlers of the Louisiana Territory. Numbers of these marsh dwellers arrived there suddenly from other parts of this country and a few notorious criminals have found sanctuary there, though for the most part the inhabitants are merely happy-go-lucky, carefree, ignorant folk to whom the restrictions of close contact with civilization are irksome. Few peace officers invade the huge marsh; there is nothing there to incite theft or other crimes. The traveler is safe in the great marsh; he is most hospitably entertained to the extent of the abilities at entertainment possessed by the marsh people. If he wishes to settle there, he is welcome, so long as he refrains from interfering with the affairs of others.

Honest people are far in the majority in the marsh and the percentage of wrongdoers, either past or present, is small. The habitants devote their lives to fishing, oystering, shrimping, trapping, hunting in season, and the cultivation, wherever there is land solid enough, of small gardens and truck patches. These and similar simple methods of winning a livelihood from soil and sea and rivers, with few wants to satisfy, and no high cost of living to meet, fill the days of the quarter-million in the marsh. Their combined labor results in the largest oyster and shrimp industry of any one section in the world. So valuable was this industry that it kept in existence, up to 1918, the last organized pirates in the New World, who preyed on the oyster men and the shrimpers, until a fleet of armed patrol boats, operated by the Louisiana State Conservation Commission, put the pirates out of business after what came to be known as 'the oyster war.'

One of the most interesting points in the great marsh is Manila Village, probably so named because the first group of oyster tongers and shrimp seiners who established their camp on the present site of this settlement were Filipinos. Manila Village is a cluster of wooden huts, built on platforms set on top of piles, rising ten or fifteen feet out of the water of the upper end of Barataria Bay. At one time, it is said to have had a population of 500, but that was in the days when smuggling flourished along the coast of the great marsh, and when there were other and more profitable means of winning a livelihood than by working all day in the water after 'swimp' and 'o'sters.' Today, there are not more than fifty living on the wide platforms of Manila Village, though on some Saturday nights, when a dance is given there, many more appear.

The shrimp platforms on Saturday nights, during the summer season, offer a dance for pleasure only, in which men and women both take part, many traveling as much as fifty miles to attend the dance, and going back the following morning. Such a dance lasts all night, and as the people of the marsh for the most part are devout Roman Catholics, a priest usually attends the open-air ball, so as to be prepared to say Mass on the Sunday morning. The platform selected for one of these dances—almost the only amusement these hard-working people allow themselves—is cleaned of all the shrimp, and swept as free of dust as possible. Meanwhile notice is passed by word of mouth, from one end of the marsh to the other, that a dance is to be held at such-and-such a shrimp platform on a certain Saturday night. Every family in the section of marsh tributary to the platform owns a boat, sometimes two or three boats, and, unless serious illness prevents, every family in that section will be present at the dance. Children are plentiful in the great marsh, and, as a result, there are always plenty of young folk for every dance, while their elders sit in rows around the platform, discussing the little events of their daily lives, the battles of their fight for a livelihood against the marsh, the prospects of Alfonse or Marie, and the ever-present and most important theme of the price of 'swimp.'

Small freight carrier in the great marsh.

As evening comes and the boats gather in to the platform, the women in their bright-hued calico dresses and ginghams, the men in overalls and corduroy coats, numbers of them wearing red and blue handkerchiefs bound round their heads, make the bare floor brilliant. Gasoline and kerosene torches have been placed around the rim, both to give light to the dancers and to mark the danger line where the platform falls away to the water. An orchestra of violins, now and then a cello, always a bass viol, and occasionally several guitars or banjos, strikes up, and the dance is on, with as many as five hundred dancers on the platform at one time. Each party brings its own food, but the owner of the platform usually supplies the coffee, made in the shrimp kettles, which have been scrubbed and polished until not a breath of the shrimp odor remains. The food brought consists of enough for dinner Saturday night, a midnight lunch, breakfast Sunday morning, and lunch on the way home Sunday, provided that all except the man steering the boat do not fall asleep. At these Saturday night dances all manner of social and business announcements are made. Following the presentation of an engaged couple, a newly wedded pair will be compelled to dance alone; then a boat sale or trade will be made, a dog will be swapped for a shotgun, a man will be employed to take the place of one lost while shrimping or oyster-tonging, for the great marsh is not without its tragedies as well as it pleasures, and a proud father and mother will be congratulated on the arrival of the first child. Thus all sorts of contracts and agreements are made publicly, and though few of them are ever reduced to writing, except in the case of the marriages, none are broken. Honor of the spoken word runs high in the great marsh, and hospitality is as wide and free as it ever was on the banks of Teche or the Bayou Barataria.

This is a land of trading, swapping, direct merchandising, and the man who sends a boatload of shrimp to market puts in with it orders for enough coffee, cornmeal, calico, denim, powder and shot, as well as fishing equipment, to eat up all he receives for the product of his labor.

Yet these people of the marsh are contented, care-free, happy exponents of the idea that 'man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long.'

Cruiser making its way along a shallow bayou through vast flats of wild rice, the trembling prairies of the great marsh.

Ourselves Across the Pacific

(*Continued from page 13*)

It was as if one man were there. There was not the batting of an eyelash.

Down in San Fernando the Filipino patriots were erecting on the public square a statue of General Hisan. It was a great occasion. Natives for miles around gathered until the little town was crowded as on fiesta days.

General Hisan had been an *insurrecto* leader against the United States not a quarter of a century previously. It was necessary for the United States to deport him because he refused absolutely to take the oath of allegiance as the other rebel leaders had done.

In spite of that, however, this benevolent nation that we are proud to call ours permitted the erection of this statue to a rebel. No nation on the earth but America would have tolerated it.

I wondered whether the natives appreciated the magnanimous attitude of America in allowing them to erect a statue to one of the stoutest rebels with which America had to deal. I wondered whether they would realize what it meant. I was gratified to hear the leading orator of the day express the very thing that had been present in our hearts.

THE governor of this province, which was Pampanga, in the course of his dedicatory remarks, said:

'We are under a flag which permits us to dedicate to one of our own heroes a man who refused to take the oath of allegiance and to yield after his arrest to the sovereignty of the United States. He would not take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. But in spite of that we are permitted here on this day to dedicate this monument to his memory. I don't believe that any other nation on earth would do it.'

Nor can one forget the romance of the American soldiers who have married native Filipino women and Spanish girls and settled down for life on these islands. It is a story full of romance, mixed bloods, wealth, beauty, color. I confess that it has a fascination for me that holds me enthralled. I have seen children spring from such a union that were nothing short of the sons of genius. My heart goes out to them. Something in their veins calls to something in my veins—American blood!

On the beautiful Mindanao to the southeast is Davao Gulf. Some say that there is no more beautiful spot in the Islands; it is more tropical, more junglelike, more fertile than any other. Today the bay is owned from tip to peak by American soldiers who, marrying native women at the end of their enlistments, have taken up land and settled down.

The gulf towns are full of little mestizos, half-American and half-native. Schools and colleges have been established for them. One would think that he was in America at commencement time when visiting one of these colleges, hearing the college yells, and catching the spirit of these half-Americans. The best of the two bloods seems to dominate in their characters and a fine product is the result.

English-Americans in Revolution

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

THE attitude of Englishmen toward transplanted Englishmen on this side the Atlantic when the American Revolution was in progress was one of greater friendliness than has been commonly supposed. History has largely been written as a record of the doings of government. More properly, it should be a record of the changing opinions and modes of living of men. It is certainly the record of the English Government that it waged war upon the American Colonies. It is also true that the Colonies were fighting the battles of Englishmen the world over, and that they had the sympathy of large numbers of intelligent Englishmen at home.

This is not to be gleaned, of course, from the records of the government of the Hanoverian, George Third. To know what Englishmen thought, to realize what Englishmen were, it is necessary to go outside the activities of government to see what were the ideas of Englishmen as Englishmen, the ideas of the ruled, rather than of the rulers, of men who were factors in the evolution of English life, rather than of those who were trying to hold it back.

At a critical period in the history of England, there was one great mind burningly concerned with the problem of human freedom and of the forms of government within which it could exist, the mind of John Milton. About forty years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers upon Plymouth Rock, the dreams of religious and political liberty that had brought them to the New World were on the way to temporary eclipse among countrymen at home. The strong hand of Oliver Cromwell, felt throughout Europe as a safeguard to the rights of man while he directed the Commonwealth of England, had been superseded by the weak hand of his son, Richard.

CHARLES II, the most dissolute and irresponsible of English monarchs, was soon to come to the throne of his father and restore the autocratic personal rule of the Stuarts. All that Milton had fought for was to be overthrown. The deepest convictions of his life were to be submerged in a riot of royal license. The progress that Englishmen had made in the assertion of their liberties was to be lost for a quarter of a century.

Some of those who had done the most for the larger interests of man were to die under the axe of the executioner for the death of Charles I. Others were to find refuge among men of their own kind in America. Back of one of the churches facing the Green in New Haven, there is a lonely grave where one of the regicides lies buried, a symbol of that community of interest between the free spirits of Englishmen here and in the little island across the water.

Although Milton must have known what was impending and although the danger was great, he wrote a pamphlet in support of those conceptions of government that were being put into active operation by Englishmen in America, separated by three thousand miles of water from the immediate exercise of royal authority. The marks of Milton's disturbance, of the turmoil of his mind before the coming disaster, of the rush of tumultuous passions carrying him on, are unmistakable in the pages. The surety and majesty of word and thought that make much of Milton's prose forever memorable are not, perhaps, to be found in *A Free Commonwealth*, but it is the word of a great man on the great issues of a great day. More than a century before the Declaration of Independence, it foreshadows much of the spirit in which the founders of our Government wrote the Constitution of the United States. This that follows is Milton speaking:

> 'Now is the opportunity, now the very season, wherein we may obtain a free commonwealth, and establish it forever in the land, without difficulty or much delay. Writs are sent out for elections, and, which is worth observing, in the name not of any king, but of the keepers of our liberty, to summon a free Parliament, which then only will indeed be free, and deserve the honor of that supreme title, if they preserve us a free people.
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> . . . .
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> 'For the ground and basis of every just and free government (since men have smarted so oft for committing all to one person), is a general council of ablest men, chosen by the people to consult of public affairs from time to time for the common good. In this Grand Council must the sovereignty, not transferred, but delegated only, reside.
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> . . . .
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> 'This liberty of conscience, which above all things ought to be to all men dearest and most precious, no government more inclinable not to favor only, but to protect, than a free commonwealth, as being most magnanimous, most fearless, and confident of its own fair proceedings. Whereas kingship, though looking big, yet indeed most pusillanimous, full of fears, full of jealousies, startled at every umbrage, as it hath been observed of old to have ever suspected most and mistrusted them who were in most esteem for virtue and generosity of mind, so it is now known to have most in doubt and suspicion them who are most reputed to be religious.'

One of the keenest minds of the 18th Century was that of David Hume, philosopher, political theorist, historian. In 1741 and 1742 he published his *Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary*. It was an age when men were questioning everything that had before been believed, and Hume was one of the most inquiring spirits of his day. His temper was much colder than Milton's, much more dispassionate and self-contained. Analytic, wide-ranging, penetrative, he contributed greatly to the discussion of many subjects.

Capable of a fine detachment, as he was, he observed the world about him with a lively interest, the manners of men, the movements of society, the thoughts and opinions that marked the day in which he lived. He believed in monarchy as a form of government, a constitutional monarchy with a House of Commons representing the people, but he recognized the possible advantages of a republican form of government, and in these essays he brings those advantages forward with judicial calmness.

Debating 'Whether the British Government Inclines More to Absolute Monarchy than to a Republic,' he says:

> 'Now, there has been a sudden and sensible change in the opinions of men within these last fifty years, by the progress of learning and of liberty. Most people in this Island have divested themselves of all superstitious reverence to names and authority; the clergy have much lost their credit; their pretentions and doctrines have been ridiculed; and even religion can hardly support itself in the world. The mere name of *king* commands little respect; and to talk of a king as God's vicegerent on earth, or to give him any of those magnificent titles, which formerly dazzled mankind, would but excite laughter in every one.'

This is emphasis upon the weakening power of arbitrary authority of every sort in England, and it might almost be the voice of Milton himself uttering afresh the Puritan protest against the tyranny of overlords in church and state. The difference between Milton and Hume is that between reason wrought up to a passion, because of wrongs endured, and reason pursuing her course calmly, because undisturbed. Hume was a great influence in his day and the influence persists. These essays antedated the declaration of American independence by a third of a century, and they are part of the evidence indicating the trend of English thought toward the writing of that document.

HOW Englishmen felt toward the Colonies while the struggle was coming on and while it was in progress is a matter of closer moment. One of the most acute analysts of the political conditions of the period was the unknown author of the *Letters of Junius*. The century and a half that has passed since his day has not made us certain who he was, but, whatever his place in society or in the world of public affairs, he had a mind of the keenest, and the incisive directness with which he wrote gave his opinions a wide currency and influence. Probably his sympathy with the Colonies was not great. Quite possibly, indeed, he held that they were in the wrong, but more certainly he condemned the course of the English Government.

'A series of inconsistent measures,' he says in one of his letters, 'had alienated the Colonies from their duty as subjects, and from their natural affection to their common country.'

Again in a later letter he speaks more positively, and his phrase, 'the king's servants,' is worth bearing in mind as lodging the responsibility on the shoulders of the autocrat rather than on the representatives of the English people.

'The conduct of the King's servants in relation to America, since the alteration in 1765, never had a reasonable argument to defend it, and the chapter of accidents, which they implicitly relied on, has not produced a single casualty in their favor. At a crisis like this, Sir, I shall not be very solicitous about those idle forms of respect, which men think due to their character and station; neither will I descend to a language beneath the importance of the subject I write on. When the fate of Great Britain is thrown upon the hazard of a die, by a weak, distracted, worthless ministry, an honest man will always express the indignation he feels. This is not a moment for preserving forms, and the ministry must know that the language of reproach and contempt is now the universal language of the nation.'

His feeling for the venality and incompetence of the court party is again a biting sword when he comments on the appointment of a governor for Virginia and on the motives actuating the minds of those responsible for the appointment. 'It was not Virginia that wanted a governor, but a court favourite that wanted a salary.'

IN HIS *Thoughts on Present Discontents*, published in 1770 and so far popular that four editions of it were brought out within the year, Edmund Burke attacked the administrative policy of the government by which the king and the court party isolated the administrative from the general spirit and attitude of the country at large, and made them instruments for the exercise of the personal will of the sovereign. Men were chosen for places under government, he declared, not for their known and tried capacity, but for their relative insignificance. Such importance in the affairs of the kingdom as they could claim came wholly from the king, and they were consequently ready to do his bidding, ready to appoint 'a court favourite that wanted a salary.'

'A plan of Favouritism for our executory government,' Burke wrote, 'is essentially at variance with the plan of our legislature.'

He saw many evils to flow from such a plan for subjecting the country to the will of the king, and among not the least was the inevitable straining of relations between the Colonies and the mother country.

'Nor is it possible that this scheme should have a better effect upon the government of our dependencies, the first, the dearest, and the most delicate objects of the interior policy of this empire. The Colonies know that Administration is separated from the Court, divided within itself, and detested by the nation. The *Double Cabinet* has, in both parts of it, shown the most malignant dispositions towards them, without being able to do them the smallest mischief.

'They are convinced by sufficient experience, that the plan, either of lenity or rigour, can be pursued with uniformity and perseverance. Therefore they turn their eyes entirely from Great Britain, where they have neither dependence on friendship nor apprehension from enmity. They look to themselves and their own arrangements. They grow every day into alienation from this country; and whilst they are becoming discontented with our Government, we have not the consolation to find that they are even friendly in their new independence. Nothing can equal the futility, the weakness, the rashness, the timidity, the perpetual contradiction, in the management of our affairs in that part of the world.'

This is strong language from one of the foremost of English statesmen. Moreover he is not speaking as an isolated Briton taking a position in opposition to government as a matter of private opinion. He had represented the people in Parliament. He had been indirectly part of the government itself as private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, when the latter was Prime Minister of Great Britain, and he had seen his friend go out of office because he entertained opinions too liberal for the party of the court and the king. That the English people were not fully alive to what the government of the king was doing with the Colonies in America Burke knew very well, and he was deeply concerned with the problem of rousing them to the actualities and the needs of the situation. Quite as uncompromising is his attitude in the following passage from his great speech on *Conciliation with the Colonies*, delivered in the House of Commons in 1774.

'I propose, by removing the ground of difference and by restoring the *former unsuspecting confidence of the Colonies in the mother country*, to give permanent satisfaction to your people, and (far from a scheme of ruling by discord) to reconcile them to each other in the same act, and by the bond of the very same interest which reconciles them to the British Government . . .

'The Colonies complain that they have not the characteristic mark and seal of British freedom. They complain that they are taxed in a parliament in which they are not represented. If you mean to satisfy them at all, you must satisfy them with regard to this complaint . . .

'I wish you to recognize, for the theory, the ancient constitutional policy of this kingdom with regard to representation as that policy has been declared in Acts of Parliament, and, as to practice, to return to that mode . . . in which you walked . . . until the year 1763.

'My resolutions therefore mean to establish the equity and justice of taxation of America, by *grant*, and not by *imposition*.'

No less unmistakable was the attitude of Burke's great contemporary, William Pitt. Speaking in the House of Lords on May 27, 1774, he said:

'This, My Lords, though no new doctrine, has always been my received and unalterable opinion, though no new doctrine, and I will carry it to my grave, *that this country had no right under heaven to tax America*. It is contrary to all the principles of Justice and civil polity, which neither the exigencies of the State, nor even acquiescence in the taxes, could justify upon any occasion whatever.'

A note from Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee, American agents in London, dated there February 5, 1775, and made a part of the *Journals of Congress*, shows that this attitude of these leaders of public opinion in the United Kingdom was not without a substantial following among such of the generality of men as gave attention to public affairs.

'We think it proper to inform you that your cause was well defended by a considerable number of good and wise men in both houses of parliament, though far from being a majority; and that many of the commercial and manufacturing parts of the nation, concerned in the American trade, have presented, or, as we understand, are preparing to present, petitions to parliament, declaring their great concern for the present unhappy controversies in America, and praying expressly, or in effect, for healing measures, as the proper means of preserving their commerce, now greatly suffering and in danger.'

The author of the *Letters of Junius*, Burke, and Pitt were all public men absorbed in the political struggles of that day. What were the feelings of some other representative Englishmen whom we may not so much think of as influenced by the passions of party? Many Englishmen were of the opinion that the Colonies were thoroughly in the wrong, but there is abundant evidence that among the finer minds of England there was a deep feeling of distress over the estrangement, a passionate regret that the government had not so managed affairs as to prevent the conflict. The colonists were brother Englishmen maintaining firmly in the New World the principles and purposes that many of them were trying to establish on a more solid basis in their own life at home. They could but give their sympathies in some measure to those who were carrying forward the realization of much that was in their own spirits, on this side of the Atlantic.

A MAN of an altogether different temper and a different range of experiences was the poet, William Cowper. He was not involved in politics, either actively in his own interest or as a partisan adherent. He saw that things had gone badly, that Englishmen had been separated from Englishmen, that there had been wrong and misjudgment and folly somewhere. He was ready to blame anybody and everybody, but to his mind the Americans were Englishmen still. They were not objects of enmity, men to be vituperated and abused, but objects of regret, that there should have arisen so disastrous a difference of opinion between the two branches of the family.

'I consider the loss of America as the ruin of England,' Cowper wrote to Joseph Hill in a letter dated December 9, 1781. On the last day of that year, he wrote to Joseph Newton:

'I consider England and America as one country. They were so in respect of interest, intercourse, and affinity. A great earthquake has made a partition, and now the Atlantic Ocean flows between them . . . This dispensation is evidently a scourge to England, but is it a blessing to America? Time may prove it one, but at present it does not seem to wear an aspect favourable to their privileges, either civil or religious.'

This is not the word of an enemy, but of a man who can still feel himself a friend of those with whom his country has just been at war.

In one of Cowper's letters there is a tribute to Franklin that has a very pleasant flavor. It is dated in 1782, at a time when it might be supposed that an Englishman would have been ready to undervalue anything American. He quotes a letter just at hand from Franklin, in which Franklin has praised a volume of poems of Cowper's that a friend of the poet had given him, and he is so much pleased with the American's approval that he says:

'We may now treat the critics as the Archbishop of Toledo treated Gil Blas, when he found fault with one of his sermons. His grace gave him a kick, and said: "Begone for a jackanapes, and furnish yourself with a better taste, if you know where to find one." '

The colonists who carried forward the Revolution thought as free Englishmen, fought as courageously as ever Englishmen fought, and when it was over, established a government that was the outworking of ideas developed on these shores from English foundations.

Where the Thrill Comes In

(Continued from page 2)

White Sands, between the Sacramento and San Andreas Mountains, with 'Old Baldy' in the distance.

citizens joined forces with thirteen Texas rangers, and sallied forth against the Indian Chief Victorio and his band; riding like the old Scottish borderers, they carried a little sack of meal at the side of their saddles; the rangers were every bit as simple. In the battle eighty-seven Indian warriors fell, one of whom was Victorio. The Apache spirit was broken forever.

From Ysleta you should head into the desert proper, resisting the temptation to go to Juarez, opposite El Paso, and there mail picture postals to your friends by way of leading them to believe you are traveling in foreign countries. For Juarez is only a show place like Greenwich Village, a trading place for American merchants with an eye to a bargain and to the cupidity of tourists of the common variety.

But you will be in a new land if you get to the place where the San Andreas Mountains are on your left hand and the Sacramentos on your right. And you will be seeing the land in its true character if you have chosen the dry season. There are times when the desert blooms, after exceptional rains; but in that case the desert would be no more like the real thing than a motion picture star cavorting about among lath-and-plaster houses in Hollywood while dressed in a Stetson hat and Mexican spurs and a bandana handkerchief is like a Judith Basin cowboy.

So every sensible autoist with a grain of adventure in him should see the desert at its best, in its sterile solitude, with its saline beds and its dried-up lakes, its ranges of sand hills like sea waves, and its tracts when the only vegetation is composed of a few scattered thorn bushes, greasewood in stunted clumps, dwarfed mesquite, sagebrush, and cactus; and its darting lizards of metallic green and blue.

You may see, too, fragmentary skeletons of cattle and horses—sometimes of men. Some of these are modern but others are relics of bygone days when those who made the overland journey to California hit the southern trail; for there were fearful happenings in those days in the alkali lands, as many an old and forgotten diary testifies. Mark this, for example, which I copy from a record made by an overlander named Abbey: 'I counted in a distance of fifteen miles 350 dead horses, 280 oxen, and 120 mules, an average of a dead animal for every 108 feet of the road.' If you are extremely lucky you may find what were called 'prairie letters.' For overlanders often wrote messages on shoulder blades, much as Mohammed was used to do, for the information of others who might pass that way. 'We frequently find a buffalo head stuck up with a notice that there is a spring in such & such a place,' writes one of the old-timers.

BUT a wonder you would be more likely to see is a desert mirage, perhaps the vision of a tree-lined lake, not looking at all unreal or ghostly, but showing up magnificently on the horizon of a barren country. And what you would certainly see is the White Sands, as desert a tract as exists in the wide world, utterly void of vegetable or animal life and looking like nothing so much as a field of snow under a burning sun. There is peril in the crossing of that waste, though men have done it just as men have attempted and done everything in the world, both good and bad.

On skirting the White Sands you should get out of the machine and climb one of the dunes, if you have shaped your course with the white waste on your port side. From the summit, looking eastward, you will see trees with such strange distinctness that they seem to be only a couple of miles away. It is no mirage. They are cottonwoods, lofty and widespreading and shade-giving, edging that mile-long oasis in the desert called 'Alamogordo'—a man-made oasis, twenty-five years or so old.

Two little rivers were led to the place where the town stands: one, of alkali water, served for irrigation; the other, which burst out of the hills seven miles away, was good drinking water. With the water the hard and dry soil blossomed wonderfully, and the land is now tilled to the foot of the mountains. In the town are electric lights and motion picture palaces, and taxicabs, a railroad depot, Sunday newspapers, filling stations, dance halls, and people afraid of being out of a job and real estate speculators and money lenders and ice cream parlors—and all other strangely stirring things belonging to civilization.

So your journey into the wilds is at an end unless you care to venture north into the land of the Pueblo Indians. They are a queer folk who, like the conies, live in the rocks. That is, their villages are built in cliff walls hollowed out and then rewalled, very much like the troglodyte dwellings in Cappadocia, which, if you have no senseless prejudice against the Bible, you may find referred to by a writer named Obadiah.

But should you, like a wise traveler, decide to return by a way altogether new, here is one. Go to La Luz, an old-time Mexican town, where Billy the Kid once operated and where Pat Garrett was killed by a sheepherder. (In passing I should say that Pat Garrett's daughter, Miss Elizabeth, had a splendid contralto voice, and we gave a concert or two together.) Climb the Sacramento Mountains next. The road is a winding one of ten miles or so, taking you from an altitude of four thousand feet to nine thousand at Cloudcroft, which is four miles in an air line from Alamogordo. Next head boldly eastward, down the Penasco River, across the Mescalero Apache Reservation, until you hit the road that leads to Amarillo. You should be able easily to manage it with automobile, thermos bottle, blankets, and all the comforts and conveniences of today. Though I doubt that you will have a better time than I did, traveling afoot, for the appetizing sauce of difficulty went with the doing.

Discovers Apocryphal Gospel

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

DR. M. R. JAMES, provost of Eton, has discovered in the Cathedral library at Hereford, a manuscript of one of the lost apocryphal gospels. This gospel of Saint Peter has long been known through small fragments, but this manuscript brings a new story of the birth of Jesus. Dr. James found two other versions of this story of the birth of Christ, one in the British Museum and the other in an Irish manuscript which omits the unorthodox passages. The Greek version of the gospel of Saint Peter was brought to England in the Fourth Century by Anglo-Saxon pilgrims. The translation, author unknown, was made in the 13th Century, when the real revival of learning in Europe began most actively, particularly with translations from the Arabic.

The main narrative is given by Jacques, son of Joseph the carpenter; Jacques is reputed to have been an eyewitness of the recorded events. While Jacques plays no rôle, a new character Simeon is introduced, son of Joseph by a former marriage.

Hiking in the Mountains

(*Continued from page 4*)

in his chosen patch. But a different surprise was in store. Turning between two clumps of trees and crossing a low reef of rocks which just broke through the surface of the grass, we found ourselves suddenly on the shore of another lake, not marked on the map—a small lake, but undoubtedly a permanent one. As we stood there a sudden drumming of hoofs struck our ears. We were just in time to see a noble elk sweep by into the thicket, its widespreading antlers threading the boughs as by magic. At the outlet of the big lake we halted and looked up to the great cliff of Mount Reynolds. In the old days it took its name from a hunter whose prowess and stamina as a hiker were recorded in his Indian nickname, 'Death on the Trail.' An early demise was supposed to be the fate of any who attempted to stay with him when on the move. There seemed an appropriateness in this name's being assigned to a mountain of such formidable aspect.

With difficulty we tore ourselves away, to stroll up the easy slopes to the north, cross the saddle which hides the lake from the world, and drop down to the pass. A series of blasts was in progress and so, after some talk with the workmen, we went along the Garden Wall trail to Granite Park chalets. The whole valley below was full of signs of the great road that was being built. It had reached that stage in which a well-engineered road is one of the finest symbols of man's command over nature.

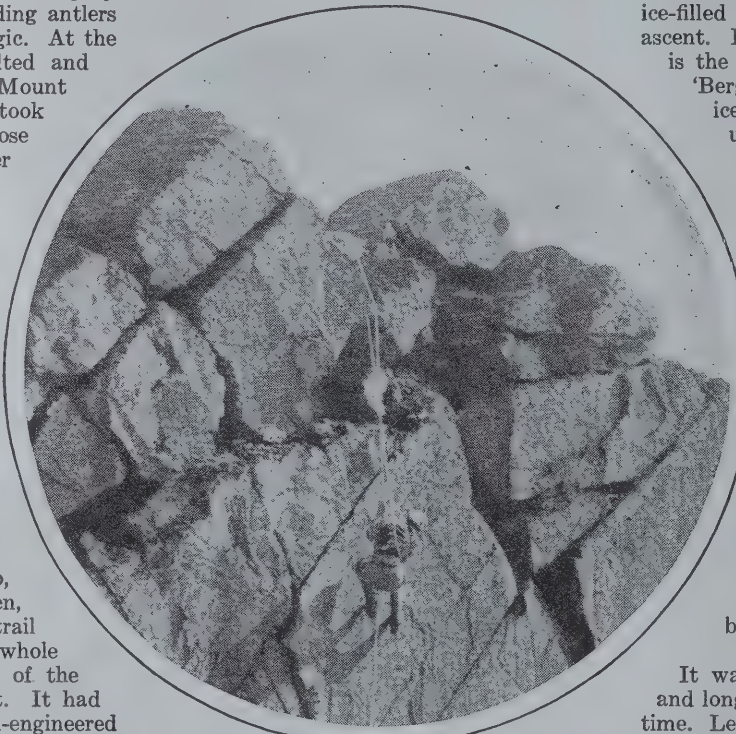
FROM Granite Park we made, as by accident, an expedition which will serve as the third method of enjoyable mountain travel—genuine climbing.

We set out late on a cloudy morning, intending only to visit the crest of Garden Wall before descending to Lake McDonald. We followed the good trail that takes one quickly up to the first notch in the sky line, and looked down on Grinnell Glacier, Lakes Grinnell and Josephine and on the Many Glacier region. While clouds interfered with most of this prospect, on Grinnell Glacier itself we were surprised to spy a wandering pair of human beings. After watching them a while we decided to go down to the glacier.

The descent offered no difficulty. A wide funnel-shaped hollow dropped away from where we stood to the level of the glacier. This was lined for the most part with moderately steep snow, thinning out in the upper hundred feet to bare rock, littered with the usual mountain rubbish of stones, broken fragments and dust. We zigzagged down these rocks, following the line of least resistance.

The snow, when we reached it, presented a minor problem. It was snow which lends itself to what is called 'glissading.' In this maneuver you place your feet with the toes well pointed downward, lean a little forward and go down with a rush, balancing, if the slope is uneven, by holding ice axe or staff behind you. This also acts as a brake if you wish to stop; or you may stop by turning the foot sideways to the slope; you steer much as in skiing. This form of glissade is to be preferred to the sitting variety usually indulged in by beginners.

The great objection to glissading is the possibility of running unexpectedly upon ice. More lives are lost in the Alps through this cause than through any other.



—*Ray-Bell Films.*

Genuine climbing. One of the members of the author's party in Glacier National Park.

We happened to have axes with us. As the presence of ice patches was not an impossibility, the temptation to glissade had to be resisted. We resorted to the comparatively tedious process of kicking down the slope. The secret of this is to stand up well and to use no half measures in the forcing in of the heel.

In this discreet manner we gained the lower reaches, where running was permissible; and so we came quickly to the glacier. There we met a numerous party who were enjoying their first contact with crevasses and the rest of ice phenomena.

The glacier here lies on two levels separated by a belt of rocks. The upper shelf of ice breaks off from time to time, leaving great pale-blue scars where the fallen fragments have separated from the main mass. If this upper glacier should advance, the pass would cease to be possible; at present a wide corridor or balcony is left at the crest of the rock belt. Ice avalanches are too infrequent to be a serious consideration.

A direct attack upon these ice cliffs would be a long job, though amusing to the man who wants practice with his ice axe. To take a single step in ice takes at least a half-dozen blows and may take as many as sixty, even in the most powerful hands. In snow, on the other hand, a couple of chips or scrapes will be sufficient. Having no axes we took what will usually be the route followed and outflanked this hundred-foot obstacle on the right, walked round it on the more level part of the glacier and so came to the upper stretch of cliffs which lead to the ridge of the Garden Wall. The crest of the rocks which bound a small ice-filled gully gives the obvious line of ascent. But between them and the glacier is the pit (known in Alpine parlance as 'Bergschrund' or 'rimaie') where the ice has split away from the rocks under the pull of the glacier. It is a grim pit giving one a glimpse of that dark and horrid underworld of the glacier where its terrible weight grinding on its bed reduces everything to a noisome gray powder. Once across this moat the Garden Wall was soon ours. After half a dozen amusing little 'pitches' (the space of rock dividing a ledge or standing ground from the next point at which a climber may fix himself securely to 'take in' the rope, is called a pitch) the angle eased off, a few steps of walking and the western mountains, with Heaven's Peak resplendent amid them, rose up before us.

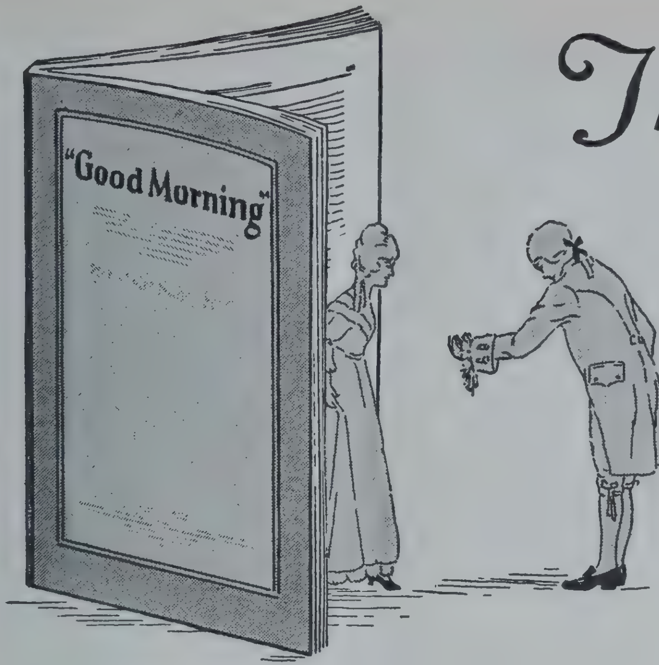
* * *

It was 5 p. m. Gossip on the glacier and long lingering had swallowed up our time. Less than an hour away was Granite Park Chalet, from which we had set out. On the other hand, our original intention to go down to McDonald Lake was still strong in us. We felt perfectly fresh; pleasant climbing has this extraordinary effect: while the exhilaration lasts, fatigue is imperceptible. Disregarding the fact that twenty-two miles would have to be added to what was already a moderate day's travel, we thoughtlessly set out on the valley road.

By the time we realized the folly of our proceedings, night had fallen, mitigating to some degree the monotony of road walking. Never walk a surfaced road. The only foot that can stand it is one which has never trod mountain or forest trail.

The tourist who tramps through mountains on the road has no conception of what he is missing. The road is for the automobile and for those who cannot make a nearer approach. On the trail a greater intimacy with the hills is possible. More confidential still is the knowledge to be gained by the deeper entrance into fastnesses where no trail exists and where the traveler must rely upon himself. Best of all is the reward to be won by the climber to whom not even innermost recesses, the uttermost sanctuaries of the mountains, are barred.

The chances, changes and rival delights of the various forms of mountain sport cannot be enjoyed by holding to a single branch of mountaineering. A mixed bag of expeditions, in which the hybrid type of hike is frequently present, is best of all.



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Wall Street's National Daily

(Continued from page 15)

last, inaugurated five years ago, was profitable from the start.

Thus there are four primary utilizations of news, by the Barron organization. Each meets, in most part, a demand that is distinct. While in general the same material is drawn on by all, the news is worked over and supplemented for each agency of distribution.

The Wall Street Journal is singular among daily newspapers in that virtually all of the material appearing therein is original. It uses practically no press association copy and no features of the syndicated kind. It is probably the only important newspaper that might live on what it receives from subscribers. This puts its advertisers securely in a position secondary to that of its readers.

THE personnel of the Barron organization must be made up of specialists. Many of its members are experts. For instance, the man who handles the railroad department has been specializing in his field for more than twenty years. Other experts look after other big fields, such as those of steel, oil, crops, and of varying classes of mines and manufactures.

A more literal theory of news than that followed by the run of newspapers and press services has to be adhered to by them. The basis of this is Mr. Barron's motto, 'The truth in its proper use.' Accuracy must be pursued with scientific care; for a misstatement, even a statistical error, may cause immense losses before it can be corrected.

The Wall Street Journal is probably the most trusted newspaper in America because its statements of fact are guides to actions involving money in greatest measure. This newspaper is the fullest single expression of what in the practical sense is symbolized by 'Wall Street,' of which it is as integral a part as the New York Stock Exchange or the house of Morgan.

However, it is much else. For example, there is its editorial page, one of the last whereon are exercised the pointed thrusts of a single vivid individuality. It is that of William P. Hamilton, its editor. Though he has been a journalist on four continents, Mr. Hamilton's association with *The Wall Street Journal* antedates the purchase by its present owners, who never interfere with him.

'I wrote seven hundred editorials before one was published,' says the man whom many followers of journalism rank at the head of American editorial writers.

Whatever its advocacies—and they are not usually of the kind that please the radically minded—there are no equivocations on the editorial page of *The Wall Street Journal.*

Vigorously 'regular' on economic and political principles, *The Wall Street Journal* probably attacks more often than it defends practices in the realm of finance for which it is popularly regarded as a spokesman.

One of the paper's former editors was appointed a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission not long ago by President Coolidge. Confirmation of the appointment was opposed in the Senate, on the ground, among others, that the appointee had 'written' about railroads for *The Wall Street Journal.* This was true, but the bulk of his writing on the subject at the time was displeasing to most of the railway officials of the country. He condemned many practices then prevailing and urged reforms, notably in matters of accounting, that have since been made.

When Mr. Barron opened *The Wall Street Journal* to dramatic criticism he did it without permitting solicitation of any advertising from the theaters. He engaged James Metcalfe, then probably the ablest dramatic critic in the country—the man who, on the staff of the magazine *Life,* sounded the first compelling outcry against the purveyors of filth upon the New York stage. *The Wall Street Journal* gave Metcalfe a free hand to state the truth without animosity. Mr. Barron's idea was that the people of wealth and position who read *The Wall Street Journal* were entitled to know the absolute truth concerning the stage, and understand thoroughly the plays to which they might take their families. Mr. Metcalfe has passed off the stage of this world, but the above principles remain.

Most newspapers, like nearly all mundane enterprises, reflect the souls of single individuals. In the case of *The Wall Street Journal* and its associated mediums of news distribution that individual is Clarence W. Barron, who exults in being classed as only a reporter. He rarely visits his offices; but sometimes his suggestions in messages in letters, notes, telegrams and telephone number well above 50 as counted in a single day at the New York office. He treats all the world as his 'news beat'; yet his is the predominant spirit of the establishment.

He rambles through Europe every year or two, stumbles afoot over real estate subdivisions in Florida, studies petroleum and revolution in Mexico, saunters among cane mills in Cuba and manufacturing plants everywhere and writes always as a reporter of the facts.

NEXT to reporting, his passion is for people, all kinds of people. He is probably on intimate footing with more leaders and more kinds of men throughout the world than any other American.

His creed transcends the fact note which dominates his publications. It is:

'I believe in service and I believe in happiness. The laws of service are the laws of happiness and the laws of happiness are the laws of service. I know no other happiness. There are no other laws.'

He is an adherent of the Swedenborgian faith, and has written much about it. He is also a farmer, cultivating much land in the vicinity of Cohasset, Massachusetts, where he operates a dairy for supplying certified milk to insure the lives of children. He is the country's largest importer of Guernsey cattle. In his Boston home, there are eighteen telephones, with a private exchange, which is always busy when Mr. Barron is there.

He has had most to do with formulating the theory of news which is adhered to by the Barron organization.

'News is a creation out of facts,' he says. 'Hence its proper presentation calls for skill, honesty, devotion to the spirit of service, and for firm adherence to truth in its proper use. No newspaper can publish everything that happens, nor, usually, all details having to do with what happens. Hence there must be selection. The newspaper that aims chiefly at pleasing or entertaining its readers cannot always publish the truth no matter how it may adhere to facts. To exaggerate or to set forth only those facts which you think will please or entertain your reader is to misstate.

'In presenting financial news we let the facts tell all. We have never indulged in prophecy. You can never say positively what is going to happen in any specific instance, for too many unseen forces enter into the shaping of even the slightest occurrence.'

Mr. Barron adhered to the rule of 'facts only' even in warring on gigantic evils of speculation, as when he arrayed himself against the Lawson-Rogers operations in Amalgamated Copper a quarter of a century ago. When the stock was being whipped up to unjustified heights he merely published what his investigations showed to be its real worth.

HE WAS then a comparatively poor man. They tried to stop him.

'The only way in which you can keep me from presenting facts,' he said, 'is to put me out of business. But I can still earn eighteen dollars a week as a stenographer.' Facts won out.

'I object particularly to pessimistic prophecies,' he says, 'for predictions tend to confirm themselves. Suppose the president of the United States should say that a bear market is coming. It would come just because of the prediction in so powerful a quarter.

'The pessimist has not the same right of expression as the optimist. No one has the right to damage another's property or to retard another's progress by damning it with pessimistic prophecy.

'Every business man is building for the future and one who follows bearish predictions had better stop. Remember that the sun is always shining somewhere. In my fifty years' study of finance I have never known a time when prosperity didn't exist in the United States, in some kinds of business or industry or among some concerns. We control too many of the world's basic products for the outlook to be other than good for this country. Here are some of the figures: Petroleum, 73 per cent; cotton, 58 per cent; zinc, 43 per cent; copper, 58 per cent; steel, 52 per cent; iron, 51 per cent. The full list is a long one.

'If there is one thing that the schools and the public need it is knowledge of the A B C's of finance. There is not a problem of finance which does not affect everyone's pocketbook. And none is difficult to understand; for each is mainly a question of debits and credits or of present assets and future demands.

'The craziest of ideas is that of individual monopoly, particularly of ideas or facts. The more a man knows and thinks he gains by keeping his knowledge to himself the more he loses. The more he expresses his knowledge, the more he knows whether it is sound and the more he adds to it through exchanges.

'A possibly more foolish notion is that wealth postulates poverty, that you can grow rich only by making or keeping someone else poor. Wealth is nothing but the accumulation of wages, and the better the wage the greater, naturally, the accumulation. Suppose the wages of Orientals equaled those of Americans. What this would mean in terms of consumption of goods we produce is almost unimaginable. Such would mean still better wages and more accumulation of wealth in this country.

'Another foolish notion is that power derives from material things. True power comes from within, not from something outside us. It is inward determination. Happiness does not come from selfish accumulation. It comes from service.

'And service and happiness are found just as truly in the everyday affairs of the world and its material blessings as in big affairs or in the business of giving or of service without compensation.'

Such, briefly, is the country's almost only national newspaper, the organization of which it is a part, and the man whose spirit dominates both. At more than threescore and ten, he is an inveterate optimist, though he has rubbed for half a century against the rough as well as the smooth sides of American finance. His career has been immersed in statistics and bounded in the main by the solid facts of business. Yet his philosophy of life far transcends mere figures on paper and his interests have only a foothold in things purely material.

The Creation, According *to the* Fans

By HENRI GALLAND

GOD created man with clay. First He gave him the shape of a lizard and, after five days, He put that lizard in a large basin. The five days over, He filled the basin with water and left the lizard there for seven more days. On the eighth day God went to see it and called out to it: "Get Out." It got out. It was a man. Man asked God: "Who created Thee?" And God replied: "I have neither beginning nor end; I am eternal." Then God ordered Man to clear the forest and to sow its ground; some time after, man noticed trees had sprung there. And God said to man: "Which do you prefer as a companion, a man or woman?" Man answered: "Whichever Thou wilt give me." Then God ordered him to lie down. He plunged him into a sound sleep and while he was asleep, He tore his big toe off. He then woke up man, took an earthen pot, poured water into it and dipped man's toe into that water. When he saw that, man wept; but God sent him to the garden and when he came back to the village of God, he caught sight of a woman. God said: "Here is your mate." '

Such is—besides a few details which I leave out—the account of the creation of the world among the Fans of Gaboon. There are other different accounts, according to tribes; from all of them, however divergent they may be, one conclusion is to be drawn: among the most primitive peoples, the pygmies for instance, there is to be found a belief in a supreme being.

A TRAGEDY *of the* TAR PITS

By FRANCES HOLBROOK PFEIFFER

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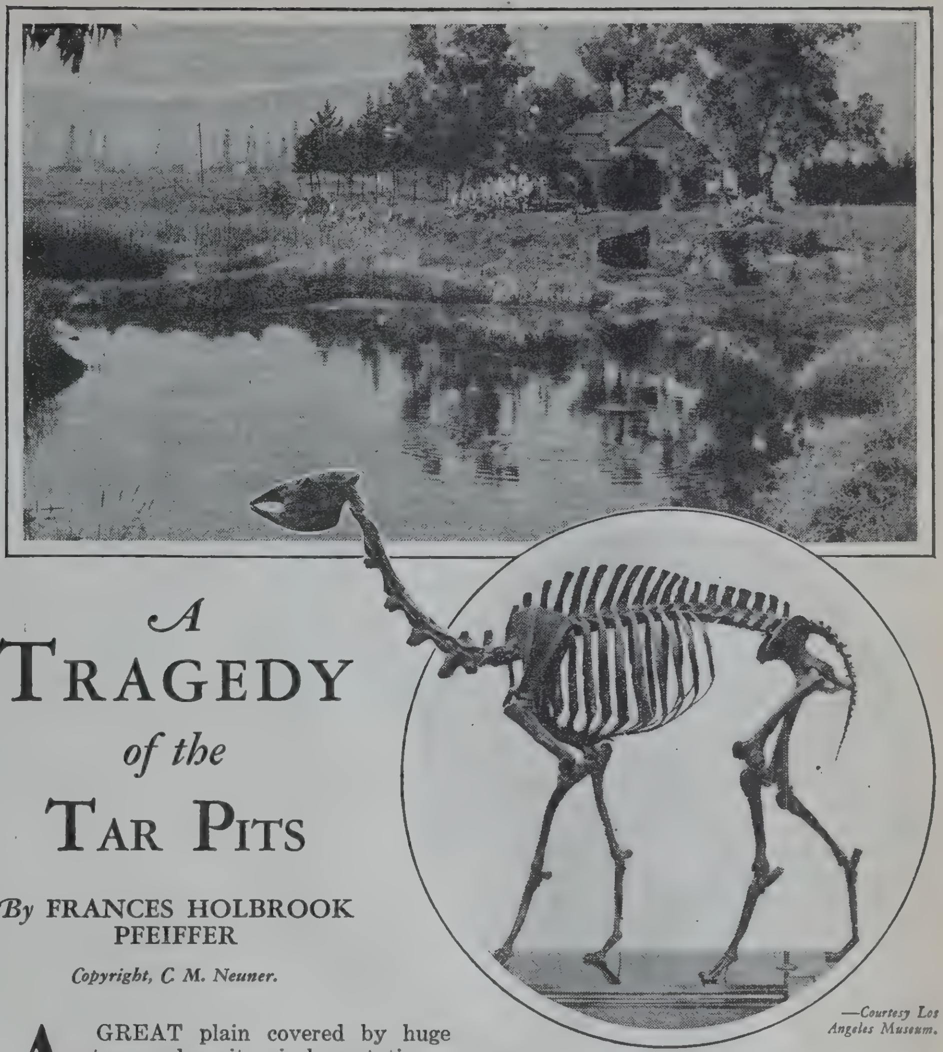


—*Courtesy Los Angeles Museum.*

Circle—*Prehistoric camel from Rancho La Brea.* Above—*This excavation, now filled with water, in the asphalt pit region, contained some of the first fossils discovered in California.*

A GREAT plain covered by huge trees and semitropical vegetation—giant ferns and big-leaved plants—marshy places in the deep shade lighted by the gleam of many pools; monstrous creatures feeding upon the herbage and they, in turn, hunted by terrible carnivorous animals; giant birds flying overhead. That was southern California, the region west of the mountains, where Los Angeles now stands, and reaching to the sea—in the Glacial Period.

The history of this awful age is written in the asphalt pools of Rancho La Brea, lying a few miles west of Los Angeles. These tar pools, craterlike pits formed by gas 'blowouts' from oil deposits beneath, became the death traps of innumerable animals over many hundreds of centuries!

Owing to the preserving qualities of the tar-soaked sand Rancho La Brea has yielded the largest collection of Pleistocene material in the world—bones of 25,000 individual animals: those of the long extinct mastodon, and the Imperial elephant; great numbers of the fierce saber-toothed tiger; giant sloths, peacocks unknown elsewhere; the largest flying bird, the giant *Teretornis*—'Terrible Bird'; the prehistoric camel and the horse (the latter two probably originating here); strange vegetation no longer existing in this locality; a well-preserved cypress tree standing upright, with roots and bark—a tree native to northern California; stone-age human implements, and, most sensational of all and most tragic, the discovery of the bones and skull of a human being thought to be those of a medium-sized woman!

Where the first man came from—the first Californian—we do not know. A poetic theory, and a plausible one, is that he was storm-blown from Asia. That he was here at an early time is the practical conclusion from discoveries of human bones at great depths together with those of the saber-toothed tiger, and also by finding the human skull and bones in the tar pools of Rancho La Brea, near Los Angeles.

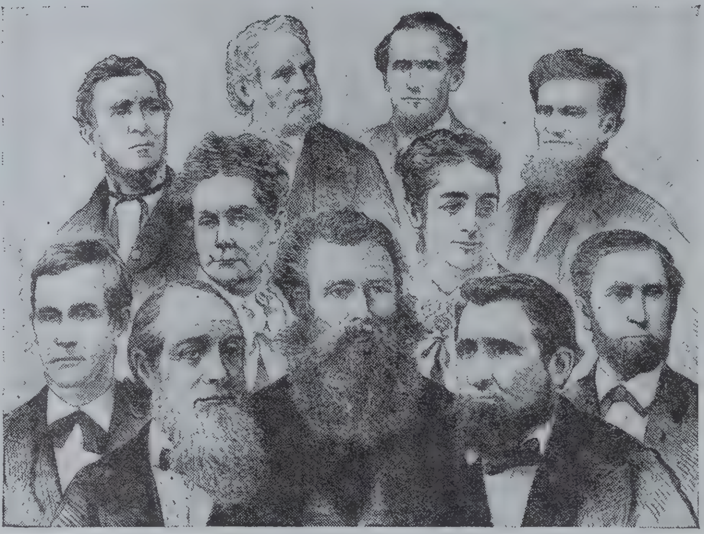
The woman who met her tragic fate in that death trap of the ages left a record of stupendous import. It is interesting to conjecture why the remains of only *one* human being were found among bones of innumerable animals—seventeen elephants, for instance, in one pit—this fact indicating the intelligence of those who, although they were helpless to rescue her, were warned by her fate and passed it on as a tradition.

Or, was she brought over the mountains in the talons of the 'Terrible Bird' which let her fall and dropped after her? We can only surmise. The bones of that great, long extinct bird were found in the same pit above those of the woman, which leads to the conclusion that, because they were found together, this ancient tragedy took place about ten thousand years ago.

Although primitive man continued to exist amidst such ferocity, he was not developing as man was elsewhere on the globe. When the first white man stepped upon California soil in 1542, he found a dense population not far advanced beyond the stone age.

The National Grange *and the* Awakening *of the* Farmer

By
J. V. NASH



Some of the founders and officers of the National Grange in 1873.
Front, left—*William Saunders, First Master*; right—*O. H. Kelley, Secretary.* Second row, left—*John Weir, First Master, Indiana*; center—*D. W. Adams, Master*; right—*C. D. Beeman, General National Deputy.* Third row—*Mrs. J. C. Abbott, 'Flora,'* and *Mrs. D. W. Adams, 'Ceres.'* Fourth row, left—*T. R. Allen, Master, Missouri; John Cochrane, Master, Wisconsin; S. H. Ellis, Master, Ohio; F. H. Dumbauld, Master, Kansas.*

IN THE development of the American farmer since 1865, the work of the National Grange, otherwise known as the order of the Patrons of Husbandry, has received too little attention from historians and hence from the public at large. And yet, through its work during the past half-century, it has achieved results of importance, both to farming communities and to the nation.

It was the National Grange that developed the idea of a Department of Agriculture with its secretary a cabinet officer. It secured the establishment of agricultural colleges and experiment stations in many states.

From the very beginning of its existence, the Grange advocated prohibition, and as far back as 1875 it formally indorsed woman suffrage, having proved its sincerity by applying the principle to its own organization, in which women were accepted on a perfect equality with men.

As early as 1886 the Grange declared for the direct election of United States senators by the people. It worked for pure food laws and meat inspection, and exerted its influence to procure humane treatment of livestock in transit.

LIKE most movements which have exercised a powerful and lasting influence upon our history, the National Grange began in a small way. The movement had its inception in the mind of a Boston boy who migrated to northern Minnesota. His name was Oliver Hudson Kelley. In October, 1865, Kelley was summoned to Washington by the agricultural commissioner, Isaac Newton, and after a conference with President Johnson was appointed a special agent of the bureau of agriculture.

On January 13, 1866, he set out for a tour of the Southern States, and, while in his travels, conducted 'a lively correspondence' with friends in the North. In a letter to his niece, Miss C. A. Hall of Boston, he first broached the idea of a society of farmers for the purpose of restoring good feeling among the people of North and South in those postwar days.

According to Kelley's plan, the order was to embrace persons directly interested in the cultivation of the soil, and was to consist of various degrees, the lectures in each degree to be practical, pertaining to agricultural work, but at the same time conveying a moral lesson. Both sexes were to be admitted to equal membership, with separate degrees for the women, but both men and women meeting in common. The national organization was to be tied up with local granges in the various counties through state granges.

THE name *Patrons of Husbandry* was finally selected, but the alternative form, the *Grange* has always been popular. On November 15, 1867, the first formal meeting was held in Washington, at which plans of organization were perfected. By December 4, 1868, the National Grange was organized, with the following officers:

Master	Wm. Saunders
Secretary	O. H. Kelley
Treasurer	Wm. M. Ireland
Overseer	A. Bartlett
Lecturer	J. R. Thompson
Steward	Wm. Muir
Asst. Steward	A. S. Moss

Soon thereafter subordinate granges began to be organized in the various states.

The various degrees established were as follows:

Subordinate Granges

First degree: Laborer (man), maid (woman).
Second degree: Cultivator (man), shepherdess (woman). Third degree: Harvester (man), gleaner (woman). Fourth degree: Husbandman (man), matron (woman).

State Grange

Fifth degree: Pomona (Hope).
Composed of masters of subordinate granges, and their wives, who are matrons.

National Grange

Sixth degree: Flora (Charity).
Composed of masters of state granges, and their wives, who have taken degree of Pomona.
Seventh degree: Ceres (Faith).
Members of the National Grange who have served one year therein may become members of this degree upon application and election.

The dues were made so small as to bring membership within the means of all.

Mr. Kelley resigned from the Government service, and devoted all his time to the interests of the new society, aiding in the establishment of local granges in the various states. They were soon flourishing in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, North and South Carolina and Georgia. In a few years several thousand local granges had sprung up. On April 1, 1874, the total membership was said to be 1,500,000.

The prime object of the order was the promotion of the social, educational, and economic interests of the farmers. As soon as a local grange was formed, one of the first steps taken was to devise some plan of coöperative buying and selling. Often an agency would be established, supplied with a certain amount of capital by the Grange or by a stock company of members. In other instances, the granges of a county or other district would join together in a county council or Pomona Grange, and form a county or district agency to aid the members in their buying and selling. Later on, state agencies were established. In December, 1874, twenty-six state granges were operating some sort of agency system. In the Middle West a considerable number of patrons' coöperative stores were established during 1874-5.

GRANGE fire insurance companies were organized in several places, small fees being paid for membership and proportional assessments made upon members whenever there was a loss. While some of these companies were not successful, others—especially in the East—continued to flourish and are reported as still in existence.

The value of the social and educational activities of the grange can never be estimated; this alone would have more than justified the existence of the organization. In the early seventies there were no telephones, automobiles or rural free delivery service—in fact, nothing to bring the farmer into touch with the great outside world. Farm life, consequently, was lonely and monotonous. The grange, by means of regular monthly, semimonthly, or weekly meetings, provided a meeting place for the farmers, their wives, their sons and their daughters. At the meetings there was an interesting and pleasing ritual, a literary and musical program, games, and conversation. Sometimes the meetings were held in country schoolhouses, village halls, or private homes, but where feasible the granges built grange halls with suitable conveniences.

In traveling about the country today, one still finds these grange halls dotting the landscape. Besides the regular meetings, there were informal 'get-togethers' of all kinds—festivals, picnics, and outdoor gatherings where special speakers made addresses on timely topics.

In every grange there was a lecturer, who prepared a program for each meeting. Questions of general interest were proposed for discussion. Some of the granges established libraries—there were practically no public libraries at that time—and each grange generally subscribed to a number of agricultural papers which were passed round among the members.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'How does it feel to be a feminine attorney,' said the ***Woman Lawyer,*** repeating a query. 'Well—that depends! I grew up in the atmosphere of the law, as my father who was a lawyer was my pal and chum. I had helped in his office, been interested in his cases and copied his briefs. I did not go into an alien atmosphere. The lawyer's point of view, legal terms, and the habit of looking at things from the legal angle were among my earliest acquisitions.

'In those days the idea of a woman really practising law was supposed to be quite funny. I had a dear old uncle who was very fond of me, and one day I proudly confided to him that I was going to be a lawyer. I can still hear the chuckle and the humorous drawl with which he answered: "Oh, you'd better get a mop and a broom."

'One woman in a law school seemed to be very embarrassing to the men. They did not know just what was expected of them. On graduation night, the faculty placed their one woman graduate in the back row of the stage where she could be hidden out of sight and so not attract too much notice. But I was told that a representative delegation of the class went to the dean and protested against this arrangement. Anyway, after being assigned to a place in the back row, I was requested to go down and take a place in the front row.

'I remember soon after I entered the law college some one from one of the other classes brought a little mouse up to the floor where my class was reciting, and released it in the crack of the door just in front of where I sat.

'Fortunately for me on this occasion, mice have never been among my pet aversions, and so nothing in particular happened, except that the mouse ran away.'

* * *

'Gassing is by no means limited to war,' said the ***Visiting Surgeon.*** 'Many persons who do not suspect it are being slowly gassed day by day in their homes. The gassing is caused by carbon monoxide, which under certain conditions is formed when fuel burns in cookstoves, in heating stoves, in furnaces, and in gas or gasoline engines.

'The Ohio State Department of Health reported 81 cases of carbon monoxide poisoning with 34 deaths, during the first ten weeks of one winter. Injuries and fatalities from this cause rise rapidly as the weather gets colder, owing to the increased tendency to neglect ventilation. Carbon monoxide poisoning always means bad ventilation.

'This may suggest to housewives why they are drowsy in the daytime and sleepless at night. If they are accustomed to use a gas cookstove or a gas heating stove, especially in winter, with imperfect ventilation, they may make a very shrewd guess as to the cause of their trouble, and may be able to prevent further damage. Kitchens should be better ventilated.

'Where possible, heaters should be installed in the fireplace, so that the products of combustion may go up the chimney. Under no circumstances should gasoline motors be run in a closed room.

'In closing the chimney damper of a stove, there is always the danger that partly burned gases will be forced out into the room. This damper should be closed cautiously if at all, especially when the chimney draft is not good; and the room should be well ventilated.'

* * *

'Jazz,' said the ***Dancing Instructor,*** 'had to play itself out. This having been about accomplished, the better element in the nation is wondering what will take its place. It is not like Americans to divest themselves entirely of novelties. Women are said to be more responsible for these extreme fads than men. This is not true. Men adopted jazz to a greater extent than women, and it has been more difficult to eradicate from the minds of men the idea that jazz dancing after all is not real artistry than it has been to teach the women so.

'The Dancing Masters of America some time ago prescribed nine "Don'ts" for dancers and dancing academies. They will bear repeating once in a while.

'1. Don't permit vulgar jazz music to be played;

'2. Don't permit young men to hold their partners tightly;

'3. Don't permit partners to dance with cheeks close or touching;

'4. Don't permit "neck holds";

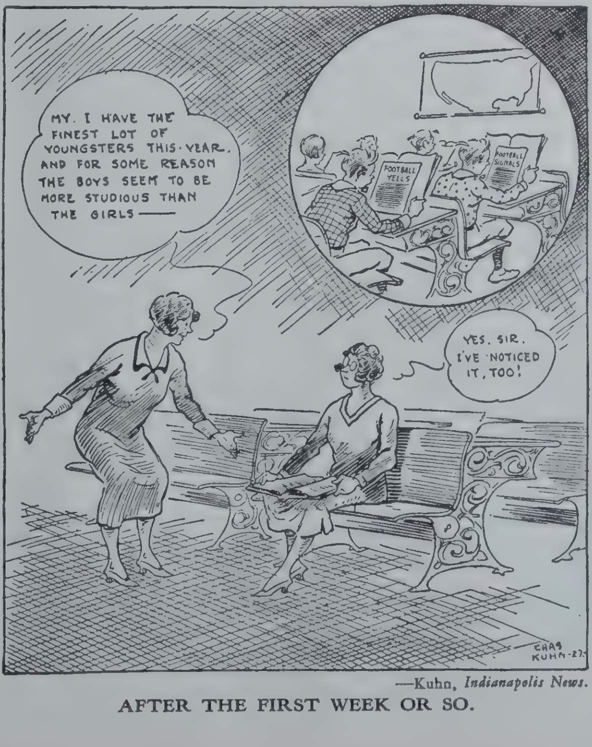
'5. Don't permit so-called "shimmy" or "toddle dancing";

'6. Don't permit dancers to take exceptionally long or exceptionally short steps;

'7. Don't dance from the waist up; dance from the waist down;

'8. Don't permit suggestive movements;

'9. Don't permit dancers to copy the extremes that are now used on the stage.


MY. I HAVE THE FINEST LOT OF YOUNGSTERS THIS·YEAR. AND FOR SOME REASON THE BOYS SEEM TO BE MORE STUDIOUS THAN THE GIRLS ——
FOOTBALL YELLS
FOOTBALL SIGNALS
YES. SIR. I'VE NOTICED IT, TOO!
CHAS. KUHN-27

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

AFTER THE FIRST WEEK OR SO.

These "nine points" constitute what the Dancing Masters of America may very properly proclaim a way of escape from the "jazz" age.'

* * *

'For a combination of beauty and usefulness, I think there is nothing to equal a rice field when it is young and green or when it is golden-ripe unto the harvest,' said the ***Returning Missionary.***

'A green rice field in the early tropical morning with its dewy blades sparkling under the first warm sunlight is a thing to remember long.

'Often have I driven through a province at rice harvest time to watch the harvesters, working with a straw roof over them. The carabaos tread out the grain, eight abreast; walking, walking, walking; now turned about to keep from getting dizzy. Beautiful brown-skinned women stand with trays of rice; holding the grains high above their heads, they let them fall that the chaff may be blown away in the wind—which reminds one of the "chaff which the wind driveth away" and the "ox that treadeth out the corn." A guitar player is part of the scene; he plays as the others work. The chanting of the harvesters, the smell of grain in the warm tropical afternoon, the yellow straw stacks and the stubbled fields combine to make a memorable setting.'

* * *

'The Great Lakes provide a route for the largest and most economical movement of freight in the world,' said the ***Commercial Man.*** 'The commerce of the Detroit River, the "Main Street" of lake shipping, is double that of any port of the Seven Seas. The combined traffic of such other narrows as the Panama and the Suez canals, the straits of Gibraltar, Constantinople and Singapore, fails to equal that of the Detroit River, although it is closed by ice during one-third of the year.

'The distribution of manufactured products is cheapened by the Great Lakes as every manufacturer with a national market knows full well; and here again the ultimate consumer shares in the saving.

'But the outstanding element in the navigation of the Great Lakes is that America would not have been able to attain her present world supremacy in steel production if these lakes were not available to carry the iron ore of the Lake Superior country down to the southern lake ports, Gary, Detroit, Lorain, Cleveland, Ashtabula and Buffalo. Either at these points or nearby, the ores are brought into contact with the coking coal of the middle Appalachian Mountains and converted into iron and steel on a cost basis that enables American industry to dominate the world market. Utah has iron ore deposits of immense proportions but there is no waterway there to carry this ore to coking coal districts; and Utah ore lies dormant just as the Superior ore would if the lakes were not utilized.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. Is an autopsy performed on a body after electrocution and if so, why?

Answer. The statutes of the State of New York provide that an autopsy must be performed on the body after a condemned prisoner has been electrocuted. The provision for autopsy promotes the possibility of scientific research of the different problems included in studies resulting from deaths in this particular class. For statutes relative to this matter in other states write to the Secretary of State, at the capital of the state regarding which the information is desired.

* * *

Q. What is the name of the King of Holland?

A. The prince-consort of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is Henry Frederick, Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, to whom she was married in February, 1901.

* * *

Q. What day of the week do the Mohammedans observe as the Sabbath day?

A. Mohammed adopted a new sacred day in lieu of the Jewish Saturday and the Christian Sunday, on the week day in which he had safely reached Kuba—Friday; but the sanctity was reduced to the actual time occupied in public worship.

* * *

Q. What was the first iron battleship to engage in a fight and where was it built?

A. The first important use of armor plate was made in the operations against Gibraltar in 1782. The Chevalier d'Arçon had caused to be constructed 10 floating batteries of 600 to 1,200 tons, armed with 10 to 20 guns each. The hulls were of wood, protected with bars of iron laid on at short intervals, with an outer covering of cork. Sand was placed in the spaces between the bars and it was to be kept wet to avoid danger of fire from red-hot shot. In the attack on Gibraltar on September 13, 1782, one of the vessels took fire, and as they were moored very close together, the conflagration spread to the others and all were destroyed. In September, 1854, the French Government began the construction of several armored floating batteries fitted with weak auxiliary power for which designs had been prepared some years before. Three of them took part in the attack on the Russian batteries at Kinburn, October 17, 1855. While practically uninjured themselves, they were able to lie so close to the enemy's works, that they dismounted nearly half his guns and compelled him to surrender after four hours' fighting, though these batteries had held at bay the combined wooden fleets of France and England for months. Their success demonstrated the value of armor plate. England at once followed with others of the same kind; then came the French *La Gloire*, the British *Warrior*, and the ironclads and monitors of the American Civil War. The *Gloire* was the first seagoing armorclad. While the European ships were, for the most part, modifications of existing types, the American ships were constructed from new designs, or railway iron and the like was attached to existing vessels. The *Monitor* was the first successful ironclad in the United States Navy. The battle of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* (a Confederate ironclad) occurred on March 9, 1862.

* * *

Q. Is the Parcel Post Department separate from the Post Office Department?

A. No, parcel post is the name usually applied to what is known as fourth-class matter under postal regulations.

* * *

Q. I should like to get some information on the long-range guns used by the Germans to bombard Paris during the World War.

A. In the spring of 1918, beginning on March 23, the Germans bombarded Paris from a distance of seventy-six miles with specially built long-range guns throwing 265-pound shells. They obtained this long range by using a velocity of 5,000 feet a second and by firing at an elevation of 55 degrees so that the shell passed through the layer of dense air nearest the earth and reached comparatively thin air at a height of ten miles, which opposed little resistance to its flight. In this case the greatest height of the trajectory was twenty-four miles. Guns of this type cannot fire more than thirty rounds before becoming worn out. Owing to uncertain weather conditions, the accuracy is slight; while the gun is new the shells may be expected to fall within a space of two miles by three-quarters of a mile, but as the gun becomes worn these limits are soon exceeded.

* * *

Q. Please tell me something about precanceled stamps. Is a license required for their use?

A. Precanceled postage stamps may be used only by the persons or concerns who have been given a permit to use them. Such stamps are good for the payment of postage on matter of the third and fourth classes and on second-class matter mailed at the transient rate or at the rate applicable to copies mailed for local delivery by letter carriers at city delivery offices, and, when specially authorized in each case, on first-class matter presented at the office where precanceled. For information in regard to the obtaining of such permit and the conditions governing the use of precanceled postage stamps, address the Third Assistant Postmaster General, Division of Classification, Washington, D. C.

* * *

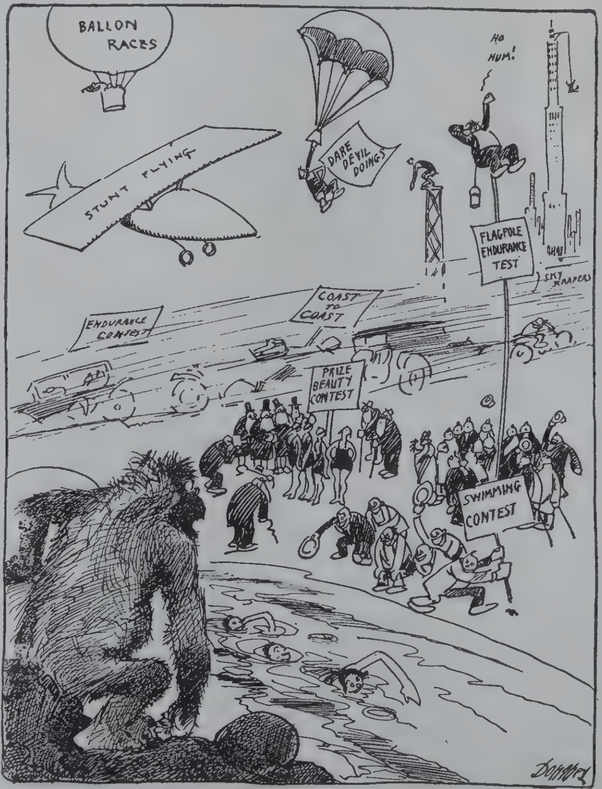
Q. What are the races of the world and to which one do the Eskimos belong?

A. There is no classification by races which has been accepted generally as conclusive. According to Linnaeus, *Homo Sapiens* comprises four varieties or primary races: The European, Asiatic, African and American. Blumenbach distinguished five: Caucasic, Mongolic, Ethiopic, American and Malay; while Huxley recognized four principal types of mankind—the Australioid, the Negroid, Mongoloid, and Xanthochroic ('fair whites'), adding a fifth variety, the Melanochroic or 'dark whites.' The modern tendency is to base the classification by races on anatomical characteristics; such as leiotrichous, ulotrichous, and cymotrichous, (straight-haired, woolly-haired and curly-haired, respectively); and dolichocephalic, brachycephalic, mesocephalic, or the long-headed, short-headed and intermediate groups. Ethnologists are not agreed as to the origin and racial affinities of Eskimos, although their Asiatic connections seem definitely proved and Huxley numbers them among the yellow (mongoloid) division of mankind.

* * *

Q. Did Mrs. Abraham Lincoln have any half brothers or brothers-in-law who fought for the Confederacy?

A. Mrs. Lincoln had three half brothers who fought and died in the Confederate army. She also had a brother-in-law, the husband of her youngest half sister, who fought for the Confederacy and who was killed at Chickamauga.



—Donahey, *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

If Darwin was right, Grandfather would say, 'And they are my children!'

BRIEFLY TOLD

FOUR PRESIDENTS OF the United States have visited Yellowstone National Park. They were Presidents Arthur, Roosevelt, Harding, and Coolidge.

A COPY OF THE *Independent Chronicle and Universal Advertiser*, dated January 1, 1784, and published in Boston, shows Paul Revere living at that time a comparatively quiet existence and advertising 'an importation of metal goods, door locks, shot, playing cards, Irish linens, German serges, and so on, at his mart.'

A MOTHER SEAL CAN PLACE her puppy by a hole on a cake of ice and dive off on a food-hunting expedition, staying for hours, and can return directly to the cake though the ice may have drifted thirty or forty miles in the meantime.

THE CAT HAS TWO KINDS of vocal cords —true and false. The true vocal cords are used in mewing and making other common sounds, and the false are used only in purring, a sound made when the cat is contented and comfortable.

THE HAND SALUTE OF the soldier is thought to have originated in feudal days when a queen of love and beauty was chosen at the close of tournaments and jousts. The knights, passing in review before the throne of beauty, raised their mailed fists to shade their eyes, intimating that they were dazzled by the beauty of the queen.

ALLIGATORS, WHOSE FOOD consists mainly of fish and meat, cannot swallow their food except under water.

WITHIN TWO MAUSOLEUMS in the ruins of the ancient city of Uzghent in Central Asia the natives, believing that two holy brothers are buried there, keep candles constantly burning.

THE NAME 'WHITE HOUSE' was applied to the Executive Mansion after the painting of the buff freestone to hide the traces left when the British burned the building in 1814.

AMONG THE QUAINT wedding customs still observed in parts of the British Isles is the practice of tying a basket of stones on the bridegroom's back with a rope which the bride cuts, symbolically relieving him of his burdens.

WHILE EXPLORING THE LOFTY Ruwenzori Mountain range in Africa, Doctor James P. Chapin and D. L. Sage of the American Museum of Natural History found glaciers within fifty miles of the Equator.

WOMEN ARE PREFERRED TO men as pearl divers at Tahoku, Japan, because it is claimed they can stay under water longer.

ACCORDING TO REPORTS OF game wardens in the Cascade Mountains, a migratory swarm of butterflies, three or four miles wide and ten or fifteen miles long and as high as the eye could discern, flew over Kittitas County, Washington, recently.

KISSING WAS SO FASHIONABLE in the latter days of the Roman Empire that when a woman met a man in public it was quite the thing for him to kiss her.

THE UNDERWATER EXPERIMENTS with radio attempted by hydrography and topography experts of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey were futile because of the noise made by oysters opening and shutting their shell-covered mouths.

ACCORDING TO E. M. MILLS, of the United States Department of Agriculture, a rat consumes the equivalent of two dollars a year and New England alone loses $16,000,000 yearly through the depredations of this pest.

WHEN AN ORCHESTRA WAS sent to a zoo in Philadelphia to record the reactions of the animals to jazz, Poetre, a twelve-year-old Asiatic elephant, blew a trunkful of water over the members.

A WATER SYSTEM IN perfect order and capable of carrying a daily flow of 300,000 gallons, believed to have been built by Genoese colonists eight hundred years ago, was recently uncovered by workmen at Alushta, Crimea.

AN APPLICANT HAS TO WAIT ten to fifteen years to have a telephone installed in Japan, so far is the telephone system in arrears. Parents often apply, as a means of investment, for an instrument in the name of their children.

OH MARGE!
WHERE'S THAT NEW PAIR OF GOLF KNICKERS AND ALL MY GOLF HOSE -AND THERE ISNT A NECKTIE OR PAIR OF CUFF BUTTONS LEFT IN THE HOUSE?
Ding

—Darling, *Detroit News* (c) N. Y. *Herald-Tribune.*

SON JACK LEFT LAST NIGHT FOR COLLEGE.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE at Zurich, Switzerland, has a clock that is wound by a mechanism set in motion every time the temperature changes two degrees.

THERE IS A BANK IN Shanghai, China, in which all the employes are women.

THE WHITE OAK, SINCE the earliest days of colonization, is the most important hardwood forest tree native to North America.

ACCORDING TO INSURANCE companies the honesty of fat people of either sex, of women, of the married in general, and of Chinese can be relied upon.

THE CUSTOM OF WEARING orange blossoms in the bridal veil is believed to have originated at the time a French nobleman in the Spanish court bribed the royal gardener's daughter, in love with a man too poor to marry, to secure for him a small plant of a jealously guarded orange tree for his own garden. Rejoicing over the fact that the bribe enabled her to marry, the bride entwined orange blossoms in her hair.

CONTRARY TO THE GENERAL belief that Indians are without sentiment and lack the kinder feelings of humanity, David I. Bushnell, of the Smithsonian Institution, asserts that they often subject themselves to many kinds of self-inflicted pain to prove their agony at the death of a loved one, such as bedaubing their bodies with white clay, cutting out pieces of their skin and flesh, passing arrows through their skin, and walking barefoot on the march.

THE SECRETARY BIRD OF South Africa, noted for its snake-killing ability, gets its name from the crest of long, dark plumes rising from the back of its head resembling a bunch of quills of the feather pens once used by clerks.

THE STONES INTENDED TO be used in the making of weapons were kept in the damp soil by the Indians, not to hide them as is sometimes supposed, but to keep them evenly tempered.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT requires candidates for responsible railway positions to undergo severe tests, including one for temper.

SOOTHSAYERS OF EAST INDIA break eggs against a board and study the size of the bits of shell and the positions into which they fall to foretell events.

SIR HENRY WYATT GAVE AS a reason for always having a cat painted beside him in his pictures that while imprisoned by Richard III a cat brought him a pigeon daily for food and kept him from dying of cold by permitting him to caress her.

THE WEARING OF CAP and gown by college graduates was comparatively rare in America until the last quarter of the 19th Century.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the Choosing of One's Career.

* * *

To do and to see the rare thing, especially when the appetizing sauce of difficulty goes with the doing—that's where the thrill comes in. So writes Charles J. Finger, in beginning a personally conducted trip through the desert country of the Southwest. If you are daring enough, you may see a corner of the world exactly as it was when the Aztecs lived. (p. 1)

* * *

Dorothy E. Pilley, whose descriptions of mountain climbing have been much enjoyed by readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, is editor of the *Pinnacle Journal.* Among the mountaineer societies to which she belongs are the Ladies Alpine Club of London, England; the French Alpine Club; and the Club Swisse des Femme Alpinestes. (p. 3)

* * *

Actuarians predict that of every 100 men who today are twenty-five years old, one will be rich in 1967, three well-to-do, eight comfortably circumstanced, thirty-two dead and fifty-six wholly or in part dependent on others for support. The great panacea against dependence is Work—for it operates to delay the encroachments of old age. C. P. Vary presents some reasons why pensions do not solve the problem. (p. 5)

* * *

Little more than 400 years ago, three men returned to Spain, last to come home of the gallant crew who sailed with Magellan. The trio comprised survivors of the ship *Trinidad.* One other had made his way independently to Genoa some time previously. With the story of the *Trinidad's* crew and their adventures, Charles J. Finger concludes his series on Magellan. (p. 7)

* * *

The Reverend William L. Stidger of Kansas City, Missouri, while in Manila, heard one night the concert on the *Lunetta* by the military band. It was a magic scene—one to touch the heart of an American far from home. Even the little Filipino boys ceased their play as the strains of 'The Star Spangled Banner' floated out on the evening air. American youngsters stood with their little hands at salute, rigidly jerked to attention, their eyes filled with tears, and their heads lifted in pride. (p. 12)

* * *

Unlike most journalists of the Greeley-Pulitzer type, Clarence W. Barron—at seventy-two—is still a reporter working in the ranks. He covered his first assignment for a Boston newspaper more than half a century ago. Today his properties and news services are valued at millions. Among the most important of these is *The Wall Street Journal.* (p. 14)

* * *

For one winter the Hawthorne family lived with their relatives, the Horace Manns, at West Newton, Massachusetts. Horace Mann had married Mary Peabody, sister of Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne, and so he was 'Uncle Horace' to the Hawthorne children. Julian's reminiscences of his distinguished relative-in-law afford an intimate portrait of the great secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education. (p. 16)

* * *

The day of the old-time county fair with its shell-game has passed, and the ballyhoo has given way to the juvenile club movement, as well as to other reforms. The fair grounds are neat; the plant is modern, and the attractions are truthfully advertised. (p. 18)

* * *

Nearly a quarter of a million people live in the Great Marsh; more than five thousand miles of waterways furnish their thoroughfares. The states bordering the Mississippi River to the north are slowly contributing the earth to fill up this vast delta, which one time was part of the Gulf of Mexico. (p. 19)

* * *

'It was not Virginia that wanted a governor, but a court favorite that wanted a salary,' wrote Junius in his English *Letters,* prior to the separation of the Colonies from the Mother Country. The poet Cowper wrote—'I consider the loss of America as the ruin of England.' Lewis Worthington Smith emphasizes the difference between the attitude of the British Government toward the Colonies, and that of thoughtful Englishmen of the time. (p. 21)

* * *

About ten thousand years ago, a 'Terrible Bird,' huge and long and now extinct, dropped an aboriginal woman to the ground near what is now the Rancho La Brea, in California, and then swooped down after its prey. The falling victim sank in a pool of asphalt, and the gigantic flying creature became itself entangled in the pit. Slowly it too was engulfed. Now, after centuries have elapsed, the bones of the woman and her captor have both been found. (p. 27)

* * *

Many agencies have been credited with the improvement of the farmer's estate. Now comes the National Grange, or the *Patrons of Husbandry,* and seeks a place among the pioneer interests which worked for agriculturalists years ago before there was any Department of Agriculture in the president's cabinet; or before there were agricultural colleges in the various states. (p. 28)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Philadelphia, Pa.

In an article in your September 10 issue Louis C. Karpinski depicted French workers as poorly paid, but did not explain how they manage to thrive on the so-called 'low wage.' Two years ago I lived in Marseilles. Workers then averaged about two hundred francs a week. They paid for room and board one hundred francs a week, and so had money left for theaters or other recreation.

Every Saturday afternoon and Sunday many of the workers would go picnicking, bathing or swimming *a la mer.* Nearly every one used a bicycle or rode in the train. Eight cents (about two U. S. cents) would take the worker to the Madraga or to Miramar where after bathing he could have supper. Coffee was six cents a cup. That is not quite two American cents.

A worker can get a furnished room for forty francs a month, a good meal including one pint of wine for three francs, fifty centimes (about fifteen cents in U. S. money). Meat averaged from four to five francs for roastbeef; for a kilo of steak (about two pounds four ounces), seventeen to twenty cents in U. S. money. Bread was then twenty-six cents a kilo, a little over five cents U. S. money for more than two pounds. Butter was twenty francs for over two pounds.

Saturday all workers quit at noon. In the afternoon all the restaurants around Marseilles are full of workers; at night and Sunday the inns are full of workers enjoying themselves. When I say workers I mean women, girls, boys and men. Where men go, so go the women, girls and boys. They are permitted to play together in any public place.

ANDRE BOISELLES.

Boston, Mass.

I should like to say a few words with regard to the article in your issue of September 3, 1927, entitled 'Great Figures in Fiction—Bazarov and Colonel Sellers'—by Lewis Worthington Smith.

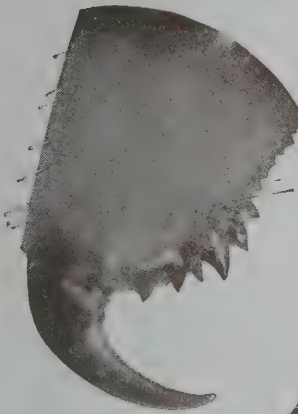
The author has a wrong understanding of Russian novels when he remarks that 'in the main Russian novels are revolutionary.' The greatest of our writers, Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy, have shown in their novels the struggle in human souls of the eternal ideas of God, life, love, crime, passion, and the growth of spiritual element.

More than that, Dostoyevsky in one of his best novels, *Devils,* in a wonderfully strong and dramatic way condemned revolutionary ideals, and with true prophetic pathos pictured the present bolshevist Russia.

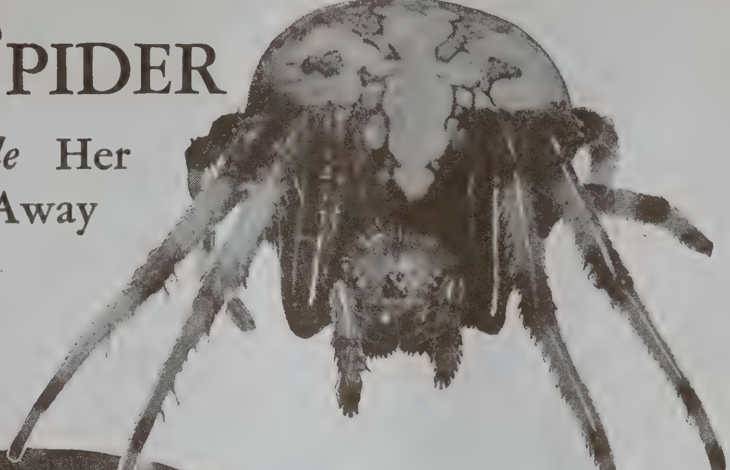
As to Turgenev, whenever he writes about 'nihilists' he shows very little sympathy, if any, for them or their cause. WALTER KONSHTLOW.

Miss Moffet's SPIDER

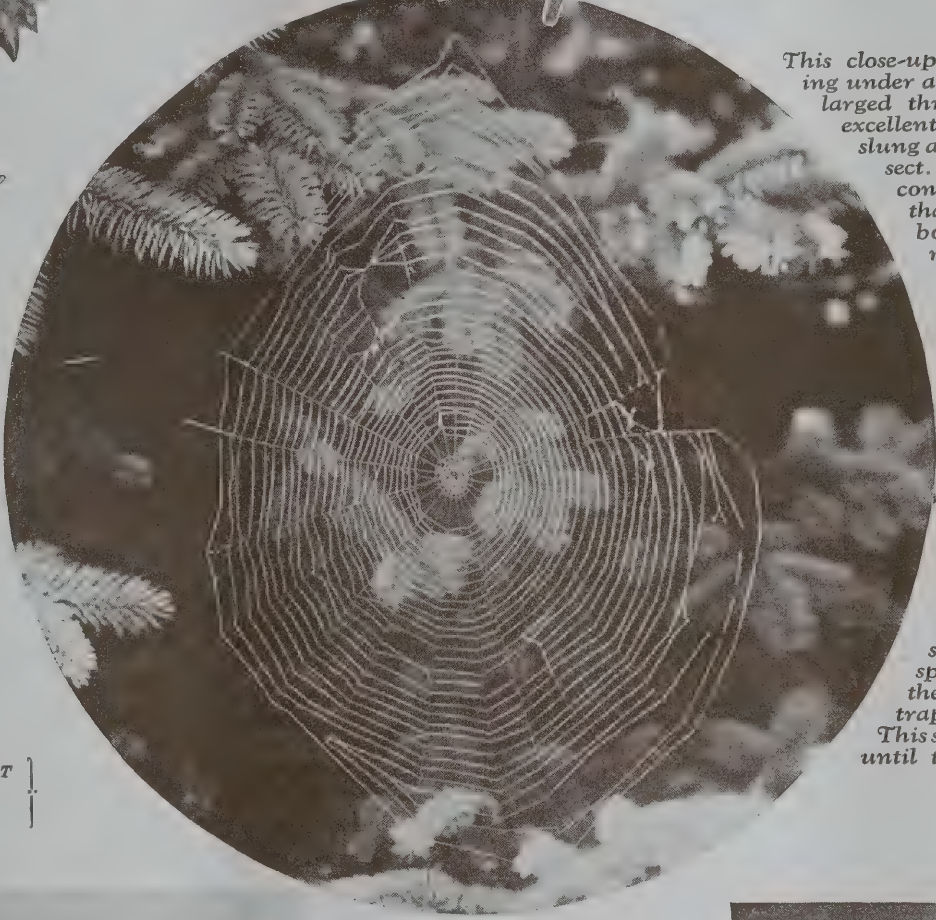
When We Sit Down *Beside* Her *and* Are Not Frightened Away

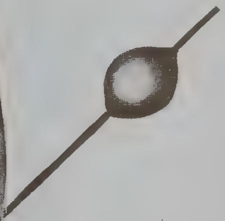


The spider's fang, above which is the poison sac used to kill his prey, a poison not dangerous to humans. The teeth are not for chewing, but for grasping his prey, as the spider takes only liquid food.



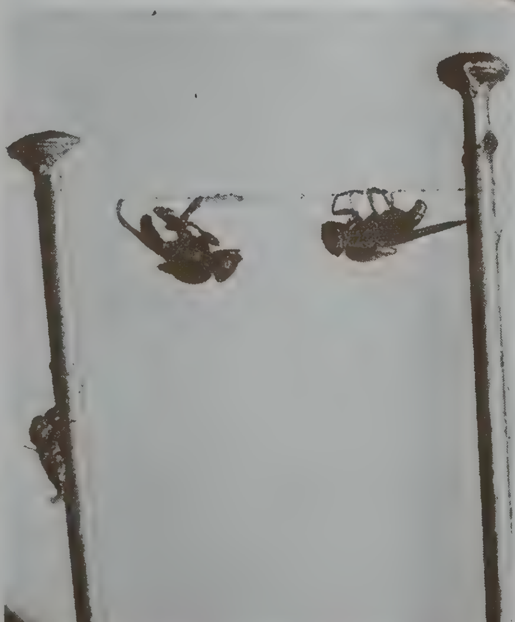
This close-up of a spider, posing under a microscope and enlarged three times, gives an excellent idea of the underslung appearance of the insect. His knee joints are considerably higher than his head. The body looks like a marble made to fit.





For a fly to get into this ointment is fatal. It is a globule, magnified, of the viscid substance that the spider spreads over the strands of his web trap to catch insects. This substance holds them until the spider's return.

I—HERBERT PHOTOS, INC.



Granted that the poet was right when he said that 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever,' then the spiderweb ranks among those joys. Few things in Nature are more exquisitely beautiful than this web of the orb-web spider. It has served as the motif for many man-made works of art. These webs are generally pictured in the early dawn when they are dew-laden.

Left—These upside-down insects are apparently in a rope-walking act, but it is not what it seems. The stunt is very serious to these insects, which are gnats caught fast in the sticky strands of a spiderweb silk stretched between two upright pins, all, of course, greatly magnified. The wary spider is seen on the pin at the left mounting to the kill.

How many angels can dance on the point of a needle is a question unsettled by medieval scholars, but this picture illustrates that the head of a common pin is a spacious site for a single spider egg.

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IF you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost; that is where they should be . . Now put the foundations under them.

—THOREAU

EA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Five Cents a Copy OCTOBER 29, 1927 $1.50 a Year

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HARVEST

The LURE of AUTUMN TRAILS

Days *of* Real Sport *For the* Hunter *Have* Arrived

The joys of a well-earned rest. The long portage is over. Camp is made and the evening meal of fish and bacon has been eaten. As the lengthening shadows of tall cedars touch the far side of the beaver pond the smoke of the modern Peace Pipe mingles with that of the campfire.

You can't keep a good man down. And the opening day of the season finds the footsore hunter ready for business equipped with improvised moccasins.

[—H. Armstrong Roberts Photo.]

Even the dogs sense the difficulties before them and resign themselves to their fate. The hunter smiles, for he knows of a free woodland just over the ridge where fox squirrels frolic amid the autumn leaves. If the game is too elusive the mackinaw pockets are spacious and the shellbark hickory at his side yields a bountiful harvest. He will return with provender of some kind, for Nature rewards those who seek her fruits.

The guide outlines the plan of campaign. Tomorrow there will be moose steaks for dinner. But it means hard work.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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1927

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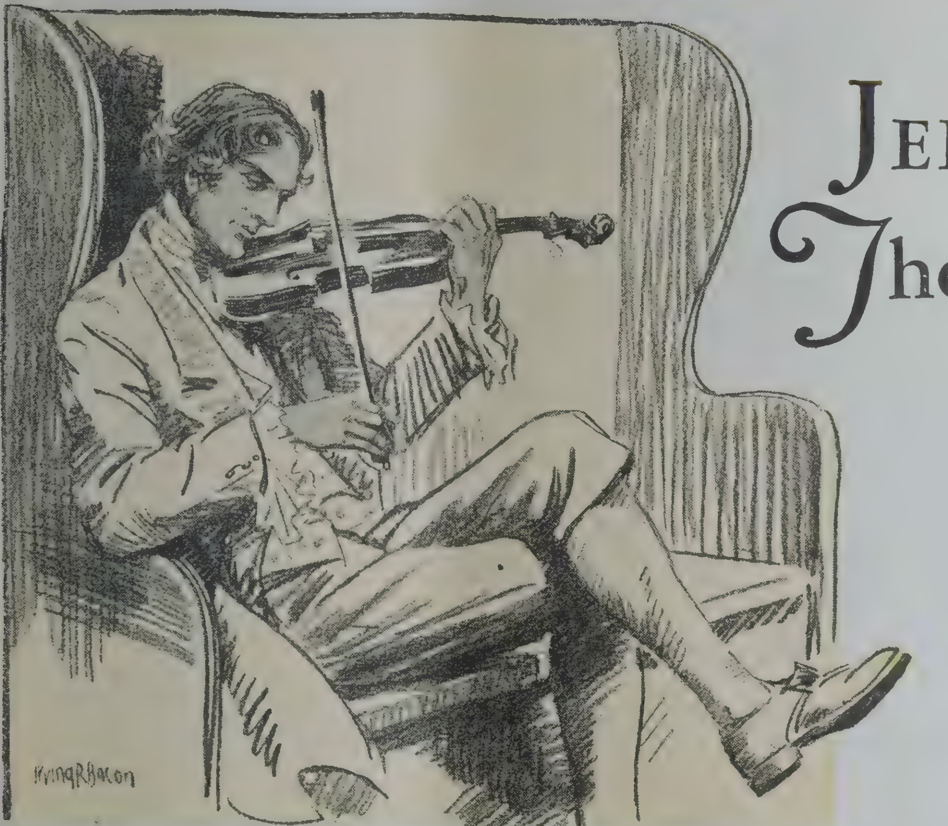
THOMAS JEFFERSON'S Thousand Years

By VACHEL LINDSAY

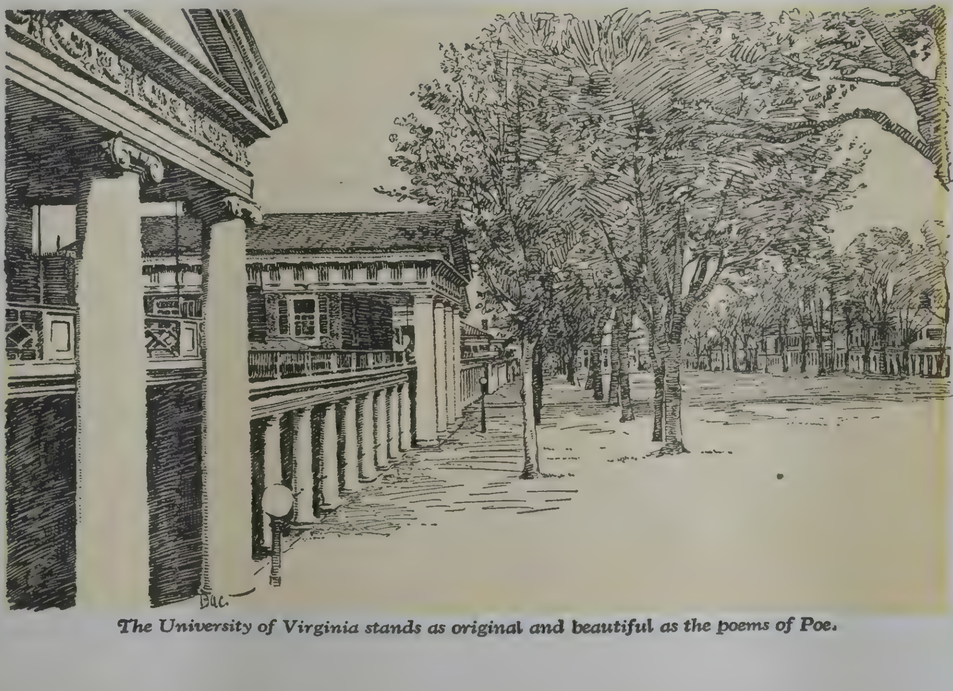


I like to think of Jefferson at Raleigh Tavern playing his violin alone by the fire.

THOMAS JEFFERSON has taken a thousand-year lease on American thought, and then perhaps he will come into full possession.

The first thing noticed in any election campaign is the number of quotations from Jefferson used by the leaders of both parties, to fortify whatever position they may take. It is my conviction that the worth-while leadership in any political party quotes Jefferson with all sincerity.

As George Washington grew old, there hardened around him the Federalist Party under the leadership of John Adams and Alexander Hamilton, claiming more of Washington's support than I believe was actually theirs. This party was destroyed by Jefferson's eight years of Presidency. When Jackson came into power, he represented an effort to overthrow those who were doing merely a lip-service to Jefferson, but who did not understand his ideals. When Lincoln built up toward the Presidency with speech and debate in the years immediately preceding the Civil War, he based much of his argument on Jefferson's 'Notes on Virginia.'



The University of Virginia stands as original and beautiful as the poems of Poe.

Both old parties, and all new parties, are, or will be, committed to the Jeffersonian propositions; and the question will always be whether they mean what they say. To take the most exact opposite: India, as far as man has remembered, has been committed to the caste system, and almost any Hindu man or woman will die to maintain it. I am now through with what some people would call a political speech. By Thomas Jefferson's thousand years, I mean that we cannot get rid of his ideas for a thousand years; and we will be fighting over them for better or worse, for that time, and giving them every kind of artistic, literary, religious, and political expression. The nearer we are to the precise Jefferson, the nearer we are to exactitude in Americanism.

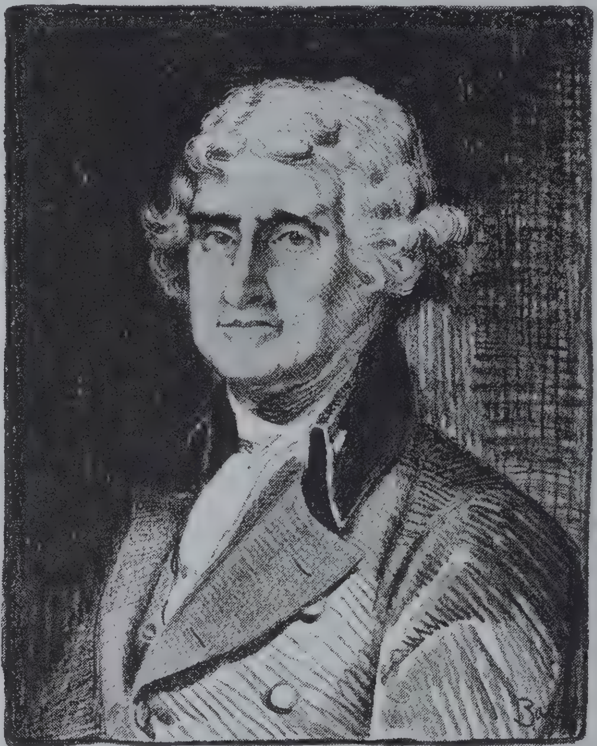
We want some pictures of the real past; we do not want the magnificent generalities only. The first picture is of Thomas Jefferson's father, a man of the Daniel Boone type, dressed in the same fashion, way out on the Virginia frontier surveying lands for the Randolph family, doing it well, winning their respect and allegiance, and incidentally picking up a deal of land for himself, in a real estate career almost parallel to that of young George Washington who later surveyed lands for the Fairfax family. To be a surveyor was to be a natural chieftain among the backwoodsmen, however democratic the conditions; and land was almost as free as water, if one could draw a line around it.

The difference between Jefferson's father and some other adventurous young Virginians on this frontier was a tremendous love for the life; a deeper conviction that the type of equality which frontier life enforced between white man and white man was the natural life of a man. And Jefferson's father had something that was probably not a conviction, but a deep instinct: the disposition to make a red Indian of himself. This has often taken hold of young white men on the frontier, and has left its eternal mark on the American nervous system.

George Washington was rewarded for his career as Indian fighter and surveyor by good will from the tremendous Fairfaxes of the tidewater; and Jefferson's father was rewarded by being presented with one of the Randolph young ladies for a wife. Thus has come about that perpetual paradox in the chronicle of Jefferson. People who have the lavender-and-old-lace state of mind discuss him as the red-headed son of a Randolph, with a few peculiar French notions which he outgrew when he made the Louisiana Purchase and became imperial. People who see him as the son of the self-made Peter Jefferson look upon him as from the beginning, the perfect natural democrat. But let us be fair, and thank both the Randolphs and the Jeffersons for Thomas Jefferson.

JEFFERSON as a student at William and Mary is an interesting creature, all hands and feet, as George Washington was at the same age; but as much interested in professors and their books as Washington was in horses, foxes, and farms. I like to imagine Thomas Jefferson at the old Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg when there are not enough guests to be worried by him; when his books are not on his mind, actually finding time to play his violin alone by the fire. Now there you have Thomas. Some passionate Jeffersonians have conceded that he could not play very well. But it does me a lot of good to realize that he was red-headed and that he played anyway. I like the kind of man who is not ashamed of his musical instrument. He certainly had self-knowledge, for one does not hear of great occasions which he ruined with this violin. But the spiritual brother of Daniel Boone playing a violin by a lone tavern fire is one real picture of young Thomas Jefferson.

They say Jefferson was a wary lover. He got along with the girls at the start better than did Washington, and did not have to fight Indians to get over his terrible setbacks. But he loved his dear Belinda, and maybe she loved him in the same cool way; and this coolness and this ability to get by at a ball without being a nervous wreck he probably owed to the consciousness that, after all, his mamma was a Randolph, if he did have big feet and red hair.



Thomas Jefferson has taken a thousand-year lease on American thought.

Pardon me if I suggest that heroes are not always beautiful. Jefferson was a gawk at first. Isn't it true that men who have made perfectly elegant presidents at middle age were often clodhopper youths, even at twenty-five? They grow slowly, these giants, and sometimes their magnificent personal style is the last thing they acquire. In our early days we see Jefferson, Franklin, and Adams doing what they could for us in Europe, as Fathers of the Republic; and we see Jefferson a French Revolutionary, when the Revolution had the Lafayette flavor. The way he fitted into the Lafayette mood of the early fathers of the French Revolution was probably owing as much to the good manners of his Randolph mamma as to the courage, brains, and practical democracy of his Jefferson papa.

Surely if he had not been a Randolph, it would not have been so easy to have made him Secretary of State in George Washington's first administration. And in his eternal duel with Hamilton, then begun, which will go on for a thousand years, his father furnishes the strength and the brains; his mother, the limberness.

For the next Jeffersonian picture, look at his tombstone. On it, at his own request, he is praised for three things only: The statue for religious freedom for Virginia, the Declaration of Independence, and the founding of the University of Virginia. The most romantic thing in the biography of Edgar Poe is his attending this university founded by Jefferson. It had an influence upon the imagination of Poe, seldom celebrated by the Russians or the French or the Polynesians who praise Poe with such passion.

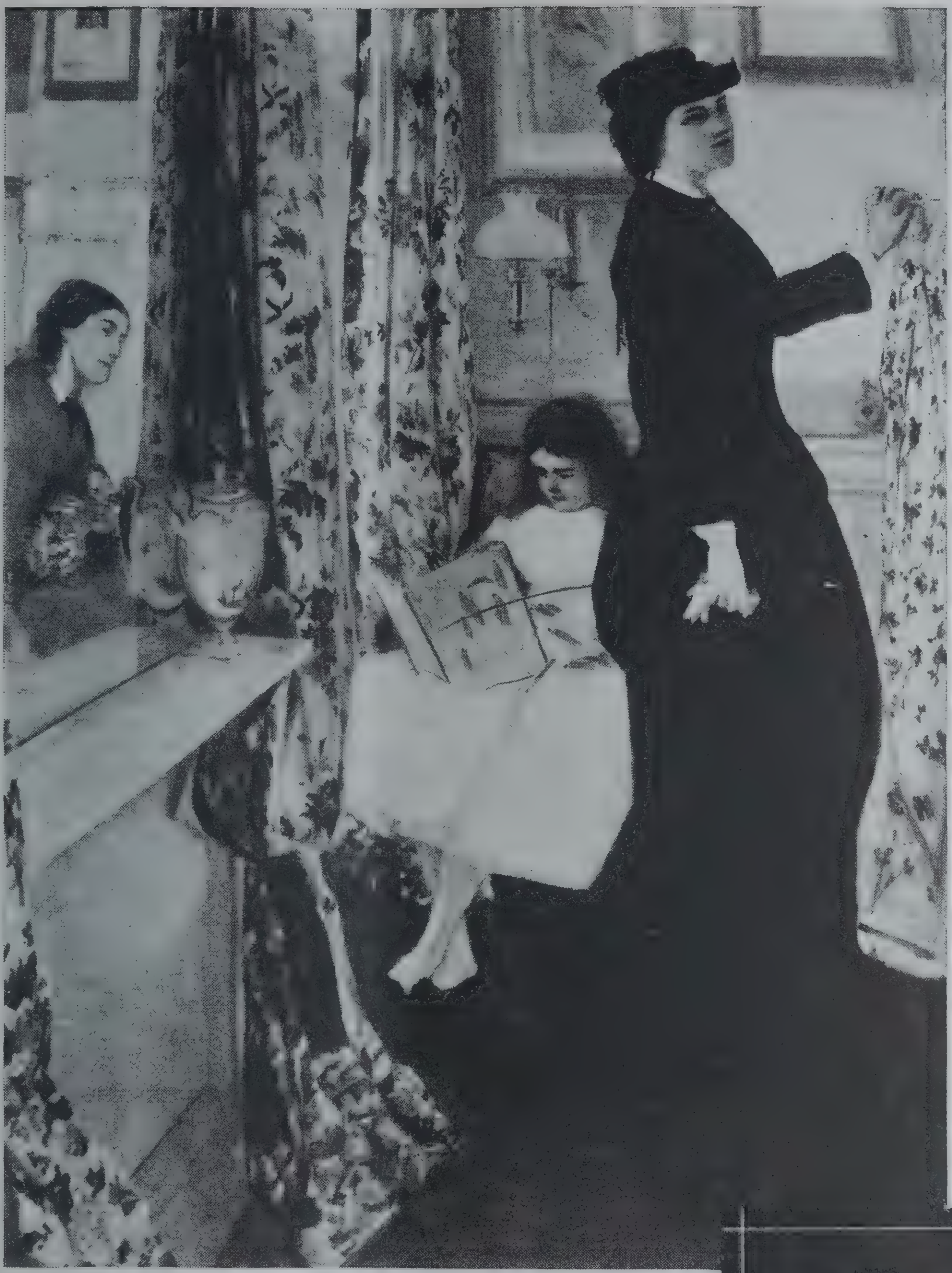
BECAUSE Thomas Jefferson was a Jefferson, he was an artist; because he was a Randolph, he was a versatile artist; and the list of the contrasting things he did superbly well would shame a Florentine of the Renaissance. We can kid his violining, but that is about all. Surely it was a symbol of his meditative, sage-like, creative mind.

He was a better architect than violinist. With the help of his daughter, he drew the plans for the buildings of the University of Virginia, and there they stand today, as original and beautiful as the poems of Poe, reminding one of Poe's serenest lines. Since they came first, it is proper to assume that Jefferson's architectural genius became a part of Poe's visualizing power. Just as Poe mixed the classic and the wildly unknown and original, to achieve a new order, so did Jefferson in the drawing of these buildings and in this landscape gardening.

When I was about thirty-five years old, I was called from the West to speak at the University of Virginia. I found myself altogether astonished at the parallel I then discovered between Poe and Jefferson in the serener moods of both. This is a deeper matter than I can dwell upon in a general article; but it is indeed fitting that the bust of Poe by Zolnay should be in the rotunda of the library of the University of Virginia. The wandering walls that inclose the yards of the school, lost in extraordinary shrubberies, have the effect of a Poe incantation; and the high porches of the buildings are as classic as Poe's bust of Pallas, and the oldest statues and columns of the university speak of 'the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.'

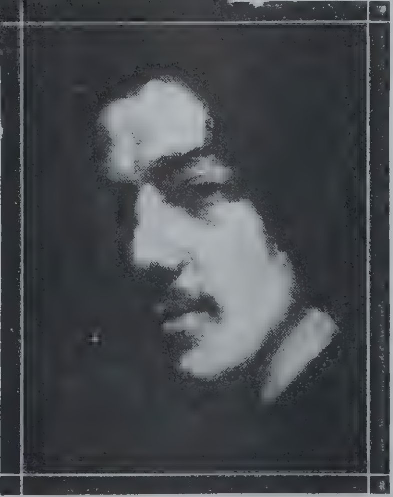
One of the most interesting things about the place is that while it seems still in some wilder-

(*Continued on page 24*)



—Reproductions from paintings in the Whistler Collection in the Freer Art Gallery, Washington, D. C.

'The Music Room: Harmony in Green and Rose.'



The artist's self-portrait.

WHISTLER—*the* Decadent

By L. R. MASSEY

PERHAPS the most strange personality in American art is that of the picturesque James McNeill Whistler, who as a painter has been declared a genius, and as an etcher, the equal of Rembrandt himself.

Whistler was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in July, 1834; and it was one of his peculiarities that he sought at every turn to puzzle those who were curious concerning such details of his birth. One of his models once asked him where he was born. 'I never was born, my child,' he answered, 'I came from on high.'

This reply did not in the least disconcert the model, who quickly said: 'Now that shows how easily we deceive ourselves in this world. I should say you came from below!' This reference to the diabolical no doubt pleased Whistler, but his biographers have been undeterred in their search for facts concerning his life.

While very young, Whistler was taken to Russia; and it was here that the lad, then only nine years of age, was placed as student in the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts. A few years later his family was compelled to return to the United States, owing to the death of Whistler's father. After additional years in school, several of which were spent in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, and after a short period during which he was employed in the Coast and Geodetic Survey office in Washington, Whistler left for Paris.

Upon arriving, he immediately entered the studio of Charles Gabriel Gleyre. Friendships were readily formed among the other students, and, as he progressed in life, with men of affairs. Yet there were enemies, too, made chiefly because of Whistler's intense individualism, which in later years won for him the ridicule of critics, and jeers from the public.

Whistler worked steadily—painting, etching, studying—buoyed up always by the love of beauty which was the essence of his life. Poverty did not dismay him. His smile was ready, and a *bon mot* was on his tongue. In many ways, it was fortunate that Whistler was so constituted; for adverse criticism rained upon him. By turn he was called poseur, eccentric and esthete. His 'symphonies' were called capricious, bizarre and rank impostures. Ruskin, who was then a popular idol and a favorite critic, remarked that 'he never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face.'

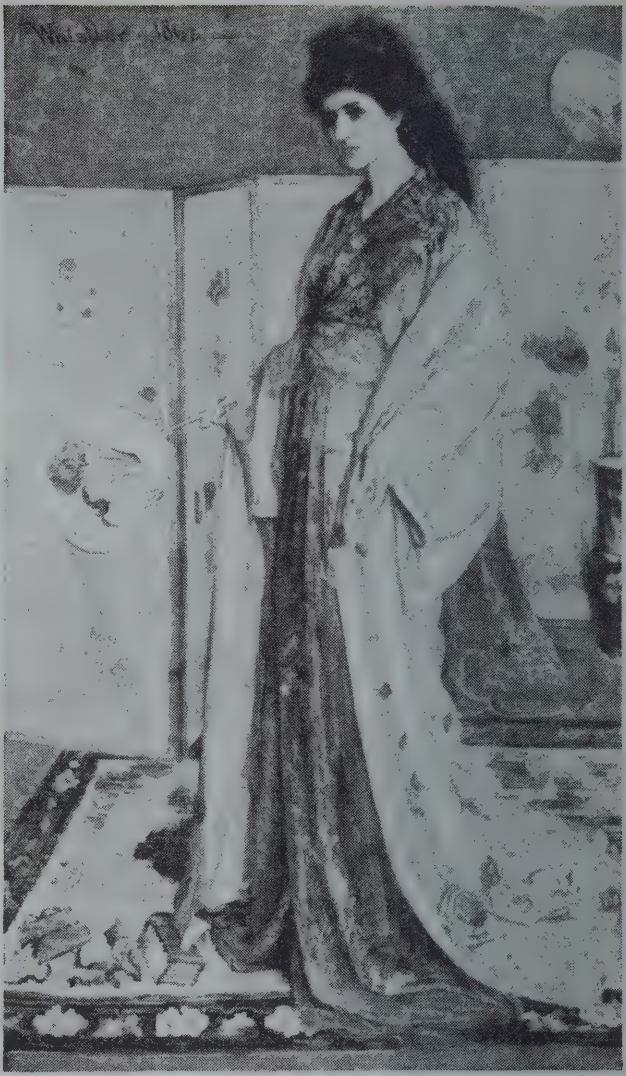
As a result of this remark, Ruskin was sued by Whistler, who secured damages to the extent of one farthing.

The attendant notoriety pleased Whistler, who was fond of having himself talked about, whether for good or evil. He liked to mystify his public, and seemed always involved in some controversy which kept his name constantly alive.

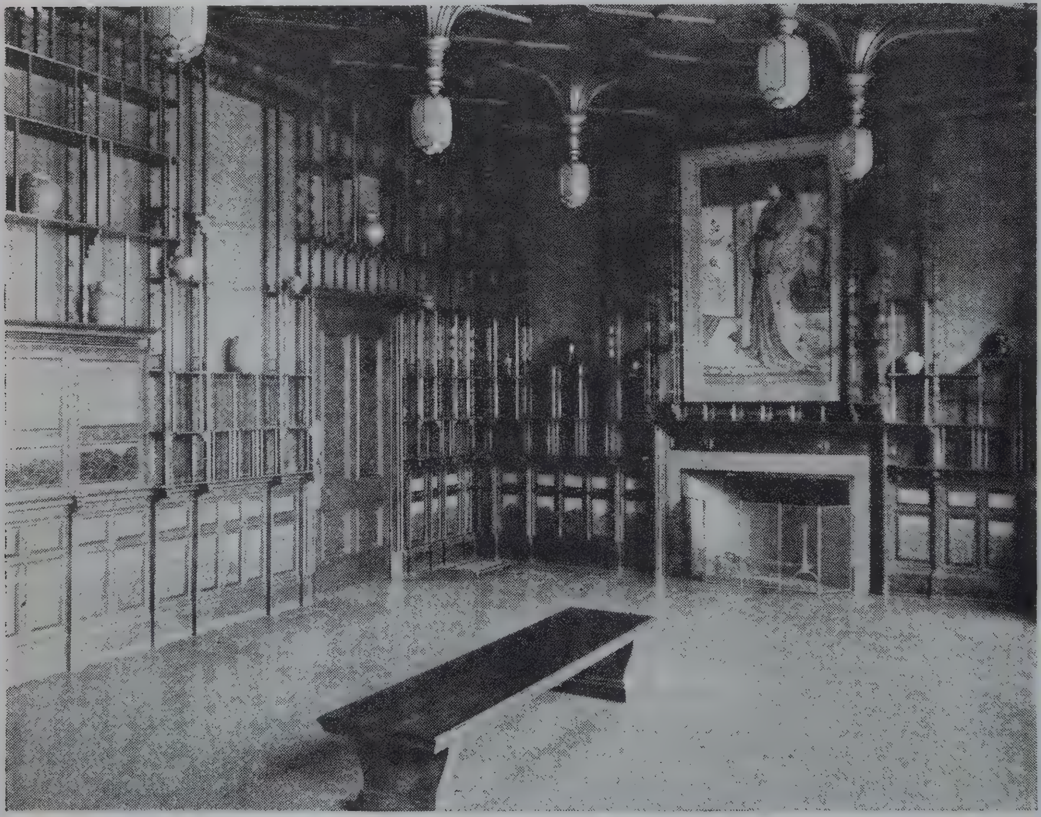
Whistler was his own god, and his own prophet. Above all, he was the exponent of that attitude toward art which impelled him to the interpretation of his sense of fact, rather than the fact itself: an attitude, according to Pater, that should always distinguish the true artist from the mere good workman. In art, perhaps he belongs properly in the school of the decadents, because of his love of unexpected detail; his iconoclasm, and his very personal ideas regarding beauty. Whistler had a fine disregard of conventions, and he had a lashing contempt for proprieties, not only in art, but in life as well.

One of his earlier works, 'The Music Room: Harmony in Green and Rose,' well illustrates his individuality. The walls are ivory-white; the curtains sprigged with roses. A child, dressed in white, is seated slightly behind a woman who stands expectantly, and who is garbed in a black riding habit. It was a difficult technical problem to keep the figure of the woman in a dominating position in relation to the child and to the light color values of the picture. This problem Whistler solved admirably.

Above all, Whistler was concerned with light and color, and their exact values. His delicate color sense finds best expression, perhaps, in his favorite, 'The Princess From the Land of Porcelain.' This portrait involved Whistler in one of those frequent imbroglios which kept his name prominently before the public. The daughter of the Greek consul general in London had posed for the picture especially to please Whistler; but as a likeness it was evidently not satisfactory, for Whistler had difficulty in disposing of it. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the poet, was one of Whistler's warm friends who was greatly interested in 'The Princess' and who tried to assist the painter in finding a purchaser.



'The Princess From the Land of Porcelain.'



'The Princess' over the mantel in the 'Peacock Room.'

It is said that one collector was anxious to buy the portrait, but stipulated as a condition that Whistler's signature should be altered so as to be somewhat less offending. This Whistler refused to do.

Eventually 'The Princess' came into the hands of a wealthy shipbuilder, F. R. Leyland, who placed the picture in his dining room. It was, however, not in harmony with the room, and when Whistler observed this, he offered to redecorate the walls if Leyland would remove a distasteful red border on the rug. Eventually, it was necessary for Whistler to undertake extensive alterations in the original decorations of the dining (Continued on page 28)

ELLERY and His Kin

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

THE American Channings seem to have begun in Newport, Rhode Island, and were distinguished from the start. Edward Tyrrel Channing and his brother William Ellery Channing were born here not more than a decade or so after the close of the Revolution. Both must have been agreeable young men of the kind that New England produced in those days: well educated, refined, courteous; the first reaction from the primitive Calvinist of the prime; not yet too pragmatic and sceptical, but 'broad' and conversational. Their hearts were apt to be cool, as we see Emerson's; but their brains were warm and benevolent, and somewhat prone to philanthropy, that last infirmity of amiable minds or of plethoric pockets.

None of the Channings ever had gold, except of the kind that is not subject to rot, robbery, or moths. With wealth of the spirit they were well endowed, and William Henry Channing spent his share generously. He was held to be the father of American Unitarianism, and was the first to expound that doctrine from a Boston pulpit.

I am on my way to 'Ellery,' but must first speak of another Channing, a minister of the faith, an earnest and sincere one, whom I knew in Liverpool in the 1850's. His name was William Henry Channing, after the great original; he was cousin or nephew of the first of that name. He was married to a woman who had been a beauty, and was not far from being one still at forty years.

I sat under the pulpiteering of Mr. Channing in Liverpool for the better part of a year. My parents—my father at any rate—were not churchgoers, less perhaps from lack of religious convictions than from excess of them. But they thought, I suppose, that I might as well have the experience. So I sat in the pew and listened, and learned my way through the church service and the hymn book; but I was prone to attend to the agreeable modulations of the minister's voice more than to the purport of what he was saying: I had always believed in God, but had postponed convictions as to the nature and function of Christ; and it was not until a good while afterward that this perplexity was resolved. To put it gently, I matured very slowly.

Now, as to Ellery (William Ellery Channing, the second: born in 1819, died in 1891; a nephew of the first), he was held to be an enigma. His friends agreed upon calling him 'Ellery,' to mark, I suppose, his divergence from the predominant traits of the Channing stock, most salient of which, in that still pious age, was his unconcealed discontent with religious dogmas in general.

Tristram Shandy said that the British army swore terribly in Flanders. Ellery made a point of doing the same in Massachusetts; but he did it in a histrionic way, when other people were there to hear him; I doubt whether he was at the pains to swear to himself in solitude. The sensibilities of the softer sex did not deter him—their appalled murmurs may have even given him a 'kick,' as we say now. In other words, I fancy he was not so much an infidel as a doubter, indulging in profanity by way of discouraging religious conversation in advance. He was possessed of obstinacy and weakness, a combination which sometimes makes an interesting character; and interesting he was, if sometimes tiresome in his wilful perversities. He turned for succor to art and poetry, saying that all in Christianity that was really sane and worth while was derived from paganism.

He was a man of moods, emotional and variable, one man today and another tomorrow or the next hour; but he became increasingly gloomy and reserved as he grew older. He indulged in passionate likings or lovings of certain persons, but would abuse the same persons savagely if they crossed his humor. One felt the existence in him of a warm and tender heart, which frightened him, and against whose impulses and solicitations he was on his guard. He assumed to ignore and despise society, but was really of very social tendencies, though he covered timidity with roughness. His powers of self-control were limited; he delighted in making himself incomprehensible, and was angry because nobody understood him.

His love of art was strong. He went to Europe and cultivated his taste by reading and by the study of works of art, though poetry was the only art he cultivated personally. His poetry was deeply thought out and felt, and once in a while it proved to be fine work; but he was resentful because his readers didn't pronounce him the equal or superior of Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley or Shakespeare; indeed, he studied to render his verse obscure, so that his readers might be discouraged. But once in a while a great line broke through his clouds:

If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea!

was one such; and others as poignant and profound might be quoted.

But his composition was scanty and difficult; he sought always to be 'original,' and was almost angry with language for having been so much used by poets who came before him. The one art that he carried to the highest pitch was that of making himself miserable. Like a spoiled child, he went out of his way to appear fantastic, foolish and injured.

He married rather early in life, his wife being a sister of Margaret Fuller. She was clever and attractive, but wearisomely selfish. She and Ellery made a tortuous and jolty life of it; he was passionately in love with her at intervals, and fought her fiercely at other times. Soon after their marriage Margaret Fuller wrote to my mother suggesting that Ellery and his wife, who were casting about for a habitation, should lodge and board with the Hawthornes in the Old Manse in Concord, which the latter were occupying in their honeymoon years.

THE indelicacy of such a proposition would have been obvious to anybody but Margaret and her sister. Hawthorne replied in a letter which is quoted in *The Biography of Hawthorne and his Wife*, and is a masterpiece of its kind: courteous, kindly, but explicit; studious in avoiding injury to the sensibilities of the persons concerned; lightened with humor here and there, and enriched with imaginative touches. Margaret and her sister never forgave it. Ellery himself saw the point and was silent; though years afterward, in a whimsical mood, he allowed himself to say silly things about Hawthorne.

He felt people rather than saw them objectively, and when he tried to describe them, he would produce a likeness of his fantasies rather than of the reality. In his saner moods, he admired and respected Hawthorne above other men, and was angry when he married, because he thought it would alienate Hawthorne from himself. My mother also, however, was reverenced by Ellery, and it used to be said that 'Sophia's was the only influence that could tame Ellery.' She herself never imagined such a relation; but the purity and gentle strength of her nature impressed him, and his coarser sallies would die upon his lips. In her presence he felt ashamed of his own worse self and when they met he would put his best foot foremost.

HE dramatized himself: he pictured characters in his imagination and attempted to act them out. Abnormal sensitiveness is at the bottom of such avoidances of truth; they aim to protect one from the danger of actual contact with his fellows, and yet cause resentment because the true man is not discerned through the disguise. But Ellery was, upon the whole, much better understood by his associates than he imagined. They accepted his good, passed over his bad, and were amused at his evasions and misleadings. He was too exacting, however, for the patience of most people; and when after his wife's death he sought seclusion, few cared to penetrate it. He became a more solitary hermit even than Thoreau, and seemed to shrink more from comradeship, having little of the Walden man's love of nature.

He had collected a number of art things in Europe, and his chief pleasure in life came to be in them. Yet he could not be content unless others shared his pleasure: he would not invite anyone to examine them: what was to be done? He met the difficulty by selecting some drawing or engraving from his store, wrapping it in paper, and carrying it to a chosen person. He would knock at the door and when it was opened would hold out his treasure—'Take this!' and would then turn and walk away. Occasionally the recipient of such a favor would assume that Ellery meant it as a gift. But no: after a time, days or it might be months, Ellery would appear again, and curtly demand back what he had given.

It was not invariably 'Indian giving,' however. He was much devoted, in his queer way, to my sister Una, then a girl of sixteen or seventeen with a great flood of Titian auburn hair; his face would soften when he looked at her, and his voice rumble with a rough tenderness. One afternoon, she answered an orphic knock at the door: Ellery—with arm outstretched—in his hand a flat paper package. 'For you!' and he plodded away. It turned out to be a rarity of inestimable value, a pen-and-ink sketch by Correggio, done hurriedly on a piece of stout studio paper, the ink faded to a soft brown, but every stroke distinct and masterly.

To preserve it from accident, my mother mounted it with loving skill in such a way as to leave the paper untouched on a piece of cardboard. It was put in a simple wooden frame, and glazed. It stood on the library table, the most conspicuous object in the little room; and when, as happened three or four times in as many years, Ellery came for a short call, 'Here is your Correggio, Ellery,' he would be told, 'when you want it.' He would grunt and shake his head embarrassedly. He never claimed it, and we kept it. It is above my desk today as I write. When I went to Europe several years afterward, I saw a number of similar pen-and-ink sketches by old masters—Correggio among others, but never one which I would have exchanged for this. Ellery has no doubt often watched Correggio at work in his studio in Paradise since then, and has not regretted his royal gift.

Ellery would sometimes speak of Concord in disparaging terms but seemed to prefer it to any other place. He dwelt there continuously for more than thirty years, until his death in 1891; the latter ten years were passed as a denizen of the house of Frank B. Sanborn, my old schoolmaster, who himself died twenty years later at the age of more than fourscore, the last survivor of Concord's golden age. The fact of his retaining Ellery's companionship so long is remarkable. He was the only friend of Ellery's, except my father and Emerson, with whom Ellery had not quarreled at one time or another; he had never been a housemate, however, of either of these last two gentlemen.

Ellery happened to be the last, if not the most distinguished, of this glorious company, and though his sins had been as scarlet, they would be washed white as snow by reason of that connection. Ellery, on his side, needed only to be worshiped intelligently to be good-humored. Nevertheless, this friendship between him and Sanborn is one of the signal ones of history. In my last interview with my old schoolmaster, in 1915, he told me of Ellery, much of the narrative coming with delightful touches of humor; for Sanborn was as quick as anybody to see the humorous side of things. But his humor evaporated in print; so that the several autobiographical volumes which he published are very gritty reading, and his portraits of persons are perhaps the very worst that anybody ever drew.

Ellery's peaceable coexistence with Sanborn is the more extraordinary because Sanborn himself had all his life been prone to quarrels, from the time he went to bloody Kansas in the John Brown raids, to his last year or two before departing for a better world.

Ellery was a better-looking man than his great contemporary, Thoreau, whose strange visage would have been almost repulsive but for the spirit that glimmered through the features. But Ellery was no beauty; rugged and forbidding, yet at the same time gentle and appealing. At a first glance you were repelled, at a second you were arrested by—something!—you knew not what: hidden here was a soul of feminine delicacy, incongruously lodged. You felt that there were moral and intellectual treasures in this person, if one could but find the open-sesame to unbar the doors. And once in a while, at long and uncertain intervals, they would loosen of themselves, and you would get a glimpse of pure gold and jewels. Ellery's bells were jangled out of tune and harshly except at these moments, when music came which was worth waiting for. One can speak of these things figuratively only; they are nothing or everything.

He was of medium height, thick-shouldered, sturdy, passing on his way unobtrusively, face downcast, gait plodding. There was space beneath the brows, clear gray eyes, a finely moulded nose. He wore sidewhiskers, but his upper lip and chin were smooth-shaven. He smiled seldom, and as it were awkwardly, like sunlight appearing grudgingly through clouds. He was as a man gifted with lovely aptitudes for fine and noble human intercourse, but wandering through the desert, finding scarcely ever a sympathetic and understanding glance. It was a pity, but it was his own fault—and yet not his either, since the elements were so mixed in him at birth. So we turn, rather doubtfully, to Browning with his oft-quoted verse:

All I could never be,
All men denied in me,
That was I worth to God, whose wheel
the pitcher shaped.

In the silence of his own old-age self-communings, Ellery may have solved his riddle, and found peace.

Long Live HALLOWEEN!

By JANE L. HICKS

HALLOWEEN is fast following in the wake of Santa Claus. It is coming to be a mere memory, its rites and ceremonies familiar only to those who have origins in the British Isles, and moreover who treasure a store of tales handed down from other days.

For all that, it is a venerable day, handed down through the ages, modifying as it rolled from year to year, and acquiring the characteristics of the ages through which it passed. Rooted as it is in antiquity, it should not fail to hold the interest of this antique-loving generation, incredulous and enlightened though it be.

To rescue it from oblivion, it is not amiss to recall its traditions, as it were, before the blaze of an October fire.

Halloween, or Allhallows' Eve, is the name given the vigil of Hallowmass, or All Saints' Day. It is now generally known as the eve of a Christian festival, but its formerly attendant ceremonies long antedate Christianity. Clearly, it is a relic, and an interesting one, of pagan times, for nothing in the church observance of All Saints' Day could serve as the origin of the extraordinary notions or remarkable practices.

The day was generally marked by the lighting of bonfires, and by the belief that it was the night of all nights when devils, witches, and other mischief-making beings were abroad on baneful midnight errands, and particularly when aerial folk, such as fairies, were said to hold a grand anniversary. Hence it was a time of divination, when the gift asserted by Glendower of calling spirits 'from the vasty deep' became available to all who took advantage of the privileges of the occasion.

The druids, on November first or thereabout, held their autumn festival, and lighted fires in honor of their sun god in thankfulness for the harvest. They believed that on the eve of this festival, Saman, lord of death, called together the wicked souls that within the past twelvemonth had been condemned to inhabit the bodies of animals.

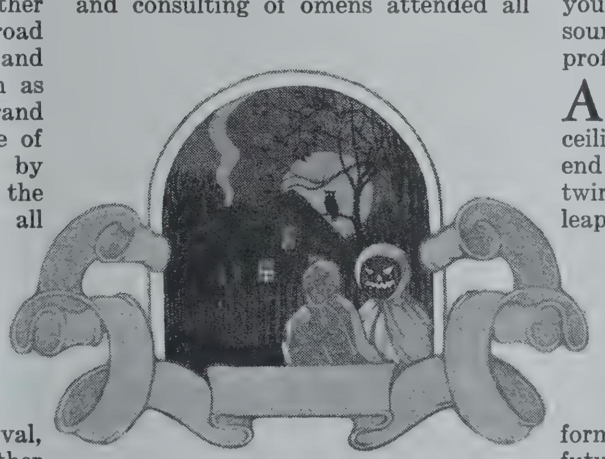
That the main celebration is purely druidical is further proved by the fact that in parts of Ireland the thirty-first of October is still called *Oidhche Shamhna*, Vigil of Saman.

On these druid ceremonies were grafted some characteristics of the Roman festival in honor of Pomona, which occurred about November first, in which nuts and apples, representing the winter store of fruits, figured prominently.

In the Calendar of the Church of Rome, under November 1, occurs this notation: 'Feast of All Fools is removed to this day.' Hallow Even is the vigil of All Saints' Day (November 1).

Goldsmith, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, when describing the customs of rustics which were still preserved, observed that they 'religiously cracked nuts on All-Hallows Eve.' Indeed, nuts and apples are the *sine qua non* of many festivities of this night and it is from the custom of flinging nuts into the fire, of cracking and eating them, and of using them as a means of discovering the course love affairs will take that the night came to get its vulgar name, 'Nutcrack Night.' It was alluded to under that name in *Poor Robin* in 1735, and is still so known in parts of the north of England.

Hutchinson, in his *Northumberland*, Vol. 2, p. 18, observes: 'The 1st of November seems to retain the celebration of a festival to Pomona, when it is supposed the summer stores are opened on the approach of winter. Divinations and consulting of omens attended all these ceremonies in the practice of the heathen. Hence, in the rural sacrifice of nuts, propitious omens are sought touching matrimony: if the nuts lie still and burn together, it prognosticates a happy marriage or a hopeful love; if, on the contrary, they bounce and fly asunder, the sign is unpropitious. I do not doubt but the Scotch fires kindled on this day anciently burnt for this rural sacrifice.'



Gay, in his *Spell*, beautifully describes it:

'Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name:
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour glaz'd;
As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow!'

The same custom is found mingled with sage philosophy in a poem of Charles Braydon, *On Nuts Burning, Allhallows Eve*, published in 1801:

'These glowing nuts are emblems true
Of what in human life we view;
The ill-match'd couple fret and fume,
And thus in strife themselves consume;
Or from each other wildly start,
And with a noise for ever part.
But see the happy, happy pair,
Of genuine love and truth sincere;
With mutual fondness, while they burn,
Still to each other kindly turn;
And as the vital sparks decay,
Together gently sink away:
Till life's fierce ordeal being past,
Their mingled ashes rest at last.'

Apples are featured in many customs. The most familiar is that of ducking for apples in a tub of water. This is particularly popular among the youngsters, the most fearless and resourceful of whom often become very proficient in these Halloween aquatics.

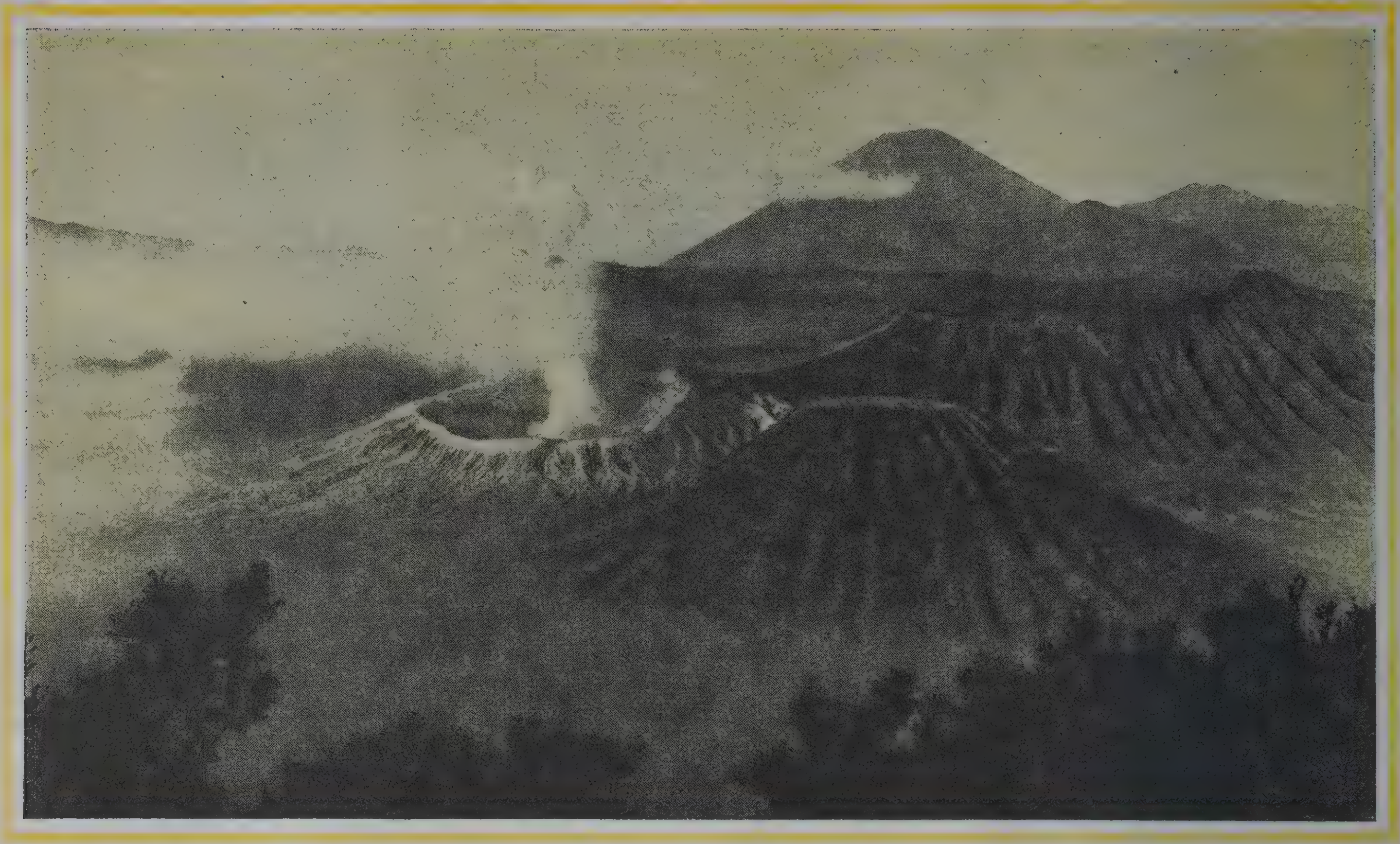
AGAIN, a stick is hung from the ceiling, with a lighted candle in one end and an apple in the other. This is twirled rapidly and the merrymakers leap up in succession and attempt to snatch the apple with their teeth. Often the candle scorches the face or anoints it with grease, to the immense enjoyment of the onlookers.

Apple parings are also thrown over the shoulder, and should form the letter of the name of the future husband or wife. This custom is described by Gay:

'I pare this pippin round and round again
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain;
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect L is read.'

The apple seed, or kernel, is also used as a means of divination, again related by Gay:

(*Continued on page 26*)



Batok, Bromo and Semeru, volcanoes in the great crater. Bromo is the one in the center foreground. —Ewing Galloway

BROMO, *and the* SAND SEA

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

ONCE upon a time God flung a string of island beads, pearls, opals, sapphires, diamonds, across the beautiful neck of the South China Sea.

They run from the mainland of Asia in a beautiful curve, a necklace consisting of the separate jewels of Sumatra, Java, Borneo, the Celebes, the Philippines, and Formosa. Geographers call this string of beads the Malay Archipelago.

Java, most beautiful of all, is a Dutch possession four times as large as Holland itself—with close to forty millions of population and 110 volcanoes—a fair proportion of volcanoes to the population, one must admit. About fifteen of these volcanoes are continuously active.

Java is in the earthquake and volcanic belt. The earthquake belt runs through the string of islands their entire length, and into Japan. It then leaps the Pacific Ocean to Hawaii, thence to Alaska, down the Pacific Coast through California into Mexico, and then into South America.

I had always wanted to visit Java because I wanted to see as many earthquakes and volcanoes in a short time as it was possible to see. Java was the most promising part of the earth for that purpose. They do not dare to run the railways at night in Java, because they have an average of five hundred earthquakes a year; and these convulsions reach up gigantic brawny hands, clutch a railway trestle and twist it until it looks like an old piece of baling wire. Consequently the Dutch Government has stopped running trains by night.

The history of volcanic action in Java reads like romance.

When the famous Klut erupted in 1901 it belched out 70,000,000 cubic feet of solid material. In 1894 the Galung-gung vomited from its restless 'innards' 770,000,000 cubic feet of rock and lava, and old Krakatua, when it last made a display of spleen—after two and a half centuries of comparative quiet—shot out 635,000,000 cubic feet of débris.

More than seventy thousand people perished in the earthquake and the tidal wave when the island of Krakatua blew up and disappeared. This tidal wave swept great steamers far up on the hills of Sumatra.

The eruption was felt all along the string of islands from Sumatra to the Philippines. Steam and smoke arose to a height of forty thousand feet. Volcanic ash spread itself all over the earth and after sunset a red glow was plainly seen in Africa, Europe and our own land, all due to this dust from Krakatua.

The natives of Java believe that there is a great turtle under their beautiful island and that he raises his huge back now and then when earthquakes come. They fear that after the huge turtle has raised his back to destroy all humanity he will drop back into the sea—and then they will drown. So they keep shouting: *'Hidoop! Hidoop! Hidoop!* (We are alive! We are alive! We are alive!)' so that he will know that many human beings still survive; then he will not sink and drown them all.

Old Bromo is located on the eastern tip of Java. One has to travel from Batavia on one end of the long narrow island to the other end to see Bromo. The trip takes a week, because, as I have said, one cannot travel by night.

Bromo is well named. At first I suspected that he must have been named for one of our favorite American medicinal drinks—Bromo Seltzer. He is certainly effervescent!

But I learned that he was actually named from Brahma.

Bromo is one of four mountains located in the famous extinct volcanic crater called the 'Sand Sea,' the other three peaks being Widodaren, Segrowedi, and Batok.

These famous volcanic mountains have for untold centuries worked in shifts. When one mountain takes up the task the others quiet down; but as far back as memory prevails one of these four has been in eruption.

We spent the first night at Jokjajakarta. This strangely spelled city is in central Java. The next day at dawn we took train for Surabaya, at the eastern tip of Java. From there it was necessary to take automobiles to Tosari, a little mountain sanatorium at an altitude close to six thousand feet. From this mountain town we took Javanese ponies at three o'clock one misty morning to ride to smoking Bromo.

From Tosari it is still eight miles to Bromo, and all of this must be traveled on the backs of tiny ponies led by Javanese guides.

Three memories of that ride up the narrow trail of the mountain sides are abiding ones. The first is of beautiful white lilies blooming along the trail, as abundant as the thousands on Burbank's farms in California; 'moonbeam lilies' the Javanese call them. A second thing is the odor of sulphur from active Bromo. This swept down upon us from the rumbling volcano, and mingled with the scent of the lilies, rich and overpowering.

The third thing was the crowing of wild chickens in the tree tops in the gray dawn. These are the wild fowl from which our domesticated variety originated; their crow has a hoarseness in it that suggests the difference between a wild and a domesticated animal.

The thunder of Bromo we heard all night from Tosari far away. Flashes of weird light which looked like heat lightning shot at frequent intervals from the fiery crater, lighting up the white moonbeam lilies along the mystic way.

Strange superstitions still linger among the natives about invading the holy precincts of these volcanic mountains. For centuries they have offered human sacrifices to propitiate the angry mountain gods. At a certain time of the year they bring secretly the most beautiful girl in the tribes, along with the most beautiful boy, and cast them into the old volcano's crater as a human sacrifice.

'The Dutch Government has tried to stop the horrible performance, but it still goes on secretly,' my host told me.

Then he continued: 'I climbed Semeru, which you will be able to see when we get to the top of this trail. It is an active volcano twelve thousand feet high—the highest on the island. We had some native boys as guides. As we entered the jungle trail leading to the mountain, these boys stopped for an hour to pray. We could not budge them until they had made their peace with the mountain god.

'They begged us to be respectful while on the mountain. "Please don't talk harshly about the mountain! If it is hot or uncomfortable don't let on you notice it. If it is cold do not complain. Say that everything is fine and that you are happy and comfortable, or the Volcano will be angry and we shall all be killed." '

Before I knew it, we were standing upon the edge of what looked like a 'Grand Canyon' filled with white fog. It was a hot tropical morning and I felt as if I should like to plunge into such a sea of cool mist.

We ate our breakfast in the lookout cabin, and peered down into the great crater of the Tengger, as it is called. We could see nothing but white cloud.

But we could hear the old Bromo's roar none the less.

Then the sun shot up over the eastern mountains and suddenly, as if a magic wand had been waved, the mists began to burn away. A black cone began to appear, belching black smoke. It was as if some great machinery of nature had been set in motion to lift the black volcanic cone upward as the mists burned away under the morning sun. Then suddenly, foot by foot, Bromo rose, as by some strange mechanism, until it stood forth in beauty and grandeur, throwing out a trail of black smoke along the horizon.

A native method of delivering retail lumber in Java. Circle—How certain Chinese truck gardeners in Java carry produce as far as 30 miles to market. —Ewing Galloway Photos.

Soon we saw the great Tengger crater—sublime manifestation! It was six miles long and five miles wide at the top; five and a half long and four miles wide at the bottom.

The mist, white and cool, was replaced by smooth, silvery sand, like an oriental rug spread over the crater floor. It is this which gives it the name, the 'Sand Sea.'

Set down like a black jewel of gigantic size in the six-mile crater was ancient, smoking Arjuno over to the northwest, with its five tops, every one a belching fissure. To the south was twin-topped Semeru, the highest and at times the most ferocious crater on the island.

(Continued on page 24)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Leaders Are Here

NO BANKRUPTCY that a country can face is so dangerous as bankruptcy in men. All other kinds of scarcity can be met and mastered, but scarcity of the human qualities of vision, wisdom, and courage is fatal. Perhaps more people are conscious of this today than ever before, and the various conclusions they draw are the most effective influences active today upon the people's outlook of the future.

What is it that is driving the people to entertain the thought that perhaps the nation is bankrupt of men? There is no doubt that it is nothing other than the apparent scarcity of high-class material in those regions where, for the last hundred years, we have looked for guidance. Our people, our nation, has always looked into the regions of finance and politics for leadership. The man of oratory and the man of money were thought by the possession of these powers to be the natural leaders. It was very fine while it lasted and doubtless it served the nation during the period when those things were most significant.

> *THE severest poverty a nation can have is to be poor in men. Other scarcities can be met; but scarcity of the human qualities of vision, wisdom and courage is fatal. This, perhaps, explains why so many people are alarmed at the apparent lack of leadership in this country. They sense the dangers which a bankruptcy in men will bring. But their alarms are based on false premises. The leaders are here—but they are devoting their energies to new fields. Formerly finance and politics claimed them; now they turn their hands and minds to industry and commerce and agriculture. Those who say the nation is leaderless are only looking in the wrong direction.*

But, being established as the leading classes, finance and politics attracted men whose ambitions were greater than their abilities and whose shrewdness was greater than their desire to serve. And so their personnel began to weaken in power and impressiveness. It was like a business which because of its success attracts all manner of people who are much more interested in the profits than in the welfare of the business, and so the business gets a bad name and begins to run down. We have so many men who can make speeches today and so many men who can make money that these accomplishments have ceased to be distinctive. That is, what were formerly the upper reaches of leadership are now somewhat shabbier and much less powerful than they were; the power has gone out of them.

Seeing this, the people jump to the conclusion that all the qualities of leadership in the country are going to seed and that there is no reserve left; and a country which gets itself into that state of mind is not in good national health.

It is time to look at the matter in what is probably a truer light. If there is one thing the history of our race, the history of our great ideas of religious freedom and political liberty, should have taught us, it is this: peoples dedicated to justice and service are never bankrupt of men. The national reserve is always greater than we believe.

It is doubtless true that in official circles we are witnessing a great decline in vision and ability, or what seems to be that. (It may only seem to be that.) It is not improbable, however, that there is another element which we overlook. If things were still being done in the same old way, these men might not seem to us so helpless as they appear now. If they had the same conditions to deal with as obtained fifty years ago, or if conditions themselves were as susceptible of control as they were then, these men might appear quite as able as their predecessors.

But we are approaching the end of a system of things, and all the tactics, all the skill, all the determination productive of results fifty years ago, are powerless as a child's arm against the immovable decree which has sounded the end of a certain chain of experience. The new time is pushing up under the old and the old personnel has not the knowledge of how to help it. New things are to be done in new ways and our official circles belong, mostly, to the old. It may be this fact, therefore, which gives them the air of being more inefficient than they really are.

Now, if the nation were obliged to stand or fall by the ability of official circles to become proficient in the new order of things, the future would be very doubtful. But that is not the alternative. As the growth of the new leaf pushes the old one off the stem, so does the pressure of a new order of public servants gradually urge the old order into retirement.

The thing to bear in mind is that our official circles do not comprise the nation's wealth in able men. The nation's ablest men have been doing their work in other fields. Our country has been built up not so much by the government as by the people at work, under the leadership which various fields of service have developed.

The men are here. That is the fact upon which the mind of the people may rest in utmost assurance—the men are here. They are here in sufficient number to carry on all the public processes. They are here in sufficient wisdom, honesty and courage to meet all our problems.

But the men who are able to do what the country wants done will not play the old political game for the chance of doing it. They have too much wisdom to hope that anything can be accomplished by the old methods. They do not crave any honor which is bought at the price of wilful inefficiency in office. And while they will fight for the welfare of their country they will not fight for the tinsel of a public title. But when the hour arrives for free untrammeled public service, these men will move quite naturally to their places in the public service. The great thing to know is—the men are here.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Movie Won'ts

HERE are a few of the things the movies *won't* do in the future, according to an offer made before a Federal Trade Commission conference by Louis B. Mayer, representing the picture producers:

They will not disseminate profanity.

They will not portray nudity.

They will not ridicule the clergy.

They will not show traffic in drugs.

They will not give offense to any nation, race or creed.

They will not picture seduction.

They will not show arson, the use of firearms or methods of smuggling.

They will not demonstrate the technique of murder.

Nor is this all. Such things as theft, robbery, safe-cracking, and dynamiting of trains, mines and buildings will be portrayed with special care.

With a program such as this few people can quibble. And it would be, probably, ungracious to suggest that the pledge carries with it tacit admission that the 'won'ts' of the future have been common practice in the past. The important fact is that the movie people are realizing that bad taste does not pay. They are beginning to clean house from within. Which is much better than cleaning house from without.

Then and Now

FILLING the family woodbox was a regular chore for the boy of twenty-five years ago who lived in the small country town or on the farm. After the first snowfall his troubles began. The snow had to be shaken off each stick and the wood piled neatly in the box. Not only the kitchen woodbox but the big round forerunner of the base-burner in the 'parlor' had to be kept supplied with a prodigious amount of fuel. The housewife of that early day cooked and worked about a hot kitchen stove and then rushed out into the open to hang up clothes. Sudden changes of temperature brought on colds and suffering. The oven required constant watching. There was little time for social visits.

Things are different now. Power comes into the home on wires or through pipes. By a press of a button a genie is released who washes, dries and presses clothing, sweeps the floor, cooks food, heats and lights the home and does a score of other things. The temperature of the home is more constant and even, making for healthfulness. But we wonder if, with all the modern improvements, the new housewife can make mince pies with that golden, crispy crust and delicious filling that was possible with the old cook stove. Yes, ours is no doubt the better age. But many things of the past are worth remembering.

Showing Off Criminals

CHICAGO is trying a new kind of publicity—publicity not of crime but *against* crime. Each week a round-up of known and suspected criminals is made. Then on Sunday morning they are put through a veritable 'fashion show.' In the court room of one of the large police stations powerful lights are thrown upon the 'stage,' and the criminals are forced to march back and forth under the pitiless glare. Meanwhile the main body of the room is kept in semidarkness, and there sit victims of robberies, assaults and other crimes, ready to spot their assailants should they pass under the light. Already several notorious criminals have been identified in this manner, criminals wanted for crimes not only in Chicago but elsewhere.

The plan has still further ramifications. A newsreel film concern takes motion pictures of the 'show,' and the films are taken to all local theaters, where additional thousands have an opportunity to pick out criminals. So successful has been the venture that the films are now being sent to all principal cities to aid police and victims in identifying fugitive criminals. Small wonder then that the round-up is proving highly unpopular with the underworld, and that criminals make strenuous efforts to avoid being included.

The Riddle of the Ring

OCCASIONALLY, surprises come to vary the monotony of life. One such came to a gentleman in St. Louis the other day, when he pleaded guilty to interstate transportation of the Tunney-Dempsey fight films in violation of Federal law. A few weeks previous the same gentleman had pleaded guilty to transporting the Dempsey-Sharkey fight films illegally, had smilingly paid a fine of $600, and had then proceeded to reap pleasing profits through renting the films to exhibitors. There is no law against *exhibiting* fight pictures. But this time the smile vanished. 'One thousand dollars' fine,' said the judge in effect, '*and three months in jail.*'

All of which brings up interesting questions. If it is illegal to transport the films, why should it not be illegal to show them, once they have been brought into a state unlawfully? Why should the fights themselves be not only legal but pseudo-civic enterprises, staged in municipal stadiums under the benevolent supervision of municipal authorities? Surely it is no more degrading to look upon a celluloid reproduction of a brutal fight than it is to look upon the spectacle itself? And if it is illegal to transport celluloid pictures of the battle by train or airplane, why should it not also be illegal to broadcast word pictures by radio? It is all very puzzling.

MIRRORS

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

A MAN'S first thought on entering a room is, 'Where is there a place to sit down?' while a woman's is, 'Where is there a mirror?' It is only since the beginning of the 16th Century that mirrors have been used as articles of household furniture and decoration, and there are few women of the present day who do not realize and make use of their artistic value in adorning the home.

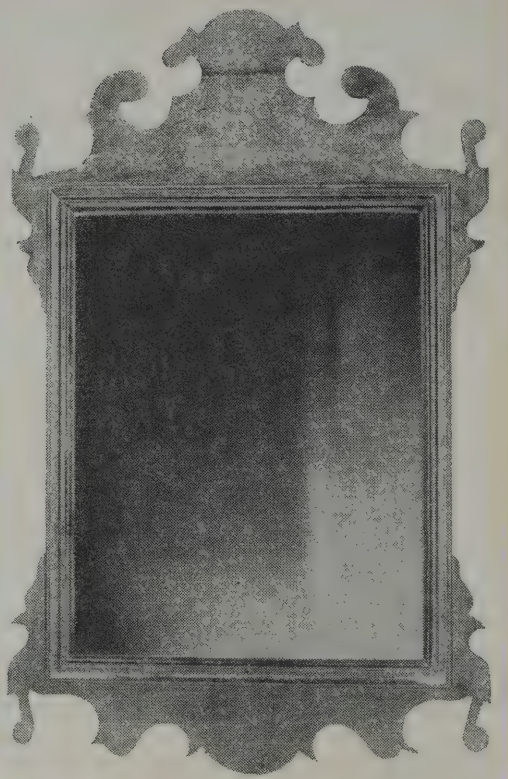
One cannot overestimate the possibilities of mirrors in house decoration, for they create an impression of spaciousness; they reflect choice and unexpected bits of color, and they actually light up a dark interior. They are more fascinating than pictures, and are usually more decorative. Place a mirror over a table and on the table set a vase holding a spray of apple blossoms, or a single flower, so that they will be reflected on its surface. Do you not see what a charming Japanesque effect you have? If you change your angle of vision and glance at the mirror from the other side of the room, instead of viewing the flower effect, you may see a splashy length of cretonne curtain reflected in its depths and supplying color to the wall where color was absent a moment before.

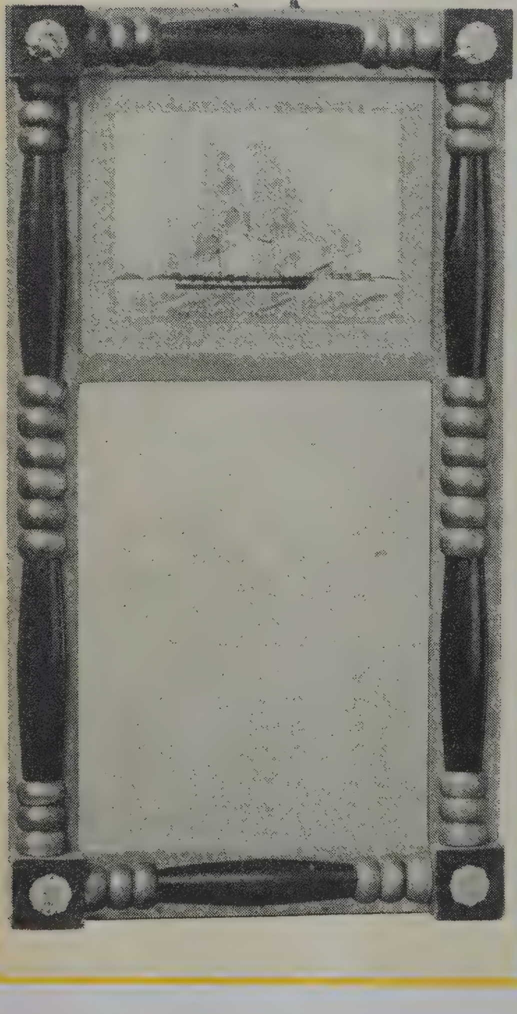
From another angle you see a window arrangement. These distinctive changes never become tiresome.

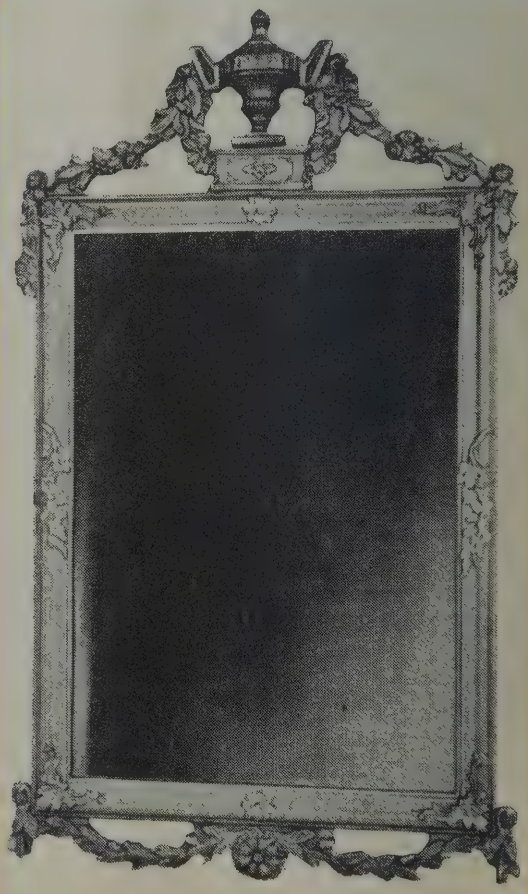
Color is the keynote of successful interior decoration, and it can be effectively brought out in the right use of the mirror, not only on the walls of the drawing-room, but in every part of the house. Mirrors are not chosen as in old Colonial days to reflect a pretty face or the good taste of the purchaser, but rather to lend character and charm. Many pieces of furniture formerly regarded as novelties have emerged to essentials in the well-appointed household, and among these we can include the mirrors, which serve for both utility and ornamentation. They are not unimportant accessories, for their judicious use produces attractive effects, the more so because of the many different types from which to choose.

The antiques naturally have the highest value, and especially interesting are those of the Chinese origin owing to their exquisite craftsmanship, which brings into relief realistic flowers and natural designs, such as the rose, the daisy, grapevines and quaint figures like the sea horse, all of which originated under the influence of the Sassanid art of Persia.

The first mirrors were introduced into our country from







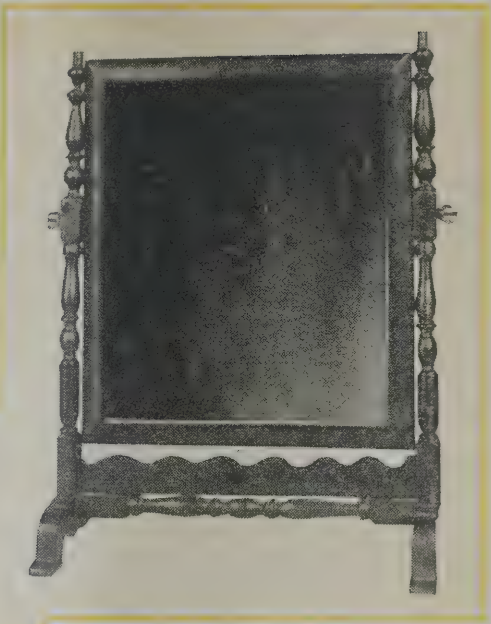
Mirror in walnut frame making decided use of curves, dating from about the first quarter of the 18th Century.
Left—Looking-glass, dating about 1810. The upper panel is decorated with a painting on the glass.
Right—Very rare walnut frame with elaborately carved fruit and leaf ornaments, whose making was the province of special crafts men in 1789.

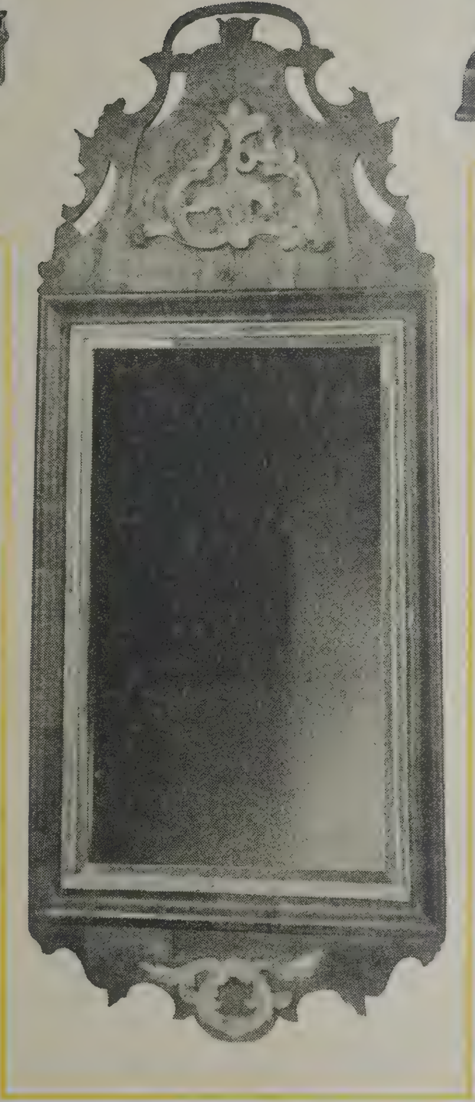
Left—*Girandole in the Henry Wadsworth Longfellow house at Cambridge.*

Right—*Cheval glass in walnut frame and standard, a rare specimen.*

Center, below—*Vertical wall mirror with thick, beveled glass in walnut frame, displaying the cabinetmakers' art of 1785.*

Lower, right—*A fine specimen of old walnut frame.*





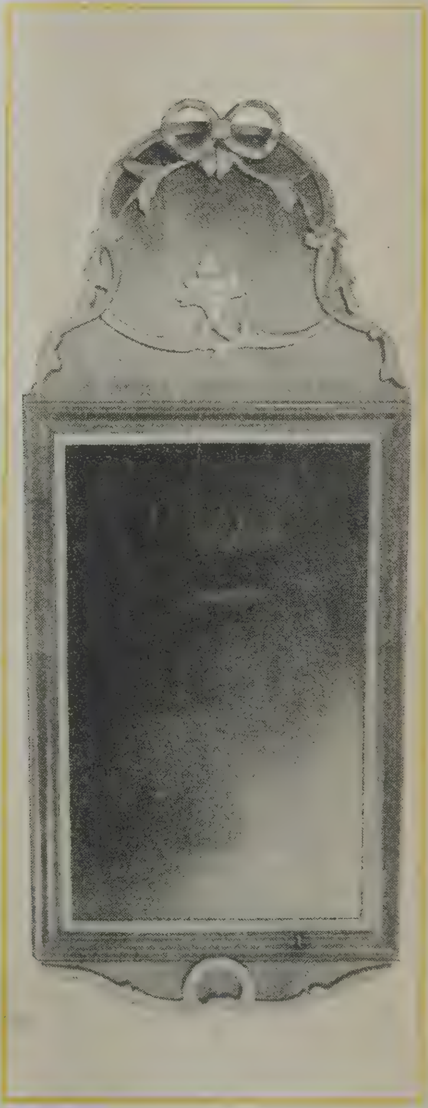
England, having been brought from Venice. Until about 1673 Venice had held practically sole control of their manufacture. The earliest ones termed as looking-glasses were simple and were finished with a wooden frame divided into two parts to save expense. One of the most interesting of this type is in the collection of Dwight M. Prouty of Boston. It is very valuable, for not only has it retained the original glass but it is larger in size and shows a gilt ornamentation on the hood, a feature that was rarely found at that period.

Trained designers are taking advantage of the wonderful pieces of forgotten periods and are bringing into vogue interesting subjects, reproducing them with surpassing charm and quaint originality. Those copied from the designs of centuries ago are linking the present with the past. The mirrors of antiquity were of highly polished bronze but those of today show a great diversity in finish, thus making them to harmonize with any kind of interior decoration or period furnishing.

Nothing gives milady more pleasure than to place an attractive mirror in her drawing-room, but should it chance to be a girandole everything shown is distorted. One of the most interesting of this type hangs over the fireplace in the old Craigie House, Longfellow's home at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is a notable specimen of Chippendale's best work. Mirrors ornamented with filigree were fashionable about 1775, and in the Prouty collection is a most interesting one representing a gilt urn festooned on each side. The best type came into existence during the popularity of the Adams brothers, and were designed with such graceful *motifs* that they stand today as the most desirable pieces for interior settings. What is more tasteful for a hall treatment than one of these mirrors above a console of the same period?

Like everything else of the olden times love is linked with this particular feature, for betrothal or courting mirrors, now so rarely seen, were formerly considered among the choicest kinds. There are three types. The first is the 'Constitution,' so popular during the Reconstruction period, when the eagle as the favorite emblem was used for decorative purposes. Surrounding the medallion and introduced into the frame are stars, representing each state in the Union, while underneath are the clasped hands from which its name originated. The second is commemorative of our appreciation of General

(*Continued on page 26*)



FREE CITIES of the DECAPOLIS

By JOSEPH WARREN

DURING the Middle Ages, when all Europe was a mosaic of principalities, counties, dukedoms, bishoprics, free cities, republics, seigniories and various other feudal subdivisions, Alsace was regarded as part of the Holy Roman Empire under the Hapsburgs.

This empire was loosely held together, fighting between the various nobles and sections being continuous. Alsace, always endowed with a feeling of independence, was evolving prosperous cities here and there, under the domination of petty nobles who used the accumulated wealth to their own advantage.

These cities one by one appealed to the Emperor, and purchased their independence from outside influence, until they were given a sort of standing, owing allegiance only to the empire and having a representative in the imperial diet. However, as they were constantly subject to attack and pillage, it was natural that a league between them should come into being.

This league, known as the Decapolis, served the double purpose of defense against marauding nobility, and the ensuring of better commercial relations.

It was founded in 1353, being composed of the cities of Hagenau, Kolmar, Schlestadt, Oberehnheim, Rosheim, Mülhausen, Kaysersberg, Türkheim, Münster and Weissenburg. In 1511 it was enlarged to include Landau, but in 1523 Mülhausen left to become part of the Swiss Confederation, and it was ten cities again. These cities continued independent until after the Treaty of Nimwegen in 1679, when they recognized the authority of Louis XIV and were incorporated into France without further privileges.

DURING the course of the three centuries in which their league flourished, these Alsatian cities became rich and important. All of them, fortified to withstand attack, maintained military establishments. They were rebuilt and embellished in the best style of the times under the supervision of both Alsatian and French architects, and became centers of culture. During the same period, the great city of Strasbourg was also independent, but, being so much larger, was not incorporated with the others and had nothing in common with them.

Because of this independence and ability to withstand attacks, these cities today offer much of interest to the traveler, much that is genuinely old and replete with medieval charm.

Consider first Weissenburg, a small city of seven thousand people on the northern frontier of Alsace. It is best known now as the place where one must get out of the train and have his baggage searched on the way into Germany, so far has it fallen from its ancient glories. Originally, it grew up around a powerful abbey of the Seventh Century, and was sufficiently important to become a free city of the empire in 1255.

Of the abbey there remains now only the 13th Century church of early Gothic, with a fine tower and some cloisters. However, on the side streets many old houses are still standing, some dating from the 16th Century. A few of them must have been built as palaces, others as homes of wealthy merchants.

MANY examples exist of that particularly Alsatian type of house with exterior galleries of dark carved beams, and spiral stone staircases sheltered by graceful turrets. Practically every house has the date of its erection carved somewhere on it, so that it is not difficult to determine its period.

An air of decay remains about Weissenburg however—the quiet of past power. It seems to feel the decline of its destinies, and reflects a certain sadness. Nothing disturbs the quiet of the streets, and even the customs officers are most unusually polite and apologetic.

Weissenburg was the scene of one of the tragedies of the war of 1870 when MacMahon's French army was defeated by the Prussians. Since the German occupation, the old fortifications have been razed, and nothing stands but some vine-covered walls of no military value.

A few miles over the German border is Landau, formerly a French city, and for one hundred and fifty years a member of the Alsatian Decapolis. It was taken from France by Germany in 1815 and still remains a part of Germany, in the Rhine provinces. The old fortifications have been demolished and little remains to show the antiquity of the place. On the whole it is an uninteresting town, with nothing to see, and it is quite Germanized.

Twenty miles south of Weissenburg is Hagenau, another city of the league. Of all the Alsatian cities, perhaps none suffered the rigors of war more than Hagenau. It has been taken, burned, dismantled, and then rebuilt and refortified, only to suffer new disasters throughout its history. Originally it was fortified in 1164, but little remains of the ramparts.

Hagenau is a prosperous city now, and wealthy. Although the two churches of St. George and of St. Nicolas date from the 10th and 13th centuries respectively, there is not much to remind one of the Middle Ages.

The many ruinous wars and the subsequent prosperity have caused much of the city to be rebuilt; the buildings are modern French. In fact, it is one of the most French-appearing cities in Alsace. There are, or course, some buildings that date back to the reign of Louis XV and these are very elegant with their façades of the 18th Century. However, the city is not over-interesting, in view of the fact that in 1354 it was leader of the Decapolis.

Still farther to the south are the two little cities of Oberehnheim and Rosheim. Neither has many more than three thousand people, and both are quaint and very old. These tiny cities are both important members of the league and, although they have suffered from war and fire, they retain remarkably well the atmosphere of centuries ago.

Both boast of well-preserved walls and ramparts, and picturesque gates and towers. In Rosheim, an ancient gateway has a high-peaked roof and a clock, surrounding which are rows of quaintly gabled houses with wooden balconies belonging to remote periods.

Many of the houses in both of these towns have no doors facing on the street, but one must go through a gate into a garden to gain admittance. This is undoubtedly a survival of the days of marauders and street fighting. It gives a bleak aspect to the streets, relieved, however, by vines and roses which clamber all over the walls and houses. In both places are unusual public wells, with carved stone copings and very beautiful stone baldachins covering them. They are used today quite the same as they must have been six or seven hundred years ago.

OF OLD buildings there are plenty. Whole streets remain much as they were centuries ago, and there is an atmosphere about them seldom felt elsewhere. It is all so untouched and genuine that it is difficult to render adequate appreciation at first. In Rosheim is a remarkable Romanesque church rich in sculptures, dating from the 12th Century. This church was not destroyed when part of the city was burned in 1622 by a hostile army. A legend relates that as the soldiers ran through the streets setting fire to buildings with their torches a cordon of angels was seen encircling the church with torches also. The marauders, thinking them part of their own forces bent on setting fire to the building, passed by. Thus it was not harmed.

Citizens of Rosheim point out a dilapidated ruin which they credit with having been, over a thousand years ago, one of the hunting boxes of Charlemagne. Perhaps it was, for nobody can deny it.

In Oberahnheim is an amazingly beautiful Hotel de Ville dating from 1523, heavily ornamented with sculptures, but retaining an element of lightness. Here also the whole town is old and does not seem to have changed much as the centuries have passed.

Still to the south, the next Free City is Schlestadt. It may also be spelled Selestat or Schlettstadt. Owing to the French, German and Alsatian languages which intermingle everywhere, it is often difficult to know which spelling is proper. The other cities in the group also have the same variety in the spellings of their names. Schlestadt has the antique air of the smaller towns of Obernai and Rosheim, although a touch of the modern is found in the name of the street leading to the center of town—'Rue du President Wilson.'

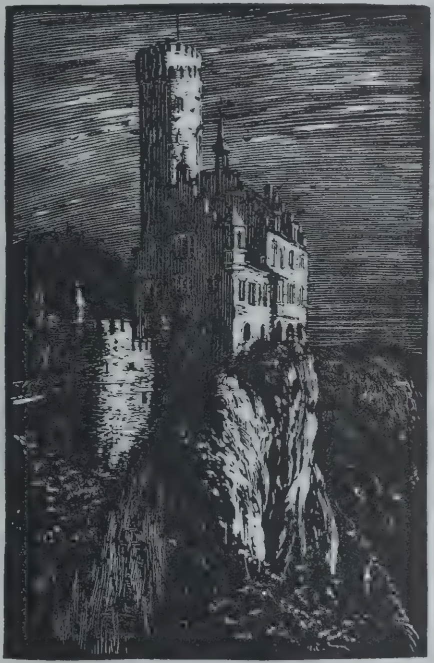
Schlestadt reached the pinnacle of its importance in the 14th Century, and offers some interesting old buildings as relics of that time. Among them is a charming old clock tower, massive and ancient, dating from the 13th Century, and two unusual churches. St. Foy, one of the finest Romanesque buildings in Alsace, was begun in 1094, and St. George's Cathedral is admirable Gothic of the 13th Century.

FROM Schlestadt it is not far to Kolmar, one of the more important cities of Alsace. Here is a modern town, very different from the other cities of the Decapolis. However, the original town is undisturbed, for the modern part has been built around the old part; Kolmar thus has treasures of art and architecture of which it is very proud. The Church of St. Martin was built in the 13th Century, and is a fine Gothic structure dominating much of the city. Nearby are to be seen many excellent examples of ancient buildings, with much carving and with timbered balconies. All through the old town are houses with emblazoned inscriptions on the fronts in Latin, generally giving good advice to pedestrians.

Among the famous citizens of Kolmar was Bartholdi, who designed our own Statue of Liberty; his home is pointed out to all Americans. Near the railway station is another 'Rue Wilson,' showing the feeling of these people since the war. Kolmar was the center of French feeling in Alsace all during the German occupation, and was a thorn in the flesh for Germany.

As a crowning monument to the conquerors, a railway station was erected. It was an unfortunate monument—being architecturally atrocious looking, and thoroughly out of place amid its surroundings. Alsace is studded with these examples of Teutonic architecture, and they are without exception more useful than ornamental.

Near Kolmar are the two smallest members of the Decapolis, Türkheim and Kaysersberg, neither of which has more than 2,500 inhabitants. Türkheim is most famous as being the place where Turenne gained a decisive victory over the Germans in 1675, expelling them from Alsace. The town itself is a sleepy little place partly surrounded by its old walls and boasting several towers. One of the old gateways, the Porte Basse, is remarkable, with a creamy old stone tower, four corbel towers on the corners, and a red-tiled roof rising to a point. To lend an additional touch to it, the storks have built a nest on the very top.



As one wanders through the narrow streets, one comes upon many choice relics of past centuries in carved and sculptured doorways, ancient fountains, and rambling walls. The town is literally a tangle of narrow alleys and lanes.

Kaysersberg is just as picturesque, but in an entirely different way. Old-fashioned gables, timber-framed houses with the quaintest of carvings, statuary, and all the ornamentation of hundreds of years ago, give character to the streets. On the hillside overlooking the town is the great ruined feudal keep of the Kaiserburg, dominating every view. An unusual fortified bridge accents the charm of the little river Weiss which also helps to make Kaysersberg beautiful and fascinating.

Up the valley of the Fecht from Kolmar lies the little city of Münster, a Free City since the 13th Century. When one sees it, one realizes better what some of these Alsatian cities have been through during the past centuries. Münster was fought over during the last war, and is sadly damaged by shell fire. There are remains of the Hotel de Ville of 1550, but that is about all that is left of the ancient buildings. Many workmen were about—which gave promise of restoration of the dwellings soon; but the old and antique things of Münster have passed away—as they have in other places of France.

THE last city of the Decapolis is Mülhausen, the second city of Alsace and the center of the manufacturing industries. It was a Free City in the beginning, but joined the Swiss Confederation in 1523. In 1798, it voluntarily rejoined France and is very French at heart. At the beginning of the war it was liberated by the French for a few days, but they had to retire later; from that time on, it was ruled by the Germans as enemy territory. Here again are American touches in a Rue Wilson and a Rue Franklin.

With all the bustle of a large industrial center, Mülhausen has lost practically every historical vestige. The beautiful Hotel de Ville of 1552 is the one notable exception; it is indeed a charming example of the former importance of Mülhausen, being a blend of Gothic and Renaissance at their best.

However, in a secluded portion of the city is a most unusual tower known as the *Bolwerk*. It rises from two sections of the old wall, slender and most satisfying as an example of a medieval tower. The upper part is white, and below this is an excellent decoration of a knight on horseback cap-a-pie, all in orange, blue, gold and crimson. It is surmounted by a gayly flèched, steep pent roof, and must be very, very old.

Mülhausen is the last of the Decapolis, and one leaves there feeling one has gained a fresh insight into Alsatian history. The cities all possess an individual charm, although naturally some are more interesting than others. Moreover, they represent Alsace, and contribute much toward making that little land one of the choice spots for the traveler who appreciates the ancient and beautiful.

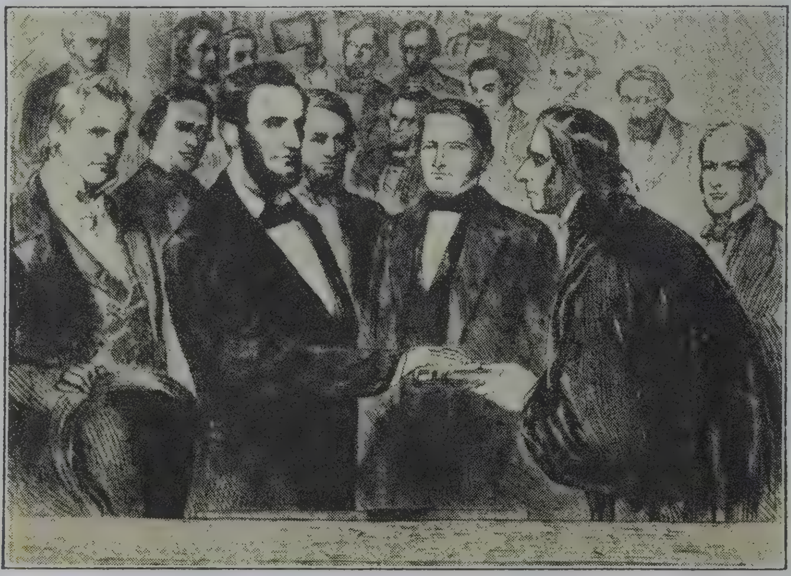
Mrs. LINCOLN in the White House

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

TWO women constitute important sources of information concerning Mary Todd Lincoln's life in the White House. One was her cousin, Mrs. Lizzie Todd Grimsley, who remained with her the first six months in the White House. She left an interesting account of the visits of Southern politicians, who, before their departure from the Capital to take up arms against the Government, called to say 'good-by.' One of them was John C. Breckenridge, a relative, who pleasantly said, 'Cousin Lizzie, I should not like you to be disappointed in your expected stay in the White House. Remain here as a guest after the Confederates take possession.'

Mrs. Lincoln responded that Cousin Lizzie was quite welcome to stay that length of time, and in that event would be there a good while.

Mrs. Lincoln needed all of her practical wisdom and more. Washington was full of Confederate spies. There were many highborn women of Southern sympathy who were eager to hire out to her as chambermaids for the privilege of listening at keyholes. At least one woman got in the White House in some such fashion. One other such narrowly headed off from securing lodging there with intent to create a scandal. The newspapers had their representatives secretly employed. If Mrs. Lincoln made mistakes now and then, it was no wonder. No wife of any President ever met such a situation or was so little prepared for it.


—Keystone View.

An old print depicting part of the ceremony at the second inauguration of Lincoln, 1865.

The other woman was Elizabeth Keckley, a mulatto. For thirty years she was a slave, but secured her freedom and became one of the best-known dressmakers in Washington. Mrs. Lincoln had spoken of needing a dressmaker and several of her friends sent her candidates. They came at a given hour, and when she catechized them she learned that Mrs. Keckley had been dressmaker to the wife of Senator Jefferson Davis, the new President of the Confederacy. That seemed to settle the matter for Mrs. Lincoln.

She told Mrs. Keckley, however, that as she and Mr. Lincoln had just come from a small town in the West, and were still poor, she could not afford to pay high prices. She hoped Mrs. Keckley's rates would be reasonable, and assured her that she would have abundant compensation in the fact that other women would be glad to employ her when they knew that she worked for the wife of the President.

It was even so. Mrs. Keckley had occasion to employ a large corps of assistants and her business prospered; she, however, became an increasingly intimate and influential person in the White House, and was a confidential friend of Mrs. Lincoln for many years afterward. She told her story in a volume which ought never to have been published, but which is so thoroughly documented and supported by Mrs. Lincoln's own letters, and by the newspaper accounts of the time, that we cannot question the essential truth of her narrative of those days.

She made Mrs. Lincoln's dress for the first White House reception; it was a bright rose-colored moire antique, and she had to work hard to get it finished. Indeed she was a little late on the evening of the reception and Mrs. Lincoln had worried herself into a highly nervous state for fear it would not arrive. When Mrs. Keckley got there with the dress, Mrs. Lincoln was scolding over the delay and declaring she would not go down at all.

When Mr. Lincoln came in and saw his wife so brilliantly attired, he looked at her in unfeigned admiration, and began to recite, one after another, poems about beautiful women, each of them applying to his own wife. 'You are very poetical tonight, Mr. Lincoln,' she said to him. 'These are poetical times, Mother,' he replied, and quoted another poem.

Fifteen or sixteen dresses Mrs. Keckley made for Mrs. Lincoln that spring and summer, and she grew to know the White House family quite intimately. She saw Mrs. Lincoln in all of her moods, which were many, and the two women were drawn together by closer ties than those of business relationship. Mrs. Lincoln had an attractive neck and rounded, well-proportioned bosom; her arms were plump. These charms she liked to display, but what her dress lacked at the top, it more than made up in the length of her train. The first time Lincoln saw her in a dress of this extreme character, he drew a low whistle, and said, 'Whew, what a long tail our cat has!'

When she questioned him as to whether he did not like her dress after all, he gave a qualified approval, saying that he thought it would look quite as well if the head and tail of it were a little closer together.

One White House custom Mrs. Lincoln found and for a time observed, but soon rebelled against it. Traditionally the President offered his arm to some other lady, the wife of the Secretary of State or some one else whom he wished to honor, leaving Mrs. Lincoln to be escorted by some notable man. This caused her to go behind another woman, and she could not tolerate it.

Once she compromised by having her husband lead Lizzie Grimsley down to a reception, but even this did not put the President's wife in the first rank. She declared that she herself, as 'Mrs. President' should go on the President's arm, and no other woman should ever precede Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, the wife of the President of the United States.

Not only this, but she kept a close eye on her husband at every public function, and any woman who succeeded in engaging him in five minutes' personal conversation suffered a black mark in Mrs. Lincoln's mind. She did not fail to admonish her husband before each reception not to act like a beardless schoolboy and conduct flirtations with silly women. He teased her a little by naming a list of women with whom he might possibly talk, choosing the names of those whom he knew to be least acceptable to his wife.

She denounced them one by one as 'hateful,' 'horrid,' and all the rest, and then he would ask, 'Well, Mother, who shall I talk to?' He should have said 'whom,' but he did say 'who,' and Mrs. Lincoln never succeeded in making out a list of the women she really wanted to see her husband talk with. Few women in the history of the world have had less occasion for jealousy than Mrs. Lincoln, and she knew that, but such matters with her were not wholly affairs of reason.

The White House was not wholly a cheerful place in those days. Hardly had the Lincolns moved into it when they were constrained to drape it in mourning for Colonel Elmer Ellsworth, a member of their own household. Nor was it long until they draped it in mourning again, and this time for Stephen A. Douglas, a most magnanimous act on Lincoln's part. The little boys contracted measles visiting the camps, as it was supposed. Mrs. Lincoln had no natural aptitude for nursing; she was an oversolicitous mother, and one who lacked steadiness of nerve. She was a Christian woman, and her faith was a comfort; but her temperament had in it nothing that helped her to bear the strain of anxiety, or the calamity of grief. These crushed her.

After the death of Willie Mrs. Lincoln was almost frantic; she never again entered the room where he died or where his body lay awaiting the funeral. At one time she expressed her grief in such passionate terms that her husband led her to the window, and pointing out, said, 'Mother, do you see that large, white building yonder? Unless you control your grief I am afraid we shall have to send you there.'

Lincoln himself was almost prostrated with grief over little Willie's death, but he was a man of self-control, and self-control was something Mrs. Lincoln never learned.

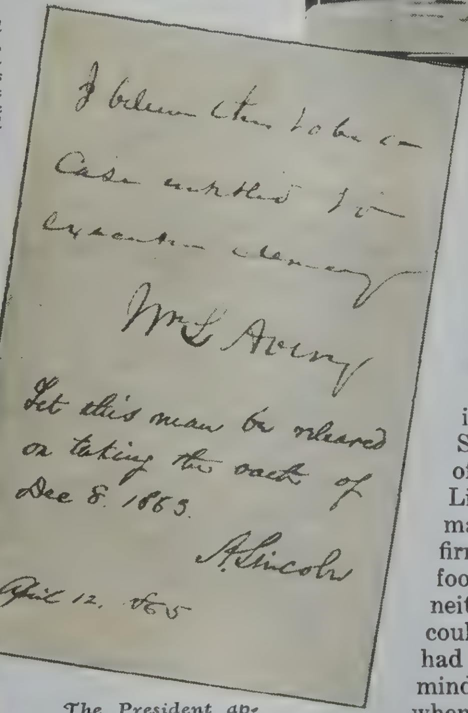
More than once, as just after the Battle of Bull Run, the family of the President was advised to leave Washington. Mrs. Lincoln was by nature a woman of great timidity, but she refused to go, and her presence was an encouragement to her husband.

His wife contrived to invite old friends to meals at the White House, especially to breakfast. She laughed and joked with them as they talked of old days in Illinois; she even shared the fun at the expense of herself and her sisters, all but one of whom, like herself, married lean men, when an old friend made free to tell a story, familiar in the family, that Major Wallace had been the only man who had been able to put on flesh while tyrannized over by a Todd. The story was almost exasperating, but Mrs. Lincoln let it pass for the sake of the fun it gave her husband, who, like all tall men married to short women, complained of his helpless subjugation.

Mrs. Lincoln assumed a benevolent despotism over her husband, and compelled him to drive with her every afternoon, a blessed relief, and one he would not have taken had her sway over him been less absolute. Her attempts to lift the cloud of gloom that hung over the White House were not wholly successful. If she gave a reception, she was criticized for displaying joy at a time when the nation was suffering defeat upon the battlefield and sorrow in its homes; if she did not give a reception, she was criticized for not doing so. Her social errors were noted, exaggerated, and made the subject of unbecoming mirth. The American people have treated with shocking rudeness every woman who has occupied the White House, from sedate Martha Washington and gay Dolly Madison down to Mrs. Warren G. Harding and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, but among them all no one has been so shamefully stripped and pilloried as has Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln, head lowered in thoughtful mood, an aspect he often presented during his tenancy of the White House. From the statue by Daniel French.

—*Keystone View.*



I believe this to be a
case entitled to
executive clemency

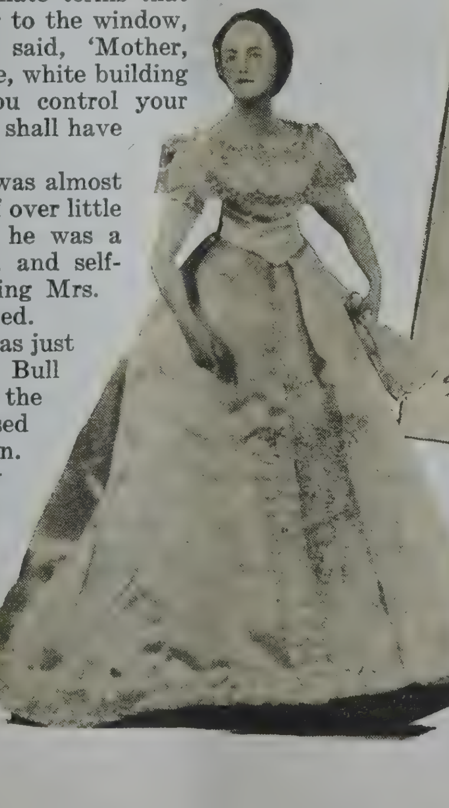
Wm L. Avery

Let this man be released
on taking the oath of
Dec 8. 1863.

A. Lincoln

April 12. 1865

The President approves a recommendation for the release of a prisoner: 'Let this man be released on taking the oath of Dec. 8, 1863. A. Lincoln. April 12, 1865.'



Left—Figurine of Mrs. Lincoln, with replica of gown she wore to the Inaugural Ball. In Chicago Historical Museum.

Mrs. Lincoln, in her interview with Herndon September 4, 1866, said of her husband: 'Mr. Lincoln was mild in his manners, but a terribly firm man when he set his foot down. None of us, neither man nor woman, could rule him after he had once fully made up his mind. I could always tell when, in deciding anything, he had reached his ultimatum. At first he was very cheerful; then he lapsed into thoughtfulness, bringing his lips together in a firm compression. When these symptoms developed, I fashioned myself accordingly, and so did all others have to do sooner or later. When we first went to Washington many thought Mr. Lincoln was weak, but he rose grandly with the circumstances. I told him once of the assertion I had heard coming from the friends of Seward, that the latter was the power behind the throne; that he could rule him. He replied, "I may not rule myself, but certainly Seward shall not. The only ruler I have is my conscience—following God in it—and these men will have to learn that yet." '

Mary Todd had not received a sufficient preparation for the task before her, nor had any of the American women of the time. The mistress of the White House at that juncture would have needed to be superwoman to have met the distressing and complicated situation. Mrs. Lincoln had not the patience, the tact, the self-control, essential to her position. But she was loyal to Mr. Lincoln and to the Government of the United States.

It was Mrs. Lincoln's fate from the first to be pilloried by all the viler elements of society, as the wife of the first Republican President; and it was her misfortune that she was not fitted by nature to bear herself sublimely in the pillory. She refused to be a martyr and insisted on enjoying herself in her own way all she could. When it was urged upon her that she must give at least one ball at the White House to enliven the black gloom that had settled over Washington, she consented. After the date was fixed, the disappointed birds of prey who hovered around her were enraptured because, between the announcement and the night of the ball, a fatal battle intervened. She was covered with scorn and contumely because, though an interval had elapsed, she still allowed the original program to be carried out. Beyond all question it would have been better for Mrs. Lincoln to have refused to yield to the pressure brought to bear upon her, and not to have given any ball, as the instance has always been used entirely to her discredit. She gave her ball, and such other social events as were deemed necessary, chiefly the formal weekly reception.

SHE dressed in gowns very scant as to the top, and with enough material in the skirt to have clothed Fifth Avenue or Michigan Boulevard; and she wore upon her head enormous bunches of flowers. She bought dresses lavishly, more than Mr. Lincoln knew about or could afford. The story of her extravagance and her eccentricities is pathetic in much that can make the thoughtless laugh or the judicious grave.

Moreover, Mrs. Lincoln sometimes displayed an ungovernable temper, and a jealousy as intense as it was silly. The latter can only be accounted for by assuming that even in that period there was in her some element of mental aberration. Foolish she certainly was, but she was loyal, and she loved her husband with a passionate devotion.

Peace came at last, and there was mercifully granted to Abraham and Mary Lincoln a brief interval in which they were permitted to build castles in the air. Up to the time of the second election, they had always assumed that when they left the White House they would return to Springfield to live. Now there opened before them longer vistas. They would see the second term of office through and the wounds of the country healed; there would be a policy of forbearance and forgiveness and good will. Their period of office which had begun under the cloud of war would end in the sunlight of peace. Then they would travel; they would take the boys and go to Europe; they would visit the Holy Land; when they returned they would go to California, and see men digging out the gold that was to pay the national debt.

They were no longer sure that they would return to Springfield; if their hearts pulled them back to their old home, well and good; but if otherwise, they would find a home where it might seem best. In the meantime there was peace, and the work of rebuilding the desolate places and healing the wounds which the strife had caused. And under the Stars and Stripes there was not a single slave.

THESE were the things they talked about on their daily drive, even to the last afternoon before Lincoln died. (There was no memory that she dwelt on more fondly than that of the conversation of their last ride together.) These were the castles they built in the air. So far as we know the story of those last days, no cloud came between Abraham and Mary Lincoln. At evening time there was light. Then came the assassin's bullet and the dark.

Mrs. Lincoln returned to Chicago with her sons, Robert and Tad. Robert was grown and engaged to be married, but for a time he was with his mother. They were not always happy together; in some respects their dispositions were too much alike for them to be congenial. They took rooms for a week at the Tremont House, where she had once attended a great reception with her husband in November, 1860. She remembered when Mr. Lincoln stood on one side of her and Hannibal Hamlin on the other, and hundreds of Chicago people passed by and greeted her as they had greeted no other woman in all the history of that city.

Summer was coming on and the family moved to Hyde Park, where the university now stands but what then called itself a summer resort. In time they moved back to the city and took rooms at the Clifton House on Wabash Avenue and Madison Street. While there Tad attended school at what was called the Chicago Academy, only a block away. He had grown to be a very tall rawboned boy, in stature almost like his father, but still in some respects, he was almost feminine. He was far behind in his studies, and did not learn readily, though his mind was not defective. Robert came and went and sought to be patient with his mother's moods, but at times he lost his temper.

A distressing condition now arose out of Mrs. Lincoln's bills: unknown to her husband she had contracted debts for dress goods, furs, laces, diamonds and shawls, to an amount of almost seventy thousand dollars. The merchants had not been swift to demand their payment, but intimations came with increasing frequency and emphasis that money should be forthcoming.

She made a desperate effort to get some friends to secure Mr. Lincoln's full salary for the four years; his salary was paid for the remainder of the year 1865, and after that a small pension was given her. At this she complained bitterly, and she talked of some scheme whereby the Republican politicians might be compelled to advance the money to save the shame of the poverty of the President's widow.

When matters came to their worst she permitted interviews and other statements of her poverty to appear in the papers of New York and other cities. Robert was furious about this and he and his mother quarreled violently. The newspapers of the country took up the matter, some affirming and others denying that Mrs. Lincoln was a poor woman.

She now called to her aid Lizzie Keckley and the two met in New York. There it was arranged that the dresses and other goods of Mrs. Lincoln should be put on exhibition, but that before that step was taken the merchants should let the Republican politicians know what they proposed to do. This may have seemed rather a close approach to blackmail, but it was not effective. She authorized the printing of a circular with a plea for the raising of a fund on her behalf; she even went to the length of appealing to the Reverend H. H. Garnet, a colored minister in New York, and then to Fred Douglas to appeal for money to the colored people and she offered to leave to Lizzie Keckley five thousand dollars at her death, if the colored people should raise fifty thousand dollars or even twenty-five thousand dollars.

The reports that Mrs. Lincoln was insane now grew widely current. Just about this time Judge David Davis presented to the court of Sangamon County a statement of Mrs. Lincoln's assets, showing that her husband had left a fortune of about $110,000.

Washington Street, Chicago, was extending westward; she secured a house on the north side of that thoroughfare, between Elizabeth and Ann. The First Congregational Church was almost across the street. Tad joined its Sunday school and she frequently attended its services. She shrank, however, from any approach to intimacy and lived there almost in solitude. Robert married and had a home of his own; Tad died July 15, 1871. There was very little left for Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. Her conduct grew more and more erratic; her friends, and especially Robert, suffered on account of her behavior.

At length Robert felt compelled to apply to the County Court of Chicago to have his mother declared insane. No little care was taken to hide the records, and when the present writer instituted a search for them, the oldest clerks in the office declared that such papers did not exist; subsequent investigation, however, revealed them, and the writer supposes himself to be the first person who has seen these papers since they were carefully hidden away.

SO FAR as the records show, the sad thing was done as decently and with as much dignity as possible. The complaining witness was, of necessity, her son Robert. The jury was composed of twelve as prominent men as Chicago had at that time. It would appear that everything was done that legally could be done to carry out what was deemed necessary with as little publicity and with as much regard for propriety as possible. No docket number appears to have been given to the case, and the loose papers were conveniently lost or mislaid; but the court record is there, with the names of judge and jurors; and they are of such character as to forbid the suspicion that they acted hastily or through prejudice.

Mary Lincoln was found insane and a fit subject for confinement in one of the state hospitals for the insane in the State of

Illinois. She was not taken to a state hospital, but to a private asylum at Batavia. After a little more than a year she was declared cured; another jury found her restored to reason. The date of her first trial was May 19, 1875, the second June 15, 1876. That she was indeed insane would seem past dispute; that she was restored to reason is less certain.

Mary Lincoln went abroad. During at least a portion of her stay abroad she and Robert were not in correspondence and he did not know her address. Part of the time she was in Pau, France, and part in Frankfort, Germany. In the former place in December, 1879, she suffered a serious injury. She was living economically and without a servant, and she mounted a stepladder to adjust a picture hanging over the mantelpiece when the stepladder broke with her. She was confined to her bed for some time, afflicted with inflammation of the spinal cord and partial loss of power in the use of her legs.

When she thought she was able to travel she got as far as Nice, and there again was prostrated. At length she got on board ship, and being somewhat improved in health, she sailed for the homeland. How she was received in America is related in the New York *Sun*, which tells this story of the home-coming, in October, 1880, of a woman who had been almost a queen:

'When the *Amerique* reached New York a throng was assembled on the dock and a greater throng was in the street outside the gates. During the tedious process of working the ship into her dock, there was a great crush in that part of the vessel where the gangplank was to be swung.

'Among the passengers who were here gathered was an aged lady; she was dressed plainly; her face was furrowed and her hair was streaked with white; this was the widow of Abraham Lincoln.

'She was almost unnoticed. She came alone across the ocean, but a nephew met her at quarantine. She had spent the last four years in the South of France. When the gangplank was swung aboard, Mme. Bernhardt and her companions, including Mme. Columbier, of the troupe, were the first to descend. The fellow voyagers of the actress pressed about her to bid her adieu, and a cheer was raised, which turned her head and provoked an astonished smile as she stepped upon the wharf.

'The gates were besieged, and there was some difficulty in bringing the carriage, which was to convey the actress to the hotel. She temporarily waited in the freight office at the entrance to the wharf. Mrs. Lincoln, leaning upon the arm of her nephew, walked toward the gate. A policeman touched the aged lady on the shoulder and bade her stand back.

'She retreated with her nephew into the line of spectators, while Manager Abbey's carriage was slowly brought in. Mme. Bernhardt was handed in and the carriage made its way out through a mass of struggling longshoremen and idlers who pressed about it and stared into the open window. After it, went out the others, who had been passengers on the *Amerique*, Mrs. Lincoln with the rest.'

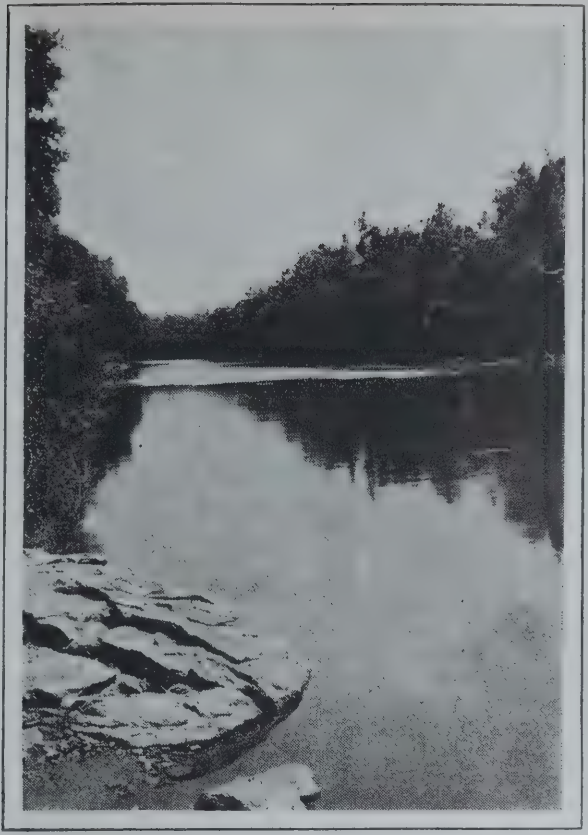
Mrs. Lincoln tarried for a time in New York for medical treatment. Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, to whom she confided her troubles, gained the impression that she was still exceedingly poor. When she died, as she did only a little later, she had six thousand dollars in cash and seventy-five thousand dollars in Government bonds in the top drawer of her bureau, and had innumerable boxes of silks and shawls, which she had never opened, and was destined never to wear.

Mrs. Lincoln returned to Springfield, and to the home of her sister, Mrs. Edwards. It was the home in which she had first met Abraham Lincoln, the home in which they were married. These days were mercifully shortened; she died of paralysis on July 16, 1882. The attending physician made a postmortem examination, and issued a statement that for years she had been the victim of a cerebral disease. This ought to be deemed a sufficient explanation of all that needed to be explained for her violence of temper and her unfortunate words and doings.

The story of Mary Todd is a sad story, the story of a woman misunderstood and cruelly persecuted. But this much deserves to be remembered to her everlasting credit:

In the day when her heart was torn asunder, and most of her relatives were on the opposing side, she was unflinchingly loyal to the Government of the United States. While she sometimes made her husband unhappy, and he not infrequently vexed her, she was an affectionate wife and mother, loving her husband with a passionate devotion and never failing in her faith in his character, his ability and his success.

And he loved her; she was the only woman to whom he gave a ring, and in that ring were the words, *'Love is eternal.'*


—*Ewing Galloway.*

Sangamon River at New Salem, Illinois. While rowing a skiff near this point Abraham Lincoln met his sweetheart, Ann Rutledge.

A CIVIC DUTY

By WILLIAM LEE CALNON

LEGISLATORS are proposing to draw all future jury lists from the ranks of nonvoters and thus compel everyone who wishes to avoid jury service to make sure of it by voting regularly. One has offered a bill to reward voters by apportioning the seats in the legislature on a basis of the vote cast in all districts and not on a basis of population.

The scheme to limit jury calls to nonvoters is unsound. If such a law were in effect and resulted in bringing out the vote to the extent that Chicago voted in its last election, jury lists would be confined to hospital patients, chronic invalids, registered voters dying or dead on election day, and people absent from the city. Apportioning legislative seats on a basis of the vote cast would be an invitation to small districts to cast a 100 per cent vote and gain an advantage over larger communities where anything approximating a 100 per cent vote is impossible at any given time.

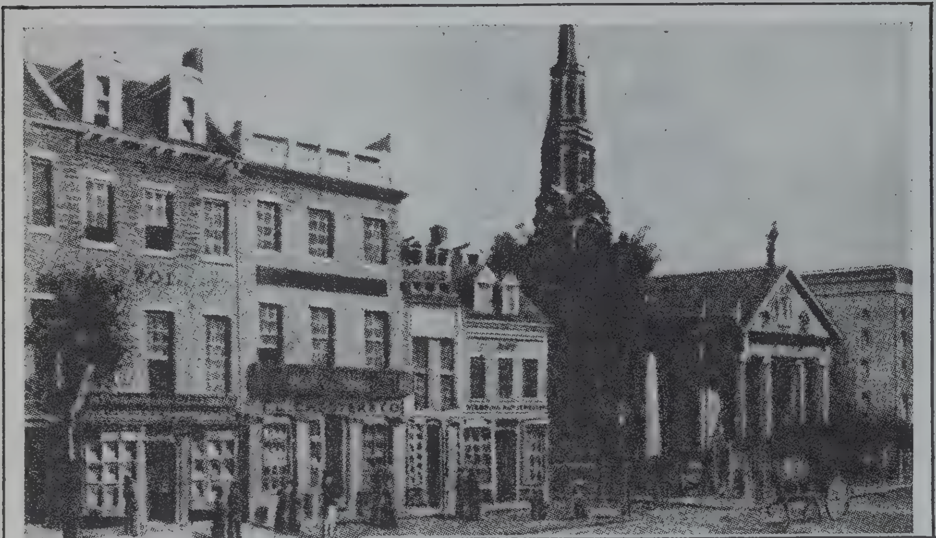
It is easier to 'get out the vote' to nearly complete figures in a local referendum on permitting 'movies' to operate on Sunday, or some other such issue of a comparatively minor nature that hits home directly to those in the community affected.

The problem has its root in the primary election system, which has increased the number of elections and lessened party responsibility to a considerable degree. Added to the primary has been the nonpartisan city method of choosing certain officials, now widely in use. It is becoming a frequent experience to have a light vote cast where only mediocre candidates are engaged in a contest for minor offices, the problem of getting out the vote being up to the interest the candidates can arouse.

Pre-primary conventions, sponsoring candidates with party endorsement, form one constructive suggestion as to a means of getting away from various primary troubles. A real trying out of this plan would be needed to show if it will do what is claimed for it, and incidentally brace up party responsibility and permit party leaders to make more effective appeals to the voters to vote. Unless this, or some other alteration in the present system, is given a trial, it is likely that the Chicago plan of machine guns, dynamite, bullet-proof vests, et cetera, will remain the one effective lure.

The WALL STREET of Yesterday

By JAMES R. DANIELS



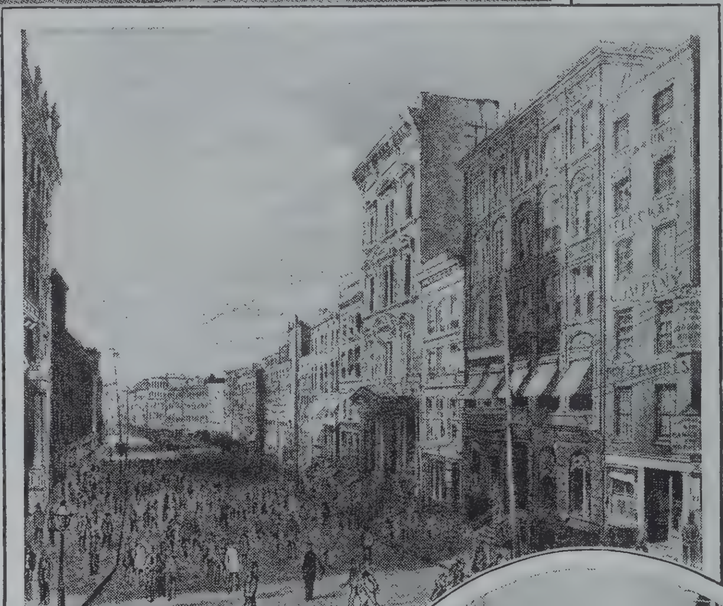
Broadway in 1845, from a rare old print. The two-story houses stand on part of the ground now covered by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company building.

TO THE average farmer Wall Street is anathema. To the sucker it is a place where fortunes are made for the trusting by philanthropic 'bulls' and 'bears.' To the well-informed it is the seat of government of a large portion of the globe, and to the casual onlooker the street is a narrow canyon thronged with hurrying crowds. It is all these things and something more.

'Wall Street' has a sinister sound to many people. It is credited with power to bring prosperity or ruin, inflation or depression, to this United States. In politics, the Street has been the target for denunciation and criticism in every campaign for the last fifty years.

Wall Street, the financial district, and the synonym for money power, is an undefined territory situated at the southern end of Manhattan Island. It is of comparatively recent growth. Wall Street, the thoroughfare, is a narrow street running from Broadway to the East River, crowded with history. It is of comparatively ancient origin. In many ways the development and evolution of Wall Street is the story of America. No single street is more entitled to fame, and it is one of the most famous in the world.

The history of the Street begins in 1653. In that year war was declared between Great Britain and The Netherlands. The little settlement of New Amsterdam was filled with consternation. Peter Stuyvesant, the doughty old governor, knowing well that the colony could not withstand an attack from the English settlers of New England and Virginia, sent messages to them assuring them of his peaceable disposition. But at the same time he began making all the preparations for defense that lay in his power. On the thirteenth of March at a general meeting of the Council of the New Netherlands it was decreed that the city should be a walled city and have a wall street. Work on this palisade was at once begun and was completed by the first of May, 1653, at a cost of 3,166 guilders, or about $1,300. This included a sloping ditch, a breastwork and a parade ground. The wall ran straight across the island and along the East River shore.



Broad Street from Wall Street in 1873.

—International Newsreel.
Wall Street in the gas lamp days. Trinity Church is in the distance.

The Dutch are a thrifty people, and when the war scare waned, the burgomasters politely declined to pay for the wall. They stoutly declared that the West India Company was bound to defend its own property without expense to the citizens, and from this position they would not recede until Stuyvesant abandoned the excise duties imposed upon the inhabitants and surrendered to the civic treasury the revenues derived from that source. This masterly display of financial acumen was undoubtedly Wall Street's first 'killing.'

Then followed years of alternate decay and feverish repair at the hint of war for the wall. The English took the city, despite everything Stuyvesant could do. The Dutch recaptured it and in 1674 ceded it to Great Britain in return for Dutch Guiana. Possibly the lord proprietors of the West India Company were glad to be rid of a colony where the citizens sheared the company in Wall Street. At any rate, they considered the tropical colony a good exchange for Manhattan.

In 1685 the land immediately north of the wall became the subject of a scandalous speculation. His Excellency, Thomas Dongan, was the royal governor at that time, and he spied possibilities of a real estate development project which only needed a little judicious promoting to yield a golden harvest. The governor, through a 'dummy' purchaser, acquired a strip of land a thousand feet long and eighty feet deep, fronting upon the wall, together with the right, title and interest which the sellers had in the parade ground behind the wall which they and everyone else supposed would become the public highway. Next day, one Leonard Beckwith, at His Excellency's orders, surveyed the wall and laid out the new street. Instead of being a hundred feet wide it was only thirty-six. Dongan's eighty-foot lots immediately became a hundred and twenty-four. Thus was illustrated the value of an inside tip. Being 'in the know' and having the power to lay out the street as he chose, the governor realized a handsome profit for his sagacity. The results are visible today in the narrow chasm that is Wall Street.

By a queer chain of circumstances one of Governor Dongan's lots came into the possession of a very famous gentleman. To quote history:

'This parcel of land (part of which is now No. 56 Wall Street) lies opposite the head of the present Hanover Street, and a Mr. Browne was the purchaser. Browne transferred his bargain to a well-known citizen named William Cox, whose wife, Sarah (née Bradley), was destined to greater fame than he. Shortly after acquiring this plot Cox is said to have built a house upon it, and if this be so, the building was the first erected on the north side of Wall Street. In 1689, however, he succumbed to what has since proved fatal to many dwellers on that avenue, for the report of his demise says that he "took too much water in," and his widow, to whom he left his property, consoled herself by marrying John Cort. This gentleman fell a victim to her charms so speedily that she took out letters of administration on his estate May 15, 1691. Within twenty-four hours the indefatigable Sarah was wedded to no less a person than Captain William Kidd, the future pirate, who thus became one of the earliest Wall Street proprietors.'

Kidd would have much to learn from some of the present operators in that famous thoroughfare. He was hanged for killing a sailor with a bucket. Today, of course, he would employ a bucket shop and would make his killings financially.

Despite the uselessness and actual encumbrance of the palisade, it survived. It was not until 1699 that a committee of citizens petitioned His Excellency, through the common council, to remove it as an obstructing nuisance and use the stones of its bastions for the new city hall. Then the end came, and New York ceased to be a walled city.

The locating of the city hall on Wall Street, where the Subtreasury now stands, contributed greatly to the dignity and importance of the thoroughfare. Not only was it the seat of government, but the street soon became the center of fashion. The presence of Trinity Church at the head with the Presbyterian Church along the northern side of Wall Street imparted an added prestige. With these attractions it was no wonder that the most aristocratic townspeople had their houses on Wall Street, close to the heart of things.

The first floor of the city hall was taken up with a large corridor, quarters for the fire department (which got its water from two nearby wells), and a dungeon for all prisoners except debtors. The debtors had special quarters in the garret. On the second floor were the court, the jury, and the common council rooms.

During the series of events which led to the actual outbreak of the Revolutionary War, Wall Street was the center for popular demonstrations. Loyalists were stripped and ridden on rails through the street. The Declaration of Independence was read from the city hall July 18, 1776. Washington and the Provincial Committee deliberated there.

—Ewing Galloway.

Corner of Broad Street and Wall Street today.

When the British army occupied the city, Wall Street underwent many changes. Scarcely were the royal troops established when the great fire of September 21, 1776, destroyed more than one-eighth the city. The fire was wrongfully attributed to rebel sympathizers. Harsh measures were taken in retaliation. Many American residents fled and their Wall Street mansions served to house British and Hessian generals.

The city hall was made the headquarters and guardhouse by the Army of Occupation. The soldiers destroyed and maltreated the houses in which they were billeted. The trees which had added so much to the attractiveness of Wall Street were used for fuel during the bitter winter of 1779-80. Piles of rubbish accumulated in the roadway and the city presented a shabby appearance at the end of the war.

—Ewing Galloway.

Intersection of Broad Street and Wall Street in 1868. The former Morgan bank stands on the far corner.

And what a joyous occasion it was when the English forces left the Battery, as General Knox at the head of the American Army entered from the Bowery! The General then marched back to the Bull's Head Tavern where Washington and Governor Clinton were waiting, and escorted them down Queen Street (now Pearl) to Cape's Tavern at what is now 115 Broadway.

Slowly the city recovered from the damage wrought by the occupation and by February, 1784, the first American mayor, James Duane, was installed in office. The ceremony was held in John Simmon's tavern at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets. This corpulent Boniface was a familiar sight at this corner for many years. When he died part of the tavern had to be torn down to remove his ponderous body.

With peace restored, trade commenced again. The leading men of the nation came to the city. The chamber of commerce was incorporated by the legislature and began systematic work for a revival of commerce.

One field of activity, however, needed no stimulation—litigation. The seizures, restorations and confiscations, together with the confusion of state, national, and colonial laws, made the practice of law a lucrative one. Added to this, all the Tory advocates had been disbarred and for once in New York the business exceeded the supply of lawyers.

Among the first shingles hung out on Wall Street was that of Alexander Hamilton, at No. 33. Aaron Burr had offices around the corner, and John Jay was close by at 8 Broad Street. New York's most famous lawyers received their preliminary training at the Mayor's Court, on the southwest corner of Broad and Wall streets.

When Congress decided to make New York its headquarters, the city authorities offered their best. The municipal government was moved to the Mayor's Court across the street, and the renovated city hall was surrendered to the national assembly. Thus in 1785 national, municipal and state authority was concentrated in Wall Street. Here such men as John Hancock, Rufus King, Charles Pickney, James Madison and others of nation-wide reputation congregated daily.

Naturally, the presence of the Continental Congress and the influx of visitors increased the city's prosperity.

Although the Congress of the Confederacy was utterly impotent, it did pass, in 1787, while sitting in the city hall, the Northwest Ordinance. This law dedicated the Northwest Territory to freedom.

Into the conflict over the formation of a permanent national government, Hamilton poured his efforts unsparingly. Sixty-three of the eighty-five 'Federalist Papers' were written in his office.

With the Constitution ratified and New York designated the national capital, a building for the first United States Congress became necessary. Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer, who later planned the city of Washington, was commissioned to transform, add to, and remodel the old city hall.

In his state barge, manned by thirteen pilots and accompanied by many dignitaries, Washington was rowed across from Elizabethtown Point, New Jersey. The barge turning up the East River swung alongside the Wall Street wharf. The first president, upon whom all eyes focused, mounted the carpeted stairs amid the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells and the thundering of cheers. On foot through the wildly applauding crowd, Washington passed up Wall Street to Pearl (whose sidewalks were so marvelously wide that 'three persons could walk abreast') to his house at No. 3 Cherry Street.

Washington, attended by Chancellor Livingston and the senators' and representatives' committee, appeared upon the balcony of Federal Hall, and was greeted with universal shouts of joy and welcome.

Then says an eyewitness:

'After a few moments Washington came forward. Chancellor Livingston read the prescribed oath of office, and Washington repeated it, resting his hand upon the Bible. Mr. Otis, the Secretary of the Senate, then took the Bible to raise it to the lips of Washington, who stooped and kissed the book. At this moment a signal was given, by raising a flag upon the cupola of the Hall, for a general discharge of the artillery of the Battery.'

Brilliant as was this epoch, it continued only a year and a half. During that time several important events occurred. The State Treasury and War departments were created, and the machinery of government put in motion. Federal Hall, at Wall and Nassau streets, was also the scene of the birth of the Supreme Court. Here, too, was presented the first bill for the abolition of slavery. In the discussion which followed were muttered threats of secession.

But at that time neither secession nor slavery was the issue. The fight was over Hamilton's policy for Federal assumption of state debts. In order to carry his point, Hamilton was forced to make large concessions. One feature of his compromise eliminated New York as the permanent national capital.

That is why Wall Street today does not contain a House and Senate Chamber. But if the White House and the Capitol are in Washington, the power has not left Wall Street. The machinery of government may be hundreds of miles away, but the force, the power of tremendous world finance, still resides in and about the historic street—named after a wall.

Calcio and Football

By ZETA ROTHSCHILD

FOOTBALL has an international past and a family tree with branches in many countries. The earliest football was a popular sport in Italy where, under the name of *calcio*, it became an exclusive game played by the nobles and the military on special fête days.

The customs that surrounded the game, the number and the line-up of players, are suggestive of modern football. The players entered the square in a procession, preceded by eight trumpeters and two drummers. Then came thirty players in double file, two standard bearers, and then more players, drummers, and musicians.

The line-up of players can be seen from the accompanying illustration. There were twenty-seven players on each side, fifteen *innanzi* (forwards), five on each wing and five in the center; five *soonciatori* (half backs); four *datori innanzi* (three-quarter backs), and three *datori addietro* (full backs).

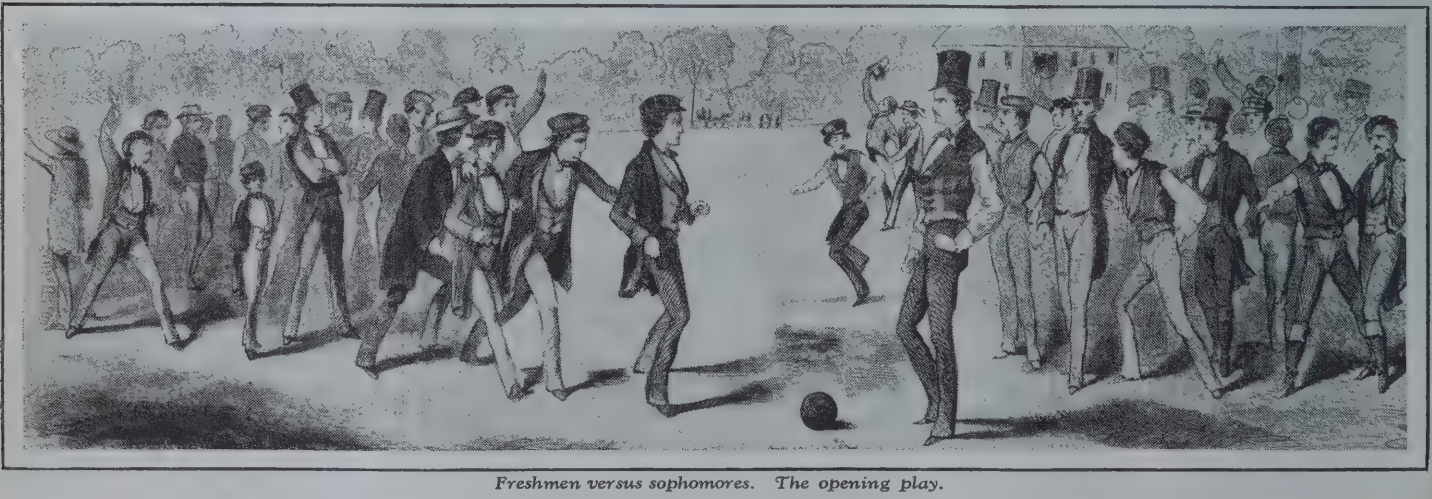
The players scored a goal by propelling the ball behind the barricade of the other side, which stretched across the field. Though the ball might be kicked or struck with the hand, if thrown higher than a man's height a penalty goal was forfeited. Two penalty goals made one real goal, and after every goal scored, the sides changed positions.

When football migrated to England, it lost all its aristocratic background. Played without rule or regulation, it deserved its reputation of being 'the most obstreperous and disreputable member of the family of English sports.'

The players in the English game lined up on two sides. There was no limit to the number of players and whole villages turned out for a country game. The goals, usually miles from the spot where the ball was dropped, were often located in a churchyard or a graveyard. The players strove to kick the ball into the enemy's territory and, with no time limit, the game lasted until the players succeeded or were too exhausted to continue. And when, to the dismay of the townsfolk, the young men and boys started to play football in the city streets, the merchants closed their shops and barred the windows.

It is said that Harvard imported football to this country, while others give the credit to Yale. To support the Yale claim is the account of the old games played between freshman and sophomore classes of that college about 1840. Challenge and acceptance were posted in a prominent place upon the door of the old chapel and, judged from the one illustration that has survived those days, football of that period was first cousin to the rough English sport.

A football game in '59 was presumably of this type. There were no goal posts. Despite their high hats, players were always ready for a hard fight. Later accounts of college football show that football, modeled more after the Italian *calcio*, began around the early seventies, though the first game between Harvard and Yale did not take place until 1875. Harvard won—to the delight of the seventy-five students who accompanied the team to New Haven.



Freshmen versus sophomores. The opening play.

MODERNS *and* ULTRA-MODERNS—*A Strange Theory*

By
CHARLES J. FINGER

TAKE psychoanalysis from one angle, a popular one, which is an insistence upon the immense significance of dreams. If the objection is made that such discussion is trivial, I reply that it is exactly that aspect which attracts so many persons. Further, many so-called works on psychoanalysis and psychiatry are crowded with the names of those dealing with dreams and the dream state. Great or small, there is usually agreement that the nightmare is a symbol. As one writer declares, 'he who can read the indications of his own dreams has at his disposal an instrument of great precision (!)' and that 'oneiromancy (or dream interpretation) is the algebra which enables us to perform rapidly complicated calculations in the mathematics of psychology.' Scratch these moderns and you discover one who believes the whole world of men to be neurotics, save himself.

While the old-time adepts who called themselves oneiromanticists (they used the same term as the moderns) followed the one simple rule that dreams were to be interpreted by opposites, that is, a dream of gold or of silver betokened loss, a dream of meeting friends meant that persecution by enemies was at hand, and so on, the moderns almost invariably find corrupted instincts, perversions and swinish things. It is their theory that men, women, and children are possessed of a kind of devil dwelling in the unconscious mind which is kept in repression by the conscious. In each and every man are dark demoniac powers that work subtle fascinations of evil.

THOSE dark powers in the dream life reveal the true man by means of symbols, and as those symbols may seem to be anything but significant of danger to the uninstructed, but extremely significant to the adept, the most ordinary daily act when dreamed of may come to have outrageous meaning. When a man dreams that he is putting on a heavy overcoat, a perverted notion is at the bottom of things! If a young girl dreams of being startled at the sight of a twig lying across her path, she is the victim of crude sensuality. I do not exaggerate in either of these instances, but quote from a book by a recent writer. So also to dream of losing a tooth, of rocking, swinging, or flying is symbolical of evil; there are significant symbols in the commonest things, in dreams of hats, cloaks, pencils, boxes, trunks, apples, gardens, ships, sticks, umbrellas. I take all that from one writer who holds that dream study has been lifted to the plane of an 'accurate science.'

My contention is that the ultra-modern sees filth everywhere because he looks at his world through the medium of a filth-bespattered veil of his own design and manufacture. So in his interpretations he unavoidably befouls the simplest things. That which you and I and the rest of us take for innocent play in the very young, he views as something much like extreme duplicity. The fancy of the poet, in his eyes, is an unconscious craving for something very like obscenity. Using the test applied to dreamers (that is, interpreting as conduct the written and the spoken word as well as the act), then the expert also has the appearance of one suffering from a delusion.

IF THE applying to conduct of the written and spoken word is objected to, I reply that it is to be charged to the adepts themselves, who set immense store by a dream, a reaction word, a shrug, a smile, a yawn, an accidental interlacing of the fingers.

More than that. Even the absence of movement, the very failure on the part of a patient to speak a word when undergoing examination, may tell the tale of guilty suppression. At least, so some moderns claim.

Mark well what all this comes to, when we consider the influence of the theory applied to literature. For, according to these moderns, all literature has a meaning that would escape the eye were it not for the unlocking of the door with the key held by the adept. I quote from one: '. . . there is no form or species of literature that may not be interpreted by psychoanalytic methods. Be the author never so subjective, no matter how much he has sought to make his personality intangible and elusive, there are means, with the aid of clues, of opening up the barred gates of his soul.'

So, having covered his eyes with his psychoanalytic veil, the author gets to work with sleuthlike activity. His is the *ipse dixit.* He is Sir Oracle, and all things are carefully tagged and ticketed. Almost he becomes like a conjurer who takes a thing, asks you what it is, then, presto! before your eyes it is something else. You find yourself to be in topsy-turvy land. What you took to be an eagle he declares is a hyena. Where you imagined that you sat silent and listening in the company of the gods, he shows you that you did but rout with swine. What you took to be glorious and high-hearted, he reveals as having been gloomy and evil and malign. You listen to him to discover that instead of consorting with spirits finely touched to fine issues, you had been breathing a withering atmosphere, had been poisoned by a moral malaria.

Does Poe write his 'Gold Bug,' does Kipling give us the glorious tale '.007,' does Jack London delight a world with his virile fighting story *The Game,* then down comes the modern, hot-footed, to pronounce his opinion that the one was the result of an evil desire, the other signified repression, the third the result of a neurotic impulse.

Where you or I or any normal person may find evidence of love of the picturesque in Longfellow's poem 'The Bridge,' this psychoanalyst sees that the poet 'is thinking of the time when he had no love and longed for it.' That there is mention neither of love nor of sex in the poem does not deter the theorist. 'We may discern,' he says, 'the unconscious love sentiment in poems where no mention is made of them.' Again, you may find Shelley's 'To a Skylark' to be a poem of purely lyrical character, but a modern discovers in it 'unconscious sexual manifestations.' Also when Keats, full of the spirit of poetry, sings of

'The coming musk-rose full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer
eves,'

in his 'Ode to a Nightingale,' the blinking malignity of the modern sees 'sex symbolism.' So he considers Wordsworth, quite oblivious of that half-mystical veneration of nature which is the poet's peculiar note, entirely blind to that most happy combination of thought and phrase that marks the poet on the heights, and when Wordsworth, all a-quiver with the glory of sunlit sky and moveless space, bursts out with

'Up with me! up into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong:'

we are warned that 'the sexual interpretation is unmistakable.'

SO IN one way and another the Freudian follower spreads his trail of slime everywhere. In Browning's splendid 'How They Brought the Good News from Aix to Ghent,' a poem loved by every clean-minded, healthy lad, and by every man with a boy's sense of adventure because of its fire and vigor, one sees 'sexual significance in the rhythmic swing.'

As for fairy tales, in them is hidden abomination: 'folktales telling of dragons . . . are symbolic of the lustful side of man.' As for those wild romances dealing with giant cannon and flying ships and submarines and marvelous mechanisms, the glorious mind-creations of Wells and Stockton and Jules Verne and Kipling, a grave sexual weakness lies at their beginnings!

To Aid Animals

By E. I. FARRINGTON

FIVE years ago Jack London clubs existed only in the mind of one man, Dr. Francis H. Rowley of Boston. Today there are Jack London clubs all over the United States and in many parts of Europe, with hundreds of thousands of members. There are Jack London clubs even in South Africa, in Japan, in Siam, and in India. There are no dues and no officers. The purpose of these clubs is to stop the exhibition of trained animals.

Not long before he died, Jack London wrote a book called *Michael, Brother of Jerry.* Now Jack London had never been considered a namby-pamby in any sense. In fact, in some quarters his name was anathema because of his red-blooded novels and his graphic word pictures of fistic battles. Nevertheless this book was written as a protest against the training of trick animals which he had witnessed behind the scenes in the theaters. In his preface the novelist says:

'No normal, healthy human would tolerate such performances did he or she know the terrible cruelty which lies behind them and makes them possible.'

People who frequent theaters and circuses like to persuade themselves that the animals they see doing absurd or difficult acts are enjoying the performance as much as the audience. The manager tries to foster this belief, but the animal trainers themselves and the investigations of impartial observers indicate that in many cases the animals are in a state of absolute fear as long as they remain on the stage.

Much has been printed about the humane methods employed by certain animal trainers, the impression being given that only kindness is used. It has been stated, however, that some of the most popular acts, like the turning of backward somersaults, cannot be taught without torture to the animal.

It is sometimes argued that a wild animal is better off in captivity than in roaming the jungles, getting its food without danger or effort, and living a life of calm serenity. The Jack London club has been investigating this side of the question and as a result presents some of the facts written by Charles Mayer, an animal hunter of wide renown, in his book, *Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles.* It is stated in this book that tigers and leopards are captured by the use of birdlime, which is spread where the animals are wont to pass. They step into the sticky stuff, which clings to their feet. They become excited and enraged. They try to bite and rub off the pitch, and in doing so plaster it over their eyes. Finally when they are thoroughly covered they are so helpless that with little danger they can be put into cages, there to spend weeks removing pitch from their fur.

Birds and small monkeys are also captured with birdlime, which is smeared on the limbs of trees. They stick to it until someone releases them.

After capture, wild elephants are kept in an inclosure for a long time and given no food. They are half-starved before the 'breaking' commences. In this weakened condition there is very little danger in handling them. The 'tuskers' are killed solely for their ivory.

Jefferson's Thousand Years

(*Continued from page 2*)

ness which Jefferson's father explored, it is surrounded by more good bronzes and marbles in various gaps in the shrubbery than any other school I have ever seen, or than any other single spot of outdoors on American soil that I know about. Here again you have the Randolph and the Jefferson happily married, a thing to meditate upon.

As we have declared, Jefferson's violin was a symbol of his meditative, creative mind. Poe said that:

> Israfeli's fire
> Was owing to that lyre,
> By which he sits and sings,
> The trembling living wire
> Of those unusual strings.

Now Brother Poe did not think himself a leveler or a democrat, though he owes one of his greatest debts to Thomas Jefferson's violin. As far as Poe had any thoughts about his dramatic status in this world, he probably saw himself as a raging, dashing southern fire-eating cavalier with gauntlet, bonnet and plume. Very recently I heard him denounced as a charlatan by a high Massachusetts authority; and I suppose that this is what was meant. But the mind of Poe in the arts is as world-pervasive as the mind of Jefferson in politics, and affects the same people. There is the Jefferson in Poe's clarity and the Randolph in his style.

A new school has sprung up of quite lively historians of the Fathers of our Republic, a school which is most useful and edifying. They are as valuable as the President of the Sewing Society when she gets the low-down on the preacher, and tells the congregation one at a time for their own good; of course, wishing the preacher well. They are as edifying as the deacon, who having been labored with by his wife, ultimately makes the Sewing Society conclusions official. Yes, gentlemen, we want the truth about all the Fathers of the Republic. But when you attempt a fatherly attitude toward the father of your country, or the father of the Democratic Party, you are attempting the impossible. You are not dealing with short-legged Massachusetts men afoot, but with long-legged Virginians on horseback. You may rage and roar; but you cannot destroy the gauntlet, the bonnet, and the plume. These are part of Thomas Jefferson's thousand years.

It is to be freely admitted that when Thomas Jefferson went into power, he attempted what was then called 'republican austerity.' He left off a few ostrich plumes. But if the sonorous passages of the Declaration of Independence and the magnificent decorative style of the University of Virginia architecture mark republican austerity, they are also Virginian of the Old School.

There are two styles: the petty and the grand. The petty style has nothing to do with aristocracy or democracy, or with mere size. A hog may have it, a gnat may have it, a hippopotamus may have it, a monkey may have it, a gorilla may have it. The grand style has nothing to do with aristocracy or democracy, or with mere size. A sea gull may have it, a dragon fly may have it, a flying fish may have it, a bison may have it, a sunrise may have it. We are approaching the American sunrise of the grand style.

Splendor is not synonymous with tyranny. Decoration may appear on the gipsy's bonnet or on the pheasant's wing. At present, the flapper is the only everyday citizen on American soil who has the privilege of dressing the part. But the flapper rebellion so lately achieved may yet break out in costumes for men; and before the end of Thomas Jefferson's thousand years men may have the privilege of the splendors of the old red chieftains, or of Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton, on horseback.

(*To be concluded in an early issue.*)

Bromo and the Sand Sea

(*Continued from page 9*)

In the immediate foreground was Batok, now quiescent, and just back of it Bromo belching out a pall of black volcanic smoke and ash.

Then we started down into the crater from the rim. All the way I was fascinated by the clearly discernible strata of ash that formed the entire wall of the pit. Through untold ages the crater had been in action and had formed walls a thousand feet high—each successive eruption showing as plainly as if it had been penciled. The descent was so steep we could not ride. Even the sure-footed ponies had trouble in making the downward trail and had to slide on their haunches most of the time.

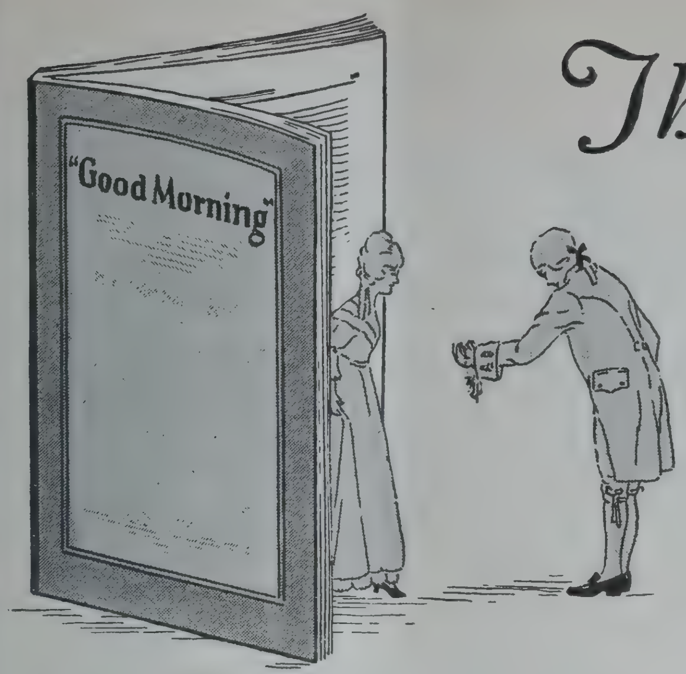
It took an hour for our ponies to cross the Sand Sea after we reached the bottom of the crater. We arrived at last at the foot of Bromo.

All the way up the side of this volcano, set down as it was in the larger crater, we had to climb over formations of hot lava that had been thrown out of its mouth. A stone ladder had been built by the Dutch Government so that the Crown Prince could climb up without difficulty or hardship on a visit that he had made a few years before.

On the top I lay down and looked over into the mouth of Hell. Great open fissures stained with iron and sulphur shot forth fire and ashes. Now and then the old giant would draw its breath deep into subterranean lungs for an extra loud blast and then would shoot great stones as large as a car to the very rim of the crater where we lay holding on like grim death, while smaller stones showered about like hail, and stinging dust and sand made us black as coal miners.

Imposing, awe-inspiring, tremendous, terrifying—these words describe a half hour's look into Bromo, one of many in this great bowl which in its heyday was a valley of ten thousand fires.

There is no region on earth so thick with active volcanoes as Java. I had now traveled from one end of the island to the other—a week's trip—to look for a half-hour into the mouth of Java's most active volcano. Having heard of the famous Sand Sea, I had now seen it. I had seen smoking Arjuno in the distance, and belching Semeru, Java's highest fire mountain. I had seen the beautiful cone of extinct Batok; and back of Batok, thundering Bromo. They are all a part of the world's most gigantic crater.



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Long Live Halloween!

(*Continued from page 7*)

'This pippin shall another trial make;
See from the core two kernels brown I take:
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
And Booby Clod on t'other side is borne:
But Booby Clod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;
Oh! were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!'

It was also said that if a maiden ate an apple before a mirror, brushing her hair the while, her future husband would peep over her shoulder.

The old chapbooks, too, abound with curious customs for telling the future, especially effective on this occasion.

In Scotland was observed the ceremony of pulling kale stocks, or stalks of colewort. Young people were led hand in hand, blindfolded, into the kaleyard, or garden, and each pulled the first stalk he met with; they then returned to the fireside to inspect their prizes. As the stalk was big or little, straight or crooked, so should be the future wife or husband; the quantity or yird (earth) clinging to the root indicated the tocher (wealth), or dowry; the taste of the pith or custock indicated the temper. Then the runts, or stalks, were placed over the door, and the Christian names of the first to enter thereafter were those of the individuals whom the respective parties were to marry.

'Luggies' was another quaint practice of Scotland. Three luggies, or dishes, were prepared. In one was clean water; in another, foul water; and the third was empty. These luggies were arranged on the hearth, and one after another the parties advanced, blindfolded, and dipped the finger into one of them. If it was into the clean water, he would marry a maiden; if into the foul, a widow, and if into the empty dish, he would be a bachelor. The luggies were, of course, rearranged each time.

Another custom was to wet a shirt sleeve and hang it by the fire to dry, while the owner lay in bed and watched till midnight, when the apparition of the future partner for life would come and turn the sleeve.

HEMPSEED was also sown, and the winnowing of three wechts; this was repeated three times. The action exposing the corn to the wind was said to have the effect of making the future husband or wife appear.

A detailed account is found in Vallancey's *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*, Vol. III, on Allhallows' Eve: 'On the *Oidhche Shamhna*, or Vigil of Saman, the peasants in Ireland assemble with sticks and clubs (the emblems of laceration), going from house to house, collecting money, bread, cake, butter, cheese, eggs, etc., for the feast, repeating verses in honour of the solemnity, demanding preparations for the festival in the name of St. Column Kill, desiring them to lay aside the *fatted calf*, and to bring forth *the black sheep*. The good women are employed in making the griddle cake and candles; these last are sent from house to house in the vicinity, and are lighted up on the (Saman) next day, before which they pray, or are supposed to pray for the departed soul of the donor. Every house abounds in the best viands they can afford; apples and nuts are devoured in abundance; the nut-shells are burnt, and from the ashes many strange things are foretold; cabbages are torn up by the root; hemp-seed is sown by the maidens and they believe that if they look back they will see the apparition of the man intended for their future spouse; they hang a smock before the fire on the close of the feast, and sit up all night, concealed in a corner of the room, convinced that his apparition will come down the chimney and turn the smock; they throw a ball of yarn out of the window and wind it on the reel within, convinced that if they repeat the *Pater Noster* backwards, and look at the ball of yarn without, they will then also see his sith or apparition; they dig for apples in a tub of water, and endeavor to bring one up in the mouth; they suspend a cord with a cross stick, with apples at one point, and candles lighted at the other, and endeavor to catch the apple, while it is in a circular motion, in the mouth. These, and many other superstitious ceremonies, the remains of druidism, are observed on this holiday.

IN VARIOUS parts of England it was customary to bake cakes for the festival of All Saints. At St. Kilda it was 'a large cake in the form of a triangle, furrowed round, which was to be all eaten at night.' At Ripon, in Yorkshire, on the eve of All Saints, the women made a cake for every one in the family, and so it was generally called Cake Night. In *Gentlemen's Magazine* for August, 1790, this reference is found: 'My servant, B. Jelkes, who is from Warwickshire, informs me that there is a custom in that county to have *seed cake at All-Hallows*, at the end of wheat seedtime.' Also Mr. Pennant observes: 'They have a custom (in North Wales) of distributing *soul-cakes* on All Souls' Day, at the receiving of which the poor people pray to God to bless the next crop of wheat.'

Another unusual custom is graphically described in Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*, 1793: 'On the evening of the 31st of October, O. S., among many others, one remarkable ceremony is observed. Heath, broom, and dressings of flax are tied upon a pole. This faggot is then kindled. One takes it upon his shoulders, and, running, bears it round the village. A crowd attend. When the first faggot is burnt out, a second is bound to the pole and kindled in the same manner as before. Numbers of these blazing faggots are often carried about together, and when the night happens to be dark they form a splendid illumination. This is Hallowe'en, and is a night of great festivity.'

The Halloween fire is well described in Sir R. Hoar's *Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin Through Wales*, Vol. II, p. 315: 'The autumnal fire is still kindled in North Wales, being on the eve of the 1st day of November, and is attended by many ceremonies; such as running through the fire and smoke, each casting a stone into the fire, and all running off at the conclusion to escape from the black short-tailed sow; then supping upon parsnips, nuts, and apples; catching at an apple suspended by a string, with the mouth alone, and the same by an apple in a tub of water; each throwing a nut into the fire; and those that burn bright betoken prosperity to the owners through the following year, but those that burn black and crackle denote misfortune. On the following morning the stones are searched for in the fire, and if any be missing, they betide ill to those who threw them in.'

So it is that the legacy of outgrown superstitions for Halloween, a blending of the beliefs of various periods, comes to us largely in the form of old wives' tales or of bits of folklore snatched from oblivion by some student of folk literature and history. Nevertheless, even today we have vestiges of these old customs in our midst, and Halloween, the season of harvest, of gorgeous autumn colors, and of the dance of leaves with blustering wind, is a favorite time for pranks and merrymaking, for the urge of the season is irresistible, even to enlightened moderns.

Mirrors

(*Continued from page 13*)

Lafayette's help during the Revolutionary War, and it consists of a small square looking-glass with hooded top which contains a painting of the general inserted as a central feature.

Bilbao glasses were imported into Marblehead, brought across the seas from Spain, and are to be found today principally in this historic seaport town.

Dressing tables with triple mirrors are more suitable for the feminine members of the family, for the mirrors swing on hinges to meet any desirable angle. These are reproductions of the mantel mirrors which were designed for fireplace use by some economical cabinetmaker who wished to avoid the expense of one large plate, and so divided it into three separate parts, framing them either in wood ornamentally carved and showing a gilt decoration, or with lovely curves and delicate mouldings. Surely he struck a popular note, for they were favorably received, and are used extensively today in the 20th Century homes. One of the most interesting of the old-time mantel mirrors is still in existence in the Pierce-Nichols house, at Salem, Massachusetts. This was designed in 1783, to please the fancy of a young bride, and shows the white and gold coloring with exquisitely wrought garlands and festoons, harmonizing, as does all of Samuel McIntire's work, with the hand-tooling of the fireplace and mantel.

As a note of decorative interest, a well-framed mirror is appropriate. For a small room, where it is necessary to work out odd ideas, it can be made most attractive. For instance, a lowboy with a looking-glass of the same period placed above it can be transformed into a charming dressing table, or a small curtained shelf with a large mirror hung over it can be utilized to serve the same purpose. If more decorative effects are desired, sconces placed on each side of the mirror will give a helpful touch to the interior setting.

Much care should be taken in regard to the placing of period mirrors, for the Empire pier table in the hall demands a massive girandole or a convex mirror; if Chippendale is used the setting of the room lacks harmony. Bear in mind that a single piece well chosen is better than a dozen pieces where no special thought as to type has been given.

When the COWS Came Home

By FRANK M. CHASE

Main Street, Fort Scott, Kansas.

WHENEVER some of his subscribers see George W. Marble, publisher of the *Tribune-Monitor* at Fort Scott, Kansas, they think of a cow. Marble brought cows to Bourbon County after everything else had failed to revive the exhausted agricultural industry; through dairying he enabled his home town to find prosperity; and in the natural course of events he found prosperity himself. His name is in *Who's Who;* he is past president of the National Editorial Association, and has served two terms as regent of the state university.

'While I was working on the paper as an apprentice, my pay came irregularly, and I knew it was because of lack of business due to depressed agricultural conditions around Fort Scott,' says Mr. Marble. 'After I had acquired the paper at a very low figure, my first thought was to undertake to make the farmer prosperous so that the merchant in Fort Scott could be prosperous and the paper increase its revenue. The town had attempted to become an industrial center. Several giant smokestacks and old factory buildings stood empty about town, monuments to misdirected energy. It was my idea to build along the line of natural cleavage—agriculture. One day, to arouse interest, I ran a four-line editorial: "Fort Scott is sick. What medicine would a doctor prescribe should we call him on the case?"

George W. Marble.

'Then the newspaper called a "doctor." On the theory that the only opportunity lay in the possibilities of farming, it undertook to discover just what these were, always conscious that a misstep would only leave the situation more hopeless. Soil analysis, thorough research, and consultation with the highest authorities, together with a close technical study of local conditions and prospects, led to a decision that dairying was the one best remedy.

'This decision reached, I went to dairy sections to study the industry, more interested in detecting some reason why dairying could not be followed in the Fort Scott vicinity, than in discovering favorable reasons. Investigation and comparison covered feed crops, climatic conditions, markets, care of stock, and economies of operation.

'A daily descriptive news letter to the *Tribune-Monitor*, accompanied by occasional pictures of small cheese factories and coöperative creameries, and some striking illustrations borrowed from the University of Wisconsin bulletins, aroused great interest. Farmers began to get cows and business men began to promote the idea. We secured a whole market for retail milk distribution in Kansas and cream stations began to prosper. Subsequent trips to dairy districts, further studies and more local publicity followed. One of the unique methods of interesting farmers was to publish the amounts of milk checks or cream checks of individual farmers, with a statement of how many cows they milked, and so forth. Usually their neighbors who had had no experience would be reluctant to accept these figures.

'An inexhaustible whole-milk market seemed indispensable to permanent and satisfactory development. We found it difficult to interest any of the larger manufacturers of dairy products in establishing a plant at Fort Scott. In the meantime we went to a dairy farm and brought in Harry Russell, graduate of the University of Wisconsin. Through his constructive genius and with the pledge of newspaper support in guaranteeing an ample milk supply, a condensery was located in Fort Scott. The newspaper thereupon set about to clinch the benefits possible to the community, which, it had learned, would come only in proportion as the farmers could be induced to change their methods and their plans to conform to dâiry production. Diversified farming, of which dairying is the backbone, is the desired end. It would be unjust and not in accordance with truth to claim for the newspaper the credit for such progress as has been made. Mr. Russell is an outstanding figure in the accomplishment. Without him it could not have been done.'

One of the unique facts discovered by Mr. Marble in his study of dairy development is that in no community in the United States where the farmers had turned to dairying was there not a precipitate rise in the value of real estate both in town and on the farm as a result. This has been one of the conspicuous consequences of the development of dairying around Fort Scott. A comparison with similar communities furnishes a striking illustration of what has been done for Fort Scott and its agricultural environs.

Incident to the revolutionizing of business conditions in and around Fort Scott was the development of country-road paving. Early in the movement it was realized that 365-day roads are essential to dairy development because milk must be de-

Paved road through farm lands near Fort Scott.

livered every day. What was accomplished against great obstacles may be illustrated by the simple statement that five years ago more than 75 per cent of the paved roads in the State of Kansas radiated from Fort Scott; today it has an almost completed county system extending to every corner, with more than 150 miles of pavement. In this work Mr. Marble and his newspaper and Mr. Russell, the educated dairyman, took the lead, not to provide the motorist with fine drives, but from economic necessity to build up the farmer and the merchant.

Incidental to the campaign was the necessity that farmers build silos. In this, through the newspaper, Mr. Marble has scored a striking achievement. More silos were built in Bourbon County in a year than were erected that year in the entire state outside Bourbon County.

Mr. Marble's registered Guernsey, grand champion at the Kansas Dairy Show.

Mr. Marble, in the meantime, developed a hobby that has widely interested his newspaper friends. It is cows. He has invested largely in pure-bred dairy stock and has made a technical study of feed-mixing, of care and treatment looking toward maximum production. Even today he milks his own cow morning and evening and mixes her feed. He insists on experiencing every unpleasant chore in the task of dairying that he has asked the farmers to face, and at the same time he has learned much to enable him to assist the farmers in securing maximum production under all conditions.

His technical judgment of cows is shown by the fact that he spent several hundred dollars traveling around looking for a heifer, going as far east as New England. He finally bought one in Wisconsin for four hundred dollars and paid sixty-five dollars express to get her home. Since she has developed she has taken the sweepstakes in her breed in every show in which she has been entered.

At the time Marble asked what a doctor would prescribe if called to tend Fort Scott, the town had three daily newspapers. It was a strong Republican community, whereas his paper is independently Democratic. The other two papers have long since been discontinued or absorbed by Marble's. On the very day before he left for Wisconsin to study the possibilities of dairying, a company of politicians announced a reorganization of one of the dailies, with a strong force and ample means, to take the field away from him. The Wisconsin trip and its consequences won the fight for him.

In the last five years there has been three million dollars' worth of new buildings erected in Fort Scott. That is more than were built in the past twenty-five years.

The Right Temperature

By GEORGE H. HEALD, M. D.

If it is a typical American home, the chances are that in winter it is overheated, and as dry as the Sahara Desert. A little investigation may reveal in this fact the source of many of your winter troubles.

JONAS NETTLEBY, well clad but chilly, on seeing an Indian attired in a breach clout and a feather, but evidently enjoying the snappy air, asked the latter why he did not suffer from the cold.

'White man's face cold?' asked the Indian, after a pause while he looked Nettleby over.

'Why, no,' admitted Nettleby, somewhat surprised at the question.

'Injun all face,' was the sententious comment of the Indian.

Our sense of warmth or cold is to a large extent dependent on the temperature to which we have been accustomed. Stated by an example: Tap water usually feels cold to the hand; but if the hand is first held for a while in ice water, the tap water will feel quite warm. Again: The water in summer seems chilly when we enter it for a swim, but after we have been in for a while, it may feel so comfortable that we may remain in for hours without inconvenience.

A person has it in his power to accustom himself to a cooler temperature, so that the cold does not make him feel uncomfortable.

Few people keep their houses so warm in winter as do most Americans. Possibly we proudly regard our superheated apartments as evidence of a better standard of comfort—or luxury—permitted by our increased prosperity. The truth is that such abnormal conditions of heat are not more comfortable, except to those who have trained themselves to enjoy such temperature.

Americans visiting Europe in winter find the hotels and homes comfortless, chilly, lacking in the 'cozy warmth' that characterizes the American home or hotel. Our boys in France are said to have felt the cold much more keenly than the soldiers of the other allies. On the other hand, people from Europe often complain of our overheated rooms.

WHY should Americans prefer a tropical climate in winter? It was not so in the early days of our country. A hundred years ago, the temperature of the American home was much lower than the present average. For homes, it was about 55°. Hospitals aimed to keep the temperature between 50° and 60°. What has changed the American taste to prefer a temperature averaging 70° or more? In other words, what has caused the comfort temperature to change from below 60° to 70° or more?

It would seem that the comfort temperature changed after the change from the radiant heat of the fireplace to hot-air heat. Stoves, base-burners, latrobes, hot-air furnaces, and hot water or steam radiators all heat the air of the rooms. Fireplaces, on the other hand, maintain the comfort of the people by direct radiation without very perceptibly warming the air. Rooms heated by a fireplace, though comfortable for those seated around the hearth, have a much lower temperature than rooms heated by modern methods.

We Americans, by changing from the direct radiation of the fireplace to warm-air heating, have been compelled, on account of the dryness of heated air, to have the air heated still warmer in order to get the required comfort. The warmer we make the air, the drier we make it, and so the process goes on until sometimes we have our houses at ridiculous temperatures, such as would cause us to use a fan in summer.

The effect of living habitually in such an atmosphere is cumulative, and those who are accustomed to such a life cannot be content with cooler rooms, even though they are more moist.

Especially in offices where girls are arrayed in summer attire in midwinter, and where those who are most scantily attired usually dominate the temperature standard, and where it is very difficult to provide sufficient moisture, the problem of having a more reasonable temperature is far from satisfactory.

Those who are interested in conserving health and fuel in the home may accomplish something, even with the present heating system. Thermometers should be provided, and it is also desirable to have some device for registering the humidity, the wet-and-dry-bulb thermometer being much more accurate than some of the others, but more troublesome, and hence less likely to be used regularly.

Whistler

(Continued from page 4)

room, so that 'The Princess' might have an appropriate setting. Thus came into being the famous 'Peacock Room,' every inch of whose walls are covered with blue and gold, with the peacock as the *motif*.

Unfortunately, no price for this work had been agreed upon; and a tempest raged between artist and shipbuilder which the public relished, and which brought added notoriety to the name of Whistler.

A little later, the volatile Whistler painted what is perhaps his most popular, and certainly his best-known picture, the 'Portrait of My Mother.'

Prior to 1880, Whistler had suffered poverty, braved the laughter of critics, and the indifference of the public to his art.

From the early eighties, however, he experienced a more and more sympathetic recognition, and he had many friends and admirers. His paintings began to be appreciated from their points of sheer merit. His etchings were looked upon as masterpieces.

As Whistler grew older, he considered visiting the land of his birth, but for various reasons he failed to do so. His heart was becoming less strong, and a vigorous climb left him in a state of near collapse. The tired body had fought too long, and soon he died, as he no doubt would have preferred to die, brush in hand, in his workshop.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'Did you ever eat a pot of baked soya beans?' asked the ***Chef.*** 'My first pot of baked soya beans was just about as tasty as whale oil. I learned that it is necessary to give the soya bean special treatment before it becomes suitable for human food.

'In China, Manchuria, and Japan, the soya bean is an indispensable food of the people. Meat does not enter into the dietary of the common people any more than terrapin enters into the dietary of the common people of this country, and they must therefore depend on vegetable protein. The soya bean is the king of all vegetable protein foods. Some contain more than 40 per cent of protein, and from 18 to 20 per cent of fat. It may be considered vegetable meat.

'As a matter of fact, the Chinese actually make all kinds of dairy products from the soya bean, such as those derived from the cow—milk, curds, cheese, cream, butter.

'Not only is this bean a delicious thing to eat by itself, either hot or cold, but it may be used as a great improver of nearly all other foods, rendering them richer in flavor and nutrition. I am looking forward to the time when the soya bean will become one of the chief crops of this country. In the South, the soya bean can be raised and can thus supply a suitable food which in the end will largely replace meat. The time may come when there will be a great shortage of meat, and there is no better vegetable substitute than the soya bean.'

* * *

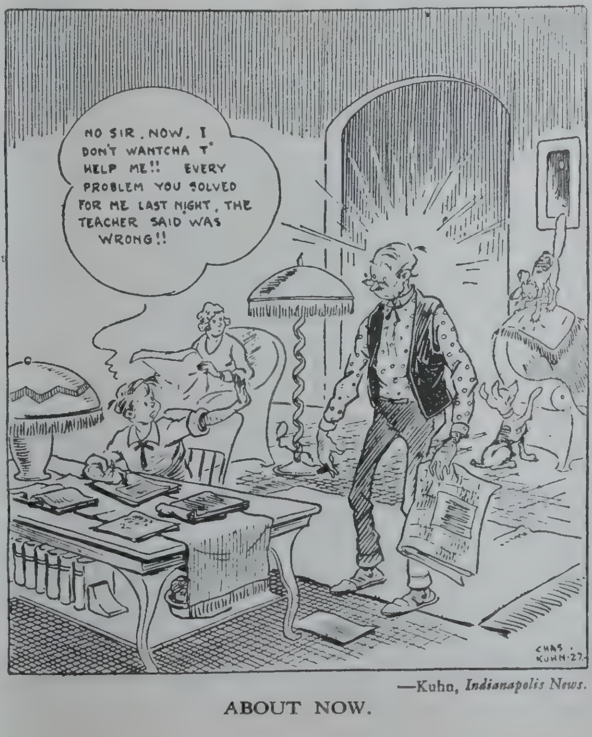
'Before science had solved the mysteries of diphtheria, it was a veritable scourge to mankind,' said the ***Family Doctor.*** 'Even now, it carries off altogether too many of our children. In Chicago during the last fifteen years prior to the introduction of antitoxin, the death rate was 144 in a thousand. In the first fifteen years succeeding its introduction, the death rate dropped to 38 in a thousand. This death rate continues to diminish as time goes on.

'Diphtheria usually starts in the throat or the nose. The causative agent is a microörganism, a small rod-shaped body about 1/2000 of a millimeter in diameter and about 1/400 of a millimeter in length.

'These bacilli are living bodies consisting of the lowest form of life, a single cell. They have no power of motion, and when deposited on the healthy mucous membrane of a susceptible person, have the power of sustaining their life and reproducing their kind.

'They live by simply absorbing food from the surrounding tissues and fluids of their host. So far, they are harmless. However, in the process of their metabolism they throw off waste products, as do the higher forms of animal and plant life, and these waste metabolic products, called toxins, are deadly poisons to man.

'The reason for this malignant property is that a person who has them in his throat readily absorbs them into his system, where they act just as would any other poison.'


NO SIR, NOW, I DON'T WANTCHA T' HELP ME!! EVERY PROBLEM YOU SOLVED FOR ME LAST NIGHT, THE TEACHER SAID WAS WRONG!!
CHAS. KUHN-27

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

ABOUT NOW.

'This,' said the ***Poet,*** 'is the legend of the Bamboo:

'The Master once planted a beautiful grove of Bamboos. The trees were tall and graceful, one more beautiful than all the others. One evening the Master came to it and said: "I want you for a great purpose. Are you willing? It will hurt. It will take you from your friends. Are you willing—even to die?"

'The Bamboo was willing to serve the Master. So he took a sharp instrument and ran it through the heart of the beautiful tree. Then he cut off each beautiful branch. The Master laid one end of the hollow Bamboo in the cool waters of the stream. Across a little valley was a parched hillside. Trees and flowers and grass were dying for want of water. They could not send their roots so far as the stream. Suddenly the Bamboo felt cool water running through its hollow stem over to the dry hillside. Soon the hillside began to blossom as the rose. Green grass sprang up and trees reached out into the sky with green arms lifted in prayer for the water that had come to save them.

'One evening the prostrate Bamboo which had lost its beauty in service heard a strange music on the hillside. It seemed to come from grasses, flowers, and trees that had grown luxuriant because it had been willing to die.

'It listened as the water gurgled, and it heard the winds singing. It was a hymn of praise—to the Master. That was reward enough. Through its willingness to suffer, and die, the Master had been exalted.'

* * *

'When Lloyd George visited America, he expressed a desire to eat a real American dinner,' said the ***Man From Boston.*** 'I have often wondered what would be a proper menu for such a meal.

'To please some of the real first families of America, jerked meat should be included. Of course that division of the people has now lost its influence. We had better instead have chop suey and also some bird's nest soup, lest our Oriental fellow citizens feel hurt. Do not forget *chili con carne* and *frijoles,* for these dishes appeal strongly to the residents of our Southwest.

'By a similar token, we should not overlook "possum an taters," which dish has for generations been considered a delicacy by some. Spaghetti? Sure!

'Hash might solve the problem as typically American. Thanksgiving seems to be the one day on which we come closest to a real old-time American menu. And who can say whether the old-time menu is better for us than the food we eat today—or as well balanced?'

* * *

'Perhaps you have never heard,' said the ***Artist,*** 'of the origin of the now famous "Artists and Models Revue" of Manhattan. This show was originally staged by the Society of American Illustrators and was taken over by well-known showmen after it had been shown privately to the members.

'In the hands of the showmen, it became one of the greatest of money makers. Its lack of clothes brought the attention of the police, the attacks of editors, and enormous patronage. Some of the illustrators who had contributed material to the society's show, which was a family affair, writhed under the notoriety that followed its presentation.

'The next year, when the illustrators gave their annual performance, it contained a sensation not on the program. Between the acts James Montgomery Flagg hopped on the stage and announced that he had a little number he would like to introduce. Mr. Flagg being one of our best-known illustrators, the audience waited eagerly. Whereupon in a clear and ringing voice he chanted two verses devoted to a satirical reference to the showmen.

'Flagg's act caused a riot which completely submerged the second half of the program. Flagg announced that the showmen had made $400,000 out of "Artists and Models" and that the illustrators got only one per cent of that sum. Next day the entertainment committee of the illustrators' organization explained that Mr. Flagg was familiar with the terms of the contract between the society and the showmen whereby the latter were permitted to select certain numbers from the society's annual show and incorporate them into musical comedies of their own manufacture.

'Furthermore, the showmen were the fairy godmothers of the illustrators' show, as they guaranteed the society against loss and helped with the staging of the production. Mr. Flagg did not reply. But no more "artists and models revues" have been fostered by the illustrators. Nowadays—it isn't necessary.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Question. What was the last February that had five Sundays besides the one in 1924?

Answer. February, 1924, did not have five Sundays inasmuch as February first of that year fell on Friday. February, 1920, however, had five Sundays. The previous February to that having five Sundays was in 1880.

* * *

Q. Through whom must 'reëntry permits' for noncitizen residents of the United States be applied for? What are the requirements and charges for such a permit?

A. Applications for permits to reënter the United States must be made to the Bureau of Immigration on forms provided by it for that purpose. A fee of three dollars is charged for each permit issued, and for each extension. Permits may be issued to any alien who has been legally admitted to the United States. They may not be issued to those who are here illegally.

* * *

Q. Please give me the dates of the deaths of the following generals: Nelson A. Miles, Edward O. C. Ord, Grenville M. Dodge, and Alfred Howe Terry.

A. Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles died May 15, 1925; Major General Ord on July 22, 1883; Major General Dodge on January 3, 1916; and Major General Terry on December 16, 1890. Grenville M. Dodge at the close of the Civil War was major general of volunteers; the others held their commissions in the Regular Army.

* * *

Q. During the Civil War what states seceded and fought against the Union?

A. By a proclamation of the President of the United States on August 16, 1861, the inhabitants of the states of Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Florida (except inhabitants of the State of Virginia lying west of the Allegheny Mountains) were declared to be in a state of insurrection against the United States.

* * *

Q. Who was General Gonzalez Salas? Was he ever president of Mexico?

A. General Gonzalez Salas was a cousin of Francisco I. Madero (President of Mexico 1911-1913). General Salas was at one time minister of war of Mexico. In 1912 he was one of the commanders in charge of the Federal troops in their operations against the insurrectionists who were headed by General Orozco. He committed suicide on March 24, 1912, in a fit of despair on finding himself cut off from his army by the troops of Orozco.

* * *

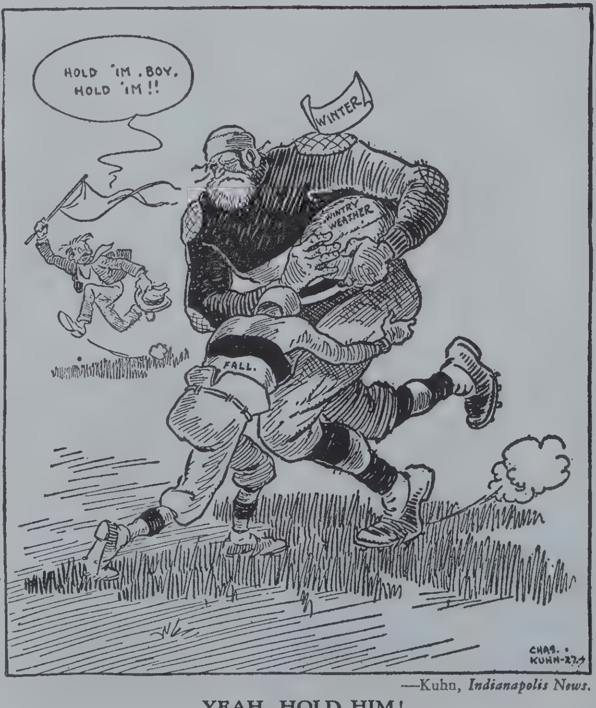
Q. In the case of the death of a president of the United States, is his successor, while completing his unexpired term of office, president in the full sense of the term or merely 'acting president'?

A. Article II, Section 1 of the Constitution reads: 'In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of said office, *the same shall devolve* on the Vice-President, and the Congress may by law provide . . . ' The language of the Constitution is clear, and it is no longer controverted that upon the death of the president, the vice-president becomes in name as in fact—president.

* * *

Q. Who was the founder of the Red Cross?

A. The introduction and development of the Red Cross movement in the United States were chiefly due to Miss Clara Barton, the founder of the American branch. The American National Red Cross Society was first incorporated in 1881. However, an international conference of Red Cross societies had been held in Geneva in 1863 which was followed by another the next year at the same place at which the International Treaty of Geneva was accepted and signed by a number of different nations. According to this all hospitals and hospital officials and all in any way engaged in attending the sick and wounded in war are treated as neutral parties. The first war to bring the Red Cross into active service was that of 1866 in Germany, Austria and Italy.



—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

YEAH, HOLD HIM!

* * *

Q. Has the State of Montana paid any bonus to soldiers serving in the World War?

A. No, the State of Montana is not paying any bonus along this line.

* * *

Q. I should like to get some information regarding Millard Fillmore.

A. Millard Fillmore, thirteenth President of the United States, was born in Cayuga County, New York, February 7, 1800. After a youth of industry, with little opportunity for education, he undertook the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1823. His practice of his profession, chiefly at Buffalo, continued actively for twenty-four years. His political life began in 1828 with his election as an Antimason to the state legislature where he served for three terms. In 1832 he was elected to Congress as a Whig and retained his seat with one intermission (1835-1837) until 1843. During this period he was prominent as a debater on the Whig side, served as chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means in the 27th Congress, and reported the Tariff Act of 1842, of which he was virtually the author. He became Comptroller of New York State in 1847. In 1848 he was elected Vice-President on the Whig ticket with Zachary Taylor.

Upon the death of President Taylor in July, 1850, Fillmore succeeded him and the change in administration was marked by the early passage of the Compromise Measures. Fillmore's support of those measures and especially his signing of the Fugitive Slave Law alienated many of the extreme northern members of his party. Aside from the development of the slavery problem, his administration was marked by the establishment of diplomatic relations with Japan. In 1852 he was a prominent presidential candidate before the national convention of the Whig party and in 1856 he was a candidate for the Presidency on the ticket of the Know-Nothing party, but received the electoral vote of only one state. He took no active part in the Civil War and spent the remaining years of his life at Buffalo where he died March 8, 1874. Fillmore was twice married; in 1826 to Abigail Powers and in 1858 to Caroline C. McIntosh.

BRIEFLY TOLD

A CHINESE COUPLE IN Chicago, impressed by Lindbergh's feat, have named their new-born son One Long Hop.

* * *

'FALL-AND-FAINT' PEDESTRIANS bid fair to become the bane of Siam. Their method is to pick out a slowly moving motor car, dart out from the sidewalk, stumble against the car and fall in a faint by its side. A policeman appears, puts himself and the half-conscious victim in the automobile and proceeds to a police station. Rather than go to court on a charge of reckless driving, the motorist will usually pay the damages asked. The practice is also known in this country.

* * *

McCOMEY, TEXAS, IS ANOTHER of those towns which spring up overnight when oil is discovered. Having no natural water supply, residents are faced with the necessity of paying one dollar a barrel for fresh water, which must be shipped in by rail, while the same amount of oil may be bought for seventy cents.

* * *

SHOULD MAN ACTUALLY REACH the moon, he would freeze solid the instant the sun went down, astronomers declare. Heat-measuring instruments mounted on a huge telescope showed that the temperature of the moon's rocks before a recent eclipse was 170 degrees Fahrenheit but that a mark of nearly 190 degrees below zero was reached at the darkest part of the eclipse. The rapidly falling temperature during the lunar night is believed due to the fact that the moon has no air blanket to protect it.

* * *

ONE PAIR OF CHIFFON hose represents 112 miles of tiny silk threads. Most of this silk comes from Japan and China, and about a tenth of it from Italy.

* * *

MIKETIVITY IS THE newest coined word in the realm of radio. A noun, it is defined as 'the quality with which a voice or musical instrument registers through the microphone, or the broadcasting capacity of a voice or instrument.'

* * *

ONLY TEN OUT OF EVERY one thousand stories submitted for publication to editors of large publishing companies ever get serious consideration, asserts a well-known publisher. The first page of the manuscript generally determines whether it is worth further reading.

* * *

ALBANY IS THE NAME GIVEN to Scotland or the Scottish Highlands in early histories and romances. The title 'Duke of Albany' has been frequently conferred since the 14th Century. Prince Leopold, younger brother of the late King Edward, was created Duke of Albany by Queen Victoria.

* * *

TONS OF HUCKLEBERRY and blueberry leaves are picked and dried in Halifax and shipped to the United States where they are used in the preparation of medicines.

* * *

CHICAGO PAVING ENGINEERS are providing many veteran streets with a new, smooth surface by turning over the bricks of the present pavement. Numerous cities report that this practice gives good results at slight expense.

* * *

ACCORDING TO THE LATEST Cantonese regulations, the name of Sun Yat-Sen, China's great revolutionary leader and first provincial president, must not be profaned by such use as advertising Sun Yat-Sen watches, towels, hats, socks, and so on. It is still permissible to use the Chinese or Red Cross flags as trade-marks.

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BUDE, ENGLAND, A LITTLE Cornish town, is said to be the radio fan's paradise. Residents get unusually good reception of all Continental broadcasters, while American stations come in regularly, even during the summer.

* * *

AT NO. 6 BOWERY, NEW YORK CITY, stands the oldest pharmacy in the United States, located on its original site and equipped with the identical fixtures put in by its founder, an English doctor named Walters, in 1805. For the past seventy years the store has been known as the W. M. Olliffe Pharmacy.

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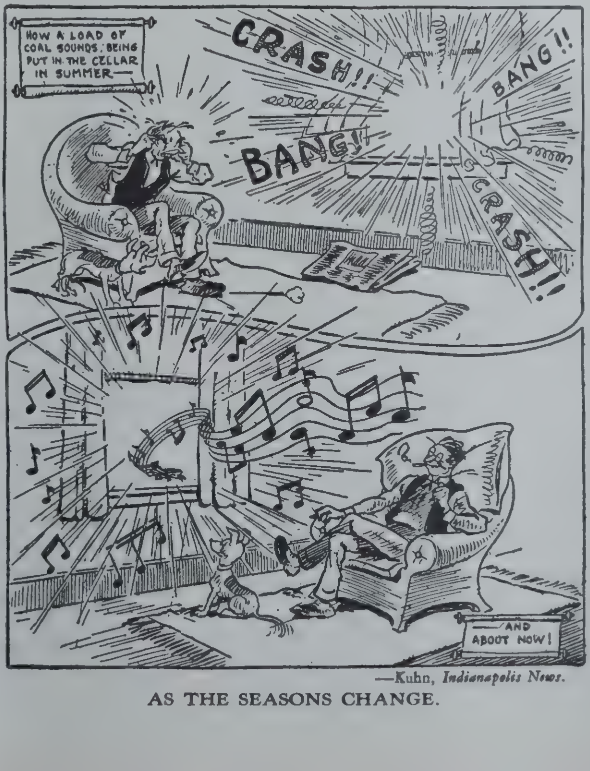
A LAW RECENTLY PASSED by the North Dakota legislature makes compulsory the display of a copy of the Ten Commandments in every schoolroom in the state, beginning with the current term.

* * *

COMPILERS OF A *Statistical Account of Scotland*, published in 1791, declared that 'the use of tobacco may almost be said to be excessive, especially among the female sex. There is scarcely a young woman by the time she is taught to spin but has also learned to smoke a pipe.' This habit they attributed to the idea that smoking was an antidote to rheumatism and ague.


HOW A LOAD OF COAL SOUNDS BEING PUT IN THE CELLAR IN SUMMER—
CRASH!!
BANG!!
BANG!!
CRASH!!
—AND ABOUT NOW!

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

AS THE SEASONS CHANGE.

A BRONZE GRASSHOPPER, much larger than a man, surmounts the Royal Exchange Building in London. It is the crest of the founder of the Exchange, Sir Thomas Gresham.

* * *

MEN OF MODERN STATURE are too small to wear old Scottish armor; so it is to be worn by dummies at a forthcoming historical pageant. Swords used in the time of James IV of Scotland can hardly be lifted above the head of a modern man. Old Scottish warriors swung them about with one hand.

* * *

ARIZONA IS AN AZTEC word meaning silver bearing.

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AFTER TWO YEARS OF research in southern seas, Dr. Stanley Kemp, noted English scientist, asserts that whales are not monogamous, having, so to speak, 'a wife in every port.'

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SILK BEING THE CHEAPEST of all fabrics in Madagascar, the women of that country wear nothing but silk clothing.

* * *

AMERICA EATS MORE THAN twelve billion loaves of bread each year.

* * *

INLAND ESKIMOS, REPORTS Knud Rasmussen, believe that all men are born again, the soul passing on continually from one form of life to another. Good men return to earth as men, but evildoers are reborn as beasts.

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CIGARET CASES APPEAR TO be very popular bridal gifts in London society. When the Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller and Loel Guinness were married recently, the bride numbered fourteen cigaret cases among her presents.

* * *

ALTHOUGH COMMONLY THOUGHT to be an island, Gibraltar is really a peninsula some two and three-quarter miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide at its broadest point, connected with the mainland of Spain by a narrow, sandy isthmus. Since the signing of the peace of Utrecht in 1713 this fortress has been British territory, several unsuccessful attempts to regain it having been made by Spain.

* * *

ALABAMA HAS ADOPTED THE goldenrod and yellowhammer as its official state flower and bird, respectively.

* * *

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SURGEONS got along very well without anesthetics. Having hit a patient on the head in just the proper place, they would proceed to operate while he was unconscious from the blow.

* * *

ONE CAMPHOR TREE WILL produce solid camphor, while another, although similar in appearance, will produce only camphor oil, which is far less valuable. Japanese botanists, who alone know the reason for this, guard the secret carefully inasmuch as its discovery would lead to Japan's losing her present monopoly on camphor.

NOTES & COMMENTS & CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page discusses this week the value of natural leaders.

* * *

On his tombstone, Jefferson is praised for but three things: the statute of religious freedom for Virginia, the Declaration of Independence, and the founding of the University of Virginia. Jefferson selected them himself. Vachel Lindsay, western poet, interprets the achievements of our great third president in the light of parentage, friends, and surroundings. George Washington's influence, as well as that of Hamilton, explains some of Jefferson's activities. Lindsay holds that the great sage has taken a thousand-year lease on American thought. (p. 1)

* * *

John Ruskin once remarked that he never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face. He referred to Whistler, who thereupon sued the famous critic and secured judgment amounting to one farthing. Whistler has been called a genius; he had a fine disregard for the conventions and a lashing contempt for proprieties. Intensely individualistic, he belongs to the school of decadents. (p. 3)

* * *

Ellery Channing was the last, if not the most distinguished, of that glorious company which forgathered in Concord in the days of Hawthorne, Emerson and Thoreau. Although Ellery came of a line of religious leaders and noted divines, he was at least a doubter, if not an infidel, and indulged in profanity in the presence of the softer sex of Concord in order to discourage religious conversation. Even their appalled murmurs at his derelictions did not deter him. Julian Hawthorne's reminiscences reveal the human side of this divergent member of the Channing family. (p. 5)

* * *

On November 1 or thereabout the druids held an autumn festival and lighted fires in honor of the sun god in thankfulness for the harvest. The Romans had their festival in honor of Pomona, wherein nuts and apples figured prominently. Although today's Halloween is the name given the vigil of All Saints' Day, the superstitions we now know, from the jack-o'-lantern to the divining of future loves, come to us from pagan times rather than from the Church. Jane L. Hicks describes the origin of many such customs. (p. 7)

* * *

The great Tengger crater is six miles long and five miles across at the top. Set down in its 'Sand Sea' are four volcanoes, one of which has been in eruption for untold centuries. These are only a few of many volcanoes which are active in Java. On that island railways cannot be operated at night, because of the large number of earthquakes—an average of five hundred a year. The natives believe a great turtle is under the island and that he raises his huge back occasionally. Hence the shocks. (p. 8)

* * *

When a woman enters a room she instinctively seeks a mirror. At one time Venice had a monopoly on the manufacture of looking-glasses and as late as 1673 was furnishing them to this country through England. The possibilities of this article of furniture as an artistic adornment to the home have only recently been studied. (p. 12)

* * *

In Alsace are ten cities which from the days of the Hapsburg rule had been free. Known as the Decapolis, they continued independent until late in the 17th Century, when they joined with France. Joseph Warren has visited all ten of the cities and has found something attractive in each. 'Because of their independence and ability to withstand attacks,' he points out, 'they offer today much that is genuinely old and replete with medieval charm.' (p. 14)

* * *

Within Mary Todd Lincoln's wedding ring were engraved the words —placed there by her husband— *Love is eternal.* Her days in the White House were saddened not only by the great war between the states but also by personal loss. Yet she contributed her part; the drives she forced Lincoln to take with her daily probably did much to ease the load he was carrying. Doctor Barton's researches into Mrs. Lincoln's history have brought to light several new points concerning that lovable woman. (p. 16)

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When Peter Stuyvesant began a wall to defend New Amsterdam against British invaders, 'Wall Street' got its name. The palisade which it marked was built at a cost of $1,300. One of the earliest proprietors of the estate containing the wall was Captain Kidd, the pirate. Among the first shingles hung out on Wall Street was that of Alexander Hamilton at No. 33. Aaron Burr had offices around the corner, and nearby was John Jay. (p. 20)

* * *

Just how much significance may be attached to dreams? So asks Charles J. Finger, who has contributed a brief outline of his own views of the Freudian theory. Mr. Finger flays the belief that the works of genius, the great poems of the masters, were due to sex impulses or to repression. 'Scratch these moderns,' says Finger, 'and you discover one who believes the whole world of men to be neurotics, save himself.' (p. 23)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Los Angeles, Cal.

Your editorial on the job of thinking pleased me more than I can say. I have referred many of my students to the article, and to others that have appeared on Mr. Ford's Page. I do not believe we can stress too much the importance of right thinking. As Shakespeare says, 'There is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so.'

MARION E. HUTCHINSON.

Asheville, N. C.

I am led to write to you through reading an article by Charles D. Cameron in the October 3 issue on 'King Solomon Discusses Us.' I may have been especially attracted because I have been reading the *Book of Proverbs* during the past year and have been much impressed by its modernity. All truth is modern and is never behind the time. The fact is, that it is always abreast of the present time and is usually ahead of the times.

The Scriptures as a whole are most neglected today, both Old and New Testaments. People seek in every direction for the truth but often fail to recognize the eternal truth of the Scriptures and the Christ of the Scriptures. As we read in *Proverbs*, 'There are many devices in a man's heart, nevertheless the counsel of the Lord, *that* shall stand.'

I enjoy your paper very much.

R. H. SPIRO.

Denver, Colo.

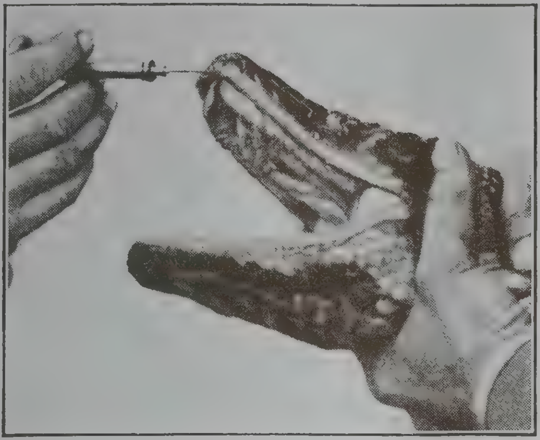
I noted in a recent issue of your paper some reference to Sunshine Valley in New Mexico. The writer of the letter which you published seemed to feel that, as an irrigation or settlers' project, this valley offers more than the usual number of drawbacks.

The conditions in the valley are similar to those in the entire West. The records in the office of the state engineer of New Mexico disclose what the settlers have accomplished in the valley. Every dollar that they have paid has been put back into the building of one of the finest irrigation projects in the country.

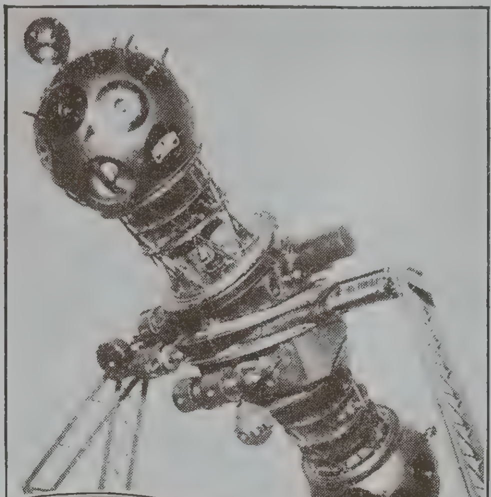
Recently they petitioned for the formation of a conservancy district. More than one hundred contract holders and owners signed the petition to the District Court. We hope to see the big main canal to the Red River completed; also the construction of a storage reservoir for late irrigation.

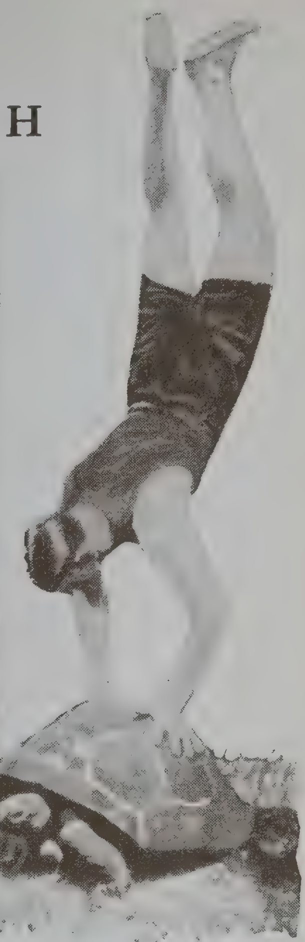
VOLNEY T. HOGGATT.

LITTLE-KNOWN INTERESTS
From the Four Corners *of the* EARTH



Man returned good for evil when this snake in Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney, Australia, injured one of his fangs. A dentist was called in to relieve the snake's suffering. Neither snake nor dentist arouse the envy of the average person. —International Newsreel.



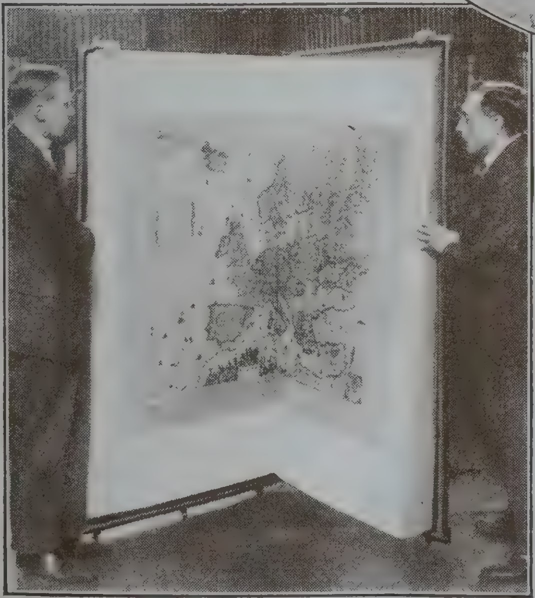


Above, right—
This unusual device, resembling somewhat an artist's conception of a Martian, is considered the world's most curious telescope. It has just been installed in the observatory in Berlin, Germany, and was designed by Zeiss. —Herbert Photo.

Below—
In actual size, this is the largest book in the world. It is one of the treasures of the British Museum in London, and is a book of maps, compiled and presented to Charles II by the merchants of Amsterdam in 1660. Its size may be gauged by comparison with the men holding it. —Herbert Photo.

This is not from a rodeo meet, but might well be by way of contrast. The question is, can the rider reach goal in this position on his steed? —Wm. Thompson Photo.

Left—
Not content with pedaling across the continent, Russell Ridley and Lawrence Steele proceeded to climb Mt. Rainier by bicycle. To negotiate the treacherous Nisqually Glacier, they had to dismount frequently. —Herbert Photo.



—Herbert Photo.

This new game of outdoor checkers took summer resorts of Great Britain by storm. The checkers are of felt, and are moved by a hook on the end of a pole.

B-41
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URBANA ILL

THE pioneers seem bigger than those who follow them, because they stand alone. They go out from a growing race, the first tendrils of conquest, but those who follow are of the same stock. In a multitude, however, the average is high enough to bring even the pioneer to the level of his fellow men. Pioneers in statecraft, science, invention, ethics, win reputation because out there in the new field they stand alone, and appear like giants. But as new fields are occupied by the crowds that swarm behind, distinction tends to vanish in a high average. Ordinary men are doing daily now what would have won them lasting fame in days when the average was lower. If sometimes we seem to live in a time of little men, it may be only because there are so many big men that greatness does not seem unusual.

EA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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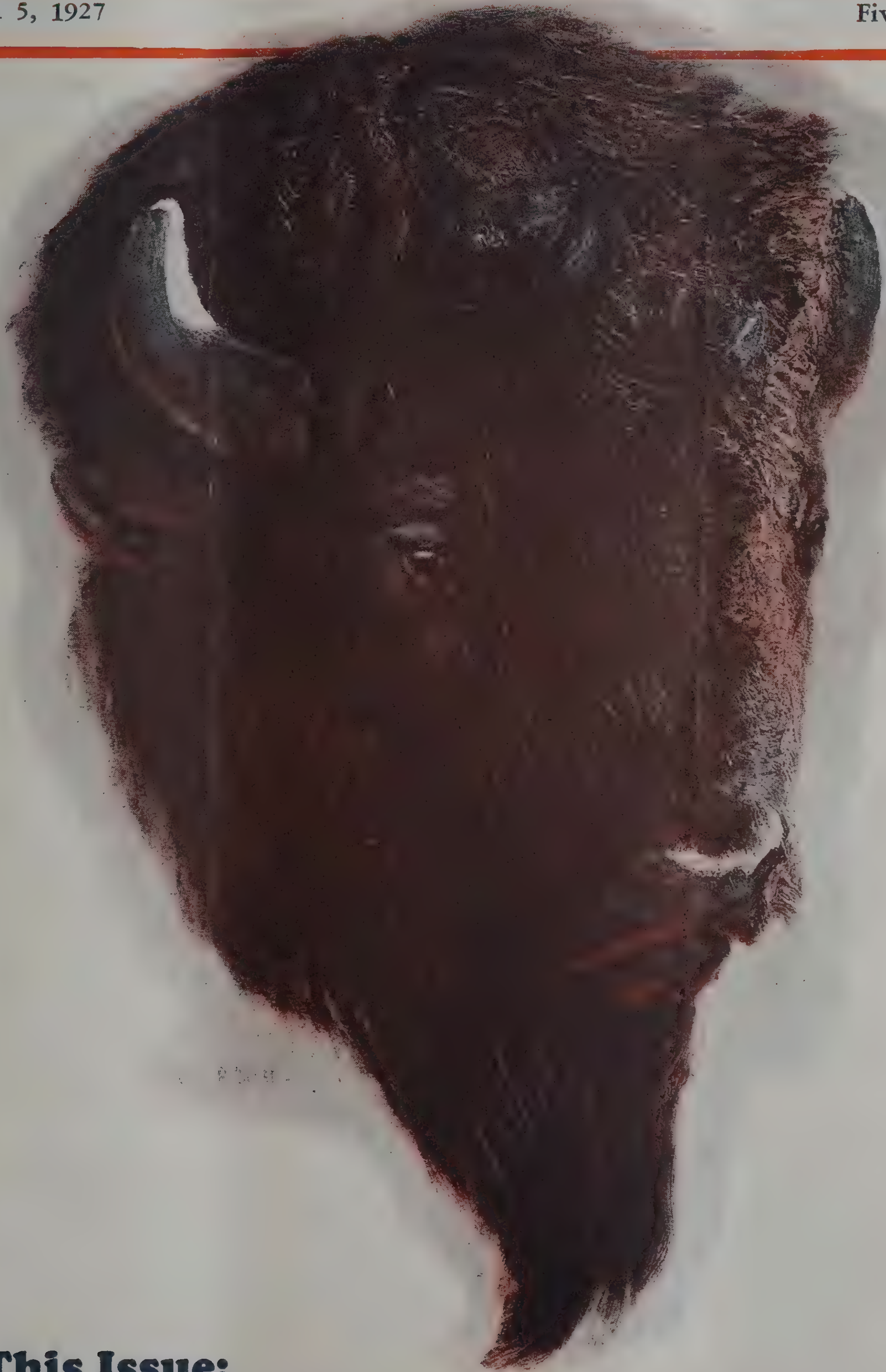


In This Issue:

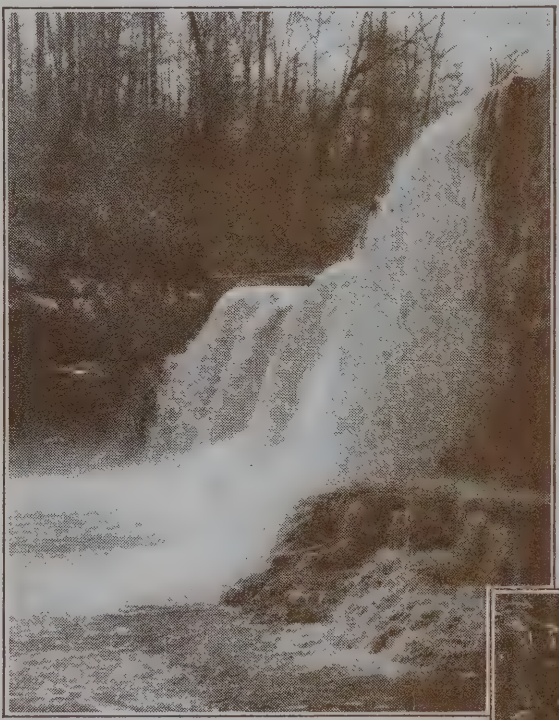
HUNTING THE BUFFALO

When WATER Falls O'er Rocky Walls

Nature's Charms Unfold In Leaping Cataracts

—Asahel Curtis.

Picturesque Snoqualmie Falls, in Washington, is the source of part of the electric power produced in Seattle. The water plunges over the cliff in awesome beauty, and the charm of the ever-changing clouds of water, with the mist below and the churning waters beyond, are all graphically caught in this picture. The thunder and roar of the water, the fleeciness of the fall, the formidable, unyielding cliff, by way of contrast, and the play of sunlight on the seething waters below are all apparent to the person who has once experienced the spell of such beauty.



—J. C Allen.

In sylvan setting the sparkling waters leap in foaming beauty over huge boulders, with miniature falls by way of contrast, in Lower Cataract Falls in Eel River, Owen County, Indiana.

—Stephenson Studio, Asheville, N. C.

Through leafy glades near Asheville, North Carolina, this mountain stream comes tumbling with prodigal abandon, as it breaks over the rocky slabs that are its bed into the bottomless pool below.

—S. R. Winters, Washington, D. C.

Along the Appalachian Trail, that stretch along which Nature has so lavishly spread forth her loveliest scenic gifts of mountain, wood and stream, the traveler comes upon such compelling beauty as this sparkling waterfall aptly named Crystal Cascade, in Pinkham Notch, White Mountain National Park, New Hampshire. It is indeed of a crystal beauty as it spreads like spun glass over the piles of rock, transforming the scene to one of transcending loveliness.

—Publishers' Photo Service.

Howick Falls, in Natal, South Africa, are a surprise in African scenes. They are 365 feet high, and plunge from comparatively level country over a precipitous cliff in a foaming, ribbonlike waterfall of surpassing beauty, ending in a film of spray. The suddenness of the cavern into which this water leaps is staggering.

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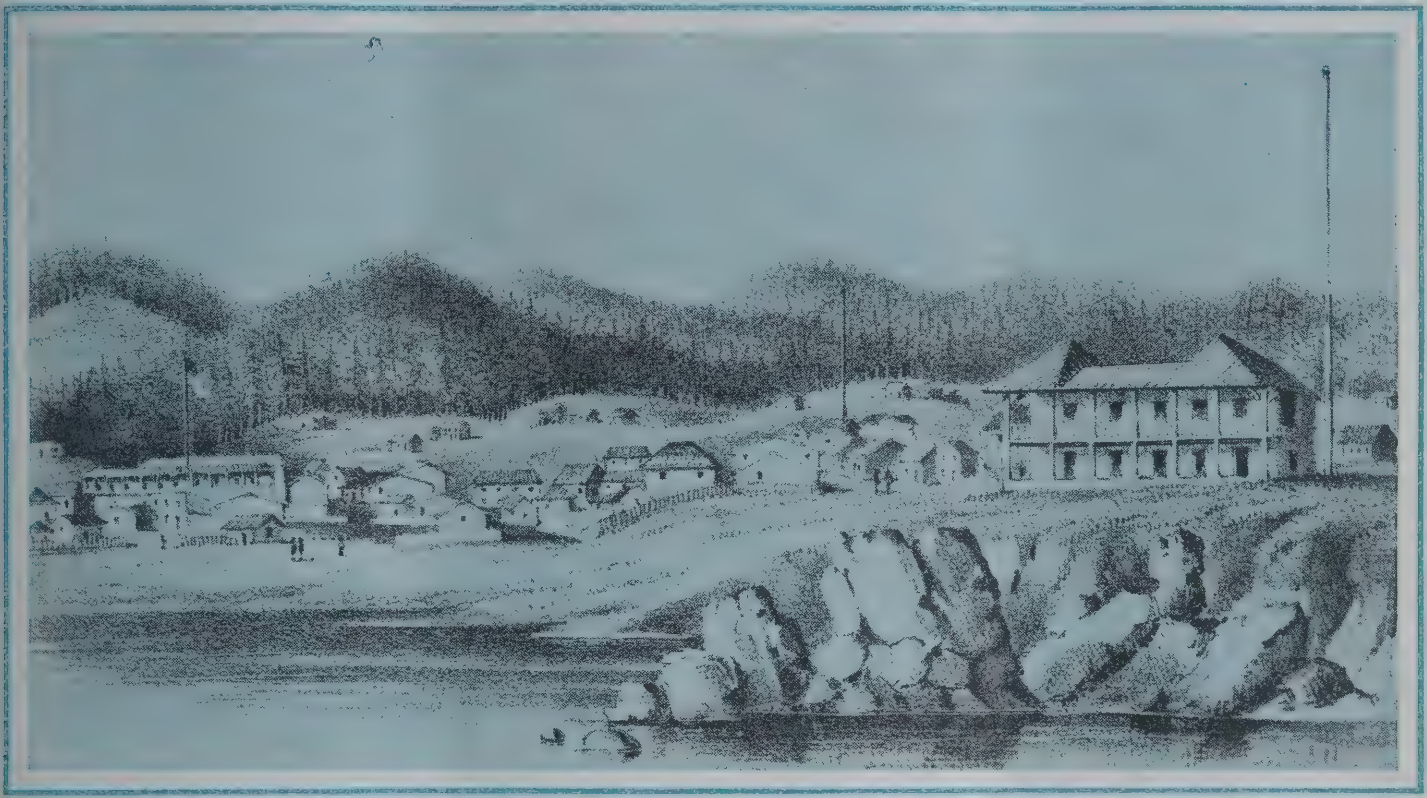

The beginnings of Monterey.

The DISCOVERY of ALTA CALIFORNIA

By
FRANCES HOLBROOK PFEIFFER

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IN 1542—fifty years after Columbus' discovery of this continent—Juan Roderiguez Cabrillo, a brave Portuguese navigator in the service of Spain, sailed from the west coast of Mexico in search of the fabled 'Straits of Anian,' said to be the short route to India.

He entered San Diego Bay in October, the first European to set foot upon California soil. (The Indians were friendly and mistook the white men for gods until they saw them shooting birds. The Creator of Life, they argued soundly, would not so wantonly destroy life!)

Indian runners preceded Cabrillo's ship up the coast, setting signal fires all along the way—a mighty incense to the new gods—and so, after he had repaired his ships in Avalon Bay, Catalina Island, and had crossed to what is now San Pedro, Cabrillo found the land under a heavy veil of smoke and named it 'The Land of Smokes.'

At San Pedro he found a large Indian village, and others at Buenaventura and Santa Barbara, with all the Indians friendly. In fact, the white man was not wholly unknown to them. Coronado, in his unsuccessful search for those mystical 'seven cities of Cibola,' had traveled over a large part of the southwest on the eastern side of the mountains and, returning to Mexico 'very sad, very weary . . . and shamefaced,' had made such an impression upon the natives of the region that those of far-off California had heard of him. All along the coast they made known to Cabrillo that they knew of white men 'with beards' beyond the mountains.

Cabrillo sailed north as far as San Francisco but did not discover the bay! Driven back by storms to the Santa Barbara Channel, he passed away in January, 1543, on that lonely windward island, San Miguel, and lies buried in an unmarked grave in its sands.

Ferrelo, second in command, continued the voyage, at Cabrillo's dying request, and sailed as far north as the Oregon line; but he, too, missed the entrance to San Francisco Bay. Driven back by storms, he returned to Mexico with a report of which he could not even suspect the great importance.

Old Indians had passed away to the happy hunting grounds, and young Indians, who had seen the white gods' steps upon the shores, had grown old before another sail gleamed on the sea.

Once more the watch was set and the signal fires lighted; but a lone, unfriendly ship passed by far out, and disappeared in a low-lying bank of fog: Sir Francis Drake in the *Golden Hind*, 1579, loaded with plunder from the Spanish Main, was trying to escape capture by slipping through those mythical 'Straits of Anian' to India and home to England around the globe!

Like Cabrillo and Ferrelo, Drake, too, missed the Golden Gate, and when driven back by stormy weather, he anchored in a bay, now known as Drake's Bay, north of San Francisco. Here he took possession in the name of Queen Elizabeth, set up a post, nailed upon it a brass plate with the name of his sovereign and his own, that of his crew, and the date of discovery, and turned back to England.

It may have been Drake's visit to the Pacific that caused Philip II of Spain to try to tighten his hold upon California.

In 1596 Sebastian Vizcaino, with three ships, sailed up the coast, practically repeating Cabrillo's voyage. He explored the Bay of Monterey and was impressed by its beautiful hills and trees. Many of the names he gave along the coast still remain.

Geological authorities are beginning to believe that the reason Drake, whose men spent many weeks exploring up and down the California coast, did not discover San Francisco Bay, and why Cabrillo, Ferrelo and Vizcaino passed by the Golden Gate, was because the bay existed then as a great dry valley!

THERE is, also, an Indian tradition that a great cataclysm occurred, breaking through the Golden Gate, flooding the beautiful valley and changing it into a beautiful bay. This titanic change must have taken place between 1596, the year of Vizcaino's voyage, and 1769, when Portola discovered San Francisco Bay.

Vizcaino's report of his voyage to the viceroy was most enthusiastic. He prepared to fit an expedition and return with permanent settlers—this in 1596!—but passed away before his plans were completed. Then—a long silence of one hundred and sixty years!

The white gods and their great winged birds had become only a tradition among the Indians; Spain had declined, and her western possessions were stagnating. On the Atlantic Coast the Anglo-Saxons had established a church and firmly planted their Thirteen Colonies, and were already chafing under the yoke of the Mother Country, before another ship appeared off the coast of California.

A new and energetic king came to the throne of Spain and the most important decree of his reign was that of ordering his *visitador* of Mexico to colonize California that it might be protected from the menace of Russian invasion and from other foreigners.

The conquest of Alta California was delegated to the Franciscan Order and placed in charge of that great and zealous padre, Junipero Serra, a man who must be linked forever reverently with the history of California.

Gasper de Portola was appointed military and civil governor—the first governor of California. The stupendous preparation was under the general direction of José de Glavez, who, although he never beheld his golden land, deserves an important place in her history.

Four expeditions set out from Mexico with cattle, horses, fruit trees, plants and priceless seeds—two by land and two by sea. Captains Juan Perez and Vincueto Villa were given command of the ships *San Antonio* and *San Carlos;* Captain Rivera y Moncado was in charge of one of the land divisions, and Governor Portola with Father Junipero of the other.

The terrible hardship and suffering of that pioneer expedition, in our day, cannot be realized. Many perished on the way, but one hundred and twenty-six gathered to celebrate their safe arrival in this strange land, when the four divisions were united in San Diego July 1, 1769, and the town was founded.

Two weeks later, Governor Portola, with sixty men, started north to find the Bay of Monterey discovered one hundred and sixty years before by Vizcaino. They were the first white men in what is now Los Angeles. The record states that they crossed the Los Angeles River August 2, 1769, naming it *Porciuncula* for a stream in Italy dear to their patron saint, St. Francis. A crowd of Indians from their village, Yang-na (located at the present site of Alameda and Commercial streets), met the Spaniards near the plaza. They had been on the lookout for the strangers, warned by runners from San Diego who were wildly excited to carry the great news that the almost lost traditions of their forefathers had been verified—that there were white men who came up out of the sea in huge canoes!

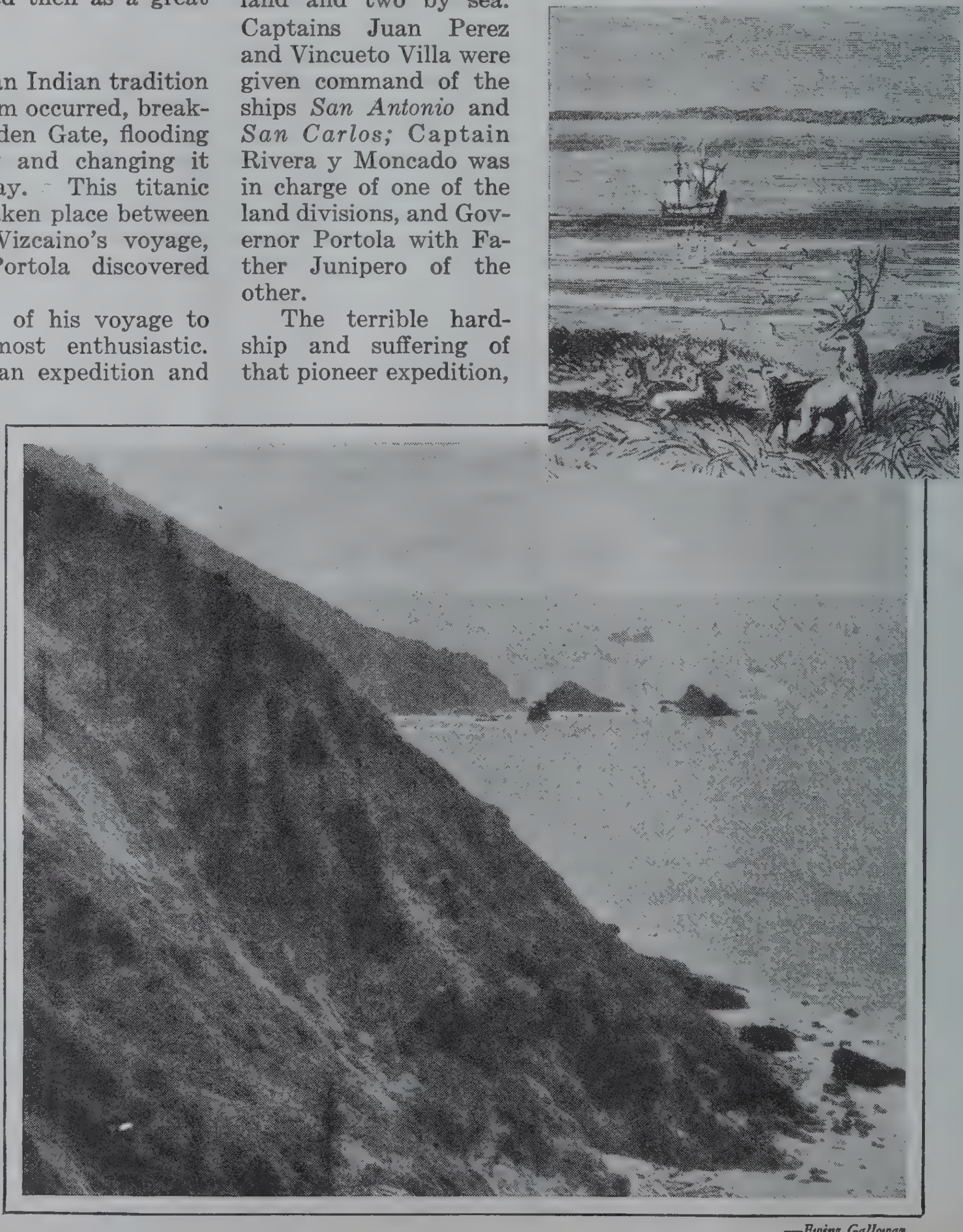
We know that Portola crossed the hills of Elysian Park and journeyed north. He could not find a trace of Monterey Bay, possibly owing to heavy fog. His report reads:

'At Point Pinos there is no port, nor have we seen in all our journey a country more desolate than this, a people more rude, Sebastian Vizcaino to the contrary notwithstanding.'

Continuing north a detachment of the party under the command of Lieutenant Ortego, an ancestor of the Santa Barbara family of that name, looked off from a hilltop upon that wonderful body of water passed by the ships of four navigators—San Francisco Bay.

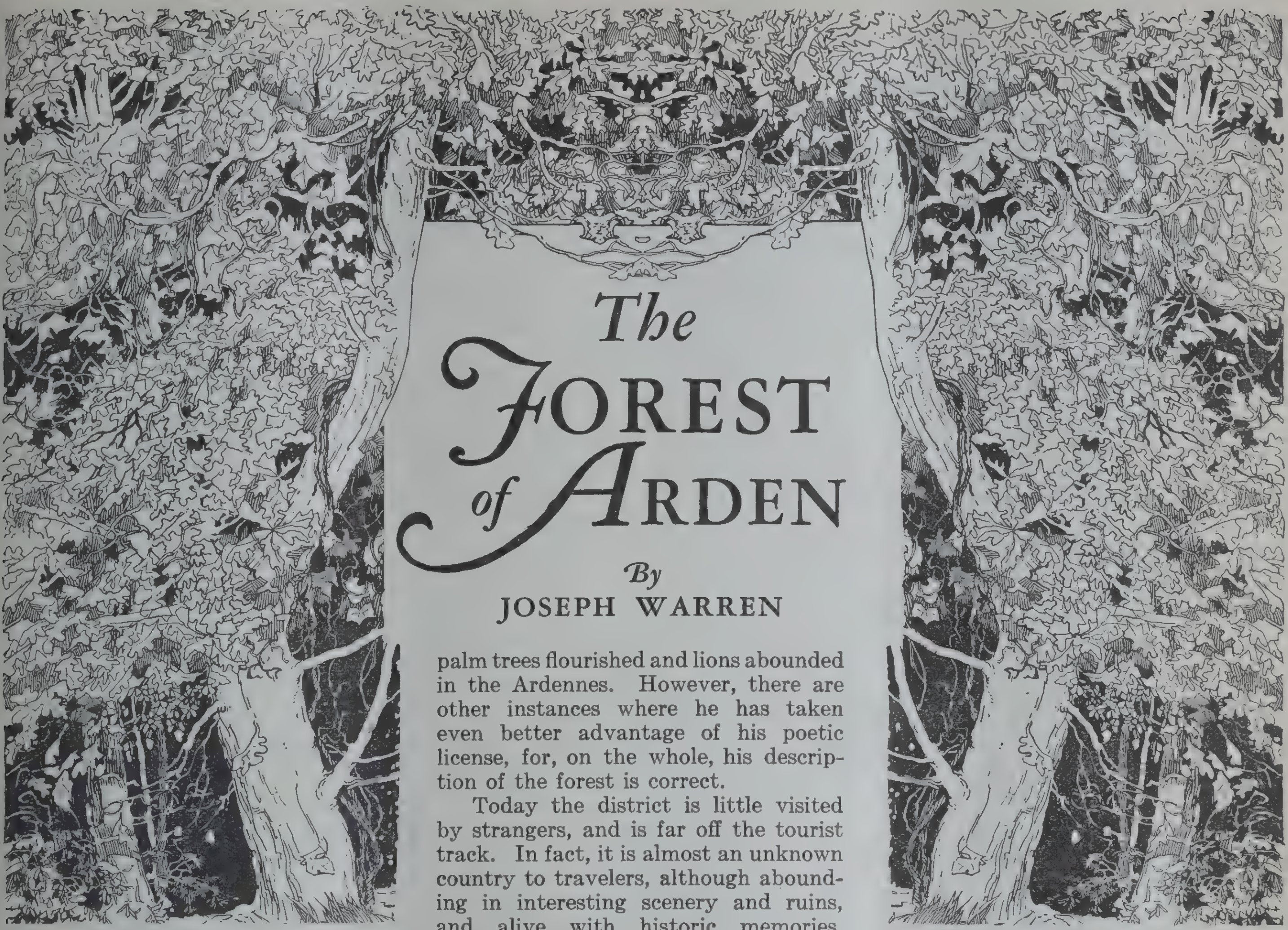
Failing to be reached by the

(Continued on page 23)



—Ewing Galloway.

Along the Pacific Coast of California. Inset—Drake's vessel at Drake's Bay, 1579.



The FOREST of ARDEN

By JOSEPH WARREN

CERTAINLY there is no lover of Shakespeare but has been fascinated at some time by the thought of the Forest of Arden. Peopling it with some of our favorite characters, the Immortal Bard has given us a picture of a silvan retreat which seems to be the haven of many of our dreams. That it is not a mythical forest at all but actually exists today much as it was during Shakespeare's time may be a surprise.

The Forest of Arden, called *Ardennes* in the French, covers a considerable part of Belgium, Luxemburg, and one department of France. It is the largest forest in Central Europe, and always has been a wild and inaccessible place, heavily wooded and sparsely settled. Shakespeare here located *As You Like It*, and it has been known to the English-speaking world ever since. Because he took serious liberties with geography many have believed that Arden was entirely imaginative, for Shakespeare knew better than that palm trees flourished and lions abounded in the Ardennes. However, there are other instances where he has taken even better advantage of his poetic license, for, on the whole, his description of the forest is correct.

Today the district is little visited by strangers, and is far off the tourist track. In fact, it is almost an unknown country to travelers, although abounding in interesting scenery and ruins, and alive with historic memories. This is because of the scant hotel accommodations offered to visitors, and the meager means of transportation. It is almost necessary to plan a walking tour if one is actually to relive the scenes with Rosalind and Audrey, the Duke of Burgundy and the melancholy Jacques. But it is worth a walk to catch a fleeting glimpse of those silvan glades where one can imagine a figure in ancient doublet and hose philosophizing, 'All the world's a stage.'

Although the Ardennes is unknown to tourists, it must be said that it has not been entirely neglected by Americans. Some few took the time in those arduous and exciting days of October, 1918, to realize that about a million Americans were battling their victorious way into the Ardennes of Shakespeare. It seemed a long way from the dreamy stage of the 17th Century to the turmoil of the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

We did not realize that those soul-stirring names of Grand Pré, and Buzancy, and Sedan meant that American troops were doing all in their power to throw the German armies back into that forest, where the dense woods and difficult terrain would disrupt their communications and give us the victory. At any rate, we did not then have time to think of such things. That the Americans did not penetrate entirely into the heart of this Forest of Arden was only because the Armistice had been signed.

The Ardennes covers a territory of considerable extent, roughly about one hundred miles square. Naturally, this area is not solidly wooded now, but is crossed by pleasant river valleys, and dotted with villages. It is sufficiently forested to be a country apart, with many customs peculiar to its inhabitants. It is the country of the Walloons, who are quite different from their Flemish neighbors in the remainder of Belgium. Their language is called *Walloon*, and is said to be the ancient French language. The name itself may be like Wales—Gales—a corruption of *Gallois*.

In many ways they are like the French, being a good-looking race, lively and joyous. They are quite unlike the stolid, easy-going Flemish, and evidently have no German blood in their veins. Caesar writes of the forest and the fierce tribes that inhabited it, and tells us that it was possible for these tribes to muster more than three hundred thousand fighting men in those days.

The history of the forest extends from the time of the Romans as related by Caesar and Tacitus, down through the quarrels and wars of the Middle Ages to the present, when the

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *As You Like It* was first printed in the folio of 1623. Shakespeare took the fantasy from a tale called *Rosalind*, written by Thomas Lodge, and published in 1590. The period of action is quite indefinable. The scene seems French; and in Lodge's novel the father of Rosader (the Orlando of the comedy) is Sir John of Bordeaux. But, notwithstanding this, and although there was an Ardennes in France and an Arden in England, the Forest of Arden is neither in France nor in England, but wherever the reader may like to fancy it.—Richard Grant White Edition *Complete Works of William Shakespeare.*

Germans came swarming through the defiles of Ardennes and fell upon Liége, Namur and Dinant. There is scarcely a spot that has not had some happening about it—and the tales are many.

On the hilltops along the river valleys are found many ruined castles of the feudal times, their towers and battlements still rising above the trees, and commanding wide views of the surrounding country. Old chapels and quaint little shrines are here in abundance, with wayside calvaries at almost every crossroad. There are no towns, but villages are to be found every ten miles or so, nestling in some valley and offering a welcome to the traveler who stops for a meal or for the night.

ALTHOUGH the Walloons are deeply religious and are devout Catholics, they have the weirdest collection of legends and tales to be heard in all Europe. The element of witchcraft is paramount, and there is an absence of poetry and mysticism; the ideas are coarse and more material. One does not find sprites and fairies here, with jolly elves and helpful spirits.

The big favorite is the 'Evil One,' and he recurs in all the stories of the countryside until one wonders if his Satanic Majesty had time to be elsewhere. He is always appearing as the tormentor of saints or the tempter of sinners. Sometimes he impersonates a wolf or some other animal, but he is always present to work woe. Most of the legends are terrible tragedies, and yet the people are a happy lot in spite of the tales they tell you. As usual in other places, every castle has some particularly famous story in connection with it, and history is interwoven with legend everywhere.

The French portion of the Ardennes is now a great battlefield, with memories of 1870 and 1918, to the exclusion of the dim history of the vanished centuries and storied legend. All the mysteries and seclusion that may have once lingered there vanished before the withering blasts of war, and it is impossible to visit that section with a mind of peace. It is necessary to cross the Meuse at Sedan and penetrate to the north into Belgium, before one comes into the country that is untouched and still charming.

The Ardennes is so unknown that it is difficult to plan just where to go first, but we decided to visit the very heart of the country, where we knew there was a special extent of unbroken forest, known as '*La Chasse de Saint Hubert.*' This is reputed to be the veritable forest of *As You Like It* and is also the site of the shrine of Saint Hubert, who is the most important saint in the country.

Saint Hubert seems to have been a rich noble, so greatly addicted to hunting that he neglected all else besides. It happened that he was hunting in the forest once, regardless of the fact that it was Good Friday, when all at once he saw a fine stag bearing between its horns a golden crucifix. For an instant Hubert paused, struck with wonder at the strange vision; then, believing it to be some delusion, he urged his horse toward the stag. Instead of running from him, the animal stood still, and a voice sounded in the huntsman's ears, 'Hubert, Hubert, how long will this idle passion for the chase tempt you to forget your salvation?'

Hubert dismounted, conscience-stricken, fell on his face, and became converted. Later, his good works were such that he became Bishop of Tongres, and at his consecration it is said that an angel descended and placed on his shoulders the famous stole, which is reported still to have healing powers. A monastery was built on the spot, and Saint Hubert was buried there, so that now it is a favorite place of pilgrimage.

There is nothing much to see in the village of Saint Hubert, except the many souvenirs offered for sale, all representing stags and horns and crosses. Within easy walking distance, the forest stretches in all directions, and there is no better place from which to see it. It is safer to drive in a carriage, for this part of the forest is still wild and has not only deer but also wolves and many wild boars.

It is not difficult to procure a rather dilapidated carriage in which to enjoy the several rides through the forest. The roads are beautiful, and one seldom meets anyone except in the villages.

At the time of our visit, we often drove for miles through beeches, their gray satiny trunks giving an unusual light in the forest, with here and there dreamy green glades breaking between the trees. We crossed many little brooks, and wondered which was the one where Jacques had reposed, watching the stag 'augmenting it with tears.'

AWAY from the roads the forest is thick and tangled; it is difficult to penetrate, and there are few glades large enough to hold the silvan banquet of the Duke and his friends, so roughly broken in upon by Orlando. It was dark and mysterious under the great trees, and we could not wander very far away from our carriage without thinking of the stories of wild boars that we had heard. We had no 'boar-spear in our hand' as had Rosalind, and we generally retraced our steps before we had gone far. It would have been a simple matter to become completely lost, and we had no craving to become 'babes in the woods' and wear a leafy coverlet for long.

Those deep forests have a charm that was not lost upon us, and we were always unwilling to return to civilization after a ramble under the beeches and oaks.

Decoration by
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

From Saint Hubert we went through the forest to La Roche, a little town on the banks of the Ourthe, above which rises the highest pinnacle of the Ardennes topped by the towers of the old castle of La Roche. About this ancient ruin is told a story, with many embellishments, which recounts why the castle has fallen into disuse and ruin.

Many centuries ago the barons of the castle were noted far and wide for their exploits on the field of battle. The father of the last baron, Henry, had been killed in battle, and when the warriors returned, they expected Henry to lead them to revenge. However, Henry was a student and peace-loving, and all warfare was alien to his nature. He and his beloved sister were alone in the world, and although he loved her more than anything else he seemed incapable of understanding that he should lead his men into battle even when she wished it. Gradually, he became despised by all, and he was in the depths of despair, for he could hardly ride a war horse, and knew nothing of fighting.

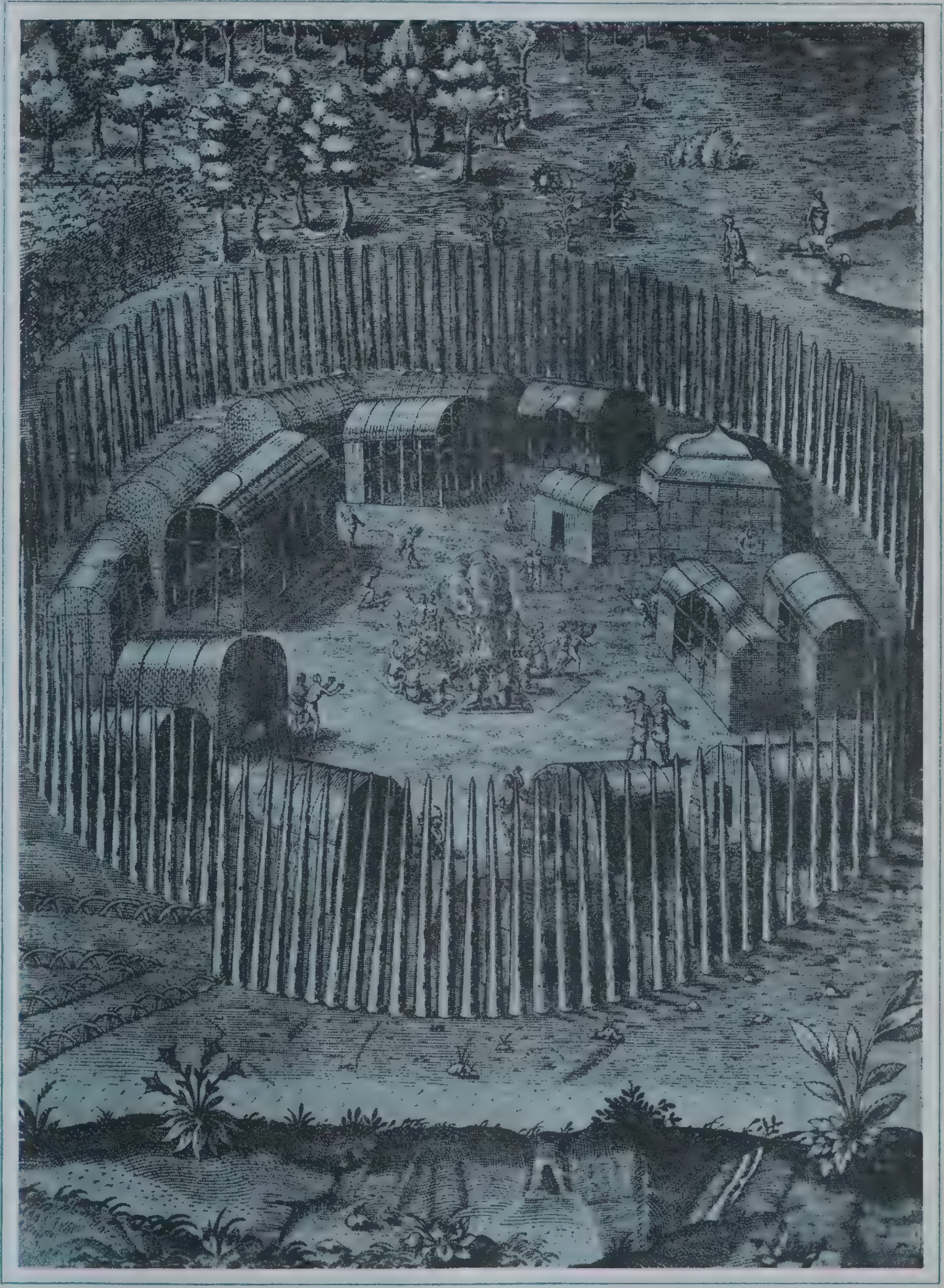
One night, almost frantic with his thoughts, he left

(*Continued on page 22*)

The LOST COLONY of Roanoke

By J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON

A Romance of American History



—Illustrations from the John White pictures in the British Museum.

Hatteras Indians around fire in center of their stockaded village of 1587.

[1587]

THE 18th, Eleanor, daughter to the governor and wife to Ananias Dare, one of the assistants, was delivered of a daughter in Roanoke, and the same was christened there the Sunday following and because this child was the first Christian born in Virginia, she was named Virginia.

* * *

'The governor being constrained to return unto England . . . departed from Roanoke the seven and twentieth of August in the morning, and the same day about midnight came aboard the Fly-boat who had already weighed anchor, and rode without the bar, the Admiral riding by them, who but the same morning was newly come thither again. The same day both ships weighed anchor and set sail for England.'

[1591]

'The 20th of March, the three ships, the *Hopewell*, the *John Evangelist*, and the *Little John*, put to sea from Plymouth with two small shallops.

* * *

'The 15th of August toward evening we came to an anchor at Hatorask, in 36 degrees and one-third, in five fathoms of water, three leagues from the shore. At our first coming to anchor on this shore, we saw a great smoke rise in the Isle Roanoke, near the place where I left our colony in the year 1587, which smoke put us in good hope that some of the colony were there expecting my return out of England.'

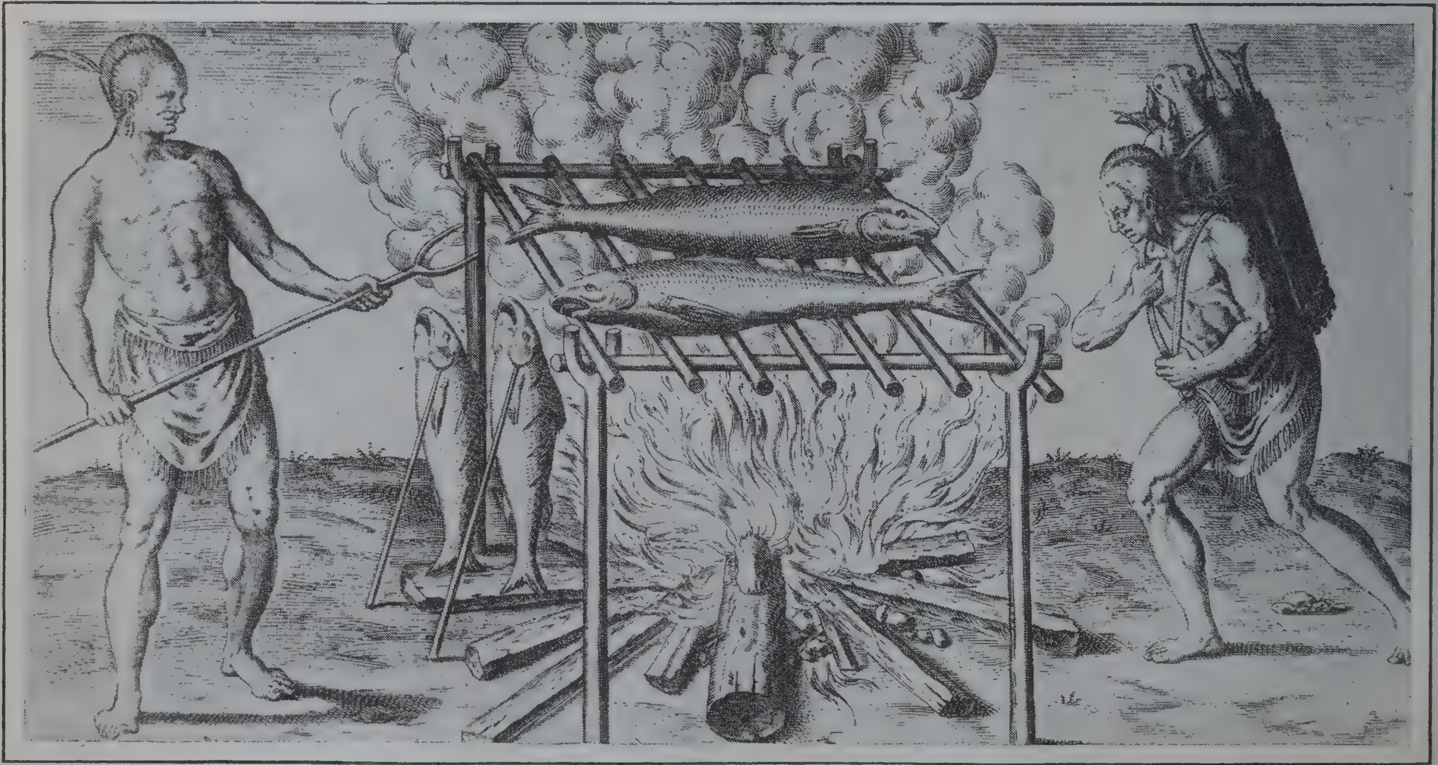
* * *

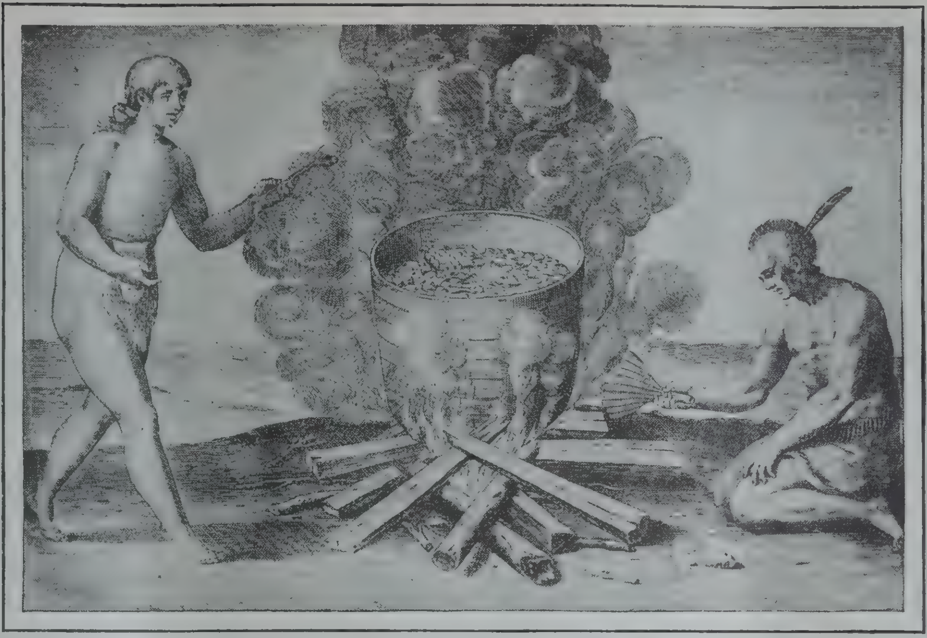
'The next morning, being the 17th of August, our boats and company were prepared again to go up to Roanoke, but Captain Spicer had then sent his boat ashore for fresh water, by means whereof it was ten of the clock aforenoon before we put from our ships which were then come to an anchor within two miles of the shore . . . But in the end by the commandment and persuasion of me and Captain Cook, they prepared the boats, and seeing the captain and me so resolute, they seemed much more willing. Our boats and all things fitted again, we put off from Hatorask, being the number of nineteen persons in both boats; but before we could get to the place where our planters were left, it was so exceeding dark that we overshot the place a quarter of a mile; there we espied towards the north end of the island the light of a great fire through the woods, to the which we presently rowed; when we came right over against it, we let fall our grapnel near the shore and sounded with a trumpet a call, and afterwards many familiar English tunes of songs, and called to them friendly; but we had no answer, we therefore landed at daybreak, and coming to the fire we found the grass and sundry rotten trees burning about the place. From hence we went through the woods to that part of the island directly over against Dasamonquepeuc, and from thence we returned by the water side round about the north point of the island, until we came to the place where I left our colony in the year 1586 [1587]. In all this way we saw in the sand the print of the savages' feet or two or three sorts trodden in the night; and as we entered up the sandy bank, upon a tree, in the very brow thereof were curiously carved these fair Roman letters, C R O; which letters presently we knew to signify the place where I should find the planters seated, according to a secret token agreed upon between them and me at my last departure from them; which was, that in any ways they should not fail to write or carve on the trees or posts of the doors the name of the place where they should be seated; for at my coming away they were prepared to remove from Roanoke fifty miles into the main. Therefore at my departure from them in An. 1587, I willed them, that if they should happen to be distressed in any of those places, that then they should carve over the letters or name a cross + in this form; but we found no such sign of distress. And having well considered of this, we passed toward the place where they were left in sundry houses, but we found the houses taken down, and the place very strongly enclosed with a high palisado of great trees, with curtains and flankers, very fortlike; and one of the chief trees or posts at the right side of the entrance had the bark taken off, and five foot from the ground, in fair capital letters, was graven CROATOAN, without any cross or sign of distress; this done, we entered into the palisado, where we found many bars of iron, two pigs of lead, four iron-fowlers, iron locker shot, and such like heavy things, thrown here and there, almost overgrown with grass and weeds. From thence we went along by the water side toward the point of the creek, to see if we could find any of their boats or pinnace, but we could perceive no sign of them, nor any of the last falcons or small ordinance which were left with them at my departure from them. At our return from the creek, some of our sailors meeting us, told us that they had found where divers chests had been hidden, and long since digged up again and broken up, and much of the goods in them spoiled and scattered about, but nothing left of such things as the savages knew any use of, undefaced. Presently Captain Cook and I went to the place, which was in the end of an old trench, made two years past by Captain Amadas, where we found five chests that had been carefully hidden of the planters, and of the same chests three were my own, and about the place many of my things spoiled and broken, and my books torn from the covers, the frames of some of my pictures and maps rotten and spoiled with rain, and my armor almost eaten through with rust; this could be no other but the deed of the savages, our enemies at Dasamonquepeuc, who had watched the departure of our men to Croatoan, and as soon as they were departed, digged by every place where they suspected anything to be buried; but although it much grieved me to see such spoil of my goods, yet on the other side I greatly joyed that I had safely found a certain token of their safe being at Croatoan, which is the place where Manteo was born, and the savages of the island our friends.'

These two brief accounts record all that is positively known of the first person of English blood born in America. Virginia Dare's recorded history spans only the first nine days of her life and includes only her birth, her baptism, and her disappearance from view. And yet she is quite a personage in history and has a more perfect score of mention in American histories than any other infant, male or female, in the annals of the United States. In fact, it compares favorably with such names as Christopher Columbus, Sir Walter Raleigh, Captain John Smith, and even Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln.

HER relative prominence in American history is due not only to her primacy among the native born. She typifies to most people the whole group of one hundred and twenty persons who figure in history as the Lost Colony of Roanoke. Her name is the only one that is remembered by the thousands who have known of the tragic disappearance of the colony and have wondered what was the probable fate of its members.

Most who have considered the matter in the years which have followed upon their disappearance have accepted the obvious solution that


Curious culinary methods of the ancestors of the Croatan Indians.



Interesting dish in the course of preparation in a camp of the Croatans' predecessors.

they were destroyed by hostile Indians. But there were always those who refused to believe that they had perished. Some of these believed that the lost were later found and that, once found, they ceased to excite any particular interest in the public mind, and so no record of their return was made. Others believed that they survived in the New World, either preserving their racial integrity or intermarrying with the Indians. Some forgot their existence.

The first of these theories is easily disposed of. Interest in the fate of the colony lived a long time. After White's failure to locate any of them, Raleigh sent out several expeditions with no better success. No real search was made, however, that might have led to their discovery. After the settlement of Jamestown in 1607, constant inquiries were made and explorers generally continued to seek them for many years. And there is abundant proof that they found traces of them, here and there; traces which were later to help solve the puzzle of their fate.

It was not until after the Civil War, however, that any adequate explanation was found. But this when advanced was so convincing that one wonders why it was not discovered long before.

IT IS clear that the colonists before the departure of White had determined to remove to Croatan and there is the clear proof that they left Roanoke with that intention. Where was Croatan? It was that region of the banks inclosing the North Carolina sounds to the south and southeast of Roanoke, where dwelt the friendly Hatteras Indians. But they also laid claim to the peninsula of Dasamonguepeuc across Croatan Sound to the west of Roanoke Island and this, as early maps show, was also called Croatan. Here they probably went when they left Roanoke.

In 1669 John Lederer, a German who explored a part of eastern North Carolina, heard of a nation of bearded men 'two and one-half days' march to the southwest,' whom he erroneously supposed were Spaniards since Indians did not wear beards. In 1704 the Reverend John Blair who visited the Albemarle settlements of North Carolina wrote of a powerful tribe of Indians living to the south of Albemarle Sound, 'many of which live among the English and are as I can understand, a very civilized people.'

John Lawson, the first historian of North Carolina, personally explored a large part of eastern North Carolina and was anxious to find traces of the lost colony. Speaking in 1709 of the Roanoke settlement, he says, 'A farther confirmation of this we have from Hatteras Indians who lived on Roanoack island or much frequented it. These tell us that several of their ancestors were white people and could talk in a book as we do; the truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being frequently found among these Indians and no others. They value themselves extremely for their affinity to the English and are ready to do them all friendly offices.' Lawson makes it fairly clear that he believes them the descendants of the Lost Colony.

A Croatan girl of modern times.

This sums up the early evidence of the survival of the colonists. It is good evidence, if scant in amount. Later, however, still more interesting and much more convincing proof was discovered.

In the period between 1700 and 1730 the upper valley of the Cape Fear River began to be settled by the Scots and the French Huguenots. These found on the banks of the Lumbee or Lumber River, in what is now Robeson County, a considerable tribe of Indians who owned slaves, lived in houses, spoke good English, cultivated the soil, and had good roads connecting their centers of settlement. Many of them had gray or blue eyes and they had English names. When the white people first came these Indians held their land in common, but they soon began to take up individual holdings. As early as 1732 grants were made by King George II to Henry Berry and James Lowrie, two of the important members of the tribe. Others obtained grants later. Many, however, never sought grants but by securing individual tracts they perfected their titles by occupation.

IN THE Tuscarora war which occurred in 1711 these Indians declined to join the Tuscaroras but instead under the title of 'Hattoras Indians' aided the whites under Colonel Barnwell, whose name transformed into 'Bonnul' still runs through their warlike traditions. Little is known of their part in the Revolution beyond the fact that a number fought on the patriot side, but a large number enlisted in the War of 1812. They furnished men to the Confederate army, and more than two hundred from Robeson County alone were soldiers in the World War.

In the late seventies or early eighties Hamilton McMillan of Robeson County became much

(*Continued on page 22*)

Frutigen, photographed from an elevation on a nearby foothill.

Pleasant Valley, SWITZERLAND

By JUDSON GRENNELL

FRUTIGEN is like no other locality in the world—outside the Swiss republic. And even Switzerland cannot exactly duplicate Frutigen. Each Swiss valley is individual in customs, in dress, and even in language. These differences are to be found in the industrial activities as well as in the languages spoken. In one valley German is spoken, in another French, and in still another Italian. There are populous communities such as Bern, Lucerne and Zurich where the German, French and Italian languages intermingle. Switzerland has no language of its own. Its business, its social intercourse, and its official pronouncements are not confined to any one of the three tongues.

The Frutigen valley is half a mile wide at the bottom, and some ten miles long. Through it runs a noisy river. Snow-topped mountains are on every side, rising first in gentle slopes and then more and more abruptly to the timber line. The mountain cliffs are precipitous, culminating in snow-covered rocky peaks.

Pasture lands reach to the timber line, chiefly fir; in places they penetrate the timber, making little oases of grass-covered meadows producing, it is locally claimed, the sweetest cream and the richest cheese. Here have been erected shelters for the cows and goats—protection from swift summer snowstorms that depart as quickly as they come.

The village of Frutigen is more than a hamlet, being credited with a population of two thousand. Its special industries are nowhere duplicated in any other Swiss valley. Frutigen employs a few men and many women to make matches and watch jewels. Here are four match and two watch-jewel factories. In addition there are a creamery and several machine shops. The valley in great measure owes its prosperity to the owner of one of these machine shops. Not only has he made many of the machines in his shop, but he has invented the special machinery used in the local factories, so that his reputation extends beyond the Swiss border.

What Joseph Brugger has done for Frutigen is worth recording. Not very long ago most of the matches sold in Switzerland came from Sweden and Germany. Today nine-tenths of the matches used in our own republic are the product of machines invented by Mr. Brugger, and these machines operate only in Frutigen. A single machine will produce 250,000 matches an hour, and two of them are in operation. Three other match factories in the village make the old-fashioned sulphur match, for which there is still a modest demand.

Brugger inventiveness has not stopped at the making of matches. It has been equally successful in making a machine for turning out watch jewels so exactly and economically that they can now be used in the cheapest watches. Success in this direction has been so great that one Frutigen watch jewel manufacturer has added unit after unit to his plant, until five are now in operation, making a formidable array of factory buildings for a Swiss village.

The Brugger inventions not being patented, the entrances to the match and jewel factories are jealously guarded. Wages are low, compared with American standards, averaging about a dollar a day. These factories, however, by absorbing the surplus population not needed for farm purposes, have made Frutigen more prosperous than localities not so fortunate in possessing an inventor who reserves his skill for his neighbors.

Frutigen's singing societies and the government church are the social centers. If one cannot pray, then one must sing. Some do both—the minister for example, who preaches no sermons when a singing festival is on the program. It is a great occasion. From villages in the neighboring valleys, the members troop in, each dressed for the occasion in ancient holiday costume. Rooms in the hotels are reserved weeks ahead. The day before the festival commences great loads of beer come in by train and truck. The singing contests are held in the freight shed which has been cleared of all débris and made spotlessly clean; the songsters in interludes of singing test their beer capacity.

The singing societies parade; prize cattle, each one belled, are brought out to join the procession, and gayly decorated floats add to the joyousness of the occasion.

Scattered through the level of the valley and on the sloping mountainsides is a farm population equaling that of the village itself. As a rule there is but one building to each farm. The same roof shelters the cows, the goats, the pigs, the poultry and the family. The lower floor is given over to the beasts; the farmers live overhead. Much space is reserved for hayloft and woodpile.

These Swiss farmers are a sturdy race, of Alpine stock, living a simple life. Happily their wants are few, or the little plots of land they call their own would not support them. It is practically all in pasture. Vegetable gardens are the exception. The season of frost and snow lasts seven months in the year. Seldom before May can the mountain pasture lands be utilized, and as early as September the cattle must be removed from the higher reaches. The valley itself is a thousand feet above sea level, with the mountainside pasture land reaching several thousand feet higher.

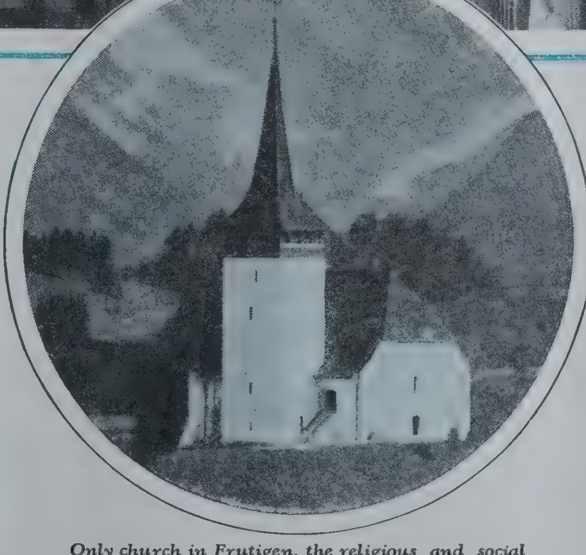
The food of the average Swiss farmer and his family consists of coffee and bread and cheese for breakfast; the same menu is served for dinner. At night soup or macaroni is added. On Sunday the family indulges in meat, which is generally smoked or salt pork. They seldom eat the eggs their hens lay, or have a 'chicken dinner,' these luxuries being sold in the valley to those who cater to the tourist trade.

On Sunday, dressed in their best—the same suit or dress doing service for many years, and sometimes for several generations—these outwardly unemotional men and women wend their way down the mountainsides to the government-supported church, where the pastor baptizes their babies, admits them as church members, exhorts them to live pure and honest lives, and preaches the funeral sermon over their dead, who are buried in the churchyard.

IN Frutigen, as in the rest of Switzerland, every child can read and write. Here the language taught in the lower grades is German, but French, Italian and English are included in the higher grades. Students who wish to perfect themselves in a foreign tongue go to London for their English, to Paris for their French, and to Rome, Milan, or Florence for their Italian. Thus they fit themselves to hold positions of trust in most of the cities of Central Europe, or to serve their own country. It is necessary to have an intimate knowledge of French, German and Italian, if one wishes to represent his community in the Swiss legislature, for a representative is privileged to rise and address the chair in any one of the three languages.

In this farm-grazing community, as in agricultural districts in Amer-

(Continued on page 18)



Only church in Frutigen, the religious and social center of the community.
Above—*Mountains on all sides of Frutigen dominate the streets lined with old structures.*
Left and right—*Holiday costumes seen during one of the famous singing festivals of Frutigen.*

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Definition of a Working Man

WHAT is a working man? Is he not a man who works? And if he is a man who works is it not equally true that he is a working man whether he works with his hands or with his brains, or both? Yet the phrase, 'working man,' is almost always used to mean a man living by some mechanical or manual occupation.

In the ordinary course of things, hand and brain must work together to accomplish any results; to divorce one from the other would be like depriving a ship of its navigator and allowing it to run wheresoever it listed. The result would be disaster.

This combination of hand and brain is essential to success. The farmer prepares the soil and sows the seed, but even with the most propitious weather conditions the cultivation of the land and the planting of the seed would lead to poor results were it not for judicious selection and proper fertilization.

It is the same in the work of the engineer and builder. A steel girder may be a perfect piece of workmanship, but it takes the guiding hand of the engineer to place it where it belongs; a pier or buttress may be a marvel of strength, but it is the architect who decides its position so that it may give strength where most required. Both engineer and architect have made a study of these things and their judgment is relied upon.

Give a man a spade and tell him to dig a hole and plant a tree. He may dig the hole and plant the tree, but it requires expert knowledge to tell him just what sort of hole to dig and what kind of tree to plant. He must dig the hole where the soil is suitable for the variety of tree he intends to plant, and if the tree is to be of any commercial value when it comes to maturity, it must be of a species which furnishes good timber.

There is also the danger of using the wrong tools. In addition to his spade the man might be given an axe, and in addition to his planting activities he might be told to cut down some of the mature trees for timber purposes. If it were not for the intelligence with which he is endowed and which directs him in his actions, there is a likelihood of his applying the tools in the wrong way.

It is related that a gang of coolies in an Eastern country were once supplied with wheelbarrows to take away the dirt from an excavation. Now, it so happened that previously the dirt was put into baskets and carried away on their shoulders. The advent of the wheelbarrows completely puzzled them. They had never seen such things before, and to the coolies they were only so many containers in which to put the dirt; but the barrow was too heavy to carry on their shoulders in the usual way; one man took hold of the shafts and another seized the wheel, and between them they lifted it bodily from the ground, with its load, and dumped it just as they had the baskets.

Obviously this was a case of misdirected energy, an illustration of the hand working without the brain. However, instances of this kind are every day brought to notice in the unskilful use of tools even when applied to their legitimate use. The partnership of brain and brawn cannot be dissolved without inviting disaster.

Therefore, the man who uses his brains as well as his hands in the performance of a given task, or the man whose intelligence fits him for the guidance and direction of others in the carrying out of his work, is as much a working man as any. He is just as truly a man who works.

And so it is in any profession, whether that of law, medicine, or the ministry: all who perform their duty faithfully are working men in as true a sense as the toiler in the woods, the fields, or the factory. All who are engaged in legitimate labor, be it with the hands or with the brains, are working men; all who are not idle have the right to be included in this designation.

Much of the trouble and turmoil that have upset the world from time to time might have been saved if the proper relation of the intellect to the hand, of the director of a task to its performer, had been fully recognized. There would have been less talk about 'capital' and 'labor,' about the 'bosses' and the 'workers,' about employer and employe. For that matter men who work are all capitalists, all bosses, all employers, if they only fully understood it: all are equally essential to the general welfare.

The man who possesses health, strength and skill is a capitalist; if he can use this health, strength and skill to the best advantage he becomes their master and is therefore a 'boss,' and if he uses them as a means toward the betterment of his personal welfare and in promoting the happiness of those who depend upon him, he is an employer conscientiously fulfilling his destiny. He is assuming the functions to which he is legitimately entitled; he is taking his proper place in the order of things; he is the captain of his soul, not its slave.

> *BRAINS and brawn are inseparable and make up the world's motive power. The hand, no matter how dexterous, would be a useless piece of machinery were it not guided by the intellect. The partnership of mind and matter is one which has existed since the beginning of time and cannot be dissolved. If this dissolution took place we should have labor without utility, and intelligence divorced from toil. The result would be economic chaos. There must be harmony of intention in order to reach the common objective of accomplishment. The buyer of the product of this partnership, himself a worker, is also an essential unit in the scheme, and the disintegration of this trinity would bring disaster.*

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

As Maine Goes

THE decisive manner in which Maine voted to retain her direct primary law is indicative of the sentiment throughout the country. Concerted efforts have been made in recent years to bring back the old boss-ridden convention system. Inspired articles have appeared in the daily press from Pennsylvania to Oregon, from the Lakes to the Gulf. Propagandists have spoken from platforms and from broadcasting studios. Politicians have extolled the virtues of the old system and magnified the defects of the new. Yet in spite of the most strenuous attacks, the direct primary law still remains. Almost every attempt at repeal has met with defeat at the hands of the people. The voters seem somehow to sense that, defective as the direct primary is, it is a vast improvement over the antiquated and corruptible convention system.

The direct primary is far from perfect. It permits the nomination of a Vare in Pennsylvania and a Smith in Illinois. It allows, in some instances, the expenditure of enormous sums of money. But this very fact of money can be turned into an argument in its favor. Gang politicians can still control a state, but it costs them far more than it did in the good old days. And their control is more fitful and uncertain. A Vare can still be nominated and elected in Pennsylvania, but his grip on the state is infantile compared with that of Matt Quay or Boies Penrose under the convention system. Blocks of votes can still be delivered by city politicians, but whole states cannot be delivered—not in the old way, at least. The chief fault of the primary system is the same fault as applies to all elective processes in America: the apathy of the voters. Opponents say that because of this apathy the voters should return nominative power to the politicians, to those who manipulate conventions. But would this prove a remedy? If it is a choice of lesser evils, does not the direct primary stand in far more favorable light?

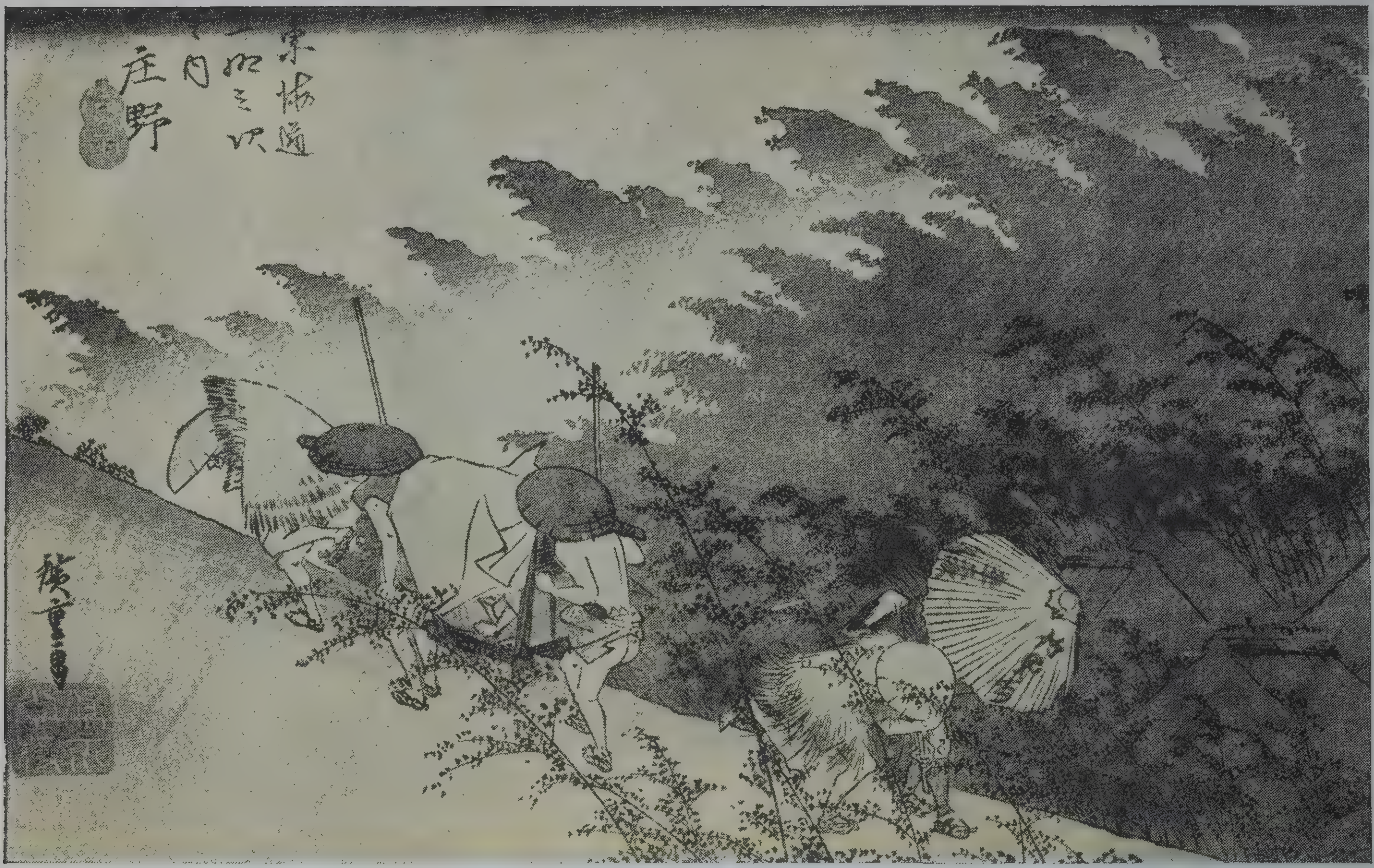
The Silent Places

THIS is the time of year to enjoy long walks in silent woodlands and sunny fields. To those who dwell in cities and bustling towns, the word *country* brings to mind visions of peace. The country may be quiet even to dullness, tranquil to sleepiness, or calm to heaviness. Because of this, city dwellers follow Nature's paths and seek her temples where holiness and reverence may still be found in high hills and lowly valleys, in deep woods and rippling waters. From the main traveled road the beckoning trail leads on into mysterious vistas, a challenge to step from the beaten way, a hope of escape from the ruts of usage. Turn from the beaten path and walk across country. You will be amazed at the things you will see: things that you thought did not exist in this present day and age. Your trail will twist and turn, up hill and down dale, here through woods, there through fields, with once in a long while a farmhouse, boarded up and deserted, and once in a while a pasture with a cow or two feeding. It will cross a brook by a plank bridge and will be bordered part of the way by snake fences, stump fences, wire fences, or by tumble-down walls of field stone. There are little cataracts in a woodland brook; bits of jagged rock on hillsides, that look oddly like mountain peaks; a ditch in a field, with red clay walls and clear water. Country silences are soothing to worn nerves. You will find that nothing works a more complete mental detachment from the perplexing things that wrap about us an atmosphere of anxiety and worry than turning from the crowded city streets into the roadways of the woods about you.

Growing Bureaucracy

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE in recent speeches has given timely warning of the growing efforts to transfer from the states to the nation those functions and prerogatives which were specifically reserved to the states at the time of the formation of the Union. The Colonies which joined a century and a half ago to form the United States of America were independent in thought and action. Victorious in a common cause, they deemed it necessary to make permanent their alliance for mutual interests; but they nevertheless retained to themselves all powers necessary to be independent in government. To Congress, as representative of the people as a whole, they gave the control of legislation in matters of common interest; but internal matters were retained largely in their own hands. Such legislation as that affecting qualifications for the franchise, direct assessment taxation, what are known as excise laws, and the control of public education had originally no place in the authority of Congress or in the Federal scheme of things.

Gradually these things have been taken over by the Federal Government in greater or lesser degree. 'States' rights' has become almost an empty phrase. Each new function the Federal Government assumes removes that function from the realm of state sovereignty. To this end, ceaseless efforts are made to amend the Constitution. *From the years 1889 to 1926 alone, 1,314 proposed amendments to the Constitution were introduced into Congress.* And this total does not take into consideration those additional thousands which were proposed but for which no sponsors could be found in the Federal legislative body.



On Collecting Japanese Color Prints

By HERBERT ASBURY

Illustrated with prints from author's collection.

JAPANESE color prints are properly wood engravings, printed by hand from blocks of wood, usually cherry, on which the design was engraved after the artist had drawn it in black outline on thin paper. A separate block was engraved for each color, some prints requiring as many as twenty-five to thirty impressions.

The wood of the cherry tree, *sakura*, has a grain of peculiar evenness and hardness. It is worked plankwise to a surface parallel with the grain and not across it. Surfaces are gradually rounded off, where necessary, to obtain in printing a soft and graduated mass of color that does not terminate too abruptly.

Although the origins of color printing are obscure, it is known to have been practised in China and Korea to some extent. Apparently it is one of the few indigenous arts of Japan. However, as refutation it must be borne in mind that it was at this time that the so-called chiaroscuro engraving was at its height in Italy, and also that that was the time that embassies from the Christians in Japan visited Rome. That the originals of these European prints are never found, if this theory is correct, is accounted for by the fact that they were doubtless religious subjects and as such were destroyed in the extermination of Christianity by Hideyoshi in the beginning of the 17th Century.

The technique as originally developed is still employed in Japan, but the modern print is also prepared by various photographic processes, and is generally printed with aniline dyes, which fade within a few years and even at their best do not have the luster and beauty of the old vegetable colors. It is the old prints that collectors strive for, the modern output being worthless except for the work of a few artists such as Hasui, Gokkei and Goya.

If the design of the print proved popular and the work of the artist was in demand, thousands of copies were printed from the blocks, so that there may have been an interval of several years between two impressions of the same print. The first copy may have been drawn as soon as the blocks had been cut; the second may not have been printed until the blocks had become worn with fuzzy, sprawling lines. I once owned two copies of a Kuniyoshi print in which the difference was so marked that at least five years must have elapsed between the two printings.

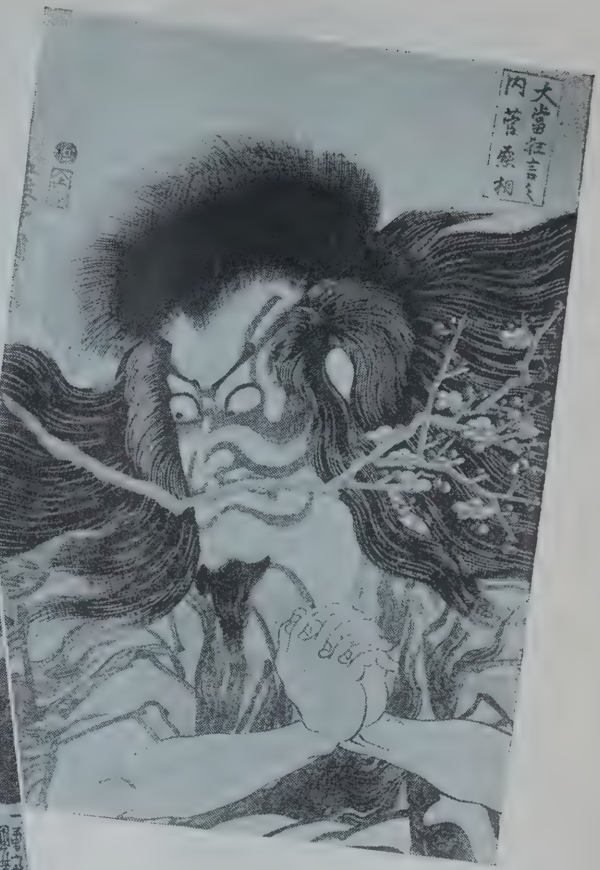
Copies of the same print may also differ in color arrangement, as many of the artists took advantage of the opportunity to experiment. A good example of this is found among the prints of Hokusai's 'Thirty-six Views of Fuji,' generally recognized as the best work of this master. For these reasons prints from the same blocks may vary in price from one to several hundred dollars, and the difference in esthetic value may be as wide as eternity.

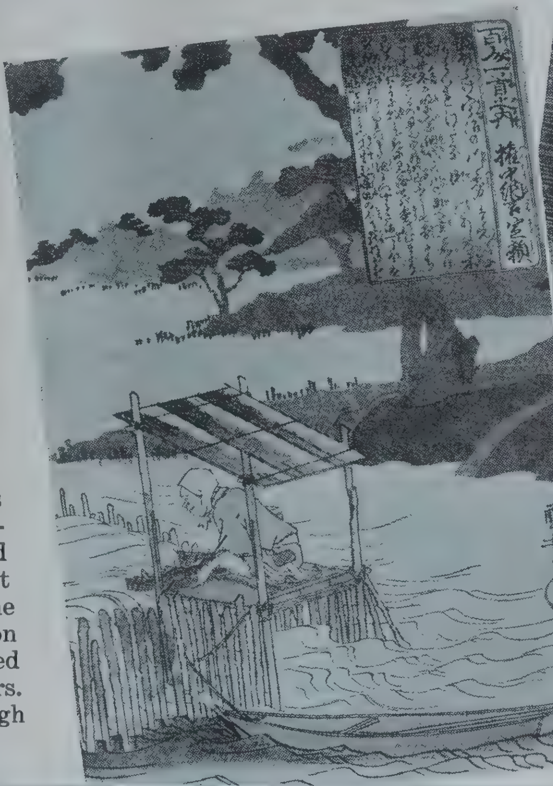
While large sums have been paid for Japanese prints in recent years, it is a mistake to assume that the poor man is barred from acquiring them. It was essentially a poor man's art during the two hundred years between its birth with Torii Kiyonobu in 1664 and its death with Kunisada in 1864; it remains so to a large extent.

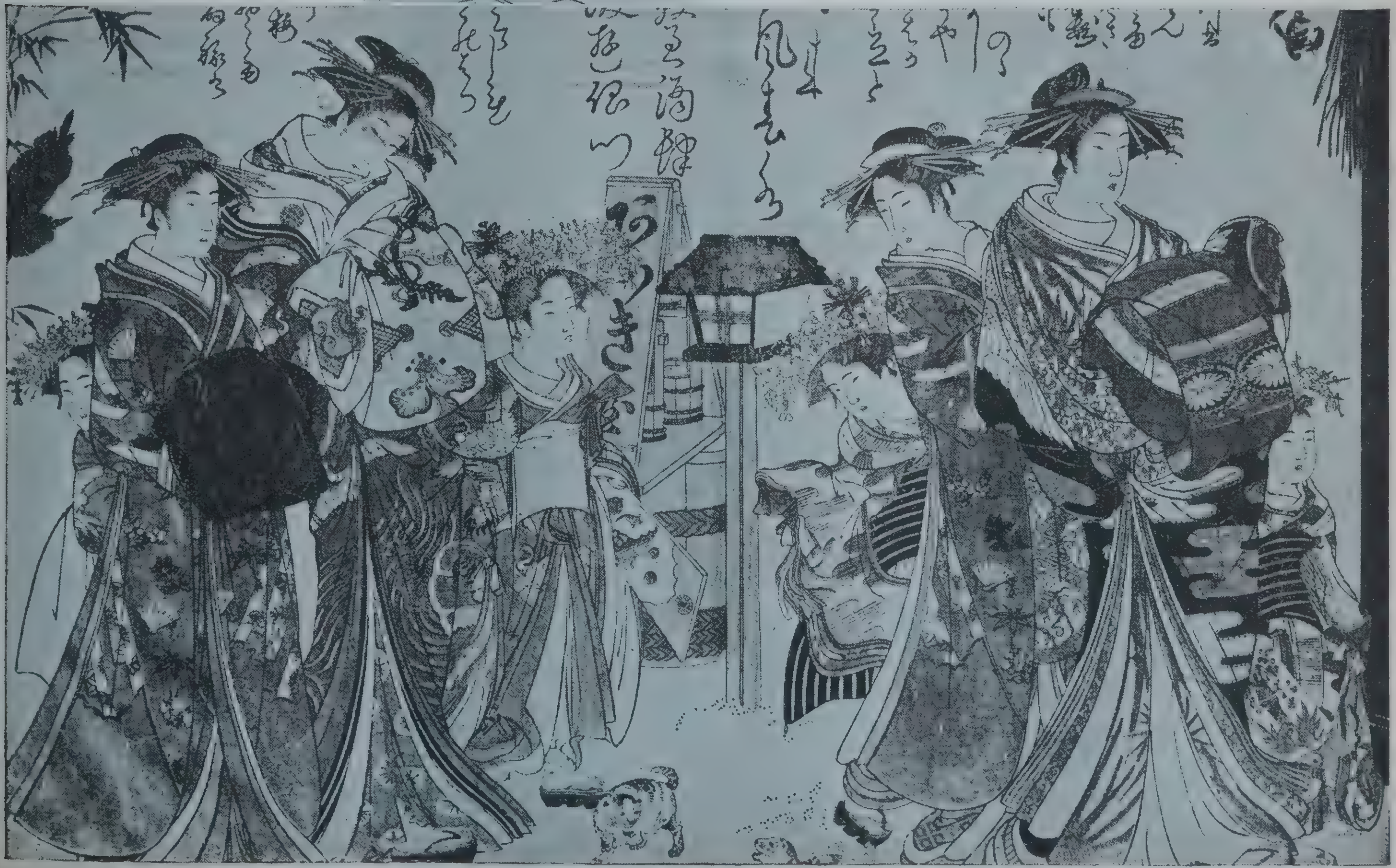
With few exceptions the artists themselves were poor men, of the lower classes, with no cultural background and no classical training. They became known as the school of Ukiyoye, variously translated as 'pictures of the floating world' and 'mirror of the passing world and times.' The aristocrats of the Kano and Tosa schools, who labored solely for the approbation of the nobility, considered their work vulgar and degrading, because it portrayed the daily activities of the people and the life of the theater, then in great disrepute.

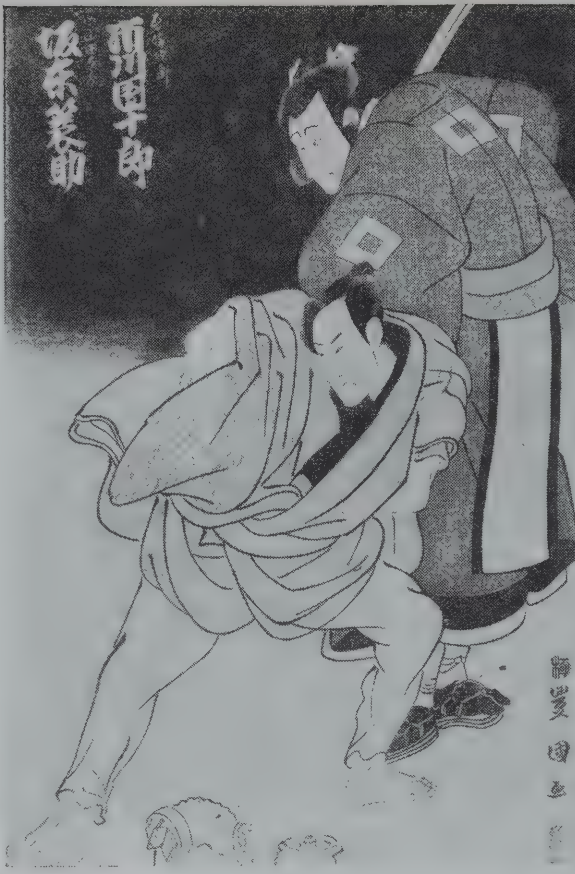
Japan did not really begin to appreciate her own color prints until they had been discovered by the Western world. The first prints to come under Occidental scrutiny reached Europe as wrappings for tea boxes about 1800, and fell into the hands of an artist of Amsterdam. But it was many years after that before they were recognized as perhaps the most distinctive art that any country has ever produced; they were regarded as the curious product of a savage and benighted race.

As late as forty years ago prints by the greatest Ukiyoye artists could be bought for less than a dollar. In many American collections are prints which cost their owners only a few cents, but which are now worth hundreds of dollars. I know one man who has a copy of Hokusai's 'Wave at Kanagawa,' for which he paid sixty cents; it is now worth perhaps four hundred dollars. Another collector paid twelve dollars for a print by Sharaku, and when he dispersed his collection sold it for nine hundred and ninety-five dollars. Such prints bring high prices, but there are still thousands that can be obtained for very little money. For a few hundred dollars, by careful buying and the exercise of patience and taste, a collection may be formed which will be a source of continual pleasure, and which is bound to increase in value with the years, because the art is dead so far as concerns the production of prints equal to those of the old masters. Modern prints tend to mere prettiness; the Japanese artist has gone to school too often to the Occident, and the es-









sentially Japanese character of his conception is gone.

Twenty-five years ago only a few Americans were interested in Japanese prints, and those largely because of the fine missionary work of La Farge and Fenollosa, and the Ukiyoye influence on Whistler. But now it seems that almost everybody owns them, and many small collections are coming to light and are being sold in the auction rooms of the art galleries, where the finest prints and the greatest bargains are to be found.

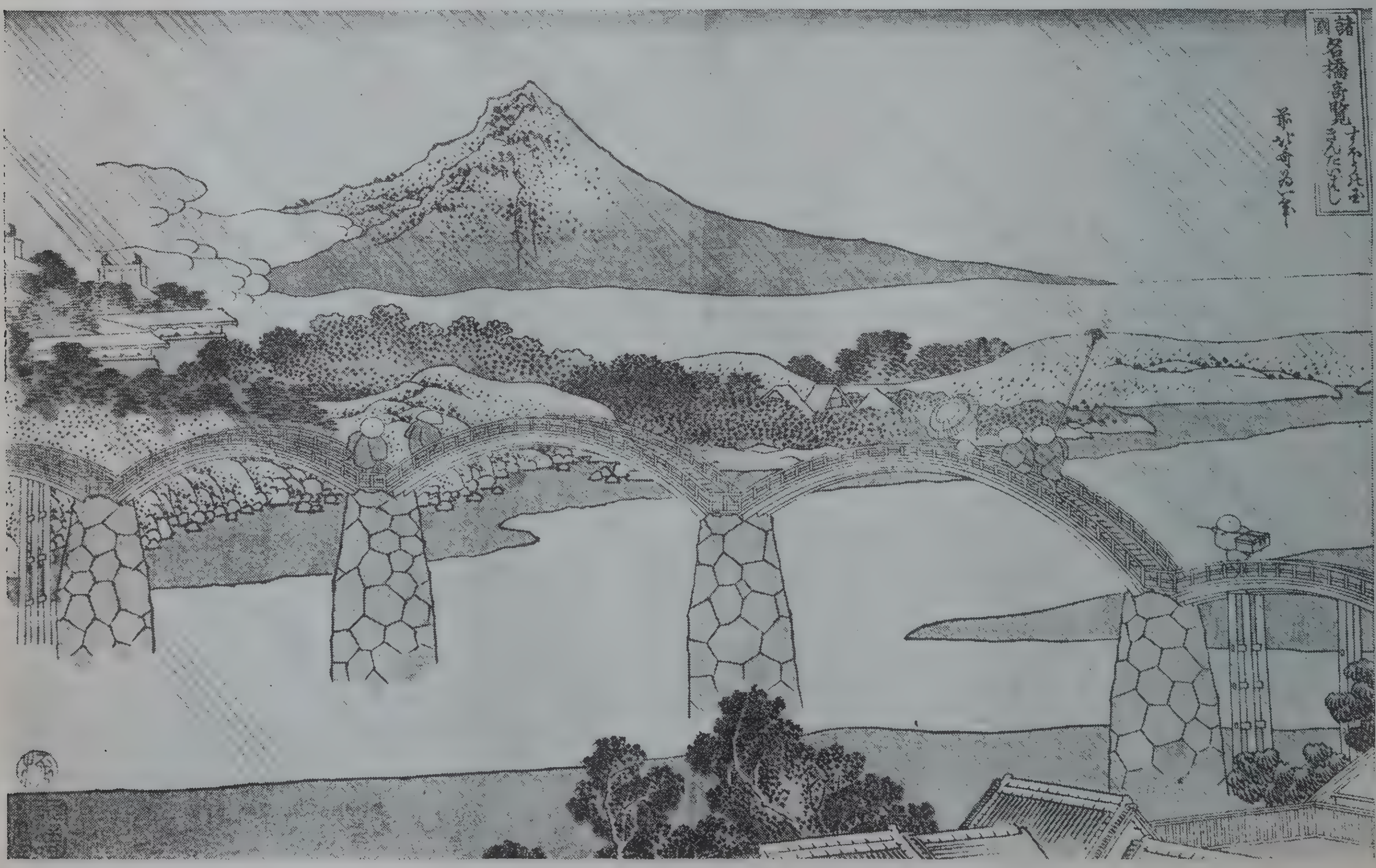
The growth in the number of print collectors has been amazing. And every person who owns a Japanese print, especially if it is wrinkled and torn and dirty, with wormholes in it, is apparently under the impression that he has a fortune. Once in a great while he has, in a small way, but generally the opposite is true, for the high prices are not paid for such prints. After all, there is nothing so easy to imitate as age. A print can be soaked in tea, and wormholes punched with a pin, and in half an hour can be made to look as ancient as desired. Also it will be absolutely worthless.

The amateur in collecting is apt to make his first mistake as soon as he buys his first print, for his early enthusiasm is so great that he is prone to buy every impression that strikes his fancy. But he learns by expensive experience, and eventually he goes through his collection and casts out the poor impressions and the prints by minor and inconsequential artists. Occasionally, having done this, he has nothing left.

In my own collection there is not one print that I bought during the first year I had the collecting fever. Before a beginner buys prints he should read books on them from cover to cover, learning their history and meaning and their relation to Japanese life; he should examine whatever collections he can get access to, and learn to know the texture of the paper with which the old printers worked, and the colors that distinguish certain artists, such as Hokusai's green, Kuniyoshi's brick red and Harunobu's blue, and the orange found in many of Koriusai's prints.

I prefer to avoid the output of all artists who worked after 1850, with the exception of Hiroshige's and some of the prints of Kuniyoshi and Kyosai and Kunisada, notably Kuniyoshi's 'Nichiren' series and his 'Hundred Poems.'

A collection should be formed primarily for the enjoyment of its owner and his friends, and the collector who acquires things because he loves them will seldom buy a print just because it is important historically or because it is rare. He will buy the one from which, vulgarly speaking, 'he gets a kick.' Which is as it should be.



The Senate of the Fiftieth Congress

By BARNES COOLEY

OF THE seventy-six senators in the Senate of the Fiftieth Congress, thirty-nine were Republicans, thirty-seven Democrats. The Democratic senators were described in a preceding article. This deals with the Republican membership.

Nearly three-fourths of the Democratic senators had seen military service with the Confederacy, in the Civil War, but only one-fourth of the Republican senators had worn the blue. In the Senate of 1887-89 were ten Republican senators who had served in the Union Army: Bowen of Colorado, Hawley of Connecticut, Ingalls and Plumb of Kansas, Davis of Minnesota, Manderson of Nebraska, Blair of New Hampshire, Quay of Pennsylvania, Aldrich of Rhode Island, and Spooner of Wisconsin.

Thomas M. Bowen served from June '61 to July '65, first as captain and finally as brigadier general. He settled in Arkansas after the war, but it took him fifteen years to learn that Arkansas was no place for a Republican who wanted to practise his politics; in January, 1875, he removed to Colorado Territory.

Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut won distinction in the Union service. He left his editorial desk in Hartford, where he had recruited the first company of volunteers raised in Connecticut, and, entering the war as a second lieutenant at the age of twenty-four, came out a brigadier general.

He was an original Republican, for he had been a delegate to the Free Soil convention in 1852. After the war Connecticut was glad to give him whatever he asked—he was her greatly honored son.

KANSAS chose as its representatives two men who had worn the blue, John J. Ingalls and Preston B. Plumb. Ingalls was an officer in the Kansas Volunteers, 1863-65. Sarcastic, intellectual, a builder of phrases—as witnessed by his 'purity in politics is an iridescent dream'—a zealous partisan, Ingalls won distinction in the Senate. Plumb, a blunt, forceful man, a perfect type of the western 'go-getter' of that day, was in emphatic contrast to his colleague. Entering the Union service in August, 1862, as second lieutenant he became lieutenant colonel of his regiment. Though blessed with a superb constitution, he died suddenly in the very vigor of health.

Minnesota's Union veteran in the Senate was Cushman K. Davis. He was first lieutenant in the Twenty-Eighth Wisconsin Infantry, 1862-64. He was elected to the Senate in 1887 and served continuously until his death on November 27, 1901. He died as a result of blood poisoning. Davis was bald, and drooping lids gave his eyes a peculiar expression, but his wonderfully fine mental machinery moved with smooth precision.

General Charles F. Manderson, Republican senator from Nebraska, entered the army as first lieutenant of the Nineteenth Ohio in April, 1861, and rose to become its colonel. He left the service because of severe wounds in April, 1865, as brigadier general. Manderson was a kindly gentleman, a capable president pro tem. of the Senate, an excellent lawyer, and a useful senator.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S Union veteran in the Senate was Henry W. Blair. He served in the Union Army as lieutenant colonel of the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers and was twice wounded. He was in the Senate from 1879 until 1891. Because of his advocacy of Chinese exclusion, the Chinese Government refused to receive him as minister from the United States after his nomination had been confirmed.

Matthew Stanley Quay was senator from Pennsylvania. Had he shown the resourcefulness as a soldier which he displayed as a politician, Lee would have been brought a year earlier to surrender. Quay was twenty-seven when the war broke out and, after serving as lieutenant of the Tenth Pennsylvania Reserves, was colonel of the 124th Pennsylvania Volunteers and saw active service at bloody Fredericksburg. From 1870 until his death on May 28, 1904, he was not only a leader but *the* leader of the Republican Party of Pennsylvania. He controlled its offices and its delegations to Republican national conventions. As chairman of the Republican national committee in 1888 he managed the campaign that resulted in Harrison's election to the Presidency, and with the philosophy of a practical politician endured thereafter what he regarded as rank presidential ingratitude. He felt toward Harrison much as Gorman felt toward Cleveland. It is probably true that, but for Quay, Harrison would not have been elected in 1888. Quay's motto was: 'If you play, you must pay.' He died on May 28, 1904, and the country now remembers him chiefly as an intensely practical politician. He was a many-sided man. Possessing a remarkable library, he knew the contents of his books, no less than their covers.

Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island never boasted of his military service, but it is a fact that in 1862 he did garrison duty in Washington for nine months. Long engaged 'in commercial pursuits,' as he was wont to put it, Aldrich ever looked like a misplaced business man; but never was business man placed where he could transact more important business. Aldrich had received early training, for he had worked as clerk in a store from his twelfth to his sixteenth year. Afterward he made money, studied finance, drifted into politics and became Burnside's successor in the Senate in December, 1881.

Burnside had been a gallant and wholly competent corps commander in the war, but was incapable of commanding an entire army. It is fate's irony that Burnside is most widely known because his side whiskers gave such new words to the English language as 'burnsides' and 'sideburns.' There could not have been a sharper contrast than that between the tall stately general and the keen-eyed, shrewd Providence merchant—never more the merchant than when he was senator. Aldrich went to the Senate in 1881 after four years' experience in the House, and was kept there by successive reëlections. He specialized in tariff and finance, held the Republicans to the service of special privilege, and by his cunning and real strength again and again defeated, if he could not always silence, opposition.

JOHN C. SPOONER, the tenth of the Senate's Union veterans, served as a private and then became captain of a Wisconsin regiment. Smooth-shaven, he looked younger than his forty-five years. A capable lawyer, he readily gained recognition in the Senate, from which he voluntarily withdrew because he felt the need of earning money and of making provision for his old age. The salary of a senator was then but five thousand dollars a year and, while it is twice that now, five thousand dollars would buy considerably more in 1887 than what ten thousand can buy in 1927. A congressman with a family wholly dependent upon his pay could not easily save an honest nickel.

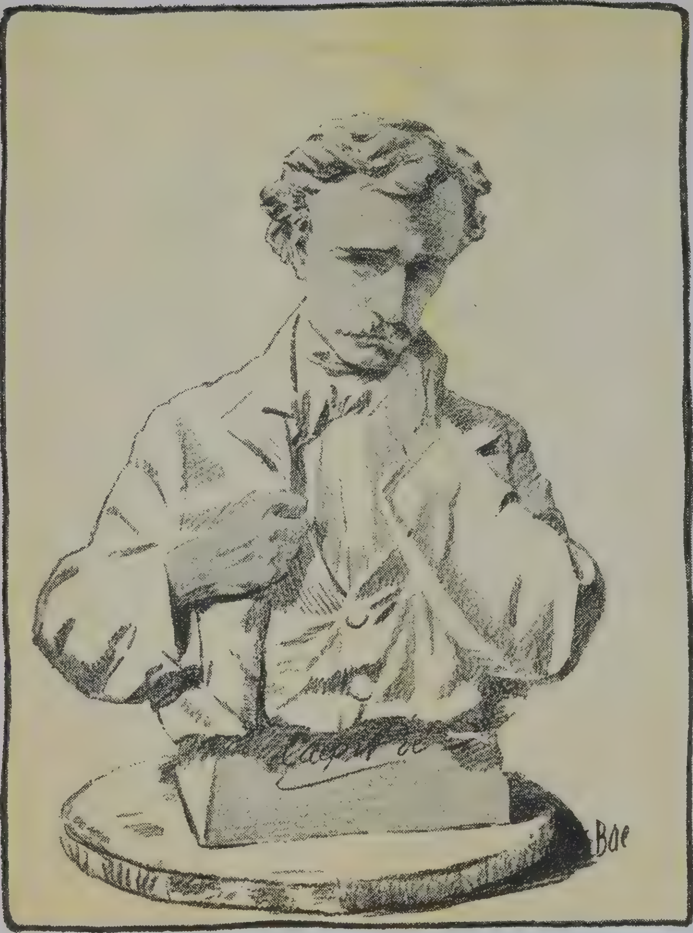
The Republican portion of the Senate in the Fiftieth Congress was notable in other aspects. There were some exceedingly rich senators.

Leland Stanford of California was one. He was a delegate to the convention that nominated Lincoln and was governor of Cali-

(*Continued on page 26*)

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S

By VACHEL LINDSAY



It is indeed fitting that the bust of Edgar Allan Poe by Zolnay should be in the rotunda of the university founded by Jefferson.

THERE was a sharp difference of opinion between Jefferson and Washington as to party government. Jefferson believed in the two-party system which we have had ever since. Washington believed that the nation should be governed as our best commission cities have lately been governed, by a nonpartisan commission. This is not a political article, and I do not think that I am smart enough to write one. But the rivalry of Washington and Jefferson is a rivalry which both dramatized better than they knew.

Washington was wisdom itself in keeping Jefferson in his Cabinet as long as possible. Jefferson was right in seeing that the Constitution demanded perpetual George Washingtons in the chair; and since there never was but one, and there never will be but one, I hold that Jefferson was a statesman in thrusting party government upon this country again, at the end of Washington's eight years. It was a return to the old Anglo-Saxon precedent, and not necessarily a barn-burning idea. There is no doubt that Jeffersonians made what seems now an unnecessary clatter about the Virginia pomps of Washington; especially those of Martha Washington. He seemed to accuse them of hinting at a kingdom in all but name. This bonnet-and-plume idea can run away with people sometimes; though there is not the remotest sign that it has ever disturbed the American people since the great General was laid in his tomb.

He was our first and last king, and let us face that. But he was king more like an Indian chief than a European king. Jefferson was more like a free young Indian, than like a European, though he never knew it. He may have piled up all sorts of essays about liberty and equality, in the French manner; but the real liberty and equality that was in his blood and bones was that of his father sitting cross-legged at some Indian chief's camp fire, with his surveyor's instruments piled beside him, and the chief offering the feast of brotherhood there in the roaring woods. It is from such interviews as these that we have a birthright to the Jeffersonian equality and to the Virginia bonnet and plume.

The book of *Field Service Regulations of the U. S. Army* is based on Indian warfare. The Civil War, north and south, was fought with Red Indian tactics. These things are fairly clear to any man in haste. But we shall not begin to understand the Fathers of our Republic until we admit that they were as much influenced by the Indian in peace as in war. And if Washington was educated by the Indian scalping knife and tomahawk on the frontier, Jefferson was educated by the peace pipe. Both men piled up words in the European manner to disguise their education.

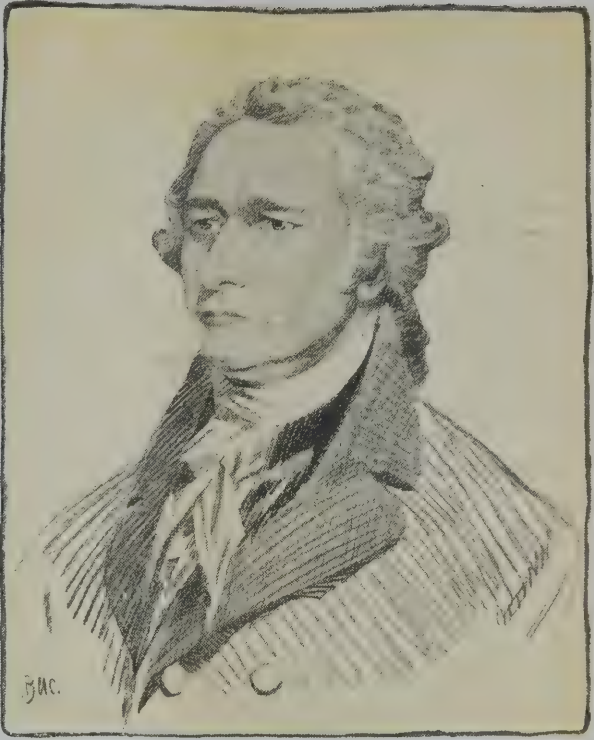
There is another Jeffersonian picture: the 'Sage of Monticello' at home, and a great host. We will set aside the word 'Sage,' and let someone else explain it. It was a mannerism of the time. But look at the man Jefferson, never busy and never idle, and as ingenious as Thomas Edison. His ingenuities are social rather than scientific. That is, he draws architectural plans; he invents a desk; he works out a curious dumb-waiter system; he evolves our coinage, which is all right now, of course, because we have it, though he proposed a thousand other ingenious schemes which are not all right because we don't have them yet, but they are, nevertheless, as matter-of-fact as our coinage. When he is in Europe, he collects like a botanist, a zoölogist, and a geologist; when he is President, through his influence, Lewis and Clark do the same in our Far West. It was his own private library, the most distinguished in America, which had enough old maps of all sorts and kinds to determine what the Louisiana Purchase was. And if it had not been for those maps and Jefferson's scholarly compilation of the same, we might not know what his Louisiana Purchase was, even yet. Aside from being a very big man, he was the busiest little bee not to buzz that can possibly be imagined. It ought to be an enormous satisfaction, a common bond with most of the readers of this article, to know that neither he nor George Washington could make a speech. Washington retired into a magnificent Gilbert Stuart silence; and Jefferson took his pen in hand. The general dexterity of which I have spoken, which is really the theme of this paragraph, was probably owing to the Randolph blood. It worked out, with the dignity and intricacy of a Japanese museum rather than with the tricks of the patent office. One side of Jefferson's doctrines might be:

'All men are ingenious when they have a chance, because I am.'

'All men are magnificently versatile when they have a chance, because I am.'

If we get tired of 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' we might translate a tiny aspect of this phrase into Jeffersonian versatility. America has just begun to live up to this versatility. Once we almost invented ourselves into fits. But that was in the blacksmith's shop and patent office. Now every sport shop has a new trick way of doing something or other. So has every filling station and every John Dewey school. We are now applying to skyscrapers, landscape gardening, coast-to-coast highways, and things more and more bordering on the social rather than on the scientific life, the genius of Jefferson, and not that of Edison. We are just beginning to

Thousand Years



Hamilton's military genius was far beyond even his unquestioned financial genius.

graduate into the former's mellow type of Virginia versatility. We are becoming Randolphs.

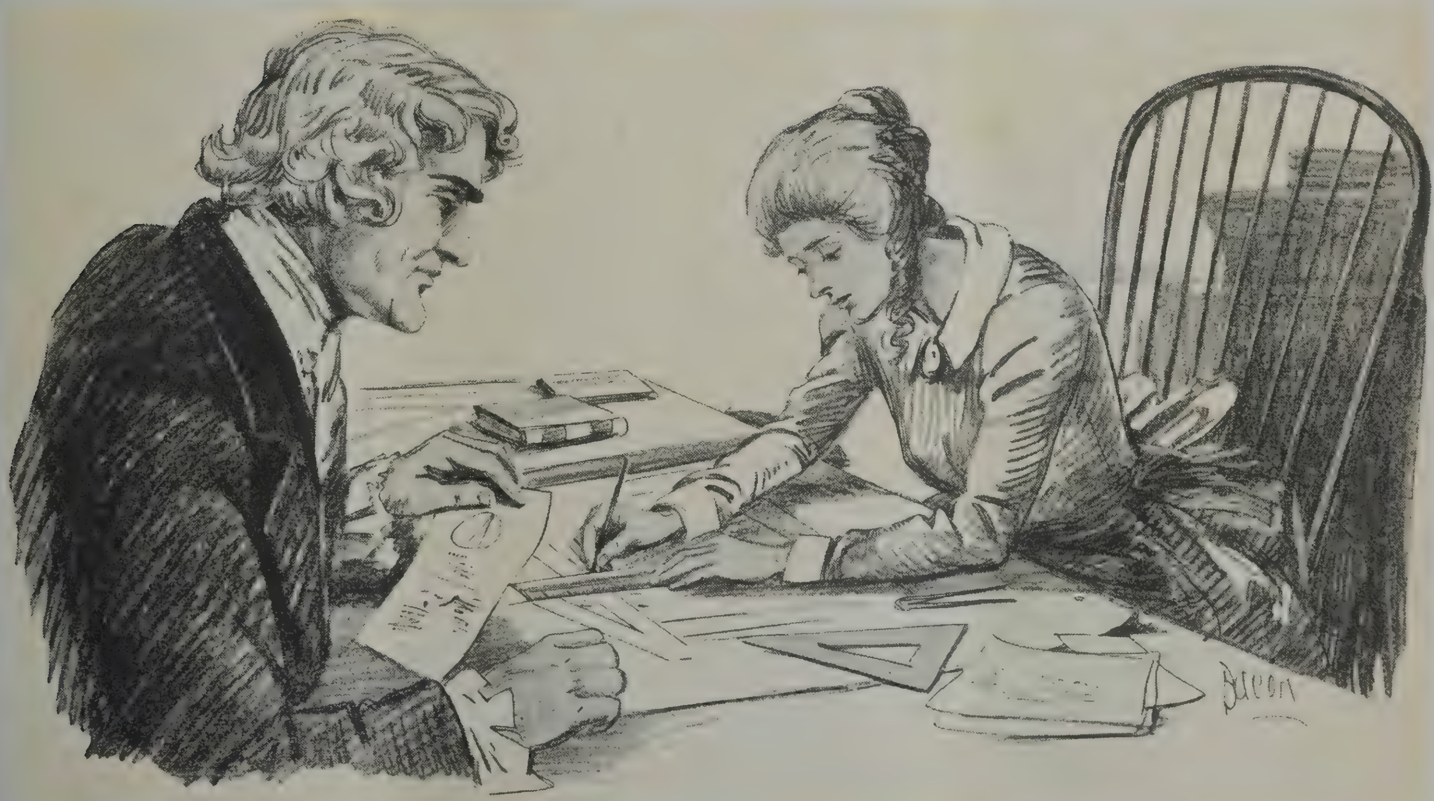
The knowledge that he had all these powers in himself had a great deal to do with Jefferson's buoyant faith in the powers of all men.

As a host at Monticello, every known variety of human experience was welcome, and was a source of courage to this eternal fighter for democracy. He is described over and over again as the perfect host. When he was flattered into ordering a bust of himself, he ordered one in the same fashion of his greatest political enemy, Alexander Hamilton; and they faced each other in the great room at Monticello. Moreover, Jefferson always spoke in terms of the greatest personal admiration for his most implacable political foe. He could be thus self-possessed because the issues of Jeffersonism are not political and are not settled on election day. They are social, and are settled on all other days.

Another picture of Thomas Jefferson is as an old man of eighty-three, lonely in Monticello, his work all behind him or a thousand years ahead, writing to his ancient Federalist foe, John Adams, ninety-one, his work also all done, or a thousand years ahead. Jefferson is the only man who has founded an intellectual dynasty in America; Adams, the only man who has founded a family.

Jefferson opens the correspondence with none of these thoughts in mind; Adams responds with equal innocence and with the most ardent friendship after lifetime battle; and it is about as salty a correspondence as one would wish to dip into. Here is this John Adams who was so vain, who was so chagrined over Jefferson's beating him in the presidential election, that he rode out of town without waiting for the inaugural ceremony, now writing to one who still represents an utterly alien mind. Both of them realize by this time how much the wind and tides, the sun, the stars, the air, and the four seasons count in human life, and both are willing to let old age speak to old age. Adams is ardent, voluble, writes many letters to Jefferson's one. Jefferson is still the amazing tactician, and avoids all points of controversy in conversation. His style is a miracle of violin music in its slightest note.

And so to the end of the drama. The two old men die on the same day, the Fourth of July; and are later eulogized by the famous Daniel Webster in his 'Adams and Jefferson Oration,' given in the presence of Continental soldiers as old as the G. A. R. soldiers of today.



With the help of his daughter Jefferson drew the plans for the buildings of the University of Virginia.

The dramatic quality of this correspondence at a time when Massachusetts and Virginia were as far apart as Tibet and Brazil are now cannot even be hinted at. It is worth a hundred plays and a hundred novels. Reading the correspondence converted me to testy, petulant, puffy old John Adams. And that is, in itself, a small miracle. The word 'Adams' always did make me nervous.

For our final scene, let us picture a Cabinet meeting at the height of Washington's first administration: The General is in the chair; and he sits in the chair not as though it were a throne but as though it were a magnificent white horse, the horse of a great general. Various members of the Cabinet are scattered about in appropriate steel-engraving attitudes. But at one end of the table stands Alexander Hamilton, and at the other stands Thomas Jefferson. Hamilton is Secretary of the Treasury; Jefferson, Secretary of State. Whatever one man says brings the other to his feet. The General, who could hold the British at bay, can scarcely keep these two men from an argument, though he looks his Gilbert Stuart best.

Now, my friends, you can think about this picture all you want to. If you are a Hamiltonian, you can say that Hamilton dominates the scene and furnishes the ideas. If you are a Jeffersonian, you can say that Jefferson dominates the scene and furnishes the ideas. I am not so much for ideas as some people I know; and I cannot avoid the impression that George Washington is in the chair. In a hundred years, men will attribute Jefferson's ideas to Washington, if they are Jeffersonians; and they will attribute Hamilton's ideas to Washington, if they are Hamiltonians. But the Capital of the Nation will be Washington, D. C., not Jefferson, D. C., nor Hamilton, D. C. It will take Thomas Jefferson a thousand years to get Hamilton out of that Cabinet; it will take Hamilton a thousand years to get Jefferson out of that Cabinet. Solve this puzzle your own way.

I was very much interested when a young English poet, Robert Nichols, in three successive years on American soil, tried to talk politics with me. I was amused to discover that every time I had answered him, 'Well, your position on that question depends on whether you are Hamiltonian or Jeffersonian,' his indignation knew no bounds. The idea of a free country being a slave to a conflict raised by two men, dead so long! Why should we not invoke newer heroes? Why should we not indulge in abstract philosophy? I suppose the answer is that Washington put these men into his Cabinet and could never get them out. He had caught two tartars.

The subject of this essay is 'Thomas Jefferson's Thousand Years.' Any who care may change it to 'Alexander Hamilton's Thousand Years.' But I think Washington was a better Jeffersonian than he understood or knew.

This Cabinet meeting with Hamilton and Jefferson present represents the statesmanship and the demigod quality of Washington, more than his last Federalist years. Your truly fanatical Hamiltonian much prefers to assume that Washington was always a dull and patient man on horseback; but think it through, my friends. Look at this magnificent Hamilton, a burning genius, with no Randolph for a mother, no Peter Jefferson for a father; with a pride like Milton's Satan, a pride that had to be self-consuming; with an instinctive military splendor that would have made him a Napoleon in Europe; with the same sense of adventure, and a much higher code of personal honor. This Hamilton who had to ride high till he died because the ground tortured his feet!

Washington made him into a private secretary during the Revolution, when he openly wanted a great command and was obviously fitted for one. Washington forced the account book upon him over and over when he demanded a sword in his hand. His military genius was far beyond his unquestioned financial genius. One of the first sights we have of him is as a young commander with the only well-equipped and well-drilled troops for miles around; a boy, trotting along beside a cannon, caressing it as though it were his mistress. He was a proud medieval adventurer of the highest type; Richard Coeur de Lion would have been glad of him.

At the end of his heartbreaking career, he threw the election to Jefferson rather than permit Burr to be president, because he considered Aaron Burr a rotter. He gave America to his lifetime foe, because he knew him to be a Randolph and a gentleman.

Washington, with this high-spirited creature under his arm all through the Revolution, did not let him rise to be a young Napoleon. As a result, the young Hamilton finally quit in a huff, and reappeared at the Siege of Yorktown in a spirit of consistency only.

This Hamilton became the old General's counselor during the last of the old General's rule; thought his thoughts for him more and more; and received from the old General everything except a military opportunity, the one desire of his life. Washington may not have been the paragon of wisdom described by some; but certainly his system gave no young Napoleons a chance. When it looked like a war with France the year before Washington's death, when his eye had dimmed and his natural force had abated, it was then and only then that he allowed Hamilton to slip into the place of actual supreme command, with Washington for nominal commander of the American forces. There is more in this battle between the psychology of Washington and that of Hamilton than meets the eye. We can be at peace with people all our lives, and yet at war with them. We can be their masters, and yet their slaves.

If Alexander Hamilton had been kept busy Indian fighting on the frontier instead of having a place in Washington's Cabinet, if he had had a great military instead of a great financial opportunity for his imperious genius, perhaps he would not have looked at Jefferson with so much wrath in this mystical Cabinet meeting, or found his ideas so infuriating. Perhaps the Federalist Party, a very useful instrument, would not have blown up so soon. But Washington kept these two men by him as long as he could and 'regretted' losing either. By the same method, Abraham Lincoln filled his Cabinet with his deadliest rivals for the Presidency, every one of whom wrote home to his wife that he was the only man who could save the Union. Be it said for Jefferson and Hamilton that they were not guilty of this type of confidential communication with their dearest ones; and on the whole, very little guilty of disrespect to General George Washington of Virginia.

Let me insist that I have brought the gallant figure of Hamilton into the discussion only because one cannot mention Jefferson without discussing Hamilton. I would leave his praise to those who can surrender to the task with more abandon.

This is, after all, a discussion of Thomas Jefferson's thousand years. I say, the debate will go on in this mystical symbolical George Washington Cabinet meeting for a thousand years. The General will always be in the chair; the two other gallant figures at each other with all the fury of high souls in wrath. Possibly the conclusion of good Americans should be that Washington must have been the Father of his Country, indeed, to have kept this argument under one roof. These two are not as Montague and Capulet, cutting throats in the street; nor yet as Guelph and Ghibelline.

For my part, I say that at the end of a thousand years Jefferson's ideas will prevail in the Washington Cabinet meeting. But Hamiltonians are surely entitled to vote the other way.

Meanwhile, I hear a boy's violin by the fireside at the old Raleigh Tavern, playing a backwoods' tune.

Switzerland

(Continued from page 9)

ica, the young gravitate to the cities. In the church services it is noticeable that elderly men and women and children are in the majority. Frutigen's unusual industrial advantages have kept some of the young women at home, but most of the enterprising young men are absent. The ambitious who are not bound by home ties go away—many to Paris, London, Rome, Florence or Milan; some to America.

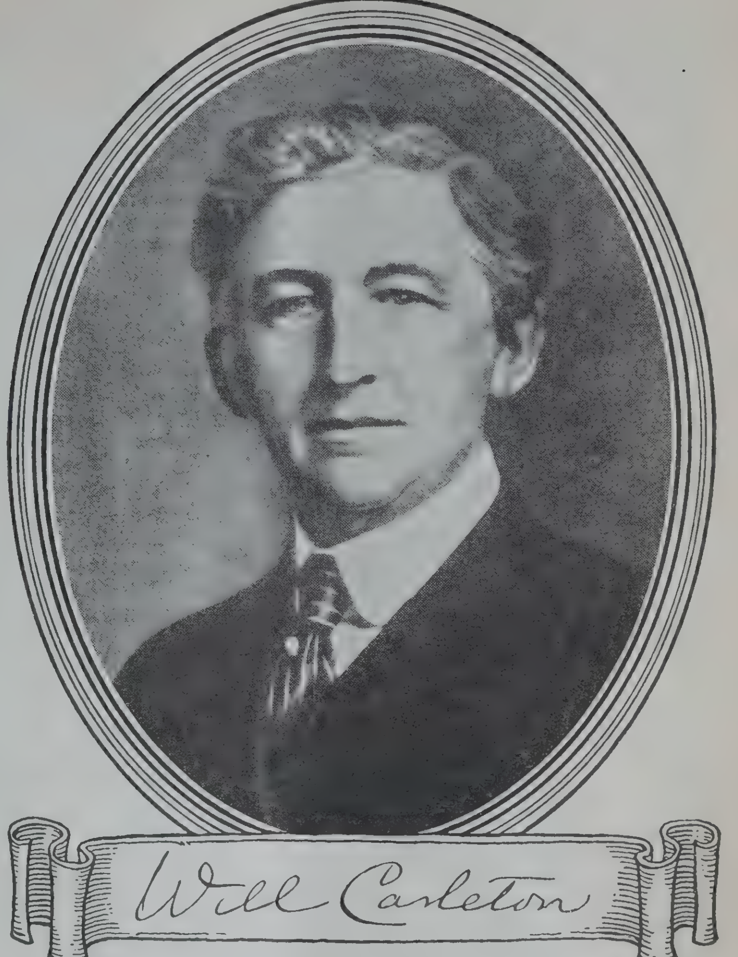
Frutigen might rightfully be called 'Pleasant Valley.' The name would be appropriate, religiously, socially, and industrially. There is but one church and one religion, with the exception of a modest brick Salvation Army barracks; no very rich or very poor; no labor unions and no commercial clubs.

As primitive as Frutigen is, it is nevertheless progressive. A mountain stream has been harnessed to furnish electricity for light, power and heat, and a mountain lake has been tapped for its water supply, public fountains being erected on every street. The water is also piped into houses which were built long before it was known what could be done with electricity as a labor-saving agent; and the cars that connect Frutigen with the outside world—one entrance into the valley being through the Simplon and Loetschberg tunnels and the other through Hondrich Tunnel, with Bern only a few miles away—are run by electrical power, doing away with smoke.

The Swiss are schooled to habits of simple living and industry. Being jealous of their independence, they mind their own business and do not interfere with what does not immediately concern them. As a rule they are thorough workmen, though the specializing of industry has crept in and reduced the number of all-round artisans. However, when a Swiss leaves his mountain valley to mingle with the world, he is giving up a great deal.

He SANG to the HEART

By N. L. VAN WEGEN



A SMALL boy listening wide-eyed to an imported lecturer in a southern Michigan village straightway determined that he would become a public speaker.

A young man not two years out of college, confronted with a phenomenal reception to a poem printed gratuitously in the Toledo *Blade*, thereupon decided that he would also make of himself a poet.

The episodes of the small boy and the young man are high lights in the life of Will Carleton, Michigan's ballad writer who became a lecturer and poet of international fame. The anniversary of his birth is celebrated yearly in the state on 'Carleton Day,' October 21.

When the small boy got back to his farm home, he proceeded to address emotional opinions on divers subjects to the cattle, the sheep, and the horses; persisting in his oratorical efforts even though his father opined that he was 'spoiling a tolerably good farmer to become an intolerably bad orator'—to borrow the words of the son in later years.

Once when asked where his boy was, the unsympathetic but observing father is said to have replied, 'Oh! Will is probably in some apple tree writing an oration to deliver to the horses this evening.'

The young man, finding himself famous overnight as the author of 'Betsy and I Are Out,' a poem depicting the marital difficulties of a couple who, after living together happily for most of their lives, had agreed to disagree, promptly turned to the writing of colloquial verse.

He did not, however, abandon his liking for the platform. Instead he combined the two vocations, added several journalistic ventures, and for more than forty years traveled up and down the land, in Canada and through Europe, giving lectures and interpretative readings of his ballads to audiences ranging from newsboys to notables.

His emotional intensity, his searching insight into Middle West rural character, and his ability to alternate real humor and pathos, made these offerings deservedly popular.

A recital at the Nottingham Institute in England was reported by the *Guardian*, which had this to say:

'It was a strange and interesting effort, a poetical monologue, judiciously interspersed with delightful recitations of beautiful poems, which went straight to the heart. Jest and earnest, gayety and gravity, were deeply interwoven; laughter and tears alternated for the mastery, people being compelled to laugh through their tears and cry in the midst of their laughter.'

As a reciter for 'Moody's Ragamuffins,' Chicago street urchins who were gathered in large groups by Dwight L. Moody in the first flush of his great evangelical work, Carleton is said to have so completely captivated the boys that they would accept no one else of an evening—urging him on until, becoming exhausted, he would escape through a side door.

'Over the Hill to the Poorhouse,' the above-mentioned 'Betsy and I Are Out,' 'The First Settler's Story,' 'Gone With a Handsomer Man,' 'The New Church Organ,' 'Out of the Old House, Nancy,' 'Uncle Sammy,' and a score more of his more popular ballads, are literally the poetic element extracted from the most ordinary things and treated in such a manner that it reaches all audiences.

Will was christened 'William McKendree' Carleton. His birthplace was a farm two miles east of the village of Hudson, Lenawee County, Michigan, near the southern boundary of the state. His parents, John Hancock and Celestia E. Smith Carleton, were pioneer settlers, having located upon the uncleared land, ten years before the year of his birth, 1845.

Will Carleton passed his earliest years in the plainest of rural surroundings. The youngest of a family of brothers and sisters, he was frail, sensitive, and dreamy.

In later years he liked to tell an anecdote of himself which affords a glimpse of his boyhood.

Carleton had gone to the fair grounds of a neighboring town to hear Cassius M. Clay, the Kentuckian, make a speech, but found so large a crowd that he could see nothing of the eloquent Southerner. Crawling between people's feet he came to a tree not far from the stand and climbed up to a branch upon which he perched well satisfied.

All went well until the orator, to illustrate the ignorance of his political opponents, cried out with an emphatic gesture, 'They don't know any more about it than that boy there in the tree.' A thousand eyes were at once focused upon the bashful youth.

'The sensation,' said Carleton, in telling the story years later, 'was very much as if some ice water were being poured down my back. I tried to conceal myself among the branches but that would not work, and I was not long in shinning down and making myself scarce. At home I had no sympathy; they told me I should have stayed and fought it out.'

James O'Donnell Bennett, reporting in the Chicago *Record-Herald* of Monday, October 28, 1907, the 'home-coming' of Will Carleton after years spent in the East, affords an excellent picture of Carleton's first school and home, and the esteem in which he was held by the neighborhood:

'It is a striking thing that a farming region for a radius of fifty miles should pour out its plowmen and parsons, school children and its shopkeepers to honor the man who had taught them that there was poetry in every aspect of their practical lives and the sedate landscape.

'Half a mile down the highway from the Carleton farm stands the stocky, boxlike little white schoolhouse where the poet learned his three "R's." They call it now the "Carleton School," and a portrait of him hangs on the walls along with one of the President. A flag fluttered in the doorway. Great sprays of asparagus and red berries were the interior decorations.

'To this one-story, one-room structure, which stands in a lonely place at the intersection of the roads, the pilgrims repaired at nine o'clock.

'In accordance with ancient district

school tradition the room was insufferably hot, a sheet-iron stove working overtime in the center aisle. On the blackboard in the round, correct hand of the teacher were chalked these words:

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."

'The lines were signed "Carleton."

'There was much speech making at the schoolhouse, which was packed with old friends, who were called upon as if they were still school children. Mr. Carleton, when he mounted the chair, addressed the assemblage as follows:

'"Fellow Pupils, and Schoolmaster and Boys and Girls—I look around this room and I pick out the places where I used to sit: sometimes it was over by that window, sometimes there, sometimes, I grieve to say, on the floor when I had been bad and was caught at it. In a general way, I may say that I sought the best place and then held it down as long as I could. I have been trying to do that in life ever since."

'He told how he had been larruped by the schoolmaster when he was detected writing a combination of epigram and epitaph that should embalm the failings of that long-gone pedagogue, and he insisted that he never would have been caught if the rime had not stumped him in the last measure and caused a fatal delay. A baby began to cry lustily while he was speaking and there were ominous whispers from some of the committeemen: "That kid was named after me. Don't put him out. I can talk louder than he can. It's all right."

'Then he spoke of the old days and he thought they were good, "but these are better," he said; "we must not fondle the past too much. We want to go forward. Look ahead. You'll be happier for it. Keep on the pilot of the engine if you can."

'Then he recited that rich, racy old poem of his, "The Schoolmaster's Guests," and after that the pilgrims trooped down the highway to the homestead, where there were more speeches, great handshaking, and album signing, and good old-fashioned visits, and the singing of "My country, 'tis of thee."

'Thus was the poet of the farm crowned by the people of Michigan with the maple leaves of gold and scarlet that he loves. They did it because he has added something to the body of poetry that all the world knows and has committed to the heart of memory.'

THE Carleton homestead was then a trim white two-story dwelling with one ell. The latter covered the site of the original Carleton home—a log house of one story and one room.

After completing the course of the district school, Will walked five miles a day to attend a graded school at West Hudson. This was in 1861. Although at the time he was literally absorbing all the books within his reach, the actions of folk had a more lasting effect. This was true throughout his life. He built his ballads upon the little everyday happenings of those around him.

'Betsy and I Are Out' was based on data he collected while reporting a divorce suit in a country court room for a local paper. 'Over the Hill to the Poorhouse' was inspired when he talked with the inmates of a county home for the destitute near Hillsdale. 'The First Settler's Story' was largely taken from incidents in the lives of his father and his mother while they were clearing their lands.

He was often required to leave school to assist his father on the farm. And when, in 1862, he matriculated at Hillsdale College, he augmented his finances by writing carriers' addresses for neighboring journals, contributing to local newspapers, composing music for country brass bands, teaching in district schools, and, toward the last, reading his poems to small audiences in nearby towns.

Huge posters, printed with a paintbrush by himself on the back of a cheap grade of wall paper and posted on prominent corners, announced Carleton's first reading. The handful of hearers who attended his initial performance are said to have remained near the door in order to step out quietly if the reading proved uninteresting. Instead, they not only remained but suggested at the close of the recital that the young entertainer repeat his readings the following evening in church, which he did.

When he was graduated, as class poet, he read at commencement a poem entitled 'Rifts in the Cloud,' which so affected the college president, 'usually a self-contained, undemonstrative man,' that he rose quickly from his chair, grasped a bouquet of flowers, and enthusiastically threw it at the descending student.

Out of college, Carleton spent the summer and fall as a writer at twelve dollars a week with *The Western Rural*, an illustrated agricultural and family magazine published in Chicago. Here he gained experience sufficient to return to Hillsdale to become editor and part owner of the *Standard*.

This he gave up to assume charge of the Detroit *Weekly Tribune*.

As his duties on the *Tribune* occupied only about two days of the week, Carleton continued his lectures and writing, building up a local reputation that shortly after leaving the paper—in about a year—enabled him to receive from his lecture-recitals seventy-five to a hundred dollars an entertainment. As he averaged five nights a week with the latter, and in addition conducted a book and news store in Hillsdale under another name, and published a small volume of his poems which sold readily, his income soon grew to considerable proportions.

He wrote 'Betsy and I Are Out' less than two years after leaving college. From having a wide local reputation, he became known almost overnight from coast to coast. Publishers fought for his verses, which he supplied principally to *Harper's Weekly*, laying plans in the meantime to undertake the publication of a literary monthly at Detroit. The panic of 1873 seems to have shattered his plans.

Carleton's first trip East to confer with his publishers was made in 1872. He visited cities and historical shrines, and met the *litterateurs* of New York, including Mark Twain and John Hay. He returned, enthusiastic over the reception given him, and over the favorable outlook for his prospective book, *Farm Ballads*.

Farm Ballads was published the next spring, the sales passing fifty thousand within a year. Carleton lived in Hillsdale for about five years, though much of his time was occupied in travel, in fulfilling lecture engagements, and in meeting celebrities such as Tom Nast, Walt Whitman, Whittier, and others. Little journeys to literary and historical shrines in the United States and abroad were a passion with him.

Becoming convinced that Boston offered inducements, Carleton settled, with his mother, in that city. There, as he said, he was to 'lecture about half the time, and live the other half with books and opportunities.' With the exception of a few short home-comings, he never returned to Michigan.

CARLETON subsequently moved to Brooklyn, New York, which was his home for the rest of his life. In the same year—1882—he was married.

Leading the simple, busy life of lecturing, writing, and traveling, Carleton toured Europe, giving lecture-recitals in the British Isles.

He issued three volumes of verse, and founded the magazine *Everywhere*, which he had contemplated back in the early seventies. It was devoted to poems, short stories, and timely topics, and was successful while Carleton held control—until his death eighteen years later. The editor was its chief contributor, although the best writers were regularly featured.

The last years of Carleton's life were perhaps as full of work as any of his career. After his wife's death in 1904, Carleton settled into a routine comparable to that of Mark Twain's. His mornings, unless he was on a lecture tour, were spent in his study, provided he felt inclined to rise at all in the forenoon. He did much of his writing in bed. The afternoons would be given over to business details at his New York office or printing establishment. In the evenings he would read, receive friends, or fulfill engagements.

Of his work *In Old School Days*, written in 1908, Hudson Maxim said in a letter to the poet: 'Shall I say that the "Old School Days" have come to hand, or that they have returned. It is one of the best things you ever did—one of the best things anybody ever did.'

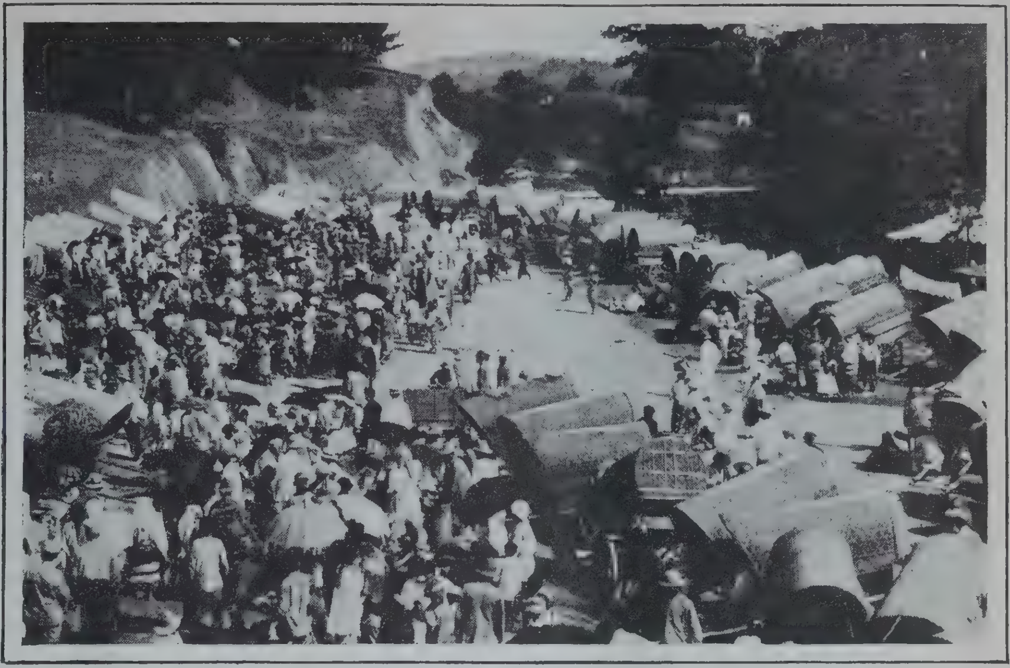
In the same year Moffat, Yard and Company published *Drifted In*, a book replete with quaint philosophy, wit, and sentiment. Four years later *A Thousand Thoughts* was published by the Everywhere Publishing Company, of which Carleton was president and treasurer. This was the last volume of his poems.

Carleton started on an extensive lecture tour early in December, 1912. He was taken ill with bronchitis but refused to abandon his trip. Growing worse, he was persuaded to return to his home, but refused to remain in bed. Pneumonia presently set in, and on December 18 he fell into a coma and entered upon his last sleep.

The self-sufficiency with which Will Carleton carried on his various enterprises dominated his whole career. While he sustained griefs which penetrated to the very roots of his being, there were few outward signs of depression. Success came early. He never peddled his poetical wares; nor did he need to cultivate the lecture field. His work was conducted in a businesslike way like that of a successful merchant. He even went so far on one occasion as to send gratis a poem for which he could not get his price, giving as his reason, 'I don't feel that I can turn my soul wrong side out and pound it for a month for less than an even half-hundred.'

A Visit to a DOG MARKET

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER



A bustling scene at the market in Baguio, Philippine Islands.

ONE Saturday evening as we were driving outside Baguio in the Philippines, we suddenly came upon a pack of yelping, barking dogs held on the end of bamboo sticks in lieu of ropes. They were accompanied by naked Igorrotes. 'What is this, a dog convention?' I asked.

'No, those are dog salesmen who have gone down into the lowlands and bought up sick, lean, and cast-off animals. They bring them up here on Saturday, keep them all night under the trees as you see, and then sell them at the dog market Sunday morning.'

They were a humble lot. I went in and out among them with caution, but soon found that they didn't have enough pep to seize a piece of meat.

'They look half-starved,' I said.

'They *are* starved—that's the system. They are starved for several days, so that they will have voracious appetites. Then the Igorrotes buy them, take them home, and feed them rice. Then the Igorrotes kill them and roast them over a big fire.'

'At what time is the dog market?'

'About daybreak. The most interesting part is over by eight o'clock. The bargaining and haggling over the leaner dogs is at an end by then.'

The problem from then on was that of getting up in time for the dog market. But Betty, who is seven years old, had another problem that worried her. Her problem was how she might save at least one of those dogs from being eaten.

The Igorrote prince who scorned the author's money at the dog market.

Some of the dogs offered for sale.

'Just buy me one poor little dog, daddy. If you'll buy me one, we'll take him home and he won't get eaten up.'

All of Saturday evening, after hearing the story of the dog market and the dog feast, she cried. She didn't want us to go to the market . . . she couldn't eat for thinking about those poor dogs!

Finally day came and we found ourselves in a strange setting. The sun was just rising. The market place was crowded with naked Igorrotes, their bronze bodies glistening in the early light. The yelps and cries of hungry, starving dogs rent the quiet of that beautiful Easter morning.

The crowd itself was intensely interesting. In the dark hours, files of Igorrotes had been slowly winding their way over mountain trails to the dog market. Their naked bodies, clad only in blankets thrown over their shoulders, had shivered in the cold. Groups had come from as far as twenty-five miles away.

Bronzed girls, naked to their waists, with brass bracelets on arms and necks, and with a certain shyness about being photographed, sauntered lazily and gracefully about among the tied, barking dogs. They were looking them over, with watering mouths no doubt, anticipating the dog feast of the next day back in the mountains.

Then I found a naked boy who looked as though he might be the last human being on earth. There was all the lostness of a lost tribe in his face. He was afraid. He didn't want me to take his picture. But the sight of money took away his fear and I snapped him. Then I saw a big chieftain with a beautiful body, his waist like a young girl's, his shoulders as broad as a prize fighter's, bulging with beautiful muscles of copper brown. I think that I have never seen a more splendidly beautiful body. When he moved, his muscles flowed like water over brown stones. His skin glistened in the early sun like the leaves of a maple tree in autumn. There was an erectness about his posture that marked him Chief.

His headdress was simple and dignified. His bolo was in his 'G string.' Outside that and his beautiful silver earrings, he wore nothing. He looked out over that throng of naked Igorrotes as if he held the allegiance of them all. He was the king that he looked, his every gesture princely.

I was not surprised, therefore, when I offered him money for posing for a picture to have him refuse it with quiet scorn. I was ashamed in his presence for my mistake!

After a time Americans began to arrive,

dressed in immaculate white. Army officers with their wives from Camp John Hay—missionaries, teachers, business men, white children; and they contrasted strangely with the brown-bodied children of the natives who gathered in curious throngs to see the white people.

A row of covered carts stood at rest. They looked like our old prairie schooners. The *carabao* had pulled them in with market produce from the mountains.

Abject-looking human beings sat for hours without moving even to dislodge the flies. Crimson, gold and yellow G strings with a certain artistic touch splashed color here and there against brown bodies. Brass, gold, and silver ornaments flashed from the full breasts of women and from their unbound hair, black as midnight, which flowed to their feet as they walked.

The sound of bamboo pipes against their bare arms, combined with the nose pipes also made of bamboo, sent forth a really beautiful music in the morning air.

But back of it all—back of the color, back of the music; back of the squatting, bargaining groups of naked men and women; back of the splashes of color in the closely woven G strings of the men; back of the gold, silver and brass ornaments of the women; back of the earrings in the ears of men and women alike; back of the sprinkling of white men and women—back of it all, howled the dogs that were being sold.

The Forest of Arden

(*Continued from page 4*)

the castle and went tramping through the woods. All at once, a figure in black barred his way—it was the Devil. The Evil One offered him his every wish, and Baron Henry told him that if he could have the power of leading his men against his father's enemies, he was willing to give anything that the Devil asked. It was so agreed, and Henry won many victories on the field, to the honor of his family.

One day while he was gone, his sister disappeared, and no trace could be found of her. Henry at once went and reproached the Evil One, only to find that he had taken her as the payment. In a rage, when he saw an apparition of his sister in the distance, he attacked the Devil but had not struck a blow before he was himself felled.

The next day his servants found his dead body by the side of a murmuring fountain—the last of the barons of La Roche. It is said that the spirit of the dead sister can still be seen at times, floating in the vicinity of the castle and the fountain, but there was no one left to care for the castle and it gradually fell into the ruin that it is today.

All of the castles of the Ardennes are not total ruins, however, the one of Veve-Celles being a notable exception. It stands not far from Dinant, and we were told that it was always so unlucky a place that the last owner suddenly left it, and never returned. It is in a terrible state of disorder, but could be repaired without much trouble. Ancient hangings may still be seen; tattered books cover the floor of the library, and a few faded pictures hang on the walls. It gives the visitor a very good idea of the interior of an old castle, certainly much better than most of the ruins that we had seen throughout Europe, and still is impressive.

The Lost Colony of Roanoke

(*Continued from page 7*)

interested in these people and he began to study them. As he came closer to them and their history, so far as it was known, he became convinced that in them at last was found the solution of the mystery of the Lost Colony. In 1885, through his efforts, the General Assembly of North Carolina recognized the unique character of these Indians and, giving them the name of Croatans, authorized separate schools for them and prohibited their intermarriage with Negroes. Still later they were given legally the name 'Cherokees of Robeson County.' Two years later Mr. McMillan published a pamphlet containing the results of his investigations and his theory of the origin of the Croatans has been generally accepted. All later investigations have tended to strengthen the belief that here is the Lost Colony of Roanoke.

WHEN the whites first came in contact with the Croatans they found them friendly and hospitable. They spoke and continue to use remarkably good English, which bears little resemblance to the speech of the whites and Negroes with whom they were thrown. *Not a single Indian word or name was in use among them.* In their common speech were preserved forms now out of use but common in Elizabethan England.

Remarkable as their speech is, a more striking proof of their origin is to be found in the names existing among them. Thanks to John White's account of the Roanoke colony, we know the names of all those who were lost.

They were:

Mr. McMillan found among the Croatans in 1885 every name which is in italics. It will be noted that of the ninety-five different surnames, forty-one, including the names Dare (changed to Darr, Durr, or Dorr), Stevens, Sampson, Harvie, Cages, Willis, Viccars, Berry, Chapman, Lasie, and Cheven, none of them common in that part of North Carolina, are preserved among them, and that in six cases there is the reappearance of the full name. In addition nearly all the Christian names in the list were to be found among them.

They believed firmly that their ancestors came from 'Roanoke in Virginia.' By Virginia, it was discovered, they meant eastern North Carolina which was of course the original Virginia. They were familiar with the name 'Croatan' only as the old home of their people. Roanoke meant pretty much all of the North Carolina coast from Kitty Hawk to Beaufort, including Dare, Tyrrell, Hyde, Craven, Carteret, and Jones counties. They were familiar, too, with the story of Virginia Dare, with the change of the name to Darr, or Dorr. All were familiar with the fact that their chief man had once been made 'Lord of Roanoke.' This identifies them with the Hatteras Indians since Manteo, or chief of the latter, had been given that title by the early settlers. So, whenever the Croatans gave themselves any distinctive name they called themselves 'Hattoras.'

A visitor or stranger is always addressed as *mon*. They say *whing* for wing, *hit* for it, *ax* for ask, *lovend* for loving, *mension* for measurement or size, *hosen* for hose, *housen* for houses, *knowledge* for wit. *Crone*

MEN

John White
Roger *Baily*
Ananias *Dare*
Christopher *Cooper*
Thomas *Stevens*
John Sampson
Dionys. *Harvie*
Roger Prat
George *Howe*
Simon Fernando
Nicholas *Johnson*
Thomas Warner
Anthony *Cage*
John *Jones*
William *Willis*
John *Brooke*
Cutbert *White*
John Bright
Clement *Taylor*
William Sole
John Cotsmur
Humphrey Newton
Thomas *Colman*
Thomas *Gramme*
Mark *Bennett*
John Gibbes
John Stilman
Robert *Wilkinson*
John Tydway
Ambrose *Viccars*
Edmund English

Thomas Topan
Henry Berry
Richard *Berry*
John Spendlove
John Hemmington
Thomas *Butler*
Edward Powell
John Burdon
James Hynde
Thomas Ellis
William *Browne*
Michael Myllet
Thomas *Smith*
Richard Kemme
Thomas *Harris*
Richard Taverner
John Earnest
Henry *Johnson*
John Starte
Richard Darige
William *Lucas*
Arnold Archard
John *Wright*
William Dutton
Maurice *Allen*
William Waters
Richard Arthur
John *Chapman*
William Clement
Robert *Little*
Hugh Taylor

Richard Wildye
Lewes Wotton
Michael Bishop
Henry *Browne*
Henry Rufoote
Richard Tomkins
Henry Dorrell
Charles Florrie
Henry Mylton
Henry *Paine*
Thomas *Harris*
William Nichols
Thomas Phevens
John Borden
Thomas Scot
Peter *Little*
John Wyles
Bryan Wyles
George *Martyn*
Hugh *Pattenson*
Martin Sutton
John Farre
John *Bridger*
Griffin *Jones*
Richard Shabedge
James *Lasie*
John *Cheven*
Thomas Hewet
William Berde

WOMEN

Eleanor *Dare*
Margery *Harvie*
Agnes *Wood*
Winnifred *Powell*
Joyce Archard
Jane *Jones*

Elizabeth Glane
Jane *Pierce*
Audry Tappan
Alice *Chapman*
Emma Merimoth
—— Colman

Margaret Lawrence
Joan Warren
Jane Mannering
Rose *Payne*
Elizabeth Viccars

BOYS AND CHILDREN

John Sampson
Robert Ellis
Ambrose *Viccars*

Thomas Archard
Thomas Humfrey
Thomas Smart

George *Howe*
John Prat
William Wythers

CHILDREN BORN IN VIRGINIA

Virginia *Dare*

—— Harvie

is to push down. They regularly call cow *cyow,* cart *cyart,* card *cyard,* girl *gyirl,* kind *kyind,* father *fayther,* James *Jeams.*

Among them are to be found numerous Indian traits. They love bright colors, particularly reds, pinks, greens, and various plaids.

They are apt still to walk in Indian file. They generally prefer to live apart from other people and off the road. They never forget an enemy or a friend, and are scrupulous about the payment of every debt. Whisky has had upon them the blighting effect which it has exerted upon Indians generally, and under its influence, or when otherwise aroused, the Croatan can be as deadly as any Apache or Sioux.

Against all this, in contrast with Indians generally, they are notably clean, their houses being kept scrubbed and spotless and their yards neat and in good order. They are fond of flowers, those of bright colors usually being found in great profusion about their homes. They are quick-witted, thrifty, industrious, and ambitious for education.

They are religious and have many churches divided about evenly between the Baptists and Methodists. In their social relations they do not resemble other Indians and in the memory of man have had no tribal organization.

Normally they are law-abiding and from their first contact with the whites they displayed an understanding of white men's law and white men's justice which has always been lacking among either Indians or Negroes in the mass.

FROM the close of the Revolution until 1835 these Indians had the right to vote and practised it. The constitution of 1835, however, disfranchised 'free persons of color,' and this was so interpreted as to include the Indians. As a result, in the course of time, they came to be regarded as mulattoes.

For a Croatan there is no more deadly insult than to call him a Negro and, deeply offended, he had less and less to do with his white neighbors. In 1868 they were reënfranchised, but they were left without opportunity of education since they were excluded from the white schools and would not attend those for Negroes.

During the period after the Revolution, as the tribe increased in number, emigrations occurred. Some, in whom the characteristics of the whites predominated, went to the mountains of western North Carolina where they passed as white people.

A darker group were probably the progenitors of the Melangeons of Hancock County, Tennessee.

Others still moved down the Pee Dee River in South Carolina. A considerable group went north, some reaching Canada, and others joining an Indian tribe on the shores of Lake Michigan. A small group went to Ohio.

In 1913 the Croatans in North Carolina numbered between six and seven thousand, nearly all of them living in Robeson County. Pembroke, where the Croatan Normal School is situated, is in the center of their settlement. They deserve more attention than they have received and a greater opportunity for education and advancement.

The Discovery of Alta California

(*Continued from page 2*)

—*Ewing Galloway.*

Inner garden of San Luis Rey Mission, near San Diego.

relief ship *Jose* which was sent out later from Mexico by De Glavez and never heard from, Portola made the long journey back to San Diego by land. Reaching there only half-alive he found the colony in a deplorable condition. He decided to abandon the project and have all return to Mexico.

BUT right there Portola came up against the zealous immovableness of Junipero Serra, which characterized that padre's relations with later California governors and became the basis of the great temporal success of the missions.

Two weeks after the colonizing expedition reached San Diego, the first California mission had been founded by Father Junipero, July 16, 1769. In January following, when Governor Portola returned from his unsuccessful search for the Bay of Monterey, and ordered the retreat to Mexico, Junipero Serra violently objected. He was not of the caliber that ever turns back! Portola was equally obdurate and set March 20 as the day of the return unless a relief ship came to their assistance.

Since every human means had failed, Father Junipero sought a spiritual. With the other padres he prayed fervently for a sail to appear. Weeks passed and there was no answer. When their eyes swept the horizon on the morning of March 19 no gleam of white caught the rays of the rising sun. But on the eve of that last day the sail of the *San Antonio* was sighted. She had been forced to return to replace an anchor lost in the Santa Barbara Channel—forced to return, no doubt, by the hand of Providence to secure California for her brilliant future!

So the colony remained and Portola, showing that he possessed the right metal after all, traveled again by land in another attempt to find Monterey Bay, while Junipero sailed on the *San Antonio* for the same port.

This time the quest was not in vain and on June 3, 1770, Junipero Serra founded, on the shores of the bay, the second California mission, San Carlos, at Carmel, which was always so dear to him.

Junipero Serra founded nine of the twenty-one missions, toiling for fifteen years in a crude, new country to lift half-barbarous men to a semblance of civilization. When he was more than seventy years old he made the long trip from Monterey to San Diego on foot, visited all the missions—set a day's foot journey apart—and stopped to shed his benign cheer at many of the Indian villages.

Who more worthy to walk along El Camino Real than this venerable padre, lost in love for that dusky, primitive race!

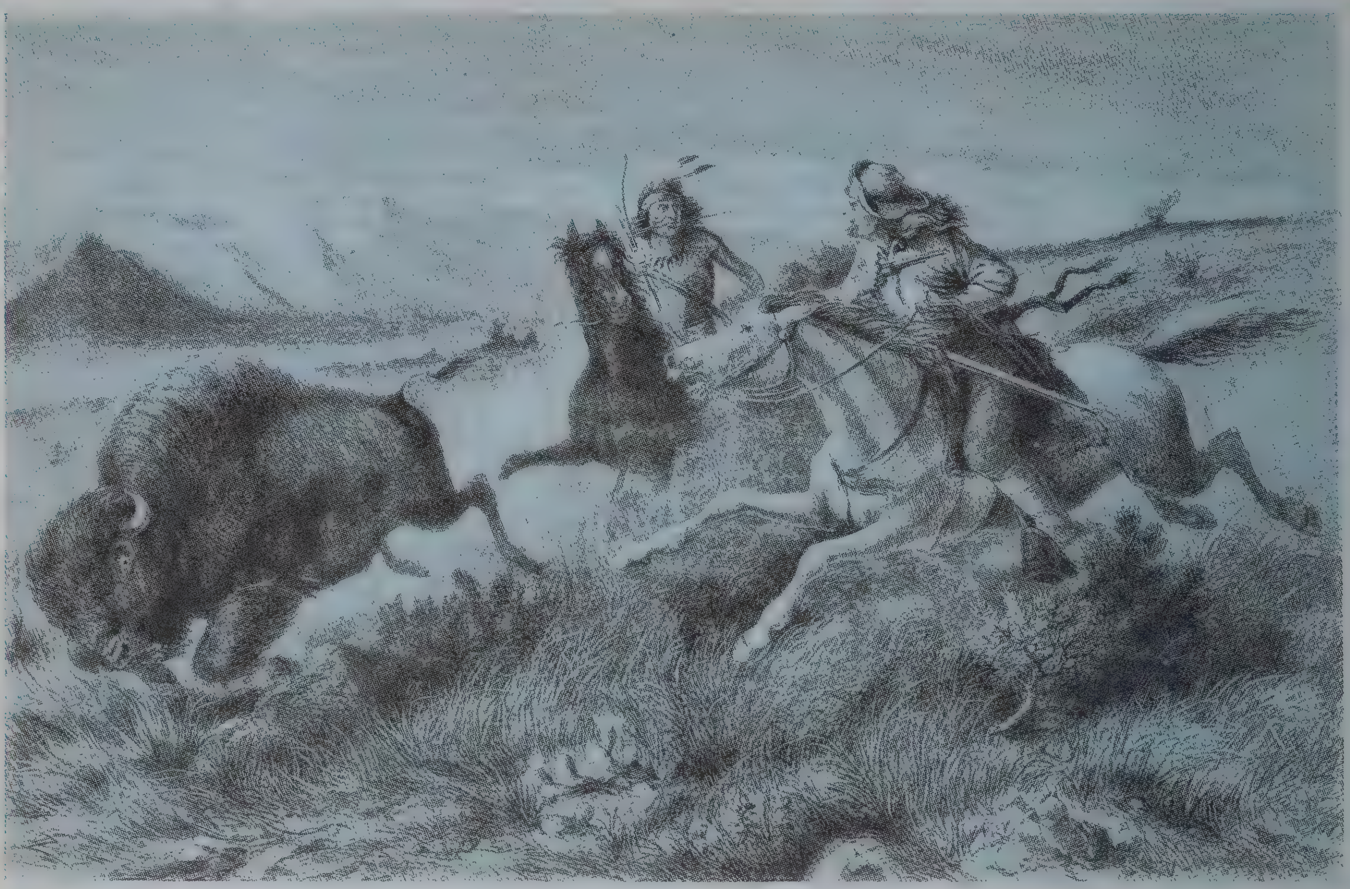
In Monterey, 1783, his labors ceased, and the 'significance of his work lies in the fact that the Indians loved him.' His tomb is in the sanctuary that he loved, San Carlos.

The founding, growth and decline of the California missions mark a unique historical episode. During a period of fifty-four years twenty-one missions were established, reaching from San Diego north six hundred miles to Sonoma County.

The padres wisely based the civilization of a savage race upon industrial education. The missions became great industrial centers where Indian women were taught to spin, weave, sew, cook, et cetera, and were decently married. The men were taught to grow grains and fruit on the wide mission lands; to herd horses, cattle and sheep over the great ranges; and they learned every trade from the making of adobe bricks and tile to the construction of the missions whose picturesque ruins remain a monument to those simple, primitive people who had never worked—to their valiant effort to rise out of savagery into a degree of civilization. A monument, also, to the self-sacrificing zeal of those pioneer padres who, through their hard and patient work as well as the great amount of labor at their command, created the mission wealth.

San Luis Rey in San Diego County, called the 'King of the Missions,' had several thousand baptized Indians, 24,000 head of cattle, 10,000 horses, 100,000 sheep, and harvested 14,000 bushels of grain annually.

(*This is the first of a series of articles on this subject. The next will follow in an early issue.*)



MANIFEST DESTINY. —After a picture by W. M. Cary in *Aldine Magazine*, 1871.

HUNTING the BUFFALO

By WILLIAM A. SIMONDS

FOUR days on the Platte, and yet no buffalo! Francis Parkman, traveling westward from St. Louis in 1846, thus wrote in his notebook as he wondered what had become of the herds of the preceding year. Wolves were plentiful; he was able to take pot shots at them from his pony as he rode along the trail; but nary a buffalo was to be had.

Came the fifth day. Parkman and his friend, Henry Chatillon, were making their way up a small ravine. Suddenly, outlined against the farthest hill, they saw a long procession of buffalo walking in Indian file, slow and stately and wholly unaware of a white man's presence. Chatillon shot two.

And now young Parkman came upon another interesting spectacle of the prairie country. He saw moored in the river eleven boats which were laden with buffalo and beaver skins. They were taking the *bourgeois* down from Fort Laramie with the products of the winter's trading. Already en route a full month, the party needed to make full speed because the river was daily growing more shallow.

This warning was proved worth while when Parkman and his companions came to the South Fork, the usual fording place. His notes indicate that although the stream was sprawled over half a mile at this point, it was only eighteen inches deep and consisted mostly of sand bars.

On June 7 an entry appeared in his diary:

'Four men are missing; R., Sorel and two emigrants. They set out this morning after buffalo, and have not yet made their appearance; whether killed or lost, we cannot tell.'

A council was called immediately among the other emigrants, and one or two declared they had seen Indians crawling like wolves, dogging the footsteps of the missing quartet along the ridges of the hills. But on the next day, when the wanderers returned, they reported no sign of the much-feared redskins, only 'millions of buffalo.'

Those who stalked the bison in that day had two methods—Parkman called one 'running,' the other 'approaching.' The method of hunting called 'running,' he explained, consisted of attacking the buffalo from horseback and shooting it with bullets or arrows when at full speed. In 'approaching,' the hunter concealed himself and crawled on the ground toward the game or lay in wait to kill it.

Another method of pursuing the shaggy brutes was described in *Harper*, January, 1869, thus:

'A few months since, passengers on the way to Denver and Salt Lake by the Smoky Hill route had frequent opportunities of seeing herds of buffalo from the cars of the Union Pacific railroad; and on several occasions the buffalo were sufficiently close to the trains to be killed by shots from the car windows and platforms; the engineer being accommodating enough to slow the locomotive sufficiently to keep pace with the buffalo, which were seemingly engaged in a race with the iron horse. 'When buffalo were killed the train was stopped, the game secured being granted a free ride in the baggage car. It would seem to be hardly possible to imagine a more novel sight than a small band of buffalo loping along within a few hundred feet of a railroad train in rapid motion, while the passengers are engaged in shooting, from every available window, with rifles, carbines and revolvers. An American scene, certainly!'

Some of the indications that the buffalo were disappearing were enumerated by this writer as follows: 'The Indians tell you that the herds are less numerous; the "rancher" vouches for the same fact; the trader has raised the price of the robe; and many of the eastern trails are "mossed over" from disuse. The Indians and buffaloes are moved about as far west as they can well go.

'If you hunt buffalo you must consider the fact that you are in the "Indian country"; and it is a well-known fact that our aboriginal nomad will kill his white brother if the opportunity offered is a good one. So don't venture too far from the government post or the ranch without a sufficient escort to fight if need be . . . Don't tempt him too far, for the flesh is weak and the red baby must be made familiar with the different varieties of hair—and blonde tresses are highly prized among the tepees.'

Although the buffalo possesses both size and strength, one wonders if the earlier Parkman was not overenthusiastic when he described the bull as the most ugly and ferocious of *all* beasts in aspect.

'At first sight of him, every feeling of sympathy vanishes,' declared that writer. 'No man who has not experienced it can understand with what keen relish one inflicts the death wound, with what profound contentment of mind he beholds its fall. The cows,' he added, 'are much smaller and of a gentler appearance as becomes their sex . . . Against the bulls we waged unrelenting war. Thousands of them might be slaughtered without causing any detriment to the species.'

It was at the water holes that the bulls were downed—these places affording a method described as easiest and laziest. In one of his interesting experiences Parkman encountered a great herd of the roaming beasts, 'a heavy, dark column stretching to the right and left as far as I could see.'

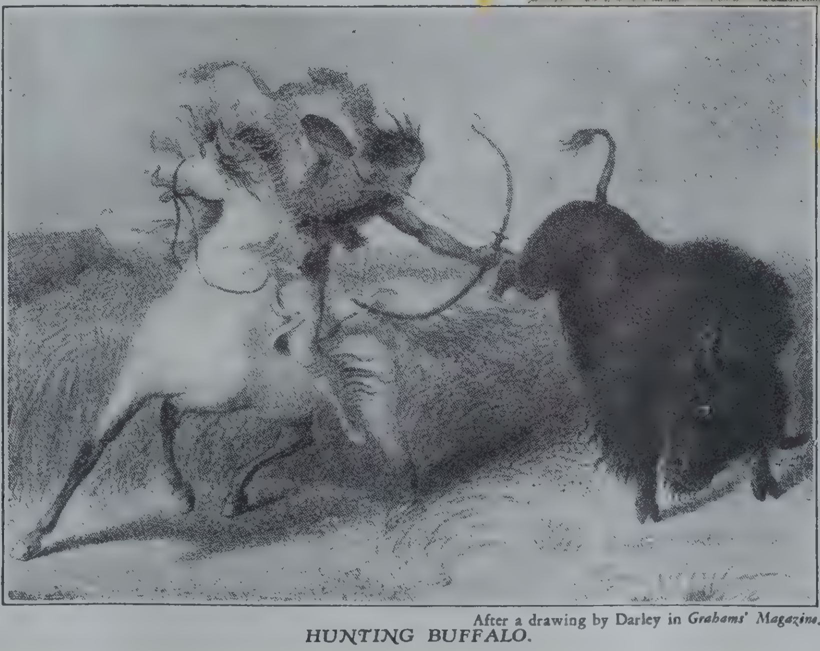
His approach did not alarm them in the least; they were mostly cows and calves, with bulls ranging along the flanks. As he walked toward the column, the bulls turned and glared at him with such 'a shaggy and ferocious look that I thought it best to proceed no farther.' The party shot five bulls before the rest trotted away.

Some of the perils of the buffalo hunt, as chronicled by the writers of seventy-five years ago, seem ludicrous when compared with the dangers of big-game hunting in the present day.

One writer in *Harper* warns the sportsman that it must not be supposed 'he can ride directly into a herd of buffalo without danger.'

'In the excitement,' this writer goes on to say, 'the horse may stumble and fall; or as is frequently the case, you may, before you are aware, ride into a dog village, and the wide, deep holes that are to be seen in almost every square yard are traps that it is impossible to avoid entirely.

'The buffalo, too, is sometimes known to turn with a surprising quickness of movement; and then, too, you must bear in mind the fact that the wounded bull is not as safe a companion as you might select if you had a choice.'



After a drawing by Darley in *Grahams' Magazine*.
HUNTING BUFFALO.

On another occasion, when Parkman was sojourning among the Indians not far from the Black Hills, he participated in a 'hunt' staged by the natives. They ascertained the location of the herd by querying a cricket, called by the Indians 'they-who-point-out-the-buffalo.' This insect was picked up by one of the Indians, held between fingers and thumb, and respectfully asked:

'Tell us, father, where we must go tomorrow to find the buffalo.'

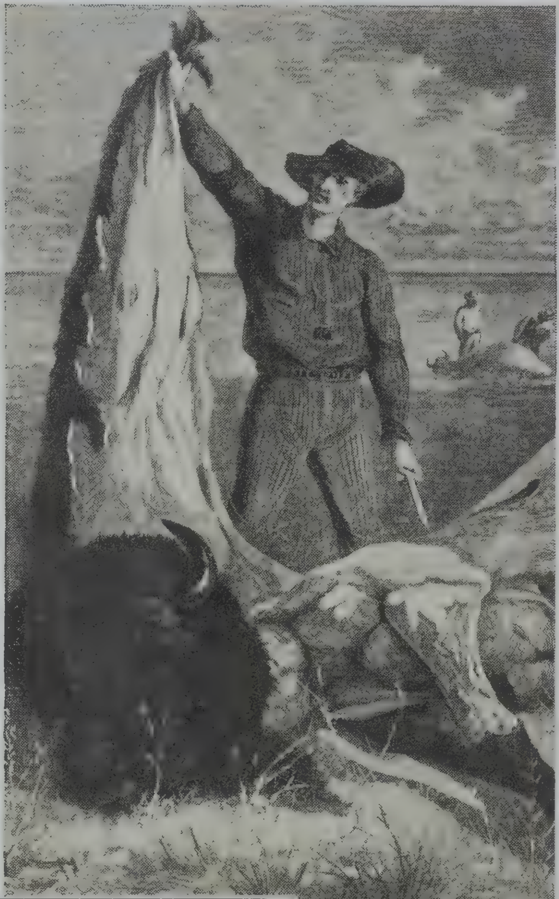
Finally the cricket pointed, or seemed to point, to the westward; and thither the tribe went, to find shortly a splendid herd of cows ready for the morrow's attack.

One can imagine the thrilling sight as the advance scouts waved their robes in signal of the herd's proximity. There was the change to fresh horses, the swift girding of bows, arrows and thongs, the scramble up the ridge and then—just across on the other side, the feeding animals. One can hear the shrill yells as the onsweeping Indians, violently beating their mounts, rode headlong at the herd.

'We were among them in an instant. Amid the trampling and the yells I could see their dark figures running hither and thither through clouds of dust, and the horsemen darting in pursuit. The uproar and confusion lasted but for a moment. The dust cleared away, and the buffalo could be seen scattering as from a common center, flying over the plain singly or in long files and small compact bodies, while behind each followed the Indians, lashing their horses to furious speed, forcing them close upon their prey and yelling as they launched arrow after arrow into their sides. The large black carcasses were strewn thickly over the ground.'

That night the burdened horses brought to the lodges great piles of hides and meat for the squaws to unload. Women and children explored the piles for dainty portions which they roasted on sticks before the fires. Late that night the fires blazed and the banquet continued, although the warriors themselves had fallen asleep in the tents. These were well carpeted with soft buffalo robes; some had pillows of whitened deerskin stuffed with feathers and ornamented with beads.

A strange scene it must have been that night around the council fire when the old men and the warriors of repute, with white robes drawn close about their shoulders, sat together and passed the pipe from hand to hand. The occasion was one of great dignity . . . the Great Spirit had blessed the huntsmen and the kill had been unusually heavy. Except for low gutturals, infrequently spoken, the silence was profound. How shattered must have been their gravity when the irrepressible Parkman dug out some fireworks he had been saving—'squibs and serpents'—and lighted them from the glowing peace pipe. As these weird spluttering crackers went whizzing over the heads of the astounded natives, one cannot wonder much at their consternation, or at the name they gave the famous writer—'Fire-Medicine.'



From *Harper's Weekly*, 1874.
SLAUGHTERED FOR THE HIDE.

The Senate of the Fiftieth Congress

(Continued from page 15)

fornia during the first half of the war. He was one of the 'big four'—Huntington, Stanford, Hopkins and Crocker—who built the Central Pacific railroad.

When Stanford died on June 21, 1893, his fortune was estimated at fully fifty million dollars. His son Leland Stanford Jr., an only child, had died and he founded Leland Stanford Junior University as a monument. He gave it twenty millions. His wife Jane, dying some ten or twelve years later, gave it almost as large a sum, and a million acres of California land.

Henry M. Teller of Colorado went to the Senate in 1876, when Colorado was admitted to the Union. He left the Senate to become Secretary of the Interior in Arthur's Cabinet in 1882 but went back to the Senate when his term as secretary had expired. With his gray hair brushed straight back over his head, Teller looked like a deacon of the old school. He was one of the leaders in the free-silver movement and bolted the convention that in 1896 nominated McKinley on a gold standard platform. A few of the free-silver Democratic senators considered a scheme to procure the nomination of Teller in the Democratic convention that followed, and some of the delegates arriving at Chicago those hot July days were importuned to pledge themselves to the Colorado senator. There never was a chance for Teller, however, and Bryan, returning from Jacksonville, Illinois, whither he had gone to bury his mother, made his 'cross of gold' and 'crown of thorns' speech which swept the convention.

Orville H. Platt of Connecticut was one of the most useful men in the Senate. In no way pretentious, Platt brought to bear on national affairs a sound common sense that was invaluable. He was a tall, angular, melancholy-looking man who did not smile often. He was the author of the so-called Platt Amendment, adopted March 2, 1901, under which the transfer of Cuba to the keeping of its people was conditioned upon the new republic's consenting in perpetuity to intervention by the United States 'for the preservation of Cuban independence and to maintain a government capable of protecting life, property and individual liberty.'

SHELBY M. CULLOM and Charles B. Farwell, both Republicans, were the senators from Illinois. Cullom wore a fringe of gray whiskers under his chin. It pleased him to have it said that he looked like Lincoln, whom he knew well when Lincoln was in the Illinois legislature and he himself was practising law in Springfield. He had served several terms in the House and two as governor of Illinois when he came to the Senate in 1883; and there he remained for many years. Farwell, his colleague, was a wholesale merchant in Chicago, whither he had gone when the town had about thirty thousand people. He grew rich with it.

Iowa's two Republican senators were William B. Allison and James F. Wilson. Senator Allison helped to 'organize volunteers in the beginning of the war for the suppression of the rebellion,' but he did not see active service. That was his sole military activity. Thereafter he served in Congress from March 4, 1863, until elected to the Senate. He had been a member of the convention that nominated Lincoln in 1860 and again and again he sought the Republican presidential nomination. He was in his eightieth year when he died on August 4, 1908. A heavily built, handsome old man he was, with thick thatch of gray hair. He was cautious in his utterances and hedged them about with many reservations.

Senator Wilson of Iowa served in the House during the Civil War. He had been a harness maker for eight years, gaining an education while he worked. In the House he was chairman of the judiciary committee and was one of the managers in the impeachment of Andrew Johnson.

Eugene Hale and William P. Frye were Maine's senators, both Republicans. The one was twenty-four, the other twenty-nine years old when the Civil War began, but neither entered the service. Hale married a senator's daughter and his son is one of Maine's present senators. Grant wished to make him postmaster-general and Hayes offered him a Cabinet position, but he declined each offer. Hale was always very well clad, a Vandyke beard adorned his full face, and his gray hair was carefully parted in the middle. He was intensely partisan and at times somewhat bitter. Frye had served twelve years in the House when Blaine resigned from the Senate to become Garfield's Secretary of State. He was given the Senate seat then which he occupied until his death. He was a member of the Paris commission that made the peace with Spain.

HENRY L. DAWES and George F. Hoar, Republicans, were senators from Massachusetts. Dawes served in the House for eighteen successive years, his term of service beginning before the Civil War. He was for eight years a member of the House and was on the Tilden-Hayes electoral commission. Entering the Senate in 1877, he remained there until his death on September 30, 1904.

Michigan was represented by Thomas W. Palmer and Francis B. Stockbridge, Republicans both. Palmer was born in Detroit on January 25, 1830, when Detroit had only 2,222 population. It took eighty-one ballots of the legislature to put Palmer in the Senate, when he was nearly fifty-four years of age. Stockbridge entered the Senate in 1887 and there remained until his death within two years of the beginning of his second term.

Dwight M. Sabin and Cushman K. Davis were Minnesota's senators. Sabin served from 1883 to 1889. A thoroughly practical business man who had long been active in state politics, he was a useful but not a conspicuous senator.

Nebraska was represented in the Senate by Charles F. Manderson and Algernon S. Paddock. Paddock went to Nebraska in territorial days, was a delegate to the convention that nominated Lincoln in 1860, and became territorial secretary in 1861. In that office he served until the war was over. He was in the Senate for the term of 1875-1881. Then Arthur made him a member of the Utah commission, where he remained four years. He returned to the Senate in 1887 for a term ending in 1893. He died four years later.

John P. Jones and William M. Stewart, senators from Nevada, had each passed his thirtieth year when the Civil War began and neither entered the service. Jones was English born but looked like a Welshman. He went to California 'in the days of gold' and fared indifferently, but had better luck in Nevada, where he became superintendent and one of the owners of the rich Crown Point mine on the Comstock. Jones made his legislative reputation by a three-day speech on silver. First elected in 1873, he served thirty years in the Senate. In his later period of service he was irregular in attendance; he made Senate appearance chiefly when the free coinage of silver or the sugar tariff was under discussion. Then he was present and alert.

STEWART, his colleague, a ponderously built man with a large head from which depended a long white beard, resembled the conventional Santa Claus in appearance but not in disposition. The discovery of gold in California drew him to the coast when he was twenty-one and he became a pick-and-shovel miner with such success that early in 1852 he began to study law. A few months at a few books sufficiently qualified him in that day to become a district attorney; when he was only twenty-seven he became attorney-general of California. With the development of the Comstock lode, he moved to Virginia City, Nevada, specialized in mining litigation and received some notable fees. He served in the Senate from 1864 to 1875 and then for twelve years practised law on the coast. In 1887 he again became a Nevada senator in succession to James G. Fair. He sensed the trend of realty values in Washington and built a great stone house known as 'Stewart's castle' far out on Dupont Circle before fashion had drifted thither, but he lost his holdings before he died.

New Hampshire's senators were Henry W. Blair and William E. Chandler. Chandler was born in December, 1835. He was therefore about twenty-five when the war began. He was in the state legislature during the war and was given a civil post in the Navy Department a few weeks before Lee surrendered. The Senate rejected him when Garfield nominated him to be solicitor-general, but Arthur made him Secretary of the Navy and there he served with high constructive efficiency for three years. He was senator from June 14, 1887, until March 3, 1901.

William M. Evarts was then serving his term as senator from New York, his colleague being Frank Hiscock. Evarts, having been graduated from Yale in '37, was chairman of New York's delegation and supported Seward in the convention that in 1860 nominated Lincoln. He was attorney-general for the United States for one year of Johnson's administration and principal counsel for Johnson in the antecedent impeachment trial. He was chief counsel for the United States before the Geneva arbitration tribunal that made the Alabama claims award, and was chief counsel, too, for the Republican

(Continued on page 28)

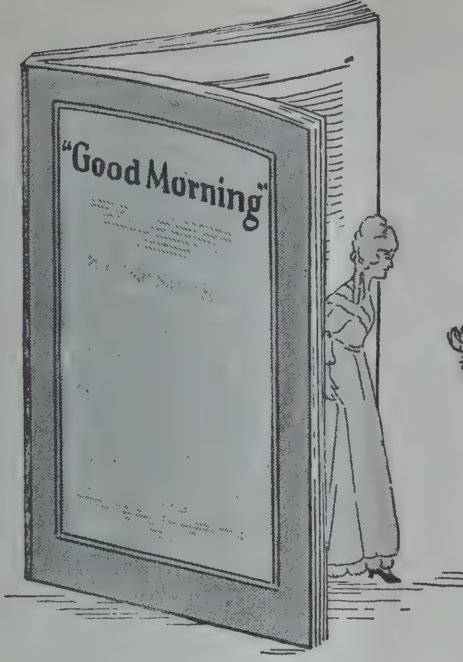


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Table of Contents 'GOOD MORNING'

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- The Waltz and Other Round Dances

(*Continued from page 26*)

party in the Hayes-Tilden contest. As he became Johnson's attorney-general after the impeachment trial, so he became Hayes' Secretary of State. Evarts died February 28, 1901, in his eighty-third year after a life filled with notable experiences.

Ohio's senators were John Sherman and Henry B. Payne. Sherman was thirty-seven when the Civil War began. General William T. Sherman was three years older than his statesman brother John, who, when the war broke out, had already proceeded far upon that distinguished political career that was to absorb his entire life. He had been a delegate to the national Whig conventions of 1848 and 1852 and was chairman in 1855 of the first Republican convention ever held in Ohio. In that year Sherman entered the House and there remained until elected to the Senate in March, 1861. He served in the Senate continuously until March, 1877, when he became Secretary of the Treasury under Hayes and brought about the resumption of specie payments. Hayes' term being ended, Sherman at once became senator again and served until he resigned in 1897 to become Secretary of State under McKinley. In that office his long and distinguished career came to an end.

Henry B. Payne was one of the rich men of the America of his day. He dealt in railroads, had extensive manufacturing interests and was a charter member of Standard Oil. His extraordinary success in business did not prevent lifelong immersion in politics. He was a candidate for United States senator as early as 1851, contested for the Ohio governorship against Salmon P. Chase in 1857, and was a delegate, not only to the Democratic convention in Cincinnati in 1856, but to that at Charleston in 1860 where he tried in vain to check the secession sentiment. Moreover he was chairman of the Ohio delegation that, unhappily for the party and for the nominee, named Horace Greeley for president. So he came fairly enough, if late, to his Senate seat, for he was in his seventy-fifth year when elected for the term that began March 4, 1885. He died September 9, 1896, when nearly eighty-six years of age, in the melancholy belief that his party, nominating Bryan and advocating free silver, had committed suicide.

Oregon was represented by Joseph N. Dolph and John H. Mitchell. Each was twenty-five years of age when the Civil War began but neither enlisted. Dolph, in 1862, served as orderly sergeant in a company called the 'Oregon Escort,' raised by congressional authority to protect emigrants crossing the plains from hostile Indians. In October he settled in Portland. Dolph was strongly opposed to free silver and lived long enough to rejoice over Bryan's first defeat. He died in March, 1897. Mitchell was a man of striking appearance with a beard that almost rivaled Stewart's.

In addition to Matthew Stanley Quay, whose career has already been noted, Pennsylvania claimed James Donald Cameron as senator. 'Don' Cameron, of the Princeton class of '52, was son of Simon Cameron, who in an earlier day was Pennsylvania's political boss. Simon, a senator in the forties, had joined the Republican Party at its formation and was sent to the Senate in 1856. He was Lincoln's first Secretary of War; he resigned in 1862 to become minister to Russia. In 1866 he again became senator and was reëlected yet again six years later. Resigning, he made a personal gift of his Senate seat to his son Don, who was then Grant's Secretary of War as he himself had been Lincoln's. Once in the Senate, Don remained. He was reëlected in 1879, 1885 and in 1891.

Nelson W. Aldrich and Jonathan Chace were Rhode Island's Republican senators. Beyond the fact that Chace was a cotton manufacturer who could afford the luxury of politics and knew how high a tariff was desired by the industry in which he was interested, there is little to be said of the single term he served.

TWO Republican senators of unusual strength and prestige represented Vermont in the Senate. One was George F. Edmunds, a great constitutional lawyer, the other Justin S. Morrill, a legislative veteran, 'the father of the Senate.' Edmunds went into the Senate a year after the close of the war, was reëlected four times, and at last resigned in 1891. He was a member of the Hayes-Tilden electoral commission. Morrill, born in 1810, entered the House in 1854 and served during the Civil War years. There he framed the Morrill tariff that provided revenue for the war's needs. Becoming senator on March 4, 1867, he remained in the Senate until his death at the age of eighty-eight on December 28, 1898. In House and Senate he served forty-four years. Time had bent him somewhat in his later days but he remained alert until the end.

Philetus Sawyer of Oshkosh was one of Wisconsin's Republican senators. Sawyer was over seventy when he entered the Senate but he had served ten experimental years in the House. He knew his limitations and never attempted to hitch his senatorial wagon to an impossible oratorical star. He kept his feet on the ground. Plain in appearance and even old-fashioned, he made no display.

So ends the roll of the Republicans of the Senate of the Fiftieth Congress. No member of the Senate now in legislative life was serving then. Presently it will be with the Senate that is and with the senators that are, as it has been with Senates not very remote and with senators who were. Their shadows at the best are short. There are degrees in greatness. Ordinary greatness lacks substance to endure.

(*This is the second and final installment of an article dealing with the Senate of the Fiftieth Congress.*)

Flamingoes

By E. R. GAMMAGE

THE long-legged, long-necked flamingo is a curiously formed bird, a connecting link between wading and swimming birds. Its stilt-like legs are like those of a heron while its feet (which are webbed) are like those of a duck. Its long, slender neck resembles that of the crane; its thick, fleshy tongue is similar to that of the duck, while in various other respects the bird resembles the goose. It is, with all its numerous likenesses to other birds, an interesting subject of study.

The flamingo lives and breeds near shallow lagoons, where it can easily secure its food. Its curious beak is peculiarly adapted to the kind of food upon which it lives and the method by which the food is secured. The lower part of the beak forms a broad deep box into which the upper part fits like a cover and the whole is bent abruptly downward in the center.

The margins are provided with ridges arranged crosswise as in the duck's bill. The bird feeds upon small Crustacea, mollusks, and the vegetable matter which grows in the shallow waters. The food is taken into the beak, together with a great deal of mud which is later strained out between the furrows on the bill.

In its native haunts, the adult flamingo is a beautiful bright-red color, while the young birds are white. In captivity, however, the color will fade to a pale pink shade.

The flamingo builds a mud nest, often laying the foundation fifteen inches in the water. It is then built up about six or eight inches above the water with a diameter of about fifteen inches at the top. Upon this the mother bird sits, her long neck neatly curled among the back feathers. Her legs are doubled up and stuck out behind her. It was formerly believed that the flamingo sat astride her nest and let her legs dangle, and it was for that reason the nest was built so high from the ground. However, it has been proved that it is only for protection from the water that the nest is thus built.

The flamingoes have decided social instincts, for they live in large flocks, feed together, with sentinels posted for protection, build their nests by the thousands in citylike groups, and fly in catenary formation.

The eggs, which are two or three in number, are well incased in a thick outer chalky coat which covers an inner greenish-blue shell. The young birds do not possess the peculiar crooked beak until maturity.

The flamingoes are not so numerous as they were and in the whole world there are only eight species, most of which inhabit the tropical and subtropical countries. One species only is found in the United States, the favorite haunt being in the marshes of Florida and Louisiana. The accompanying photograph was made in old Mexico.

The voice of the flamingo resembles the 'honk' which is made through a large tin horn. It is a deep, resonant bass and has no claim to being musical.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'Jurisdictional quarrels between big unions have been expected for some time,' said the ***Labor Leader.*** 'It was Gompers' tact and persuasiveness which formerly kept them in hand.

'Gompers always contended that the federation was a voluntary organization and that each union had the right to complete autonomy in the conduct of its affairs. It was this idea (which is the essence of craft unionism as distinguished from industrial unionism) which caused the breach between Gompers as president of the cigarmakers' union and the knights of labor, and which ultimately resulted in the destruction of the latter body.

'Craft unionism has the essential weakness of creating jurisdictional disputes which are the bane of the labor movement for workers and employers. Rows between unions as to who shall perform certain work have cost millions of dollars to both sides.

'Gompers had the two qualities which are absolutely essential to any truly great director of men—courage and idealism. Within his limitations he was a great man, an honest, unselfish American patriot, a fearless fighter, and to paraphrase his own words, he tried to serve his people as best the light was given him and as best his judgment impelled him.'

* * *

'Louisiana occupies an anomalous position as a Democratic state in spite of inherent Republican beliefs and interests,' said the ***Man From New Orleans.*** 'There is no Republican Party in the state with the exception of a handful of Federal officeholders and an even smaller handful of Negroes.

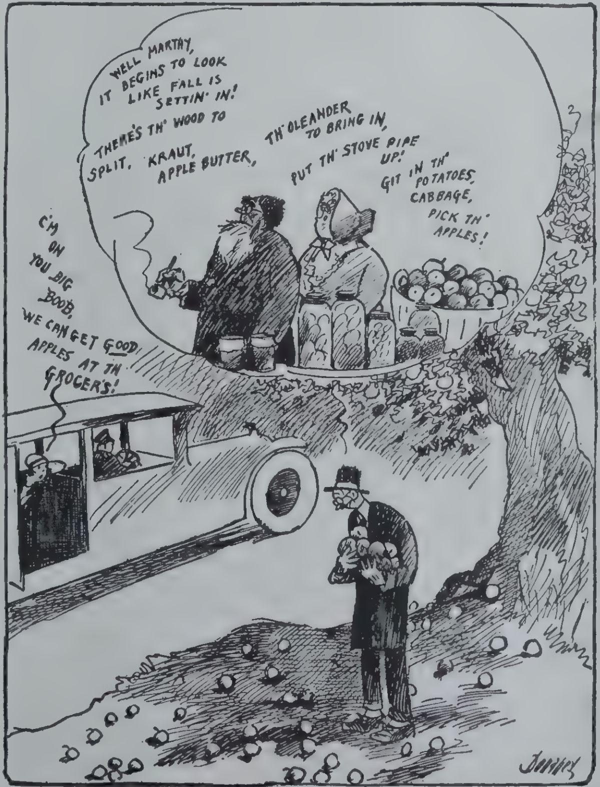
'Nevertheless, President Harding received a phenomenally large vote in Louisiana. He accomplished the epochal feat of carrying five out of the 253 precincts in New Orleans! But the thirty-eight thousand votes cast for Harding were nearly all cast by *Registered Democrats*, and at the election for governor five months before that for president, only 1,400 Republican votes were cast in the entire state.

'The reason back of all this, be it explained for the Northern States where the colored brother casts his ballot unchallenged, is this:

'Under the Fifteenth Amendment no Negro can be restrained from voting at a general election. But private political clubs certainly have the right to include or exclude members. No one, for example, could compel the Isidore Garibaldi McSchultz Marching Club of Milwaukee to take in members who were not desired. And the Isidore Garibaldi McSchultz Marching Club of the Umpth Ward of Milwaukee is a political organization and votes—solid.

'Enlarge upon the Umpth Ward of Milwaukee until you have the entire State of Louisiana and in place of the I. G. M. Marching Club, call it the Democratic Party Club—and there you have the situation. Every white voter in Louisiana, with the exception of a few who have other party affiliations for the sake of fat Federal customhouse plums at the country's second port, New Orleans, is a member of the Democratic Party. There are always two candidates, and usually more; but they are all Democrats. Consequently the Democratic Party primary is really an election. As it is strictly a club affair, only members are allowed to vote at the primaries and only whites are members of the lodge. That is on primary day.

'About two months later, election day strolls along and some 20,000 or 30,000 bored voters go to the polls—out of the 200,000 or more in the state. On the same day from 1,000 to 1,500 Republicans, who wish the record to show how they stood, vote for a Republican candidate of whom no one has ever heard.'


WELL MARTHY, IT BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE FALL IS SETTIN' IN!
THERE'S TH' WOOD TO SPLIT, KRAUT, APPLE BUTTER, TH' OLEANDER TO BRING IN, PUT TH' STOVE PIPE UP! GIT IN TH' POTATOES, CABBAGE, PICK TH' APPLES!
C'M ON YOU BIG BOOB, WE CAN GET GOOD APPLES AT TH GROCER'S!

—Donahey, *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

YES, ED DESCENDED FROM A HARDY RACE.

* * *

'Many people are saying,' said the ***Preacher,*** 'that real religious feeling in America has disappeared, that the church has become a purely social and political institution, that the country is in the grip of what Anatole France has called Protestant clericalism, though what Anatole France knew about it remains to be proved.

'Just now there is more writing about religion than about almost any other single thing. The head of a great publishing house which by no means confines itself to religious books said not long ago that the religious publications really carried his house—a *Life of Christ* is one of the best sellers—and a debate between a fundamentalist and a modernist is headlined in the newspapers.

'But these positives and negatives do not quite cancel out; they are unrelated aspects of something which goes deeper. If folks were at all familiar with Isaiah, they would urge that the church—which is not the same thing as religion—had quite forgotten the text: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." This, they might add, is likely due to the fact that those who make a profession of religion do not know upon what to return or wherein to rest.

'With all its show of action and with all its constituency of the really sincere and devout, religion today is at close quarters with challenging forces which demand readjustments. It has not yet been able to manage all these readjustments, be they the contempt of the intellectual, the heat of the fundamentalist, the concession of the modernist or the exodus of the "seeker" who is busy about the discovery of new religions or the importation of old ones—all these are varying aspects of one central strain upon the old, old structure of our faith.'

* * *

'Throughout West Virginia's coal area one hears a wish,' said the ***Coal Man.*** 'It almost amounts to a prayer. It is this—that out-of-state newspaper and magazine correspondents shall come into the coal area during periods of "peace"; that these correspondents shall dig down to the roots; and that, after unearthing these roots, the correspondents shall write impartially and fearlessly about their findings.

'Up to this time, correspondents have come into the coal area only during spectacular flares in the merciless warfare that is always on between operators of coal mines and both union and nonunion miners of coal. When the flare is off, they leave. During flares, a lot of fat is dumped on the fire. Malignant people who have no business there join in. Barbarism sets the fashion. Weird happenings result. There are plenty of exciting things to write about. Any newspaper reader knows what the last sentence means if he recalls the lively front-page stories that have appeared about these coal area flares.

'Barbaric doings, however, are penned up in one to three counties. The entire area is but a part of West Virginia. Yet correspondents so word the stories they send out as to give an impression that fiendish disorder is rampant over the seventeen thousand square miles of West Virginia coal area. In the same stories, outrageous conditions are said to be a matter of course during periods of what passes for "peace." And the impression is spread that the coal area is all there is to West Virginia.

'If correspondents knew actual facts as they are in the coal area, and if they knew that West Virginia is a good deal more than a big lump of coal, they'd tell a different story. If anybody can get the facts to Congress and to the American people it will do the state of West Virginia and the United States a wonderful lot of good.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Question. Why is the letter 'J' omitted in the designation of regimental companies of the Regular Army? What letters are used in these designations?

Answer. The letter designations of regimental companies of the Regular Army include the alphabet from 'A' to 'M,' exclusive of 'J.' The letter 'J' is omitted because of its similarity, when capitalized in script, to the letter 'I'; its use might therefore be confusing.

* * *

Q. Which industries have made the greatest gain in the last ten years or so?

A. According to Census Bureau calculations the following industries have made the greatest gain in the quarter of a century between 1899 and 1925: Automobiles, 4,666 per cent increase; chemicals, 365 per cent; metals and nonmetals (not iron and steel), 321 per cent; paper, printing, and related industries, 317 per cent. Lumber is at the bottom, having gained only 6.8 per cent; shipbuilding is next with 22.2 per cent gain. Textiles gained 96.5 per cent; food, 119.6 per cent; tobacco, 168.7 per cent. The average gain for all industries has been 178.4 per cent.

* * *

Q. Who introduced the Confederate Stone Mountain Bill which authorized the coinage of five million fifty-cent pieces to aid in the construction of the monument? To what committee was the bill referred and what was the report of the committee? When do the present plans call for the completion of the monument? What is the design, and has the original design of Gutzon Borglum been adhered to?

A. The bill authorizing the coinage of the Stone Mountain Confederate memorial half-dollar was introduced into the Senate by Senator Reed Smoot and into the House by Representative Louis T. McFadden. In the Senate the bill was referred to the Finance Committee and in the House to the Committee on Banking and Currency. Both committees reported favorably. The bill passed Senate and House by unanimous vote and was approved by President Coolidge on March 17, 1924. The figures of President Davis, General Lee, and General Jackson are now in process of being carved on Stone Mountain, in accordance with the design of the sculptor Augustus Lukeman. The figure of Lee and his horse will be ready to be unveiled by January of next year, or thereabout, and the figures of Davis and Jackson will be ready around midsummer of next year. The remainder of the central group, representing the Confederate high command, will consist of four outstanding Confederate generals, and should be carved about two years or so after the completion of the three figures now in process. The second unit will consist of a great memorial hall, to be carved out of solid granite at the base of the mountain, directly underneath the central group. In front of the hall will be a great esplanade and reflection pool. It is estimated that this unit will require three years for completion; and very probably work on it cannot be started until the central group above it has been finished. The design of Mr. Borglum has not been adhered to in the present undertaking, Mr. Lukeman, on his engagement, having been given a free hand in designing the sculpture and the memorial hall.

* * *

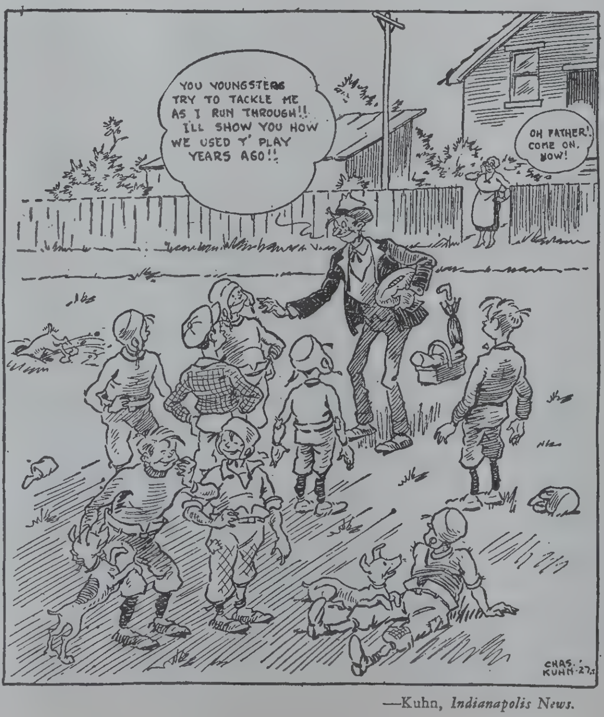
Q. Will you please give a list of the vice-presidents of the United States?

A. The following is a list of the vice-presidents of the United States with the years in which each qualified for office: John Adams, 1789; Thomas Jefferson, 1797; Aaron Burr, 1801; George Clinton, 1805; Elbridge Gerry, 1813; Daniel D. Tompkins, 1817; John C. Calhoun, 1825; Martin Van Buren, 1833; Richard M. Johnson, 1837; John Tyler, 1841; George M. Dallas, 1845; Millard Fillmore, 1849; William R. King, 1853; John C. Breckinridge, 1857; Hannibal Hamlin, 1861; Andrew Johnson, 1865; Schuyler Colfax, 1869; Henry Wilson, 1873; William A. Wheeler, 1877; Chester A. Arthur, 1881; Thomas A. Hendricks, 1885; Levi P. Morton, 1889; Adlai E. Stevenson, 1893; Garrett A. Hobart, 1897; Theodore Roosevelt, 1901; Charles W. Fairbanks, 1905; James S. Sherman, 1909; Thomas R. Marshall, 1913; Calvin Coolidge, 1921; Charles G. Dawes, 1925.

* * *

Q. Do any positions under the Civil Service Act require yearly examinations in addition to the one required for appointment? Are employes of the Civil Service Commission selected through examinations or are they appointed? What percentage of Government employes secure their offices through examination and what percentage are appointed?

A. The railway postal service requires of railway postal clerks periodical examinations on mail distribution schemes. These examinations occur approximately once each year. Post office clerks are also given a similar examination annually on city distribution schemes. The Patent Office gives annual examinations to its examiners with a view to promotion. All such examinations are regarded as administrative matters in the departments concerned, no examinations of this kind being held by the Civil Service Commission. In the civil service of the United States there is a system of annual efficiency ratings administered under the Bureau of Efficiency, upon which promotion and retention in the service depend. The only presidential appointments in the office of the Civil Service Commission are the three members of the commission, the chief examiner, and the secretary. All other positions are in the competitive classified service. Of the entire Federal executive civil force, numbering at the last count (June 30, 1927) 559,138, approximately 77 per cent, or 430,000, come under the provisions of the civil service law. Of the 130,000 positions in the Federal executive civil service outside the operation of the civil service law, the majority are included in the class of unskilled labor, or are other minor positions. The so-called presidential positions—that is, those which are filled through nomination by the president subject to the confirmation of the Senate—number approximately 17,000. About 15,000 of these are postmasterships at first-, second- and third-class post offices. While these so-called presidential positions are outside the operation of the civil service law, under executive orders the Civil Service Commission holds examinations for postmasterships at first-, second- and third-class offices when requested to do so by the Post Office Department. The executive orders provide that when a vacancy has occurred or is soon to occur the Postmaster-General shall ask the Civil Service Commission to hold an open competitive examination unless it is decided to fill the vacancy through the promotion of a postal employe upon noncompetitive examination.


YOU YOUNGSTERS TRY TO TACKLE ME AS I RUN THROUGH!! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE USED T' PLAY YEARS AGO!!
OH FATHER! COME ON. NOW!
CHAS. KUHN-27.

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

FAMOUS LAST WORDS.

BRIEFLY TOLD

When a deep-sea naturalist is preparing a skeleton of a specimen for mounting he removes the skin, loosens the flesh and lowers the body into the sea until it hangs just clear of the bottom; he then allows the sea fleas, active little crustaceans with voracious appetites that swarm the bottom of the sea, to denude the bones for him.

The Federal Reserve Bank of New York handles on the average of thirty-five tons of coins a day. By the machines used to count and weigh these it is found that a thousand dollars' worth of dimes weighs fifty-three pounds, that fifty bags of nickels total ten thousand dollars and that a ton of pennies fill sixty bags and are worth three thousand dollars.

The broken-nosed wooden hobbyhorse, once the toy of Napoleon, was recently sold at auction for several hundred dollars.

A blind man is employed by the Royal Mint in London to 'ring' the coins and detect those that are not perfect.

Early British residents in India built one-room, partitioned dwellings called 'bungalows' from the Hindu word *bangla*, meaning thatched hut. From these came our word bungalow.

The Pullman Company owns 4,154,450 hand towels, 2,607,646 sheets and 2,163,198 pillowcases.

General Sherman, the largest tree in the United States in the Sequoia National Park, is 280 feet high and 36.5 feet in diameter.

An apple tree in the orchard of Henry French, Springfield, Massachusetts, recently displayed the 'freak' combination of rich, ripe fruit with clusters of blossoms attached to the same twig.

Superstitious Arabs believe that the stork possesses a human heart, while the crow has the heart of a devil.

Eyes, or holes in Swiss cheese, are an index to its quality and flavor, experts declare. The proper size of eye for this delicacy is that of an American quarter or the Swiss franc.

Extract from a letter written by a Chipola, Florida, resident on July 18, 1828: 'Lands have risen at least 300 per cent in price and are daily advancing; the tide of emigration is flowing in rapidly, and the country still proves uninterruptedly healthy; the physicians, to avoid starvation, are moving away.'

From September 30, 1777, to June 27 of the following year, the Continental Congress of the struggling states met in the little courthouse of York, Pennsylvania, fleeing from Philadelphia after Washington's defeat at Brandywine. This October, York observed its sesquicentennial, one of the main features of the celebration being a gigantic pageant depicting much of the city's history.

According to Dr. William Root of the University of Pittsburgh, intelligent people think twenty times faster than they can write and the arm is so far behind the activity of the brain that poor writing results.

The longest English word recorded by any dictionary is *antidisestablishmentarianism*.

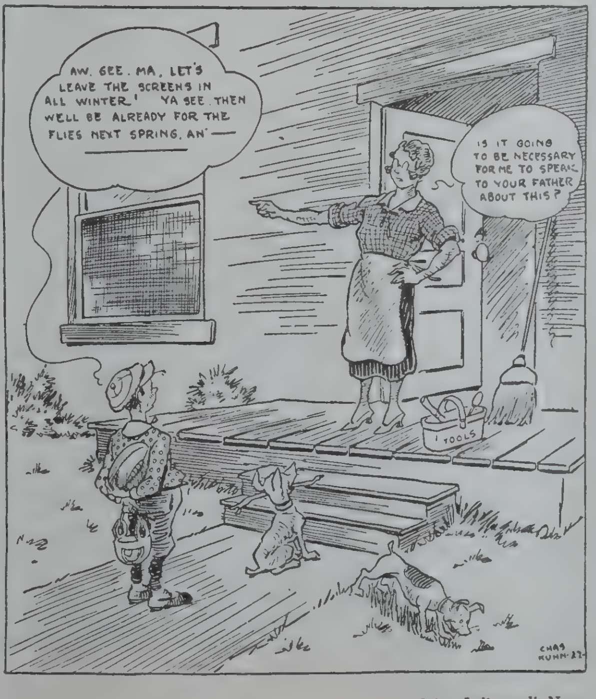
About one out of every 4,240 persons in the United States is listed in *Who's Who*, published every two years.

In Honolulu there are two coconut fiber caskets, shaped somewhat like an Egyptian mummy case, containing the bones of King Liloa, who reigned over Hawaii in A. D. 1500, and his great-grandson, Lenoi-kama.

A gold wedding ring said to be more than a hundred years old was found in the stomach of a silver side salmon, caught near Fort Bragg, California.

A wig store in New York employs three bald-headed clerks to exhibit wigs and toupees to customers.

Golconda is a ruined city in India, seven miles northwest of Hyderabad. The diamonds cut and polished in Golconda were once world-renowned. From 1512 it was the seat of a powerful government until it was taken by Aurung-Zeb in 1687 and made a Mogul province.


AW. GEE. MA, LET'S LEAVE THE SCREENS IN ALL WINTER! YA SEE THEN WE'LL BE ALREADY FOR THE FLIES NEXT SPRING, AN'——
IS IT GOING TO BE NECESSARY FOR ME TO SPEAK TO YOUR FATHER ABOUT THIS?
TOOLS
CHAS KUHN-27

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

ABOUT NOW—

According to an old custom, rice is thrown after a newly married couple to appease the evil spirits that are believed to accompany them.

Since 1923 more than 45 per cent of the windmills of Holland have been removed or demolished.

That business men spell little better than their stenographers was proved by a spelling bee given by the Omaha Chamber of Commerce in which 'breasy,' 'accomadate,' 'pidgeon,' 'vituals' and 'extrem' were a few of the glaring errors found.

It is believed by scientists that by weighing hair the race of the owner can be determined, the hair of a Caucasian being lighter than that of a Mongolian.

According to the *London Medical Journal* in 1815, it was believed that a silver ring worn constantly would cure a case of epilepsy.

The song 'Yankee Doodle' was written as a joke by Dr. 'Dicky' Shuckburg of the King's army in derision of the backwoods Colonial militia. Instead of giving offense, the song made a hit with the entire American militia.

London has a tipless hotel. Patrons are firmly but courteously notified that it is against the rules of the hotel to offer tips. The servants are well paid, and reservations at this hostelry are always at a premium.

Robert Raikes, a publisher of Gloucester, England, is credited with establishing the first Sunday school in 1780. Grieved at seeing so many children 'cursing, rioting and profaning the Sabbath,' he hired people to teach the children on Sunday, later organizing a regular Sunday school.

The gift presented by Croesus to Delphi, 600 years before Christ, would be valued at about $300,000,000 in modern currency. Included was a pyramid of precious metal surmounted by a lion, two solid gold bowls of 5,400 gallon capacity, besides a present of $13 to every man in the city.

Foolscap paper is so called because a device of a fool's cap and bells was originally used as a watermark for paper of that size.

Scotland Yard is seeking the world's tiniest portrait, stolen from the exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society. Produced by Professor Golberg of Dresden, the portrait is so small as to require enlargement 150,000 times to make a picture about the size of a half-dollar.

Poison gas is being spread by airplane in Florida swamps to exterminate mosquitoes.

NOTES ❧ COMMENTS ❧ CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week defines a working man.

* * *

Frances Holbrook Pfeiffer, who writes of early days in California, is herself descended from pioneers of that state. Both her father and her mother settled on the West Coast in 1850, one year after the rush of the 'forty-niners.' Further back in her family history are to be found other pioneers, those who settled in New England.

She writes, 'I have an inborn admiration and regard for heroic women of every age.' Her article on *Alta* California is first of a series. (p. 1)

* * *

Whether the Forest of Arden, wherein Shakespeare has placed his comedy of *As You Like It*, is the Ardennes Forest in France, Belgium and Luxemburg, is a mooted question. Such authorities as the *Britannica* aver that the Forest of Arden was located in England and was well known to Shakespeare. In the play itself, however, are such characters as the Duke of Burgundy, Jacques, Amiens, and many others clearly of French extraction. Joseph Warren believes the French forest to be the locale of the comedy. (p. 3)

* * *

One quotation which may throw some light on the geography of the Forest of Arden is from the early scenes of the play itself:

'They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a great many merry men with him, and there they live like the Robin Hood *of England*, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the Golden World.'

Why did Shakespeare include the phrase 'of England' in describing Robin Hood, if the forest was in England rather than in France?

* * *

Virginia Dare occupies quite a niche in American history, for she was the first person of English blood born in America. Yet she and more than a hundred others disappeared from Roanoke in the latter part of the 16th Century and, despite all the efforts Sir Walter Raleigh made to find them, were never seen again. Did they go to North Carolina? (p. 5)

* * *

One's fancy is intrigued by the thought that those gray-eyed 'civilized' Indians referred to by early writers as living south of Albemarle Sound might be descendants of the lost colonists. The comparison of names—those of the colonists with those to be found in the 'Croatoan' region today—is equally intriguing.

* * *

In the village of Frutigen, walled in by the Alps, about two thousand humble Swiss find profitable employment at time-honored agricultural pursuits, interspersed with modern manufacturing tasks provided by the leading citizen, Joseph Brugger. Brugger has invented machines for making matches; likewise for making fine watch jewels. By absorbing the population not needed for farming in this little valley, Brugger has made possible a prosperous region. (p. 8)

* * *

Among the collections of Japanese color prints which have attracted admiration is that of Herbert Asbury, who has studied this hobby for many years. Today's prints, he finds, do not equal those of the old masters, 'for the artist has gone to school too often to the Occident.' His article is illustrated with a number of prints from his own collection. (p. 12)

* * *

'A collection should be formed primarily for the enjoyment of its owner and his friends, and the collector who acquires the things because he loves them will seldom buy a print just because it is important historically or because it is rare. He will buy the one from which, vulgarly speaking, "he gets a kick." Which is as it should be.' (p. 12)

* * *

There are degrees in greatness, writes Barnes Cooley in his concluding article on the Senate of the Fiftieth Congress. Ordinary greatness lacks substance to endure. Presently, he avers, it will be with the Senate that is and with the senators that are, as it has been with Senates not very remote and with senators who were. Their shadows at best are short. (p. 15)

* * *

Thomas Jefferson, when he ordered a bust of himself, ordered at the same time one in the same fashion of his greatest political enemy, Alexander Hamilton. The two busts faced each other in the great room at Monticello. So Jefferson at eighty-three could write letters to his ancient foe, John Adams, who was ninety-one. (p. 16)

* * *

A young reporter, just out of college, attended a divorce trial to obtain the news for his paper. The story he wrote of the case, its participants and the reason for which they were separating have all been forgotten. But not so the poem which he wrote shortly afterward, 'Betsy and I Are Out.' Almost overnight Will Carleton became famous from coast to coast. N. L. Van Wegen tells of the great poet whose birthday anniversary, 'Carleton Day,' has just been marked at Carleton. (p. 19)

* * *

The art and artifice of hunting the buffalo have given place to a thousand new methods of the hunt. Sportsmanship, like everything else, changes and grows; and some of the old methods would seem unsportsmanlike today. Perhaps the harshest method of all was shooting the bison from a train. (p. 24)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Macon, Georgia.

Recently I read in one of your issues a poem by Gamaliel Bradford. I wonder sometimes whether people really appreciate the works of this Massachusetts man. His depth of learning and the manner in which he treats the various subjects he describes, whether in prose or in poetry, have created for him a strong clientele in the South.

The editor of the Macon *Telegraph*, W. T. Anderson, together with Julian Harris, son of Joel Chandler Harris of 'Uncle Remus' fame, decided to honor Mr. Bradford on his last birthday, October 9, when he was 64. The articles which they published, while highly complimentary to Mr. Bradford, were richly deserved.

Many of us in the South consider Mr. Bradford the greatest American biographer of the present day.

OLIVER ORR.

Cloquet, Minnesota.

I desire to take the liberty of writing that I liked your editorial in the issue of August 6, on 'Rewriting Scripture.'

T. J. COTTEN, M. D.

St. Ausgar, Iowa.

I greatly enjoy THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and find it very helpful in my work as pastor serving three rural churches.

I have come to learn the truth of the statement Woodrow Wilson once made—that the public policies of America were always eventually determined by the crowd that gathered in the country store forum on Saturday night. These forums, so characteristic of the small Middle Western town, afford the outsider an opportunity of learning just how America is thinking. And as she thinks, so she will be.

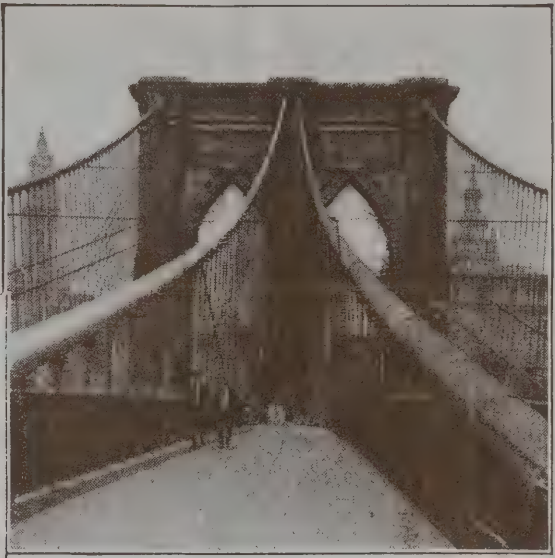
OTIS MOORE.

San Jose, California.

I was pleasantly surprised to find in your last issue an article on the tar-pits of California. I thought you were neglecting us, although you have had many articles about the East, North and South. California has interesting historical points, too.

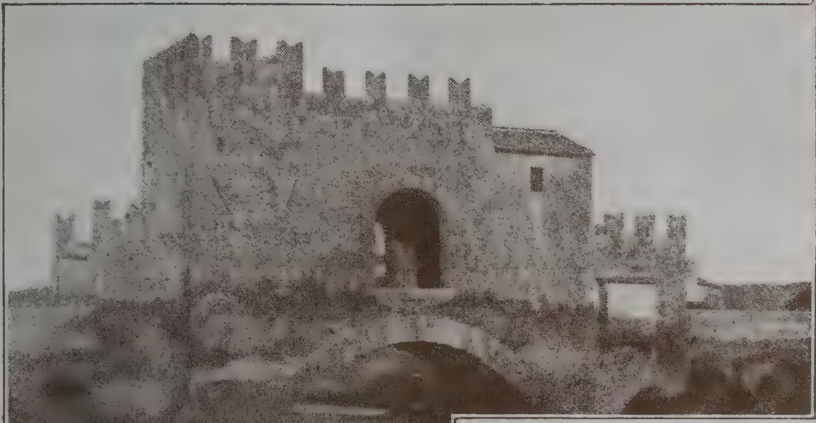
C. C. CALVIN.

BRIDGES *That* Have Seen HISTORY



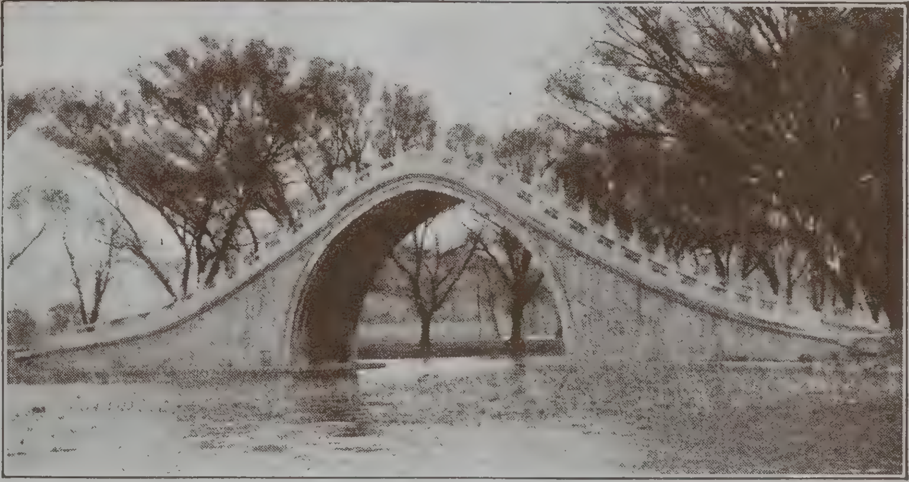
—Ewing Galloway.

Famous Brooklyn Bridge may be torn down and rebuilt if these cables slip much farther. The cables are incased in iron tubes. Colonel Roebling, who built the bridge forty years ago, says there is no immediate danger.



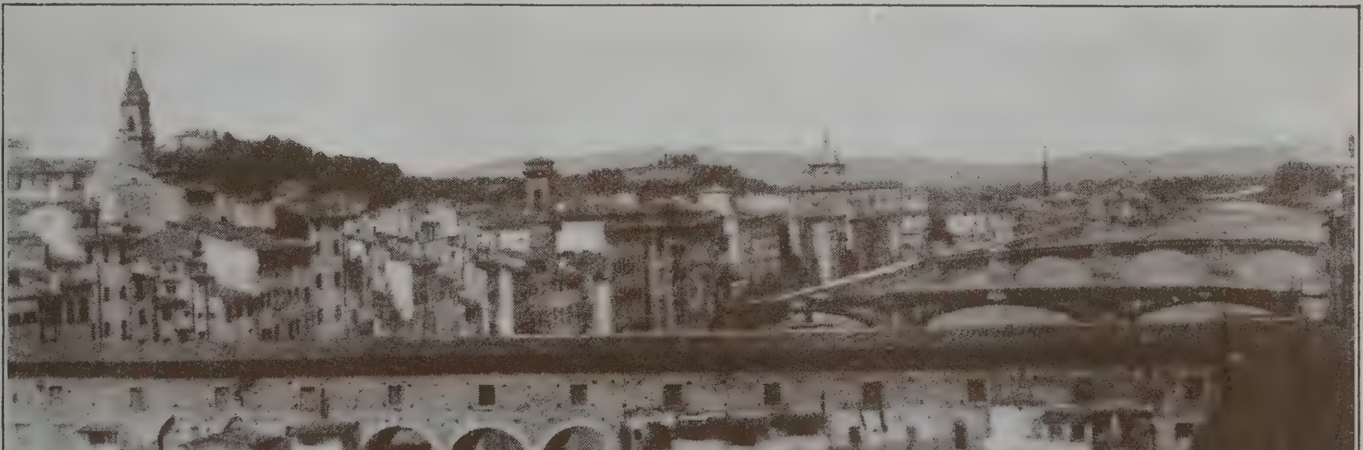
—Publishers' Photo Service.

Picturesque Ponte Nomentano, Rome, Italy, is a Sixth Century bridge surmounted by 13th Century forked battlements. This bridge crosses the willow-fringed river Anio, which legend tells carried the cradles of the babes Romulus and Remus. It is also the river into which Sulla caused his ancient rival, Marius, to be thrown.



Famous camel-back bridge in the summer palace grounds in Pekin, the celestial capital, is a beautiful arched bridge built to allow boats to pass under it. The empress built the summer palace buildings and grounds.

—Ewing Galloway.



—Publishers' Photo Service.

Quaint and picturesque Ponte Vecchio since the time of the Medici has been flanked with goldsmiths' shops. The bridge was said to have existed as early as the Roman period and was finally rebuilt by Taddeo Gaddi in 1345.

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URBANA ILL

MANY people are busy trying to find better ways of doing things that should not have to be done at all. There is no progress in merely finding a better way to do a useless thing. There comes a time when, instead of making dead branches less ugly, the axe should be laid at the root of the tree. Instead of making elaborate arrangements for relieving the effect, the evil at the root must be eradicated.

EA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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WEST OF THE LONE STAR

HUECO MOUNTAINS, IN WEST TEXAS

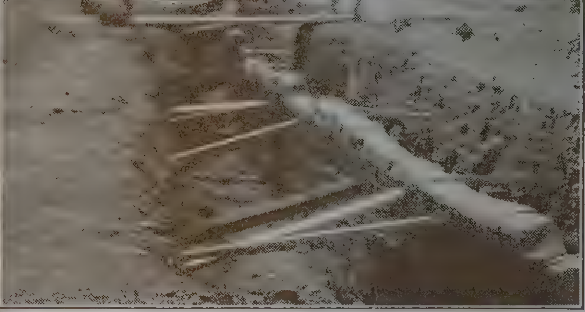
Heart *of the* United States Is Scenic Wonderland

Black Hills *of* South Dakota Reveal Unrivaled Charms

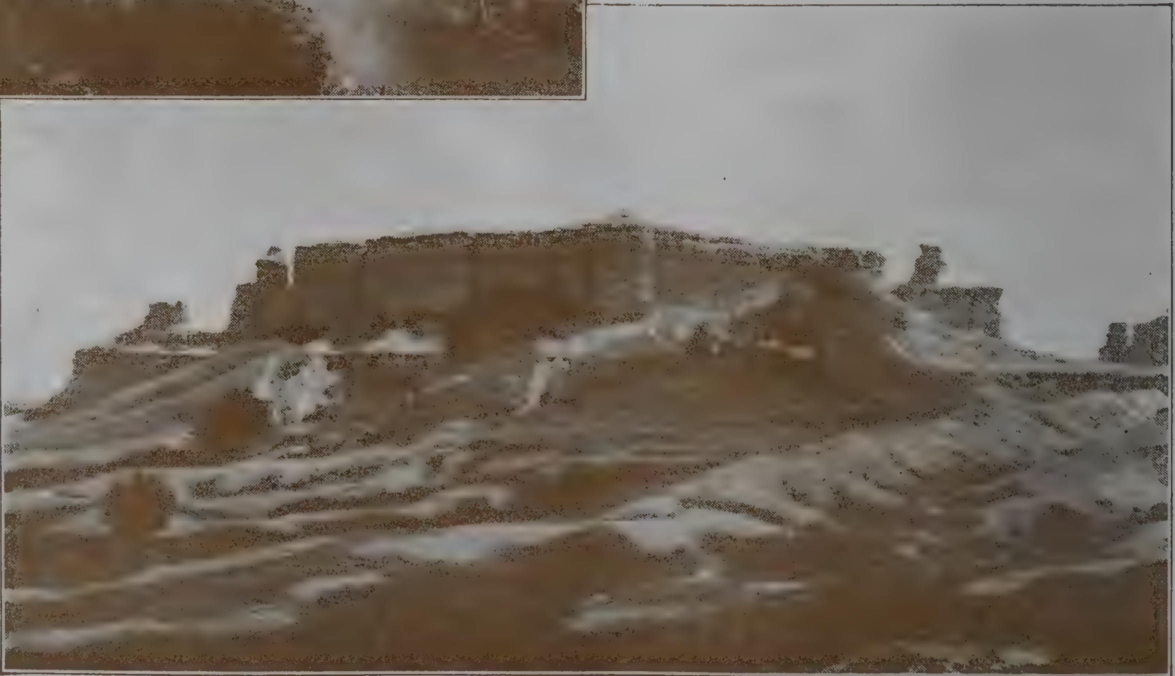
[—*Publishers' Photo Service.*]

Rough Lock Falls of Little Spearfish Canyon, one of the most picturesque canyons of the Black Hills, is one of the beauty spots of that section.

Gutzon Borglum and Major Tucker, sculptor and engineer for the monument to be cut from Rushmore Mountain. Inset—*Cast of Washington, for monument.*



Excavations have revealed several hundred feet of this wall in Hidden City, South Dakota, apparently remains of a prehistoric city.



Right—*Borglum's Castle, a natural formation guarding the approach to the Black Hills, is named for the sculptor who is carving a great monument in this region.*

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Volume 28
Number 4

WEST of the LONE STAR

Shepherd in the Texas range country.

—Allen Studio.

By CHARLES J. FINGER

TWENTY years or so ago, I rode into Amarillo, hitched my horse to the rail outside *Jake's Place*, and then went inside for a glass of beer and a free lunch of barbecued meat and bread and bean soup, taking the soup last because of my impatience to get to the solids, for the ride had been a dusty one. The houses were mostly shacks erected by men with rudimentary notions of architecture, and the sidewalks seemed to be results of the wild and glorious visions of property owners, for they were fantastically arranged as to height and width; and, as to material, each man had evidently made havoc of stereotyped ideas, seizing upon what offered: lumber scraps, packing cases, corrugated iron. So there was a complex charm about the main street, especially at night, because a walker in the dark encountered unexpected and novel things. In the daytime most of the varied population used the middle of the road—cowboys, depressed Indians, Mexicans, strangely indifferent dogs, combative gentlemen who said things in bare and precise language, a few stray pigs, some poultry.

Half a year ago I went to Amarillo again, as the guest of one of those active-minded women who are so important nowadays as giving their serious attention to education and social activities and civic affairs. She was a Master of Arts of some Eastern college, and her home—like the homes of her neighbors—radiated culture. Many fine personalities were present, men and women whose aims and hopes were high; people large, tolerant, sympathetic. As we talked about libraries and books and music, I recall distinctly that from the window near which I sat I had a view of big modern buildings; of well-paved and brilliantly lighted streets; of a fine hotel with many cars parked near; of gardens with flower beds and trees.

So, from the two reminiscent pictures you may have some idea of what west Texas has become in a short time. And Amarillo is typical of hundreds of Texas towns—notably Wichita Falls, Beaumont, Port Arthur, San Angelo. Indeed, there is an air of well-being about the entire state. It is no longer a cattle country, but a place of immense variety of interests.

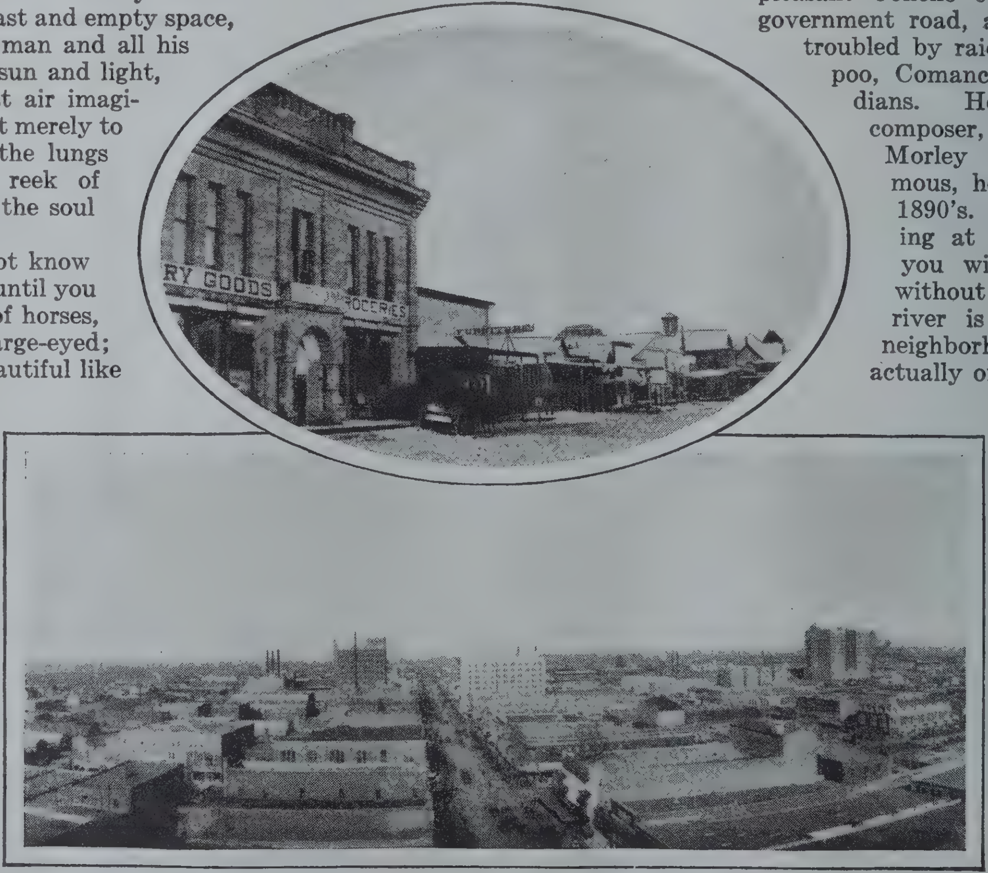
Twenty miles south of Amarillo there is a place to which you should go if you care for rare sights. It is a natural wonder, a mighty canyon formed by the Palo Duro. I do not remember having seen so startling a sight, for I came upon it unexpectedly, not even suspecting its existence until I stood on its edge at a place where the land dropped down sheer for a thousand feet. It is more than a mile wide in places, and seems of immeasurable length. Everywhere it is most precipitous, and at places yawning gulfs run far into the land from the main chasm. But the wonderful sight is the variegated color, especially when seen in the rose flush of dawn or in the sunset time. For then there are towers flushed with delicate pink, and there are what seem to be ruined castles of the color of gold. From where I stood, an immense wall of green and blue with horizontal strata of bright red made a picture insurpassable in tone. Beyond that, rose walls of purple and crimson and violet.

The best course to set from the canyon is south, bearing slightly east, with a preference for some of the byways instead of the highway, because, while the country is somewhat fenced up, there are gateways aplenty. And when I say that it is best to take such a course, I have in mind seeing the plains country proper, so that an idea may be gained of the range country. And when you have seen the range country of west Texas, you will know the range country of The Argentine, of Montana, of Africa, and of Australia, except for slight differences of vegetation.

One of the watering places or 'tanks,' in the Hueco Mountains.

First, it is not desert country. Old maps mark it as 'desert tract,' and writers of wild-west fiction seeking a background for their dramatic tragedies have described the plains as sterile wastes; both are wrong. Also, let it be said, old-time monopolizing ranchers were very willing to have the Staked Plains country reputed as dangerous. The Staked Plain is, really, a grassy sea in which a bunch of cedar trees or a prominent rock or a distant hill or, at night, the stars, form landmarks. Also there are windmills, tall and stilted, miles apart.

As my friend Cunninghame-Graham puts it, writing of the country that I have in mind: 'A vast and empty space, empty, that is, of man and all his works; but full of sun and light, and of the sweetest air imaginable, so sweet that merely to think of it keeps the lungs fresh among the reek of towns, and makes the soul rejoice.'



Part of modern Amarillo, and, in oval, how the town appeared in 1900.

But you will not know the range country until you see it with troops of horses, long-maned and large-eyed; horses fleet and beautiful like the horses of a thousand fairy tales, horses that dart away at the sight of a stranger to stand out of danger, gazing curiously, heads erect, whinnying loudly their indignation at the intruder. You may see a coyote, too, suspicious and lean, going about his business with mechanical, unhurried run: and prairie dogs by the thousand at the entrance of their holes, very vigilant but very unconcerned, disappearing as if by magic at suspicion of danger; also black tarantulas, sometimes a rattlesnake, often horned toads—all of which, like men, bear reputations for evil largely in excess of their merits. Old-world armadillos too you may see, strange creatures that look as if they carried the secret of prehistoric times about with them; also scurrying jack rabbits, always in a state of panic or terror.

And of course there are cattle, and sometimes herds of sheep scattered over a square mile or two and guarded by a lone Mexican herder who seems to have stepped out of the pages telling about Biblical characters. There he stands with his sling, motionless, unconcerned, incurious, a picture of patience. It is his duty to guard sheep, but not to be sociable with strangers. If, in the impertinent way of those unaccustomed to travel, you should ask him questions about the countryside, he would probably shrug his shoulders and say: 'But what know I?' and there would be an end to the interview. So you might set him down as being taciturn to a point of unpleasantness. But should you see him at night, after his flock has bedded and when some friend visits him, the atmosphere of cheerful vitality would probably astonish you. No people on earth are more cordial and hospitable to visitors than the Mexicans.

Heading south, you will strike the pleasant Concho country on the old government road, a place once much troubled by raiding Lipan, Kickapoo, Comanche and Kiowa Indians. Here David Guion, composer, was born. Here, Morley Roberts, now famous, herded sheep in the 1890's. But before arriving at the Concho River you will pass the Pecos without suspecting that a river is anywhere in the neighborhood until you are actually on its banks. For it runs in a deep, straight-edged canyon, and its course is here as straight as if it were a canal dug by man, but there as crooked as a barrel of snakes. Also it is dangerously swift, and ten feet deep. Nor are there always trees upon its banks; nor habitations, for its

(Continued on page 19)

The Story *of* HOME, SWEET HOME

By
E. IRVINE HAINES

IT HAS been said that more than five thousand songs are written or composed each year, but that only a small percentage of them are ever set to music. The comparatively few that are sung in the cabarets or on the vaudeville stage live for a season and are forgotten almost as soon as they are heard. A song must have something divine or spiritual, as it were, to live for even a dozen years. How many can recall the songs that their grandmothers, or even their mothers, used to sing, or remember the names of the composers?

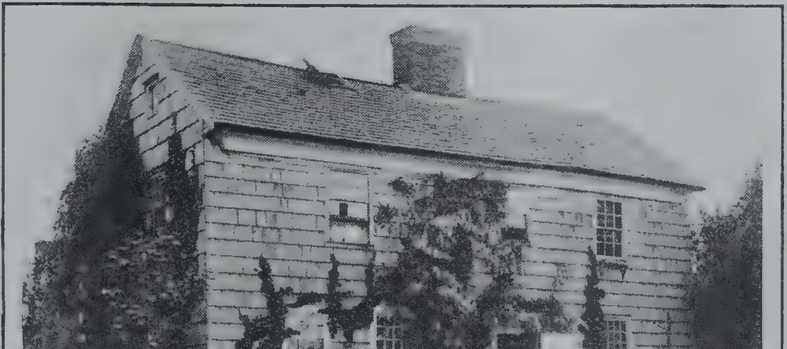
One of the feature numbers in a musical revue on Broadway last season was the rendering to banjo music of the songs of seventy years ago. The verses were thrown on the screen at the same time and the audience was invited 'to join in.' The feature was a 'hit'; yet few of the audience who attended the various performances remembered the songs or had even heard of them before.

—Underwood & Underwood.
John Howard Payne as he appeared when he was a student at Union College.

Those who are familiar with the history of literature and music know that every great poem, song, or story is an inspiration of the author. That great national anthem, 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' was an inspiration of Francis Scott Key while he was detained on a British man-of-war during the memorable attack on Fort McHenry in the War of 1812. Again, there is Poe's 'Raven,' inspired by the death of his beloved wife. 'Home, Sweet Home' was an inspiration of that remarkable genius, actor, dramatist, and journalist, John Howard Payne.

It is the atmosphere that the song 'Home, Sweet Home' creates, the simple phrasing, the great truth of its words, 'Be it *ever* so humble there *is* no place like home,' that has endeared it to our hearts. It is a favorite song of the exile. It has been sung in every language and in every clime. The Eskimo in his snow hut 'mid 'Greenland's icy mountains' and the Hindu 'on India's coral strands' are not unfamiliar with it. This one effort has so much the touch of nature in it that the whole world becomes akin in acknowledgment of it and in love for its author. No one can hear the beautiful song without thinking of home and loved ones:

'A song that will live forever,
Forever and for ay;
Though ages may come and ages may go,
That song will live alway.
No matter where we may wander,
Upon the land or foam;
A song that will live forever,
Is "Home, Sweet Home."'



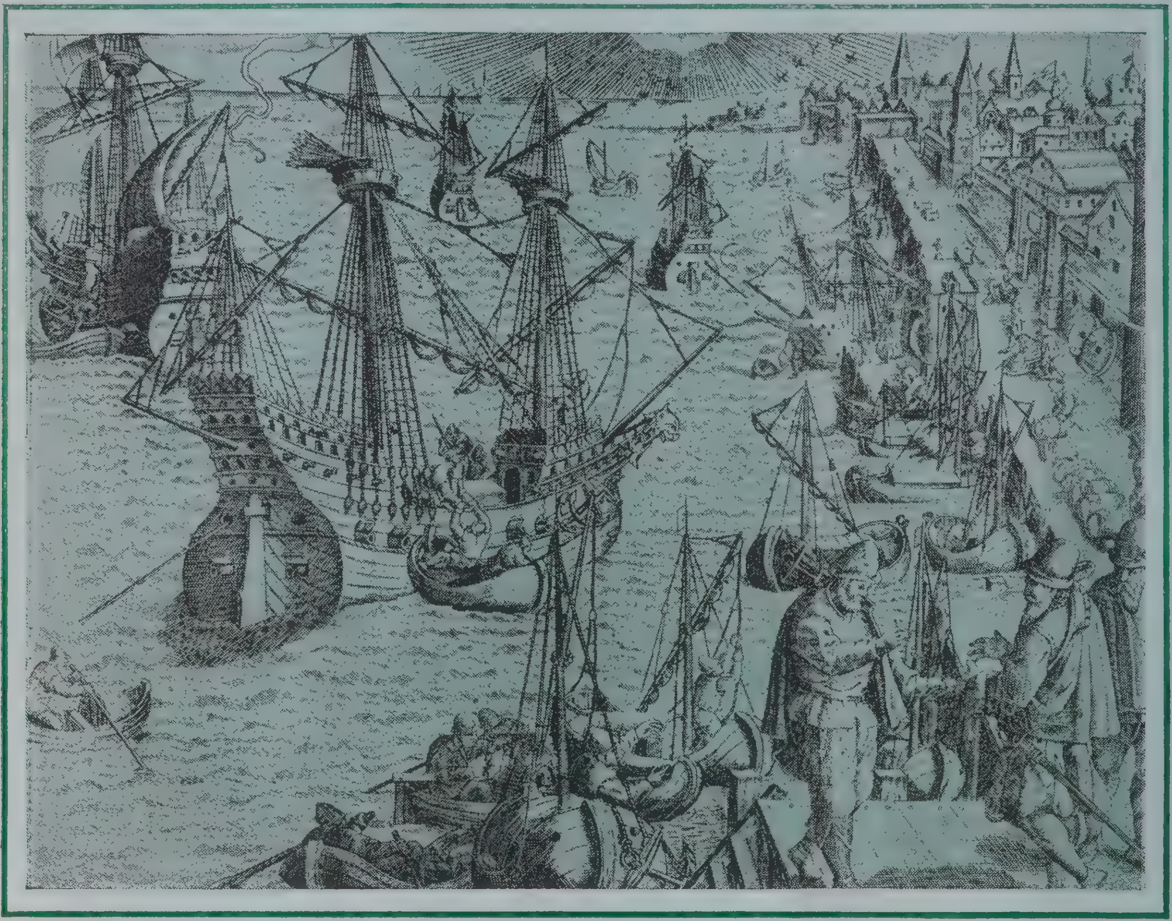
—Underwood & Underwood.
The original 'Home, Sweet Home.'

Like Francis Scott Key, John Howard Payne was a journalist, and when but fourteen years of age he edited a weekly paper called the *Thespian Mirror.* He was born at 33 Pearl Street, New York City, on June 9, 1791, of English parentage. Some of his ancestors were among the earliest settlers of Eastham, Massachusetts, in 1622.

(Continued on page 23)

VILLEGAIGNON *and* Antarctic France

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI



—From De Bry's *Grandes Voyages*, 1593.

Ships being made ready to sail from Honfleur to Brazil, with South America's first Protestant colony.

THE papal bull which accorded to Spain and to Portugal the rights of colonization in the New World, on one side and the other, respectively, of a papal line of demarcation, met with little favor in France and England.

France, torn by internal struggles, was not in position to launch any large ventures to dispute the Spanish or Portuguese claims. That able minister, Admiral Gaspard de Coligny, recognized, however, the desirability of colonial expansion, and in 1555 saw the opportunity to contest Portuguese rights in Brazil, thus entering a wedge against the claims of Portugal and of Spain.

Coligny was at that time sympathetic with the Huguenot cause, although not yet an avowed adherent. In his mind's eye, the Admiral doubtless beheld a flourishing French colony in Brazil enjoying religious tolerance. Coligny called to his aid the Chevalier Villegaignon, vice-admiral of Brittany, a true soldier of fortune with a proud record of achievement. A lover of adventure and dispute, Villegaignon was then at odds with the head of his order and apparently minded to consider new fields of glory.

With other Knights of Malta, Villegaignon participated most valiantly under Charles V in the siege of Algiers. Later when the Moslems threatened Malta the Chevalier with six friends passed through the lines and rendered able assistance in the successful defense. Most notable was his service as a seaman, in 1548, for he had passed around the north of England by the Hebrides, returning with Mary Stuart of Scotland (then six years old), whose life was threatened by the English.

In what manner Villegaignon became interested in the Huguenot cause remains unknown. The infection of the ideas of Calvin and Luther as disseminated from Geneva spread rapidly through France and touched even the nobility, among them the Prince de Condé and Henry of Navarre, and the Princess Renée of France. The Chevalier was doubtless touched likewise. Villegaignon could not resist the lure of the New World even though coupled with the equally hazardous adventure into the ideas of Calvinism.

A strange conglomeration of folk started from Havre in July, 1555, some gathered from the prisons of France and some seeking an escape from the bondage of religious persecution. Five months of travel followed by the arduous labor of subjugating the wilderness brought disillusionment to many.

The glory of the beautiful Bay of Rio de Janeiro with its mountains and islands and its tropical verdure was counterbalanced by the necessity of wielding the axe. Many grew faint and a few returned on the same ships that brought them.

Thevet who had already visited the Levant was one of the original colony. The Huguenot atmosphere was too much for him and when a supporting expedition arrived at the colony early in 1557, he returned with the ships to France. Thevet tells of the wonders which he saw, but little about the life of the colony. Thevet describes the banana, the sweet potato or yam, the pineapple, and numerous trees and animals. What disturbed Thevet most was that the savages wore no clothing. After mentioning the fact early in the work, Thevet later devotes a chapter to the subject, and to the various objections even to the lightest garments which the Europeans tried to impose upon the Indians.

Thevet's *Les singularites de la France Antarchique autrement nommee Amerique* was published in 1558. An Italian edition appeared three years later and an English edition in 1568, styled: 'The new found world or Antarctike by that excellent learned man, master Andrew Thevet imprinted by Henrie Byneman.'

Thevet's fortune was made by his accounts. Thevet, the modest Minorite, became almoner of Catherine de Medici, and later occupied the position of historian and cosmographer to the king. His further life was devoted to cosmographical studies wherein his imagination was allowed generous play.

Chevalier Villegaignon found numerous difficulties in Brazil, and resided for safety on an island in the bay. To Calvin, somewhat secretly, a request had been sent for aid and in March, 1557, a delegation, largely Huguenot, arrived at Fort Coligny. Two Calvinist ministers, Richer and Chartier, appeared as well as a student, Jean de Léry.

Villegaignon received the Calvinists most graciously and the favorable impression which he made is recorded in a letter to Calvin, sent immediately upon their arrival, by Richer and Chartier. Concerning the Chevalier they wrote:

'He embraces, nurtures, and cherishes us as sons . . . With honesty and prudence does he preside over his house which resembles that type of church that Priscilla and Aquila had in their house.'

In another letter Richer states that Villegaignon made public 'profession of his faith, to the great edification of those who were present.' To Calvin himself Villegaignon wrote a letter announcing the arrival of the colonists and recounting difficulties and trials and also a rebellion against his own leadership.

Even upon the day of their arrival the difficulties of life in Antarctic France were impressed upon the newcomers. A banquet was tendered them, at which the principal items of food were fish and a bread made from native dried roots, with rainwater as beverage. Richer wrote:

'The reign . . . has indeed no bread, nor does it produce wine or anything resembling wine, and indeed no fruit of any kind.' At night Indian hammocks were given them for beds.

Theological discussions as to baptism and the necessary composition of the bread and the wine for the Lord's Supper soon disturbed the serenity of the Island of Coligny. Villegaignon and Jean Contat opposed the views of the Calvinists. Political events in France and injunctions from the Cardinal of Lorraine may have assisted in the reconversion of Villegaignon which took place within a few months of the arrival of the Calvinist preachers.

As a result the majority of the Calvinists were then compelled to return to France upon a leaky bark whose captain was given letters of instruction to commend the wandering pilgrims as heretics to the nearest magistrate. Five turned back from the ship fearful of its frailty and three of these heretics were drowned by order of Villegaignon, they being the first Protestant martyrs in America. Others fled to the mainland where the Indians were cannibals and where the Portuguese were no lovers either of heretics or of Frenchmen in Brazil.

Léry gives a detailed account of the perfidy of Villegaignon. Incidentally Léry gives the date of the first Calvinist sermon as March 7, 1557, by Richer, on the text in Psalm 27:4: 'One thing have I desired of the Lord, that I will seek after, that I may

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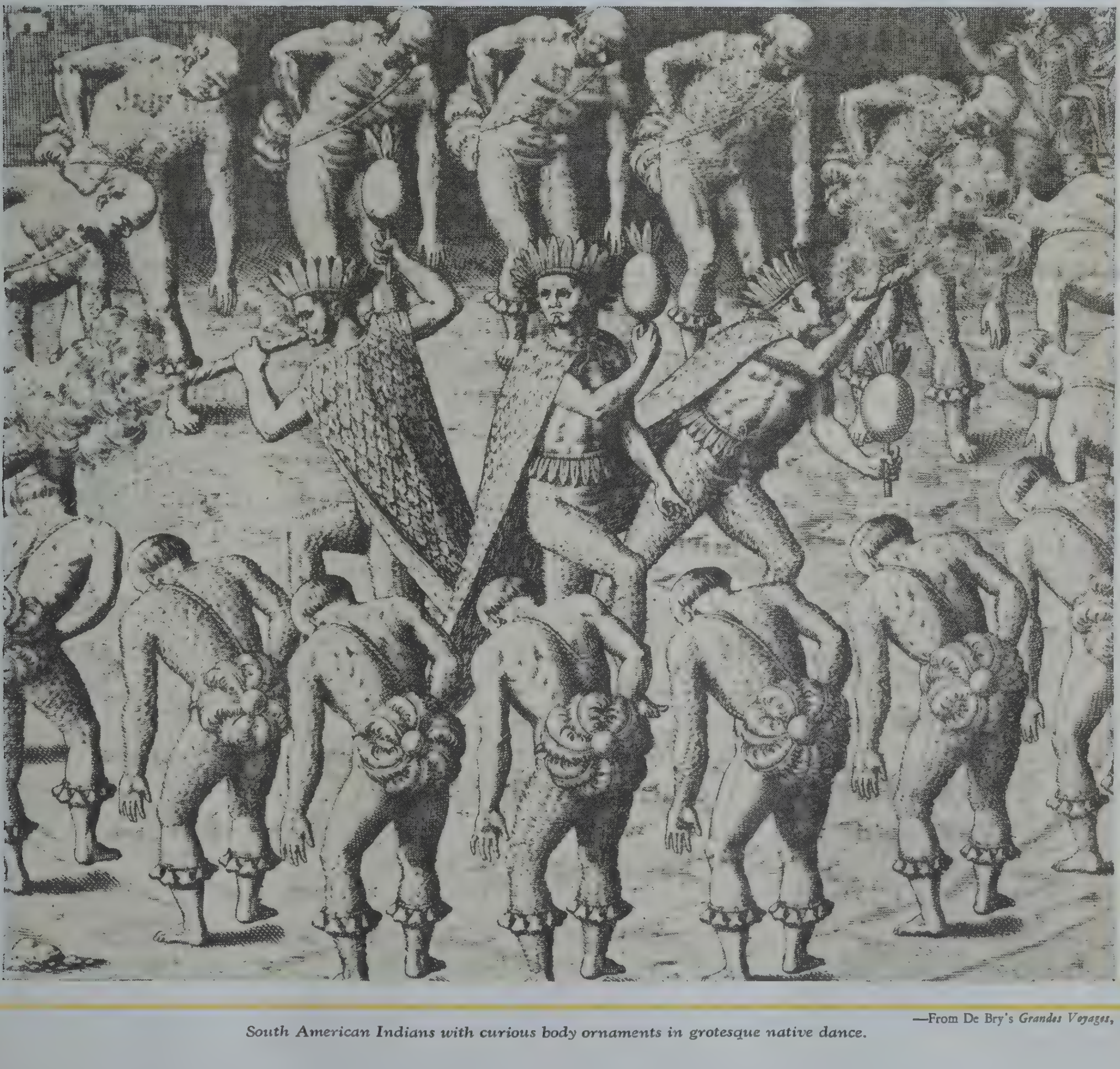


—From De Bry's *Grandes Voyages*, 1593.

South American Indians with curious body ornaments in grotesque native dance.

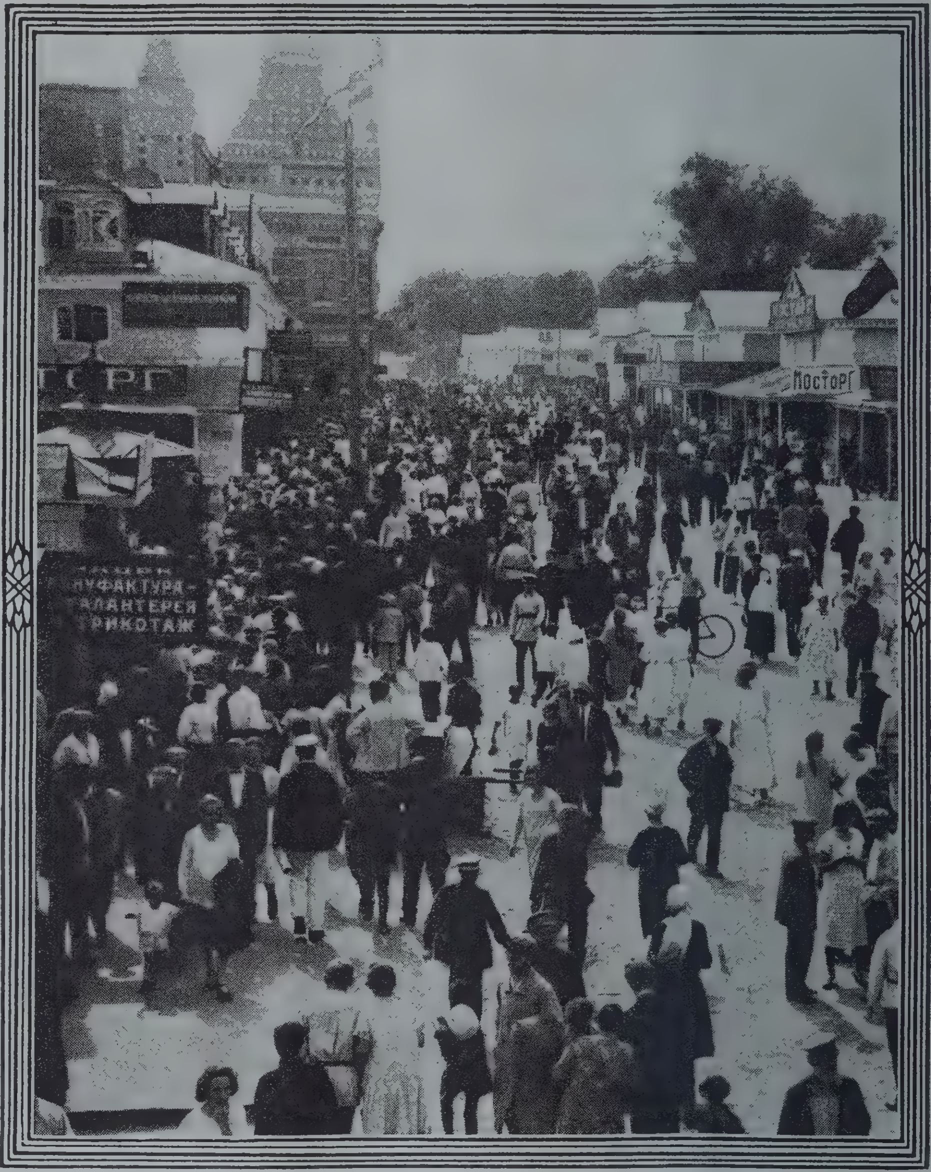
Shall the United States *Recognize*

YES,

Says

PROFESSOR JEROME DAVIS
of Yale University

THESE 'pro' and 'con' views of the advisability of the United States' entering into relations with the bolshevik rulers of Russia were written previous to the occurrence of important events in world diplomacy. Great Britain and France have since found it impossible to maintain relations with Russia, which situation probably provides the answer to the question whether the United States will seek to enter such relations.


—Wide World Photo.
General view of the crowds in attendance at the annual Nizhni-Novgorod fair.

ONE can disapprove of bolshevik theories; he can recognize that there is little or no freedom of speech or of press in Russia today, or he can condemn the hostility of the bolsheviki toward religion—yet none of these things exactly explains the American attitude.

Czaristic Russia was a gigantic country, over twice as large as all the rest of Europe, with a population speaking one hundred different languages or dialects. During a revolutionary period it was changing with lightning rapidity. Testimony differs because there were differing situations and differing truths. Then, too, each American looks at Russia through the social heritage and class bias of his own experience. To judge Russian institutions by American concepts is completely to misrepresent the situation.

Now we need scientifically ascertained fact, but instead we have been deluged with misinformation. Dr. Ross of Wisconsin University dedicates a book 'To my fellow Americans who have become weary of being fed lies and propaganda about Russia.' While there has been propaganda favorable to the bolshevik régime, the larger bulk of it has been from dispossessed property-holders and ex-officials. Once an antibolshevik complex was firmly established in the public mind, Americans have enjoyed having their prejudices played upon. Hence it has become profitable to retail every sort of slander about the bolshevik government, from their 'deadly and dangerous "red" propaganda' to the 'nationalization of women' story.

Finally, we have been too prone to look on the surface of international situations instead of analyzing their causes. After such a scientific study we shall be no longer so ready to blame the bolsheviki as the conditions which produced them.

In order to understand our problem we must isolate and analyze certain of the arguments which are commonly urged against Russian recognition today. Chief among these is that of confiscation of property and repudiation of debts. Now, of course, all Americans must recognize that the internal affairs of Russia are none of our business. To object to Soviet internal laws because they might affect Americans who go there is absurd. If we could do that, it would mean that we could dictate property laws all over the world. If Russian laws are disagreeable, Americans do not need to enter Russia; but that is no reason for withholding recognition.

American business men, even a former cabinet official, have gone there already to secure concessions in spite of the laws. The Harriman interests, the Standard Oil and Hugh L. Cooper & Co. are all doing business there. As far as internal affairs are concerned, the Russian government has the right to confiscate property and stand on their heads, economically speaking, and we have no right to object. As Americans we should be solely concerned with the confiscation of foreign property and the repudiation of American loans.

But the bolsheviki have repeatedly offered to assume these obligations. The decree annulling the foreign debt was not enacted for three long months in the hope that the Allies would recognize Russia,

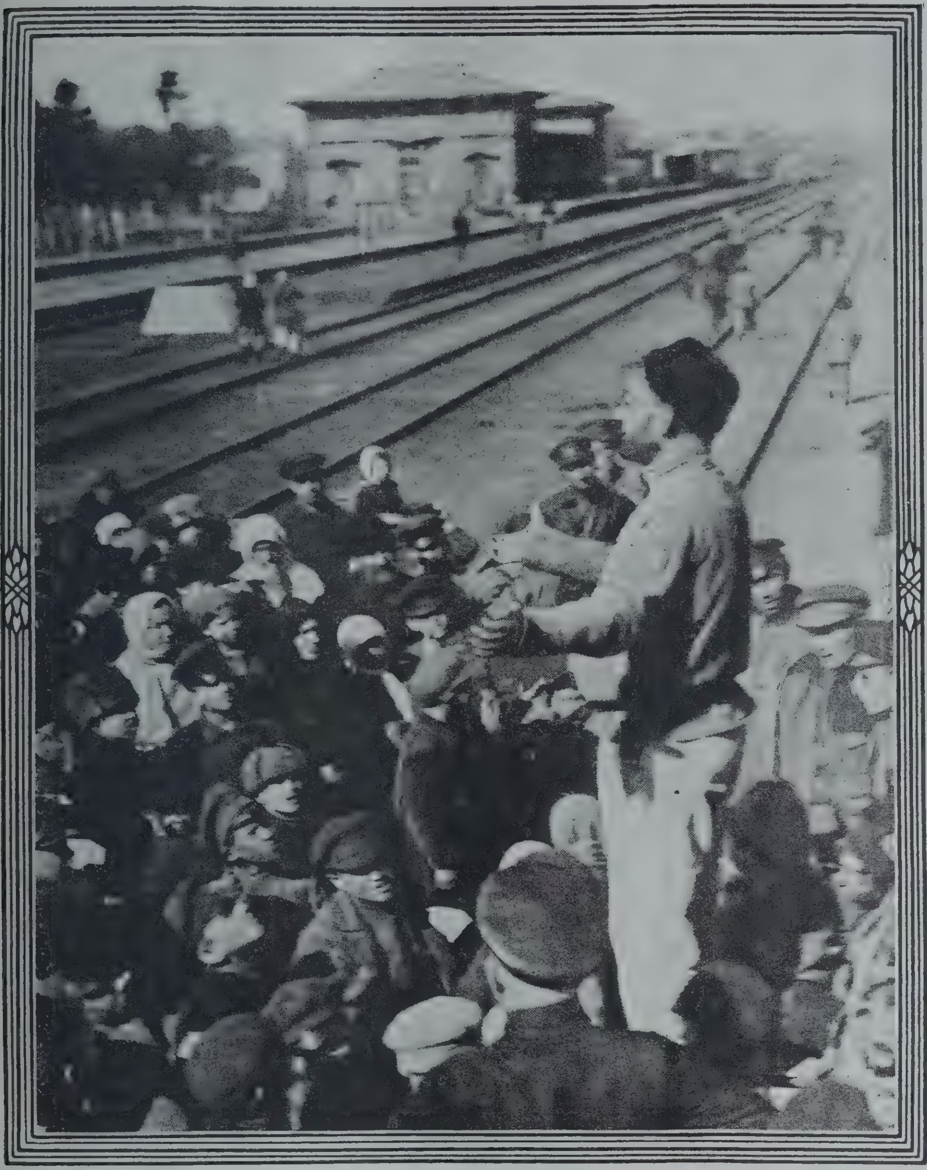
(Continued on page 26)

the Russian Soviet Government?

NO,

Says

United States Senator
GEORGE H. MOSES



—Ewing Galloway Photo.
A representative of the Soviet government lecturing to farmers at a railroad station in Russia.

LET me state in as emphatic terms as I can command that my repugnance to recognizing Russia is not based on the present form of its government. Most of us have a profound sympathy for the plight of the Russian people. Despite their great sacrifices and a century of struggle for better things they have simply passed from a fairly competent absolute monarchy to an incompetent and tyrannical dictatorship. The Russians are a wonderful people and deserve a better government than they have had under either the Czar or the Soviet régime.

But our interest in the Russian people cannot go further than heartfelt sympathy. We cannot and should not attempt to interfere directly or indirectly with their form of government. As long as they are willing to submit to it no one has a right to object.

What this country has a right to demand before recognizing the Soviet régime is that that government should 'recognize the sanctity of international obligations.'

This expression, 'recognize the sanctity of international obligations,' is from President Coolidge's message and is the diplomatic way of demanding honest and fair dealing with our Government and the people of this country. The objections to the recognition of the Soviet government with its present policy fall under two general heads:

(1) Its drive to spread communistic revolution to this country and to the Western Hemisphere.

(2) Its policy of repudiating debts to this country and its confiscation of the property of American citizens.

I am fully aware of the complacency with which this activity of the Russian Soviet in conducting propaganda against our institutions is viewed in some circles. The great volumes of testimony on this subject which have been developed in the investigation by Congress have not apparently aroused the country to the real dangers which Russian propaganda in the Western Hemisphere portends.

There was a disposition among the apparently well-informed to scoff at Secretary Kellogg's testimony before the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs as to the activities of the Russian Soviet agents in Mexico and in Nicaragua. Premier Alexis Raykoff followed the disclosures of Secretary Kellogg by denying communistic activities in Nicaragua and Mexico. He said, 'I will dismiss any government functionary who attempts to break this rule.' There were other denials from the officials of the Soviet government at Moscow. But all this was discredited and Secretary Kellogg was sustained by an Associated Press dispatch from Moscow under date of January 30, 1927.

In its manifesto, addressed to 'The workers and peasants of the nations of the world,' the Third International 'invites all anti-imperialistic forces to support the people of Nicaragua in their struggle against the base design of American imperialism.' The manifesto declares: 'Since its foundation the Third International has proclaimed the necessity of war against the mighty and insolent capitalist régime and the imperialism of the United States.'

I am familiar with the subterfuge that the Soviet government is not responsible for the propaganda of the Third International. It is true that the Soviet government is not responsible for the policy of the Third International. But the creator of the Soviet government is responsible for the Third International.

Russian affairs are very confusing to an American who is accustomed to straight thinking. They are intended to be so by the communistic dictatorship. This is carefully planned so that it is difficult to locate the responsibility or the responsible parties for the worldwide propaganda toward communistic revolution.

In 1917 the Russian communist party overthrew

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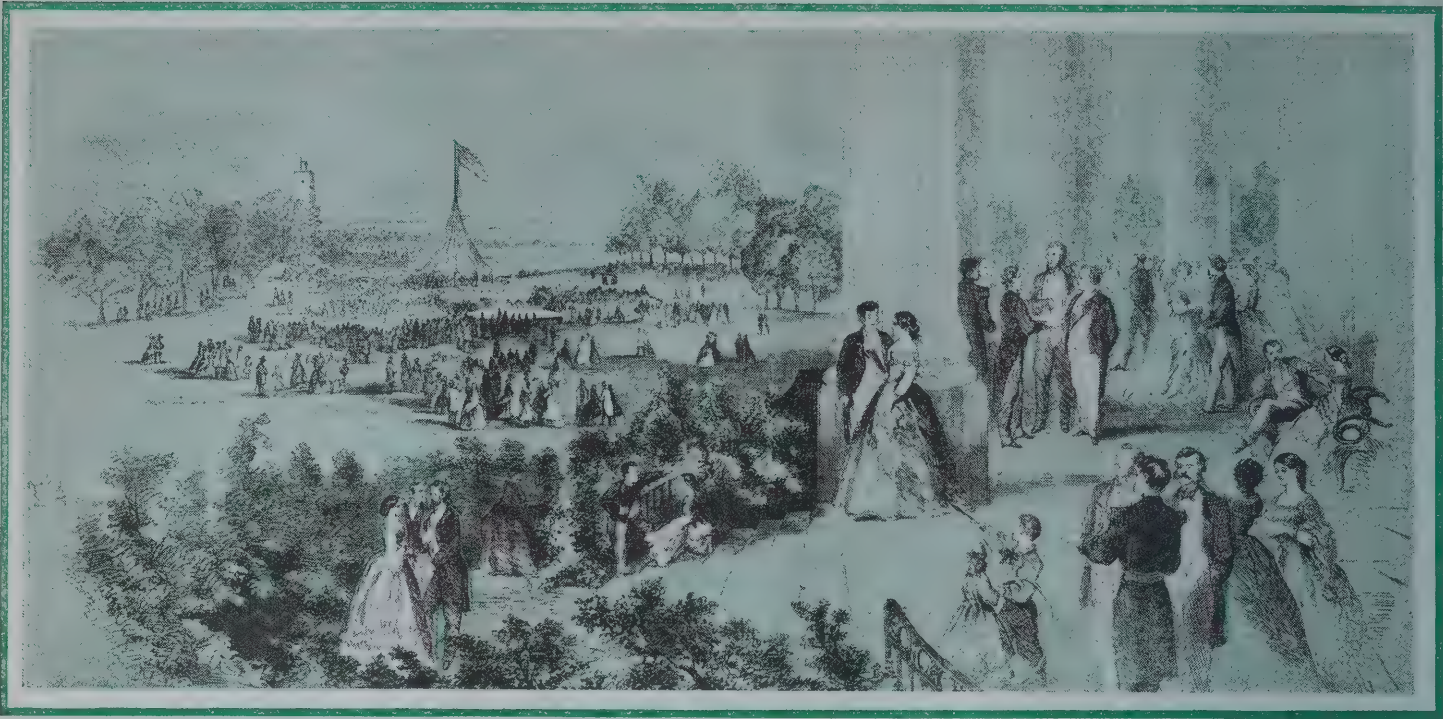


—*From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. By an artist accompanying General McClellan's command.*

Gay times at the White House in 1861. Scene on the balcony during Prince Napoleon's visit to President Lincoln.

TAD LINCOLN'S SNOWSTORM

By JULIA TAFT BAYNE

ON A Saturday morning in December, 1861, four boys were studying their Sunday school lesson in the small library at 448 L Street, Washington, D. C.

Two of these were the younger sons of the President, Willie and Tad Lincoln, and two were 'Bud' and Hally Taft, my brothers. The four were inseparable companions and playmates.

There were no schools in Washington in 1861. Mrs. Lincoln procured a tutor and invited my two brothers to share his instruction. My father insisted on paying half the tutor's salary, and the four boys daily 'did' their lessons in the state dining room.

Willie and Tad refused to go to the Sunday school of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, where the President and Mrs. Lincoln attended, unless Bud and Hally went there too, and as this was impracticable, they enrolled themselves in the Sunday school of the Fourth Presbyterian, which was our church, and attended quite regularly.

Saturday morning, at our house, was devoted to a study of the Sunday school lesson. Willie and Tad appeared early, as they always did when Bud and Hally did not appear early at the White House. Mrs. Lincoln had expressed to our mother her pleasure that her boys were learning their Sunday school lessons, and hoped we 'would encourage them to keep on.'

To sister Julia, two or three years older, was intrusted the not altogether pleasant duty of inculcating a reasonable working knowledge of two pages of the blue question book, while she embroidered three gold stars on a ruby velvet watchcase, which was to be Bud's Christmas present to his idolized General McClellan.

It was cold, and Willie and Tad had been talking of winters in Illinois, of sliding and sledding and snowballing. My Washington-bred brothers listened with round eyes. They possessed no mittens, no sled, no skates. They had never known the delights of a real snowstorm. Perhaps Washington was farther south 'before the War'; because from 1850 to 1870 there were very few occasions when enough snow was on the ground to justify the appearance for an hour of the nondescript creations known at the Capital as sleighs.

Tad dashed at the Sabbath questions with the cheerful audacity characteristic of him. Willie sighed as he said that there were 'more hard words than ever in it.' He and Bud debated whether Mr. Jordan would require them 'to have it perfect' or would 'let them off easy on the names.'

The very youngest son of the family, Willie Taft, being what Tad called a 'Sunday school infant' and not required to study the lesson, sat curled up on the window seat, where, by craning his neck, he could see a bit of Franklin Square, the barracks of the 27th New York Volunteers, and the end of the guardhouse with Sentry No. 1 appearing

The author at seventeen and in 1926.

—Brown Brothers.

Inside the White House when Lincoln was President.

and disappearing in clockwork regularity.

The older boys studied with set, determined looks. There were several bits of catechism deftly interpolated; and in the Fourth Presbyterian Sunday school these must be recited verbatim. Tad and Hally wriggled and fidgeted, repeating the lines in a loud whisper, each gradually departing from the text, and copying the other's mistakes until they had to begin all over again.

The infant scholar in the window also diverted attention by proclaiming at intervals, 'There's a dwunk man walking the beat with a log,' or 'Here comes the officer of the day; they're turning out the guard,' or 'I fink there's a hundred army wagon mules on 12th Street, fighting right smart.'

Tad paused in the murmur of 'the moral law,' 'the moral law,' 'the moral law,' to ask, 'Julie, what is a mud sill?'

'Never mind, Tad, go on. "The moral law is summarily comprehended."'

'But, what is it?'

'Why a Yankee, Tad.'

'Well, a boy in Lafayette Square said we were 'em and we am not.'

'Of course not,' said Willie Lincoln. 'Everybody knows they come from Connecticut.'

'Bud and Willie wouldn't let me punch him 'cause they said it would be put in the paper, but I will if he says it again.'

It was still cold and wet and blustering. Only an occasional officer rode past, his great cape over his head, followed by a dejected orderly. The boys watched the gusts of rain anxiously. They had been promised a 'ride with the staff' if it was not too stormy. General McClellan was very indulgent; his aides held the boys' bridles and sometimes even held the younger boys in their saddles.

Our cousin, a tall young captain from 'Camp Desolation' came and leaned against the doorway, and sympathetically confessed that he had himself to learn the Creed and the Commandments before the morrow's noon.

'What for?' demanded the boys, astonished that the shoulder-strapped six-footer should still be in thralldom to the blue question book.

'Because we have a Sunday school in the defenses, and mind you, the colonel is superintendent. I never saw anything in the *Army Regulations*,' the captain complained, 'about having to drill the men in the Bible as well as in the manual of arms.'

'Snow! Snow!' shouted Tad, as some light flakes flew by the window. 'That's what I like better'n anything. I hope it'll be over the fences.'

Tad's wish was futile. To his great disappointment, the snowflakes grew more and more infrequent, and at last the sun shone out. The boys went off, hopeful of a ride at least.

About dinner time a relative arrived unexpectedly. As he was to go to his command very soon and wished to see the children, I was sent to find the boys and bring them home.

I went at once to the White House and looked outside first: the grounds, the stable, the conservatory; the kitchen, where I learned that the boys had an early lunch and had not been seen since. The Madam had gone for a drive but did not take the boys. And General McClellan was indisposed and did not ride with his staff.

I then ran up to the sitting room and nearly collided with the tall form of the President, who was crossing the room on his way to his office. He had some papers in one hand; with the other he stopped my flight, saying, 'Here, here, flibbertigibbit, where are you going in such a hurry?'

'I am looking for the boys and I cannot find them anywhere. Cousin Sam Andrus is at our house with a colonel. I forget his name but he is awfully nice.'

'Awfully nice, is he?' said Lincoln, with the quizzical smile I remember so well.

'Yes, sir, and they want to see the boys, ours, and the President's, Willie and Tad, you know.'

'Yes, I know,' he said. 'Have you looked in the attic, Julie?'

'I'm going there now,' I said, and left him standing there watching my headlong

(*Continued on page 20*)

—Brown Brothers.

Crowds on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, awaiting a parade at the close of the Civil War.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Knowledge That Comes From Within

THE world seems running over with knowledge, and yet when you take it all and reduce it to its essence, which is Wisdom, you discover that there is a great deal of refuse. As tons of roses produce but little attar, so oceans of fact and centuries of experience seem to produce only a few simple principles. To be born with power to see these principles, or to achieve a sight for them, is to become wise.

The world is much wiser than it knows, for although it is keenly alive to its lack of knowledge in many things, it does possess certain principles by which every kind of fact it may discover can be interpreted. How much of the essence of principle is distilled from experience, and how much of the essence of principle we innately possess to enable us to distill at all, forms an interesting subject for speculation. But it is always forced upon us that we are not quite new beginners where we seem visibly to begin, nor do we end where all trace of us seems to be lost. The chain of principle which binds us fast to Reality seems to span with one link the period of human experience, and stretch either way into distances that no one has measured.

At the end of a recent biography the subject tried to sum up what he had learned from life, and he was able to say it all in a half-dozen simple sentences. There was nothing startling in it. Nothing that would evoke a thrill. But anyone who knows the experience of knowing a simple truth, and seeing how the apparently simple thing runs pregnantly through all the planes of life—anyone having this experience will know how thrillingly real such knowledge can be. It is not that the intellectual conception is new, but that the realization is new and vivid. It is like old familiar things seen under a light that penetrates and glorifies them.

> *THE wisdom of the world can be distilled into a few simple principles—and these principles are everlasting. They are fundamental, the fruits of the experiences of all the generations that have ever lived. To be born with the power to recognize them, or to achieve that power, is to become wise. This power of understanding—of 'seeing'—is one of the great forces in the world. With a nation it is vital. Progress comes in proportion to the number of minds that 'see.' The tremendous support which is won for great projects comes not so much because the people are convinced by laborious arguments but because with swift and accurate insight they are given understanding.*

The purpose of life seems to be the accumulation of experience, and the greatest experience of all is to get vividly and realistically inside a principle.

Perhaps this explains why people, as a rule, are impatient of the things they are merely told. It may explain the half-contempt of the boy for his father's counsel. It is happening in the world every day that full-grown men are suddenly exclaiming: 'My father used to tell me that! By George, the old man was right!'

But the discovery is not made until the grown son has entered the serviceable temple of truth through the homely door of experience. And he will try in turn to tell his son, but his son may be stubborn, too, and have to learn in the same belated way.

Of course, some people do learn by merely being told. The instant they hear the principle proclaimed, they have no need of proof or any kind of confirmation; they just instantly know it is true. It is as if they had known it before, but had forgotten, and the spoken word called to life again an element that was already there.

This experience, too, has led men on many quests. How did we learn to know that was true which we only heard once with the ears? Whence came that inner recognition and full-fledged understanding on the instant of the message? Why were we able to 'see' at once what others see with difficulty, and some seem never to see at all? Where did we originally learn that which we now suddenly recall? Such questions cannot be avoided. And once these are admitted, others thrust themselves up. Can a man receive the results of experience as a gift? Does the natively gifted mind realize without intermediary experience what the other mind must receive through the sweat and grime of a lifetime of experience? Or have we a prenatal past?

However these problems may be regarded, it is certain that the world goes forward in proportion to the number of minds that 'see.' There is a constant urge that the people 'think.' Thinking becomes a grind unless there are facts to grind upon, or unless there is this background of principle through the medium of which all the elements of a problem can be related. 'Thinking' may become a most desperate labor without the materials upon which thought can work. To 'think' strenuously and never be able to 'see' is but a process that wears down the resiliency of the mind. Until thought gets the wings of vision, it does treadmill work. Progress, especially that kind of progress which depends on the agreement of the people on some forward-looking idea, does not come by the efforts of men but by the unfolding of that which seems to be dormant in the public mind.

In dealing with great masses of people, the logical framework of an idea of public advance is often very slight—just enough to satisfy the faculties that no fallacy is being introduced. But the tremendous support which is won for justice or progress comes, not because the people are laboriously convinced by argument, but because with swift and accurate insight they 'see.'

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Aviation Advances

NOTHING illustrates better the firm base on which aviation rests in this country than insurance statistics. Here are some compiled by Drs. Lawrence G. Sykes and William B. Smith:

Fifty of the nation's leading life insurance companies, covering policyholders to the extent of $73,276,680,279, *place no restriction* against participation in aviation.

Fatalities on the transcontinental air-mail route, on which planes operate in all kinds of weather, decreased from three deaths in every 300,000 miles of flying in 1919 to two deaths in each 2,250,000 miles in 1926.

Leading accident insurance companies within the past six months have included clauses in their contracts covering losses caused 'by any hazard of aviation.' The condition is made, in line with the recommendations of aviation authorities, that responsibility is assumed only when 'the insured is riding as a passenger in a licensed airplane, operated by a licensed pilot, upon a regular passenger route between established airports.'

Aviation has developed, chiefly under the impetus of private capital, to a point where it now serves millions of people in this country, Drs. Sykes and Smith declare. The mail airways alone, on September 1, of this year, were serving 65,677,209 people.

Evidence of the tremendous progress made by aviation is found in the establishment of new airports. By the end of this year approximately one thousand airports and intermediate fields will be in existence in all parts of the United States. More than fifty airports have been recently completed while twice that number of cities have set aside funds or have begun plans for modern terminals.

Indian Summer

SUNSET. The sky glows orange-red on the land's rim. Down the long valley the corn shocks in the farmer's fields resemble tepees, their fluttering leaves discernible in a haze that hangs in the low places. Hawks fly silent and low over the meadows in search of field mice. Crows, with heavy, slow flight, come from the hills and return in the evening, expressing with their raucous voices a grim philosophy. The climate of the country has reached perfection, with clear skies, air spirited like old wine with a sharpness of frost in morning and evening. The breeze carries a faint odor of tanned leaves and grass.

The woods are almost silent, many of the birds having left for the south. The sudden sharp drumming of a red-headed woodpecker on a dead cedar rings like a gong. Squirrels rustle the dead oak leaves for winter food. There are very few nuts this fall and squirrels will have a hard winter. The few birds remaining are silent as though thinking seriously of the long flight southward. The time of babbling is past. In the spring everything that exists must make mention of the fact—sing it, shout it, laugh it. But now it is autumn and winter is just around the corner.

Fat, yellow pumpkins gleam between the corn shocks, and the low sun, seemingly ten times its usual size, resembles an incandescent pumpkin-lantern as it sinks heavily below the treetops at the west end of the pasture. Dusk and silence close down. A pale white moon floats in the great bowl of the sky. Star-twinkle in the east. In the west the crimson dregs of light ebb out in receding pulsations like the fog of the Northern Lights. Far to the north a great dark cloud stretches clear across the horizon like the eyebrow of Winter. A brisk north wind stirs the rustling shocks of corn. A sudden arctic chill pervades the night. There may be snow in the morning.

He Fought a Good Fight

CARL C. MAGEE has retired as editor of the New Mexico *State Tribune*. His leaving is a sharp loss to the state where, for seven years, he fought a good and often a heartbreaking fight against corruption and political intrigue.

The story of Carl Magee is outstanding in the nation's newspaper annals. He has been threatened, he has been assaulted, he has been in jail, he has been on trial for murder. He has lost a comfortable fortune. His life has been in danger, not once, but many times. He has felt the sting of social ostracism.

It would be difficult to imagine worse conditions than those which gripped New Mexico when Carl Magee went there seven years ago for his wife's health. A successful lawyer, he was at first welcomed by the ruling powers of the state. His announced intention of running a newspaper was received with equanimity. But Magee developed the irritating habit of asking questions. The sudden affluence of Albert B. Fall interested him. Visits of Harry F. Sinclair to Fall's ranch interested him. Leases of Government Oil Lands interested him. Magee asked more questions.

After a while other people began asking questions. Senator Walsh of Montana started queries of his own. The result is well known. It is an interesting coincidence that Magee announced his resignation as *State Tribune* editor while the trial of Albert Fall for conspiracy was still in progress. Magee goes on to Oklahoma City as editor of a larger newspaper. His days of service are by no means over. But in Albuquerque he will be missed. He fought a good fight. And won.

JURY or JUDGE

By C. C. DANIELS

THE law is 'a rule of action, commending what is right and prohibiting what is conceded to be wrong.'

Comes now a seemingly well-directed campaign to substitute for law the personal opinions of an arbitrator.

The word *arbitration* sounds well. The law is stated 'on a new basis' and the 'well-established rules' are eliminated.

People have become disgusted with the delay, the injustice and the favoritism that have characterized many of our courts—particularly those in the larger cities. They have seen judgeships thrown by political bosses to hungry politicians as bones to a dog—often without regard to the fitness of the one upon whom the judicial robe descended.

It is well known that judgeships are often used to 'kick upstairs' political undesirables. It may be said to the credit of some of these men kicked upstairs that they have made efficient and acceptable judges and have reflected credit on the offices into which they were kicked. The public cannot be expected to recognize that fact until their learning, their integrity and their fairness have been actually demonstrated. Some judges seem to permit shyster lawyers to insult and browbeat decent citizens required to give evidence. One prominent and observant minister stated from his pulpit that the reason self-respecting citizens take so little interest in aiding enforcement of the law is that a witness often meets with every discourtesy, while the wrongdoer is treated as if he were the injured party.

PEOPLE have seen the power of the court to punish for contempt turned over to clever lawyers and used to frighten impecunious debtors into the payment of alleged debts—some just and some unjust. Such prostitution of the punitive power of the court is enough to make most men liable to punishment for contempt of such courts; some, however, may be like the lawyer who, on starting to leave the court room, was asked by the judge whether he meant to show his contempt for the court. He replied that he was 'leaving to keep from showing it.'

Receiverships and allowances for attorneys are facetiously referred to as 'judicial plums.' These plums are sometimes used as bait with which to secure and hold the support of the beneficiaries or to inspire fear and thereby suppress criticism. Those who have observed the courts closely have been shocked at favoritism shown lawyers who were backed by certain influential racial organizations or other groups.

They have seen court hangers-on guiding unsophisticated ones who had been caught in the meshes of the law into the rapacious clutches of shyster lawyers and professional bondsmen, to be stripped and abandoned when power to raise money was exhausted.

They have seen the ambulance chasers, like 'buzzards waiting for a carcass,' hanging around some hospital waiting for the word from their co-workers in the institution to secure a contract for half of whatever damages the pain-wracked sufferer might be entitled to.

They have seen the clever special agent of corporations slip inside the same hospital to secure for a few dollars a release from the sufferer.

They have seen courageous and conscientious judges (by far the most of those who preside over our courts come under this designation) fighting manfully to correct these evils and to make the courts in fact 'temples of justice'—the refuge of the oppressed.

They have seen honest jurors—and most jurors are honest and render verdicts in keeping with the law and the facts—earnestly and intelligently battling in the jury room with the prejudiced and group-controlled jurors.

They have seen the honest, conscientious verdict of jurors overturned and litigants against strong and powerful corporations forced by the court to accept in settlement such amount as the judge was willing for them to have, when there was not a scintilla of evidence justifying such reduction.

The failure of the court at times to function in accordance with the well-established rules of law, and the injustice growing out of such failure, cause thoughtful people to look elsewhere for a remedy. Many are ready for any change promising better conditions.

It is when people are disgusted and discontented that they are in danger of 'swapping the devil for a witch.'

If the fundamental basis upon which this republic rests is to be changed, the law must first be undermined. If another system is to be substituted for the English-American system of jurisprudence, there must be a change in the mental attitude of the American people.

The people, to accept this change, must be made to lose faith in the courts and to become accustomed to looking elsewhere for protection of their rights and redress of their wrongs. They must be wooed away from respect for 'rules of action' and induced to accept instead the shifting opinion of a temporary occupant of the bench or the findings of courts of arbitration.

The idea of trial by personal opinion (or arbitration) and that of trial by courts of justice are based on diametrically opposite principles.

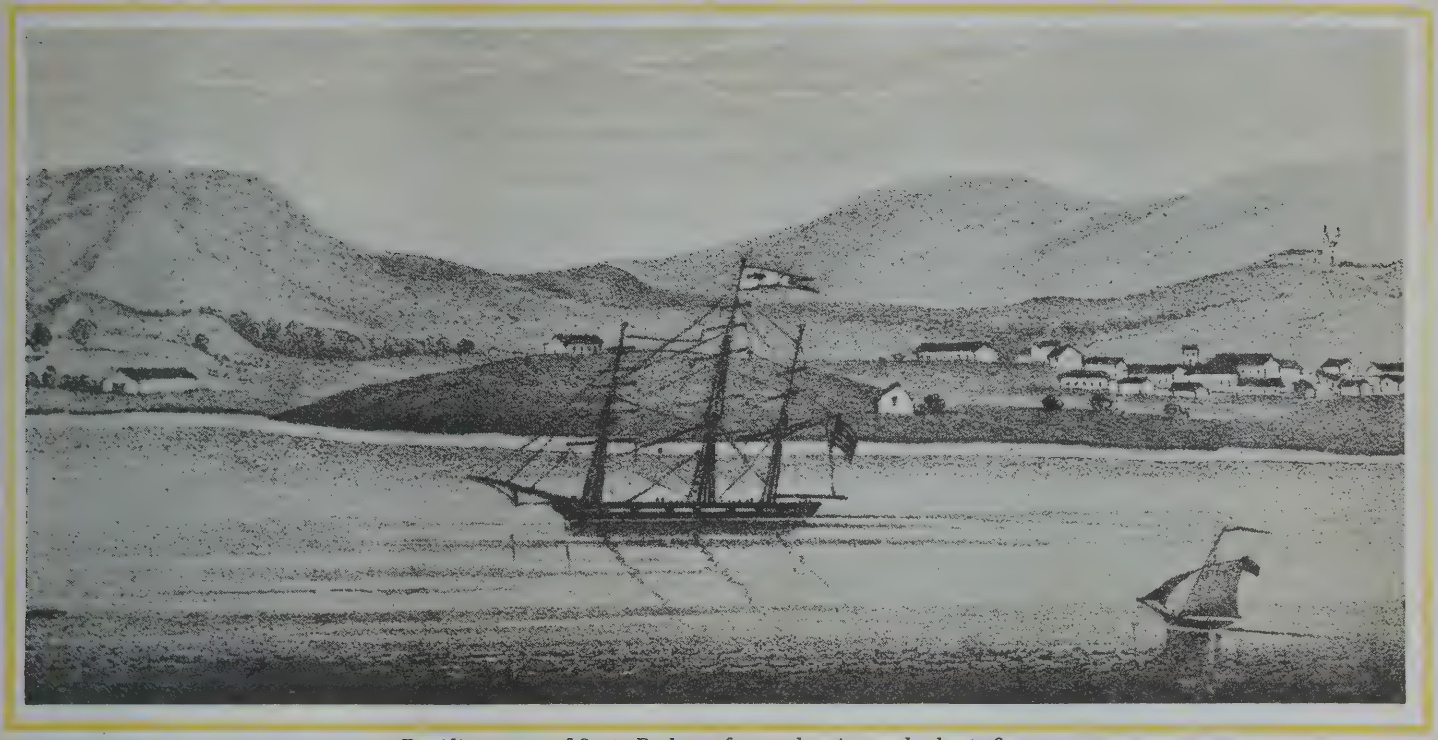
Those who advocate doing away with court trial, trial by jury, and application of *rules* of law and procedure must necessarily realize that the Oriental, or Eastern, system of jurisprudence is directly opposite to the English-American system and irreconcilable with it.

The English-American system recognizes no favorites—all are equal before the law—and the humblest has the same right to appeal to the courts for justice as has the richest and most powerful.

WHEN the courts do not recognize and respond to this principle, it is because those composing the court are either corrupt or too ignorant to appreciate the basis of the law they have sworn to respect and enforce.

If a change is made—however slowly or adroitly—the result will be the same and the United States may prepare to bow to it. The advice of my Western friend to 'let law go to pot and study judges' will find congenial reception in the East. Most Americans believe in the English-American system of government, and years of experience have increased their faith in jury trial and lessened their confidence in single men as finders of fact. The right of appeal to a 'jury of peers' is a right that is one of the few remaining refuges of the average man. When this right is taken from the people and when they realize the fact, those who run the engine of government may look for an explosion—just as when the safety valve of an engine is fastened down. The pent-up steam of injustice will find a means of escape, even though wreck and ruin follow.

In this nation of free Americans men may surrender some of their rights—all civilized peoples must—but this people yields by virtue of desire—'Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute.' They will not surrender their right to appeal to the court or to have a 'jury of their peers' determine their rights according to defined and fixed rules of evidence and procedure.



Presidio or town of Santa Barbara, from a drawing made about 1837.

The DAYS of the DONS

By FRANCES HOLBROOK PFEIFFER

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THE threefold occupancy of California included the military, the civil and the religious. The two former were supplied by the presidio and the pueblo—garrison and town. The first three presidios were founded simultaneously with the missions—San Diego, Monterey and San Francisco.

The Presidio of Santa Barbara, which eventually had jurisdiction over the other three, was founded four years before its mission, in 1782. The Presidio of Monterey, because of its central location, became the residence of the provincial governors, and remained, almost continuously, the capital of California until the American state government replaced the military in 1846.

In the first decade of the 19th Century the Mexican congress issued an order making Los Angeles the capital of 'California Province,' but those early *Angelenos* were so devoid of public spirit that they refused to provide the necessary buildings! Los Angeles did, however, become the capital shortly before the United States military occupation, after which it was again returned to Monterey.

The first pueblo or town was founded in November, 1776, and named *El Pueblo de San Jose Guadalupe* (San Jose); the second in 1781, which had been named by Portola twelve years before, *El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora La Reina de Los Angeles*, which, for all practical purposes, is now called just plain 'L.A.'

Another pueblo was proposed near the presidio which overlooked the Golden Gate, but investigators reported it to be the worst location in all California—'nothing but sand, brambles and raging wind!'

The Pueblo Villa Branciforte was founded in Santa Cruz, across the bay from Monterey, which was named for the viceroy and became his special interest. But it, like the other two, being a penal colony of Mexico, became worse than either San Jose or Los Angeles, and came to an untimely end.

The experimental pueblo of San Jose revealed the need of the right kind of settlers. So orders were sent to Captain Rivera to secure twenty-four agricultural men with families to form the new town of Los Angeles, and also to encourage unattached members of the gentler sex to come along and eventually marry the bachelor soldiers already in California.

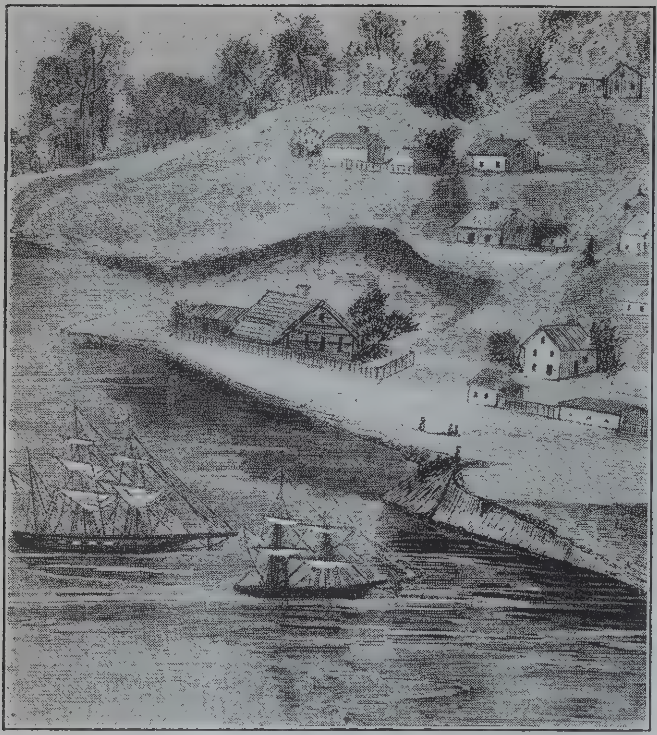
Liberal inducements in the way of land, animals, implements, and even money, were held out to prospective colonists. Moreover, Captain Rivera had served the country for eight years and was enthusiastic about California. However, after a year's effort he was able to interest only twelve families, and those fell far below the ideal, being for the most part Indians and mulattoes, with records far from desirable.

Three of the families were soon banished, and no descendants are known to remain of the others, with the exception of Juan Jose Domingues, a Spaniard. Domingues was not an original settler of Los Angeles, but came a few years later, having received a great land grant known today as the 'Domingues Rancho' near Los Angeles.

The Spanish land-grant system came into effect about the time of the founding of Los Angeles. The first tracts taken up in the vicinity of that city bring the familiar names of Figueroa, Garcia, Reyes, Domingues, Pico, Verduga, Sepulveda, and so on.

In spite of the protests of the missions, these grants spread over the southern half of the province covering many thousands of acres ruled over by their owners like monarchs of old feudal days. It was the life on these great ranchos that gave the beauty, color and romance to the 'Days of the Dons.'

Many miles lay between the haciendas but there were plenty of horses; these made it easy to visit back and forth, and resulted in a gay, care-free sociability. The annual rodeo was the most exciting social event where 'knights of the saddle,' in rich velvets, lace, gold and silver, displayed some of the finest horsemanship in the world, upon splendid animals richly accoutered



Town and port of Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, in 1843.

in jeweled saddles and bright blankets.

After the rodeo came feasting and the popular fandango where beautiful women, dressed in finest taste and richness in silks, velvets, lace, jewels and gay sashes, draped the *reboza* with that poetic grace possible only to ladies of Spanish blood.

There were horse-racing, bullfighting, and—wash days! The latter were made festive by a gathering of neighbors and a trip to forest stream or spring, where the innumerable Indian servants beat the garments against the rocks, while the white people gossiped, strolled and played games.

Those early Californians were a generous, hospitable people, who delighted in entertaining travelers in their roomy adobe houses without money and without price. In fact a pile of uncounted 'guest money,' covered with a napkin, was placed in the spare room for fear the warfarer might be in need—as we prepare crackers and milk for a midnight lunch for our guests.

According to our standards today those early Spaniards may not have been educated, but they were people of character, fine sensibilities and innate good manners.

First Spain and then Mexico limited California's trade to hides and tallow, not allowing her to compete with them in olive oil and wines. Foreign trade in the province was contraband, the penalty being severe punishment to the colonist and death to the foreigner.

The first American ship to anchor in a California port was the *Otter* of Boston, Captain Dorr, in 1796. We have no record that she came to trade, although, against the expressed wishes of the governor, she forcibly landed twelve convicts and a woman from Botany Bay, who had used the ship as a means of escape.

In 1805, with the usual Yankee daring, the *Eliza Bird*, Captain Salhor, which had 'stood off' the coast in her trips to and from the Sandwich Islands, sailed into San Pedro—the first American trading ship in California waters. Captain Salhor loaded his ship with hogs and sheep for which he paid in manufactured articles.

During the Mexican revolt and under the more lax laws of Mexico, open commerce was established with New England, first for skins of the now almost extinct otter, and later for hides and tallow from both mission and rancho.

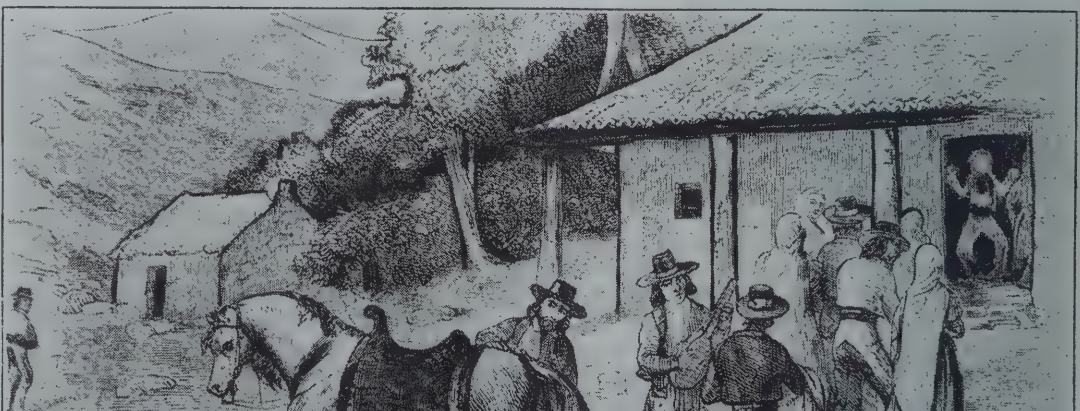
Arrival of a ship was a great adventure in the lives of those pastoral people, and not without romance. *La Patrona*, with her young ladies, would sometimes board a foreign ship and select from the cargo the new and interesting articles that caught her fancy—not unlike going over a Yankee peddler's pack on his occasional and welcome visits in a New England village—and we can imagine that the beautiful *senoritas* and the ship's officers found a common language of glance and smile in which to express themselves! And *El Patron* would order his ten or fifteen oxcarts, loaded with hides and tallow, to be driven, creaking and lumbering, down to the water.

Or, if the roads were too muddy for carts, a long file of Indians made their way to the port, each carrying a load on his head—returning at close of day weighted down by ranch implements, sugar and food, furniture, clothes and ornaments.

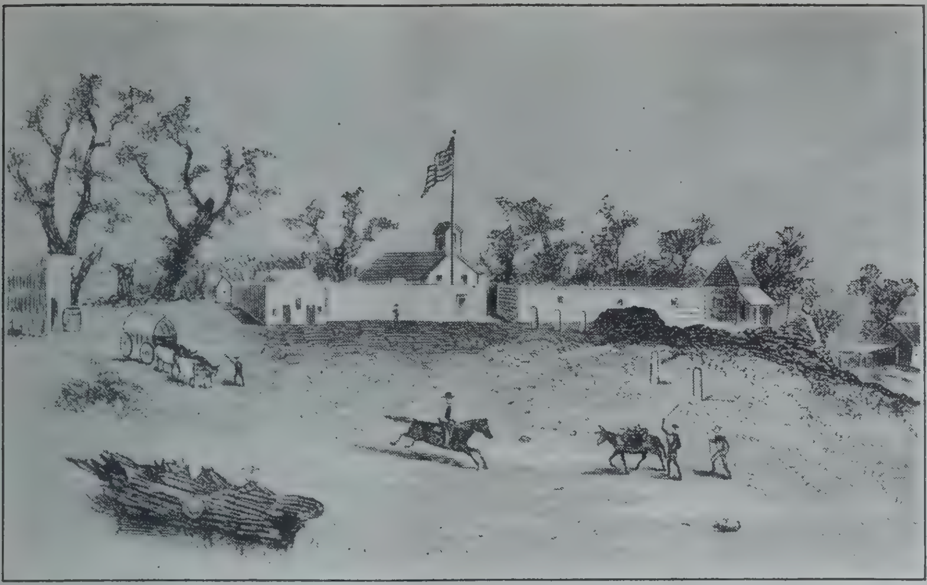
THE influence of the Napoleonic Wars was felt even in far-off California. When Joseph Bonaparte found it expedient to step down from the Spanish throne and the rightful monarch was restored to his throne, Spain had lost her hold upon her possessions in the New World.

California created very little attention in the first decade of the 19th Century—was scarcely remembered at all by Spain. She had sympathized with the Mother Country in the Mexican revolt, since most of her leading men and padres were Spanish; but aside from perfunctory praying, she took no part in Spain's defense—in fact, she could not.

The only sign of the revolution that rippled the quiet of California life was an attack by pirates under Bouchard from Buenos Aires. He bombarded Monterey, landed, plundered and burned the town; sacked the Ortego Rancho near Santa Barbara, and attacked the Capistrano Mission, where he captured wine and brandy! Really, he probably did more good than harm to California, because it was from this pirate ship that Joseph Chapman



A glimpse at a bit of early California social life—going to a fandango.



Stars and Stripes over Sutter's Fort during the days of the 'gold rush.'

made his escape, either because he disliked bad company, or, as the more romantic will have it, because he caught a glimpse of the lovely *senorita*, Ortego's daughter, whom he afterward married.

The country's condition was deplorable. The presidios' pay was far in arrears. Spanish vessels did not visit the coast for years. There was no money, and clothing was depleted. A Los Angeles man who owned one thousand horses begged the padres of San Gabriel Mission for enough cloth to make a shirt!

When in the spring of 1822 official notice was received by Governor Pablo de Sola of Mexico's victory, he called a meeting of California officials, who were willing to take the oath of allegiance, severing their connection with Spain when promises were given that the ten years' back pay would be forthcoming.

California under Spain guarded her shores as closely as ever did China or Japan. John Gilroy, a very young Englishman, broke through this 'coast guard,' landed from a trading vessel in 1814, became a citizen in 1820, married into a California family and has left his name in the town of Gilroy.

In 1816 a captain and five sailors from a schooner storm-driven into Santa Barbara became citizens. In that same year Captain Otto von Kotzebue in a Russian ship entered San Francisco Bay. The presidio was so hard up that the *commandante* was obliged to borrow powder from the Russians to fire a salute to them!

Von Kotzebue was a true prophet. He wrote of California:

> 'Towns and cities will flourish where all is now desert . . . The waters will reflect the flags of all nations; and a happy and prosperous people . . . will dispense her treasures over every part of the world.'

Prior to 1826 several American and English men, entranced by the melting eyes of *senoritas*—and their papas' vast grants of land!—had married into California families and become citizens.

The foreigner coming from the sea was tolerated, but when he crept in over the mountains from that vast, unexplored 'no man's land,' he was looked upon as an enemy. So, when Jebediah S. Smith, the first white man to come overland, with his fifteen trappers, came down the Colorado River and on to Los Angeles in 1826, he was ordered out of the country. His men remained but he went, finally, although from time to time he kept bobbing up along the coast as if reluctant to leave. At least he took his own time.

In 1805 the czar sent a young officer of his court, Count Rezanof, to inspect Russian trading posts in Alaska. Finding the people suffering for want of food he sailed for the nearest port, San Francisco, for relief. There he was received hospitably, but not until he had became betrothed to the lovely young daughter of the *commandante* was he allowed to trade his cargo for supplies.

Their romance was short. He sailed away promising to return. Beautiful Concepción de Arguello waited by the sea for a sight of her lover's ship, which did not return.

She remained unmarried and forty years afterward, at a banquet in Monterey, she heard from an English officer that her prince had died on his way home. Letters, recently found, reveal the fact that Count Rezanof fully intended to return for his little sweetheart in California.

Through Rezanof's letters to the czar, Russian-American trading posts were started in 1812 on Bodega Bay, on the Russian River and at Fort Ross. The Russian occupation lasted until 1841, when trade having declined they sold out Fort Ross to John Sutter, Swiss immigrant, and departed.

Sutter had obtained for colonizing a large tract of land where Sacramento now stands. Here he erected the famous Fort Sutter, arming it with cannon and muskets brought from Fort Ross. The muskets were said to have been dropped by Bonaparte's army in its retreat from Moscow in 1812.

Despite this unpromising nucleus the town was founded with military and ecclesiastic pomp and ceremony near the present plaza. Not for many years did it show any promise of improvement or growth.

Chapman, or 'Jose el Ingles,' as he was called by those early Californians, was a Yankee who had escaped from a pirate ship in Monterey Bay during the Mexican Revolution, 1819. He had been rescued and befriended by Don Maria Lugo, who brought him to Los Angeles.

His ingenuity and the example he set for thrift, industry, and morality had no small influence on the little Mexican pueblo—in fact upon the whole southern portion of the province.

Chapman built, at San Gabriel for the mission fathers, the first seagoing craft constructed in Southern California and hauled it to San Pedro where it was assembled and launched and used in the rapidly growing otter trade.

'Jose el Ingles' married a daughter of Ortego, an old family whose rancho, just north of Santa Barbara, is still occupied by descendants of Lieutenant Ortego, the real discoverer of San Francisco Bay.

(This is the second of a series of articles by Frances Holbrook Pfeiffer on this subject. The next, 'California in Pioneer Days,' will follow in an early issue.)

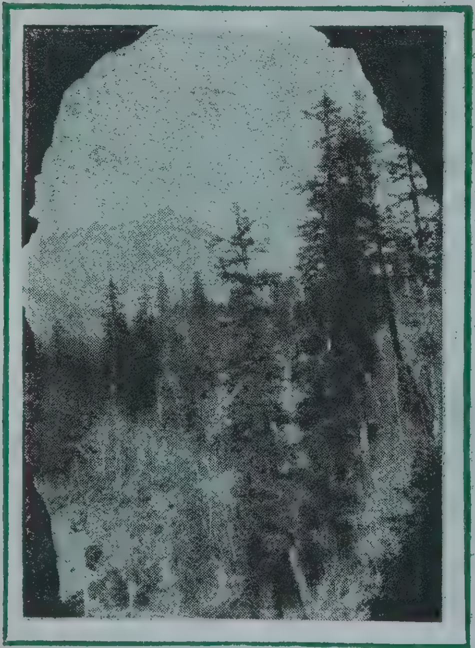
Prehistoric olla found in a cave in Coachella Valley, California. In it was sealed a rabbit net fifty-four feet long, made of yucca fiber.

SKEENA RIVER TRAILS

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

BRITISH COLUMBIA lakes are beautiful. Khtada Lake in northern British Columbia is incomparable. Suspended between two high mountain ranges, itself thousands of feet above sea level, it reflects in its mirrored surface the beauties that rise above it. Khtada Lake is a long lake. Its distances are deceptive. This we found to be true when we explored it.

We had portaged our boat over the divide between lower and upper Khtada, following the trail cut out from the forest by the river. We had heard of big rainbow trout in Khtada and we were after them. Dave Stuart and Stan Parker, both of Prince Rupert, were accompanied by their sons Charlie Stuart and Bob Parker. Jim, my thirteen-year-old son, and myself, completed the party. All three boys were about thirteen years of age and were seemingly indued with tireless energy. The day before, we had packed in from the mouth of the Khtada River to its source, the lower Khtada. Each of the boys had carried a twenty-pound pack without a whimper. Now they were swarming around the newly launched boat eager to try the fishing, which was said to be the best in the Coast Range mountains of British Columbia.



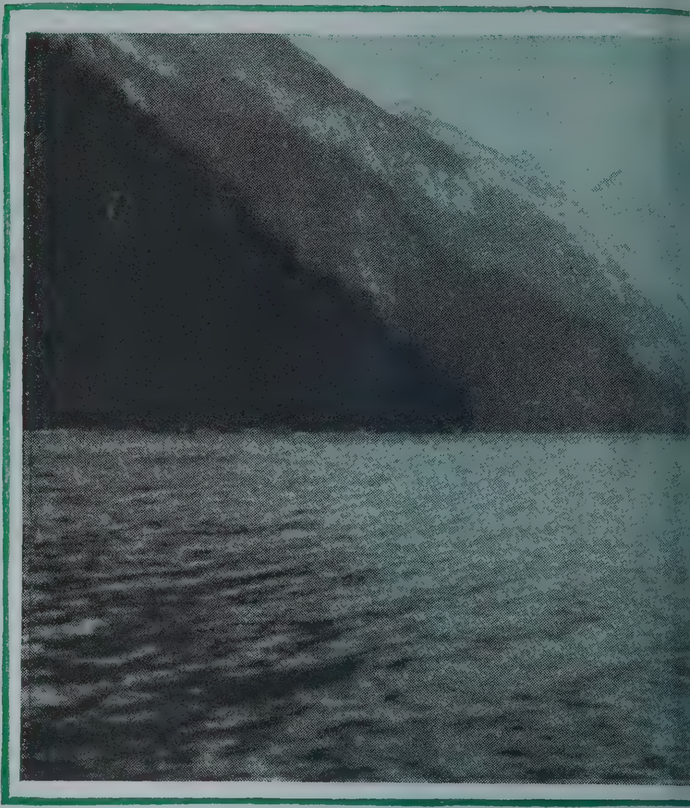
A charming vista as viewed from the mouth of a cave above the lake.

We made our way up the lake, toward the south. Did you ever try to keep three small boys still all at one time? It can't be done. So many new things to see! So many stories of adventure to tell! One boy from the East learning things Western!

We found it great sport battling the fighting rainbow trout of Khtada with light tackle.

Yes, the dark-blue bird is a western blue jay. No, the ice never melts on the high glacier to the right. You are correct, the big bird alighting on the shore is a bald eagle. Yes, the feathers on his legs do resemble trousers. His many feathers keep him warm so that he can soar in the rarefied heights on the lookout for wild lambs and tender kids. How does he catch them? He usually swoops down and dashes them over a high cliff; then he devours the remains at leisure; and so on, all day long.

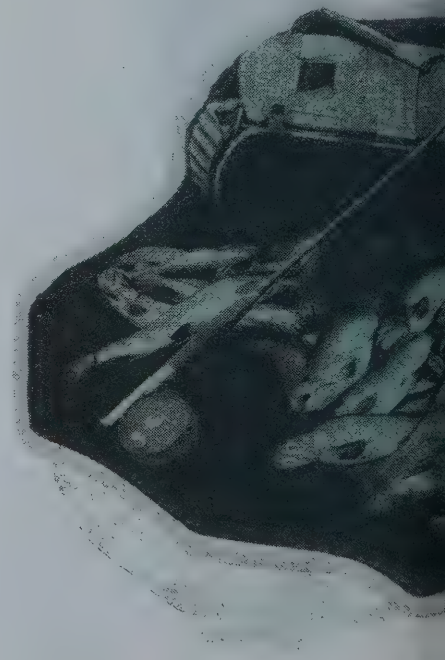
The mountains rise steeply from the shore of Khtada, all details of tree-fringed slopes and rocky precipices lost in one stroke of a gigantic brush which has swept

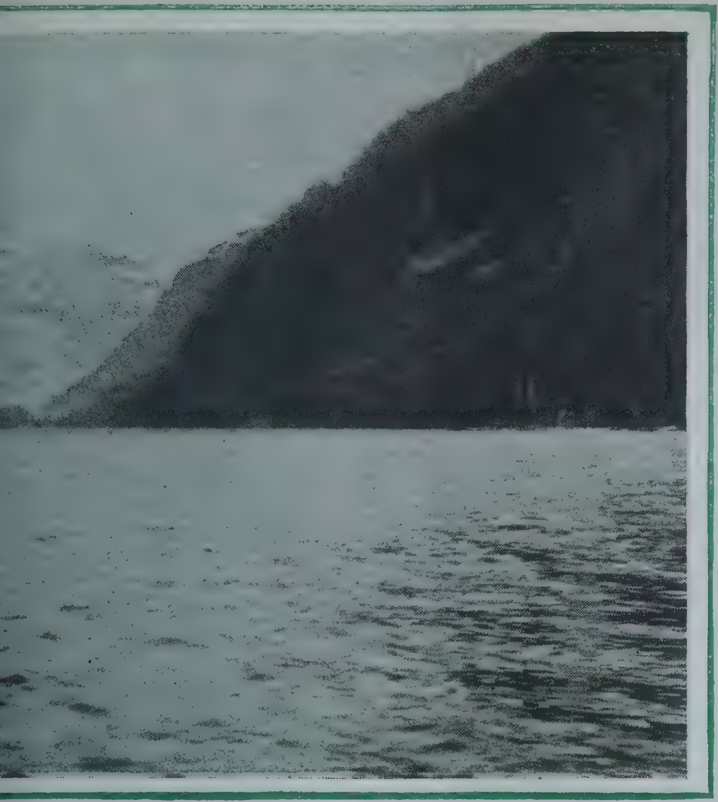


Lake Khtada, a sapphire gem, hangs high in the
encircle the lake in whose reflective bosom is reveal

the intense heart of a sapphire. The Co
Range mountains of British Colum
have peaks that began volcanically,
fountains of molten mineral, in catara
of rock, in falling streams of golden la
Smoky canopies, chilled in fog, cascad
above them torrentially and, when
pained, convulsive throes the earth ro
these granite ridges aloft, they 'fr
into the form we see today.

As we rounded a bend near the n
rows, the scene that unfolded before
stilled even the noisy boys. In the mo
ing atmosphere beautiful Khtada flas
pale blue and green—a glorious sheet





Coast Range. Peaceful forested mountains y of flowery shores and snow-capped peaks.

led water, flowing to the foot of y mountains. Soaring high into the azure sky, its summit hidden by a cap of mist, now disclosing, now its crown, rose an unnamed moun- So cold and aloof, it gazes for all across its lesser brethren skirting keena, surrounded by a coronet of ng white peaks. We rested on our enraptured with the beauty of the In hushed tones I asked Dave er there were other valleys such as the vicinity.

he hills are full of them,' he said. you had time I'd take you to Kitsumgallum Lake, up the river about sixty miles. Or we might run down Vancouver way and slide up into some of the coast canals inland. The mountains come down to the salt chuck there. You'd get lots of pictures of grizzlies. Never been surveyed and the Indians are as wild as the deer away from the coast. The Bella Coola country is a great game country. There you'll find everything native to this coast. And fish! There are waters in that country that have never felt the flick of an artificial fly.'

'What's beyond this lake?' I asked.

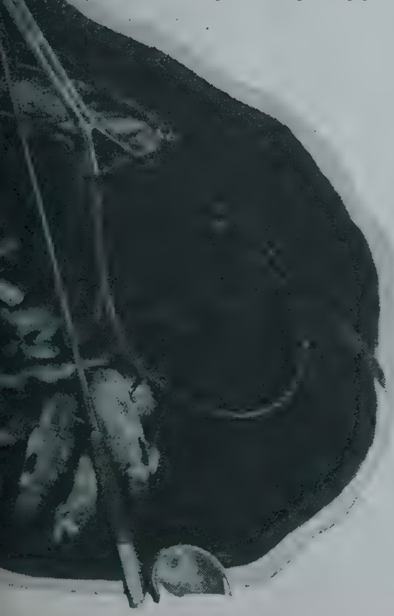
'I've heard there's another lake in beyond. After you get over the break the waters drain into Douglas Channel. We never go over there,' he replied.

The water beneath the boat was deep. We were fishing for rainbow and it was necessary that the troll work far below the surface. We hooked on light sinkers and rowed slowly along. Soon we would feel a violent jerk. Then the reel would sing like a lath mill and the pole would bend nearly double. I feared for our tackle, as the fish were unusually large. In Michigan we consider a three- or four-pound rainbow trout a good fish. Here they range from four pounds up to twenty-five, I was told. We caught several in this lake that weighed ten pounds and over.

Jim and I were trying something new. We abandoned our fly rods and used short bass casting rods. I was afraid to use a high-grade fly rod on those violent rainbow. As Jimmie and I planned on fishing Arctic grayling in the Yukon valley of Alaska, we did not want to break our tackle on British Columbia trout. We cast with our short rods, using spoons and bucktails of the eastern variety. When we hooked a fish we could handle him more quickly with the shorter rod. We did not play them so long nor perhaps have so much fun as we did with the fly rods, but we felt safer.

Jim lost one line when a big fellow caught his lure and started in the general direction of the Skeena River. Jim thumbed the line. The line burned his thumb and he lifted that member. The fish kept going. The click and drag became released on the reel. It spun like a circular saw, backlashed, and snapped just as the biggest rainbow of all leaped high in the air and disturbed the calm surface of Khtada. We had all we could do to keep Jim in the boat. Nor could I reconcile him for some time. It was not until we got into the lower river that he recovered. Youth soon forgets and time heals all wounds. Particularly if the rainbow are jumping and taking the flies avidly.

One day we had to stop fishing until we had consumed our catch. For in this section one wastes nothing. Later, on the Yukon, we caught hundreds of grayling and trout, but we never had a fish spoil on our hands. Holes in the perpetually frozen hillside were natural refrigerators. They were easy to dig, and the glaciers were only a short distance above us. The soil was not frozen at Khtada, but we had glacier ice at any time we needed it.



The virgin waters of Khtada swarmed with trout that knew not the danger of the artificial fly.

The glacier's white ramparts gleamed above our shake-shingled cabin on the lower lake.

Fishing was so good we had time to wander the game trails around the lake and enjoy the beauties of the lower coast forest between the lakes. Down the river, at a lower altitude, the timber was heavier. The beds of needles were just damp enough to deaden our footfalls. Our boot soles were hobbed to prevent slipping.

On our first halt we looked out over the tops of trees in the valley, and in places caught glimpses of the rushing river far below. It is surprising how quickly one climbs above trees that looked so tall when we stood at their feet. Gurgling streams hastened across our path, hurrying down to the roaring Khtada. An age-old forest is the finest filter on earth. It has no crowded grubbiness of lush meadows, no slashings or new saplings. Growth is slow, decay gentle, the one operation balancing the other. There are no hordes or plagues of vermin in its shades; its clean-lived creatures do not overrun their natural confines.

Once Jim and I wandered high in the mountains and nightfall found us many miles from camp. We built a fire against a high bare rock, made a hasty lean-to facing it, and lay down to sleep. Aromatic spruce needles formed our mattress and the high heavens were our blankets. It grew cold toward morning, but we suffered no ill effects.

If it has never been your privilege to walk the timber-line trails in British Columbia, if you have never made camp under shadowing spruces, by white water streams roaring into deep canyons, you have something to enjoy in the future. You will behold the sun-touched clouds of late evening tinting the tips of the far-distant mountains. Below you in the deep canyons the shadows will blot out rocks and trees and later you will sit by a friendly camp fire which will be welcome at timber line, where even in summer the chill comes with the falling of the sun in the west.

We remained at Khtada a week. We saw herds of snow-white mountain goats high on the Alpine slopes of Khtada's mountains. Birds of all kinds native to the country flew about the camp. Beavers plied their art of dam making at our very threshold. Coyotes howled on the trail of ptarmigan, which were turning snow white in August.

The Khtada country is easy of access. From Prince Rupert you go by river or train some thirty miles upstream. The Canadian National Railroad follows the Skeena for hundreds of miles as it winds through scenery that thrusts itself upon you. There are nooks and crannies, forest alcoves, high waterfalls and rippling streams, all of which contain fish in plenty.

Thirty miles up the Skeena lies the mouth of the Khtada. A trail follows along the river for a distance of six miles. This is a clear, well-defined trail, but steep. By the time you have packed back to the headwaters you will have a glorious mountain appetite and can relish the rainbow that you catch for dinner.

About Khtada, Nature has thrown up the Coast Range mountains on so vast a scale that one can with difficulty grasp their greatness. All along the mighty Skeena, snowy peaks rear above the water, their glaciers, rugged cliffs, and foaming torrents reflecting in the quieter surfaces. Charming spots in the forest, carpeted with moss and ferns head high, and roofed over with canopies of living tree, provide pleasure for the wanderer on the forest trails, where the peace of the all-embracing woods presides.

The only sounds that break the stillness are the cushioned rasp of boots in the thick velvet of the woodland trail, the rumble of a distant grouse, the sharp tap-tap-tap of a woodpecker digging his breakfast out of a tall dead tree. We spend many hours walking the beaver meadows and the muskeg flats, high above timber line. Or we sit for hours watching the wood duck sitting on the slough, calling down her young ones from the nest hole high up in the tree by the water.

The ways of the wild folk are revealed to us, and our studious watchfulness is well repaid. Above the blue of the lower ranges, against the blue of the sky, the glaciers gleam; white ramparts lift; the peaks of the Coast Range throw their pinnacles into the heavens.

Villegaignon and Antarctic France

(*Continued from page 5*)

dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life . . . ' Léry was most distressed by having no wine or fresh water, only the 'water out of a cistern or rather a grave,' as there was no running water on the Island of Coligny. Léry mentions that both Villegaignon and the Dr. Jean Contat of the Sorbonne publicly abjured the pope, but thereafter both 'had more love to argue than desire to learn' Calvinism.

The limitation of the daily sermon to one half-hour 'even though the days were then longest' was one of the first hardships imposed by Villegaignon. Léry makes a point of the fact that Villegaignon wrote 'in red Brazilian ink' to Calvin that Calvin's words would go into the colony laws.

Léry devotes himself to an enthusiastic description of Rio de Janeiro, and to the plants and animals of the region. His accounts of these and of the Indian customs agree in the main with Thevet's. The treatment of captives and the process of preparing them for being eaten are described in minute detail, with illustration, by both Thevet and Léry. The latter mentions that the cannibal wives were given to the prisoners to wait upon them and that they wept over their husbands before eating, as does the crocodile.

Léry and his companions started home but before they reached land a number perished and all suffered the pangs of starvation. Leather jerkins and shoes were exhausted for the nourishment which they contained. For fifteen days they were becalmed in the Saragossa Sea. On reaching France, however, they were fortunate in touching a friendly region.

Villegaignon soon returned to France and became a somewhat energetic pamphleteer against the doctrines of Calvin. The few Frenchmen who were left at Fort Coligny were dispersed in 1560 by a Portuguese fleet and nothing remained of the colony except the name of Villegaignon attached to an island in the bay.

Thus disappeared the first Protestant colony of the New World. France had here in Brazil the opportunity to establish herself in the New World, but the religious quarrels wasted her energies at home and these, extending to the infant colony, condemned it to annihilation.

Dancin' Out *de* Swimp

By JOHN SLOAN

THERE are two dances common and popular in the great marsh of Louisiana. One is the social pastime; the other is a matter of labor, in which men only participate. This is 'dancin' out de swimp,' and is known from one end of Louisiana to the other. The shrimp, or prawn, is the standard of value, success, prosperity and even livelihood, throughout the great marsh.

So much is it the staff of life that the common reply to a friendly hail of 'How are you?' is 'No so good; de swimp he no come in'; or if conditions are improved, 'Ver' fine, m'sieu; de blessed swimp he come in abundan'.'

The shrimp, being caught in hand nets, seines or trawls, are packed on ice in the holds of large motor boats or luggars, and sent at top speed to the market in one of the larger cities of Louisiana, or sold to the drying platforms in the marsh, or, thirdly, to the shrimp canneries on the Mississippi coast, at Biloxi or Gulfport.

The people of the marsh, however, are more concerned with the shrimp dryers than with any other plant for the preparation of these large prawns.

There are several drying platforms in the marsh, some of them operated by Chinese, for China is the largest consumer of dried shrimp, but the main platform is at Manila Village.

AS THE shrimp are brought to these platforms, they are thrown by shovelfuls into huge caldrons of boiling water. When they are thoroughly cooked, they are spread out on platforms, often as large as two hundred feet square, built of heavy planking laid closely on piles some ten or fifteen feet above the level of the water.

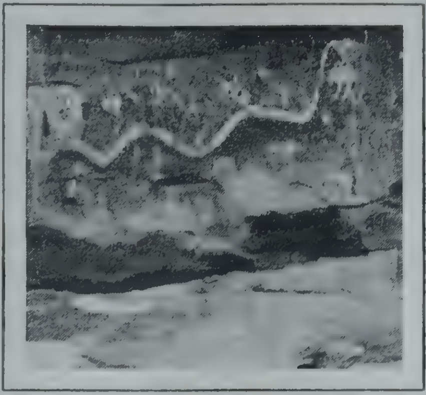
These drying plants have to be on the shore of comparatively deep water so that the motor boats—only methods of travel in the great marsh—may bring their loads of shrimp to them. When the boiled shrimp have dried thoroughly in the sun, their shells, skins, or 'hulls,' are dry and brittle, not unlike glazed paper. Then gangs of twenty to forty men or more remove their foot covering and 'dance out de swimp' in their bare feet.

This dance is a sort of shuffle, in which, to avert fatigue as long as possible, the men keep a sort of rude time. This removes the hulls from the dried bodies of the shrimp without breaking the latter, and, oddly enough, no machine has been invented which will do this work so well as the constantly moving bare feet of a gang of men.

When the shrimp have been danced out, the whole mass, shrimp and shells, is put through fanning mills, separating the bodies from the hulls, the former being packed in cartons for shipment, or sold in bulk, and the latter being gathered up to form the basis for fertilizer compounds. Some few dried shrimp are sold in the United States, and a larger quantity in Continental Europe, but the greater part is barreled and sent to the Orient, where the demand is always ahead of the supply.

West of the Lone Star

(Continued from page 2)



Some mutilated Indian writings on rocks in western Texas.

waters are strongly alkaline, good for neither man nor beast. Mosquitoes make life intolerable for any one camping near. Once, driven by them from my camp, I made for 'Howard's Well,' in a Pecos tributary called Howard's Draw. This well is like a pleasant dream. It is a ten-foot hole, rock-sided, tree-shaded, cool. Many a fight between frontiersman and Indian has taken place in its vicinity. That I knew well enough from tradition, but I did not expect to find what I found. For, poking about among the bushes at the foot of the steep hill, I came upon some arrowheads. A little farther on there lay a sad relic. It was the tires and other ironwork, all that remained of a wagon train on the old overland mail route that had been attacked by Indians and burned in the 1880's. Sixteen wagons had composed the train and no man nor animal was left alive.

The adventurous voyager will do well to follow the old overland trail to San Antonio. The route between that city and El Paso, its terminal, ran through Fredericksburg, Fort Mason, Menard, Fort McKavett, Fort Concho, Fort Stockton and by way of Quitman Canyon to Ysleta and El Paso. One hundred dollars was the cost of passage for the trip, which today costs less than a fourth of that amount, by railroad. The last stage was run in 1880, in which year two of the mail-coach drivers were killed by Indians. But that notable body of law keepers, the Texas Rangers, did hero's work not only against the redskins but also against Mexican marauders. And when Indian and Mexican were tamed, there were train-robber gangs and outlaws of the Sam Bass, Jim Berry, Black Jack, Berry Ketcham, Arkansas Johnson type to deal with. And well the rangers played their part, and are still playing their part for that matter, as Captain Hickman's capture of the Yancey Storey gang only a few weeks ago proves. In the cemetery at old Round Rock you may see the tombstone over the grave of that most famous of outlaws, Sam Bass. Because of defacements it is not easy to read the legend: 'A Brave Man reposes in Death here. Why was he not True?'

While you have not seen Texas, by any means, for weeks would not suffice for that, you have learned something of the range country of the Lone Star State. It would scarcely be possible to tour the state without some intercourse with native Texans, for, like all people in places where life flows abundantly, they are hospitable. And accepting hospitality you will probably hear much that is true, much that is in the nature of folklore. You may learn something of the immense extent of some of the old ranches—about how the King ranch is nearly a million acres in extent and runs a hundred thousand cattle, and how tractors may be seen plowing one of its fifty-thousand-acre fields.

Then there are lies, very interesting ones, which are told, and sometimes believed. For instance, you may hear about the 'Mountain Boomer' or 'Glade Devil,' which, according to popular tradition, haunts the Western plains. This creature is a lizard some sixteen inches long, green-gray in color with a white-spotted back. If a rider gets close to its haunts it will immediately fly out, enraged, and woe to the man bitten by it, for it is poisonous. It can outrun the swiftest horse and will pursue a luckless intruder for a whole day. It can sting with its tail, as a scorpion does, and it barks so loudly while running that the noise can be heard for five miles. Tradition says that the United States Government has offered a large reward for a specimen captured alive —some say a million dollars.

Or you might hear some Negro cook in happy humor singing one of the hundreds of Texas Negro folk songs. For example:

'I know moon-rise. I know star-rise.
(I lay this body down).
I walk in the moonlight; I walk in the starlight,
To lay this body down.
I walk through the graveyard, I walk in the graveyard
To lay this body down:
I lie in th' grave an' stretch out my arms,
I lay this body down.
I go to the judgment in th' evenin' of th' day
When I lay this body down,
An' my soul an' your soul will meet in th' day
When I lay this body down.'

Or you may learn some of the queer superstitions and sayings, working maxims for the conduct of daily life, seldom coarse, always characteristic; for as people, so the proverbs. Thus: 'I got as much use for them politicians as a hog has for Sunday.' 'The doctor gets fat when ornery folks overeat.' 'If you have rheumatics, carry a potato in your pocket and the sickness will leave you when the potato shrivels up.' 'There's such a thing as bein' a man that'll say five's an even number when the boss says so.' 'Any man can know by his own pot how other people's pots boil.' 'A good saddle never yet sold a poor horse.'

But if you would know Texas and its legends and history, sit by a camp fire at night with an old freighter. There are still a few of them in the range country, and they are stuffed full of tales. You will hear the stories of men who have fought their good fight and are set among the heroes: of William Barret Travis and the siege of the Alamo when all except a half-dozen Texans died fighting and Santa Anna ordered the survivors to be shot; of Sam Houston who fought in the midst of discouraging circumstances; of Colonel Bowie, the man without ulterior motives; of Stephen F. Austin who advised his fellow Texans to avoid national politics and confine themselves to setting their own house in order; of the journalist Brann and his famous duel.

Taken by and large, the men of the plains hang close to the ideals of Washington and Jefferson. They have not learned the silly modern trick of belittling their heroes. Nor in them is there any of that sickly sentimentalism that would ignore the faults in a man. They know that there are infirmities of the flesh, for they live close to nature. So their heroes are men all through, men without timidity, men who aimed at fullness of life, who grasped experience firmly, who nurtured zest and hope. But they are never impossible creatures of perfection, whitewashed out of all semblance to humanity or any other race.

Looking toward Mt. Franklin, near El Paso, showing the Rio Grande.

The NEWS *That's* Fit *to* PRINT

By RUSSELL GARDINER

NEWSPAPER inaccuracies are of three kinds: those due to lack of training, unintentional misstatements, and deliberate misrepresentation.

Unintentional misstatements will appear in the most carefully prepared daily publications. Staff men cannot be at the scene of every event reported. No two persons observing the same incident will give identical accounts. Therefore the reporter must sift the conflicting versions for the story that appears the most logical and truthful. His narrative may not be correct, but his mistakes are unavoidable.

In contrast is the deliberate deception for headline purposes in the sensational press. A complete news item may give a definite impression. A statement taken from it may appear to mean the opposite.

Then there is the matter of 'coloring' news. A youthful reporter is assigned to 'cover' the address of Dr. Germs, a chemist, before the Rotary Club. The young man talks to the scientist over the telephone because he has so many other events to report that attendance at the luncheon, or an interview, is impossible, or perhaps wearisome to his youth. Failing to understand or to find interest in the chemist's outline of his speech, the reporter finally asks whether the doctor regards kisses more deadly than bullets because of the possibility of communicating disease. The question is answered as a matter of courtesy. That's all the reporter wants. He writes his story on the basis of the reply. In his address the chemist does not mention the kisses. The hearers discredit the paper when they read the account of the meeting and fellow chemists wonder whether Dr. Germs is losing his mind to talk such tommyrot.

Most so-called yellow journals, however, are careful not to carry their deception to the point where the danger of libel appears. Generally speaking, small-town papers are more conservative than the metropolitan dailies. Neighbors who call the editor by his first name and who wish to know why he printed such and such an item are responsible for this condition.

In many newspaper offices editors and reporters will tell you that suicides and murders come in series of three. In other words, one act of physical violence suggests a similar act to another person. The person who advises full publicity of crime as a preventive overlooks an important human element—a sort of personal optimism. With that spirit, soldiers are brave in battle as comrades fall about them. Each soldier thinks, 'Well, they're gettin' lots of 'em, but they'll not get me.' The person who is planning a crime is buoyed by that same hope. The prospective criminal reads the details of the deeds and capture of others. He sees the mistakes that led to exposure. Mentally he makes note of their errors and resolves to be so shrewd that his guilt cannot be detected.

Some years ago prominent persons were invited to write for the press when they had something worth while to give the public. Today the surest way of breaking into some of the big dailies with a signed story is to kill a sweetheart, another woman's husband, or a whole family.

A mail train bandit, arrested recently, said he had read of the rich hauls made almost daily and had envied the robbers their easy money. He was thrown out of work. The family was pressed for funds. Then came temptation. Others had done it, why could not he?

A timely example of how newspaper stories may react on weak minds developed in connection with a prediction of the end of the world. Terror-stricken by the prophecy, a Michigan farmer shot and seriously wounded his wife and then killed himself. The press story placed no credence in the authenticity of the forecast. It regarded the preparations for doomsday as the aberrations of fanatics. Yet few editors took precaution to print the story in such a manner as to allay the fears of persons like the unfortunate farmer.

Crime is a part of life. The newspaper is a mirror of mankind's struggles. Therefore it must print crime news. The press, however, can serve its public by telling the bare, cold truth in such a matter-of-fact manner as to rob crime of its glamour and heroics.

Tad Lincoln's Snowstorm

(*Continued from page 9*)

progress toward the attic, with that same smile on his face.

In the attic was a large bin full of visiting cards, which apparently had been lately disturbed, as there was a nest hollowed out in the center and the cards were scattered all around. But the boys were not there; so I went home and reported.

After dinner, as the men were enjoying their cigars on the veranda, the four boys appeared, dragging a remarkable object, which consisted mainly of an old chair on barrel staves and the cover of a *Congressional Record* nailed to the broken seat. This, they proudly informed us, was a snow sled.

Hally hung back as they were severally presented to the colonel, and Tad triumphantly explained that 'Hally burned an awful hole in his pants with powder out of a cartridge given him by a soldier who said it wouldn't go off.'

BOTH Tad and Hally were very uneasy and continually rubbed against the veranda railing. When questioned by our mother, Tad said, 'I 'spose it's the snowballs we've got down our backs.'

'Snowballs,' said mama, surprised. 'Where could you have found any snow?'

'Up in our attic,' said Tad. 'Handfuls and handfuls and handfuls and bushels.'

But Willie said, 'Why, Mama Taft, Tad's snow is cards. There are bushels in our attic in a big bin and we throw them up and play it is snowing. There are all the cards all the Presidents have had left on 'em since General Washington.'

'General Washington never lived in your house,' said Bud; 'the tutor said he didn't.'

'Well, there's enough to make a snowstorm without his,' said Willie, 'and Tad and Hally stuffed them down each other's backs just like real snow; but I guess they're sharp-cornered and sticky.'

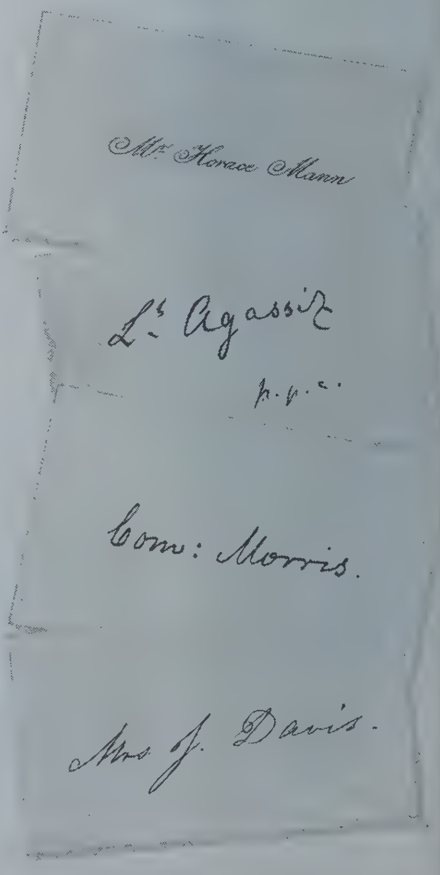
'Yes,' said Tad, 'they stick to you and they stick into you.'

Declaring they couldn't stand it another minute, Hally and Tad went upstairs, Tad calling back that, 'next time they would pour the snow on the attic stairs and slide down on their snow sled.'

The next morning sister Julia, going into the boys' room, saw in the middle of the card-strewn floor, the name of Jennie Lind, the great singer, of whom she had heard from her father and mother.

So she picked up the card, and then another, and another, as they interested her, leaving many to be swept up by the maid.

And here are some snowflakes from Tad Lincoln's 'snowstorm':



Mr Horace Mann

Ls Agassiz
p.p.c.

Com: Morris.

Mrs J. Davis.

The RED FLAG of QUARANTINE

By CHARLES H. LERRIGO

HAS your household ever been placed under quarantine? Did you cheerfully accept the restrictions, for the good of your neighbors, or did you moan and complain as many have done upon whom the ban of quarantine has descended, for thousands of years past.

I am safe in saying *thousands of years,* for the policy of quarantine is old enough to have a place in the early books of the Bible, where appears the pathetic Levitical decree: 'He shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be.'

Samuel Pepys wrote in his diary under date of June 8, 1665 (the first year of the great plague of London), 'Saw two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors and "Lord have mercy upon us" writ there. It put me into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell and to chaw, which took away the apprehension.'

The first quarantine law recorded in this country is that of Massachusetts in 1699, although Connecticut was not far behind, having had a statute enacted in 1722 entitled 'An Act to prevent the small-pox being spread in this colony by peddlers, hawkers and petty chapmen.'

Every state now has its quarantine laws, which are not merely regulations of the board of health but are in most cases covered by statutory enactment. Each state makes its own laws for quarantine, usually through the agency of the State Board of Health. But in addition to state laws a city or a county may, and often does, multiply quarantine laws and regulations for the government of its particular district.

IT IS not the purpose of health authorities to increase the distress of a household when illness prevails, but it is unfortunately true that underlings in the capacity of sanitary clerks and officers, and occasionally even physicians, do sometimes administer health regulations in such a way as to give the impression that contagion is a crime rather than a misfortune. They have one valid excuse—so many people are constantly trying to dodge the restrictions of quarantine that it makes them bitterly suspicious.

Progress in medical science has the tendency of lightening the rigors of quarantine because it shows that some of the old ideas about the spread of certain diseases are wrong. For example, recent investigations and observations warrant our discarding the theory that the infection of scarlet fever is derived from the peeling skin. It has been demonstrated that the contagium comes from the nose, the throat, or the ears.

The modern doctor is inclined to be sceptical of the ancient tradition that scarlet fever or diphtheria may be transmitted by a child's being given the playthings of one who had the disease twenty years ago; and he is still more sceptical of the idea that the father who enters a house in which his sick child lies thereby becomes enveloped in a thick cloud of mysterious germs which he will scatter broadcast as he mingles among men. These ideas have gone into the discard.

Our views about the spread of contagion were bound to change, for they were not in harmony with facts. Consider, for instance, the handling of money. I quote from an article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association:*

'Theoretically, dirty money, especially paper currency, handled by all kinds of people and by people suffering from or in close contact with contagious diseases, should transmit disease; but it has not been found to do so. Bank men and treasury department men who handle large amounts of gold and dirty money do not contract disease.'

THESE advanced ideas, taking away much of the dread of contagion, help us mightily in our warfare against it. In the old days, a house with a single case of scarlet fever or diphtheria was considered infected from top to bottom. There was therefore little need of confining the disease to a single patient. 'I suppose they'll all have to get it,' was the cry of the discouraged mother, virtually throwing up her hands.

Quite the contrary is the new view. If the spread of the disease is only by contact, we have a good chance of protecting the other children. We rigidly exclude them from the sick room, if possible, though if circumstances compel the use of the same room we may still hope to keep them well by confining them to a part of the room beyond the patient's touch. The attendant of the sick will be especially careful about thorough cleansing when leaving the patient for other duties.

We keep our patient strictly in bed in a bright, cheerful room. We remove articles that might promote the spread of contagion, but we no longer feel it necessary to turn the sick room into a prison house by taking out every scrap of furniture, nor do we tolerate the old absurdity of hanging before the door a ghostly, ghastly sheet, wet with antiseptic solution. We prefer to bend our energies to swatting adventurous flies and excluding too friendly cats. When our little patient understands that the cat may be a carrier of infection, he will not murmur at the denial of his pet. In at least one state, all cats and other domestic pets found in an infected house are condemned to death.

Playthings that can be boiled or scrubbed with an antiseptic are used with safety, and all linen is boiled as soon as removed. A greater dependence is placed on the boiling of linen, the scrubbing of paint and woodwork with hot antiseptic solutions, and the free admission of air and sunlight at the close of the case, than on any fumigating gas.

The important thing is early recognition. Let the least suspicion of contagious disease be the signal for separate bed, separate dishes, separate towel without delay—and contagion need never spread through a household. And the new knowledge as to the spread of contagion is already having its effect upon our methods of quarantine. Very soon absolute quarantine will be among the bugaboos of the past.

Many states have already modified their quarantine of scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, and other diseases, to the extent of allowing the breadwinner to go about his work, reasoning that, the disease being spread only by contact, an intelligent man who keeps away from the patient is not a dangerous factor in contagion.

With this liberty for the breadwinner the hardship of household quarantine disappears, for the mere exclusion of children from school cannot be considered a hardship. Do not grumble because your child must stay away from school for a few weeks after an illness. It is almost certainly a benefit to the child, and it is the real key to the suppression of contagious disease. The probability is that many new cases arise because children, apparently recovered, return to school while some infective element still lingers. They feel well but still act as 'carriers.'

CHILDREN should be excluded from school a sufficient length of time to fully insure complete recovery; primarily this is for their own good. There is little doubt that many of the heart and kidney troubles of adult life have their origin in some disease of childhood, the convalescent period of which was too early terminated, with resumption of the strain of play and work before full recovery. Do not make a bugbear of school. Do not be too greatly concerned about your child's making his grade. *The important thing is a healthy body for a bright mind.*

Granted the modified quarantine which allows the breadwinner to come and go, you can well afford to withdraw the children from circulation as long as seems best—in fact you can afford to do nothing else. For that matter, there is only one wise thing to do with quarantine measures, enlightened or the reverse. That is, to observe them. Their violation is no light matter, for there is always a penalty. In Texas it may be a fine as high as a thousand dollars; in Wyoming a jail sentence of one year.

Even if a violated quarantine brings no official penalty, it is sure to create ill will and distrust on the part of neighbors, who feel that your quarantine is their safeguard. On the contrary, a strict observance wins their respect, even as Samuel Pepys' quaint record shows in the days of the great plague of London.

'I saw poor Dr. Burnett's door shut; but he hath, I hear, gained great good-will among his neighbors; for he discovered it himself first and caused himself to be shut up of his own accord: which was very handsome.'

An OLD SCOTTISH Newspaper

By VICTOR MITCHELL

ROBERT BURNS during his tour in the North of Scotland stopped at Aberdeen, where he spent a congenial hour or two in the company of Chalmers, editor and proprietor of the *Aberdeen Journal.* With them was Bishop Skinner, son of the Reverend John Skinner, the Nonjuring clergyman who wrote 'Tullochgorum' and 'The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn,' two homely songs in Scottish dialect that had aroused the enthusiasm of the Ayrshire poet.

The Nonjurors were adherents of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and were Jacobites, refusing to take the oath of allegiance to King George.

Chalmers was the successor of a man who in those far-off days of stagecoaches, highwaymen, and Highland rievers, had the enterprise to start a newspaper in order to chronicle the events of the Jacobite rising of 1745, when Bonnie Prince Charlie took the hearts of the Scottish people by storm, and pursued with fluctuating success his attempt to recover the kingdom of his fathers, an effort which ended on the dark field of Culloden.

An account of the battle of Culloden actually appeared in this Aberdeen 'broadsheet.' It was the pioneer of Scottish newspapers, and one of the earliest publications of the world's press.

After the suppression of the Jacobite rising the *Journal* was suspended for a few years, but it was revived in the early seventies of the same century and has continued uninterruptedly ever since. First issued as a weekly, the paper later became a daily, wielding a marked influence over the whole country north of the Grampians, not to mention a considerable area much nearer the English border. The family of Chalmers continued to edit and control the paper for many years after its foundation, and members of the same family still retain an interest in the publishing company by whom it is now issued.

When 'Robbie' arrived at the gray old city between the rivers Dee and Don, on his way to the Highlands, he lost no time in looking up Editor Chalmers, who introduced him to the son of 'Tullochgorum' Skinner, and after a look round the ancient town the trio adjourned for lunch—dinner it was called in those days—where, over the wine of the country, they held a sort of literary symposium, the record of which is preserved in the archives of the old newspaper.

The song of 'Tullochgorum,' or that about 'The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn,' may not be familiar to many at the present day, but they belong to a period and a people which gave Burns to the world and kindled his poetic fire. The verses of John Skinner, like those of Burns, contain words and phrases which may be obscure to the general reader, but under their surface lie the marvelous fertility and richness of a dialect, which, according to Ruskin, is richer and more musical than any other.

There is a gladsome swing about 'Tullochgorum' which may be the secret of Burns' liking for it, for it is true to the vein in which he himself delighted. Take this verse:

> For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
> As lang as we hae breath to draw,
> And dance till we be like to fa',
>   The Reel of Tullochgorum.

Burns considered 'The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn' the finest song in the Scottish tongue in his day. Years afterward it formed the inspiration for Landseer's famous picture of the 'Lost Sheep':

> Yet, last ouk, for a' my keeping,
> (Wha can speak it without greeting?)
> A villain cam' when I was sleeping,
>   Sta' my Ewie, horn and a'.
>
> I sought her sair upo' the morn,
> And, doon aneath a buss of thorn,
> I got my Ewie's crookit horn,
>   But my Ewie was awa'.

WHEN poet, prelate and newspaper proprietor had passed a pleasant hour in the old university town, Burns resumed his journey to the north, where he found fresh inspiration for such verses as 'My Heart's in the Highlands,' and 'Of a' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw.' It was during his visit to the Duke of Gordon, at Gordon Castle in Morayshire, that Burns heard the melody which inspired him to write the words of this beautiful lyric. The composer was Marshall, factotum to the Duke, and a musician of some note. The name of the air was 'Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.' Marshall played it over on the violin, and so charmed was Burns that he wrote to it the finest tribute that he ever paid to his bonnie Jean.

The *Journal* is proud of its traditions. On the occasion of the coronation of King Edward VII, it issued a special souvenir number containing contemporary reports of four previous coronations of British sovereigns: those of George III, George IV, William IV, and Victoria. These accounts were reproduced in facsimile by special process from the files of the newspaper, and printed on handmade paper of the period. They give an excellent idea of the conscientious manner in which newspapermen of those good old times fulfilled their assignments.

Some forty years ago a disastrous fire in the offices of the *Journal* caused the destruction of some of the older files, but an almost complete set is preserved in the library of Aberdeen University. Queen Victoria, during her periodical visits to Balmoral Castle, among the Deeside hills about forty miles from the city, was a regular subscriber to the *Journal.* Her successors have followed her example. The *Journal* had the distinction of having the *Court Circular* sent direct for publication in its columns each day. About two years ago the *Journal* was amalgamated with the *Aberdeen Free Press,* and is now published under the name of the *Press and Journal;* but the *Journal* it will remain for all time to come.

One of the editors of the *Free Press* was the gifted writer, Dr. William Alexander, creator of that graphic picture of homely Scottish life, 'Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk.' Two of Dr. Alexander's nephews are now on the directorate of the combined papers. The *Press and Journal,* the outcome of the humble news sheet in the stormy times of the Forty-Five, takes rank with the other Scottish national dailies—the *Glasgow Herald,* the *Scotsman,* and the *Dundee Advertiser*—with the added distinction of being the oldest of them all. In its offices have been trained some of Britain's most brilliant newspapermen, among those who are still in harness being Sir Robert Bruce, editor in chief of the *Glasgow Herald,* and William Will, managing director of the *Graphic* publications, London. Dr. Malcolm Bulloch, the editor of the *Graphic,* went to London from the *Free Press.*

Aberdeen, celebrated for the hard-headedness of its inhabitants and the beauty of its granite, took the lead in Scotland as a printing and publishing center long before Edinburgh had risen to fame as the home of the *Waverley Novels.* About two years ago a great gathering of the printing fraternity celebrated the tercentenary of Raban, the compiler and printer of the *Aberdeen Almanack,* and attended in a body the unveiling of a bronze mural tablet to his memory in the old parish church of St. Nicholas.

The *Aberdeen Almanac,* first issued by Raban, the pioneer typographer of the early Seventeenth Century, was at the period of *Redgauntlet* the standard authority on tides, phases of the moon, and other useful information, and is still, after the lapse of more than three hundred years, annually produced at the offices of the old *Aberdeen Journal.*

The *Journal* of today in its modern dress, with its electrically driven plant, its special wire direct from its London office in Fleet Street, and all the paraphernalia of an up-to-date newspaper, steers a steady course under the guidance of an editor whose home town is in the 'Burns country'; and there is no incident in its history to which it looks back with greater pride than the visit of the plowman poet and the social hour which its former editor spent in his company.

LIKE those of Burns, the opinions of the editor of this old-time Scottish newspaper were not always popular, for in the exciting days of the Forty-Five he supported the cause of the Hanoverian monarch. There is a story told that on one occasion Chalmers unexpectedly found himself in a nest of Jacobites in a lonely inn on the banks of the Don. Fortunately the followers of Prince Charlie did not know the editor by sight, but he heard them swearing on their dirks to have the blood of the scribe who dared to uphold the cause of the 'foreign usurper,' and was constrained to take cover beneath a piece of furniture in order to avoid the risk of having a skein-dhu thrust into his vitals. But in Aberdeen, as in other parts of the world, this is no longer a recognized method of settling differences of opinion.

Story of 'Home, Sweet Home'

(*Continued from page 3*)

The greater portion of his childhood was spent, however, at the old Payne homestead in East Hampton, Long Island, and it was here that his young heart drank its first inspirations from the beautiful nature that surrounded him. Here it was that the 'lowly cottage and the birds singing gayly' that 'came at his call' made the lasting impression which led him to write the song that will live forever.

'Howard,' for so he was always called by his friends and relatives, received part of his early education in Boston. In 1804, when only thirteen years of age, he organized a little military group which attracted so much attention that it made his name in the city a household word. His father, William Payne, was a lawyer. Young Payne benefited greatly by his father's teachings in elocution, to which he devoted several years of study. He always took a leading part in school theatricals, showing superior merit in elocution and in acting.

The fame of Master Betty, the youthful Roscius of England, had reached this country at that time. The accounts of his success took a firm hold on Payne's mind, absorbed his entire attention, and created in him an ambition to become the Betty of America. He talked and thought of nothing else and sought every opportunity to assist and perform at private theatricals. A member of the Boston Theater was so greatly impressed with the young man's personal beauty and remarkable dramatic talents that he interviewed Howard's father and offered to take the boy under his charge for one-half of the remuneration that might be derived from a two years' engagement. This was emphatically refused by the affrighted parent, who was a strict member of the church, and never imagined that his son was aspiring to the stage.

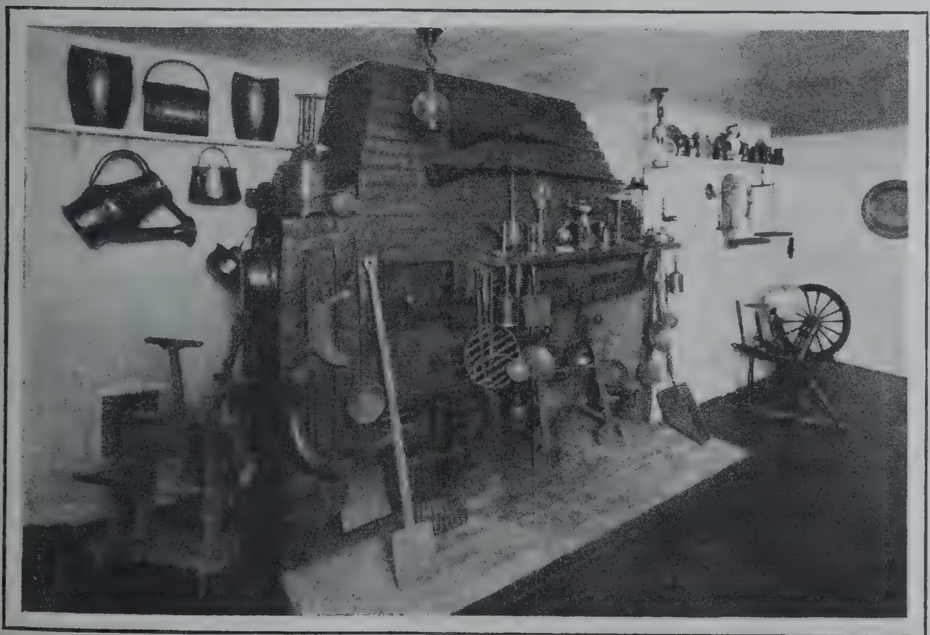
—*Brown Brothers Photos.*

Some of the rooms in the old Payne homestead: above, the living room, in oval, the kitchen.

Every means was brought to bear to discourage Howard; every entrance and exit was watched. Shakespeare was tucked away from sight, Beaumont and Fletcher were hidden among the cobwebs, and an engraving of the great English actor Kemble as Hamlet, which adorned the walls of his room, mysteriously disappeared. All these preparations availed nothing, however. It was in his blood to become an actor.

About that time (1804) Howard's brother William, a merchant in New York City, died, leaving his business to his partner's care. It was thought advisable by Howard's parents to remove the young man from his associates and those pursuits which had riveted his attention on the stage, and to place him in the way to succeed his brother. He was sent, therefore, to New York to assume the position of clerk, with a strict understanding that his propensity for theatricals was to be watched and crushed. This was attempted by ways and means unsuited to his temper, which drove him to a clandestine editorship of a little paper called the *Thespian Mirror*, eight pages in size, issued every Saturday evening. It contained well-written memoirs of Cooper, Hodgkinson, and other actors of the day, with criticisms of their performances and plays, besides various interesting dramatic and literary news items from London, Boston, and Philadelphia periodicals. It ran for fourteen numbers. In the last issue, March 22, 1806, the name of John Howard Payne, its editor, appeared for the first time.

Boylike, young Payne undertook the work without the remotest view to consequences, for his only object was to engage in his favorite pursuit as a relief from those to which he went with a heavy heart. With much alarm, therefore, he read one day in the New York *Evening Post* a notice from the editor promising a contribution


Close-up of the fireplace and utensils in the kitchen.

from the 'Criticus' of the *Thespian Mirror* in his next issue. He was so frightened that he wrote to the editor to protest against any remarks which might involve exposure.

Coleman, the editor, wrote in the *Evening Post* of January 24, 1806, 'I perused the note a second time and was incredulous as to the story of the writer's youth. It was difficult to believe that a boy of fourteen could possibly possess such strength and maturity of mind. I wrote him a note to call in the evening. He did so, but at so late an hour, on account of being detained at his office, that I did not see him. He called again in the morning, however, and I had several hours' conversation with him. His answers to my questions were such as to dispel all doubts as to any imposition, and I found that it required an effort on my part to keep up the conversation in as choice a style as his own. I saw him many times afterward. He was introduced to some of the best circles in the city and there he was looked upon as a prodigy.'

Editor Coleman shortly afterward made Howard's adventure public and through the nobility of his heart formed and carried out a plan to send him to Union College in Schenectady. His father consented to the plan and the boy left the counting house forever.

As to the young man's life in college we learn very little except that, on account of his sweet-tempered, easy-going disposition, he became very popular with all with whom he came in contact.

In 1807 a storm broke in the life of John Howard Payne, and for the first time he realized the gloom of deep sorrow. On June 18 his mother died.

OLD Mr. Payne had been severely tried by the death of his older son and now the second blow distressed the poor man to such an extent that he neglected his business and was finally compelled to abandon all to his creditors. Howard, looking upon the shipwreck with philosophy and calmness, at once thought of his dramatic talent and wrung from his father a reluctant consent to his going upon the stage.

Payne made his first début on the public stage as Young Norval in *Douglas* at the old Park Theater on Duane Street in New York City on February 24, 1809. His appearance was a great success and his effort a surprise to the audience, who were not of the kind that patronize the vaudeville and the cheap comedy plays of today. His engagement ran for six nights. He then went to Boston to act the parts of Douglas, Zaphna, Selim, and Octavian. The critics of that day, more exacting, perhaps, than many of our time, considered his acting superior to Master Betty's and said that in force and genius he had no equal. From New York he went to Providence, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and on the way south again acted at the Park Theater with greater success than before.

Returning to New York, he found his father reëstablished in his law practice. He yielded to his wishes to give up the stage. Like many other geniuses before and since his time, Payne was not successful as a business man, and his venture to establish an institution of public learning proved a dismal financial failure.

Again John Howard Payne turned to the stage, acting in Shakespearean drama in Boston and elsewhere. Finally, on January 18, 1813, accompanied by his brother, he sailed for London, landing in that city on February 11 of that year. Here he met several of his old New York friends, among whom was Washington Irving. England was at war, however, with the United States at that time and Payne was arrested as a spy and thrown into prison, where he was confined for fourteen days. Discouraged and despondent as he was, his thoughts turned to home, and he composed the words of that immortal song, which in after years were to be embodied in an opera called *Clari, the Maid of Milan:*

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which sought through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all!

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

Released from prison, Howard was introduced to Sir John Kemble, the great English actor whom he had admired when a mere boy and who in turn introduced him to a Mr. Whitehead, chairman of the board of managers of Drury Lane Theater. Here he made his first appearance before an English audience in *Douglas* on June 14, 1813, his performance meeting with the same applause as before the people of America. He also acted as Romeo and Young Norval in Liverpool, Stourbridge, and Bath. While in Europe he performed for one hundred and six nights, taking the part of twenty-six characters.

EARLY in 1814 the new manager of the Drury Lane Theater sent Payne to Paris to write English translations of French plays, and then it was that his career as a dramatic author commenced. The first play that he wrote was *Accusation*, a melodrama in three acts. This was successfully produced and had a run of many consecutive nights. The theater was in financial difficulties, however, and Payne was not paid one cent for his trouble, being out some $2,000 instead. He then arranged with Covent Garden in London to write and act in *Adelgirtha*, at Bath. Shortly afterward he wrote *Brutus* for Edmund Kean, a popular English actor, who was declining in public favor. Although this play was a remarkable success and ran for fifty-three nights, the house receiving thousands of pounds and Mr. Kean drawing fifty pounds extra a week, Howard was lured into a bad bargain and obtained but two hundred pounds for his play. Another play he wrote at the time was *Therese, the Orphan of Geneva*, which was proclaimed the best dramatic piece of art ever written for an English stage since Shakespeare's time; but its author's lack of business acumen hindered his benefiting from it financially.

Once more Payne was sent to Paris by his old love, the Drury Lane Theater Company, under the management of Charles Kemble, and it was then that he wrote *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, an opera in which was sung 'Home, Sweet Home' for the first time. The sweet rendering of the song by Miss Tree at Covent Garden won for her a rich husband and renowned fame as an opera singer.

'Home, Sweet Home' has had more universal circulation than any other song ever written. More than one hundred thousand copies were issued by its publishers in London, within less than a year from its conception, yielding a profit of $500,000. It became so popular that it was heard everywhere in the English capital and the great cities of Europe.

STILL, with all its success, Payne was the least benefited of any concerned. The publishers did not place his name on the title-page nor compliment him with a copy of his immortal song. It was composed and founded on an old Sicilian air and set to music by Henry R. Bishop, composer and director of music to the Theater Royal.

Payne as a dramatic writer showed a superior knowledge of human passions. He knew how to color and present them to his audiences without the wild bombast of words so frequently used in dramatic productions. The pathos of his pieces came from the heart and often moved the listener or the reader to tears. His subject was always 'the home'; for he knew that educated and uneducated alike are captivated by the memories of home.

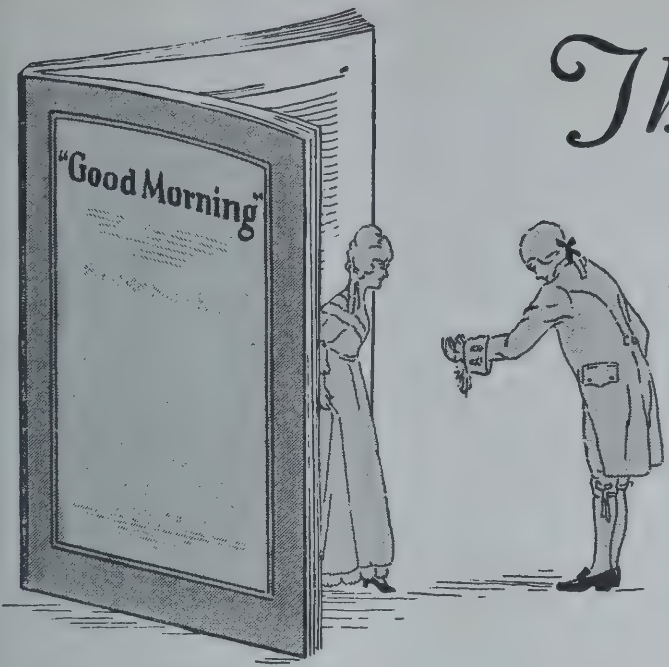
Among other works that Payne brought forth were *Richelieu*, revived about 1881 in New York City when Edwin Booth appeared in public for the last time; the opera of *The White Lady;* and *The Comedy of Charles Second.* All these plays were successfully produced in the Haymarket Theater in London.

On July 25, 1832, the author and actor returned to his native land, where a festival was held in his honor in New York and another in Boston. Shortly after his arrival he went to Washington and was delegated to visit the Cherokee Indians, with whom the Government was then at war, to obtain material for a book he afterward wrote. He was so successful in bringing about a reconciliation between the Indian agent and the Indians themselves that he attracted the attention of Congress and of the President. Through the efforts of Daniel Webster and other friends in Washington he was appointed consul to Tunis, at which city he arrived on May 13, 1843.

On April 9, 1852, having been ill of pneumonia for but a short period, John Howard Payne died at the age of sixty-three. In 1883 his remains were removed to Washington.

I remember a visit I paid to the capital city when a small boy. My mother took me one day to a little obscure cemetery in Georgetown, an old suburb of Washington, to show me the grave of John Howard Payne. There on a plain shaft topped with a bust of the immortal poet, actor, playwright, and journalist were inscribed these simple words:

'Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled,
Far beyond this earthly dome,
With outstretched arms God's Angels said—
"Welcome to Heaven's Home, Sweet Home." '



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Recognize *the* Soviet?

'Yes,' *Says* Davis

(*Continued from page 6*)

and Lenine personally held it up for six weeks. Even after its enactment the bolsheviki gave repeated assurance that they were willing to settle their debts. On eight separate occasions prior to 1919 the bolsheviki made peace offers to the Allies. After that date, the bolsheviki continued their efforts toward friendship.

On January 12, 1919, Chicherin said in an official note: 'We are ready to eliminate everything which may be an obstacle to such relationship.' On March 12, 1919, a note handed to the special American representative, Bullitt, offered recognition by the Soviet government of the debts of the former Russian Empire. On October 2, 1919, Chicherin, the foreign minister, reiterated the offer to assume all the debts, in a broadcast radio announcement. On December 5, 1919, the seventh All-Russian Congress of Soviets, after reiterating ten distinct proposals which they had made for international settlement, passed another resolution proposing peace to the Allies. If these offers are insincere, why not meet with Russia and prove their hypocrisy?

Repeatedly since that time the Russian government has offered to assume its foreign obligations both private and public, and that in many cases it has actually done so can be proved by a study of the treaties with Poland, Latvia, Esthonia, Lithuania, and the proposed treaty with England.

ANOTHER argument which has been used with telling effect by distinguished Americans is that of the avowed aim of the bolsheviki to create a world union of soviet republics. According to the Soviet constitution, the world is divided 'into two camps—that of capitalism and that of socialism.' The communists hope that some day there will be a world revolution. This is an alarming statement to those who have theoretical-phrase minds. The rest of us must remember that every country with a new form of government wants to see others like unto itself. If one reads American revolutionary history he finds that our most distinguished forefathers desired to see all Europe revolutionized, kings dethroned, and democracy introduced. In the 20th Century it is natural for the bolsheviki to write into their constitution a similar dream-wish.

Much more serious is the charge that recognition will give a chance for the bolsheviki to carry on actual propaganda in America. It is easy to understand why the American Federation of Labor should oppose bolshevism on this count. Probably they would find in practice, as the British labor party has, that there would be much less propaganda after recognition than before. More workers would then oppose bolshevism than do now.

Candor compels us to admit also that there has been hostile action on both sides. Recall the history of intervention. There was the attack against Russia from the north with American and Allied soldiers; from the east with American, Japanese, and Czecho-Slovak soldiers; from the south by Denikin with Allied aid; from the south by Wrangel with Allied aid; from the west by Udenich with Allied aid; and again from Poland with French bayonets. Then after the Armistice there was the blockade of Russia. Moreover, Americans have not entirely refrained from propaganda against bolshevism even within Russia. During the war the American Government helped to distribute a million copies of President Wilson's speech in Russian among the soldiers and peasants. Certain distinguished American representatives have actually talked and written against the bolsheviki while they were in Moscow and Petrograd.

A scientific study shows that the extent of bolshevik propaganda in America has been very slight. In 1919, when the bolsheviki believed very much more in the imminence of a world revolution than they do now, a subcommittee of the United States Senate conducted an extended investigation into bolshevik propaganda, taking testimony which filled over a thousand pages. It never found a cent of money expended in America for propaganda purposes. When Mr. Martens, the Russian Soviet representative, was deported, his expenditures, activities and utterances were subjected to the most minute examination; yet nothing could be found and he was finally deported on the alleged aims of his home government.

Today the bolsheviki realize that it is not propaganda they need, but production. For instance, President Kalinin said at the Congress of the Union of Soviet Republics at Tiflis in March of this year: 'Until the time when we outstrip America in production, the Soviet union will never come completely to power.' Industrial America will hardly fear that challenge.

Even if the bolsheviki would like to carry on expensive propaganda in this country, what of it? There is hardly a single scientific student of our society who really fears a bolshevik revolution in America. If propaganda could circulate freely in every state in the Union, there is no more danger of our country adopting bolshevism than of our accepting a German kaiser or a Japanese emperor. Propaganda can only have success when it can play on actual injustice. Even a report of the *Communist Internationale* for 1925 says that in lands where there is liberty and justice their work is useless.

The cooler scientific judgment of the world now recognizes that the cause of the violent social explosion in Russia was the terrible maladjustments within the Czar's empire. Conditions had been economically and sociologically unsanitary and dangerous for a long age span. Ever since the warning stimuli of the 1905 revolution, the world has been apprised of the situation. The bolsheviki are the products of a Czar's tyranny, but the curious fact is that we recognized the Czar and withhold all communication from the bolsheviki. Is it not also true that there is an element of inconsistency in our present position?

THE fact is that a genuine moral policy would help the world overcome the spirit of fear, of misunderstanding and of hate; but this can only be done by setting the example ourselves of having contact, communication and coöperation with every other nation, even our enemies. America needs to give the world an example not of fear but of trust, not of isolation but of mutuality. We need to demonstrate our faith in freedom for each country to experiment in its own way. We need to prove that contrasting ideas, even revolutionary ones, can live peaceably side by side. Above all, we need a greater loyalty to the ideal of tolerance.

The bolsheviki clearly recognize that their communistic plans are in much greater danger after than before recognition. Time and time again they have reiterated such statements as the following, which is quoted from a speech given for the foreign minister Chicherin by Rakovsky and printed in the *Izvestia* of January 27, 1925:

> Recognition has dangers for us. It increases the descending oppression of the capitalistic powers upon us. It is one thing when they conduct their campaign indirectly or through the press and quite another thing when we have normal relationships with capitalistic governments and begin to *value the relationship, value the trade;* it is another thing when there will be forty to fifty diplomats in Moscow representing the governments of every continent . . . It is easy to meet an open attack by blockade or intervention, but a systematic interpenetration along political and economic lines is difficult.

In spite of these dangers, the bolsheviki welcome recognition because it means trade. It is precisely at this point, in the matter of trade, that as Americans we want to help Russia. But as Rakovsky says, once

—Keystone View.

Part of a big collection of valuables which escaped confiscation by the Russian Soviet until found in a secret wall compartment in the Moscow home of Prince Youssoupoff.

establish normal trade relations and violent communism is gone. Keep the Russians in a sort of solitary confinement by a policy of nonrecognition and you strengthen the extreme elements which we oppose.

Finally, there is an American reason for recognizing Russia which is perhaps more powerful than all the others: namely, it is the only policy which is true to our best American tradition, to the highest ideals of international friendship. Our most distinguished authority on international affairs, John Bassett Moore, a judge of the World Court, defines recognition as 'the assurance given to a new state that it will be permitted to hold its place and rank, in the character of an independent political organization in the society of nations.'

The Russian government has maintained its place for nine years and is today as strong politically as almost any power in Europe. Go back over our political history from the time when the cabinet of George Washington unanimously voted to extend recognition to the revolutionary government of France down to the present time, and you will find reiterated statements by our distinguished presidents such as this: that it is 'an obligation of duty of the highest order to recognize as independent states, nations which, after deliberately asserting their right to that character, have maintained and established it against all resistance which could be brought to oppose it.' President Pierce said in 1856: 'We do not go behind the fact of a foreign government exercising actual power to investigate questions of legitimacy; we do not inquire into the causes which led to a change of government.'

WHEN our first missionaries went to Japan, it was death to be a Christian and foreigners could not own property; but we recognized Japan. In all our history we have never refused to recognize a great national power which has maintained itself against all odds for over seven years.

President Harding offered to send a commission to Russia. The bolsheviks accepted the proposal on the condition that they could send a similar commission to the United States, a proposal which any fair-minded American must recognize as entirely just. Yet it enabled those who opposed recognition in this country to defeat the entire project. President Coolidge, speaking in the Senate in 1923, urged the need of contact with Russia, saying:

> Whenever there appears any disposition to compensate our citizens who were despoiled and to recognize that debt contracted with our government, not by the Czar but by the newly formed Republic of Russia; whenever the active spirit of enmity to our institutions is abated; whenever there appear works meet for repentance, our country ought to be the first to go to the economic and moral rescue of Russia.

No government could have replied in a more friendly way than did Russia, stating that 'it has repeatedly announced its readiness to enter into negotiations with the American government and to remove *all* misunderstandings and differences between the two governments.' In spite of this the enemies of recognition in America were able to block action.

Is it not time to turn back to the policy of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, a policy of contact, coöperation and friendship with the Russian government?

Recognize *the* Soviet?

'No,' *Says* Moses

(*Continued from page 7*)

the provisional government of Kerensky and established the Soviet government. As its initial activity the Soviet government conducted propaganda for a world revolution. It will be recalled how a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs conducted an investigation of the activities of Ludwig C. A. K. Martens, the so-called representative in this country of the Soviet régime. After extended hearings the subcommittee expressed its conclusions as follows:

'Martens' propaganda in this country for the overthrow of governments is established by his own testimony, as shown in the body of the report, that he has publicly associated and sympathized with those advocating such a course. He admitted to the committee his persistent revolutionary character, his desire to see the establishment of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" in all lands, and his opinion that it would be better for this country if the Soviet government were established here. It was also proved that he continued to employ in the staff of his embassy persons who have publicly and in his presence advocated the bringing of bolshevism to America, and he admitted to the committee that "any means which would produce this condition would be justified."

—Press Photo, Berlin.
President Stalin.

'All this leads the committee to the conclusion that Martens' activities here have been of a nature to render him more suitable for investigation and action by the Department of Justice than by the committee of the Senate.'

Evidently this investigation and other developments impressed the Soviet dictatorship with the idea that the world-revolution propaganda should not be conducted through a government which they expected to have recognized by other powers. Accordingly, the Russian communist party, in 1919, brought into existence the Third International. This was to take over the propaganda against the social order in Europe and the New World. To the Soviet government was assigned the task of conducting the domestic affairs of Russia and the negotiations for the recognition of their régime through regular diplomatic channels. Thus the Third International becomes the left hand of the Russian communist party, and the Soviet government becomes the right hand.

This is confirmed in a report of Comrade Radek at the ninth Congress of the Russian Communist Party. He said:

'The Third International is the child of the Russian communist party. It was founded here in the Kremlin, upon the initiative of the communist party of Russia. In our hands is the executive committee of the Third International and therefore, until the political frontiers which prevent our comrades from conversing with us are eliminated, the congress of the communist party is the place at which it is proper to sum up the results of the work of the Third International.'

This report was made on March 29, 1920; but we have a more recent and more authoritative outline of the plans of the Russian communist party. This is from Joseph Stalin, now recognized as one of the most powerful figures in the Russian Soviet party. Under date of December 20, 1925, Comrade Stalin, in addressing the fourteenth Congress of the Russian Communist party said:

'I turn to the question of the tasks of our party in connection with the foreign situation.

'What are these tasks?

'I think that the tasks of the party must be traced, in the sense of its work, in two spheres: In the sphere of the international revolutionary movement and afterward in the sphere of the foreign policy of the Soviet Union.

'What are the tasks in the sphere of the international revolutionary movement?

'The tasks consist of the following: First, to conduct the work along the line of strengthening the communist parties in the west, along the line of their conquest of the majority of the working masses. Secondly, to conduct the work along the line of strengthening the struggle of the workers of the west for trade-union unity, of strengthening the friendship between the proletariat of our union and the proletariat of capitalist countries. Here is included also that run of pilgrimage about which I spoke and the meaning of which I described above. Thirdly, to conduct the work along the line of strengthening contact between the proletariat of our country and the emancipation movements in oppressed countries, for they are our allies in the struggle with world capitalism. And, fourthly, to conduct the work along the line of strengthening the socialist elements of our country, along the line of the victory of these elements over capitalistic elements, a victory which has a decisive significance in the work of revolutionizing the workers of all countries.

'Comrades, in speaking of the tasks of our party in the sphere of international revolution, usually confine themselves to the first three tasks and forget the fourth; they forget that the struggle in our country, the struggle for the victory of socialistic elements over capitalistic elements, our constructive struggle, is also international in its significance; for our country is the base for world revolution, our country is the lever for the development of the international revolutionary movement and if our work here goes with the necessary speed, it means that we are doing it along all channels exactly as the party demands it of us.

'Such are the tasks of the party in the sphere of international revolution.'

Recognition of the Russian Soviet government not only involves acquiescence in a policy, if not approval of it, by which the Russian communist party can conduct a campaign against our most cherished institutions, but establishes a precedent under which a complete cancellation of our entire foreign debt could be made. If the sources from which comes the demand for the recognition of Russia are examined closely, it will be found that they are identical with those that are interested in proposing the cancellation of our foreign debt.

In evidence let me again quote from Comrade Stalin, who is here discussing his negotiations with Great Britain for the recognition of the Soviet government:

'The foundation of these negotiations was the idea of the actual annulment of the war debts. Afterward it appeared that precisely for this reason the treaty with MacDonald was torn up. By whom? They say by America. Although America did not take part in the negotiations between Rakovsky and MacDonald, although Mac Donald and Rakovsky reached a definite draft agreement, although this draft agreement presented an exit to one side and to the other and the interests of both sides were more or less satisfied by this draft, nevertheless, as this draft originated in the idea of the annulment of the war debts, and America did not wish to create such a precedent, for she would then lose billions which she has in Europe, she 'advised'—and nothing remained of the treaty. Nevertheless we even now stand on the ground of the draft referred to.'

Be it always remembered that we were the first to recognize the Kerensky government. The American people were electrified by the instant success of Kerensky's revolt. Out of it, they thought there had emerged another republic; and they thought that out of the war the Russian people would come free with a republican form of government. Thus, we hastened to support the Kerensky régime with loans out of our Liberty bond proceeds. But what did the Soviet authorities do as soon as they had overthrown Kerensky? In their decree of January 21, 1918, they made the simple statement: 'Unconditionally and without any exception all foreign loans are annulled.'

The United States has not been a harsh creditor. The sum total of the loan to Kerensky is not a large debt for the Russian government to assume even if we should insist on its payment in full. It is the principle of national integrity for which our government is contending, in dealing not only with Russia but with other European debtors. The Russian communist party which, of course, is the real power in its own country, has expended more than the Kerensky loan in propaganda against the United States and our institutions. Russian sovietism is not concerned with the amount of any debt settlement which we may make.

Those in this country who are advocating the immediate recognition of the Soviet government should realize that they are attempting to open the way for the cancellation of all debts owed to us by foreign nations. There is a disposition in some quarters to regard cancellation as something that affects the Government as apart from the people. I doubt very seriously whether there is a full realization of the fact that every dollar of our foreign debt that is canceled must be collected from the taxpayers of our own country. This is but another way of saying that our foreign debt is the amount of money which other nations owe to the taxpayers of the United States. In approaching the question of the recognition of the Russian Soviet government under its present policy, Congress and all advocates of such a policy should recognize that they are proposing to take money from the pockets of the American people.

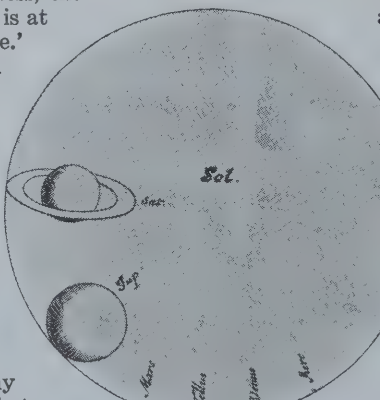
'*The* Celestial Worlds Discover'd'

By J. V. NASH

IN 1698 a curious book was published in London under the title *The Celestial Worlds Discover'd, Or, Conjectures Concerning the Inhabitants, Plants and Productions of the Worlds in the Planets.* The author was Christiaan Huygens, an ingenious Dutchman who was born in 1629 and died in 1695, a noted mathematician, physician, and astronomer of his day.

With quaint seriousness he cautions his readers that he has no positive proof of the existence of planetary beings:

'I must acknowledge that what I here intend to treat of is not of that nature, as to admit of certain knowledge; I can't pretend to assert any thing as positively true (for that would be madness) but only to advance a probable guess, the truth of which every one is at his own liberty to examine.'



Conception of the solar system in 1698.

The reader is treated to a lengthy description of the solar system as known to the 17th Century. The planets Uranus and Neptune were still undiscovered. Having shown how the earth is governed by the same laws as are the other planets, our author proceeds, naïvely:

'Now since in so many things they thus agree, what can be more probable than that in others they agree too; and that the other Planets are as beautiful and as well stok'd with Inhabitants as the Earth? or what shadow of Reason can there be why they should not?'

He goes on:

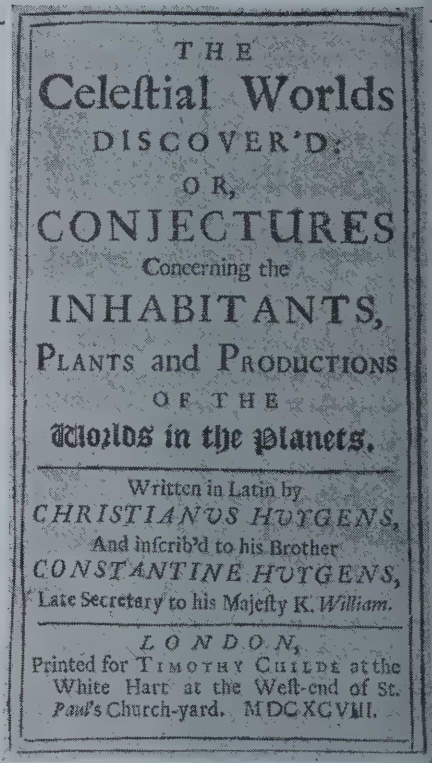
'And, First, 'tis more than probable that the Bodies of the Planets are solid like that of our Earth, and that they don't lack what we call Gravity,—that Virtue, which like a Loadstone attracts whatsoever is near the Body to its Center.'

He considers the cosmic animals:

''Tis much the same in Animals as 'tis in Plants, as to their manner of Nourishment, and Propagation of their kind. For since all the living Creatures of this Earth, whether Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Worms, or insects, universally and inviolably follow the same constant and fixt Institution of Nature; all feed on Herbs, or Fruits, or the Flesh of other Animals that Fed on them: Why may not the same rule be observ'd in the Planetary Worlds?'

Concerning the rational inhabitants of the planets, our author indulges in a wealth of imagination. He begins:

'But still the main and most diverting Point of the Enquiry is behind, which is the placing some Spectators in these new Discoveries, to enjoy these Creatures we have planted them with, and to admire their Beauty and Variety. And among all, that have meddled with these matters, I don't find any that have scrupled to allow them their Inhabitants: not Men perhaps like ours, but some Creatures or other endued with Reason. For all this Furniture and Beauty the Planets are stock'd with seem to have been made in vain, without any design or end, unless there were some in them that might at the same time enjoy the Fruits.'



THE
Celeſtial Worlds
DISCOVER'D:
OR,
CONJECTURES
Concerning the
INHABITANTS,
PLANTS and PRODUCTIONS
OF THE
Worlds in the Planets.

Written in Latin by
CHRISTIANUS HUYGENS,
And inſcrib'd to his Brother
CONSTANTINE HUYGENS,
Late Secretary to his Majeſty K. *William.*

LONDON,
Printed for TIMOTHY CHILDE at the
White Hart at the Weſt-end of St.
Paul's Church-yard. MDCXCVIII.

Rare book of 1698 filled with odd fancies concerning life on heavenly bodies.

Our author is quite liberal in allowing these planetarians to possess various articles of convenience and comfort. They know how to read and write, and they use a variety of instruments. But he hesitates to admit that they wear spectacles! He grants that there is no logical reason why the planetarians' bodies should differ from those of human beings, and yet he avows that it would be a shock to think of them in this way.

'I cannot without horror and impatience,' he says, 'suffer any other figure for the habitation of a reasonable soul.'

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

Here in Washington most of the newspapermen measure the importance of affairs,' said the ***Correspondent,*** 'by the space given to such news as goes out through the metropolitan press—the New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Baltimore, Pittsburgh newspapers.

'When occasionally the correspondent's eye happens to fall upon a weekly newspaper published in some little out-of-the-way place, he may get a distinct shock to find that Teapot Dome is scarcely mentioned in the news or the editorial columns, and that some matter that he (the correspondent) considered of little public interest receives very earnest attention.

'All of which proves how important it is to get the other fellow's viewpoint, even in selecting news.'

* * *

Only about ten million children actually attend the public schools of the United States from day to day, and it is estimated that from fifteen to twenty million people daily attend the motion picture theaters,' said the ***Theater Proprietor.*** Of these, it is estimated that 75 per cent are under twenty-four years of age. Leading authorities insist that the influence of the movie on the development of character and conduct in our children is greater than that of the school.

'Thomas Edison is quoted as saying that the motion picture is 100 per cent perfect for teaching anything, and that we get 80 to 90 per cent of our knowledge through the eye. He showed that young people are apt to imitate anything they see in a motion picture and that they learn without suspecting that they are being taught. In Mr. Edison's opinion, the motion picture is the most powerful avenue at the present time for the influencing of public opinion and thought, and this power will increase from year to year. It can be made to improve the morals of the people, or it can do the opposite.

'United States Commissioner of Education, Dr. John J. Tigert, who was for twelve years a professor of psychology, testified that, by actual test and examination, pupils have shown a higher degree of knowledge of the subjects under consideration when presented to them by means of a motion picture than when presented through lectures.

'Eighty-five to ninety per cent of our ideas, information, and knowledge come through the eye, which is the overwhelming channel of information,' says Dr. Tigert. 'For the purpose of moulding and influencing public opinion and thought, and the habits, the customs, and the dress of the people, the motion picture in its present state is the most powerful instrument now known and, as its use increases and its field of operation develops, its power to influence the public will increase.

'The proofs are sufficient to convince almost anyone that influence upon thought, sentiment, and opinion in America—education in this broad sense—is very much greater and more effective through these pictures than it is through our schools.'

* * *

'The word *government* as a noun,' said the ***Politician,*** 'was capable of four major interpretations by that wizard of words, Mr. N. Webster. His unabridged dictionary calls government an "act," a "mode," a "person or persons," or a "body politic."

'If Mr. Webster had to interpret the word over again, not merely to have a place in his dictionary but to make clear understanding in the public mind of just what government actually is in America, he would need to use his four major interpretations, plus a few extras on "what it is not" with some dissertations on "graft and grafting"—which means more than "an art in horticulture"—used in the political practices of certain factions in this land of ours.

'He would probably discover that the nearness of the words *graft* and *government* in the dictionary is nothing compared with the fellowship enjoyed by these two words in so-called practical politics. They stick closer than a brother and run together in the blood stream of our body politic. And "graft" as the white corpuscle of our constitution (whether in municipal, state or federal government) threatens the strength and virility of a new system which is supposed to function "of the people, by the people and for the people."

'Just when Christian leadership will prove itself capable of organizing its forces to apply religious precepts to practical politics, I cannot tell. All large communities in our great American Republic have to decide sooner or later whether professional crooks or law-abiding citizens shall control in this fight. At present there is improvement and hope, and time will determine which side obtains and maintains the victory.'

* * *

'What is the nature of present-day immigration, and what its purpose?' asked the ***Government Agent.*** 'Is it a fact that aliens are pouring into this country, despite the quota law, faster than they can be assimilated and faster than education and propaganda can instill into them the real spirit of Americanism? Have we been able to keep up with the inflow in teaching an appreciation of American traditions and ideals, the things which together constitute the real America?

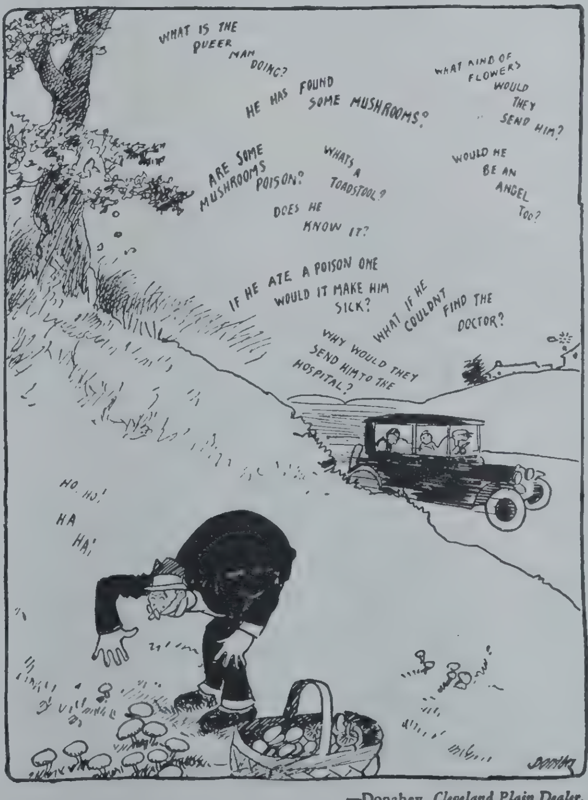
'In the answering of such questions a formidable array of statistics is an effective argument. Yet it is manifestly impossible to classify, in terms of definite numbers, the types of immigrants describable as good, bad, indifferent, and actually dangerous.

'Few people realize the extent of the propaganda for immigration among the laboring and the peasant classes of the Continent. Some of it is very subtle. It works often through relatives and friends on this side, who are induced to outline to those at home prospects far more rosy than what the facts justify. It is a propaganda, too, in which engage innumerable agents of steamship companies, whose very existence, in several cases, depends upon their third-class traffic. Hopes of material advantage, fairly dazzling to the poor European, are held out; and, far more dangerous, there is pictured a degree of liberty in speech and conduct which, compared with the conditions of life in Europe, seems almost too beautiful to be true.

'All these people know nothing whatever of America, and few of them have tried or desired to learn. What we think of as Americanism is something quite beyond their grasp. It can be taught only here; and even then it is not a quick process. So that immigrants, for the most part, entertain two ideas, and two only.

'First, America is the land of opportunity. It is interpreted as meaning a land where the unskilled, who constitute a large portion of present-day immigration, can at once earn a livelihood generous beyond the wildest dreams of a European peasant or laborer. Second, America is the land of liberty—a word that, with three out of every four Continental immigrants, means license, the privilege of saying and doing whatever he likes at any time and in any place he pleases.

'For the European to come to America to "better himself" is a laudable ambition. To that no one can take exception, *if* that ambition contemplates a sincere and genuine desire to become American in entirety, to learn what America really stands for, and to have a share in those things.'


WHAT IS THE QUEER MAN DOING?
HE HAS FOUND SOME MUSHROOMS?
WHAT KIND OF FLOWERS WOULD THEY SEND HIM?
ARE SOME MUSHROOMS POISON?
WHAT'S A TOADSTOOL?
WOULD HE BE AN ANGEL TOO?
DOES HE KNOW IT?
IF HE ATE A POISON ONE WOULD IT MAKE HIM SICK?
WHAT IF HE COULDN'T FIND THE DOCTOR?
WHY WOULD THEY SEND HIM TO THE HOSPITAL?
HO HO! HA HA!
Donahey

—Donahey, *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

SUNDAY MORNING'S SERMON.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. In what denominations are the bills of our currency made? Which are legal tender and how are they redeemable?

Answer. The various notes and certificates are issued in the following denominations: Gold certificates: $10, $20, $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, $10,000; made legal tender by act of December 24, 1919; receivable for all public dues; redeemable in gold coin at the Treasury. Silver certificates: $1, $2, $5, $10, $20, $50, $100; not a legal tender; receivable for all public dues; redeemable in silver dollars at the Treasury. United States notes: $1, $2, $5, $10, $20, $50, $100, $500, $1,000; legal tender for all debts, public and private, except customs and interest on the public debt; receivable for all public dues; redeemable in gold at the Treasury. Treasury notes of 1890: $1, $2, $5, $10, $20, $50, $100, $500, $1,000; no further issues, volume steadily diminishing by redemption in silver dollars; legal tender, unlimited, unless otherwise contracted; receivable for all public dues; redeemable in gold or silver dollars at the Treasury. National Bank notes: $5, $10, $20, $50, and $100; notes of denominations of $1, $2, $500, and $1,000 authorized, but few issued and none available for issue; not a legal tender; receivable for all public dues except customs; redeemable in 'lawful money' at the Treasury or at bank of issue. Federal Reserve Bank notes: $1, $2, $5, $10, $20, $50, $100, $500, $1,000; not a legal tender; receivable for all public dues except customs; redeemable in 'lawful money' at the Treasury or at bank of issue; only a small amount is outstanding. Federal Reserve notes: $5, $10, $20, $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, $10,000; not a legal tender; receivable for all public dues; redeemable in gold at the Treasury, and in gold or 'lawful money' at any Federal Reserve Bank.

* * *

Q. How does the Gold Reserve back of the Gold certificates compare with that back of the Federal Reserve notes?

A. In the order of issue, the authorized forms of currency in the United States are as follows: 1. Treasury notes: Payable on demand. Only 60 millions of these were issued and about 6 millions are still outstanding. 2. United States notes or greenbacks: about 350 million outstanding. To assure redemption of these the Treasury must maintain a redemption fund of 150 millions of gold and borrow gold if that fund falls below 100 millions. The law requires the reissue of these notes when redeemed thus making a cycle of redemption. 3. National Bank notes based on Government bonds deposited with the Treasury. 4. Gold certificates representing full value in gold coin and gold bullion. 5. Silver certificates, representing silver dollars on deposit. 6. Federal Reserve notes which may be issued on a forty-per-cent reserve commercial security approved by Federal Reserve officials. 7. Federal Reserve Bank notes of which few have been issued. These notes are intended, probably, to replace National Bank notes soon to be retired because of the maturity of the underlying bonds. All of this paper currency is maintained at gold par by the credit of the country pledged to that end.

* * *

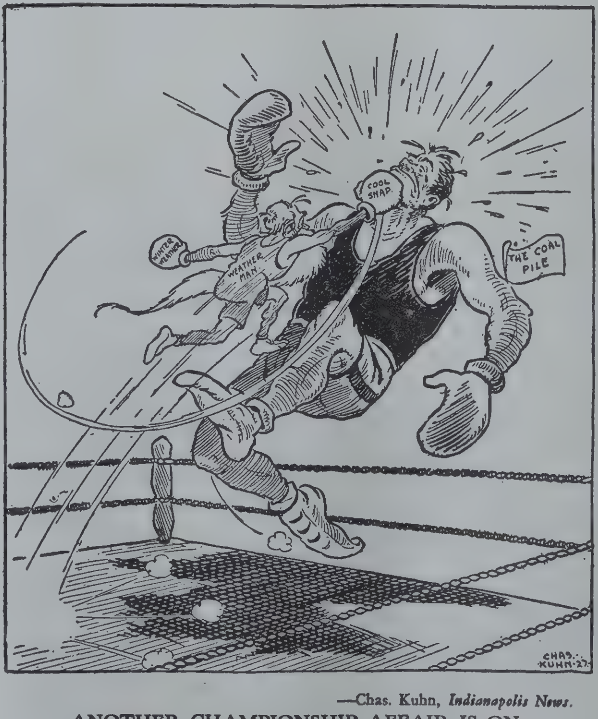
Q. Please give the known proofs of the earth's rotundity. Who first taught that the earth was round?

A. The spherical form of the earth is undoubtedly a discovery of Pythagoras and was taught by the Pythagoreans and by the Eleatic Parmenides. The expositor of greatest moment was Aristotle. His arguments are those which we employ today: The ship gradually disappearing from hull to mast as it recedes from the harbor to the horizon; the circular shadow cast by the earth on the moon during an eclipse; and the alteration in the appearance of the heavens as one passes from point to point on the earth's surface. He records attempts made to determine the circumference; but the first scientific investigation in this direction was made 150 years later by Eratosthenes. Sir Isaac Newton deduced from the mechanical consideration of the figure of equilibrium of a mass of rotating fluid, the form of an oblate spheroid, the ellipticity of a meridian section being 1/231, and the axes in the ratio of 230:231. The Newtonian figure was proved to be correct through the measurement of meridional arcs in Peru and Lapland by the expeditions organized by the French Academy of Sciences. More recent work points to an elliptical equatorial section, which would make the earth pear-shaped.

* * *

Q. Which division in the famous Argonne drive, opening the morning of September 26, 1918, made the greatest gain in kilometers the first day of the drive? What was the war record of the Ninety-First, or Wild West, Division?

A. An examination of available maps reveals the fact that the mean divisional advance of the Fourth, Eightieth, and Ninety-First divisions on September 26, 1918, was approximately seven kilometers. The Ninety-First Division arrived in France the latter part of July, 1918, at Le Havre (Seine-Inferieure) and at Cherbourg (Manche). The division, less artillery, was sent to the Eighth Training Area for training, and headquarters were established at Montigny-le-Roi (Haute-Marne). The artillery was sent to Camp de Souge (Gironde) and Clermont-Ferrand (Puy de Dome) for training and did not rejoin the division nor participate in any operation. Commencing September 6, the division moved to the vicinity of Gondrecourt, with headquarters at that place. It was assigned to the reserve of the First Army during the St. Mihiel operation, and headquarters were established at Sorcy-sur-Meuse, September 11. On the night of September 13-14 the Ninety-First Division moved to the vicinity of Vavincourt (Meuse) and on the night of September 16-17 to the vicinity of Autrecourt (Meuse), where it was assigned to the American V Army Corps. The division moved from here to the Foret de Hesse, northeast of Neuville, and on September 26 attacked on a front extending from Vauquois to a point southwest of Avocourt. Passing through the Bois de Cheppy, patrols of the division entered the town of Epionville on the afternoon of September 26, and high ground northeast of Very, extending toward Montfaucon, was organized for defense and held during the night of September 26-27. On September 28, Epionville, Eclisfontaine and Exmorieux Farm were captured, and on the twenty-ninth Gesnes was entered; but, both flanks being exposed, the troops were withdrawn to a line along the northern edge of the Bois Communal de Cierges and Bois Communal Baulny. The remainder of the ground gained was held, against strong counterattacks. Commencing on October 3, the Ninety-First Division was relieved by the Thirty-Second Division and moved to the Dombasle-en-Argonne area. On October 9, the One Hundred Eighty-First Infantry Brigade again went into action, attached to the First Division and later to the Thirty-Second Division. This brigade rejoined the division on October 12. On October 16, 1918, the Ninety-First Division was transferred to the French Army in Belgium. It reached the area of the Ypres-Lys operation, October 29, 1918, and took over a sector in the front lines of the French VII Army Corps. The division was actively engaged in this operation until it was withdrawn to Corps Reserve on November 3, 1918. On November 8 the division again entered the line, this time under the French XXX Army Corps, and was actively engaged until the Armistice, November 11, 1918. The division returned to the United States in April, 1919.



—Chas. Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

ANOTHER CHAMPIONSHIP AFFAIR IS ON.

BRIEFLY TOLD

It has been estimated that there are 1,252,126 radio receiving sets on the farms in the United States.

Although five per cent of the men tested by Baltimore, Maryland, officials in connection with automobile license applications fail to pass the color-blindness test, none of the ten thousand or more women so far examined has been found to be color-blind.

Thursday is considered the 'unlucky' day of the week in Scandinavia.

In excavating the third wall of the city of Jerusalem a stone ball shot from a catapult during the Roman siege was found.

To escape a flood in Alaska thousands of caribou recently jammed themselves into a narrow canyon, trampling down the telegraph wires and causing considerable damage to the system.

The ring presented by Queen Elizabeth to her favorite, the Earl of Essex, on his departure for Cadiz, was sold recently for $2,700.

Lignum-vitae is ranked as the heaviest wood, ebony second, and boxwood third.

In Tower Grove Park, St. Louis, is a pond covered with huge water lilies, the pads of which are strong enough to hold a person on the surface.

Tokio, Japan, traffic rules posted in 'English' in the police station: 'At the rise of the hand policeman stop rapidly. When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn. Trumpet at him. Melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor and express by word of mouth the warning, "Hi! Hi!" Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode the exhaust box at him as you pass him by. Go soothingly by. Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway. Go soothingly in the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon.'

Since the October, 1917, revolution in Russia, bananas have been taboo. The Soviet government considers them a 'bourgeois luxury' not fit to be imported.

Rumania's five-year-old king, Michael I, is not the youngest child ever to become monarch. King Alphonso XIII of Spain holds this record, for he was born king of his country, his father having died six months before his birth.

The number of bicycles used in France in 1926 amounted to 7,112,900—ten times the number of automobiles in use during the same year.

A huge tree, cut off to within forty-eight feet of the ground, provides the steeple of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Tacoma, Washington.

A bill giving the government the right to control the naming of infants has been presented to the Chamber of Deputies in Italy, with prison the penalty for violation.

When building a grandstand engineers must make allowance for 'the weight of excitement' or the additional strain given when excited spectators jump up and down.

Owing to the construction of roads and the rapid progress made by railroad and motor truck, the 'mountain canary,' or once indispensable burro, is fast disappearing.

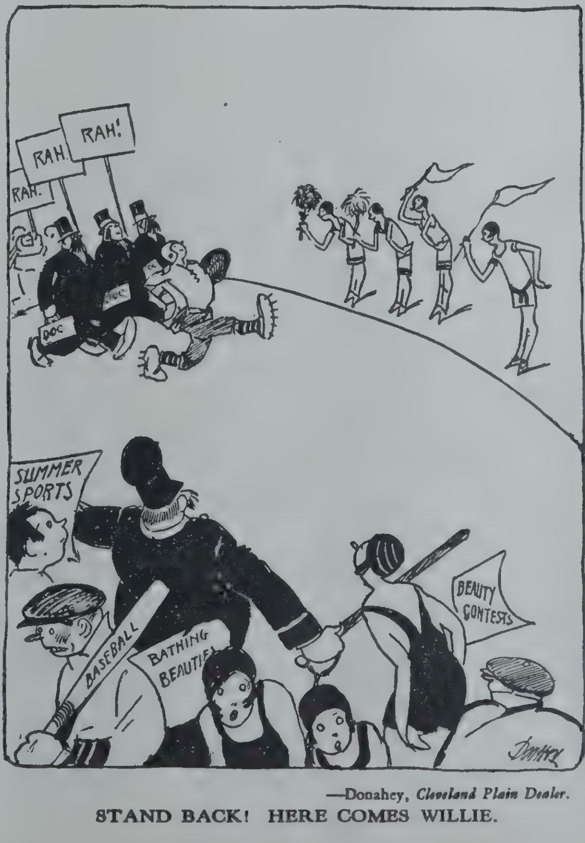
The first oil well on the North American Continent was discovered three hundred years ago by a Franciscan missionary in what is now western New York.

About one-third of the Stradivarius violins still in existence are in the United States.

A cannon from the British ship *Otter*, abandoned in 1775, was recently recovered from the waters of the Black River, near Hampton, Vermont.

With exception of certain apes, all animals are immune from measles.

A French scientist claims that bees are guided solely by odor, and will often pass a scentless flower stored with honey for one having a sweet perfume and little sugar.



—Donahey, *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

STAND BACK! HERE COMES WILLIE.

The Caterpillar Club, composed of aviators who have made parachute jumps to save their lives, has forty-nine living members.

'Jingoes' was the nickname given in England to the supporters and enthusiasts of Lord Beaconsfield, who sent a fleet to Turkish waters to oppose Russia's advance on Constantinople in 1878. Originally a jocular oath, 'By Jingo,' came into popular vogue when used in a famous music hall song.

According to some authorities, the story of 'The Babes in the Wood' was founded on the deed of King Richard III of England, who made his two young nephews prisoners in the Tower of London, from which they disappeared. It was believed that they were murdered by his orders. Perhaps the best-known version of the tale is the one in which the lost babes are covered with leaves by the robins in the woods.

There is a grapevine in a garden of Oberlustadt, near Speyer, Germany, that is believed to have been planted about 1500. The stem is forty-seven inches in circumference and the roots reach down 250 feet.

In addition to paying more than one hundred dollars for a driver's license in Germany, the applicant must pass an extremely rigid mental and physical examination.

Taking a firm stand against importation of luxuries and consequent expenditures of money outside Russia, Soviet officials have raised customs duties so high that Russians must pay $100 retail for a bottle of imported eau de Cologne, $50 for five ounces of ordinary perfume, $10 each for lipsticks and $25 for a box of face powder.

Idaho is reported to be adopting a plan for making its 1928 automobile license plates in the shape of a potato, symbolizing the state's baking-potato industry. Similarly, Utah's wool-raising industry is seeking recognition, having adopted a resolution requesting that the 1928 automobile markers of that state represent a sheep.

Owing to the enormous amount of water pouring out of the mouths of the Amazon River, fresh water can be dipped from the Atlantic Ocean for a distance of fifty miles off the coast of Brazil.

In the woods near Berlin are a large number of 'vacation recreation grounds' set aside by the city for the benefit of its children. For the sum of thirty-six cents a week youngsters are transported daily to and from these parks and are given three light meals while there.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses knowing things instinctively.

* * *

Probably no more fearsome creature haunts the southwestern plains than the 'Mountain Boomer,' or 'Glade Devil.' It can outrun a horse, sting with its tail as does the scorpion, and bark so loudly that the noise can be heard for five miles. A reward of one million dollars has been offered for its capture. (p. 1)

* * *

The 'Glade Devil' is only one of the delightful fantasies Charles J. Finger found in western Texas. And in the Pecos country he came upon the broken relics of a wagon train that had been destroyed by Indians in the 1880's. At old Round Rock he read the legend on the tombstone over the grave of a famous outlaw, 'A Brave Man reposes in Death here. Why was he not True?' (p. 1)

* * *

When 'Home, Sweet Home' was sung for the first time as a part of the opera *Clari, the Maid of Milan,* it won for the singer, Miss Tree, a rich husband and wide fame as an opera singer. The publishers in London made half a million dollars in less than a year, printing more than one hundred thousand copies. (p. 3)

* * *

John Howard Payne, the author, received practically no benefit from his famous ballad. His name did not appear on the title-page of the published work, nor did he even receive a complimentary copy. Today his grave is in an obscure cemetery near Washington, D. C. (p. 3)

* * *

The first Protestant colony in the New World was launched in 1555 by Huguenots at Fort Coligny near Rio de Janeiro. The leader was Villegaignon, vice-admiral of Brittany, and a true soldier of fortune. After five years of bickerings, the Frenchmen were dispersed by a Portuguese fleet and French influence was driven from Brazil. (p. 4)

* * *

Louis C. Karpinski tells of an interesting Frenchman, Andrew Thevet, who had been a member of the original Huguenot colony but had returned to France in 1555. Thevet's next task was to bring out a book telling of the 'new found world or Antarctike.' So great did his fame become that he was made historian and cosmographer to the king. (p. 4)

* * *

Yes, says Professor Jerome Davis, of Yale University, the United States should recognize the Soviet government, because it is the only policy that would be true to our best American tradition and to the highest ideals of international friendship. (p. 6)

* * *

No, says United States Senator George H. Moses, we should not recognize the Soviets, until they recognize the sanctity of international obligations. We were first to recognize Kerensky and to loan money to the Russian revolution, but the Soviet authorities now refuse to honor the debt. (p. 7)

* * *

Saturday afternoon of a December day, 1861. In the White House attic, four lively boys were having a snowstorm of their own. The 'snow' was represented by a bin full of calling cards that had been 'left on the Presidents.' (p. 8)

* * *

Julie Taft (now Mrs. Julia Taft Bayne) went to get her brothers, who had been making 'snow' with Willie and Tad Lincoln. Next morning in her brothers' room, she found some of the 'snowflakes.' One was the card of 'Mrs. J. Davis.' (p. 8)

* * *

The advice of a westerner 'to let the law go to pot and study the judges' may prove useful, if present agitation to do away with trial by jury is successful. C. C. Daniels, in declaring that such advice might find a congenial reception in the East, upholds the ancient right of trial by a jury of peers. (p. 12)

* * *

The second of a series of articles by Mrs. Frances Holbrook Pfeiffer on interesting episodes in California's history tells of the days of the Spanish dons. It was in 1826 that Jebediah S. Smith, accompanied by fifteen trappers, came down the Colorado River and on to Los Angeles, the first white man to reach California overland. Needless to add, he was ordered out of the country by the residents, who did not desire any encroachments. (p. 13)

* * *

Thirty miles up the mighty Skeena River lies Khtada. The lake, a sapphire gem, is suspended between two mountain ranges which encircle it and are reflected in its bosom. James Clyde Gilbert, writing of the incomparable British Columbia scenery, tells of the lure of the rainbow trout in those virgin waters. (p. 16)

* * *

'Do not grumble because your child must stay away from school for a few weeks after an illness. It is most certainly a benefit to the child . . . There is little doubt that many heart and kidney diseases have their origin in some childhood disease.' (p. 21)

* * *

An interesting history has the *Aberdeen Journal,* in north Scotland, one of the world's oldest newspapers. Its one-time editor had the honor of entertaining Robbie Burns and spending an hour or two with the congenial bard. So old is the *Journal* that an account of the Battle of Culloden was published in its columns. (p. 22)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Hope, New Mexico.

I read with pleasure the editorial 'Ruddy Autumn' in your issue of October 15; also the selection from Ralph Waldo Emerson anent the glories of autumn in the same issue. 'These are the days to wander forth upon the high roads and the low roads,' and 'the day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields.'

R. H. H. BURNETT.

Juneau, Alaska.

Ten years have passed since the Government aided Alaska in 1916-1917 in the building of its railroad. They have proved Alaska's resources and its soundness. There is now a tremendous summer tourist traffic from all parts of the United States. The boats are in port for several hours and we chat with many of them. They see that Alaska is populated with white folk, and especially do they see that Alaska is populated with just 'folk.' I chatted this summer with one such from Detroit, and his face just beamed gratification at meeting 'folk' in Alaska.

But what the tourist does not see so well is that the scenic and wonderful Inside Passage, with salt water canals, hundreds of miles long, water ways threading the mountainous offshore archipelago, with here and there a sound-crossing of a couple of hours' run, with just enough rolls from the pulse of the Pacific to please the inland tourist—what he does not see is that this scenic passage is a bottle neck to Alaska.

The population of Alaska has not increased since the war. I think it has decreased, and certain lawmakers have been struggling for the reason. The answer lies in the absence of connection with the outside world, except by steamship down this Inside Passage. There is a railroad ninety miles away, but every effort to link it up with Alaska is always opposed.

RICHARD WARREN.

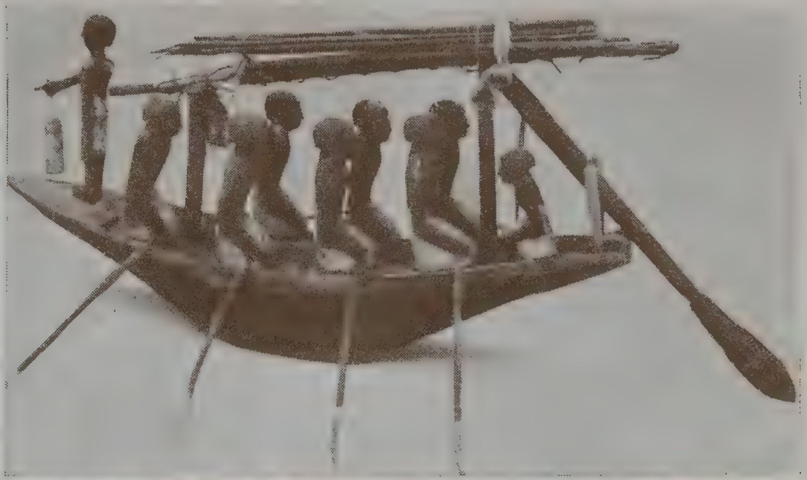
Los Angeles, California.

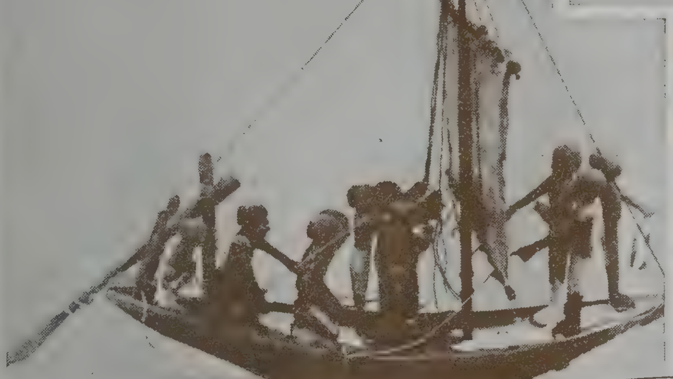
I want to voice my appreciation of the remarkable editorial work you are doing. The spiritual insight shown, for example, in Mr. Ford's Page for October 15, reaches such a high level that I can account for it only as an instance of that divine resonance commonly called 'inspiration.' It has not merely intelligence, which is of the head; but wisdom, which is of the heart. I am grateful to you for your splendid work.

MELVIN L. SEVERY

Curious Water Craft *From* Remote Corners

In Such Crude Devices Man Ventures *on the* Deep

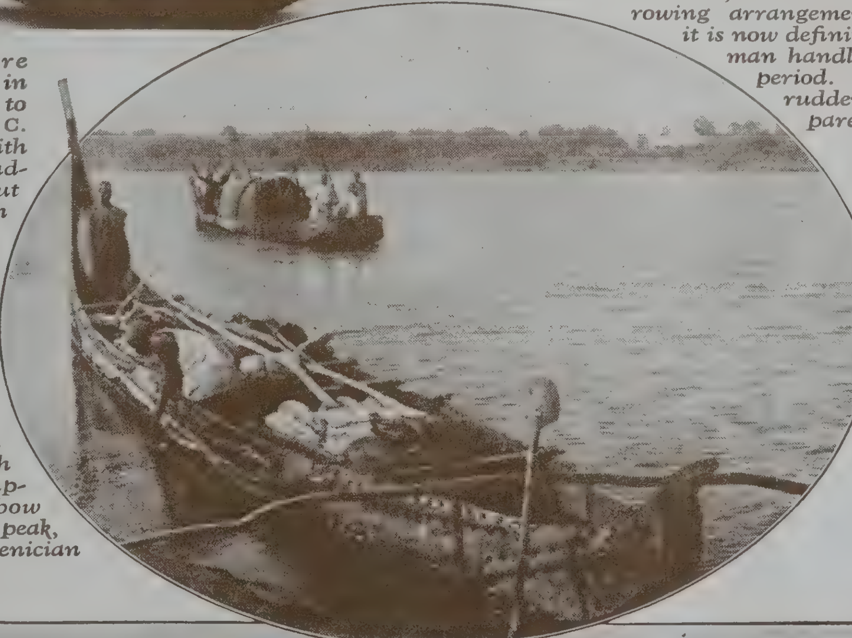




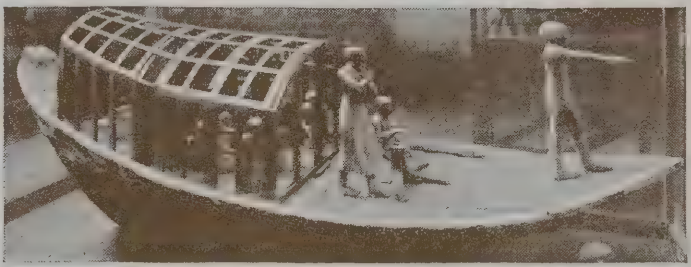
At top—

An excavated Egyptian model now in Carlsberg Museum, Copenhagen, dating from about 2000 B. C. This model shows the rowers, and recent research shows this rowing arrangement to be accurate, since it is now definitely established that each man handled only one oar at this period. Again we find the oar rudder, and overhead is apparently the sail, rolled up.

Egyptian ships are among the earliest in history, dating back to 3000 or 6000 B. C. This crude ship, with sail, and oarlike rudder, dates to about 2100 B. C., and is in the Carlsberg Museum, Copenhagen, Denmark.



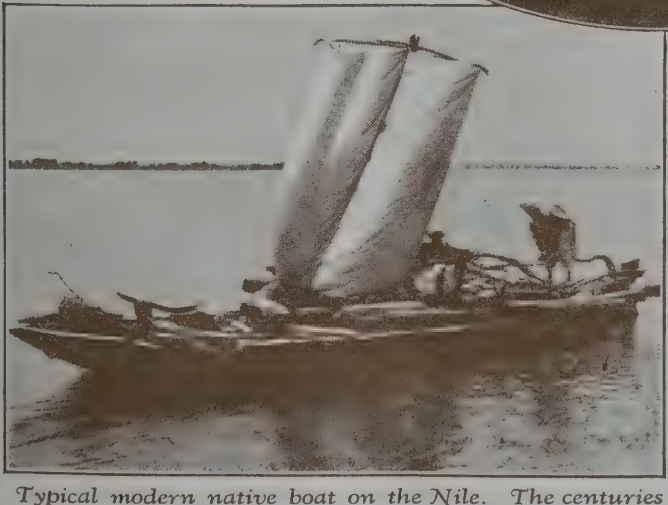
This cargo boat, on the Chaii River in the Cameroons, while crude, is carefully constructed and stout. The high stem and the stern upraised, and the bow finished off into a peak, resemble ancient Phoenician ships.



Below—

Another Egyptian ship, a funeral baroque, from the first Thebean epoch, at Cairo. These boats were gayly decked to convey the mummies across the Nile when necessary.

[*William Thompson* Photos.]



Typical modern native boat on the Nile. The centuries have brought few refinements in this craft.

Fishermen raising their nets in Kousseri, Cameroons. This indicates the primitiveness of craft as well as methods.

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URBANA ILL

FEW people live in their own times. They live in some imagined past which was just as common and matter-of-fact as the present is, or in some imagined millennial future. Their attitude toward their own times is either one of indifference or discontent. Yet today is the past brought up to date; today is the threshold of the future. If you can interpret today you have a finer view into tomorrow than the visionary who cannot see today for tomorrow's castles in the air.

51
EA
A. H.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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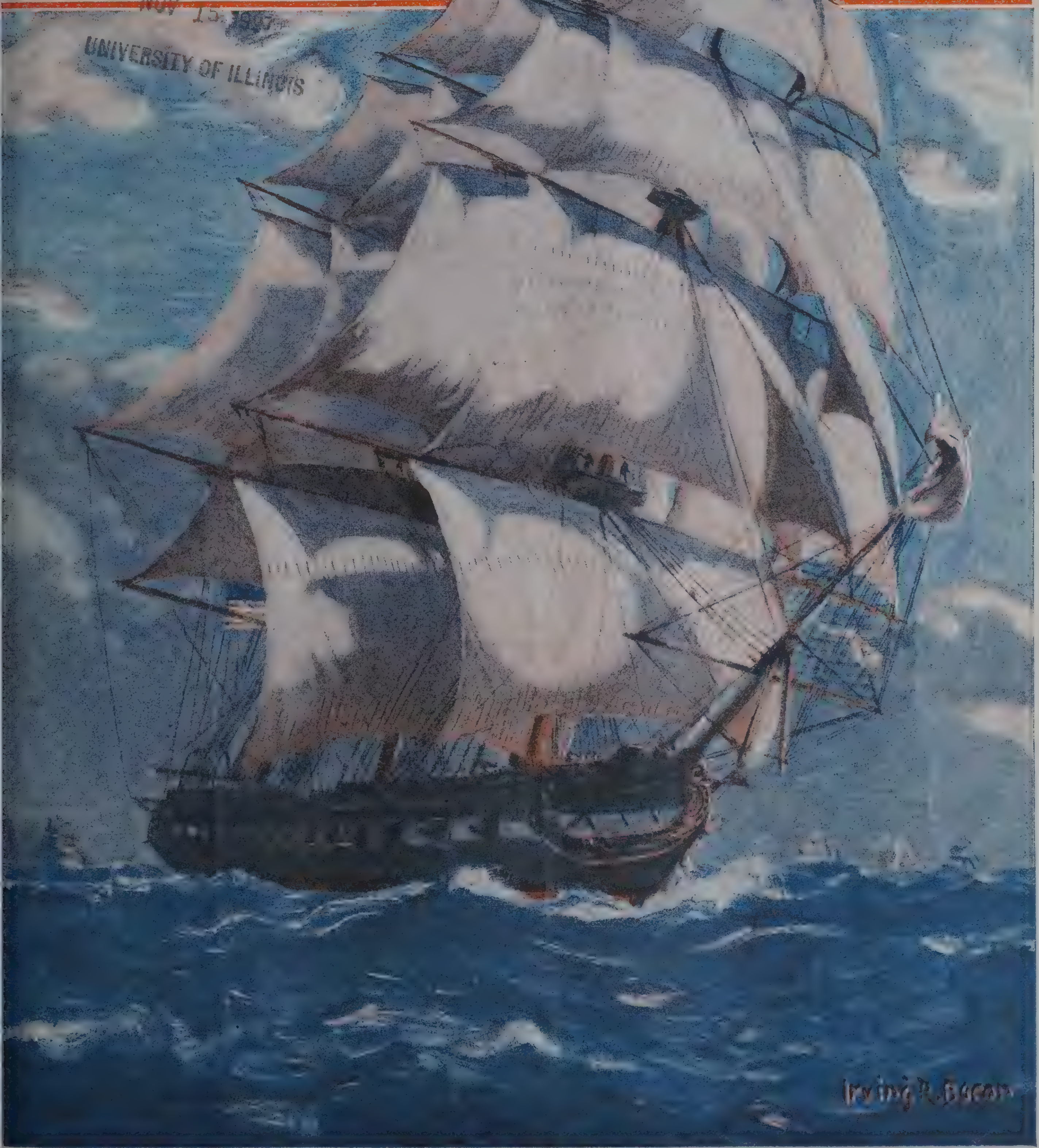
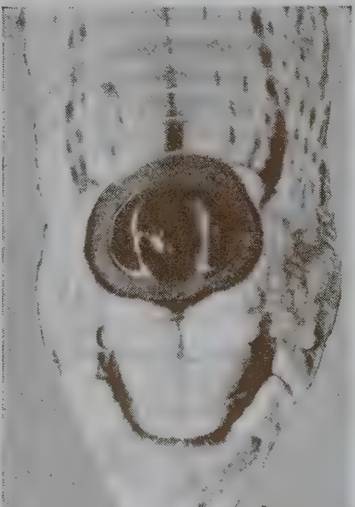


A FAMOUS THREE-DAY CHASE - William Johnston Maddox

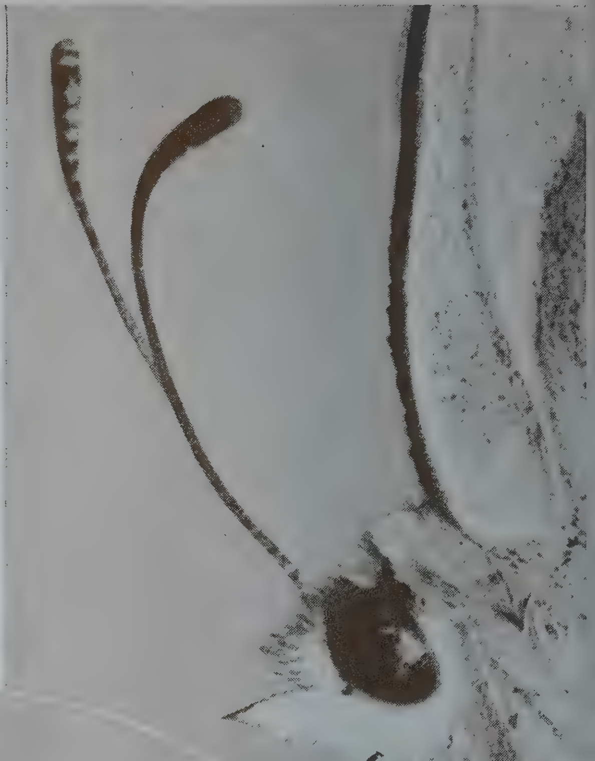
Close-Ups of LOW-DOWNS *In the* Animal Kingdom

Microscope *Throws* New Light *on* Pet Aversions

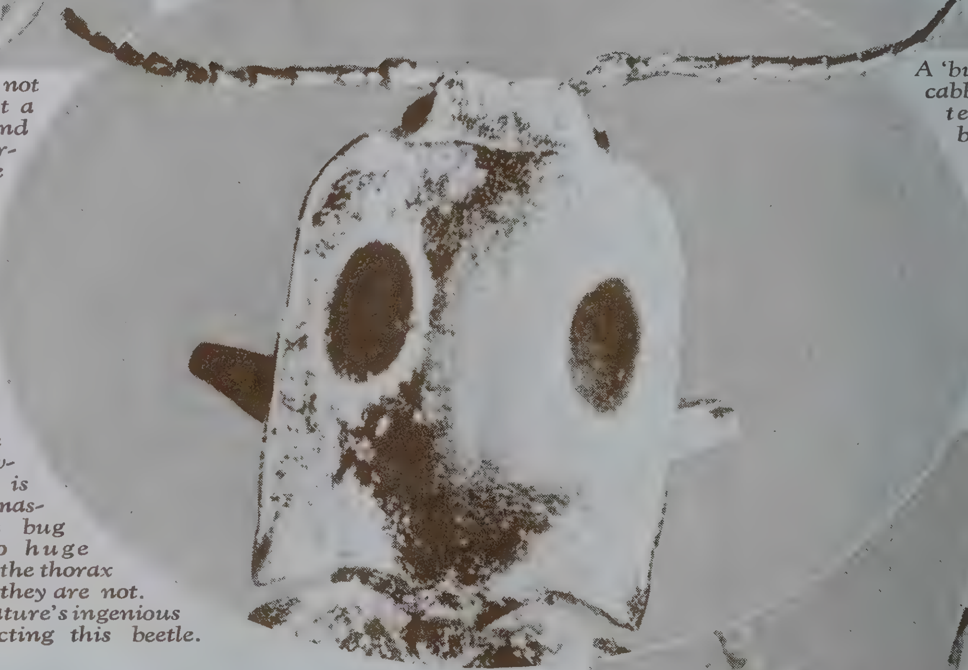
[Herbert Photos.]



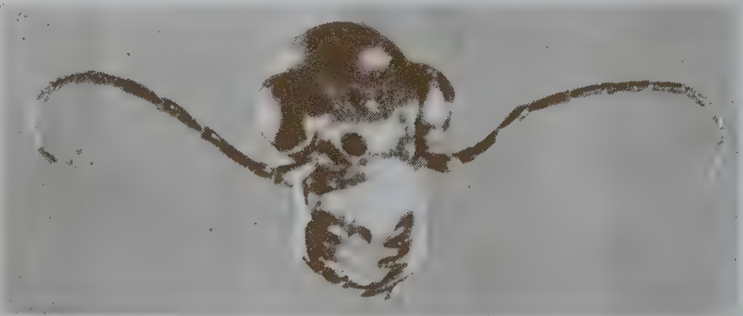
This 'evil eye' is not an eye at all, but a bump on the tail end of a sphinx caterpillar, effective in frightening numerous enemies, among them, birds and men. The mouthlike line below the 'eye' helps the effect.



A 'bugdom beauty' this cabbage butterfly flutters through her brief life wholly ignorant of her previous incarnation as a vandal of the cabbage patch. She has a beautiful head, large, lustrous eyes, plumy antennae and a black-tipped tongue case just beneath the eyes.



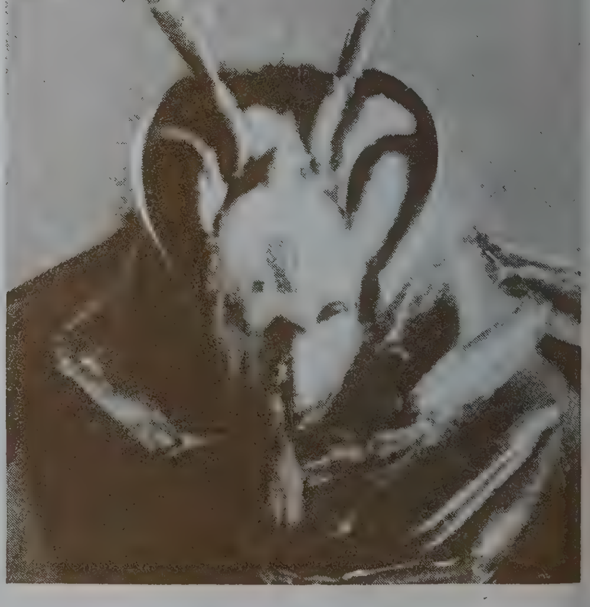
The 'click beetle' might aptly be called the 'Halloween bug,' for he is in very truth a masquerader of the bug realm. The two huge spots on the top of the thorax look like eyes, but they are not. They are one of Nature's ingenious devices for protecting this beetle.



This terrifying insect, the tiger beetle, appears to register acute hunger. He is not unlike a fairy tale monster, with his protruding eyes, villainous mustache and deadly, steam-shovel jaws. He is that brilliantly green, nervous little bug often seen on hot and dusty paths or sidewalks.

Right—

One of our pet aversions, the yellow jacket, or devil hornet, seems to be sticking out his tongue and curtsying at the same time, like an impudent schoolgirl. Many who know his stinger would not recognize him face to face. This is magnified twenty times.



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Volume 28
Number 5

FOLK *of the* VALLEY

By CHARLES J. FINGER

On the Ohio River, near Ripley.

A MAN and his dog—and leisure. Golden prospects and sunny mornings. An awakening of the sleeping sense of delight. A place and a time in which to satisfy the thirst for beauty. An untroubled life. These I get as a composite picture of Ohio.

To be whimsical, put the matter I have in mind in this way. If New York is the great doorway of this household of states; if Michigan is the workshop and office; if Washington, D. C., is called the reception hall; then Ohio, more particularly southern Ohio, may be looked upon as the comfortable den in which a man may be genial among his friends, taking his ease in great content. I have in mind southern Ohio, because the northern part of it is quite as businesslike as Michigan or as Pennsylvania, with all those iron and steel works, those rubber and glass and machine-making factories. Southern Ohio and southern Indiana, too, seem to have got away from complexities.

So if you would know anything of the leisure of the land, would know its rich enjoyment, would know the real character of the place as you know the real character of New Mexico by its desert land, and know the real Texas by its range country, you cannot rush across the valley land. You must cruise; you must wander and loaf and invite your soul.

Perhaps, as Judson Harmon used to say, Ohio has always been a place of peace for human beings. By that he meant that not Ohio alone but other corners of the world are favorable to certain moods exactly as certain soils are favorable to certain flowers. You think, for instance, of Rome as the place of stern and sometimes noisy, but always hard and businesslike, temperaments: Anthonys and Caesars and Rienzis and Mussolinis have flourished there. But that sort never came from the lake country of north England which has always been favorable to poets and to men who love to speculate upon the largeness and mystery of life. Again, seaport towns attract your hustlers and adventurers and men of derring do, but your dwellers in riverside towns are of more leisured mood.

If there is anything in that theory, it would seem that, where time and geological change have not very materially altered things, records of the past should show ancient peoples of certain human activities not so different from those of our own time, living in the same place.

—*L. Roy Mitchell.*

—*Ayre's Studio.*

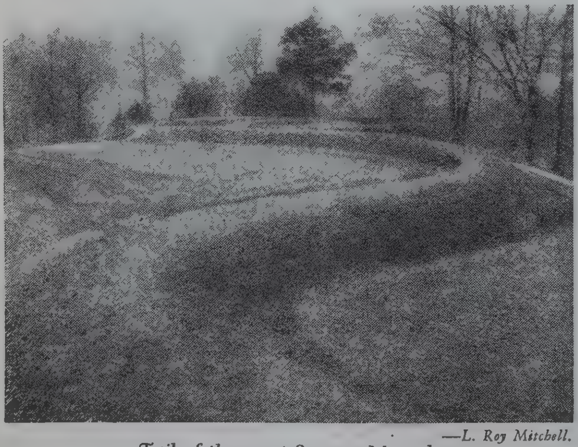
Brush Creek, paralleled by state highway. *Floating through the gorge of Paint Creek, Highland County.*
Center—*Entrance to Wet Cave, which is more than a mile long.*

Two Colonial homes at Ripley.

—L. Roy Mitchell.

Treber Inn, built in 1798, on Highway 41.

Covered bridge near Ripley.



—L. Roy Mitchell.

Tail of the great Serpent Mound.

I think that in the case of Ohio the record does tend to show that the valley country has always been the abiding place of leisurely and comfortable folk. I remember that a scholar-poet named Baird showed me geological proof that the great ice cap at the time of the ice age ended about where Columbus, Ohio, now stands. Fugitives driven south by the cold possibly found the valley land a place of comfort, much as in old Europe they found a comfortable abiding place on the shores of the Mediterranean. Or turn the pages of history to later times when primitive folk on this continent were volcanic in passion, were given to a luxury of energy, disposing of their neighbors in competent fashion with stone axes. Then those who occupied what we now call southern Ohio evidently courted simpler pleasures.

If, after you have enjoyed the aristocratic ease of Cincinnati, you would prove the truth of that for yourself, head your car east to Adams County and see a wonder which amply proves that in the so-called stone age there were men and women extremely sensitive to nature, to art, perhaps to music of a kind. That wonder is called the 'Serpent Mound' and is situated on the bank of Brush Creek which is a small tributary of the Ohio. It begins with an oval mound which is a hundred and sixty feet long and five feet high. Guessing at things, some see the oval as an egg which the serpent is about to swallow.

SOME, guessing more wildly, say that a pile of stones in the middle of the mound is the remains of an altar; which is nonsense, because for hundreds of years both oval and serpent had been plowed and replowed, for they had formed part of a cornfield and the monuments had been almost destroyed. Then some one traced the design and Ohio archeologists reconstructed the figure. Anyway, there is the serpent to be plainly seen—the serpent's jaws about to close on the so-called egg. The body of the serpent, shown in regular undulations, measures seven hundred feet from tip of jaws to triple-coiled tail, in a straight line; or a thousand feet if twists and turns are taken into account. The average height of the mound is five feet, the width across its base sixty feet. So, as you may see, the builders of the monument had the energy of enthusiasts.

As for the reason of the building, one guess is as good as another. As might be expected, the majority of theorists hold to a religious significance, and, as also might be expected, another party of guessers, almost as numerous, clamor for a military origin, maintaining that the mound must have been a fortification and an earthwork; though what there could have been to guard they do not say.

Nor do the theorists make it very clear or convincing how a five-foot heap of earth could keep out an active invader, any more than they explain

Cross-section of Central Mound in the Seip group.

how the wall that runs from Solway Firth across England could keep out the energetic and athletic Picts and Scots. So why not be sensible and take t for granted that the mind of the Ohio primitive man was in many respects like the mind of the man of today? That being so, we would see n the Serpent Mound, made by a people that enjoyed the making of monuments, something very much like the work now being done on Stone Mountain. Reasoning the other way, we may assume that, in the year 35000, men may theorize to the effect that we of today made the stupendous Stone Mountain monument to frighten away enemies.

THERE are other monuments of similar kind in Ohio, which may be seen in the course of a few hours' motor run. At Greenville there is an lligator mound which is two hundred and fifty feet long, with legs thirty-six feet in length and a body breadth of forty feet. Then there is Fort Ancient, n artificial work which some day will be photographed from an airplane, to everyone's gain. The measurements show it as an inclosed place with wenty thousand feet of wall, five miles of terrace, and a perfect square ontaining sixteen acres. Each side of the square has its wall eight hundred and fifty feet long, with a gateway hirty feet wide in the middle.

The mode of life of the people who ccupied such inclosures as those in Ross County and in Highland County may be roughly and fairly surmised rom the contents of the graves. Among he specimens have been found pipe bowls ornamented with representations of animals and birds; ornaments onsisting of necklaces, pendants, stone beads, shells, bracelets, and other beads made of bone or teeth. More arely, pottery has been found. Now, uch things tell of the arts of peace rather than of war.

So there seems to be something to say in favor of the idea that Ohio in the past was the abiding place of a quiet people not given to sloth or idleness. For what idle folk would have made for themselves such a protection as you may see in the Scioto valley near Newark? You may still trace there an eight-sided inclosure containing fifty acres; a square containing twenty acres; a circle containing twenty acres and another circle containing thirty acres. Again, at Circleville you may see a square and a circle in juxtaposition, the last a thousand feet in diameter, and the square, which had eight doorways, having a perimeter of thirty-six hundred feet.

That grace and seemliness which would appear to have marked ancient Ohio marks the Ohio valley today. Having finished your archeological tour, you would do well to make for the river anywhere. Before long you will find yourself in a place of rich tradition. Say that you head for the riverside town of Ripley, tucked away in a warm fold of the hills in Brown County. You

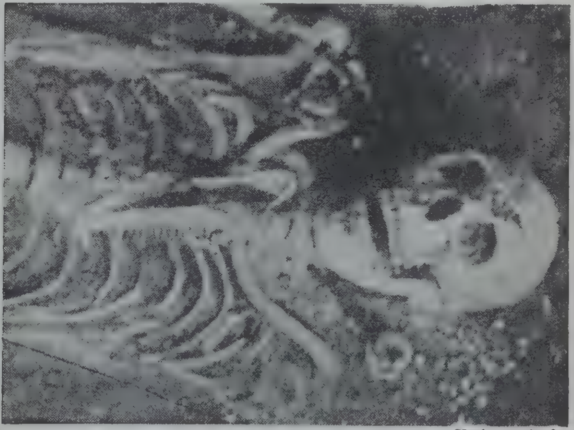
(*Continued on page 18*)

Unopened mound in the Seip group. —*Ayre's Studio.*

—*Ayre's Studio.*
Mill near Hillsboro, in operation 100 years.

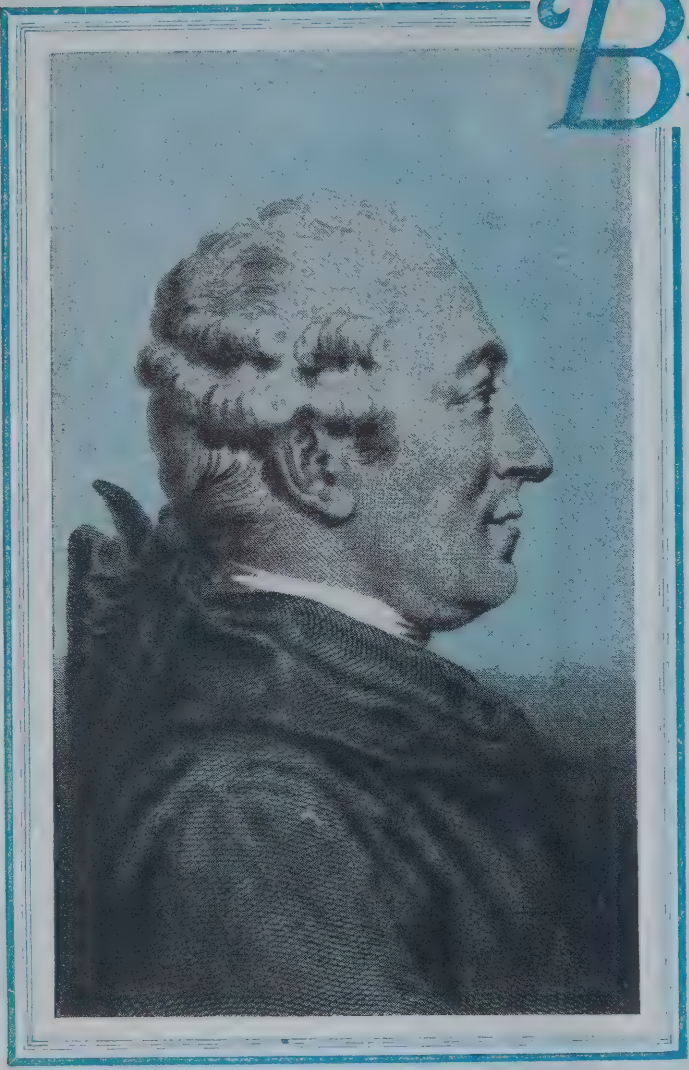
Lumbering operations near Ripley.

Burials were found in the chambers at the bottom. —*Hathaway Studio.*


—*Hathaway Studio.*
Mound skeleton, found with ornaments.

BEAUMARCHAIS,

FRIEND of AMERICA



By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

Copyright by LOUIS C. KARPINSKI.

THE minor events of a man's life frequently mirror the great ones. Those qualities which make for success in small things are essential for success in larger fields. Your life and your character are reflected in a hundred events of your life. A great zoölogist can identify an animal from a fragment of bone. We, too, reveal ourselves every day in the small things we do and in the way we do them.

The son of an intelligent but modest watchmaker became one of the outstanding figures of the American Revolution. In a dozen incidents of an historic and romantic life, Pierre Augustin Caron reflected and presaged the form of his fine participation in the American cause, considered by competent authorities a powerful factor in the American victory.

Concerning the education and the training of young Caron, who adopted when about thirty the name of 'Beaumarchais,' little is known. There were five sisters to spoil this gifted only son who had a taste for music and poetry, evidently cultivated in the home. Apparently his formal schooling terminated at the age of thirteen, but his education continued while he was an apprentice to his father, the watchmaker.

At the age of twenty Caron invented a watch escapement which enabled the manufacture of small and thin watches. Upon his communicating this to a celebrated watchmaker, the young man's confidence was betrayed and his invention appropriated. Significant of his whole life and his later contests is the fact that Caron publicly protested, demanding and securing a judgment by the Royal Academy of Sciences.

The publicity and the contest were not unwelcome to the young man, who demonstrated the success of his invention and the justice of the favorable verdict of the academy by making a watch in a ring for Madame de Pompadour. By this means Caron became personally acquainted with Louis XV and with the members of his family.

A more than friendly interest in the gay and charming young watchmaker was taken by Madame Franquet, whose infirm husband was occupying a position as controller, or clerk, in the household of the King. In consideration of an annuity guaranteed by Caron's father, Franquet gave up his post to the young watchmaker. Two months later a stroke of apoplexy disposed of the annuitant and about a year later young Caron again took Franquet's place, marrying the widow, whose interest in him had not languished.

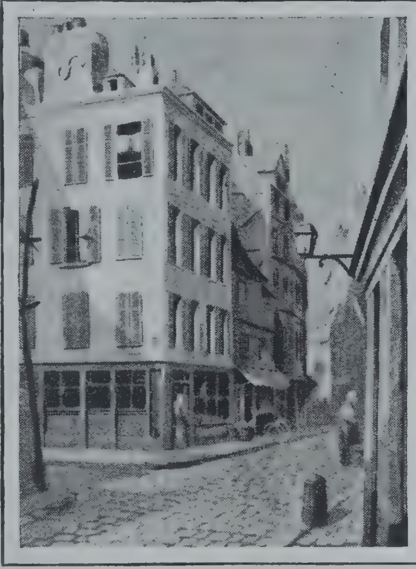
A controller served the royal family at table and occupied himself with other intimate details of the royal ménage. There were four charming and innocent young princesses, as well as the Dauphin, all of whom found Caron an interesting attendant. On account of his musical ability the controller was drafted to give to the princesses lessons on the harp, and to arrange informal musical parties not subject to the tedious etiquette of the court. The young prince testified to the place of Caron in the royal home when he stated, 'He is the only man who speaks the truth to me.'

For seven years Caron served as an attendant and even confidant in the royal household. The fortune of Caron was made indirectly by his position in the King's family. A celebrated financier, Paris Duverney, had become interested in the École Militaire, and wished to secure the support of the King. Caron persuaded the princesses to visit the school, and they in turn persuaded their father. Duverney from this time became the active patron of Caron, who was soon enabled to purchase a title to nobility as king's secretary, and later as lieutenant general in charge of a small court. About this time he assumed the name 'De Beaumarchais.' When twitted in one of his numerous lawsuits about his humble origin Beaumarchais replied that he was surely noble, adding, 'I have the receipt.'

In consequence of an affair touching the family honor, Beaumarchais in 1764 went to Madrid. Here he not only accomplished the purpose of his mission but became an active participant in the gay life of the highest Spanish circles, mingling on most intimate terms with the diplomatic corps in Madrid. At the same time a dozen business enterprises were set under way by him, involving, among other things, shipments of corn from New England, a beginning in the shipping activity which was later of such great service to America. Here Beaumarchais began his literary activity, the successful efforts of which were finally found in Spanish themes.

'I laugh on my pillow,' wrote

Beaumarchais to his father, 'when I think how strangely the affairs of this world are linked together, by what numerous and always out-of-the-way roads fortune is attained, and how, above all, the mind which is superior to circumstances can always find pleasure for itself in the midst of these whirlpools of business, affairs, pleasures, conflicting interests, sorrows, and hopes, which meet, clash, and fall powerless before it.'



By Aldrich, in *Harper's.*

The house of Beaumarchais at Le Havre.

Another love affair, which began after the death of his wife, is worthy of mention, as it again reveals the strange mixture of romance and finance which seemed to pursue the gay careers of Beaumarchais. A young creole beauty, Pauline, engaged his heart and fancy for many years. Had her wealthy uncle provided the 'dot,' or dowry, which seemed to Beaumarchais essential for their happiness, the young couple would have been married.

Before these negotiations, Beaumarchais had advanced quite considerable sums to attempt to reëstablish the pretty Pauline's estates in Santo Domingo. During the delays of the Spanish adventures and the other delays due to the uncle's hesitation about the dot, the young Pauline's affections were sought and won by another. Beaumarchais sent him a bill for the moneys advanced in Pauline's Santo Domingo affairs, but it finally appears among Beaumarchais' papers after his death with numerous other and somewhat similar unpaid accounts.

In 1771 another lawsuit began with the principal heir to the Duverney estate. At one period the hearings in this suit were held before the Councilor Goezman of the so-called Maupeou Parliament. It was communicated to Beaumarchais that a favorable hearing would be facilitated by a gift of two hundred *louis*, about one thousand dollars, to the wife of the judge. This gift having been made, fifteen additional *louis* were requested for the secretary.

An unjust and unfavorable judgment was pronounced against Beaumarchais, who received his first gift back, but not the additional fifteen. Upon this ensued a long series of memorials, in which the wit and the genius of Beaumarchais were displayed for the first time to their best advantage. In this contest the public evinced a lively interest.

Awakened by the genius of a Voltaire and a Rousseau to the rights of man as opposed to those of an institution, conscious of the frequent injustice of the law, popular sentiment in favor of Beaumarchais attained such proportions that the judges and the parliament recognized a new force—public opinion.

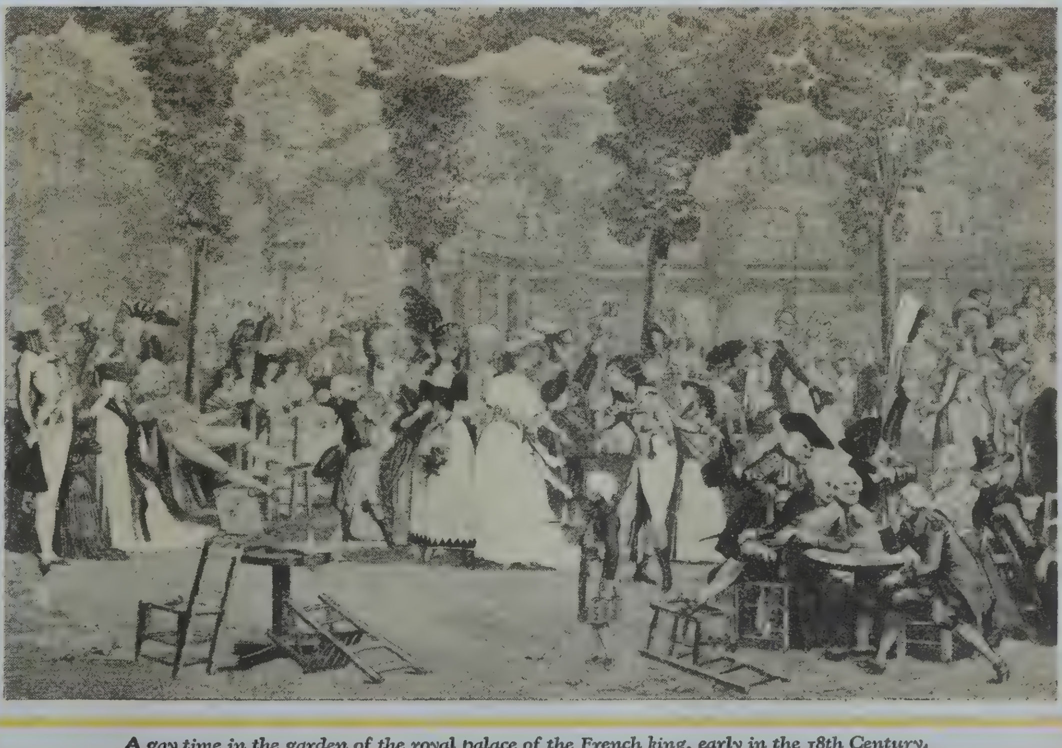
The attention of the best minds of Europe was engaged by the memorials, and the interest was reflected in the public press. Beaumarchais became within a few months a national figure and, in some measure, the idol of the populace. Early in 1774 the judge was dismissed, and his wife and Beaumarchais, as participants in bribery, were sentenced to 'blame,' which involved loss of the rights of citizenship. The 'blame' of the parliament was offset to Beaumarchais by enthusiastic popular testimonials in which the great personages of France joined.

While yet suffering the loss of his civic rights, Beaumarchais was intrusted in rapid succession with several delicate missions on behalf of the King. The suppression of the *Memoirs* of Madame du Barry could hardly be regarded as a political mission, but it seemed necessary; and Beaumarchais justified the confidence reposed in him in the matter by the King. The death of Louis XV delayed recognition of the intimate services of the playwright.

ON THE accession of Louis XVI, a slanderous attack upon Queen Marie Antoinette seemed to require again the services of Beaumarchais. In this adventure Beaumarchais pursued the villain from England across Europe, and even to Vienna. Here a long interview with Queen Maria Theresa was followed by his being imprisoned, 'bled, purged, and drugged.' The tremendous ardor worthy of a more serious cause impressed Maria Theresa as insanity and not as the natural enthusiasm of the comic opera artist concerning politics.

Upon his return to France Beaumarchais was again sent to England in connection with the affair of the Chevalier d'Éon. That famous personage, a captain of the dragoons, had achieved some fame in a literary way but much more notoriety because of the question concerning whether the chevalier was

(*Continued on page 26*)



A gay time in the garden of the royal palace of the French king, early in the 18th Century.

NE-NAW-BO-ZHOO—Mighty Man

By IVAN SWIFT

OUR Ojibway neighbors have been imaginative children of nature, weaving fabrics of pretty legend and religious myth. They, too, have striven to answer the eternal question of who we are, whence we come and whither we are bound and who and where is God.

Not knowing even the little that science has taught nor being read in oriental visions and prophecies, they have woven quaint fancies and consistent allegory. They have their maker and doer of all things good and bad and of all things not otherwise explained. The heart of their mythology, their mighty man on earth, about whom most of their legend gathers, was *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo.*

The story is that the great and invincible deity *Gitche-Manitou* would have a son to rule the earth for his people. A virgin lovely and faithful, the sunshine and angel of the tribe, abode with her grandmother. To her the great spirit came and she was delivered of two children, the first *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo*, the wonder-child, the wizard; the other his brother, the stone-boy, an inhuman monster whose birth cost the life of his mother, *Spring-wind.*

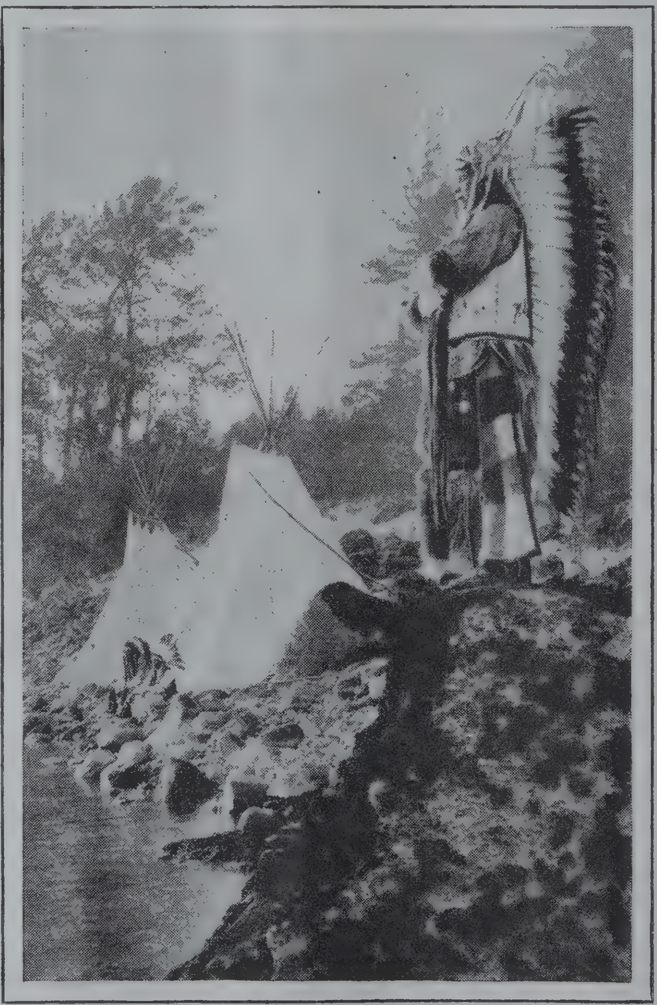
The stone-child fled to the woods and became a wanderer on the face of the earth. When *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* had grown to manhood and heard the story, he vowed to pursue and destroy the stone-man and thus avenge the death of his mother. Through ages of hardship and perseverance *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* prosecuted his task, often approaching so near to his stone-brother as to strike pieces of flint from the unnatural body, thus causing a flash of lightning and a roll of thunder. In this way the flint-stone was scattered over the face of the earth and proved a blessing to the early arrow makers and fire builders.

At last the stone-man was overtaken and laid low on the lakeshore near Grand Traverse Bay, and the body lies stretched there, a mass of flint known as Stony Point, forever a monument to the valor of *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo.*

Wabanossa, son of the chief councilor of the Garden River Reservation, and himself the greatest *Pau-pau-kee-wis* of the 'Hiawatha' drama, thus tells the story:

'When I was small boy I hear story from my grandfather. He was old man, die long time ago. I wish I can remember all them story. He tell me about *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo.*

'*Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* was great spirit, very big, very little. He do everything good, everything bad. He make the sun come up. He make the rain. He freeze over the river. He can change to beaver or bear or mouse in a minute. He is everywhere all time. He chase his brother all round world. He make the willow red for boxes and baskets. He make the *wa-quit* to grow on the rock for food in winter. He whip the maple tree to turn sirup to water so his people have to work for it. He split the birch bark and make the pitch in the pine tree to use for canoe and water-bucket. He make the rabbit, *wa-boose,* to sleep with his eye open, and the blue jay to cry out some danger in the woods.



'He is always hungry. One time he invite all the duck to dance in his lodge. Then he tell them to shut their eye and dance hard to keep warm. After while they get dizzy and *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* grab up and ring their necks. Bimeby one duck open his eye little bit and see that. He scream, "*Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* is killing us. Everybody fly away!" *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* kick at him and break his back down so he can only dive but can't fly. So he is great diver after that. His name is called *Sin-ge-bish,* hell diver.

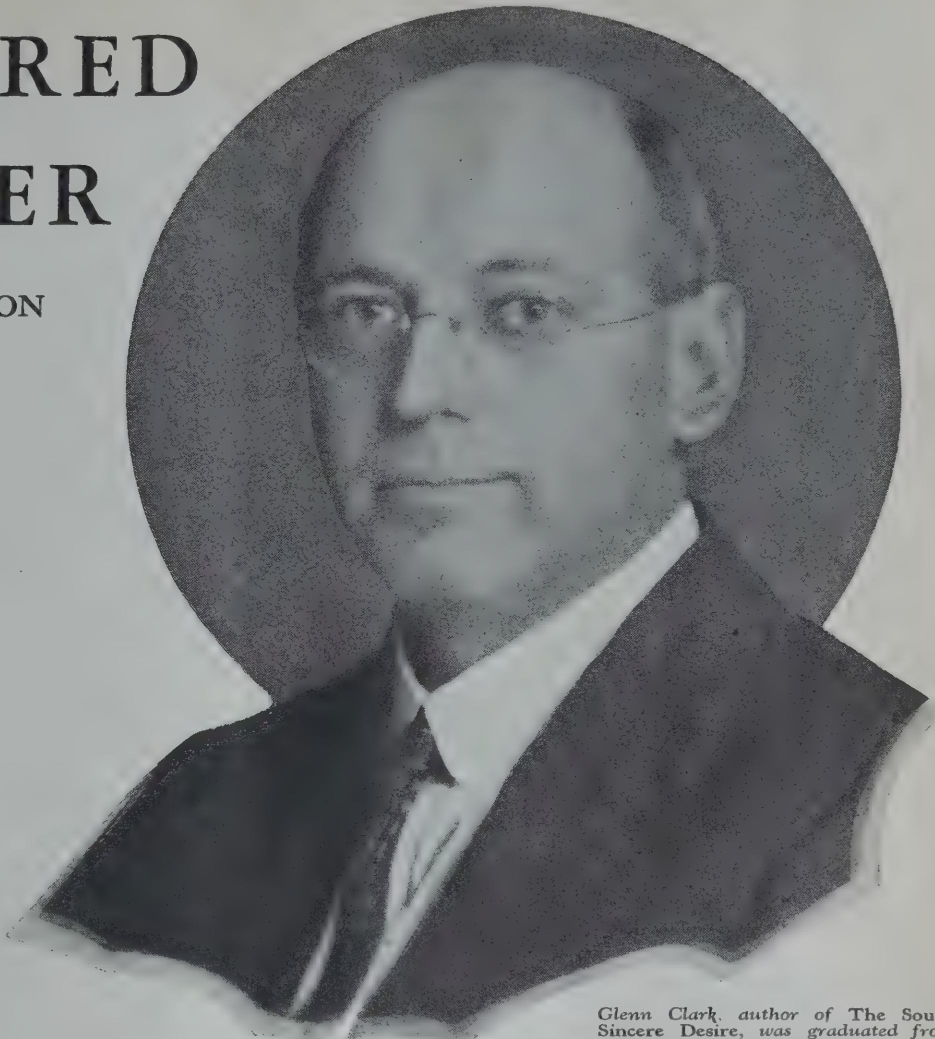
'One time *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* he say to his wife, "We got no food. We go call on Mr. Woodpecker." They go. Mrs. Woodpecker clean out big kettle. Mr. Woodpecker put two bone in his nose and red feather on his head. Then he climb up tree and peck with them bone. Bimeby nice fat coon fall out that tree. They have good dinner. Gone away again. *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* he forget his glove on purpose. He call back to send boy with his glove tomorrow.

'Tomorrow come. Mr. Woodpecker think there is some trick. He tell his boy be careful. Don't go in *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* tepee. Go nearby, throw glove, run away. Bimeby boy come to *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* tepee. Boy will throw glove. "No, no," *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* say, "Don't throw glove. Get wet in snow. Come here with glove." Boy go near. *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* say, "Your father good to give dinner. Tell your folks come to my tepee to dinner tomorrow. We got lots to eat." Boy go away. Next day Woodpecker family come to *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* to dinner. Mrs. *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* clean big kettle. *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* put red leaf in his hair and two deer bone in his nose. Then he climb tree and peck hard in tree like Woodpecker. Bones go through his head. Everybody laugh. Woodpecker say, "What you do? Kill yourself? Let me show you how do that." Then Woodpecker take bones, climb up tree, peck lot holes in tree.

(Continued on page 25)

ANSWERED PRAYER

By CHARLES D. CAMERON


Glenn Clark, author of The Soul's Sincere Desire, was graduated from Grinnell College in 1905, and took his Master's Degree from Harvard in 1908.

FOUR years of 'an almost continuous stream of answered prayer' has been the experience of Glenn Clark, layman, professor of English at Macalester College in St. Paul, formerly also an athletic coach in this and other schools.

Professor Clark's published testimony to his extraordinary experience makes an impressive spiritual phenomenon in an age so tritely accused of materialism.

After three years of effective petition Professor Clark told a simple story of his manner of prayer, in an article in *The Atlantic Monthly*. This unpretentious recital made a greater stir than many a carefully planned magazine sensation. Later several articles were assembled in a book under the caption of *The Soul's Sincere Desire*, which is at once a title and a key.

Since that time, Professor Clark's own 'stream of answered prayer' has not failed, and has been accompanied by many related streams in the lives of others: students, associates, friends, correspondents, total strangers—known and unknown readers of his modest but impressive writings.

These results in the lives of others are no surprise to Professor Clark. Results are what he expects, and what he promises. He says that if a reader will give to certain exercises of the soul about fifteen minutes a day, the time exacted for the physical exercises of the 'daily dozen,' he will find himself at the end of two months in a new world:

> You will find yourself in a friendly universe, where religion will no longer be a thing to be believed or disbelieved, a thing to be worn or cast off, but where religion will be a part of life as blood is a part of the body. You will find yourself in a new world where your God no longer dwells in churches and meeting-places and forms and days, but where He governs every minute of every day of every year. You will find yourself in a new world where immortality will no longer be sought as something far away, to be found at some far distant time, for you will know that you are immortal now, and that the entire universe with all its good and with all its beauty belongs to you now and forever.

The comparison between the spiritual exercise of prayer and the physical drill of the 'daily dozen' is Professor Clark's own comparison. Throughout his writings he uses similitudes drawn from the track, the field, and the golf links, as consistently as St. Paul uses metaphors derived from the arena games of the Roman world.

Professor Clark's writings on prayer appear different from the vast literature of past ages on this theme, and different from the abundant contemporary books which in the main preserve the best thought of the older authors. Professor Clark's work is markedly different in approach and method, and yet in moral harmony with any ancient or modern book in which right intentions and active faith are urged.

He does not pause, like many writers, to expound a philosophy of how finite petitions can be answered by the Infinite—does not deal with prayer as a 'problem.' While his book is Biblical in spirit it is not Biblical in phrase or excessive in direct quotation. He takes the individual, praying or prayerless, and tells him to pray and to expect response—just as a coach tells his team to exercise and expect suppleness and strength.

Professor Clark's similitude of the daily exercise of prayer as a spiritual 'daily dozen' has a special interest.

He remarks that the first principle of the late Walter Camp's 'daily dozen' in physical exercise was the stretching of the muscles, particularly the muscles in concealment under the ribs. So the first aim of the spiritual exercise of prayer should be the stretching of the mind, a reaching out not only of the outer faculties but of the inner subjective mind.

This is the beginning of prayer, and it is itself presented by Professor Clark in what some would call a series of sentence prayers.

Elsewhere Professor Clark compares a true prayer to a perfect circular golf stroke, beginning above and ending above. One turns to God first and realizes: 'Where there is God, there is Love; where there is Love, there is Joy; where there is Joy, there is Power; where there is Power, God is glorified; where God is glorified, there is Love.' Thus he rounds the circle from God to God.

The next principle of Walter Camp's 'daily dozen' to be allegorized is what Professor Clark calls 'the deep breathing of the soul.' Just as the athlete learns to breathe with all his lungs, to drive out waste gases and inhale pure air, 'we should pray out the bad and pray in the good; dismiss from our mind the trouble which seems imminent and restate emphatically the great promises of God; forgive the sinner and accept forgiveness for the sin.'

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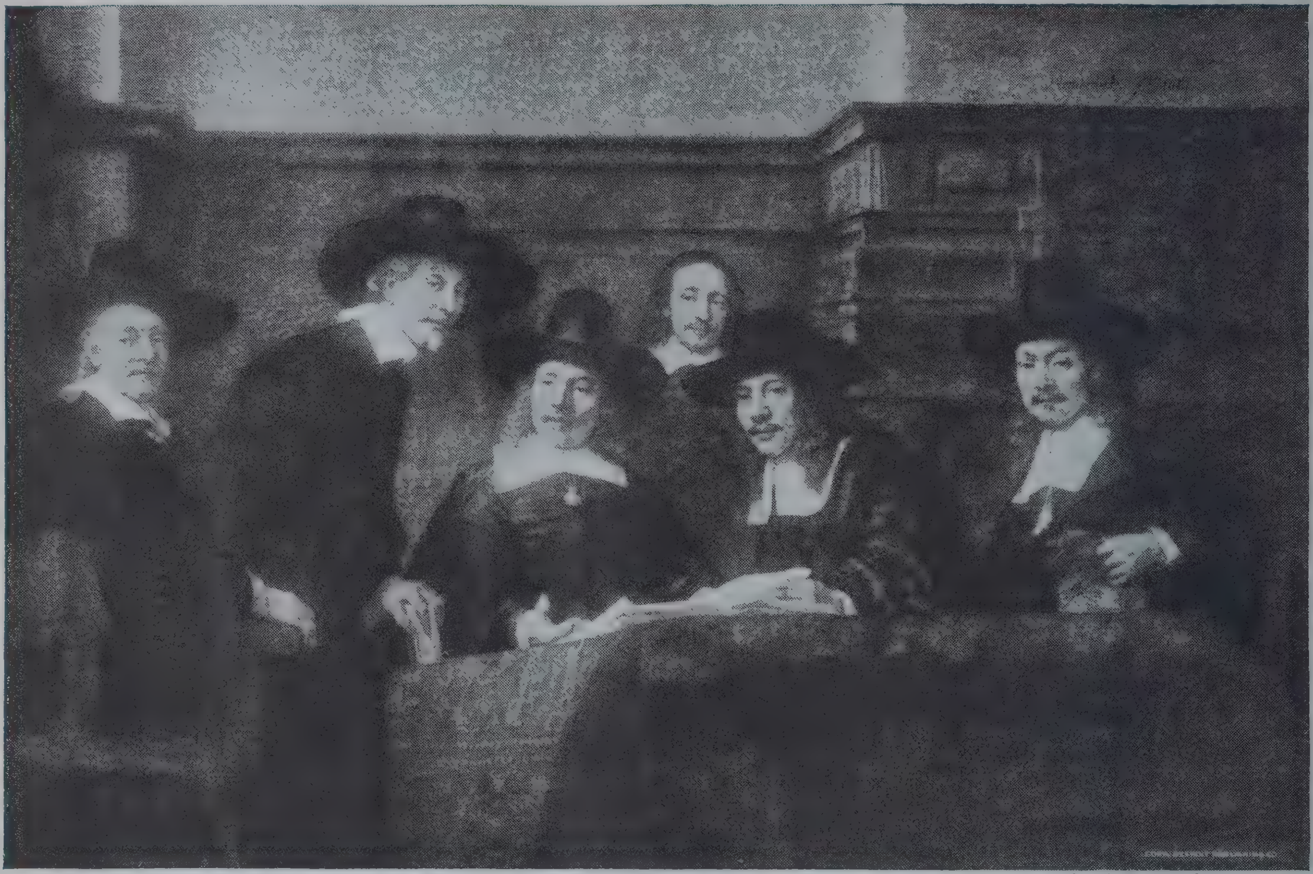

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'The Staalmeisters,' or 'The Syndics of the Cloth Hall,' by Rembrandt. This picture is signed in the upper right corner.

The PURITAN and ART

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

PURITANISM was a movement toward art. The Puritans themselves were cheerfully unconscious of this fact. Their enemies from that day to this have had no realization of it. They have assumed Puritanism to be opposed to that delight found in beauty, insensitive to the thrill of the esthetic.

The Puritan has been understood solely as a religious being. It has apparently escaped observation that Puritanism as a form of religion was not the whole of the Puritan as a man. In the beginning, the Puritan was born into a religious world. It was almost impossible for him not to be a sectarian. He was compelled to choose between the faith of the Inquisition and that of the Long Parliament.

The warfare between the doctrine that virtue is the ultimate good, and the conviction that beauty is more to be sought than goodness, is a long one. It goes back to the cell of the monk, to the old manuscripts that he read out slowly, dying in his isolation and at the same time living afresh in what he thus drew through the written page out of other lives.

For the individual, the struggle was an undying one. He was tossed forever between an external *thou shalt not* and an internal impulse driving him on.

Puritanism was a movement toward art because it was a movement toward the freeing of these inner impulses of man. It could not escape from the fetters of religious discipline. It could exist only by substituting an individual and passionate religious motive for an external and imposed one demanding obedience. When it had dethroned the saints and the madonnas, it had for a time no heroes and no heroines to paint. And heroes and heroines must be. Even so great a promise as that of the new Jerusalem could not continue to be enough for men of the sturdy stuff of the Puritans. They could not be dumbly passive to the show of things. They must remould life itself, before it could furnish them with a substance of dream.

That was a consequence of the historical accident that the Puritans were ahead of their time. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution is not to be charged with having been fond of the mode of locomotion of the turtle because his early attempts at aerial progress, developing the principles finally successful in our day, landed his machine in the mud. That the Puritan also tumbled, in his aspirations toward the heavenly career of the skylark, is no more to his discredit.

One of the grounds of ridicule of the Puritan was his close-cropped hair. In a day of redundant locks, real or artificial, it made him a 'Roundhead' on the lips of his opponents. It seemed a bit absurd in the presence of the slashed doublets, the ruffed collars, the great shoes, the feathered hats, of the Cavaliers. None the less it was a symbol of one of the things in the temper of the Puritans by which we were borne onward toward the spirit of modern art. The Puritan hated extravagance and excess. It was fundamentally a matter of taste; and after some three hundred years, except for an occasional importation from the less cultivated sections of Europe, we are all 'Roundheads' in America.

Romantic realism is the dominant note of art at present. Possibly it is the final note of art for as long time as we are to have art at all. When we swing on into a more positive realism we become scientists rather than artists. When we turn back into romance and lose the realist's touch we cease to be convincing.

The hat that the Puritan drew down over his round head has no doubt a very commonplace appearance at first glance. It needs but a second look, however, for it to reveal itself as having a remarkable likeness to the hat that furnishes part of the romantic lure in *The Virginian* and *North of 36*. It is the hat of the pioneer. Under it rides adventure, and perhaps it rode as bravely and as high-heartedly at Naseby with Cromwell as at any time on our western plains.

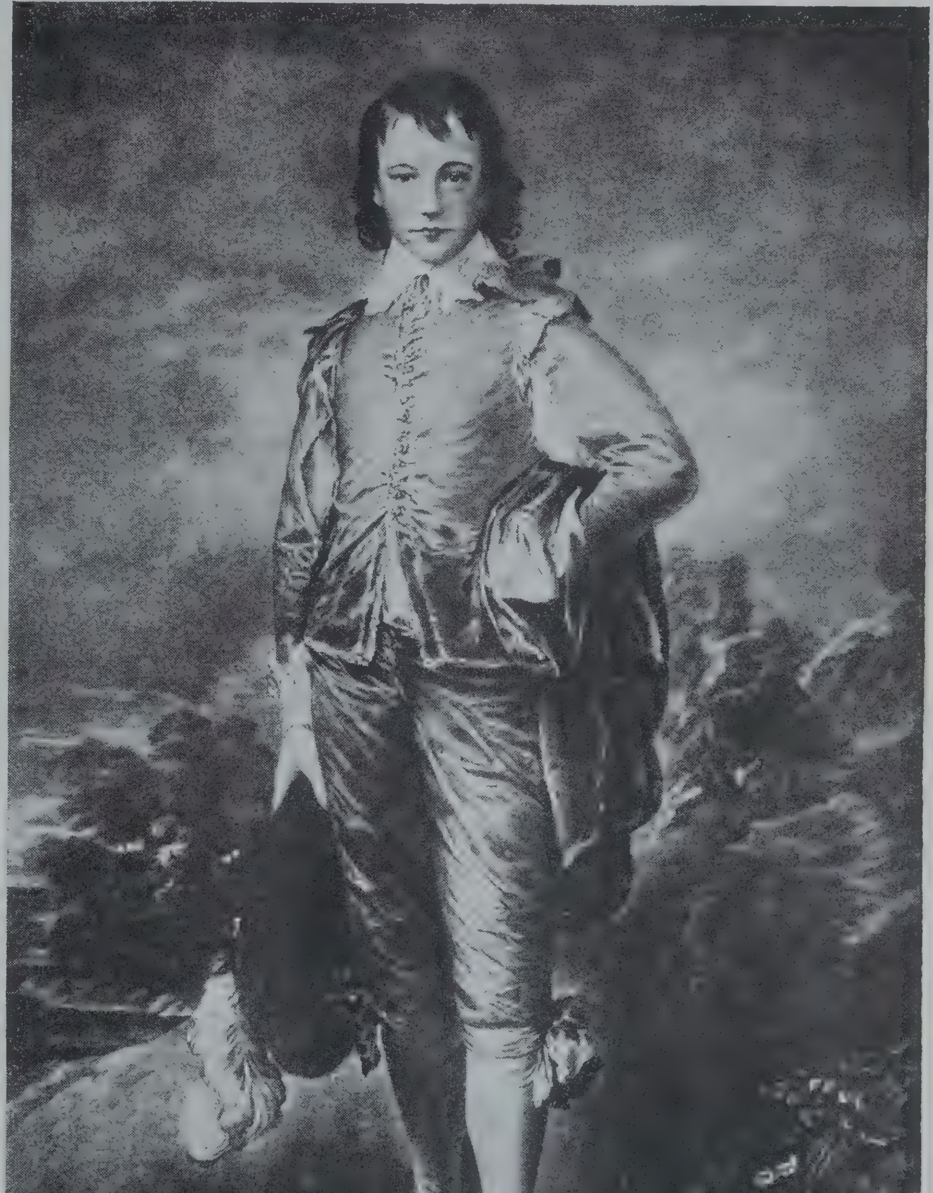
Contemporaneously with the triumph of the Puritans in England, Rembrandt, the great painter of Protestant Holland, was painting 'The Night Watch' and 'The Syndics of the Cloth Hall.' His wonderful figures look out at us from under hats like those of the Puritans. They are realistically romantic paintings. They mark with peculiar fidelity that turn in the movement of art that was implicit in Puritanism. In 'The Night Watch' man is man freed from the imposition of any sacerdotal or other trappings. There are no impossible halos hovering over the heads of any members of the group. There are no nymphs or cherubs or angels surrounding them and smiling upon them with benign inanity. There is discoverable in their faces no suppression of their individual vitalities, no reduction of their human attributes to a uniformity.

While Rembrandt was transforming the monotonous insipidities of medieval painting into the romantic realities of men and women having flesh and blood and bones, Milton, the great English Puritan, was doing much the same thing for literature. Milton, as a Puritan writer, was concerned with the inner vitalities of men, not with the vagaries of a system of chivalry or of a mad crusading venture sheltering itself under the dual wings of knight-errantry and religion.

It may be conceded that the ceremonial adds something of grace and dignity and beauty to life. Ceremony demands always the subordination of the individual man to a routine. It ceases to be ceremony with every break in the certitude of the carrying through of that routine. It is beautiful only as it has the precision that excites wonder.

The subjection of a group of wills to a common purpose, the achievement of that subjection by a seemingly simultaneous movement of different and yet harmonious impulses, plays upon the imagination. It touches a feeling not far removed from awe. As such, it has its place; but the Puritan, in his earthly relations, found the self-denyings of ceremony too injurious to his own nature. It became for him an extravagance and excess which he eschewed and which art since then—whether of painting or of literature—has also rejected.

English painting, (*Continued on page 28*)



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Portrait of Jonathan Buttall, the younger, called 'The Blue Boy,' a consummate piece of Gainsborough's strong and delicate art.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The World Grows Harder—and Sounder

AMONG the many failings in common thought is the tendency to believe that because things are different they are necessarily worse. The hardest experience to which we must become accustomed is the experience of change, except that change which goes on imperceptibly in ourselves.

One of the commonest complaints is that the world is drawing the lines tighter, is harder and colder than before. There is less neighborliness in our cities; there is a decrease in understanding sympathy between man and man; there is not the readiness to help one another which we fancy there formerly was; people seem to take their emotional and friendly life through plays and novels; and sometimes it seems that the only common acquaintances tens of thousands of people in the big cities have are the characters on the comic page of the evening paper.

> *IN A sense the world is growing harder, because it is growing sounder and more mature. Hardness need not mean harshness. The lines are being drawn tighter, but only upon the old weaknesses, the old flabbiness which used to make such constant call upon the virtue of sympathy and helpfulness. People stand upon their own feet more than formerly and have less need to ask aid; therefore the old precepts which made this form of helpfulness the chief virtue are passing away. We are not wise to conclude that because things are different they are worse. It is our duty not to protest change but to interpret it.*

Thus the complaint runs. It is intensified whenever a visit to the country shows us remnants of the life that used to be, when neighborliness was an economic necessity, when people had to help one another if anybody was to get along at all. It is rather strange that lighted windows across half a mile of snowy fields should suggest more neighborliness than miles of city boulevard lined with lighted apartment houses. But so it is. Scarcity of people makes for acquaintance, where multitudes of people remain strangers.

It is within the memory of all yet in middle age that even in our cities a more compact community life was lived a few years ago than is possible now. There was not such a large moving population. We are in a period when all classes and all cities are being mingled; a new sort of pioneer period when families move hither and thither with a freedom unknown twenty-five years ago. Travel is no longer a novelty. It is always so when new combinations of life are about to be made. But it does make for an individualism which, while more self-reliant, is yet less warm—outwardly, at least—than the old neighborly stay-at-home sort of life. But the change is on; its urge is from a source beyond our conscious will; and it is a phenomenon to observe and interpret rather than fruitlessly to protest.

Moreover, there is the change in the character of help that can be given. For that is what it comes to at last—the help that man may receive from man. One is struck when in the country with the fact that all that anyone needed could easily be contributed by neighbors, for all possessed the common necessaries of all. Exchange in commerce or in charity was 'in kind.' Help was easy to give, easy to get. It is true in the country today, though help 'in kind' is a rare need now. But when we come to the millions in our cities the whole complexion of human need changes. About the only way left to help a man is with money. Everything is bought and sold. Except with money, or influence to get employment, there is practically no way to help a family in distress, if that family lives in the city. It is not a question of sending in food—it is a question of rent bills, and fuel bills, and light bills, and other bills, and all the expenses which were quite unknown in the country, or even in the city three or four decades ago. And when you reduce neighborliness to dollars, the self-protective instinct arises, and families are more careful than ever they were with bread or blankets.

These are some of the factors which enter into people's complaint that the world grows harder, that lines are being more tightly drawn. But the facts are not all on one side. There has been too much emphasis in the past on the possibility of relying on others and too little on the necessity of relying on oneself. This is said in spite of all the philosophy of self-reliance, for while the higher teaching pointed toward independence, a great deal of the common teaching had the effect of leading people to expect some form of charity.

This apparent hardening of the world seems to mean that more people than ever before are standing on their own feet, asking for nothing, and that they are therefore more inquiring toward those whose tendency is to be asking for something. There is, for example, a great decrease in borrowing; people don't have to borrow as they formerly did; and they look askance at borrowers as they never did before, not out of hardness of heart, but out of inquiry as to what caused the necessity to borrow.

One may be hardened without being hard or harsh. A certain amount of hardness is necessary to soundness. Mushy characters, like mushy apples, are not admired and are of little use. Perhaps another change will come, in that, having settled our material independence, we shall go back again to the true element in the old neighborliness which we have lost.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Lessons for Children

WITH schools closed in Lexington, Kentucky, because of an epidemic of infantile paralysis, lessons are carried into the children's homes each night by the city newspapers. The practice is bringing excellent results, and it is expected that the school shutdown will not materially affect the pupils' progress. So far so good. The press of Lexington is performing a notable service for its citizens, and the example will no doubt be copied in the future by other cities affected similarly. But the fact that the newspapers of one city are carrying good lessons into children's homes brings this question: *What kind of lessons do most newspapers carry into the home?*

Much has been said about the service rendered the nation by its newspapers. Praise has been plentiful. But so too has censure. It probably is necessary for newspapers to record acts of crime. But is it necessary to stress that crime far beyond news of constructive nature? Is the story of a revolting murder so much more important than the news of a momentous scientific discovery, as is indicated by its 'play' in the press? Not alone in Lexington are the newspapers teaching 'lessons' to children. Every newspaper in every city and town and hamlet in the country is carrying some sort of lesson into children's minds. What kind of lesson is it?

The Edge of Winter

DUSK sifts softly down. Dark billowing clouds roll in from the north. Across the sky a flock of belated birds take flight, their last twitterings mingling with the breeze that stirs a pile of fallen leaves into sudden life. The last altar fires of the dying year have burned to the blackened hearts of the leaf piles. Home-comers in the early evening will no longer sniff the pleasant scent of bonfires. Instead they breath the sharp, brisk air of winter. The high winds whip the last and most reluctant of the lawn trees bare of their withered ornaments. Their frigid outlines are silhouetted against a white bank of cloud lighted by the dying day. A garden fence, a segment of an inclosure about a tiny back yard, is visible now. All summer it has been luxuriantly upholstered in satin leaves laid thickly upon each other, leaves of a particularly vigorous vine. The lawn has been raked clean of leaves and shows a faint green, but this is only a remnant of its former glory under warm rains and warmer sunshine. A tall elm tree, naked in the twilight, enfolds the roof of a cottage with a gentle tap-tap as though to remind the tenants that it still stands guard though deprived of its armor. November is not considered an outdoor month for the multitudes. Still it has its offering of delights. The harvest has been completed. The basements are stocked with canned fruits, nuts, apples, and all manner of good things beloved by our pioneering ancestors. Visions arise of roast chicken, turkey, goose and duck. Thanksgiving is not far distant. Brown may be considered a dull color, but the rich brown of roasting pig or a pumpkin pie is quite another thing. Frost may whiten the windows later on; cold winds may howl about the home, but happiness reigns within.

An Important Conference

THE Pan-American Congress, which opens in Havana on January 16, looms as one of the most important events on this country's foreign relations calendar. The significance attached to it by President Coolidge is evidenced, not only by his own intention of addressing the opening session, but by the character of men he has appointed to represent this nation at the conference table: Charles Evans Hughes, former Secretary of State and former Justice of the United States Supreme Court; Oscar W. Underwood, former senator and delegate to the Washington Naval Armaments Conference; Henry P. Fletcher, ambassador to Italy, widely experienced in Latin-American diplomacy; Dwight W. Morrow, ambassador to Mexico and close personal friend and adviser of the President; James Brown Scott, authority on international law; Morgan J. O'Brien, former New York judge; Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Leland Stanford University; and Dr. Leo S. Rowe, director-general of the Pan-American Union. Such a delegation would not be named merely for the exchange of empty amenities. Matters of deep importance are plainly scheduled for discussion, if not for immediate action.

The time is indeed ripe for a move leading toward closer friendship between the United States and her southern neighbors. Relations have not been particularly happy of late. The Nicaraguan episode, no matter what justification may be advanced for this country's intervention, rankles deeply in the breasts of many Latin Americans. It has been made the basis for vigorous charges of 'Yankee imperialism,' and has served as fuel for those who wish to stir up discord and suspicion. The unfortunate outcome of our attempted mediation in the Tacna-Arica dispute between Peru and Chile has not added to American prestige. And repeated difficulties with Mexico have not been conducive to mutual understanding.

The doctrine of Pan-Americanism is an excellent one. Close association among all American countries not only politically but economically is a goal worth striving for. A league of American nations, bound not by ties of force but by ties of friendship, is easily conceivable.

CALIFORNIA *in* Pioneer Days

By FRANCES HOLBROOK PFEIFFER

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MEXICO ceded California, together with other southwestern territory, to the United States in 1848. Then the Californians looked to Congress to grant them a form of government, but they looked in vain. Congress was concerned with the slavery problem, and upon California depended whether the balance of states would tip in favor of slavery or against it. If California entered the Union as a free state, the South must secede; if she entered a slave state, slavery would continue.

While this debate was going on California was practically without law—although the military governor was obeyed from courtesy. She could not fall back upon Mexican laws because, for all practical purposes, there had been none.

The lawlessness of the times made it necessary to form a vigilance committee. To quote from R. G. Cleland: 'It should be borne in mind that this committee, even though self-constituted, was not a mob, but a carefully organized body of respectable men who openly avowed responsibility for what they did, and acted only after careful investigation of each case.'

As conditions grew better the activities of the committee lapsed, until, in 1856, it was necessary again for a new committee to organize. Their oath of allegiance follows and contains, also, the reasons for their organization:

> 'We do bind ourselves to perform every just and lawful act for the maintenance of law and order, and to sustain the laws when faithfully and properly administered, but we are determined no thief, burglar, assassin, ballot-stuffer, or other disturber of peace, shall escape punishment either by quibbles of the law, the carelessness or the corruption of the police, or a laxity of those who pretend to administer justice.'

A convention was called by the military governor Riley, in Monterey, September 3, 1849, with a membership most interesting and unusual. While the United States' delegates were in the majority, there were seven Hispano-Californians, and one native each of Spain, France, Switzerland and Ireland—all dignified and intellectual men, who fully realized the difficulties and importance of their work.

The present boundary line was adopted, cutting off Arizona, Nevada, Utah and parts of Wyoming, New Mexico and Colorado, which had been included in California.

As these earnest men began to sign the state constitution—California never having been a territory—a salute boomed from the fort, and in the harbor the captain of an English ship showed a splendid spirit in honoring the occasion by hoisting the American flag above the colors of every other nation.

At the end of a turbulent session of Congress in which Webster delivered one of his greatest speeches for admission, and Calhoun made the last effort of his life against it, California was admitted to the Union.

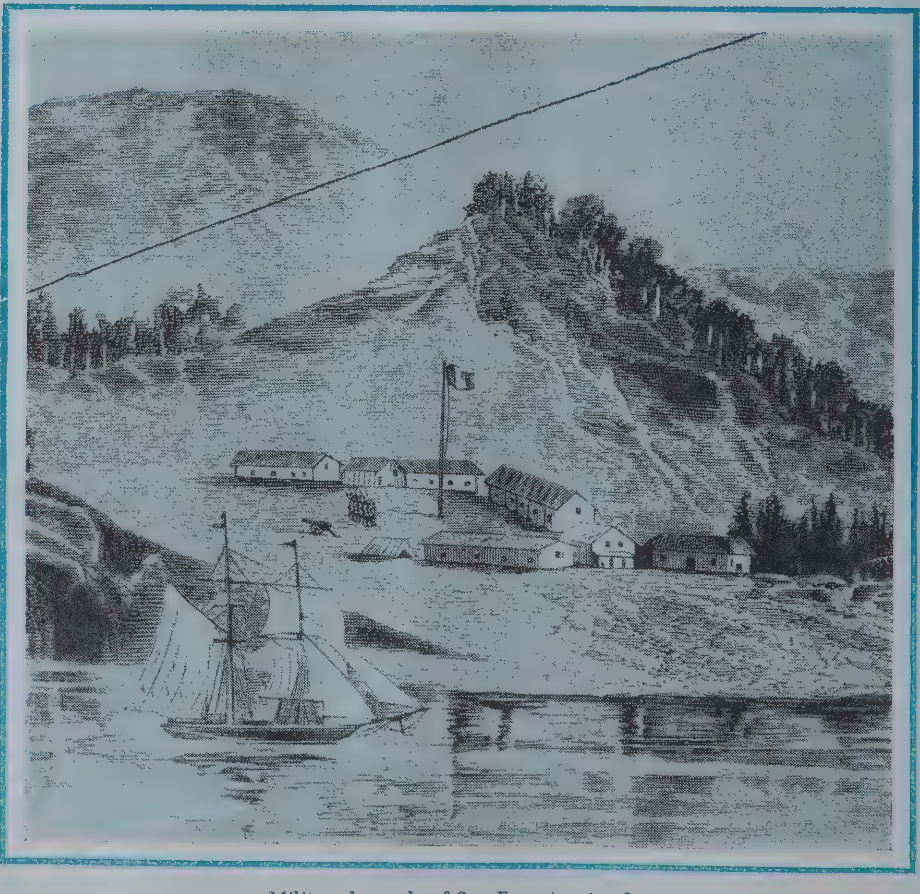
Meanwhile the Californians waited long and impatiently to hear the fate of their constitution. They were about to take matters into their own hands again, when, one morning in October, 1850, came the joyful news from Telegraph Hill that the *Oregon* was entering the Golden Gate—'And all her flags are flying!'

Women wept and even men shed tears of joy. All night long, bonfires burned and gayety reigned, while the great news was dispatched. After four years California had joined her family!

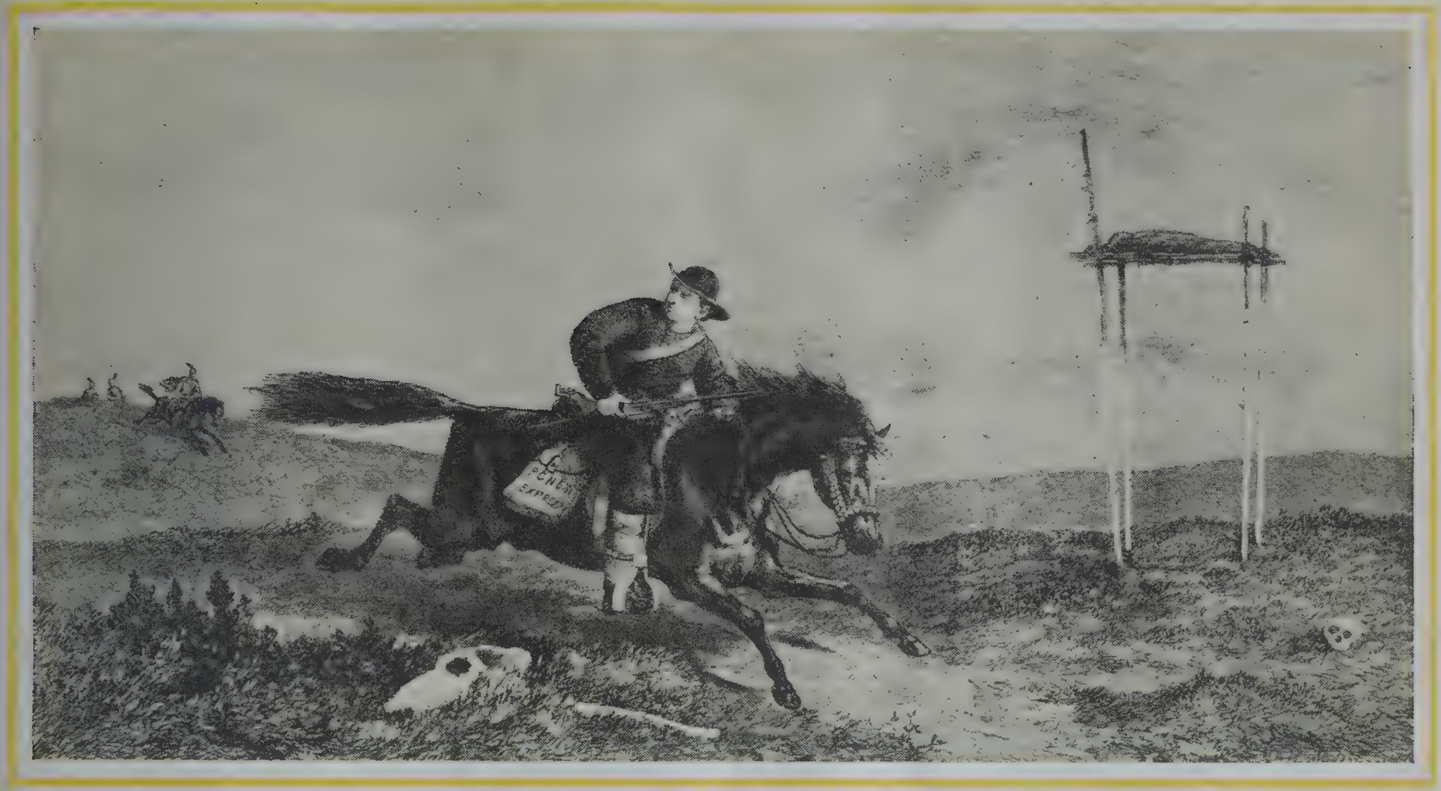
The old stagecoach, harnessed to six span of horses, dashing over the rough mountain roads; the hazardous rocking, the cracking whip, the interesting occupants, the friendships and flirtations, the holdups, the great old drivers with their long, courageous years on the box, the danger, the romance, the color of those early days will be interwoven, always, with the history and literature of California.

When today we see the old stagecoach reproduced on the screen, we do not realize the important part it played in Americanizing California. Among the many newcomers it brought over the mountains there grew a natural desire to get letters from home without so many weeks of delay. From this desire developed the famous Pony Express to carry letter mail only.

Just as the airplane mail does today, there was a simultaneous 'hop-off'—or 'hop-on'—east and west. The first rider started on his sturdy little Indian pony from St. Joseph, Missouri, and on the same day and hour the western rider started on his thousand-mile ride eastward. The ponies, ridden at full run, were changed every twenty-five miles, and the average distance of the rider was seventy-five miles a day. Buffalo Bill, replacing a messenger who had been



Military barracks of San Francisco in 1843.



—After an old drawing by G. H. Andrews.

The American Pony Express running through dangerous Indian territory on the route between St. Joseph, Missouri, and San Francisco, California.

killed by Indians, made 'the long trip of three hundred and eighty-five miles, stopping only for meals and a change of horses.' The rider, always alone, traveled day and night through storm and heat, Indians and wild beasts, beset by constant danger.

It was the Pony Express that brought the great news of Lincoln's election, and later, riding one thousand nine hundred and fifty miles, in one hundred and eighty-five hours, Lincoln's inaugural address.

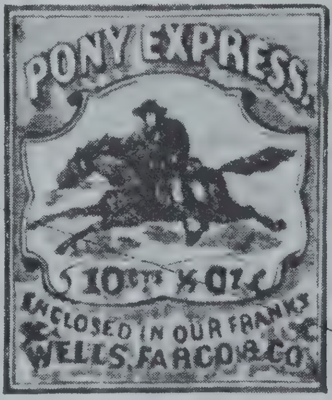
THE demand for news also hastened the completion of the telegraph line into San Francisco; and although the Government had, as early as 1853, surveyed three routes for a transcontinental railroad, the slavery question overshadowed every other issue, and nothing was done toward building.

John C. Fremont had laid out one of these routes to which objections were raised on the plea that 'only scientific men could determine the best ways and easiest passes.'

To this Senator Benton, his father-in-law, made a poetic reply:

> 'There is a class of scientific engineers older than the schools . . . they are the wild animals which traverse the forests, not by compass but by instinct which leads them always the right way to the lowest mountain passes . . . and the shortest route between two distant points. The hunter follows the same trail, after that it becomes the wagon-road of the immigrant, and lastly the railroad of the scientific man.'

Through the determined and courageous effort of Theodore D. Judah, a young engineer of San Francisco, Congress was made to realize that a railroad *could* be built over those long miles of rough mountains, and was made also to see the great need of binding the East and the West. Finally Congress made provision to build the road. In 1862 the bill passed both houses and was signed by Lincoln.


PONY EXPRESS.
10 CT ½ OZ
ENCLOSED IN OUR FRANKS
WELLS, FARGO & CO.

Pony Express stamp.

The Central Pacific Railroad was organized by four men and work began in Sacramento in 1863 to build east to meet the Union Pacific, which was then building west from Omaha.

The 'Big Four' were Leland Stanford, a young lawyer and grocer; Mark Hopkins and Colis P. Huntington, hardware merchants; and Charles Crocker, dry goods merchant. They were young men of small means and their undertaking was hazardous. But they had the vision of a great state and its needs—and, undoubtedly, their own future—and overcame obstacle after obstacle. Judah died shortly after the work began.

The 'Crocker Battalion'—Chinese Crocker had imported and formed into companies—under their able director, did the construction work. Rivalry between the two roads became intense as the distance decreased. Crocker established the record for railroad building when one April day, between daylight and dark, he laid ten miles and one hundred and eighty-five feet of track!

The historic rails were joined in Promontory, Nevada, on May 10, 1869, when, at each blow of the sledge hammer upon the last spike, reported by telegraph, corresponding blows were struck on the bell of the city hall in San Francisco.

The completion of the first transcontinental railroad was celebrated in every large city in the country. The rector of Trinity Church, Boston, called a midday service 'to thank God for the completion of the greatest work ever undertaken by men.'

Precursors of the modern hostelries of California grew from the influx of immigration when Spanish hospitality gave place to Yankee enterprise. The old Bella Union, on North Main Street, Los Angeles, was popular during the fifties. The roof caved in from heavy rains and in '59 it was improved and enlarged. The old 'dinner bell' was replaced by a shrill whistle on the roof, whose shriek always started a stampede along the street! Here, Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, was entertained in 1869 on his return from Alaska.

Opposite the plaza was the famous Pico House, elaborately furnished with 'bath and gas,' and was for years the most important hotel, entertaining many distinguished guests.

The first hotel in San Francisco, the City Hotel, was built in 1846. It was the great gambling headquarters 'where thousands of dollars were staked on a single card, and scenes such as never were before and never will again be witnessed, were exhibited in forty-nine and fifty.'

The St. Francis was erected in 1849 and was the fashionable house of the day where the élite boarded or congregated. It was the 'theater of many rare and amusing scenes.'

The Cliff House, built in 1863 at the entrance to the Golden Gate, was California's most famous hotel.

THE old Palace was the first large hotel. The Arlington in Santa Barbara, in 1875, was the social center of the state. The Raymond, in '80, took its imposing position in Pasadena, followed by the distinguished Hotel Coronado near San Diego, and the Del Monte near Monterey, set in its great and beautiful forest.

The first white man to look upon Tahoe, that wonderful 'Lake of the Skies,' was John C. Fremont, in February, 1844. His record reads:

> 'Accompanied by Mr. Preuss I ascended today the highest peak to the right from which we had a beautiful view of a mountain lake at our feet, about fifteen miles in length and so nearly surrounded by mountains that we could not discover an outlet.'

Fremont named his discovery Lake Bonpland for a noted French botanist in his expedition. In 1863 this name was changed to Lake Bigler for a California governor of no distinction. William Henry Knight gave this lake its real name.

Mr. Knight was preparing a map for the Bancroft Publishing Company. He asked the editors of several important newspapers to a 'renaming meeting.' Tahoe, the Indian name, meaning 'water in a high place,' was the name decided upon, written into the map and supported by these papers.

—Brown Brothers.

Along the shore of Lake Tahoe, on the California side.

The members of the Mariposa Battalion, formed to put down Indian uprisings, were the first white people to enter the Yosemite Valley, March 25, 1851. This unsurpassably beautiful valley was the stronghold of the Yosemites, the last Indians brave enough to hold out against the Americans. They spoke of it as a 'Valley of Demons.'

To Dr. Bunnell, one of the company who, years before, had been impressed by the mysterious cliffs of great old El Capitan at a distance, it 'seemed a fit abode for the Angels of Light.' So deeply moved was he by the majestic beauty that, although he had suffered heavy losses by the Indians, his feelings of hostility against them ceased and he writes, 'The natural right of the Indians to their inheritance forced itself upon my mind.'

So uplifted was he that the rude jests of the men jarred upon him in so sacred a spot. We may easily imagine that his exaltation was impressed upon his hearers as they sat around the camp fire that night discussing a name for the valley. 'Yosemite' (meaning Grizzly Bear), named for the tribe which occupied it, was the inspirational choice of Dr. Bunnell.

The Big Trees, *Sequoia gigantea*, in the moist days of gigantic vegetation and animals, must have covered a large portion of the earth. Those in California escaped the ice age and so remain 'the oldest living things in the world'—old when Egypt was at the height of her glory.

The Giants of the Calaveras Grove were discovered in 1853 by A. T. Doud, a hunter, who was following a wounded bear. His story of their great size was so unbelievable that he was obliged to resort to subterfuge to lure his companions to see the trees for themselves.

The old Spanish dons, with all their picturesque life on the great ranchos—men of education, after a fashion—allowed their children one long, untutored holiday. In 1794 a governor from Spain, Diego de Borica, was so astonished at the ignorance of the people that he ordered the opening of schools. The first one was started in a granary in San Jose in 1794 with a retired army sergeant for the teacher.

The first American school began in Santa Clara in charge of a woman teacher, followed by another in San Francisco in 1848. During that famous first legislative convention in 1849, certain revenues were provided for a state university, which was granted a charter in 1868, and established in Berkeley.

THE first free kindergartens were started in San Francisco on 'Tar-Flats' to teach those lowly children a better way of living, the results of which made a wonderful improvement among them. The teacher was a young and pretty woman adored by all, known in later years for her delightful books and splendid womanhood—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

The tremendous grain and fruit industry of California, like many of the developments of this wonderful state, had small beginnings. On the *Don Carlos* in 1769, came the first seed wheat which was carefully planted, but the first crops were lost owing to both droughts and floods. The padres brought with them corn, the orange, lemon, citron, grapes, olives, figs.

Nearly all the missions had orchards and gardens, the largest being at San Gabriel near Los Angeles. The padres preserved fruits, made raisins, wine and brandy. In 1815 the missions raised enough grain to supply the whole population. After they were secularized, agriculture declined, so that when the gold rush brought unexpected thousands into the country, there was not grain and flour enough to meet the demand.

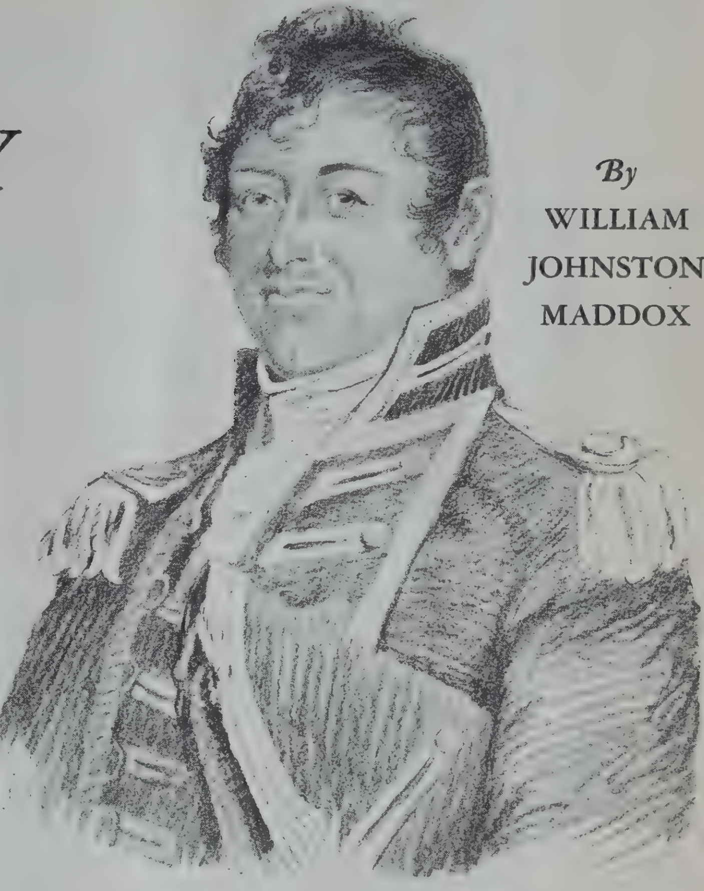
Many of the gold seekers had been farmers, and many who had been unsuccessful in the mines, and those who heard the call of the land, turned to grain, the orange and the lemon, and were amazed at the fertility of the soil.

When the Americans took up the pursuit of agriculture and fruit-raising, California laid the foundations of its permanent and substantial development. The greatest one factor in the great stride ahead was due, in all probability, to the Washington navel orange.

STORIES *the Old* LOG BOOKS *Tell*

A FAMOUS THREE-DAY CHASE

By
WILLIAM
JOHNSTON
MADDOX



Captain Isaac Hull of the U. S. Frigate Constitution.

CONSTITUTION luck.' It used to be a byword in the old Navy. Maybe there's something in it after all. The stanch old frigate is still above water, kicking her heels in a dock especially reserved for her at Charleston Navy Yard, and sniffing the salt wind that strays into Boston Harbor. Haughty dreadnoughts and lean, eager destroyers of our new Navy come and go. They bob respectfully. She is still the grand old ship of the American Navy, one of its cherished traditions.

Once, when she had outlived her usefulness, they were about to scrap her. But her luck held good. A poem that raised a storm of protest throughout the country saved her for a pampered old age. 'Ay, tear her tattered ensign down'—every schoolboy knows about Oliver Wendell Holmes and *Old Ironsides.*

In her youth she was a marked ship. Many a British officer put to sea dreaming of sailing her into Halifax or Liverpool as a prize. But none ever did, although one came very near doing it. He had a prize crew all picked, reserving the honor of commanding it himself. All he got was the chagrin of being worsted in a sea chase that has become famous in naval history. For three days and three nights, in what was practically a dead calm, seven British men-of-war taxed their resourcefulness to overhaul a lone American frigate, which in turn by brilliant seamanship sought to escape. We are so apt to picture these men as stilted old dignities, for such their portraits often make them out to be, but '*Constitution* luck' was possible in having on her quarter deck such a skilful seaman as Isaac Hull, then hardly turned thirty-six.

From the moment she was launched—October 21, 1797—at Edmund Hartt's shipyard, Boston, the *Constitution* was a subject of keen interest here and abroad. She was a wide departure from the types of frigate built in Europe. The British heaped ridicule upon her. She was too light in construction and too heavily armed. But before long they began building their frigates along the same lines. Her designer, Joshua Humphreys, the Philadelphia Quaker who was read out of meeting for having a hand in such devil's work, had a vision of our modern battle cruiser. No less a person than Paul Revere made her bolts and spikes, drawn from malleable copper by a process then new. Mrs. Ross of Philadelphia made her ensigns, consisting of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes, her jacks, pennants, and signals. Her sails were so large that there was only one loft in Boston large enough for their manufacture, the old Granary Building, where Park Street Church now stands.

Early in his career, Hull had displayed exceptional ability in seamanship. In 1799, Hull was serving as a lieutenant under Commodore Silas Talbot aboard the *Constitution*, cruising in the French West Indies. The captain of a British frigate fresh from Madeira challenged Talbot to a race for a cask of wine. Talbot accepted and turned the handling of the ship over to Hull, a youngster of twenty-three. The race started at sunrise. By sundown, only the masts and sails of the Englishman were visible above the horizon, and the British captain cheerfully sent aboard the cask of Madeira.

Hull had just returned from a mission to Europe with the *Constitution* in 1812 when the United States declared war on England, June 18. Putting into the Chesapeake, he shipped a new crew hastily at Annapolis and put to sea, passing through the capes July 12. Morris, his first lieutenant, only joined the ship a fortnight before she sailed, and the last draft of a hundred men just came aboard the night of the eleventh.

Hull stood to the northward, and the seventeenth found her under easy canvas just out of sight of land off Egg Harbor, New Jersey. There was a light breeze from the northeast. At two in the afternoon four sail were sighted to the northward. Hull thought they were part of Commodore Rodgers' squadron, which had recently put out of New York. He made sail, however, cautiously. At four a fifth sail was discovered to the northward and eastward.

The wind by now had become very light, but it was favorable for the fifth ship to close with the *Constitution.* When she had come to within a league, however, what little wind there was died away altogether, leaving the sails of both ships limp. Before long it returned light, but from the southward this time, giving the American ship the advantage of being to windward.

Hull now brought his ship round with her head to the eastward and cleared for action, intending to speak the stranger, which was now easily distinguished as a man-of-war.

Night settled on the water with the ships closing slowly. At ten o'clock Hull shortened sail and showed the private signal of the day on a chance that she was an American. Getting no answer, however, he shrewdly concluded that she was British and made sail again. All through the night he watched the strangers flashing signals back and forth among themselves. Just as the morning watch was called on the *Constitution*, the nearest ship threw up a rocket and fired two guns.

DAYBREAK showed Hull the predicament he was in. On his lee quarter were two frigates, astern were a ship of the line, two more frigates, a brig, and a schooner. At their peaks fluttered the English colors. It was the squadron of Commodore Sir Philip Vere Broke, consisting of the *Africa*, a ship of the line rated at sixty-four guns; the *Shannon* thirty-eight guns; the *Guerriere* thirty-eight guns; the *Belvidera* thirty-six guns; and the *Aeolus* thirty-two guns. The brig was the *Nautilus*, the famous old American ship that they had captured and was now doing duty with the British Navy. The schooner was a prize.

They had been gradually closing in, and had come to just out of gunshot.

The very light wind that had continued through the night from the southward and westward now died out entirely. With all her sails set the *Constitution* hardly had steerageway. Hull ordered out the boats to pull the ship's head around and by towing keep her out of reach of the British guns.

At the same time, he whipped up one of the gun-deck guns to the spar deck and ran it out aft as a stern chaser. A long eighteen from the forecastle was brought for the same purpose. Having chopped away some of the timbers about the cabin windows he mounted two stern guns there.

By six o'clock the ship's head had been brought around to the southward, and all light sails that would draw were set to catch the whiffs of air that came mostly from the westward.

The English were quick to pick up Hull's expedient and hoisted over their boats. The advantages in this method were somewhat divided. In some ways Hull had the better of it. His boats were farther from the enemy and protected by the hull of the *Constitution*. The British rowers were exposed and would be the first to come within gun range.

On the other hand, the British were able to concentrate the efforts of several crews on one ship in towing. And this was what they did. The *Shannon*, Broke's flagship, was closing in slowly. She tried a shot or two with her bow guns, but found she was still beyond range.

Hull, however, had to find some new means.

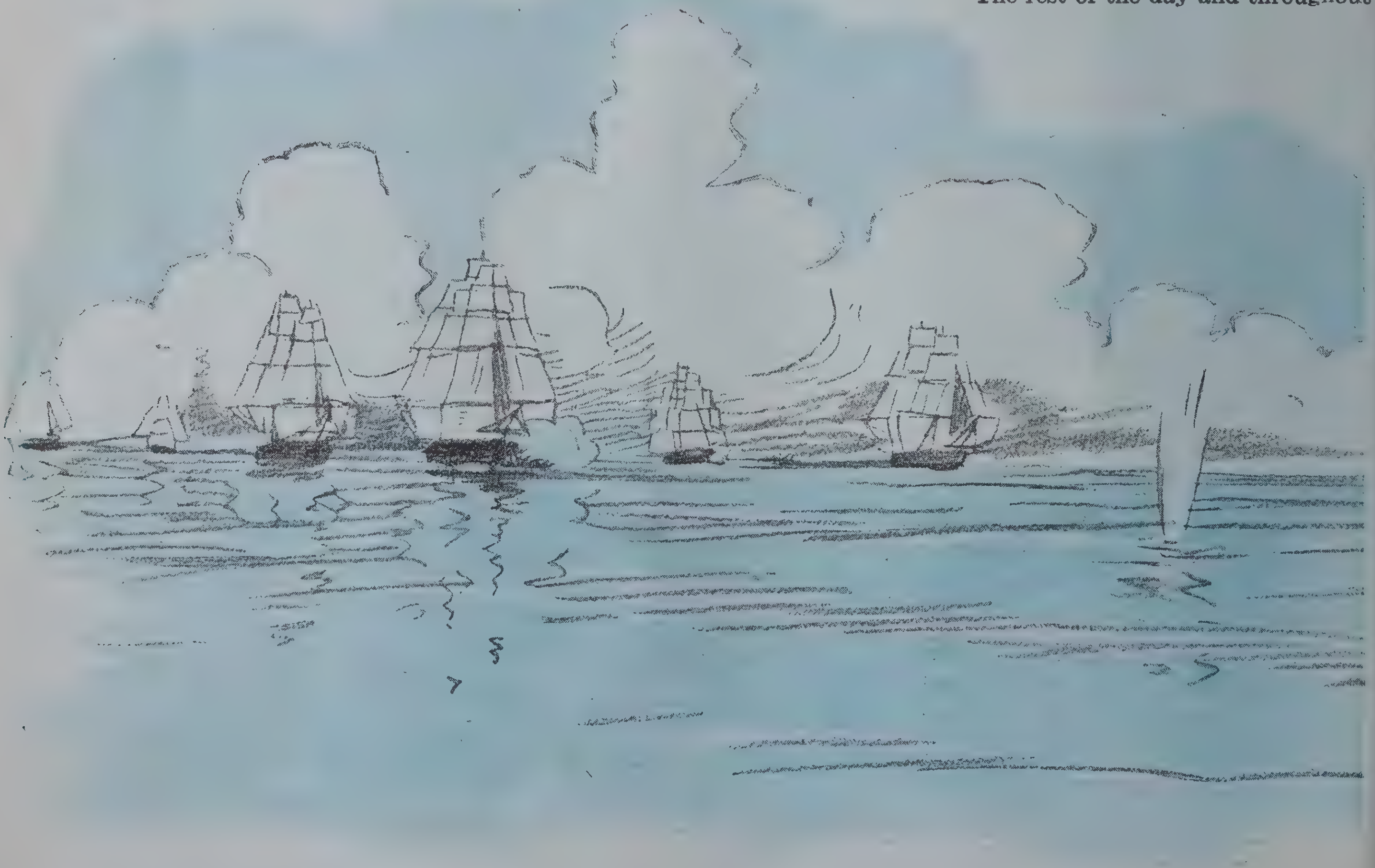
It had been an old custom in the American Navy to warp its ships through tight channels by means of light anchors, or kedges, carried to some distance ahead of a vessel and dropped. Then instead of pulling in the anchor the ship was pulled up to it. As high as three knots an hour could be made in this way.

Hull gives credit for the suggestion to his first lieutenant, Morris. All spare hawsers and ropes were gathered up and the crew soon had a mile of it spliced. Soundings showed twenty-six fathoms. A kedge was soon over the side and a boat speeding ahead as the mile of rope was payed out. Soon another kedge was put into use. As soon as one was tripped the other was ready to be hauled upon. At the same time a light breeze sprang up. The *Constitution* began to walk away from her pursuers. Hull now for the first time hoisted his colors and fired a gun at the *Shannon*, the nearest of the enemy.

BEFORE long the British discovered the secret and speedily fell to kedging also. Soon it was calm again, and more towing and kedging were necessary. The *Shannon*, however, hung on doggedly and was gaining quite rapidly. The *Guerriere* was almost as near on the other quarter. It was one of the most critical moments of the chase. It looked as though Hull would have to fight within an hour.

Suddenly, a few minutes after nine o'clock, a light breeze came to his rescue, bringing the *Constitution* to windward. The able way Hull improved this advantage brought forth the admiration of his pursuers. The towers were picked up on the run. An hour later the wind died, however. Hull sent overboard about twenty-four hundred gallons of water to lighten the ship.

The rest of the day and throughout



the night the chase continued with short respites for the people of the *Constitution* who remained at their quarters. Now and then a little breeze would spring up and the men in the boats would swing aboard and throw themselves down on the deck for a nap. Some even flopped across the guns and went to sleep. All cheerfully responded for duty, nevertheless, when called. Hull in his official reports praised their fine spirit and readiness.

Hull himself displayed his exceptional seamanship throughout this trying time in the manner in which he was quick to see his opportunities and take advantage of them. He squeezed the last drop of force out of every breeze that came along.

Morning found three of the enemy's frigates within long gunshot on the lee quarter, and the other about the same distance away on the lee beam. The *Africa*, the slow, heavy ship of the line, and the prizes were much farther to leeward.

A mild wind that hardly ruffled the water had come up. Kedging and towing had been dispensed with, and the boats taken in, either aboard ship or swung from the davits. All five frigates were on the same tack, clouds of snowy canvas from their trucks to the water. With half a chance, the *Constitution* would have got away. The foremost ship had dropped to about two and a half miles in her wake, when at noon the wind fell. Here Hull showed his remarkable seamanship in handling the ship on little wind, for by four o'clock he had added another mile and a half to his lead on the *Belvidera*, the nearest ship. But this was far from effectually shaking off the pursuers.

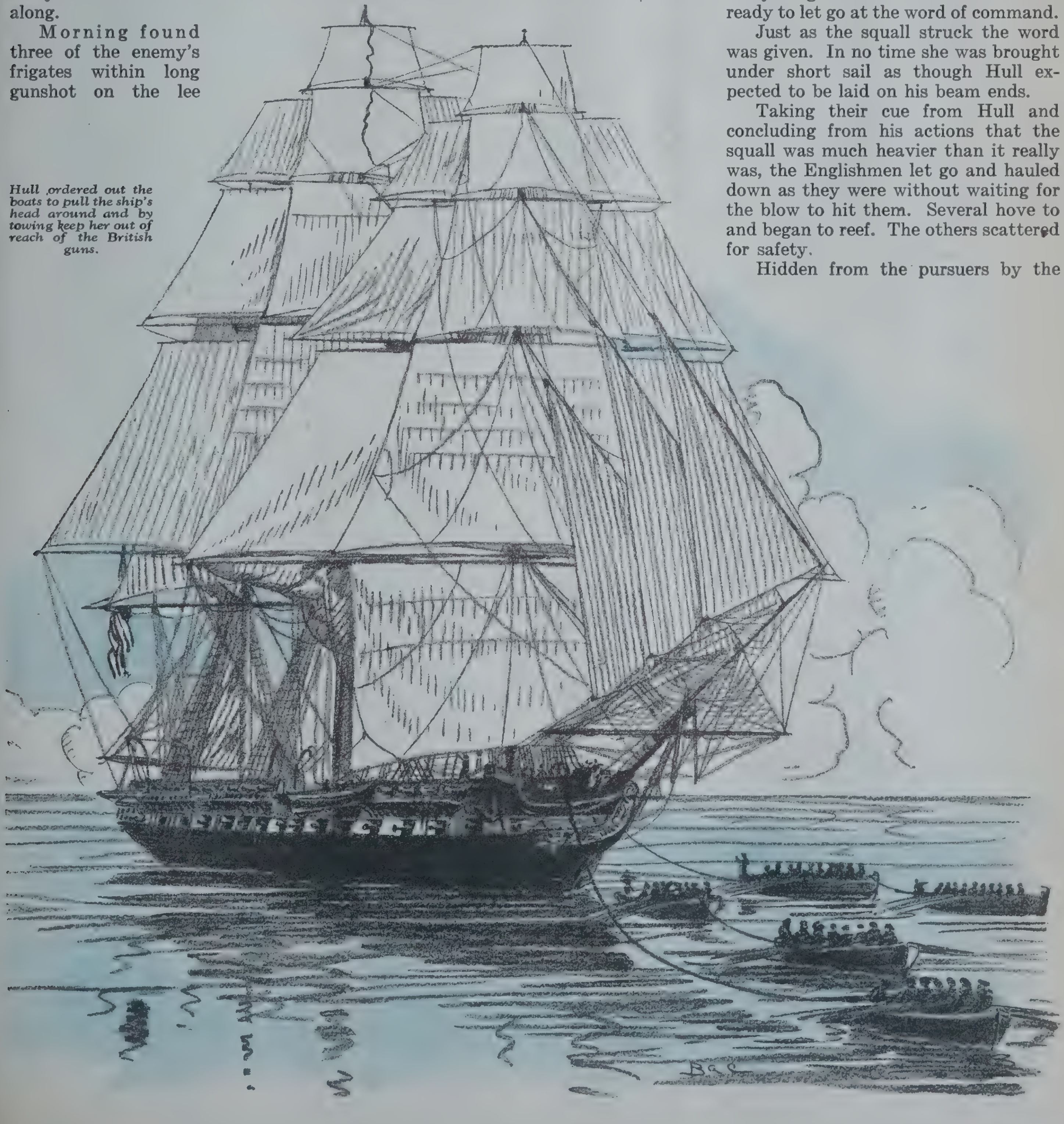
It remained for Hull to make good his escape only by a masterful piece of strategy.

About sunset, dark, ominous clouds came up to windward and rapidly advanced upon the *Constitution* with all the appearance of a heavy squall. Hull made out a heavy rain—and his plan was quickly formed. The crew were hurried to their stations, the top men springing aloft. The *Constitution* pounded ahead under full sail but everything was loosened and held ready to let go at the word of command.

Just as the squall struck the word was given. In no time she was brought under short sail as though Hull expected to be laid on his beam ends.

Taking their cue from Hull and concluding from his actions that the squall was much heavier than it really was, the Englishmen let go and hauled down as they were without waiting for the blow to hit them. Several hove to and began to reef. The others scattered for safety.

Hidden from the pursuers by the



Hull ordered out the boats to pull the ship's head around and by towing keep her out of reach of the British guns.

rain, Hull quickly sheeted home, hoisted his fore and main topgallant sails, and with the water dashing high about him thundered along at a gait of eleven knots.

For nearly an hour the wind held strong, and then disappeared to leeward. All eyes were fixed eagerly astern as the squall retreated, and a great cheer broke from the officers and men as the Englishmen at last became visible. The *Africa* was barely to be seen. In a few more moments only the sails of the frigates were visible above the horizon.

But the English held to the chase through the night. Daybreak showed them farther astern. Shortly after eight o'clock they acknowledged defeat and hauled to the northward and eastward. But the *Constitution* continued on under full sail.

An American officer, prisoner aboard one of the British ships, watched the chase and later told of the high admiration expressed by the English officers. They looked for Hull to resort to the usual methods of lightening his ship by throwing overboard guns and anchors and such. All that went was the quantity of fresh water. This really only brought him even with the English who were some time out of port, while Hull had been out only a short time. As a matter of fact some of the English ships had abandoned their boats and had to recover them after the chase.

THE escape was a keen disappointment to the English. Broke had picked the crew to sail the prize into Halifax, reserving for himself the honor of commanding it. In the *Shannon's* log for July 18 is this entry:

'At dawn an American frigate within four miles of the squadron. Had a most fatiguing and anxious chase; both towing and kedging, as opportunity offered. American exchanged a few shots with *Belvidera*—carried near enemy by partial breeze. Cut our boats adrift, but all in vain; the *Constitution* sailed well and escaped.'

The following Sunday Hull put into Boston for a fresh supply of water. He was given an ovation that led him to insert the following card on the books of the Exchange Coffee House:

'Captain Hull, finding that his friends in Boston are correctly informed of his situation when chased by the British squadron off New York, and that they are good enough to give him more credit for having escaped it than he ought to claim, takes this opportunity of requesting them to transfer their good wishes to Lieutenant Morris and the other brave officers, and the crew under his command, for their very great exertions and prompt attention to his orders while the enemy were in chase. Captain Hull has great pleasure in saying that, notwithstanding the length of the chase, and the officers and crew being deprived of sleep, and allowed but little refreshment during the time, not a murmur was heard to escape them.'

Before long Hull was to encounter one of the ships—the *Guerriere*—under more favorable circumstances and give her such a drubbing as to cause a furor in England. The first real action of the war!

Folk of the Valley

(*Continued from page 3*)

go down richly wooded valleys which wind among hills of pleasant outline. You catch glimpses of country homes with flower gardens of extraordinary richness of hue. There are orchards thickly hung with ripening fruit. There are vineyards. There are places of homely comfort, trees thick with bloom, birds that dart and poise, poultry yards alive and noisy, sheep, cattle, horses, tobacco fields. There are quaint covered bridges as well kept as when they were first built before the Civil War. Suddenly, at a turn of the road you catch a sight of Ripley nestled among magnificent trees.

I remember it as a place where I became the guest of a dozen friendly men who were members of the strangest society I had ever known—an organization without officers, without rules or regulations, without purpose other than to be friendly. They met once a month and discussed anything and everything with wonderful zest, thinking aloud; and they struck me as being a fine, generous, noble-minded set of men. Some of their memories stretched far back, for the town is one of the oldest in the state and was at one time the second-largest meat-producing and -shipping river port in the country.

I heard the men tell of the town's associations—how U. S. Grant lived there when a boy, attending school—how William Henry Harrison made it an important point during his whirlwind campaign—how Rutherford B. Hayes rusticated there after some state activity—how James A. Garfield's friends, the Bairds and the Liggetts and the Stivers, entertained him—how William McKinley landed there from a river steamer and met with the former members of the club I have written of—how General John Morgan, the daring Confederate raider, was interested in it—how Harriet Beecher Stowe made it the scene of Eliza's crossing of the ice.

Old Captain Kirker was full of interest concerning river matters, and naturally so, for he had been a Mississippi pilot, the companion of Horace Bixby and of Mark Twain. To him, slighting the river and its scenes was equal to traveling Ohio with bandaged eyes. 'Talk about characteristic Ohio,' he said to me. 'Come and see the river first.' So he led the way down town, and pointed out, as we went, a dark streak on the houses. It was the mark of an April flood, and it was easy to see that where the streets were low people could have stepped out of their upper windows into boats.

As we arrived at the river bank this is what we saw. First, like a gray plume, beyond the point, a smoke cloud. Then rounding the point came a gallant end-wheel steamer swimming with placid dignity. As it sighted the town there came from it a deep bellow; at the noise townspeople came, not hurrying, but leisurely, in a way that showed the meeting of the packet to be part of their ordinary life.

So I, mistaken, said something about there being a large crowd about to travel. 'There's only one passenger,' said the captain, hearing which I was disappointed, thinking that so lordly a ship would never put in for one solitary human being, and he only bound for Maysville, ten miles away. But I had not taken account of the old-time leisureliness of the riverside folk, for a river packet will stop for one as readily as for a hundred. And sure enough, there was the *River Queen* heading in, a glory of paint and bell-ringing and mighty snorting and gleaming brass and foaming waters, her gangway suspended like some ancient drawbridge. So I saw everything I had hoped to see—the Negro deckhands, the stacked cotton bales, the profane stevedore and his men, the Southern gentlemen who I had thought were fiction, the steward's boy showing off, the men of the wharf boat during their only busy hour throughout a day.

Later there were other sights, one most rare, a real show boat with stage and auditorium and steam calliope and brass band parade—also the promise of wonders hinted at by a gentleman in top hat and knee boots, who seemed to take a positive pleasure in his profession.

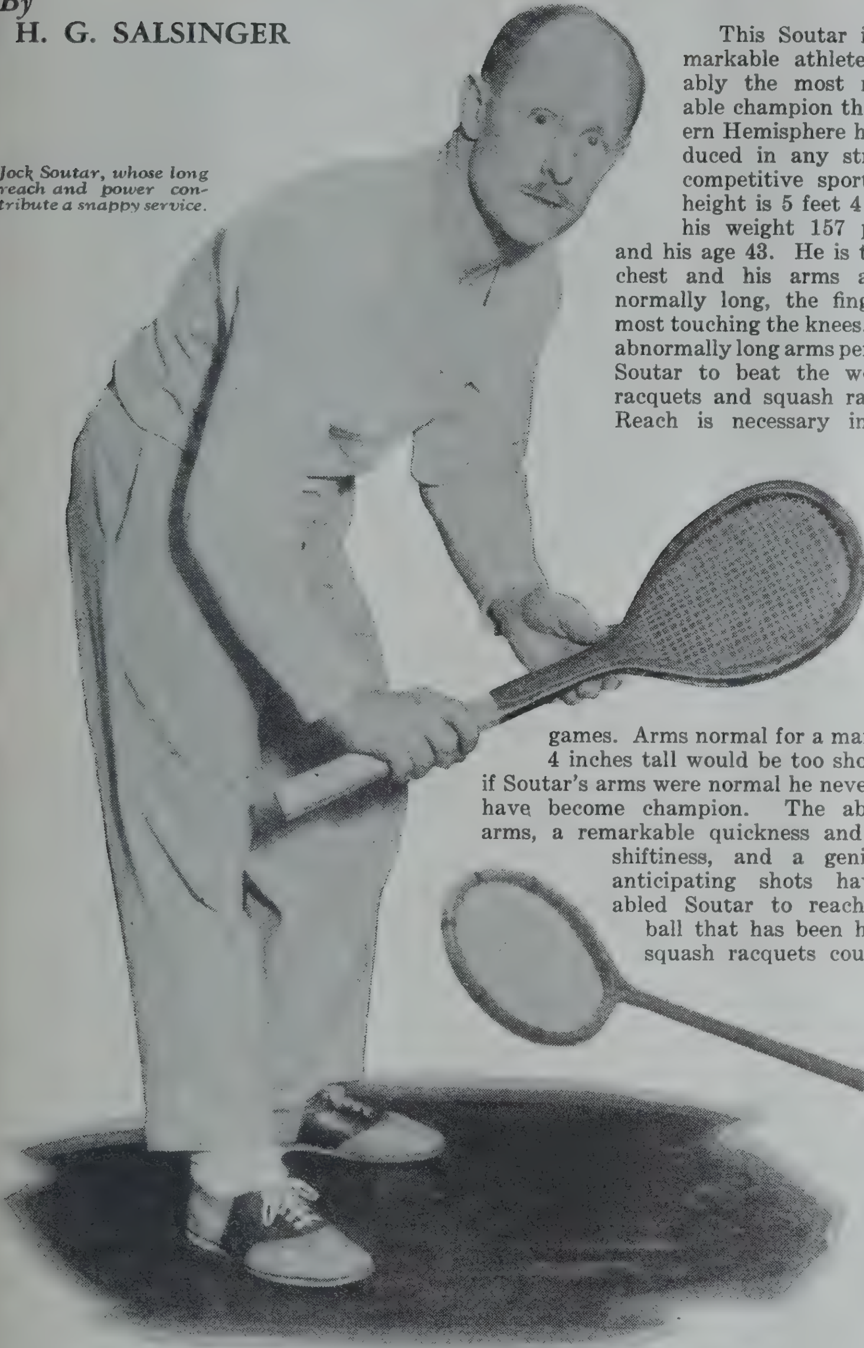
We paid out two bits apiece and witnessed the dramatic performance of *Mildred of Milan, or The Maiden Martyr*. And what though the scenery of Milan bore a resemblance to the outside of a small town drug store while an anachronistic advertisement informed us throughout the evening that the local bank was safe and sound and had a capital of $30,000! What though the orchestra had no more than four tunes in its repertoire! Mildred, who chewed gum, suffered unheard-of trials and temptations; and her only friend on earth was a funny man with a high sense of honor. While it was abundantly clear to everyone except those on the boards that Mildred's veins held aristocratic blood, yet because the Count, who had villain writ large on him, had during Mildred's infancy intercepted a letter containing a marriage certificate, things were going badly for the girl; yet at any time a word spoken by a dull-witted grandfather would have cleared up the wholesale misunderstanding.

However, in the end, when Mildred was fast bound to a log on its way to the sawmill that stands in Milan's environs and is run by an honest New Englander, and as the villain Count in his utter fiendishness waved the missing document before the girl's eyes to make her last moment gall-bitter, the funny man, in an ecstasy of unexpected recklessness and with a violence that can hardly be imagined, broke through a wall, dragging a 16th Century halberdier with him, and so tore Truth from the scaffold. For the halberdier, who seemed to be endowed with unusual powers of life and death, condemned the Count to death. Then a white-haired preacher happened to appear who was evidently bent on buying lumber; so Mildred and the funny man were then and there united in the bonds of holy matrimony with the Milanese New Englander for witness. Then we all went ashore to the tune of 'Dixie' played on the steam calliope by a musician whose knowledge of both the tune and his instrument was rudimentary.

After supper the good people of the little town sat on the river bank, under the trees, on benches and on stone seats. And the breeze was cool that came through the gates of the evening. It was pleasant, and I was glad and grateful to be there. The peace of the place was like a cup of cool water to a thirsty man.

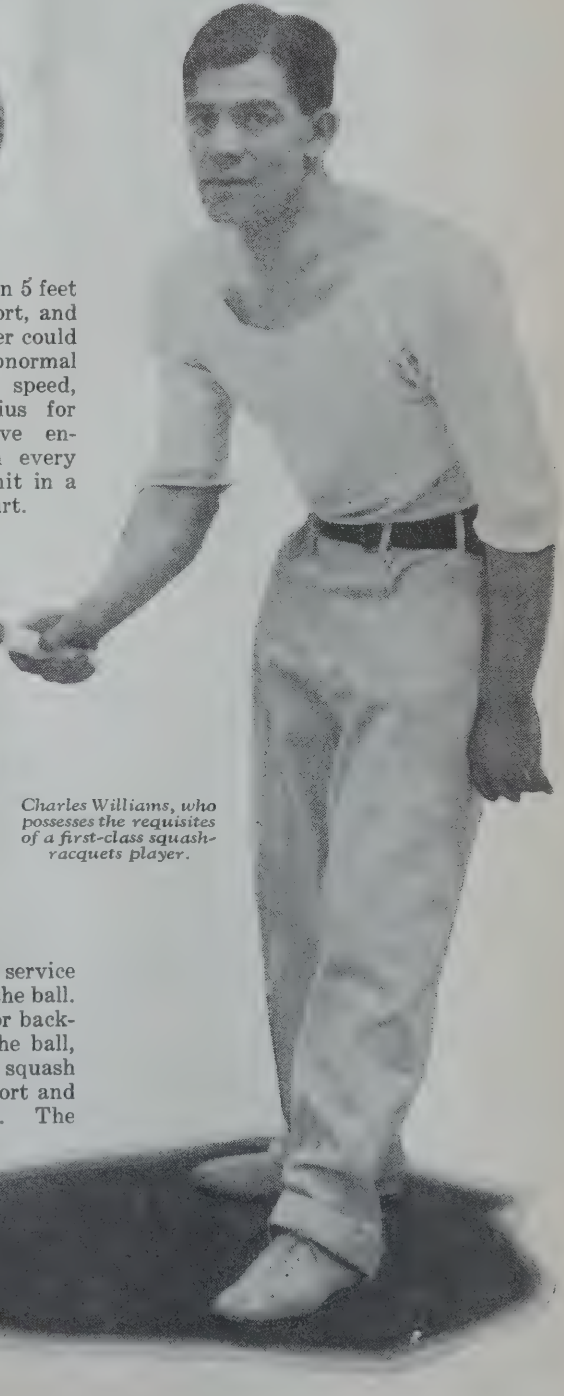
The Long Road to the Top

By
H. G. SALSINGER



Jock Soutar, whose long reach and power contribute a snappy service.

This Soutar is a remarkable athlete, probably the most remarkable champion the Western Hemisphere has produced in any strenuous competitive sport. His height is 5 feet 4 inches, his weight 157 pounds, and his age 43. He is thick of chest and his arms are abnormally long, the fingers almost touching the knees. These abnormally long arms permitted Soutar to beat the world at racquets and squash racquets. Reach is necessary in these games. Arms normal for a man 5 feet 4 inches tall would be too short, and if Soutar's arms were normal he never could have become champion. The abnormal arms, a remarkable quickness and speed, shiftiness, and a genius for anticipating shots have enabled Soutar to reach every ball that has been hit in a squash racquets court.



Charles Williams, who possesses the requisites of a first-class squash-racquets player.

IN TENNIS, polo, racquets and squash racquets they tell you that the wallop has its place but should never predominate. They explain to you in a plausible way how a man who depends chiefly upon the wallop can never enter the championship ranks. Jock Soutar is the exception that proves the rule.

Soutar has been champion of champions at racquets and squash racquets, pounding his way to the heights over amateurs and professionals. At court tennis, a game that he also plays, in which pounding can in no way give the player an advantage, he has held only the professional title. Jay Gould, a master of form, successfully defended the title in a number of matches with Soutar.

In racquets Soutar has a dazzling service because of the power he gets behind the ball. When he is driving either forehand or backhand he manages to get a cut on the ball, something that cannot be done in squash racquets because the court is too short and the ball is not driven far enough. The length of the racquets court makes the service of great importance. In squash racquets the service lacks this importance.

Soutar is the hardest smasher that the indoor racquets sports have developed. But, Soutar also has a soft style. He makes the smashing game count by changing his pace, by mixing his shots. Soutar can tap as well as smash, he can caress a ball as well as pound it. His 'roundhouse' game is beautiful to watch, as dazzling and spectacular as it is skilful.

Soutar has perfected every shot in squash racquets. There is nothing that can be done at this game that he cannot do and nothing that he does not do. His opponents cannot overcome his smashing tactics with soft returns, for Soutar is too fast and quick. He has perfect deception and court generalship. He has an uncanny anticipation of shots. This he seems to accomplish by instinct as much as by sight. He is never too far away from the ball to hit it and he nearly always drives low, smashing the ball a few inches above the telltale. His game is rounded and finished. He is equally effective, forehand and backhand. His reach is astonishing. He seems to throw his bat at the ball. He apparently does nothing more than flick the ball on most of his shots, but he always has direction. The bat rarely travels more than a few inches before meeting the ball, but he has the same judgment of distance and timing that marks William T. Tilden's cannon ball service. Soutar, like Tilden, mastered the trick of getting his full weight behind the ball at the exact instant when the face of the bat meets the ball, using a perfect follow through.

There are two types of racquet players. Peter Latham, considered to have been the best of the champions before Soutar gained the title, represented one type and Soutar another. Ten years ago, when Latham ruled the field, the style called for science and form. Latham had perfection of form.

Soutar is strictly the smashing type. He has science and good form, but he counts mostly on speed. Latham could never cut a ball the way Soutar does, because Latham lacked Soutar's speed. Latham did not keep the ball low to the tin in the way Soutar does, for a higher drive was the custom.

Undoubtedly Soutar could beat Latham if they met today, Soutar in his present form and Latham as good as he was at his best. A faster ball, a faster court, and tighter-strung racquets are used now; and Soutar's style fits perfectly into the present conditions. Soutar's speed would dazzle Latham and Soutar's low-driving would kill Latham's high-hitting style.

It has been the custom in racquets to give the title to the runner-up in the last championship match in the event of a champion's retiring. Peter Latham still held the world championship when he retired. The title was handed to Gilbert Brown, the last challenger for Latham's crown. Meet Jamsetjee, the brilliant Indian from Bombay, challenged Brown and defeated him. Williams challenged Jamsetjee and won the title from him, and then Soutar challenged Williams and beat him. Immediately after becoming the holder of the world title Soutar began coaching Williams so Williams could win it back.

Despite Soutar's record in racquets and squash racquets, he has never been able to obtain complete mastery over court tennis. Jay Gould has remained in his way. Mr. Gould has perfect form, and form is the most important thing in court tennis. No man, amateur or professional, can approach him in this respect. The game is not strenuous and Mr. Gould, weighing 202 pounds when in top condition, manages it extraordinarily well.

To succeed at either racquets or squash racquets one must perfect strokes and to perfect these strokes requires endless and monotonous toil. Soutar practised five hours a day for days and weeks and months, trying to perfect a single stroke. He continued practising each stroke until he mastered it. He practised and played for more than twenty years before he was considered of championship caliber. Today he has no rival at squash racquets and only one at racquets. It was a long and weary road to the top, but all the roads that lead to championships are long and weary.

The Coöperative Wholesale Society

An English Institution

By W. P. CROZIER

IN THE United Kingdom is a body called the Coöperative Union, which includes virtually all the coöperative societies of the country. Most of its member societies are distributive organizations whose main object is to obtain and distribute to their members the principal articles of consumption at the lowest possible price, eliminating the profits which, in the normal process from producer to consumer, add so largely to the cost of the article consumed. Its sales as far back as 1918 amounted to almost $1,000,000,000.

A purely distributive society cannot eliminate all the profits which go into private pockets between producer and consumer. It cannot eliminate the producer's or the manufacturer's profits, nor can it avoid those of the wholesaler, especially if various distributive societies come into the market competing against one another. The first step is for the retail distributive societies to unite for wholesale purchases, in order to buy in the cheapest and best markets; the second step is for them to undertake the work themselves of producing and manufacturing what they want. This is the origin and the double function of the Coöperative Wholesale Society. It is the individual coöperative consumer buying wholesale and producing for himself.

THE Coöperative Wholesale Society makes a profit which goes back, not to individuals, but to the societies which form the union and hold shares in it according to their own numerical membership. These societies in turn may use the dividend from the Coöperative Wholesale Society either to lower the price of the goods which they sell or to increase the 'divvy' which they themselves pay to their members.

It must not be supposed that the retail societies make it their careful object to sell everything cheaper across the counter to their members than the private trader does. The coöperative member does get his goods cheaper, but it is mainly through the divvy, which is a varying number of pence on every pound sterling of goods purchased, a careful tally of all purchases being kept by means of metal checks or in other ways.

The consumer is much attached to this method of the divvy, by which he seems to be receiving something more tangible than he would if he were only to get his goods a little cheaper. Hence the pleasant story of the township on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire where the inhabitants are said to sleep in their clogs (metal-pointed shoes) in order to wear out the sheets and so, through fresh purchases, to 'keep up the divvy' at the local 'coöp' store.

Though it was in 1864 that the Coöperative Wholesale Society was founded, the coöperative movement in England had been gathering force since the early thirties. In those early days the principal motive power came from Rochdale, a town of racy, characterful people on the southern slopes of the Pennine Chain. The flannel weavers of Rochdale founded a society in 1830 to supply flannels to distributive societies. In 1832 they formally advocated 'the establishment of a Coöperative Woollen Manufactory; as the Huddersfield cloth, Halifax and Bradford stuff, Leicester and Loughborough stockings, and Rochdale flannels required in several respects similar machinery and processes of manufacture, they thought that Societies in these towns might unite together and manufacture with advantages not obtainable by separate establishments.'

IN 1844, the famous—at least in the coöperative movement and in England—Twenty-Eight Equitable Pioneers founded the Toad Lane Store in Rochdale, the first of its kind and the germ of a gigantic organization. The original finances of this store consisted in the subscriptions of its members, which amounted to twopence a week for each member, although in Holyoake's statement of accounts for 1844 appears the statement 'Members 28, Funds $140,' which suggests either that some of the Pioneers supplemented their twopence or that (more probably) new members speedily joined the store. As an historical curiosity I append the following particulars of the first six years of the Pioneer store:

Year	*Members*	*Funds*	*Business*	*Profits*
1844	28	$ 140	$	$ ....
1845	74	905	3,550	110
1846	80	1,260	5,730	400
1847	110	1,430	9,620	360
1848	149	1,985	11,380	585
1849	390	5,965	33,055	2,805

It was in Rochdale also that the idea of the Coöperative Wholesale Society originated. I have already mentioned that the Rochdale weavers had suggested a coöperative manufactory as far back as 1832. The idea was always simmering in men's minds, but probably owing to the difficulty of finding the initial capital, it came to nothing for over thirty years. There were brisk meetings to discuss the wholesale idea at this time at a place called Jumbo Farm, near Oldham. These meetings were called by the farmer, a keen coöperator, who 'had observed in the Shudehill Market, Manchester, that it was great stupidity for five or six buyers of coöperative stores to meet there and buy against each other and put up prices,' and had 'invited a number of them and others to meet at Jumbo Farm on Sundays and discuss the Wholesale idea.'

At last in the early sixties Abraham Greenwood of Rochdale propounded a practicable plan by which the Coöperative Wholesale Society sprang into being on the basis of a subscription for expenses of one farthing from each member—the 'Farthing Federation,' as it has been called.

Capital for the organization was supplied by the retail societies' taking up $25 shares, in the proportion of one for every ten of their members, afterward altered to a $5 share for every member. Scotland followed the example of England, founding a similar society with headquarters in Glasgow. Both have grown largely since then.

—Ewing Galloway Photos.
Looking down on Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts, from the chapel tower.

THREE OLD COLLEGES

By PAUL BOWERMAN

AMONG the many higher institutions of learning in New England are three old colleges that have clung to their original purpose, resisting the not infrequent efforts which have been made to induce them to conform to the university idea. Williams and Amherst have long been linked in popular association as representing the ideal of the small college. Similar in spirit and aim, almost identical in size, rivals in athletics, the two schools resemble each other in almost every particular. Farther north, in New Hampshire, Dartmouth is a singularly successful experiment in education.

Although Dartmouth has increased in size beyond the ordinary conception of the small college, its peculiar isolation and its solidarity of spirit combine to effect the cohesion and unity which is the advantage of a smaller institution. The three colleges are curiously connected at points in their early history when a Dartmouth graduate left his position as professor of languages to become the first president of Williams, only to resign two years later to become the first president of Amherst.

In an atmosphere of intimacy and unity, the freshman enters upon a very critical period of his life as one among a few hundreds, not as one among many thousands. The singleness of aim becomes immediately apparent to him; he feels that a high but attainable standard is set as his goal. At once he is imbued with the ambition to approach the ideal of the 'Williams man' or the 'Dartmouth man' or the 'Amherst man.' This ideal implies, in the last analysis, simply an observance of the fundamental virtues of good fellowship, honesty, loyalty, service, and coöperation.

The success of the honor system in vogue since 1896 at Williams is a striking example of the advantages of a closely knit and interlocked group working for the best interests of the college. Upon completing his examination each student makes a statement that he has neither given nor received aid during the writing of his paper; he is free to leave the examination hall at any time and to return when he wishes; in the warm days of late spring he may write his paper under the great elms on the campus if he so desires. There has never been a single violation of the privilege, and a Williams man would rather cut off his hand than cheat at an examination, even if he knew his graduation depended upon it.

Front of Dartmouth Hall.

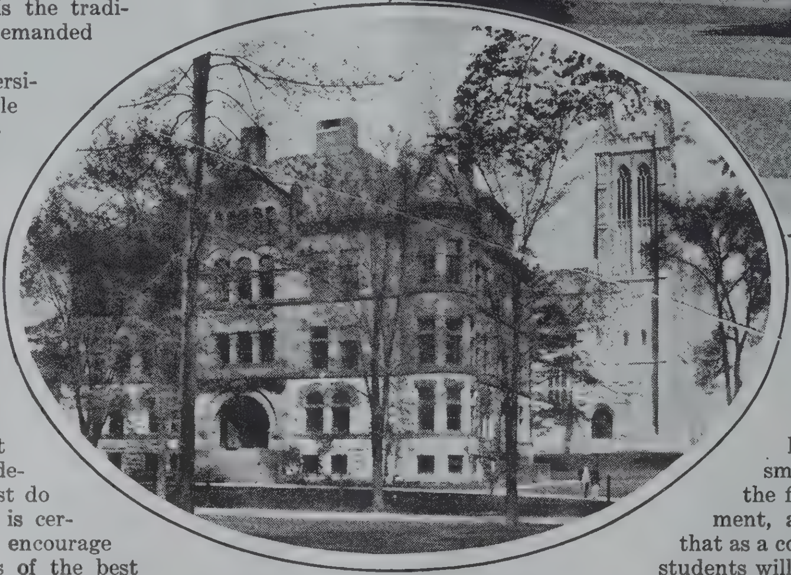
Williams and Amherst, and Dartmouth to a lesser degree, have been accused of exclusiveness and snobbishness and of catering to the sons of wealthy parents. I believe the charge to be unfounded, although it is true that there is more wealth represented at Williams, in proportion to its numbers, than at any other college in the country. Yet the ample resources of the college enable it to offer a large number of scholarships to desirable students of limited means. In recent years Dartmouth has taken very active steps toward securing an undergraduate body that is well-proportioned in every way through a selective process of admission that takes into account the advantage of having its students drawn from families of every degree of affluence. Amherst lies, perhaps, midway between the two.

Dartmouth takes very decided measures for the stamping out of the tendency at the outset. The undergraduate most likely to develop into a snob is not the senior but the freshman, because he is younger, more inexperienced, and less able to evaluate intelligently the various elements of student life. Dartmouth insists that every freshman live in a dormitory where he will not be tempted to limit his friendships to a particular clique or group, and that all freshmen eat together in a large hall, with the result that at the end of the year the freshman class has been welded into a unit that assumes an importance second only to the college itself.

The activities of fraternities are restricted by rulings which forbid more than sixteen members to live at a house, the others finding quarters in the dormitories; they also forbid meals to be served in the houses, forcing the members of one fraternity to come into continual social contact with those of other fraternities and with the non-fraternity group. The college first, the class second, the fraternity third, is the traditional order of allegiance demanded of Dartmouth men.

In some large state universities today there is not a single dormitory for men. This deplorable result of a too rapid growth and expansion leaves but two alternatives for the student. Either he must find the close friendships and social intercourse which are so important a part of college life within a fraternity, which presupposes certain social graces or standing and a certain financial independence and which tends to cut him off from other equally desirable associations; or he must do without. The rooming-house is certainly wholly inadequate to encourage friendships and acquaintances of the best sort.

It seems a curious paradox that the small privately endowed college, founded upon a principle not wholly democratic, is essentially so in spirit.



Left—*Part of the campus of Dartmouth College.*

Oval—*Magnificent buildings on the campus of Williams College.*

Lower left—*The verdant, quiet setting of the library and dormitories of Amherst College.*

—*Ewing Galloway Photos.*

I wish to add a paragraph found in the closing pages of Leverett Wilson Spring's *History of Williams College.*

'That somewhat is gained by isolation—by standing apart from the university—may be confidently affirmed. The university aims to make scholars, pursues knowledge as an end, and endeavors to enlarge its boundaries; while the small college finds its mission in the field of general mental development, and proceeds upon the theory that as a consequence of this development students will secure not only a larger, richer intellectual life, but also ampler capacity for practical service. Differences in purpose and mission involve differences in type and method of teaching. Professors, qualified to undertake the specialization and research of university work, are often useless in undergraduate classrooms where breadth, magnetism, imagination, gifts of exposition and interpretation are of the first importance.'

We are beginning to realize just how much we need of the things of the mind and spirit, as well as of the material things of life. The tremendous strides we have made in commercial and financial growth and expansion have not been complemented in like degree by an advance in our grasp of the opportunities for better living and of the obligations attendant upon those opportunities. We have fed our pocketbooks and starved the qualities of mind and soul without which our wealth is useless.

In furthering these intangible and elusive qualities, I believe the small college to be preëminently qualified. Some have been steadfast in their devotion and loyalty to their original aim and purpose.

Cannot a small college and a great university work side by side in perfect harmony, each producing its indispensable quota, to the end of making our intellectual and moral development as well-balanced as is humanly possible? No less perfect realization is worthy of our position.

PEACE by ARBITRATION

By J. P. A. SMITH

THE problem of securing world peace is a problem of securing agreement in the settling of international difficulties without going to war about them. Success in that is success in establishing satisfactory modes and methods of arbitration. We have not yet reached our goal in that direction, but the road has been at least blocked out.

During the century and more since the establishment of our independence, there have been many occasions for disagreement between the two greater branches of the English-speaking peoples, consequent upon the extensive trade relations between the United States and the lands of the British Empire, upon the long boundary line between Canada and the United States, and upon the common engagement of the two countries in many problems of world progress. With no other country have the relations of the United States been so intimate. With no other country has there been so much occasion for friction. None the less, the two nations have gone forward together to the general ideal of international arbitration. They have kept together in the forefront of the movement to settle disputes between nations without war.

According to John Bassett Moore, down to 1914 the United States had had sixty-eight arbitrations of its difficulties with other countries and of these, twenty-two had been with Great Britain. Within that period no other country had had an equal number of arbitrations, except Great Britain, whose arbitral settlement of difficulties apparently totaled about the same. Approximately one-third of the British arbitrations were, therefore, with the United States. This is strong testimony to the desire of both countries and the patient effort of both countries to secure accommodation of conflicting interests without resorting to the arbitrament of battle. It is also strong testimony to the possibility of doing that even in what have been very serious situations.

Some of these arbitrations have settled controversies of very great moment in the history, not only of the two peoples themselves, but also of the world, and the circumstances surrounding them add something of further interest. As early as 1798 a mixed commission of three persons determined that the river called the St. Croix and marking the boundary line between the United States as set out in the peace terms of the treaty that ended the Revolution was the Schoodiac or Schoodic. This was one of three arbitrations provided for by the Jay Treaty of November 19, 1795. A second arbitral commission appointed to settle the claims of the British for losses sustained in the course of the Revolution failed to come to a decision, but the third commission arranged for the payment to American claimants, by the British Government, of the sum of $11,650,000. John Trumbull, as quoted by John Bassett Moore in *Principles of American Diplomacy*, who was a member of this commission, says:

> 'The whole of this sum was promptly and punctually paid to each claimant, or his assignee, . . . in the form of an order to pay, and payable at the treasury of Great Britain; nor do I recollect even to have heard of a single complaint, of the delay of an hour, in any instance of an award presented for payment.'

Shortly after the close of the War of 1812, the Emperor of Russia acted as arbitrator in a dispute regarding obligations undertaken by Great Britain under the terms of the Treaty of Ghent, rendering a decision that favored the United States. The difficulties involved in the arbitration referred to Czar Alexander were only those of the interpretation, grammatical and literal, of one of the provisions of the Treaty of Ghent, but it was so far important that the Czar's decision resulted ultimately in the payment of approximately twelve hundred thousand dollars to American claimants.

THE elimination of very vexatious matters of disagreement between the two countries by means of peaceful negotiations in which the negotiators on both sides have been ready to make substantial sacrifices in the interest of peace has been as significant and instructive as their resort to arbitration. The location of the St. Croix River by the commission that sat in 1798 left part of the northeast boundary line still undetermined, and this uncertainty was an increasing cause of irritation between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick. August 9, 1842, Daniel Webster and Alexander Baring (Lord Ashburton) signed a treaty, that was later ratified by both governments, under which the boundary line was finally determined. This negotiation was conducted in so great a spirit of good will on both sides that it contributed materially to the strengthening of feelings of cordiality between the two countries. 'The forbearance of Webster in this matter was typical of the general tone of the correspondence and of the whole negotiation,' says William Archibald Dunning in *The British Empire and the United States*. 'A spirit of friendliness and courtesy was manifested at every stage, and an almost ostentatious avoidance of ideas or expressions that could irritate. Whatever of soothing effect was produced by the mission of Lord Ashburton was probably due as much to this characteristic of the negotiations as to the treaty itself.'

In the course of the Webster-Ashburton conference matters other than those of the boundary line came up for discussion. The question of the suppression of the slave trade was agitating the two countries. Slavery had been extinguished in the English colonies, and the iniquities of the slave traffic had deeply aroused English feeling. In the United States there was a large measure of sympathy with this attitude of mind.

> 'Both countries,' says the English writer, Edward Smith, in *England and America After Independence*, 'were desirous of seeing the slave trade put an end to. There could be little doubt of their sincerity. The entire Anglo-Saxon world was ashamed of the business. Coöperation with Spain and Portugal, and even with France, was difficult, and could only be accomplished by strong pressure. But the people of England and of the United States were bent on its abolition.'

The English Government was ready to use its navy for the suppression of the traffic, and it desired the coöperation of the United States. One obstacle stood in the way of that coöperation, the necessity of exercising the right of search to determine whether any particular vessel was carrying Negroes from the African coast. It was the contention of the English Government that a merchant ship engaged in the slave trade was virtually a pirate and should be treated as such. On the other hand, if a slaver displayed the American flag, it was held in America that the colors should protect it from search. Obviously, if this principle were maintained, any vessel could preserve itself from search through a judicious employment of flags of different nations. Efforts to check the slave trade would so become practically futile.

LORD Ashburton raised the question of Anglo-American coöperation in this matter, and Webster made it an occasion for review of the American position on the subject of impressment and search. No decision regarding that was reached, but Lord Ashburton's mode of reply suggested his feeling that impressment as a practice of the British navy had become a thing of the past. Putting aside the question of the right of impressment and search as a legal principle, the two governments succeeded in making arrangements to maintain respectively a naval force on the African coast for the suppression of the traffic in slaves.

Not many years after the ratification of the Ashburton Treaty, another ground of disagreement presented itself in Central America. Before this there had been a great deal of bluster and a little talk of war over the northwest boundary line, determining the possession of the territory known loosely as Oregon, but that question came to issue in 1846.

The two governments easily agreed upon the forty-ninth parallel as the line of division between British and American territory. In Venezuela, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Guatemala there were a number of difficult problems, but they were set at rest by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850, some of whose provisions were amended by the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of 1901.

THAT the United States and Great Britain should have a great many conflicting interests was inevitable from the several circumstances that, in great measure, they did the carrying trade of the world; that they were together in the forefront of the world's industrial development; that Britain, in her widespread empire, had a great body of diverse interests she must protect, and that both peoples were very much under the influence of their native Anglo-Saxon expansive and colonizing tendencies.

Probably the most notable employment of arbitration in the settlement of questions in dispute between England and America was that in the case of the *Alabama* claims. During our Civil War English sentiment was divided. Doubtless there were Tories in England who would have been glad to see the experiment of republican democracy in America fail. The general trend of political thinking on the other side of the Atlantic had been in the direction of a belief in the ultimate breakdown of the system of government existing in the United States.

De Tocqueville, in his great work on *Democracy in America*, had long before declared that in his opinion the bonds that held the states in union might easily be broken.

> 'It appears to me unquestionable, that if any portion of the Union seriously desired to separate itself from the other states, they would not be able, nor indeed would they attempt to prevent it; and that the present Union will last only as long as the states which compose it choose to continue members of the federation.'

The time when this was to be decided had come, and even among the friends of America in England there were grave doubts as to the perpetuity of our institutions. It is an interesting circumstance that on the principle of the self-determination of peoples, which we have been emphasizing in our settlement of world affairs, the South had a case. A study of the tables of contents of the fuller histories of the period makes it clear that the attitude of England was a thing of great moment in the minds of Americans, and that Continental opinion —French, German, Spanish, Russian— created hardly a ripple on this side of the Atlantic. There was no excitement here because the Emperor of the French was ready to recognize the Confederacy.

Two or three things stand out sharply in the initial situation as the war opened. England was bitterly opposed to slavery. English industry was very much dependent upon cotton from America for her mills. England had become a free-trade country and felt herself somewhat embarrassed by our protective policy. The English aristocracy was a landowning aristocracy and, feeling itself the pressure of the rising aristocracy of trade at home, had a tendency to sympathize with the landowning aristocracy of the South. The clash between the two sections here in America was largely grounded upon that distinction in the activities upon which life in the North and life in the South rested. Slavery was a thing of the plantation. It did not and it could not flourish in the mill towns of Massachusetts.

Lord Palmerston, who was prime minister of England when the war broke out, is quoted as saying to August Belmont: 'We do not like slavery, but we want cotton, and we dislike very much your Morrill tariff.' A stanza from *Punch* gives a touch of humor to a similar irony of conflicting motives:

> 'Though with the North we sympathize,
> It must not be forgotten
> That with the South we've stronger ties
> Which are composed of cotton,
> Whereof our imports mount unto
> A sum of many figures;
> And where would be our calico
> Without the toil of niggers?'

In a domestic quarrel, the family friends cannot all be expected to take the part of the head of the house. Sympathy with the South was at least sympathy with a very large body of Americans, and their descendants are today as thoroughly American as the children of the North. We find Gladstone, Dickens, and Carlyle among those who believed in the cause of the Southern States. There were great names, however, in the list of the Northern sympathizers: Richard Cobden and John Bright in Parliament; the great advocates of free trade, John Stuart Mill, Charles Darwin, Thomas Hughes, the Duke of Argyle, Alfred Tennyson. May 31, 1861, Charles Francis Adams, our very capable minister in London, wrote: 'The feeling towards the United States is improving in the higher circles here. It was never other than favorable among the people at large.'

Seward was very indiscreetly using a tone of defiance toward as much of the world as might dare to seem belligerent, and the Duke of Argyle wrote in anxious friendship and good will to Sumner.

> 'I earnestly entreat that you will use your influence and official authority to induce your government, and especially Mr. Seward, to act in a more liberal and less reckless spirit than he is supposed here to indicate towards foreign governments, and especially towards ourselves. I find much uneasiness prevailing here lest things should be done which would arouse a hostile spirit . . . I believe there is no desire here stronger than that of maintaining friendly relations with America.'

Darwin, writing to Asa Gray early in the summer of the first year of the war, said, 'I have not seen or heard of a soul who is not with the North.' This is a somewhat remarkable statement, since there certainly were many Southern sympathizers in England, although not so many in the scientific, professional, and literary circles as among the hereditary aristocracy. But for the existence of this sympathy there would have been no occasion for such words of earnest protest as these from John Stuart Mill in an article on 'The Contest in America,' published originally in *Fraser's Magazine* for February, 1862.

> 'I am not frightened at the word "rebellion." I do not scruple to say that I have sympathized more or less ardently with most of the rebellions, successful and unsuccessful, which have taken place in my time. But I certainly never conceived that there was a sufficient title to any sympathy in the mere fact of being a rebel . . . if there ever was an object, which, by its bare announcement, stamped rebels against a particular community as enemies of mankind, it is the one professed by the South. Their right to separate is the right which Cartouche or Turpin would have had to secede from their respective countries, because the laws of those countries would not permit them to rob and murder on the highway.'

Through the storm of conflicting opinion, the English Government pursued a course of careful official neutrality, but they did not sufficiently guard the great shipyards from being used for nonneutral purposes. Cruisers were built there, sent to sea as merchantmen, fitted out on the ocean, and then, commissioned as privateers by the Confederate government, they scoured the seas, preying upon the commerce of the earth.

THE damage done to American commerce by the *Alabama* and other privateers sent out from England was made the basis for a claim by the American Government. For some years the question continued to be a subject of rather tortuous diplomatic discussion, but at length Great Britain permitted the case to be decided by arbitration under principles of international law not fairly to be considered operative at the time when the *Alabama* left port. Already she had expressed regret for the escape, under whatever circumstances, of the *Alabama* and other vessels from British ports, and for the depredations committed by those vessels. By the terms of the arbitration to which she submitted, it was practically certain that the decision would favor the United States, as it did to the amount of $15,500,000. It seems not too much to say that this arbitration by the two great branches of the English-speaking race was an epochal event. It marked closer relations of friendship between the nations in whose keeping the destiny of the world rests more largely than in that of any others. It helped tremendously toward the extension of the principle of arbitration in general and so toward the strengthening of universal peace.

Ne-naw-bo-zhoo—Mighty Man

(Continued from page 6)

Make nice music in woods. Bimeby coon fall out like before. That's what *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* want. He gets good dinner again.

* * *

'First place *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* had big black dog called "Thunder." One time dog go down to lake to drink water. He didn't come back. Sea god suck him in, I guess. *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* was pretty mad. He take sharp spear, get in boat, go out on lake. He cry out, "Sea god, I defy you! I defy you! You steal my Thunder dog. I defy you, *Miche-la-ne-gwe!*"

'After while big fish come up—smash them boat all sliver. He swallow *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* all whole. *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* hang on his spear. When he's inside he stick spear in whale guts. Whale go crazy, swim round, make big waves. (Now when lake make big waves Indian say *Miche-la-ne gwe*—he's mad.) Bimeby big fish run up on shore—*Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* come out—run away.

'After while, all sea animal want come up on sand to get sun, but sea god he's 'fraid *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo.* He send sea serpent out to look for *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo.* Bimeby sea serpent come back say, "I see only black stump on beach. I don't see *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo.*" Sea god say, "You go wind round stump—squeeze tight. Maybe *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo.*"

'Sea serpent go out—wind round stump—squeeze tight. *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* pretty near squeal—but he don't squeal. Sea serpent go back say, "He don't squeal."

'Then sea god send sea tiger to stump. Sea tiger go, scratch hard in stump. *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* pretty near cry this time, but he don't cry. Tiger go back say, "I find only stump on beach. I don't find *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo.*"

'Then all sea animal go out on beach to get sun. They have nice picnic. Bimeby sharp arrow come from stump, hit big polar bear in side. Then they know that's *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* turned into stump. He have to run away.

'Bimeby he meet Mr. Frog on road—look like doctor—eyeglass, medicine case, thermometer, I 'spose. *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* he say, "Nice morning. Where you go today?" Dr. Frog say, "Polar bear get hurt. I go doctor polar bear."

'*Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* don't like this very much. So he kill frog, take off his skin, put on himself, go doctor polar bear. When he get there he say, "I have to pull out arrow little bit every day. Then you live." But this medicine man he push in arrow little bit every day. Polar bear die. *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* take bear skin, run away.

'Then sea god know he's got quack doctor. He's pretty mad. He make big waves run over all the land to drown *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo,* so he don't make some more trouble. Bimeby *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* meet Mud Hen. He tell Mud Hen to drink up waves so he can get away. Mud Hen try to drink up waves. Bimeby she's too full—she bust.

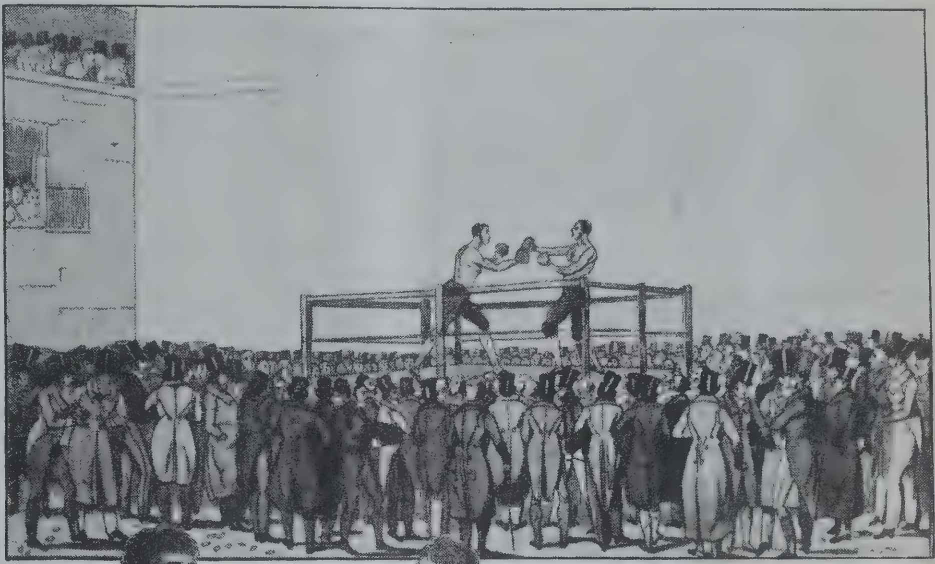
'Then waves go on again. *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* he run fast, he's pretty tired. He see Badger dig hole, fill up hole behind him with dirt. *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* tell Badger take him in hole till wave go over. Badger take him in all right. When he come out he's glad he don't drown. He throw polar bear skin on Mr. Badger. (After that badger always have white stripe all round.)

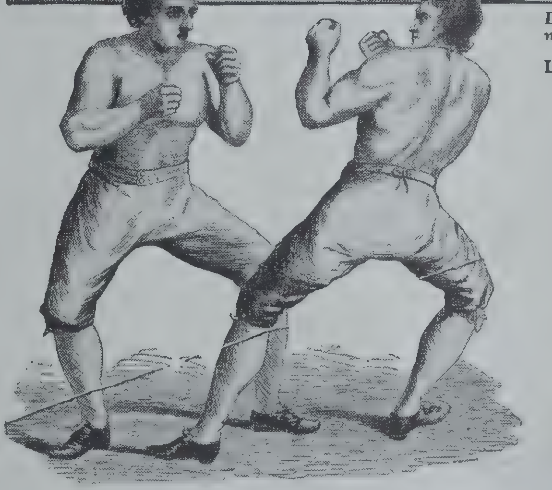
'Bimeby water is all over world. *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* he's got no land to be king. He build big boat—take in all animals, birds, everything he's got. Long time he float round on big water. Bimeby he call Beaver. He say, "You best diver in world. You go down get some dirt, I have to build 'nother world." Beaver he bite on that nice words. He dive down. Bimeby he come up, all puff. He's dead.

'Few day more *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* call Muskrat to go down get dirt. Muskrat go down long time. Bimeby he come up dead, but *Ne-naw-bo-zhoo* see she's got one little paw close tight. He open little paw—he find some dirt hold tight in little paw!

'That's way he make 'nother world. Land god and sea god don't fight much any more.'

Boxing *and* Boxers





Drawing printed in 1821 depicting a match between 'Tom and Bob' before English gentlemen.
Left—Mendoza and Humphries in 1790.

By ZETA ROTHSCHILD

JAMES FIGG, swordsman and pugilist, opened in London in the year 1719 an academy where, he announced, 'gentleman could receive instruction in the manly art of self defence, which included boxing.' For the further enlightenment of his pupils and the benefit of his purse, he staged boxing bouts in the amphitheater of his academy, to witness which an aristocratic audience paid a shilling a seat.

Fifteen years later boxing began to acquire rules and regulations. Jack Broughton, who shares honors with James Figg as one of the forefathers of boxing, introduced slipping and barring blows, then the strategy of butting and getting away, and, most interesting, the custom of wearing boxing gloves, then known as 'muffles.' Boxing in the vocabulary of the ring was referred to as the 'fistic science.'

About this time, also, successive champions began to be introduced with explanatory titles. There was Peter Barb, 'the Bristol Boy'; Martin, 'the Bath Butcher'; Harry Holt, 'the Literary Boxer'; Humphries, 'the Gentleman Boxer,' and Daniel Mendoza.

The accompanying illustration shows Mendoza and Humphries in one of the several battles they waged for the championship. The ring was an unrailed square, twenty-four feet by forty-eight, and to get to it the fighters had to mount a ladder eight steps. A contemporary account of this fight says, 'It was attended by his Royal Highness, the P__ of W__, who held the purse of gold in view of the fighters.'

It was the patronage of royalty and aristocracy that made boxing a success in the 18th Century. Every champion was accepted as the instructor de luxe of his day, and noble patrons were eager to be enrolled as his pupils.

Probably this double life was responsible for their few years in the ring. On their enforced retirement from the championship and their subsequent abandonment of their academies, it was another instance of 'The king is dead, long live the king.'

The second etching illustrates a much later period in English boxing history. Here the boxers wear gloves and are fighting in a railed square. The spectators seem content to stand.

Answered Prayer

(Continued from page 7)

Professor Clark explains that we stretch the mind toward God when we repeat the first verse of the Twenty-third Psalm: 'The Lord is my Shepherd'; or when we say, 'Our Father which art in Heaven.'

We breathe out the bad when we say, 'I will fear no evil,' or 'I shall not want.'

We breathe in the good when we say in the psalm, 'He restoreth my soul,' or in the prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' The prayer includes outbreathings: 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.'

But both psalm and prayer contain more breathings-in of good. In fact, Professor Clark says that the human race in prayer is climbing a mountain, and in the climb must make denials as well as affirmations—denying evil and affirming good, but when the top of the mountain is reached, he believes 'our prayers may become a simple and direct reaching out for the good, instead of a puttering and fretting over things that are bad.' Jesus, he declares, uttered only two denials in His life, and these for the help of others.

Even at the beginning, Professor Clark urges anyone who prays to 'think of God and Heaven, not of the bad thing you are tossing off into the air.' He urges that in this deep breathing, this intaking of God's gifts, one should 'pray for the joy of it, not for results,' and that he should 'not pray to bring things to pass, but to see things that are already in the Kingdom.' Therefore we should not limit the ways by which we may be answered, or feel responsible for the answer to come.

By frequent and repeated reaching toward God, and deep spiritual breathing at intervals in our day, we come eventually to 'pray without ceasing,' as the man practising the 'daily dozen' stretches his muscles frequently, and breathes more deeply even at his daily work.

THIS deep breathing or outreaching of the soul is the heart of Professor Clark's prayer method. He pictures the praying man seeking better health, and breathing in a realization that there is no sickness in Heaven, and affirming, or breathing in the assurance of God's love, God's guidance, God's spirit, God's power, and God's peace, according to the 'sentence prayer' method described above. Other exercises for breathing in these realizations of God are outlined 'for happiness,' 'against worry,' 'for friends,' 'against criticism and misunderstanding,' 'for money troubles.'

The application of the plan of prayer to money troubles may aptly illuminate the whole method. Some pietists have decried or forbidden prayer for material need. On the other hand, the great masters of prayer from Abraham and Isaac to Spurgeon and George Müller have looked to God in all things, temporal and eternal. Professor Clark, in his turn, would have anyone distressed by money troubles look beyond the 'fact,' the 'thing made,' which is need, or poverty. He would have us look to the reality behind the fact, the reality of God's bounty, God's abundance, God's providence.

An application of the principle was made when Professor Clark was asked to help in prayer for an endowment fund for a college. The Professor informed the college representative that he could not pray for money, as there is no money in heaven. But he believed that prayer for the ideas which the college wished to further: ideas of culture, beauty, freedom, wisdom, truth, could be offered, as one realizes that God abounds in such gifts as these, and the answer to the petition would come in such a way as to bring about the results desired. The love of God, coming down from Heaven, Professor Clark beautifully and elaborately explains, is transformed into means, into dollars, perhaps, as the sun's rays come down through the cold blackness of the ether and are changed into light and heat when they strike the earth's atmosphere.

HERE is the unique phase of Professor Clark's whole method. He does not, like other masters of prayer, Spurgeon and George Müller, for example, pray directly for money when money is needed. He prays for the spiritual good which is to be served. He declares, however, that if one prays for a spiritual good, and really desires money for its own sake, his prayer will not be answered. On the other hand, a man may pray for money directly, and be really seeking the spiritual good, and his prayer will gain bountiful response.

In language such as any of the prayer prophets might have used, Professor Clark declares: 'Greater than the prayer is the spirit in which it is uttered.' We need to pray, he thinks, 'not so much in another language as in another spirit.'

When we offer prayer, he would have us follow the allegory of a golfer beginning his game. The ball is his purpose. The heap of sand, on which the ball rests, is trouble, for Professor Clark believes that every life of prayer begins on 'a little mound of trouble.' He describes the stroke, which should not be drawn up to oneself, as a self-centered prayer; should not be a downward stroke burying the ball of purpose in the sand of trouble; should not send the ball to one side into the high grass of worry (which Professor Clark calls 'doubting God') or among the high trees of anger (which he calls 'hating God'). If one is praying, and begins with fear, and fear goes, he has succeeded. If fear remains, more prayer is needed, purer prayer.

The stroke of prayer is like a clean stroke of golf, beginning and ending above. There must be love in it, and there must be joy in it; then there is success. As the physical inheritance of an athlete goes into his golf game, the spiritual heritage of the race enters the prayer of a modern man. And the professor, who as an athletic coach sees how golfers, basketball players, and others know the moment they have made a masterly stroke, so 'when a blaze of joy comes to the one who prays it is a sign that the spiritual coördination has been accomplished, of unity with God in the first place, and unity with man, through love, in the second place—that makes the answer to prayer inevitable.' All through Professor Clark's writing runs the thought of prayer as an act of divine origin, coming from God and going to God, beginning with the inspiration of the spirit and ending in thanksgiving.

These are some general facts about a simple method of prayer by a modest layman. He credits the light in his torch to other 'Olympian light gatherers,' 'modern-day prophets.' Some of them are friends bearing gifts, some of them eager questioners, and others are of 'the silent band of praying men and women of many churches and creeds.' The torch thus lighted, however, has set on fire many other illuminations in individual lives and group gatherings. So now out of a mere practice of prayer by a religious man has grown a method, and out of the method an essay, out of the essay a book, and out of the book a 'sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees,' a movement of new life in the most ancient of human acts of worship.

Beaumarchais

(Continued from page 5)

man or woman. As secret agent of the King residing in England, D'Éon had acquired papers whose publication would have threatened the peace between England and France. These papers Beaumarchais succeeded in restoring to Vergennes, the French prime minister, without making any extortionate payment to D'Éon.

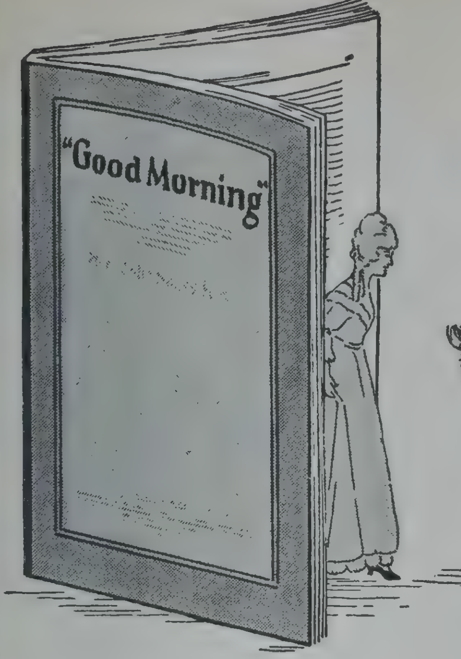
The activity of Beaumarchais in behalf of America began while he was in England engaged upon the D'Éon mission. The success with Vergennes and with Louis XVI hinged in large measure upon the favorable approach made possible by his absolute success in previous delicate enterprises. The renown which he had acquired contributed to his success, even as the nature of his activities impelled him to continue in some worthy enterprise of international significance.

THE whole life of Beaumarchais prepared him, spiritually and intellectually, for service to the cause of humanity, which to him was reflected in the American struggle for liberty. His devotion to Voltaire, whose works in 162 volumes (two editions) Beaumarchais published at tremendous expense after 1783, is indicative of his intense interest in liberal ideas.

The Barber of Seville, originally produced by Beaumarchais as a comic opera, and the *Marriage of Figaro,* both bear witness to an enlightened point of view with regard to the court life of the period.

This brief account of the life of Beaumarchais up to 1776 indicates his preparation for participating in the American conflict. The same enthusiasm, courage, and devotion which marked his services to the King characterized his efforts for the Revolutionists. In 1775, on the trip to London, Beaumarchais first displayed active interest in America. Even then began his famous letters on this subject to Vergennes and to the King. The immense and unqualified success of these efforts makes him one of our great heroes.

(A second article on Beaumarchais by Mr. Karpinski will appear in an early issue.)



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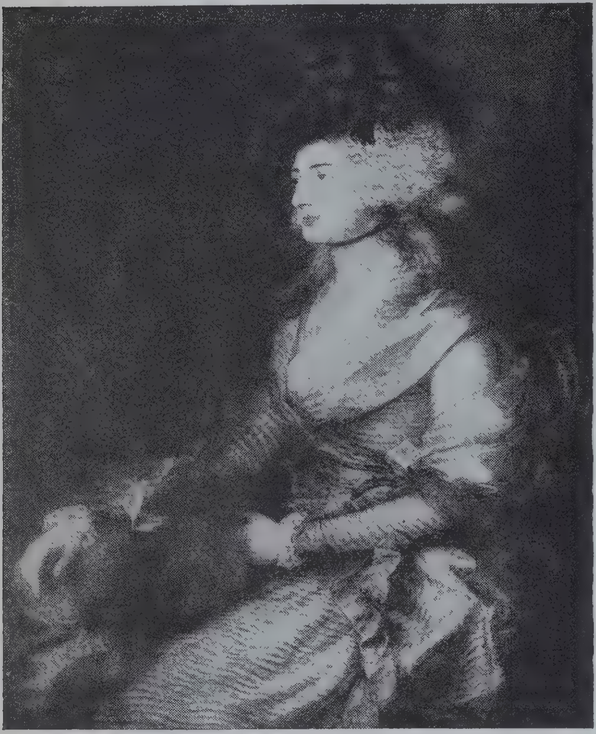
The Puritan and Art

(*Continued from page 9*)



—*Copyright, The Detroit Publishing Company.*

Mrs. Siddons, by Gainsborough, in the Art Institute of Chicago.

in its fuller development, was antedated by the rise of Puritanism. When Hogarth and Reynolds and Gainsborough did their work the Puritan movement had made real men and women more important than saints.

This movement was fundamentally the evolution by which representative art became more genuine and sincere, more esthetic and realistic. It was in the process of this evolution that Reynolds and Gainsborough, Romney and Lawrence painted the beautiful canvases that are thoroughly satisfying to our taste today after two hundred years. The portrait of Sarah Siddons is a living thing, not because it exhibits the dress of the period, but because it reveals the real woman rather than an idealization of mother love on the otherwise empty face of an Italian peasant girl. Perhaps the 'Blue Boy' is an idealization, but, if so, it is an idealization of the possibilities of boyhood, not of a choir of heralding angels.

It is interesting to remember that it was Benjamin West who forced a further regard for reality upon workers in his art. He was born a Quaker, and the Quakers were Puritans with the religious absorption of Puritanism carried to a much greater excess. In the journal of the Quaker John Woolman, there is a striking discussion of the Christian propriety of wearing dyed garments. The writer was very much concerned lest it should not be in agreement with God's will for man to change the color or character of the wool as provided by nature for his use. When the boy Benjamin West (as the story goes) robbed the cat of its fur for the making of his brushes, he had escaped from such scruples as those that troubled Woolman.

The instinct for naturalness expressed in the belief that the wool of sheep should not have another color imposed upon it by man seems to have persisted as an art tendency.

In 'The Death of General Wolfe' West ventured to represent the figures in the costumes of British soldiers as they were, discarding classical robes of antiquity. The innovation met with opposition from contemporary artists, especially from Reynolds. Reynolds could paint Lady Camden in the dress in which presumably she liked to be seen by her friends.

An historical painting was different. In it the figures must be conventionalized, Reynolds maintained, in agreement with the dignity of the subject. In brief, in a great situation a man must carry himself as if going through a ceremony. The event itself must wrap him about and cover the particularities of his being. His own individuality as a man must not be understood as dominating the crisis through which he passes. He must be, not himself, but a creature of the outer fact, betraying in his dress rather the momentous nature of the event than his own specific relation to it.

The contention about 'The Death of General Wolfe' set this question at rest. Benjamin West triumphed. The realism involved in the presentation of interesting truth rather than conventionalized formalism was thereafter increasingly the method of art.

The emphasis upon the individual, the Puritan contribution to the movement in art, was now reinforced by the emphasis science was placing upon attention to detail. The generalization that had swept the itemized into a uniform mould was no longer reality. The particular, the individually significant, was taking its place. The Hester Prynnes, the Evan Harringtons, the Silas Laphams of fiction, exist enduringly because, while they share our common humanity, they meet the human issues of their lives in their own distinctive ways.

Although art ceases to be art so soon as it becomes at one with life, it cannot ignore the tendencies that are shaping and reshaping life, it cannot exist apart from life. The great characteristic of our modern world is the expansion of being into an innumerable variety of manifestations.

By common consent it was in New England that the Puritan spirit came to its fullest development. In its original form, it was no doubt oppressively religious, but it had in it the urge toward individual self-realization and self-expression. It was inventive and resourceful. It steadily put its yesterdays behind it to walk adventurously the untrodden pathways of tomorrow. If it was somewhat passionately tied to a sacred book, it was no less passionately tied to the purpose of penetrating beneath pretentions of all sorts, of getting at the roots of things, of finding a substantial reality. Harvard University and Yale University are the great monuments of that purpose. It would be difficult to name any other instrumentalities for the liberation of the human mind set going near the time of their founding which are equally important.

In the middle of the 19th Century Boston probably contained a population in which the general mean of intelligence, culture, and nicety of manners was higher than in any other equal population anywhere else in the world. It was made so by the people who lived there. It did not happen.

Lovers of beauty are of two sorts—creative and appropriative. The distinction is one that has been too much ignored. Which is the finer and the higher sort of being should not take any one long to determine. The difference is the simple one between the producer and the parasite. From the nature of his being, the Puritan was essentially a creative energy. Some of his critics have come clearly from the ranks of the other class. Inevitably, the producer and the parasite are opposed. They cannot agree theoretically or practically, because their thinking is grounded in antagonistic desires.

The Puritan care for seemliness, his aristocrat's feeling for the restraint that distinguishes the patrician from the plebeian, took him out of subjection to theology and along the road to beauty and joy. He might have had some inner conflicts along the way, but he was not a man to loiter. It is only in recognition of that quality in him that we can account for the fact that American poetry came to its first full flower in New England, that the members of our first great group of painters, John Singleton Copley, John Trumbull, Gilbert Stuart, were all New Englanders, that perhaps our work in sculpture begins with 'The Greek Slave' of Hiram Powers, also of New England, and that a great school of music was founded in Boston.

Out of New England came the gayety, the escape from other worldliness, the social warmth and color that we associate with the memory of Nathaniel Parker Willis, and from New England came also our early humorists, John Godfrey Saxe and Artemus Ward.

The world's greatest entertainer up to his day was of New England, a one-time proposed Prohibition candidate for the presidency of the United States, P. T. Barnum. At his summons, along with elephants and tigers and other wonders of the remoter world, there came to America the Siamese Twins and—Jenny Lind.

There is no art outside the life of the spirit. The life of the flesh is but nature. She is no more than the raw material for man in his esthetic moods to take over and transform.

While for a time the Puritan deceived himself into thinking that he was preserving the spirit of the eternal, it became apparent at length that what was really in his guardianship was the spirit of man. So it was that, rejecting ecclesiasticism with a violence not in itself beautiful, the Puritan opened the doors to the corridors of art.

Possibly they were somewhat long corridors and no doubt they were lighted at first with tallow dips. Now both figuratively and literally he has replaced that illumination with the incandescent bulb. His way is clearer and only the foolish can still think that he is walking in darkness.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'Providing refuges for wild birds and animals has become as important in its way as legislating against hunting them,' said the ***Outdoor Man.*** 'Jack Miner led the way with his wild-fowl sanctuary. A man in Nebraska by building bird houses keeps the countryside free of vermin; he has on a single plot of five acres practically every species of song and insectivorous bird native to that region. The Canadian Government has set aside a vast tract of land along the Thelon River, west of Hudson Bay, as a sanctuary for the much-harassed musk ox, now nearly extinct. The Michigan State Conservation Commission has forbidden fishing in the Otter River in the Upper Peninsula, the only habitat of the Michigan grayling, a fish nearing extinction.

'That these efforts will prove of value may be judged from the remarkable return of the bison which were almost extinct some twenty years ago. Now all herds are on the increase and the overflow presents a problem. The urbanization of many wild regions has brought about the destruction of lakes, rivers, swamps and forests where birds formerly bred and lived. The great Kankakee River valley of Indiana was once the breeding ground of countless wild fowl. Now onion beds dot the surface of the river bottoms, and much of the higher ground which formerly grew good corn lies sterile and dry as a desert since the water has been withdrawn. The sweep of a forest fire, the drainage of a lake with the consequent loss of shelter for game, destroys more birds than the unethical hunter.

'The West has drained the Klamath Lake region until nothing remains but poison alkaline pools which kill the luckless, tired waterfowl that drops to its surface. The Wisconsin legislature has reversed the policy of the drainage people and has set aside an appropriation to take care of flooding the famous Horicon marsh country. Until then the migrating wild fowl must pass on to Manitoba and the Arctic to nest. Where alkaline pools have formed in the West and where drainage has been advocated to a greater extent than it was wise, the old sweet water must be artificially restored. Bringing back the natural conditions will encourage bird life.

'It is useless to talk of importing birds to restored areas. Their instincts will bring them to the shelters. The northbound geese and the ducks will drop onto Horicon waters and nest there again. Every intelligent resident of city outskirts and of the countryside knows how easily he can attract wild birds to his home by providing food, drink, and the simplest forms of housing. Keeping cats away, putting out suet and arranging flowing water are enough to insure the visitors comfort. Birds and animals realize the value of protection and will flock to the grounds of the man or the woman who provides for their comfort and safety. Fox squirrels that will keep hidden all day in the forest for fear of the hunter will run at ease and without fear on that hunter's home grounds in the city. Kindness and the will to protect is all they ask.'

* * *

'It seems never to have entered the mind of man,' said the ***Geologist,*** 'that this soil or earth upon which he lives is anything more than common clods and prime elements, out of which somehow he gets his subsistence. It seems never to have occurred to him that there may be other elements and processes, more subtle and powerful than any he is familiar with or can observe, at work here with these apparently disorganized elements.

'Who has ever thought of asking the soil for anything new in science, or who studies it with a view to locating a useful discovery? What astronomer could be induced to study the soil to find out what the sun is? Yet the soil is the greatest known exponent of that luminary. No one has ever asked the soil to divulge the great secret, What is electricity?

'Today this is a question of greatest interest to mankind, and its answer lies somewhere in the domain of physics.

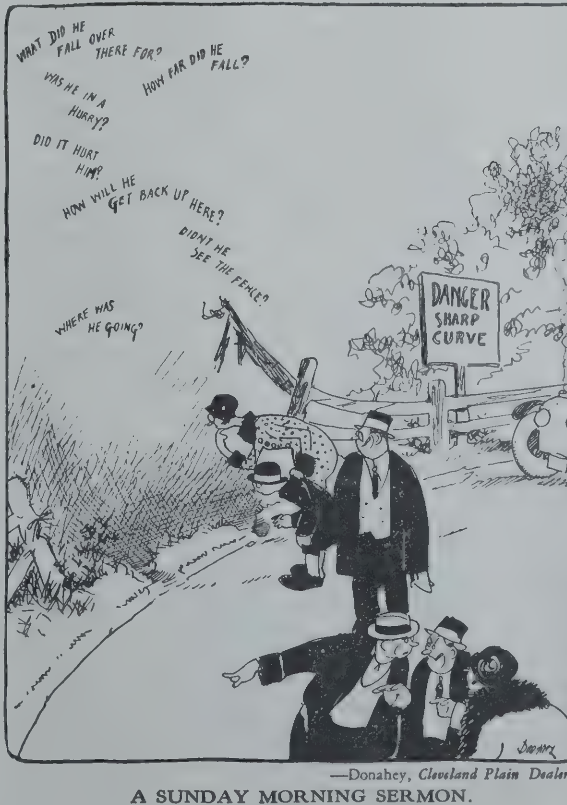
'Man understands the law which electricity obeys and he has made electricity his servant. But that is all. Then why not go to the soil, where the field is prolific for discovery and research?'

* * *

'It might seem as though no harm were done by watching at the wrong place for an approaching enemy,' said the ***Specialist.*** 'But if we can know beforehand just where the enemy will attack, we can concentrate our efforts there and resist the attack with much better success. For instance, so long as we were content to look for malarial infection in water and air, we were neglecting the true avenue of infection—the mosquito.

'So long as efforts were not directed against the malaria-bearing mosquito, man was helpless against the onset of this fever. It has been the same in the case of other diseases. For a long time it was supposed that sewer air and bad odors produced diphtheria and other maladies and it has even been believed that dirty rags and old clothes and similar junk might be a means of transmitting disease.

'The old "fomite" theory (*fomes*, plural *fom-i-tes*, anything capable of absorbing, carrying, and transmitting infection, as clothing, toys, and so forth) was at first accepted at face value without much question, and has influenced the ideas of disease transmission pretty much ever since. It is said, for instance, that at one time even iron rails were disinfected in order to prevent transmission of yellow fever!'


WHAT DID HE FALL OVER THERE FOR?
HOW FAR DID HE FALL?
WAS HE IN A HURRY?
DID IT HURT HIM?
HOW WILL HE GET BACK UP HERE?
DIDN'T HE SEE THE FENCE?
WHERE WAS HE GOING?
DANGER SHARP CURVE
Donahey

—Donahey, *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A SUNDAY MORNING SERMON.

* * *

'Florida has a tortuous, twisting, winding, and curving coast line that covers 1,200 miles of ocean way,' said the ***Man From Tampa.*** 'Minute and scarcely perceptible inlets and bayous are legion along this extensive sea front. Thousands of bars, keys, and islands protect the isolated inlets from the full sweep of Neptune's violence when storms occur. Ideal rum-running coves and bootleggers' bases are numerous. Even from the air many of these hiding places are invisible. They provide perfect caches for contraband liquors and headquarters for launches, fishing smacks, and vessels of every kind that engage in the lawless rum-running traffic.

'To adequately patrol and police the entire coast of Florida would probably require the services of all the ships of the Navy, the Merchant Marine, the Shipping Board vessels, and a host of privately owned yachts and cruisers. Even then the job would doubtless be only half done. Florida rum-runners are aided immeasurably in their illegal enterprises by the contour and the topography of their state, her labyrinth of almost inaccessible rendezvous and her large areas of country that are only sparsely populated.

'An honor system similar to that in many of our American colleges, where the students practically govern themselves in matters of discipline and regulation, would accomplish more in eliminating and controlling the illegitimate Floridian liquor traffic than the measures of enforcement which are now pursued.

'There is no telling how many fishing smacks, schooners, launches, and other kinds of craft are engaged in the business of conveying liquor from zones outside the three-mile limit to caches along the Florida coast. One man who is in on the "know" maintains that at least 150 vessels are engaged exclusively in rum-running on the western coast of Florida. The chances are that the entire liquor fleet may be considerably larger.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. Were Abraham Lincoln's father and stepmother living at the time he was elected to the Presidency, and if so, did they ever visit the White House?

Answer. Thomas Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's father, died January 17, 1851, ten years before Lincoln was elected to the Presidency. Shortly before Lincoln left Springfield for Washington, he made a journey to Coles County, where his stepmother was still living and bade her an affectionate farewell. This was the last time she saw him, although she survived him.

* * *

Q. What is the extent of alien investments in the United States as well as that of American capital abroad?

A. American citizens and domestic corporations in 1922, to the number of 36,205, reported income from sources in foreign countries to the amount of $117,686,111, on which they paid $11,421,856 income taxes abroad. In the same year, 5,930 aliens and foreign corporations reported income totaling $75,263,655 from sources within the United States and its possessions, on which they paid $5,834,139 Federal income taxes in this country.

* * *

Q. What are the overhead or general management expenses of the American Red Cross Society? How are they met?

A. For the fiscal year July 1, 1925, to June 30, 1926, the total expenditures of the national organization and the chapters amounted to $11,892,869.35. Of this $270,629.27 was spent for 'Supervision of Service Activities and General Management' of the national organization. In considering the expense of these offices it must be borne in mind that the central committee, the chairman, the treasurer, the secretary, one of the vice chairmen, and others falling within this group, are volunteers, so that the expense is correspondingly reduced. In an organization such as the Red Cross there is no hard-and-fast rule separating 'management' from 'service' or 'relief.' The classification here used is based on the best judgment of the officers of the organization as to the segregation of those expenses which represent primarily supervision as distinguished from those representing primarily service, although undoubtedly there are elements of 'service' in the management group and elements of 'management' in the service group. The expenses of national and branch staffs and offices (salaries, rentals, supplies, et cetera) which include the item of 'supervision' given above, for the various services and operations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1926, amounted to $1,408,616.08. The figures do not include any estimate of the value of services rendered by volunteers. The expense of the normal program of the national organization of the Red Cross, such as its nursing, first aid, life saving, public health nursing, junior Red Cross, et cetera, and including its general administrative and executive staff, is met from the receipts of the annual roll call plus the interest on the endowment and invested funds. No part of the expense of the regular Red Cross program is paid from the contributions for such special purposes as the Florida hurricane relief or the Mississippi flood relief.

* * *

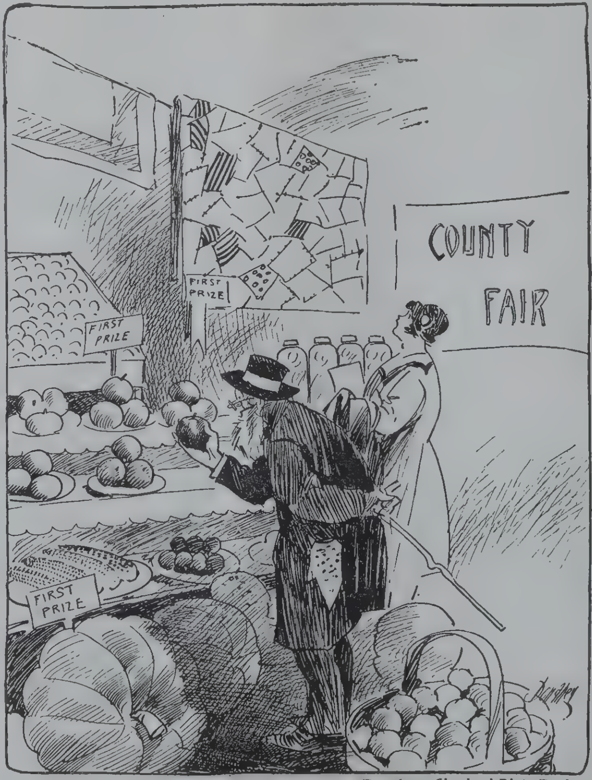
Q. I should like to get some information about the Mountain Meadows Massacre.

A. This was the massacre, by Indians, near Mountain Meadows in Utah on September 11, 1857, of a party of emigrants from Arkansas and Missouri who were on their way to southern California. They numbered, all told, about 140 men, women and children. On their way they were everywhere refused food until they reached the neighborhood of Mountain Meadows, a valley in Iron County, about 350 miles south of Salt Lake City. Here they stopped to rest their horses and on September 7, 1857, were fired upon by Indians and, it is alleged, by Mormons disguised. They withstood siege until September 11, when, on promise of protection by John D. Lee, Mormon bishop and Indian agent, they left the shelter of their wagons. All adults and children over seven years of age were killed, and seventeen younger children were distributed among Mormon families, but were afterward restored to relatives by the United States Government. The Mormons were accused of having instigated the massacre. Lee was executed for this crime in 1877, but a number of other indicted persons escaped conviction. In a confession made shortly before his execution Lee asserted that the massacre was committed by order of Brigham Young and others high in the Mormon Church. H. H. Bancroft, in his *History of Utah,* discredits the confession, however, and lays the blame upon Lee and other minor fanatics.

* * *

Q. Under the Federal Aid Road Act what amount is contributed by the Federal Government and what are the dependent conditions? Who has charge of this work?

A. The outstanding features of Federal aid as at present administered are as follows: Appropriations have been made for each fiscal year since 1916, and have been divided in three parts; one part being apportioned among the states in proportion to area, one in proportion to population, and the third in the ratio that the mileage of rural post roads in each state bears to the total mileage of such roads in the United States. Federal aid may be used by the states only for the purpose of constructing roads on the Federal Aid Highway System. The order in which the roads are taken up for improvement, the type of improvement, preparation of plans and specifications, letting of contracts and supervision of construction, all are under the control of the various state highway departments but subject to the approval of the Secretary of Agriculture who acts through the Bureau of Public Roads. The bureau is headed by the chief of bureau and the chief engineer under whom are divisions of design, construction and control in charge of the several phases of the work. Contact with the state highway departments is through eleven district engineers. In general Federal aid participation is limited to fifty per cent of the cost and for recent appropriations may not exceed $15,000 a mile, exclusive of bridges more than twenty feet in span, for which participation is limited only to one-half the cost. States must agree to maintain adequately all roads constructed with Federal aid. The Federal Highway Act, approved November 9, 1921, provided that all Federal money subsequently appropriated was to be applied only to a limited system of main interstate and intercounty roads which it directed the Secretary of Agriculture and the state highway departments to select in coöperation. The system must consist of not more than seven per cent of the total mileage of roads existing in each state on the date of the passage of the act. Except with the joint consent of the Secretary of Agriculture and the state highway departments not more than three-sevenths may be primary highways, the remainder being secondary roads or roads of intercounty importance. Taken together, however, both classes represent the main roads of the country and the system will serve directly nearly every city of five thousand population or greater.



—Donahey, *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

HE KNOWS HIS PIPPINS!

BRIEFLY TOLD

APPROPRIATING AN UNUSED house in Coburg, Oregon, colonies of bees, working steadily for four years or more, have packed the walls of the building solidly with honey.

LONG AGO VIENNA BANISHED the loan shark by starting a city-operated pawnshop, known as the Dorotheum. Persons from all classes of society are said to visit 'Aunt Dorothy,' where they can obtain loans on anything from watches to automobiles at a low, uniform interest rate.

MAGNETS SEVEN FEET LONG are to be hung under state highway trucks in South Dakota in an effort to clear the roads of bits of metal that might puncture tires. In a test run of 20 miles such a magnet picked up 300 pounds of iron and steel scraps.

UNDER EARLY ENGLISH LAW football was held a crime. In 1314 Edward II forbade the game, and in 1389 Richard II passed a new act for its suppression, while Henry IV, Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth, all tried to stem its rising popularity by increasing the penalties.

SINCE THE YEAR 1890, AT which time the Federal Government assumed control of immigration inspection at the Port of New York, a total of 17,724,671 aliens have entered this country through the New York gateway.

LUKAS TCHAFFEN OF ARLBERG, Germany, left 1,101 descendants at the time of his death—5 children, 87 grandchildren, 456 great-grandchildren and 553 great-great-grandchildren.

BECAUSE OF THE JACOBITES' custom of passing wine over their fingerbowls when a toast to the king was proposed, to signify that in their hearts they drank to the king across the water, finger bowls are never placed on the table at state banquets in England.

BEAUTY PATCHES MADE OF thin luminous fungus that shines at night are sometimes worn by the women of the Samoa Islands.

WHAT WAS SAID TO BE THE first motion picture was produced in October, 1894, with Alexander Black as author, scenario writer, director, camera man, and title writer. Only five stereopticon slides a second could be shown compared with the sixteen pictures now flashed on the screen each second.

The Lowell Offering, a monthly periodical published from 1842 to 1849 by girls employed in the mills of Lowell, Massachusetts, was said to be the first magazine in America conducted solely by women.

SCIENTISTS HAVE ESTIMATED that the eider duck, the goose, the raven, and the parrot may live to be 200 and 300 years old.

RUBBER PADS FIVE-EIGHTHS of an inch thick are being installed between the trucks and car bodies of San Francisco's street cars. Presence of these 'rubber heels' has been found to greatly reduce the noise and vibration of the cars.

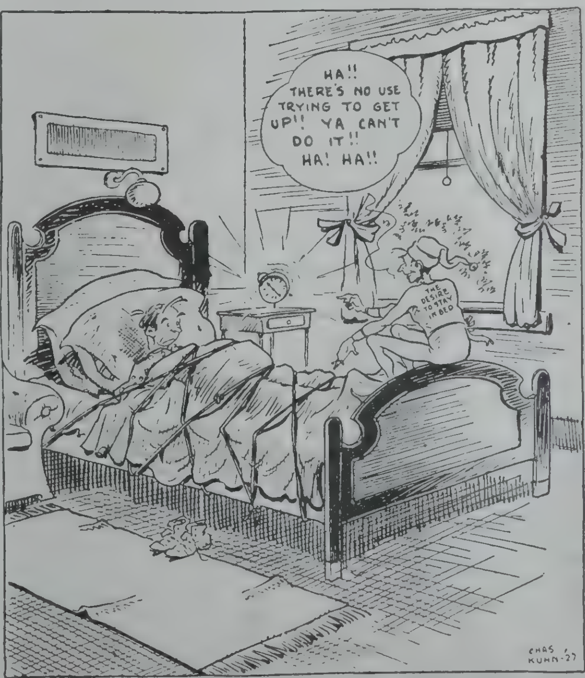
MACARONI WAS ORIGINATED in Italy by the cook of a wealthy noble of Palermo. With the first taste of a new but unnamed dish, the master is said to have exclaimed, 'Ma Cari!' which, translated freely, means 'How perfectly delicious!' Upon the second taste his enthusiasm increased to the extent of 'Ma Caroni!' Delighted, the cook immediately adopted this endearing term for the name of his invention.

A CHARITY BREAD LINE for Bowery pussies meets promptly at one o'clock each afternoon on Centre Market Place, New York City. Two district reporters have taken upon themselves the responsibility of seeing that these old alley cats get their daily beef and milk if they are on hand at the appointed time.

CUBA IS UNCLE SAM'S BEST customer for chocolate candy, consuming yearly more than ten times as much as any other country.

THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT appears in a German newspaper: 'For sale. Historical bathtub with gas heater. Real copper. Inscribed, "His Majesty Emperor William II used by bath at his first visit as Kaiser to Duesseldorf, May 4, 1891." '

LONDON WAS THE FIRST CITY in the world to introduce gas lighting. Nine years later, in 1816, Baltimore, Maryland, authorized the Gas Light Company to light its 'streets, squares, lanes and alleys' with carbureted hydrogen gas provided it did not cost more than the oil lights then in use.


HA!! THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO GET UP!! YA CAN'T DO IT!! HA! HA!!
THE DESIRE TO STAY IN BED
CHAS KUHN-27

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

WHEN COOL MORNINGS COME.

INDIA PRODUCES MORE THAN 50 per cent of the world's supply of sheet mica, a substance which has come to be almost indispensable in certain types of electrical equipment. With the advent of radio the demand for mica has greatly increased, and the United States is becoming more and more dependent upon foreign countries for its supply.

MIGRATING WILD DUCKS AND geese often travel at a speed of between forty-four and forty-eight miles an hour.

RECENT TESTS OF TRAFFIC noises in London show that the whistle of a locomotive is audible at an altitude of one and one-half miles.

GRASSHOPPER GLACIER IN MONTANA is so named because there are imbedded in it millions of grasshoppers caught in snows of the remote past.

SAILING ALONE IN A 35-foot craft from the Azores Islands, Captain Thomas Drake recently reached Plymouth, England, after a voyage of six thousand miles. Drake built his boat after the design of a Norwegian pilot boat, fitting it with an auxiliary motor; but the entire distance was accomplished by sail. The best day's run was 140 miles.

A GERMAN NEWSPAPER TELLS of a carnivorous cow found near Bremen. Discovering a crate of geese standing before the barn, the cow dropped the hay she was chewing, edged her way to the crate, and had devoured five geese before the farmer noticed what was happening.

THE HALF-CENT of 1796, the rarest of all United States copper coins, has brought as much as four hundred dollars at a public auction sale.

IT REQUIRED THIRTY-FIVE years' work for Charles W. Alfridge, of Battersea, England, to build a four-room completely furnished doll's house in a match box.

ACCORDING TO PROFESSOR LLOYD DALLAS HERROLD of Northwestern University, within fifteen years men will use rouge and carry vanity cases.

ACCORDING TO FIGURES recently given out there are 649 persons to every square mile in England and Wales.

THE FIRST ALL-PULLMAN-BUILT car, the Pioneer, was used to carry the widow and the children of President Lincoln to Illinois in 1865.

A BOSTON DOCTOR has stated that within the next fifty years people will become too civilized to kiss.

IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED that 1,500,000 one-dollar bills are worn out each day.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses changes that are taking place in the world.

* * *

Charles J. Finger, who looks upon meeting folk as an adventure, has brought back from southern Ohio a discovery of leisure. Speaking whimsically, he refers to New York as the doorway to the United States, Michigan as the office and workshop, Washington, D. C., the reception hall, and southern Ohio the comfortable den. (p. 1)

* * *

Mr. Finger finds that the Ohio Valley has always been the abode of comfortable, leisurely people. Here the fugitives driven south by the encroaching ice cap may have rested first. So he muses, as he describes the Serpent Mound of Adams County; Fort Ancient with its five miles of terraces; and the other relics of early man in this section. (p. 1)

* * *

The story of Beaumarchais, Friend of America, has been divided by Louis C. Karpinski into two parts, of which the first deals with the Frenchman's earlier life, preparatory to his support of the Colonies. As Professor Karpinski says, 'The minor events of a man's life frequently mirror the great ones. Those qualities which make for success in small things are essential for success in larger fields . . . We reveal ourselves every day in the small things we do and in the way we do them.' (p. 4)

* * *

Ne-naw-bo-zhoo was a very big, very little spirit. He did everything good, everything bad. He controlled both sun and rain. He was everywhere all the time. Among his most important qualities was the ability to change himself into a beaver, bear or mouse in an instant. (p. 6)

* * *

A unique idea is that of practising prayer as one might one's 'daily dozen.' Almost equally interesting is the comparison of a well-executed orison to a perfect golf-stroke. Glenn Clark, professor of English at Macalester College, has found this method successful. (p. 7)

* * *

Four years of an almost continuous stream of answered prayer is the experience of Professor Clark. He tells the individual to pray and to expect a response. Fifteen minutes of soul exercises daily will place one in a new world—with God very near. (p. 7)

* * *

Puritanism is usually regarded as violently opposed to art, and yet Milton was a Puritan and his poetry has been equaled by few if any. In its original form, no doubt the Puritan spirit was oppressively religious, but it had in it the urge toward individual realization and self-expression. (p. 8)

'The Puritan spirit steadily put its yesterdays behind it to walk adventurously the untrodden pathways of tomorrow.' It was for getting at the roots of things. So it was that, rejecting ecclesiasticism, with a violence not in itself beautiful, the Puritan opened the doors to the corridors of art. (p. 8)

* * *

In the third of her series of historical sketches on California, Mrs. Frances Holbrook Pfeiffer describes that interesting phenomenon of seventy-five years ago, the Pony Express. Those riders carried Lincoln's inaugural address over the one thousand nine hundred and fifty miles in one hundred and eighty-five hours. (p. 12)

* * *

Isaac Hull was barely thirty-six when he trod the quarter-deck of the U. S. S. *Constitution.* From the time he had passed twenty-one he had handled ships at sea. So when the enemy fleet bore down upon him in the year 1812, with a prize crew already selected to board the proud captive, Hull showed his heels and escaped from the entire fleet. Later he administered a real drubbing to the *Guerriere.* (p. 15)

* * *

H. G. Salsinger, popular writer on sports, has this to say concerning his article on 'The Long Road to the Top':

'I got this story from Soutar himself some time ago, but did not have a chance to write it for you until recently. He is a most interesting character. The secret of his success is that he practised for hours, week after week, on a single shot until he mastered it.' (p. 19)

* * *

It is a curious paradox that the small privately endowed college, founded upon a principle not wholly democratic, is essentially so in spirit. The large state university, founded on a principle essentially democratic, is actually more given to snobbishness than the smaller school. (p. 21)

* * *

Three small colleges, Amherst, Williams and Dartmouth are said by Paul Bowerman to have less snobbishness and exclusiveness than many larger educational institutions. 'The undergraduate most likely to develop into a snob is not the senior but the freshman, because he is younger, more inexperienced, and less able to evaluate intelligently the various elements of student life.' (p. 21)

* * *

Down to 1914, the United States had had sixty-eight arbitrations of its difficulties with other countries, of which twenty-two had been with Great Britain. The number of difficulties which Great Britain had to settle was about the same, and approximately one-third, it seems, were with this country. (p. 23)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Easton, Maryland.

I have had in mind for some while (but just why we 'put off' so many things is a mystery) writing to tell you how very much I enjoy the 'Independent.' Its articles—both literary and historical—are 'to my taste.' I really think you are doing a big thing in holding up to the young the value of our past history.

I find in its pages, among the editorials and elsewhere, the kind of matter that often is repeated in sermons and talks. This is just a word of appreciation —but it is sincere.

EDGAR T. READ.

Chino, California.

In your issue of September 3 you refer to the new creation being sent out from the Chino Valley, California, as the 'Union Dewberry.' The proper name is 'Youngberry,' named in honor of the man Young, who crossed the loganberry and dewberry and produced a berry with all the good qualities of both berries and many others besides. It is sweet, juicy, very large, dark-wine in color, strong grower, hardy and very productive. It marks an epoch in berry culture.

C. C. DELPHEY.

Cleveland, Ohio.

In the issue of October 8, 1927, there is a page devoted to 'A Fiction Hero of the Paperbacks.' However, I could find nothing in the reading matter telling anything about the author, Lu Senarens.

Perhaps you can also tell us something about the author who wrote a similar series at about the same time. This series featured Jack Wright, the boy inventor.

I was one of the boys that was thrilled by these 'paperbacks' at the age of twelve years. As I recall it now, I was delighted by the antics of 'Barney,' the Irishman, and 'Pomp,' the Negro; both faithful servants of Frank Reade, Jr. Jack Wright's servant was an old sailor who had a talkative parrot.

I believe that reading these stories caused my mind to turn to things mechanical and led me to my present vocation of mechanical engineer.

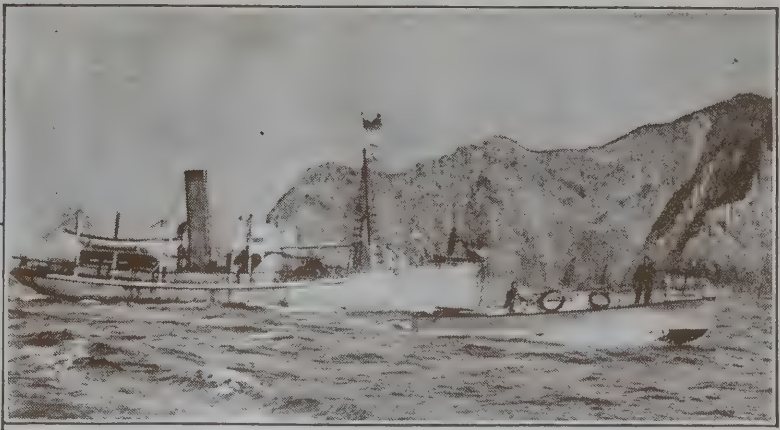
I wish to thank you for calling to mind one of the pleasures I had when a boy in years gone by.

R. R. JAMESON.

THRILLS *of* Deep-Sea FISHING

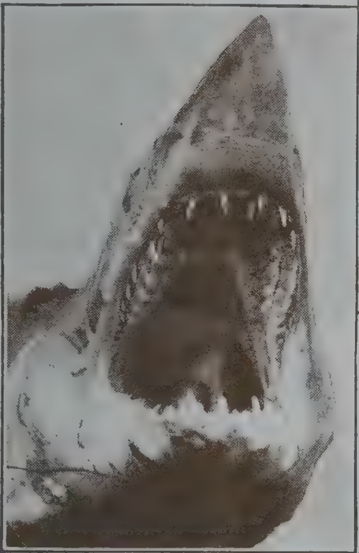
New Zealand's Lure *to* Sportsmen

[Herbert Photos]

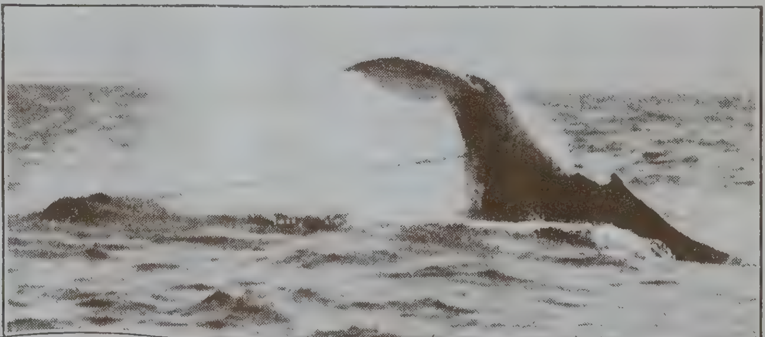


Whangamumu is the principal base of the whaling industry of New Zealand. Here the S. S. Mananui II and its speed launch are in full chase after a huge prize.

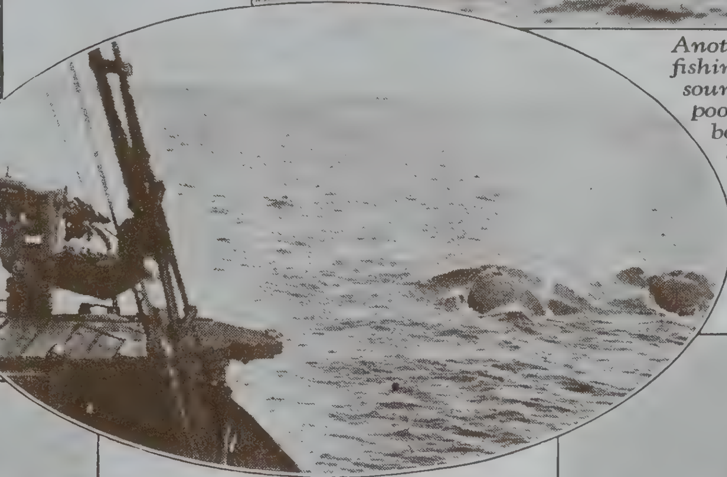
A thrill of deep-sea fishing, when the victim leaps in the battle to free himself.



Formidable jaws of the Mako shark, one of the world's gamest fighting fishes. Bold and handsome, he rivals swordfish in speed and fighting powers. Maoris formerly hunted him for his sharp and shapely teeth, used as currency and for neck ornaments.

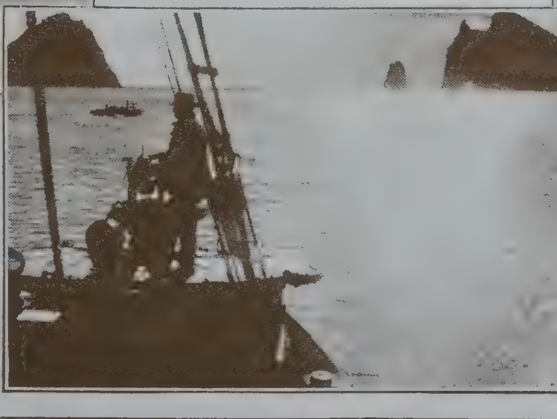


Another thrill of deep-sea fishing comes when the whale sounds, after being harpooned, as here shown. A bomb-laden harpoon, with line attached, is shot from a harpoon gun. The stricken quarry invariably puts up a stiff battle and tragedy lies in the offing unless the line is skilfully handled



Here one of the whaling vessels out of Whangamumu has surprised a pair of whales, which came to the surface to blow. They are just off the starboard bow of the ship and it is a comparatively simple matter to harpoon both of them. The harpoon gunner may be seen taking aim.

Below—
The whaler, back in his home port, Whangamumu, after a strenuous and successful hunt, enjoys watching the sun sink below the 'harbor's rim.'



Fishermen who seek the thrill of real battle make for New Zealand as the scene for their deep-sea fishing. It has become the mecca for this sport, and the Bay of Islands and Bay of Plenty are the favorite grounds. This fisherman is performing the last ritual of the catch: extracing the hook from the captured swordfish. As may be readily seen, this is a man's job.

The end of the road, for the whale. After the storm, the calm, and for the whale that means the cutting up of the carcass, of which almost nothing is lost. The whaling season is the antipodean winter, from June to August, and the summer season, November and December. Zane Grey, American novelist, holds the honor of having hooked the largest swordfish ever taken with rod and reel.

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FORTUNE does not locate her prizes in time-worn highways. Beaten paths are only for beaten men. They would not be roads if others hadn't traveled ahead of you, and those who went before seized everything that was worth the owning.

—*HERBERT KAUFMAN.*

DEA RR

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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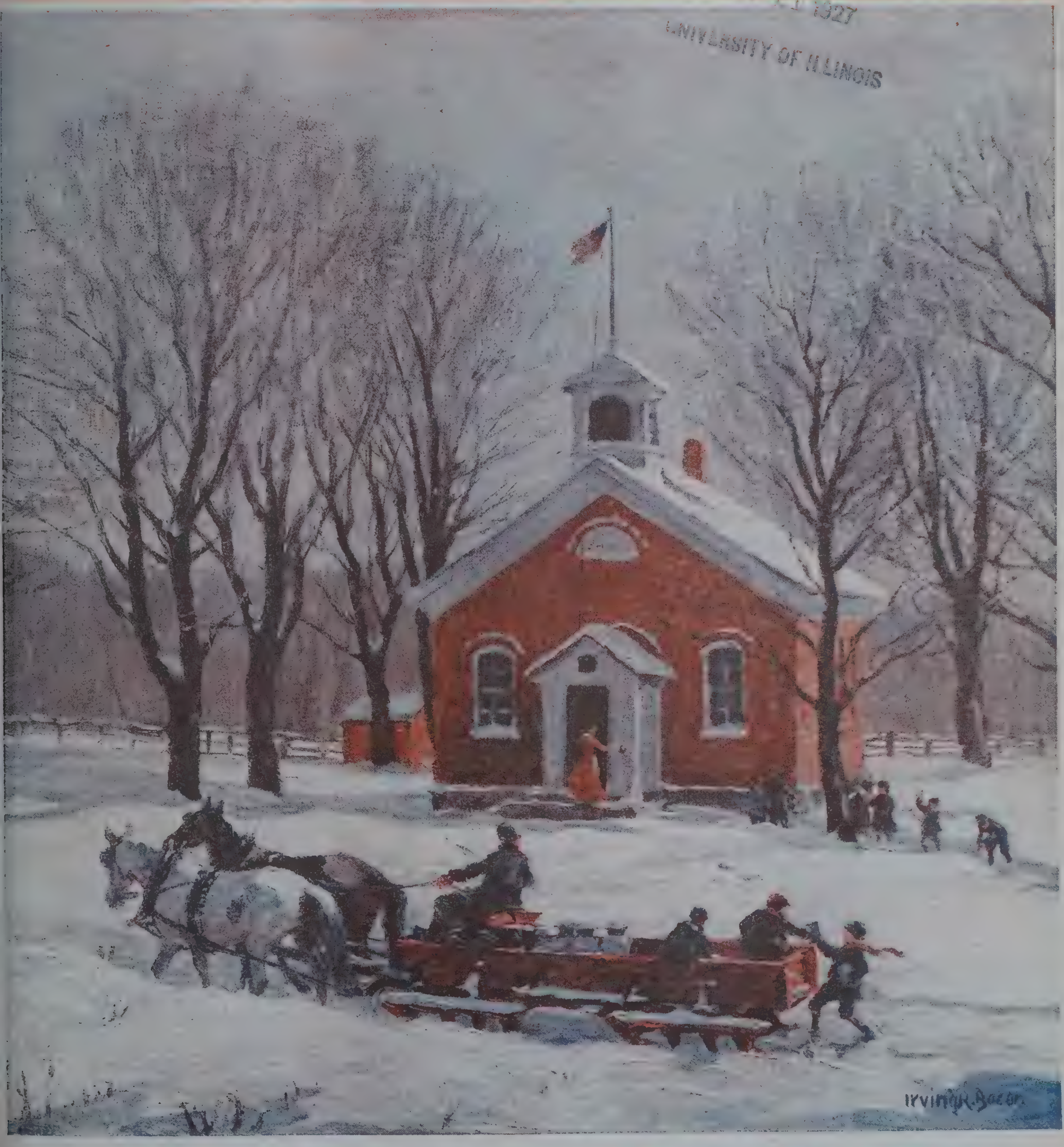

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL - - - Florence Taft Eaton

Mute FRIENDS of Man
Too Rarely Appreciated

I Think That
I Shall Never
See
A Poem Lovely
As a Tree

—H. Armstrong Roberts.

True to form, this coconut palm is silhouetted against sparkling tropical waters. The coconut, among the most useful trees, is rarely found at any considerable distance from the seacoast.

—Herbert Photo.

One of Nature's masterpieces, interesting twin palms at San Gabriel, California. These trees tower over an old mill, and the two attractions combine to serve as a magnet for tourists from all over the world.

—H. Armstrong Roberts.

Above—
No wonder such splendid evergreens appealed to primitive peoples as spirits to be propitiated. America may yet suffer for so ruthlessly offending tree-spirits.

Left—
'Tall timbers,' such as comprised forty per cent of the United States when white men came. It is typical Paul Bunyan country.

Right—
Veterans who have weathered many a gale, near the end of the timber line near Briançon, in the French Alps.

—H. Armstrong Roberts.

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Volume 28
Number 6

—Darling Photos.

The Martin Luther Orphans' Home, from the rear, across the pasture.

HAWTHORNE and Brook Farm

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

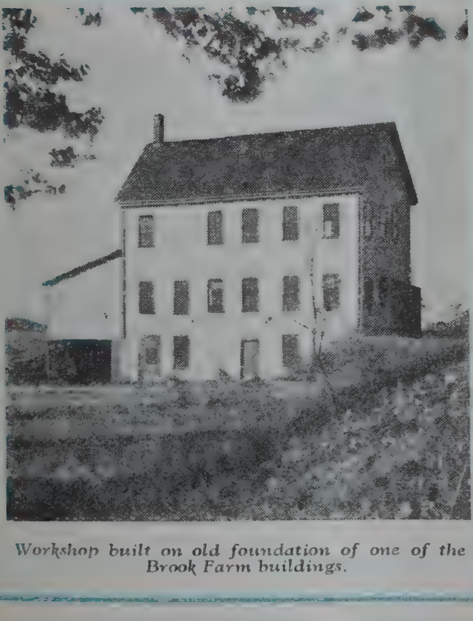
AFTER writing *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables*, Hawthorne was not quite the same man. The obscure path he had been treading had emerged into sunlight. That had surprised him as well as his readers. His friends might say, 'We always knew he had it in him'; he might feel that his youthful hope was on its way to realization in maturity; but the change had been abrupt.

The Scarlet Letter had been a sort of accident. The writing of it had been forced upon him by the sudden need of meeting daily expenses which his removal from the customhouse had imposed upon him. The story had been in the back of his mind; he had seen it as another of those short tales to which he had already accustomed himself, and it was only after getting into the depths of it that he had perceived—not without misgivings—that the theme could not be handled within limits so restricted.

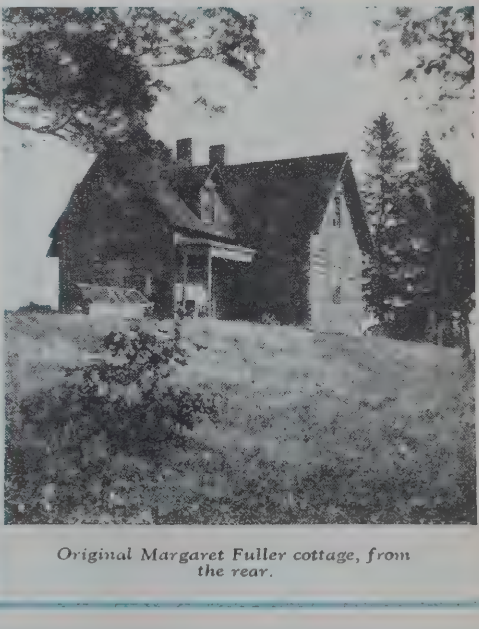
But he doubted his ability to sustain interest throughout so long a series of incidents; and also he feared that the story was too gloomy to warrant extension. Thus, having finished it, he shut it away in his desk as unavailable. Had it not been for the fortunate visit of his young friend Fields, the publisher, and for the faith in it of his wife, it might never have been drawn from that retirement.

Its immediate success was a surprise, somewhat of a bewilderment; but the concrete results altered his way of life, and his prospects. It took him out of Salem into the Berkshire Hills, and doubt as to his ability to enlarge the scope of his compositions had vanished. He felt that he had abundant material in reserve; his publishers were urging him to strike again while the iron was hot.

In the vigor of the new surroundings, physical and mental, he took hold of his new novel. It was not to be so tragic a theme as the other; there should be intervals of comedy, and sunlight at the end. He felt, as he said, that it was a more natural story for him (*Continued on page 20*)



Workshop built on old foundation of one of the Brook Farm buildings.



Original Margaret Fuller cottage, from the rear.

The DISTRICT SCHOOL

By FLORENCE TAFT EATON

—*Ewing Galloway Photos.*

The little red schoolhouse is giving way to the central consolidated school with motor buses serving the countryside.

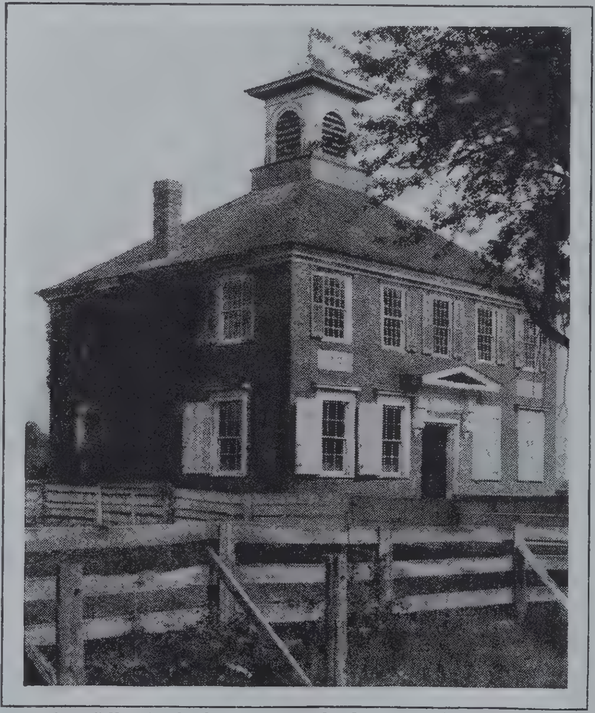
I HAVE attended the district school. I have taught and visited district schools. Their virtues and their faults, their high lights and their limitations are known to me, and memory often recurs, with amusement, to their *modus operandi*.

The district school was at its prime from the first years after the Revolution until about the middle of the last century. Before that, for a hundred years or more, school was held in meetinghouses, which, as they seldom boasted pulpit or pews but were equipped with backless benches, were easily convertible. In Colonial times the town or selectmen entirely managed the affairs of the single school; but when, for educational purposes, the growing towns were divided into districts, a 'prudential committeeman,' elected by his own district, took entire charge—supervised at regular intervals by an imposing delegation composed of the minister and the selectmen.

Such visits were, as may be imagined, solemn and impressive occasions. Later on, this extra supervision practically lapsed, and the district committeeman enjoyed full sway. Although 1850 is stated as the probable limit of the most picturesque period of the district school, it continued to flourish in the country towns until a much later period. I well remember the unique and amusing type of committeeman under whose dictatorship it was my fortune to teach.

The movement to finally abolish district schools, by the simple method of shutting them up and letting the town convey the children from the outlying districts to the graded schools at the 'center,' was started at Concord, Massachusetts—my own town. The experiment was made here with the greatest success. The attention of prominent educators all over the country was turned upon us, and a comprehensive pamphlet on the system, for distribution at the educational exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair, was written by William Lorenzo Eaton. As superintendent of the schools, he had evolved the new idea. Country towns far and wide rapidly followed our example. The district school became a thing of the past!

The committeemen of the old-time district school formed—as has been intimated—an amusing and amazing class, as a whole. They received no reward except honor, which usually proved a diminishing quantity as various differences of opinion between them and their electors cropped up. Consequently, the choice usually dwindled until the office devolved upon anyone willing to serve; and the resultant dictator was often incredibly rude and ignorant.



Bullet Hill school, Connecticut, built in 1778, one of the oldest still in use in this country.

A committeeman was supposed to visit his school two or three times a term—always on the 'last day,' for which great preparations were made. No matter how far below the older scholars he fell in education or refinement, he was regarded with awe as an arbiter of might and right, and his visits were esteemed great occasions. He could call for special classes or exhibits, he exercised all the prerogatives of a learned judge, and his final dictum, in a speech before his departure, was awaited with fear and trembling.

I well remember an oratorical effort of such a committeeman in the first school where I taught, in an outlying district of my own town. After floundering painfully in the quagmires of rhetorical figures, good advice, and some 'necessary' criticism, he brought the whole to a triumphant conclusion by assuring both the eighteen-year-old teacher and her pupils that they had 'done noble.' The speech was followed by a storm of applause, during which he mopped his heated brow with a red bandanna, retrieved his last-century 'stovepipe,' and departed.

The schoolhouses were usually built, after long and heated wranglings as to location, upon as nearly valueless land as possible, near enough the center of the district to be convenient. They boasted no great amount of architectural ornamentation, nor was landscape gardening considered. They were often left unpainted; but if there was any economical regard to their preservation, red paint was the favorite color—thus securing to posterity the sentimental appellation of 'the little red schoolhouse.'

It was not thought necessary to plant shade trees, but the site sometimes fortunately included one—much esteemed as a shelter at lunch time. Some sort of playground was provided.

Many schools were large, as old-time families were not of the fashionable modern size; but one teacher was supposed to be able to manage any number of children. The school where I taught and 'done noble' numbered sixty pupils, from four to seventeen years of age!

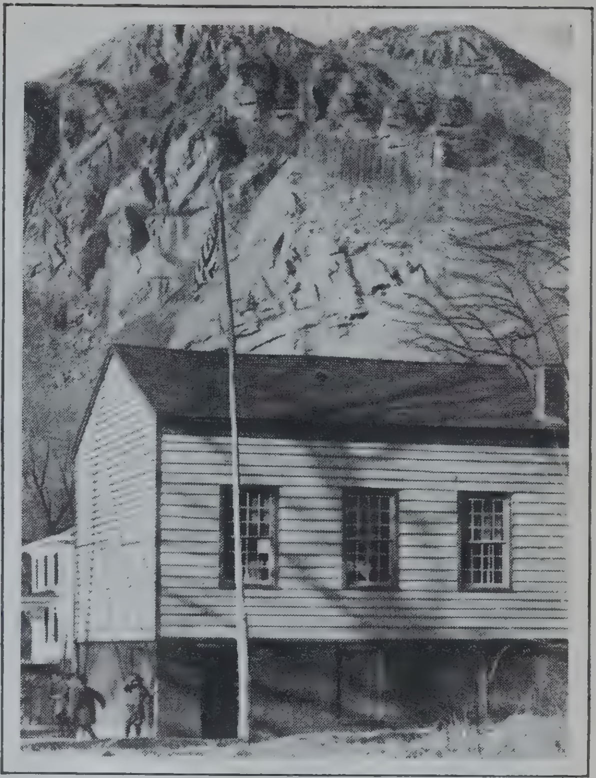
The buildings of that early time were plain, to say the least, within and without. Unnecessary space was frowned upon in their construction; sometimes a schoolroom thirty feet square accommodated a hundred children. A roaring fire in a fireplace was, of course, the earliest method of supplying heat. Later, a big wood-burner stove was installed in the middle of the room, with a long stovepipe to aid in heat distribution.

THE modern janitor was an unknown quantity: the older boys took turns in making and tending the fire. The wood was contributed and hauled by the parents—so much for each child; those who carelessly lapsed were fined four shillings. If that failed to produce results, the delinquent was prosecuted by the selectmen. Each boy was required to saw the wood contributed by his family.

The older girls took turns in staying after school to sweep and dust. This was esteemed quite a social occasion; and manual labor that would be just 'endured' at home was often 'embraced' after hours at school—a phenomenon of wide application which, I dare say, even present-day parents have frequently noticed. The big boys often gallantly loitered to help the girls; and who can say what budding romances may not have here had their beginnings?

Many of the winter teachers were young men working their way through college or professional school—sometimes frankly selected for their brawn rather than for their brain, as the big farmer boys were generally rampageous. Sometimes, in the early years of the district schools, a thrashing all round was necessary before the air was cleared sufficiently for successful mental cultivation. Occasionally pedagogical wanderers were employed, the renowned Ichabod Crane of Sleepy Hollow being an example. Girls were supposed to be adequate teachers for the summer schools, which comprised smaller children, as the big boys were now otherwise employed. The sum of ten or twelve dollars a month for the masters and of four to ten for the young mistresses was considered munificent. Earlier salaries were much smaller: I recently chanced upon a record of the sum of sixty-seven cents a week paid in a Connecticut town to a 'qualified' woman teacher. But the teacher had the pleasure and the profit of 'boarding round,' in addition to her cash salary!

One can imagine the delightful experience! Pig-killings were often planned in succession at different homes for the teacher's benefit; one wonders at the stalwart digestion necessary to support an exclusive and continuous pork diet. An old-time teacher's diary gives an amusing record of his successive daily attacks on a venerable gander, reserved in one home for the teacher's delectation. The account ended with: 'Found I had lost six pounds the last week, and told Mr. B. that I guessed that I had boarded out his share!' This custom of boarding out, as furnishing part of the teacher's salary, seems to have gradually lapsed. During the latter half of the 19th Century, new and more favorable conditions gradually developed.


—Ewing Galloway Photos.

Breakneck Mountain school, New York, had five pupils when this photo was made.

In the colder parts of the country, it was quite an operation in the winter to get the children to school. The roads had to be broken through with ox sleds after each heavy snowfall, and the children were often collected and transported schoolward in the same primitive conveyances, the big drifts being shoveled out as encountered. Arriving earlier than the rest, the big boy whose turn it was got the frigid schoolroom warm, at least to the point of endurance. Although a thermometer might register freezing temperature in the rear, the heat around the big fireplace or the hot-smelling sheet-iron stove was almost unbearable.

When the weather allowed, the children used to play outside until the last minute before school, keeping a sharp watch, however, for the teacher's advent. The shout of 'teacher's coming!' collected the stragglers. If 'teacher'

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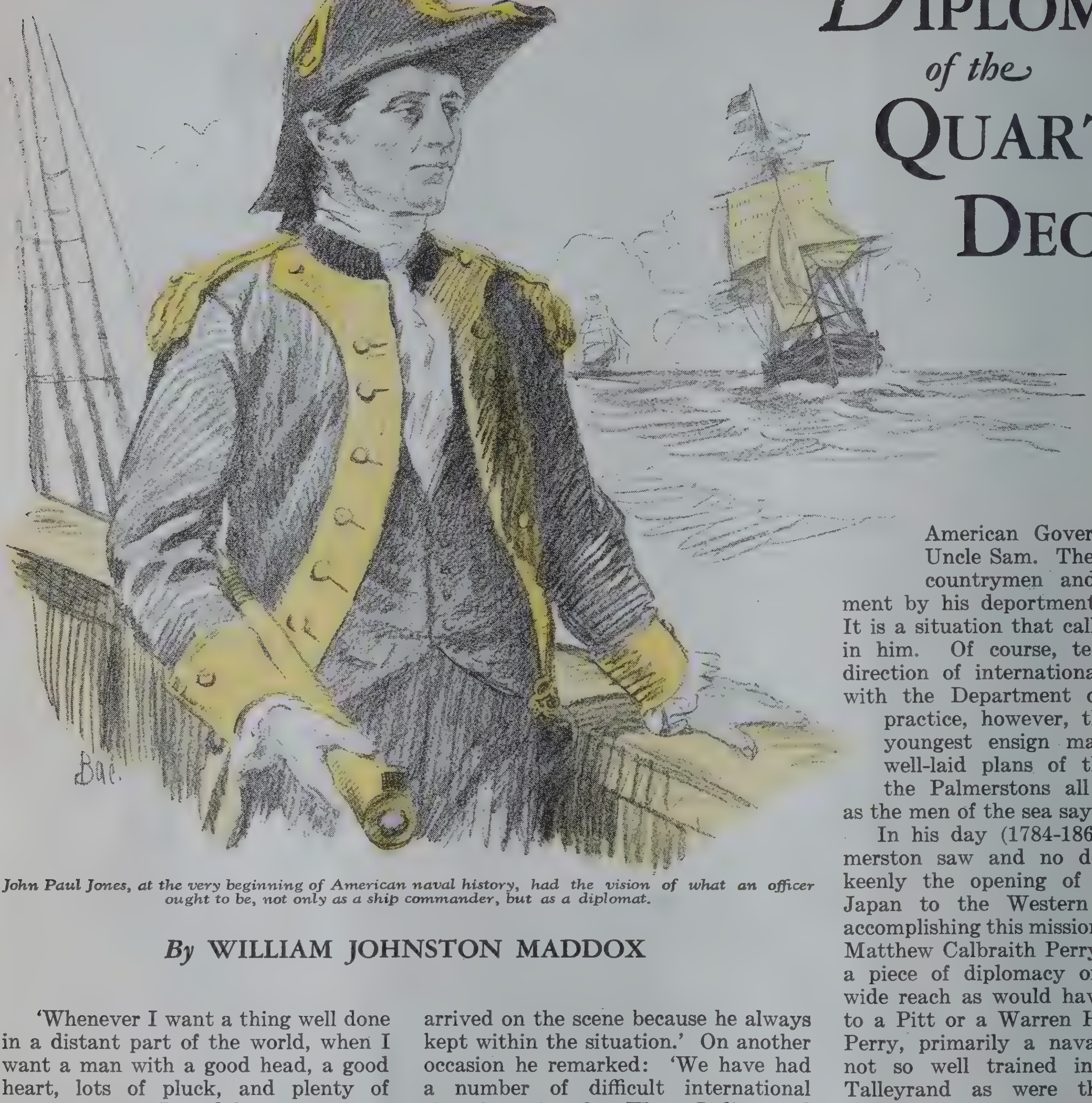
The old and the new in country schoolhouses in Florida.

DIPLOMATS *of the* QUARTER-DECK



John Paul Jones, at the very beginning of American naval history, had the vision of what an officer ought to be, not only as a ship commander, but as a diplomat.

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON MADDOX

'Whenever I want a thing well done in a distant part of the world, when I want a man with a good head, a good heart, lots of pluck, and plenty of common sense, I send for a captain in the Navy.'—Lord Palmerston.

OF THE naval officer, it may be said that he has diplomacy thrust upon him. There is no preparation for it, at least not such as the diplomat in mufti has, and the occasion many times comes like a bolt from the blue. He must be ready alike with words and with deeds when it does come. An apparently innocent tour of duty in an out-of-the-way part of the world may suddenly thrust into his hands a snarl of diplomatic thread that has ends in half a dozen capitals. And even today, with radio and cable, it is the man himself that counts, let the instructions from home be ever so explicit.

John Hay is quoted as saying, while Secretary of State, that he 'always felt relieved when the naval officer arrived on the scene because he always kept within the situation.' On another occasion he remarked: 'We have had a number of difficult international situations in the West Indies and Venezuela in the last two years and they have all been handled by naval officers very well. They have not made a single mistake.'

So much for the opinion of two eminent statesmen on opposite sides of the water. Each had ample experience on which to base appreciation of the ability of the naval officer in the rôle of diplomat. It has been said that the command of a big ship is good schooling in the qualities that make for diplomacy. Then, too, the naval officer is essentially a man of practical aims; and when all is said and done, practicality is the essence of statesmanship.

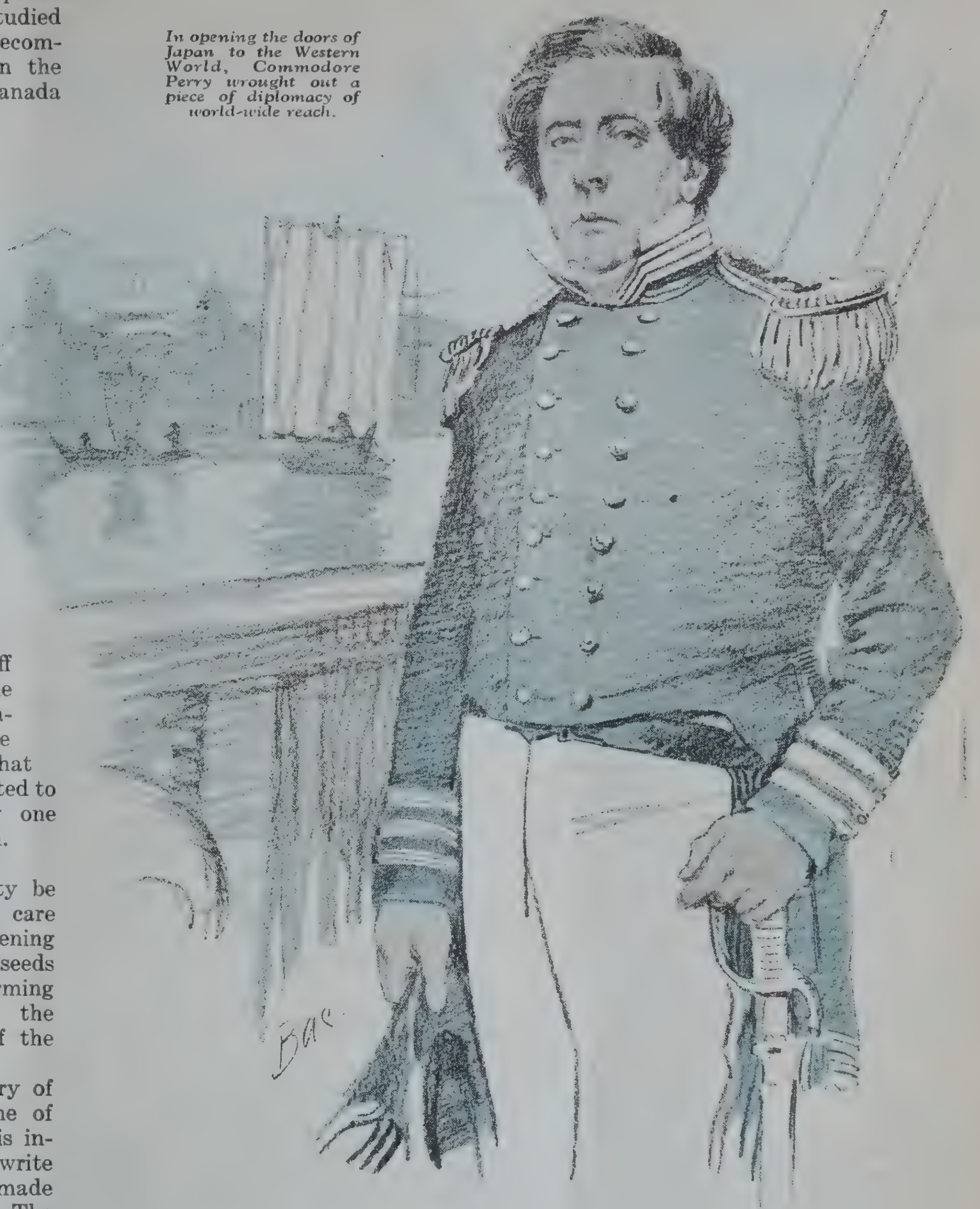
In many quiet ports of the world the natives see their first American in the uniform of the Navy. The naval officer is often called to places where no consul or other government official has gone, and to these people he is the American Government—he is Uncle Sam. They judge of his countrymen and his government by his deportment and dealing. It is a situation that calls for the best in him. Of course, technically, the direction of international policies lies with the Department of State. In practice, however, the act of the youngest ensign may knock the well-laid plans of the Hays and the Palmerstons all 'galley-west,' as the men of the sea say.

In his day (1784-1865), Lord Palmerston saw and no doubt watched keenly the opening of the doors of Japan to the Western World. In accomplishing this mission, Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry wrought out a piece of diplomacy of such worldwide reach as would have done credit to a Pitt or a Warren Hastings. Yet Perry, primarily a naval officer, was not so well trained in the arts of Talleyrand as were the agents of Jefferson then in Europe. He is generally looked upon as the greatest diplomat the American Navy has developed.

Before embarking on his Japanese expedition, Perry was called upon to perform a delicate piece of diplomatic work resulting from the fierce clashes between American and British fishermen in Canadian waters. Visits to Halifax gave him an insight into the issue, and he ascertained that a basis for settlement could probably be found by an answer to the question, 'What are bays?' In a treaty made in 1818, the United States had renounced their right to fish within three miles of any of the coasts, bays, and harbors of Canada.

Perry realized that it was important to the United States Navy that these fishermen should be encouraged, for there were some 27,500 men who annually sailed from American ports in 2,500 vessels to Canadian waters.

In time of war these men would prove invaluable to the Navy. Perry studied the situation carefully, and his recommendations had great weight in the drawing up of a new treaty with Canada leading to a settlement.


In opening the doors of Japan to the Western World, Commodore Perry wrought out a piece of diplomacy of world-wide reach.

Perry must have had a vision of the vast possibilities growing out of the opening of Japan to the outside world, for it was owing to his persistence that the enterprise was kept alive through the régimes of three Secretaries of the Navy. When permission was finally given him to embark on the venture, he entered into it with characteristic thoroughness. He studied all available books on Japan and personally interviewed whalers of the New England coast who had worked in Japanese waters. One thing he found out was that seventeen million dollars of American capital was invested in the whaling industry off the coasts of Japan and China. The fact that many shipwrecked Japanese sailors were picked up on the American coast and cared for and that shipwrecked American sailors drifted to the shores of Japan gave Perry one of the pretexts for the expedition.

IT WAS desirable that a treaty be made providing for the mutual care of these men. As another opening wedge, he loaded his ships with seeds and mechanical appliances for farming that would open the eyes of the Orientals to the achievements of the Western World.

Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, was too busy at the time of Perry's departure to write out his instructions. Perry was told to write them himself, and Webster made practically no change in them. The Secretary of the Navy was particularly liberal in writing his instructions, saying:

'In prosecuting the objects of your mission to Japan you are authorized to employ dispatch vessels, interpreters, Kroomen, or natives, and all other means which you may deem necessary to enable you to bring about the desired results.'

London soon got wind of the proposed venture. The *Times* remarked sarcastically in a leading article, 'It was to be doubted whether the Emperor of Japan would receive Commodore Perry with most indignation or contempt.'

How Perry succeeded in his mission is well known to every schoolboy. He construed his instructions strictly and brought to bear in his negotiations his wide reading, his fine knowledge of the Japanese people, and his insight into human nature. The Japanese, being an impressionable people, were greatly influenced by the show of power made by his men-of-war, anchored in the harbor of Yeddo. Knowing them to be lovers of mystery, Perry secluded himself in his cabin, showing his face only on the rarest occasions, when meetings had been arranged with the shogun or with the Emperor.

Of Perry's diplomatic stroke, Griffis in his biography of the Commodore very prettily estimates his achievement in these words:

'Perry went forth like the fair prince to open the barred castle of Thornrose. It was with a kiss, and not with a blow, that the sleeping maiden of the eastern sea was won. Perry could strike from the shoulder. His were the guns of Vera Cruz, and his Paixhans shells could have laid Yeddo in ashes in half a day; but he chose rather to out-Chesterfield these oriental Chesterfields in the minuteness, severity and suavity of his etiquette. With time, with patience, with firmness, with delicacy equal to that demanded in a first-class flirtation, with sublime attention to details, with a terrible earnestness that brooked no trifle, Perry succeeded. Thornrose awoke, her warders drew the bolts and opened the doors.'

A worthy follower of Perry was Admiral Dewey, whose conduct after his celebrated victory at Manila illustrates the attitude characteristic of the naval officer. He sailed into the bay on the morning of May first, but he took no step that would commit his government to any policy with reference to the Philippines. It was his duty as a naval officer, as he plainly put it, 'while we remained at war with Spain to strike at the power of Spain wherever possible.' In his dealings with Aguinaldo he was the genius of diplomacy, refraining from any action that might possibly offend the men fighting against Spain on the islands or that might involve his government in any entangling alliances with them.

'From my observation of Aguinaldo and his advisers,' Admiral Dewey writes in his autobiography, 'I have decided that it would be unwise to coöperate with him or his adherents in an official manner . . . In short my policy was to avoid any entangling alliances with the insurgents.'

DEWEY'S fine sense of diplomacy stood him in good stead many times during the period between the first of May, 1898, and March, 1899, when all the duties of the State, War, and Navy departments fell upon his shoulders. He permitted Aguinaldo to establish himself ashore and made him a gift of an old smooth-bore gun abandoned by the Spaniards. He drew the line, however, when the insurgent chieftain asked to have the gun mounted on a float and towed across the bay by American launches.

John Paul Jones, at the very beginning of our naval history, had the vision of what an officer ought to be, not only as a ship commander, but as a diplomat. He declared the following to be one of the prime qualifications of a naval officer:

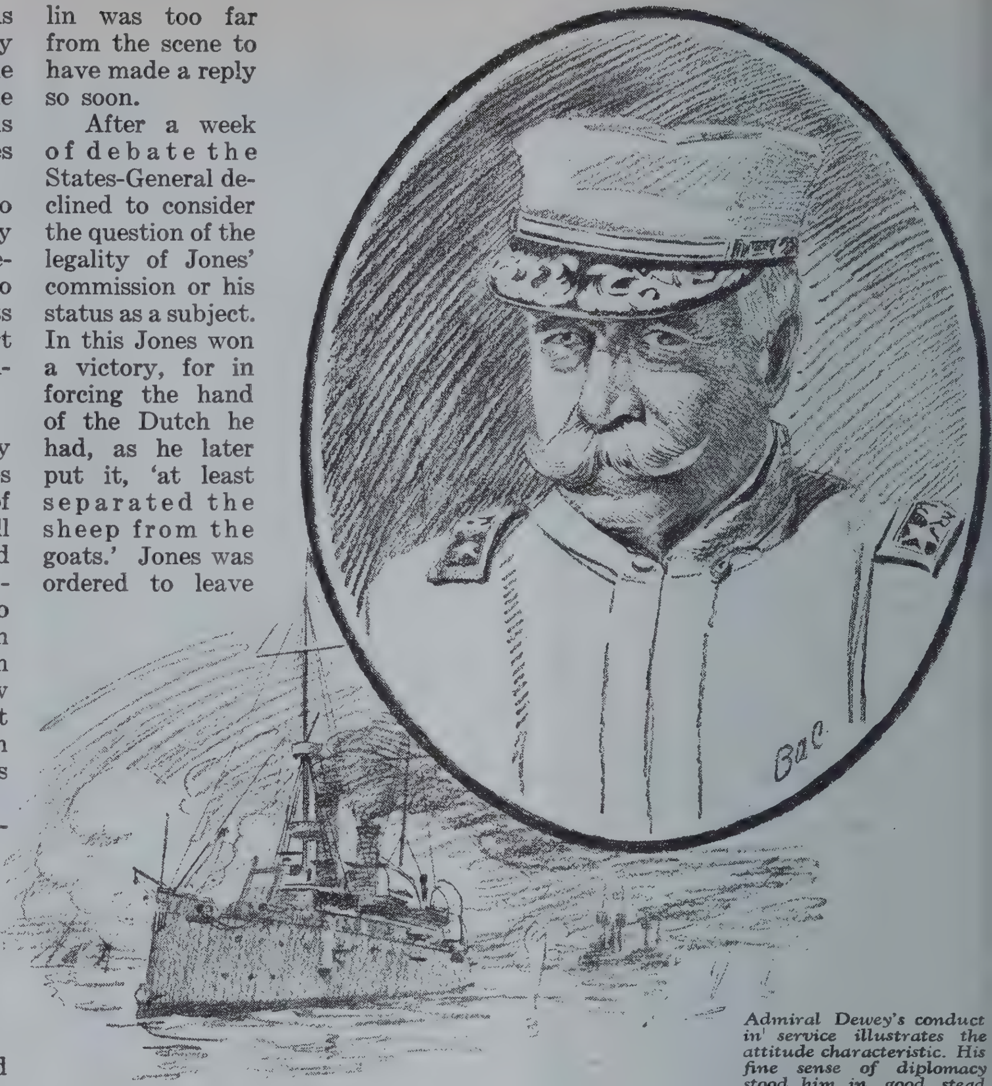
'He should be conversant with the usages of diplomacy, and capable, if called upon, of maintaining a dignified and judicial correspondence . . . involving the portentous issues of peace or war between great powers.'

Jones himself was a shining example of his own idea of a naval officer as a diplomat. He boldly carried the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*, which he had captured from the British, into the Texel with the avowed purpose, as he explained it in his journal of 1787, of using the opportunities afforded by his situation to widen the breach between England and Holland, at the same time avoiding the appearance of giving offense to the Dutch.

Sir Joseph Yorke, the blunt and bluff old British ambassador at The Hague, protested to the States-General of Holland that Jones was a pirate and really a British subject. He insisted, therefore, that Holland should not recognize him as an American officer, but should seize and imprison him and turn over his two captured vessels to the British authorities.

Jones met the contention of Sir Joseph with a brilliant argument of his own, the letter in fact being such a fine piece of work that for a time it was believed that its author was none other than Dr. Franklin. This, however, was proved impossible, for Franklin was too far from the scene to have made a reply so soon.

After a week of debate the States-General declined to consider the question of the legality of Jones' commission or his status as a subject. In this Jones won a victory, for in forcing the hand of the Dutch he had, as he later put it, 'at least separated the sheep from the goats.' Jones was ordered to leave Dutch waters 'as soon as possible when the wind and weather shall be favorable.' Thus he was left largely to his own discretion.



Admiral Dewey's conduct in service illustrates the attitude characteristic. His fine sense of diplomacy stood him in good stead many times.

That famous dilettante and gossip of the time, Horry Walpole, thought so well of Jones' letter to the States-General that he had to write the Countess of Ossory about it under date of October 1, 1782. He asked:

'Have you seen in the papers the excellent letter of Paul Jones to Sir Joseph Yorke? *Elle nous dit bien des veritas.* I doubt Sir Joseph can answer them. Dr. Franklin himself, I should think, was the author. It is certainly written by a first-rate pen.'

To jump to our own day, the European War, particularly its aftermath, thrust many strange duties upon the men of the sea. At times they have been called upon to perform tasks far afield from those contemplated in the curriculum at Annapolis, and in some instances American naval officers have been fully accredited agents of the State Department, executing the functions of ministers and consuls. Two have held appointments as high commissioners with the rank of ambassador.

Riding at anchor off Constantinople has been the situation of the 'embassy' of a certain rear admiral, who has been American High Commissioner. Because it had not resumed diplomatic relations with Turkey, the United States had no ambassador there in the regular diplomatic sense. But Admiral Bristol had the rank of one with wide discretionary powers, although in the odd position of not having any accredited diplomatic status ashore.

As high commissioner, he has represented four of the biggest branches of the United States Government, the departments of Navy, State, War, and Commerce. Officials of all four divisions stationed in that territory have been under his charge. Like a real ambassador, he has had four diplomatic secretaries, regular embassy men, and the consuls scattered throughout the country have acted as delegates of the high commissioner.

But this was not all. Admiral Bristol represented also the United States Shipping Board at Constantinople and was chairman of the local chapter of the American Red Cross. As the friend of refugees, the Admiral probably stood alone, first for the Russians and later for the Greeks. His able work at the time of the Smyrna catastrophe

(Continued on page 27)

THANKSGIVING

By N. L. VAN WEGEN

'OUR harvest being gotten in, our Governour sent foure men on fowling, that so we might after a more speciall manner rejoyce together, after we had gathered the fruit of our labours; they foure in one day killed as much fowle, as with a little help beside, served the company almost a weeke, at which time amongst other recreations, we exercised our Armes, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and amongst the rest their greatest King Massasoyt, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five Deere, which they brought to the Plantation and bestowed on our Governour, and upon the Captaine (Standish) and others. And although it be not always so plentifull, as it was at this time with us, yet by the goodness of God, we are so farre from want, that we often wish you partakers of our plentie.'

Thus wrote Edward Winslow, one of the Pilgrim Colony, in November, 1621, describing in a letter to English friends the first Thanksgiving of the little band of Pilgrims on the shores of New England.

Fifty-five Pilgrims had as guests ninety-one Indians on this first authentic harvest festival. The latter, accustomed to hold a feast of gratitude after gathering in their crops, entered as gladly into the spirit of the affair as did the Pilgrims, who were familiar with the autumn jollifications held overseas.

Captain Miles Standish marched and countermarched his army of fourteen before the assembled Indians, probably more as a measure to impress the *Wilden* (as the Pilgrims, from their long residence in Holland, called the Indians) than from any need of drill. Both musketeers and archers shot at a mark.

It was a course dinner that graced the boards at this Thanksgiving. Turkey and other fowl, stuffed with beechnuts and chestnuts and sauced with cranberries; venison, bear steak, fish freshly caught from brook and sea; wild celery soup, pumpkins; clams, lobsters, eels, oysters furnished by the Indians (and each was a foot long according to a contemporary historian); maple syrup, wild grapes, berries, plums; and Indian corn, or maize, prepared in a dozen ways, these all formed a meal that could easily be called satisfactory.

The Indians stayed three days, eating their fill of the savory dishes prepared by the wives and daughters of the Pilgrims and smoking their native tobacco. As the taste for the weed spread quickly from the Indians to the Pilgrims, undoubtedly the first 'smoker' was held at this time when, after the feast, both white man and red fraternized over their pipes.

The Pilgrims may be credited with yet another institution, that of the national wash day, inaugurated on Monday, November 13, 1620, shortly after the landing from the *Mayflower* at Cape Cod. The women gathered baskets of soiled clothes and hied them to a small pond where the well-worn garments were washed and beaten with wooden sticks.

However, while Thanksgiving in its present form is a distinctively American holiday, its origin may be traced in the dim past to the land of the Canaanites, from whom the Children of Israel copied many of their customs.

The book of *Judges* contains the following concerning the Canaanities:

> 'And they went out into the fields, and gathered their vineyards, and trode the grapes, and made merry, and went into the house of their god, and did eat and drink.'

Among the Hebrews, vintage or harvest celebrations appeared with the reaping of the barley (Passover) and the wheat (Pentecost), and the gathering of the fruits of the vine (Tabernacles). During the last-mentioned festival everyone lived in tents in memory of the years when the nation had no home.

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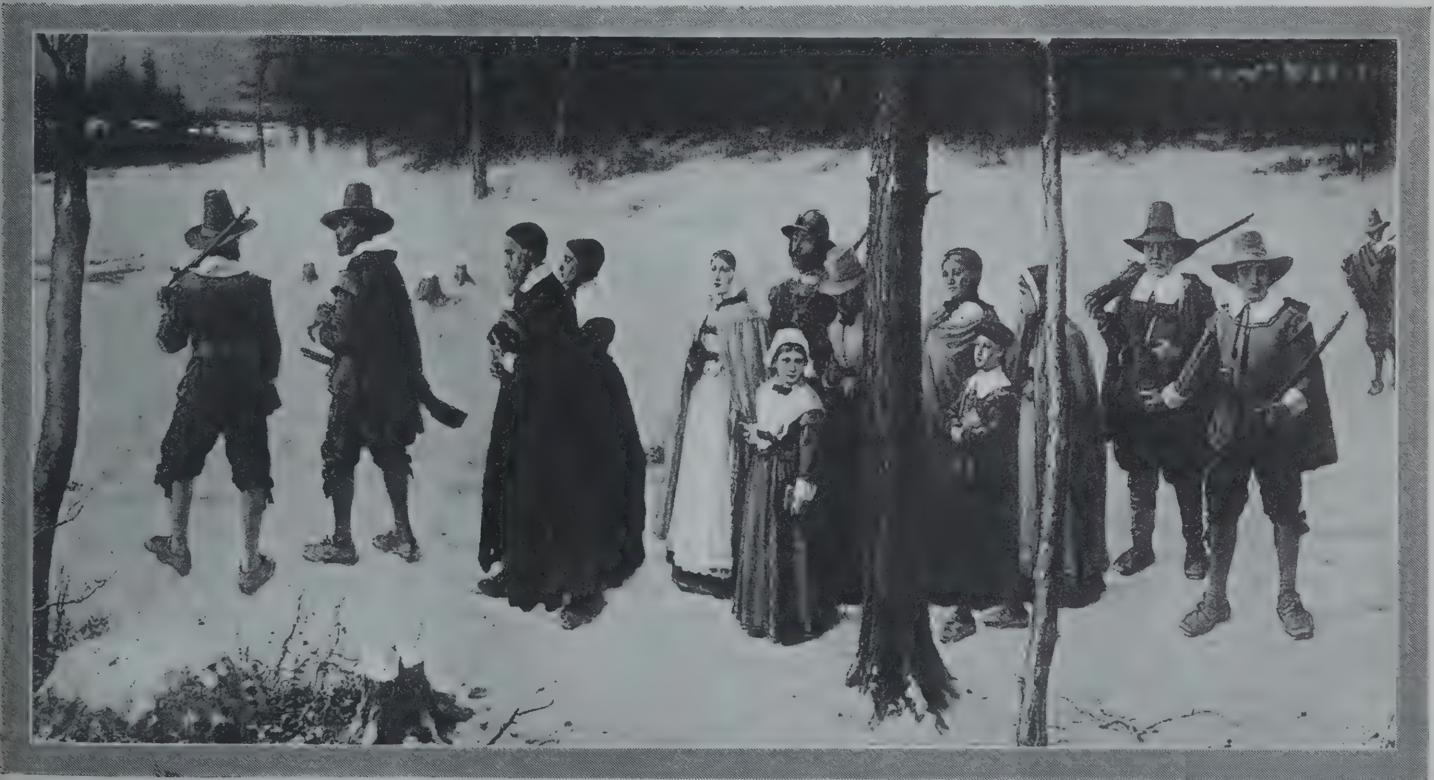
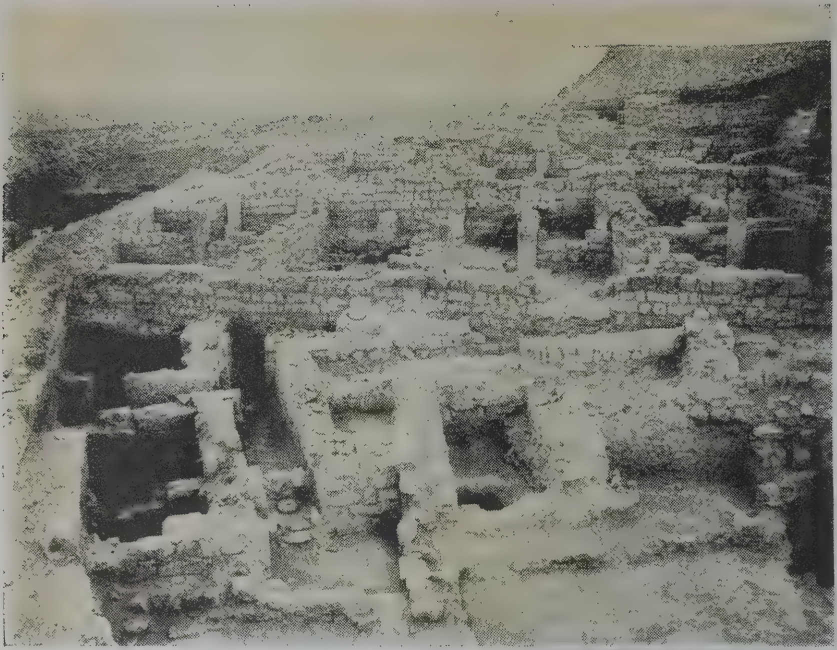


—Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

'Puritans Going to Church,' painted by George Henry Boughton.

City *of* BETH-SHAN

By WILLIAM A. McGARRY



Left—Ruins of the city erected by the Arabs in A. D. 632, on the mound of Beth-shan, where nine cities have been situated. Below—Arab workmen moving a large gravestone found in the ruins.

IT WAS in the city of Beisan, called Beth-shan in numerous references in the Bible, that Dr. Clarence Stanley Fisher, head of an expedition at work there, discovered the sarcophagus of the father of Herod the Great.

It was announced at that time that the ruins of Beth-shan had yielded the first sarcophagi ever found of the Philistines, with whom the tribes of Israel waged war for so many years. Likewise, the same expedition succeeded in reaching the ruins of six of the nine cities known to have been built on the high mound known as Beth-shan, the gateway between Mesopotamia and Egypt.

That Beth-shan was occupied for a longer continuous period than any other site of human habitation, by a series of civilizations beginning with the earliest makers of rude pottery and ending with the present-day Arabs who succeeded the Crusaders, its last conquerors, had long been believed.

Beth-shan has been the Verdun and the Waterloo of armies innumerable. It has been the most fought-over city in the world. Sargon I of Babylonia took it when he led his warriors swarming from the plains of Mesopotamia into Palestine. After him came Abraham, Chedorlaomer, Hammurabi, Sargon II, Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, Thothmes, Rameses, Necho, Saul, David, Jeroboam, Jehu, Ahab, Horam, Josiah, Alexander, Pompey, Napoleon, and finally General Allenby at the head of the British flying column during the World War. And that list represents but a few of the world captains who made or lost their reputations there.

The city is so bound up with the events preceding the founding of Christianity that its name recurs again and again in the Testaments. It is within sight of the Mount of Transfiguration. Yet the knowledge of it in existing history is manifestly meager in comparison with the store of facts buried in its ruins. Historians know that the Amorites were among the first civilized settlers after the primitive inhabitants. In the Bible it is stated that the Hebrews under the leadership of Joshua went up against Beth-shan but could not take it because the people had iron chariots.

Here was one of the earliest-known forerunners of the tanks used to such good effect in the recent war. Apparently David took the city and Solomon held it, although the terms of his sovereignty are lost in antiquity. Under Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, it seceded, and was finally conquered by the Syrians from Damascus. In the more remote past it is known to have been held for varying periods by the Babylonians and the Egyptians. Beth-shan was one of the cities captured when the 'Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold.' Later came Greek and Roman occupations.

No other site is so well situated for strategic military purposes. It might be called the Gibraltar of the land. It is watered by springs which form a large tributary to the Jordan, and in the hot, dry country it was a veritable oasis for armies approaching from south, north or east. The evidence shows that it was used as a point of recuperation almost continuously for thousands of years. Towering in the near distance is the Mount of Gilboa, where King Saul was defeated by the Philistines. The story of that historic fight is regarded as one of the world's masterpieces of war literature, as it is told in the thirty-first chapter of the first book of *Samuel.* There the ancient historian gives the entire tale in a dozen verses, using less than four hundred words. A modern war correspondent would write columns for anything relatively as important in modern war.

The citadel of Beth-shan is really an artificial hill—the result of the Oriental practice of

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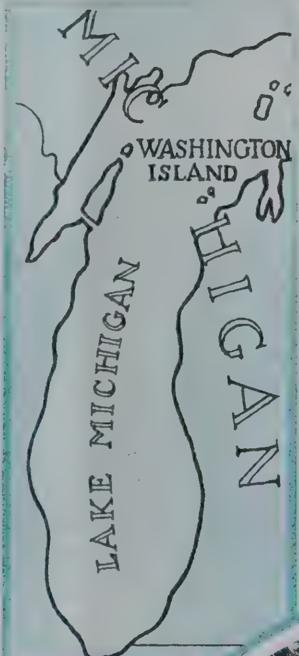
Stele inscribed with hieroglyphics, from the grave of King Seti I of Egypt, 1300 B. C.

VIKINGS of LAKE MICHIGAN

By FRED L. HOLMES

NEARLY three-quarters of a century ago humble fisher folk, adventurous Icelanders and Norwegians, settled on a group of islands off the end of the Wisconsin Door County peninsula in Lake Michigan. As time passed, most of the islands were deserted by them because of bleakness and inaccessibility, and Washington, the largest, became their ultimate home.

Here for sixty years these people have lived and attained to modern circumstances; increased in population and developed a social spirit remarkable for its strong features of coöperation. Since their coming, Washington Island has become more than a dot on the map of Lake Michigan. Miles at sea from its nearest neighbors, its population of one thousand teems with such progress, upon a background of adventure so different, that its own singularity demonstrates its worthiness.



Death Door's Bluff, Washington Island. Left—Situation of the island.

Though named after the nation's first president, the island had been known to the traders as a center in the danger zone of navigation since the beginning of inland sea commerce. Off in the white-crested waves of Lake Michigan it lies, twenty-five miles from the mainland of northern Michigan and twelve miles from Door County peninsula.

One of the schools on the island.

Monument honoring the island's soldiers.

Around it the currents toss and flow, now smiling and quiet; now angry and turbulent. In summer the cool breezes come in from the restless waters, clean, fresh, and invigorating, but in mornings when the horizon is murky, the sun bolts out of the eastern sky, in a cloud as gray as dust, gliding swiftly like a charioted ball of fire over the zinc-colored surface. Even the fishermen, tugging at their nets, pause and gaze in the solemnity of such a moment.

Morning is day's gem with these fisher folk. They go about their tasks early, retiring to their homes in the afternoons for agricultural pursuits. Far away the world of affairs is noisy and busy but they do not invite its disturbance.

Washington Island is a governmental township about six miles square and with a shore line of twenty-six miles. Its northern sides are high and precipitous with castellated limestone caverns reaching to the water's edge, two hundred feet below its peaks. Fantastic figures, fashioned and sculptured by the winds and the storms of the ages, have been wrought in the stony surfaces. Over it all the clinging cedars have woven a drapery of green to hide its bald outlines. Detroit Harbor on the southern crest is its most important commercial port.

Inland, second-growth timber is now foresting the uncultivated places. On top of the high ridges and cliffs are heavy growths of hardwood, birch and maple; little oak and spruce and arbor vitae go down to the water's edge. Cords upon cords of flat pieces of limestone have been gathered by patient labor from the fields and utilized in the building of strong fences or walls. In some clearings, the open fields are rugged with great rock outcrops and in others the ground is deep and the earth tillable. Such has been the home and environment of these immigrant Nordics.

Those Vikings of Norway who landed on Iceland in the Ninth Century found it a barren and rock-strewn waste of desolation. Today it supports a population of more than 75,000 people with farming and stock raising; with extensive fishing and industries. The tenets of democracy flourish; education is general and the

(*Continued on page 18*)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Relative Values of Faultfinding, Analysis and Criticism

THE sea is wholesome because it is constantly in motion, and human society is saved from utter decay by the permanent principle of change. It will be agreed, when it is sufficiently considered, that the conditions most complained about today were at one time hailed as wonderful improvements. Range through the whole field of complaints and see how true this is. Everything that we are now agreed upon as being undesirable was at one time at the very height of desirability. It constituted such a notable advance on what had preceded it that its appearance was greeted as a triumph.

What has caused this change in attitude? It is attributed by some to the growing mental stature of the race. To others it is merely an illustration of the old saying that if you give human beings an inch of favor they will demand a yard. In any case, the fact remains that the best slowly loses its status until it comes to be regarded as very like the worst. We are complaining today about conditions which kings could not have commanded in the days of our great-grandfathers.

This, however, is not said here to introduce the preachment that men should be satisfied. It merely introduces a casual study of the phases in which men's dissatisfaction manifests itself. The mind action which accompanies social dissatisfaction or any discontent which is the harbinger of progress may be considered under three headings: first, faultfinding; second, analysis; third, criticism.

FOUR steps make up the ladder of progress. The first is faultfinding, capacity to react to the feeling of wrong. It is not infallible—the wrong may be in the finder rather than in what he deems the fault. Second comes analysis, power to take a situation apart and lay the facts bare. This is of higher order than the first, is less self-centered, less emotional. Then comes the power of criticism, which means the weighing of values, the valuing of all facts according to universal standards. Faultfinding is emotional; analysis is intellectual; criticism is moral. Fourth and last is creativeness, the full flower of human usefulness when connected with knowledge and suggestion.

Faultfinding is the most elementary reaction to the sense of wrong conditions. It may be wordless as an infant's cry in the night, or it may be the whimper of a pampered race whose dainties have become scarce or harder to get, the plaint of a soft people resentful of the need for hardihood. In any case, it is the first crude reaction to the pressure of conditions. It may be valuable as a symptom only: it is never a diagnosis.

It is amazing to observe how large a percentage of our intelligent classes desire to remain in the region of faultfinding simply because effort is required to rise into the region of analysis. Lazy-mindedness is a disease which drives the mind to lean on any convenient defect that may serve as an excuse in lieu of a reason. To express and nurse the grievance, instead of diagnosing it, is the first tendency of human nature with regard to unpleasant or baffling conditions.

Such a course discovers nothing, solves nothing, improves nothing. It is emotional rather than reasonable, whimpering rather than self-reliant; it encourages moral cowardice. And the habit of looking around for someone to take the blame is parent to the habit of looking around for someone to help us, instead of looking to ourselves. Both these habits arise from weakness, from the general human willingness to coddle ourselves, and to become prey of false leaders who promise to coddle us.

We need analysis more than faultfinding, for then we face conditions and not merely people who are caught in the very conditions which we charge them with creating. From analysis the way is made clear to go on to criticism. It is a sad light on our mental habits that the very word criticism has come to mean faultfinding. It has nothing to do with faults or excellences as such; it has only to do with values. When a situation is analyzed, all its elements are laid bare, as when the symptoms of a disease are tabulated and the history of the patient is taken, or as when a machine is taken apart to repair a defect. We have any amount of faultfinding, but little real analysis. The facts are not all laid bare.

In the work of criticism, a judgment is given on the various facts which analysis produces. The facts which are productive of disharmony, waste, injustice are so valued; the facts which favor use, efficiency, general service, and welfare are so valued. The critic distinguishes between the good and the bad, the wise and the selfish, the permanent and the temporary. Progress in social welfare is not a matter of one group's getting the better of another by any method such as getting laws passed or parties elected or programs accepted. The forcing of one set of facts into control of another set of facts does not mend a wrong condition so long as in the total facts there are those that make for wrongness. True criticism, which connotes fairness and detachment of mind, requires that from all the facts there be eliminated those which are productive of the qualities which hurt men and prevent social progress.

The analyst is not very popular, because he takes apart the interior mechanism of a condition, and, as neither side to a controversy possesses all the virtue nor all the vice, the analysis necessarily exposes the sins of each. And the true critic is even less popular, because by the same law he judges both.

And yet it is by these two, goaded into action it may be by the insistent murmurings of the faultfinders, that we get the material by which consciously to direct our economic courses toward justice. Millions of faultfinders, hundreds of analysts, tens of critics—this is the ratio which we ought to mend, becoming fact finders and value finders in ever-increasing numbers.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Law and the Criminal

THE law sets up certain barriers for the protection of accused persons. There is the right of trial by jury, the presumption of innocence for all persons until proved guilty, the Constitutional guaranty against being placed twice in jeopardy for the same crime, the right to refuse to testify in one's own defense. These have all been sanctioned by custom and guarded by public opinion.

But there have grown up offshoots of these rights—rank weeds of court procedure and usage which threaten to choke out not only the genuine rights of the accused, but the inherent right of all citizens to protection against crime and lawlessness. These offshoots—'legal technicalities,' as they are known in court parlance—are rapidly supplanting the fundamental laws based on common sense. Cases are common wherein criminals have gone free through some quirk of court procedure, although jurors, judge, and lawyers, all have known they were guilty. Crime has reached unheard-of proportions in the United States because criminals know they have a fifty-to-one chance of going free. Agitators who advocate the overthrow of the law by force are treated as traitors; yet lawyers who undermine the laws by burrowing loopholes through the nation's judicial system are regarded as highly respectable citizens.

The natural reaction to this prostitution of justice and the resultant wave of crime which has been sweeping the country is the passing of new and harsh laws for dealing with criminals. New York started the movement with the Baumes Laws, which have struck terror into the heart of the underworld with their stiff prison terms for habitual offenders. But the Baumes Laws deal largely with the sentencing and paroling of convicted persons. Reform is likewise needed in the trial itself.

Caleb H. Baumes, chairman of the New York State Crime Commission and author of the famous laws bearing his name, is now directing his attention to this feature. 'It is ridiculous to exclude from a jury persons who read the newspapers,' he declares in a United Press interview. 'A citizen who doesn't read the newspapers is not an intelligent citizen and he probably is not fit to be on a jury. We need to place the selection of the jury more in the hands of the court and take it out of the hands of the lawyers. Lawyers ought not to be permitted to throw off a jury all intelligent persons, which is what they do most of the time now.

'First, we ought to place more power in the hands of jury commissions so that they could make up the panels with a higher type of citizen than we have now. There should be fewer exemptions. There ought to be nobody on a jury panel who is not a highly intelligent citizen. Then the juries would have to be composed of good men because the bad ones, the professional jurors, would have been weeded out in advance. Second, the actual selection should be concentrated more in the hands of the judge. He should question the jurors in open court and pick them. Then if counsel on either side know of any reason why a juror should not serve, let them state it to the judge and let him act.'

This sounds like good sense.

Washington's Move?

REMOVAL of the National Capital from Washington to some point in the Mississippi Valley is urged by a Western newspaper. It advances several arguments in favor of the proposal; they are in effect:

> Washington, when it was chosen, was near the center of population. With the acquisition of new territory and the expansion of the nation it has become a lopsided location.
>
> A nation's capital is always a focal point for attack in time of war. Situated on the Eastern seaboard, Washington is difficult to defend; in fact, it was once held by an enemy nation. An inland site would be advantageous from the standpoint of defense.
>
> The East has a tremendous advantage, and the West is badly handicapped, by the present location of the Capital. It is comparatively easy for the Atlantic States to marshal forces quickly in Washington to favor or oppose legislation, but it is difficult for the Western States to do so.

These arguments are at least interesting, if nothing more. Superlative difficulties stand in the way of transferring the National Capital (the Western newspaper recognizes this), but they could probably be overcome. Australia, facing the same problem, recently completed a new commonwealth in the midst of what had previously been wilderness. But the probabilities that the nation will move its headquarters westward are not great. Sentiment is a strong argument in America, and Washington is bound round with stanch ties of sentiment. Then, too, there are the expenditures that the Federal Government has made and is continuing to make in Washington. The nation has an investment of millions in its Capital City, in the Capitol, the White House, the Government buildings, the Navy Yard, the various public parks, the Army stations, the monuments. It will take long discussion to convince the country that these should be sacrificed and new ones constructed elsewhere. But the chief difficulty would be selection of the new site. There would be plenty of applicants.

BEAUMARCHAIS, Friend of America

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

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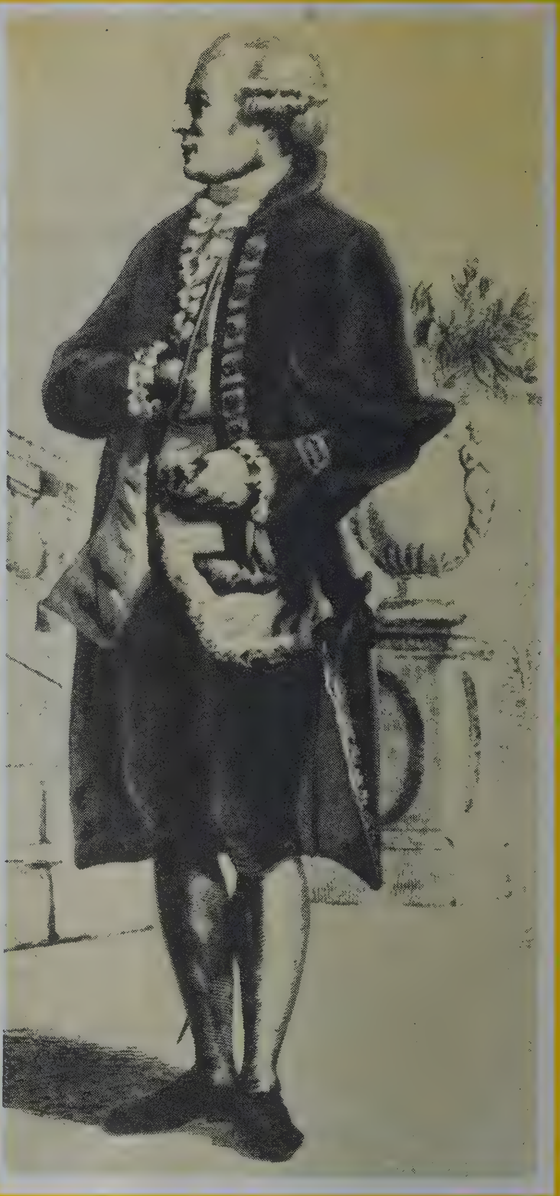


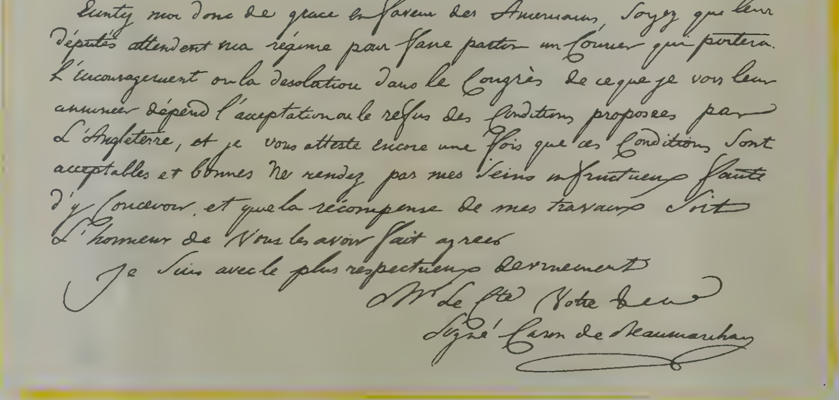
Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais, after one of his later pictures.

IN THE year 1775 the genial author of the *Barber of Seville* was occupied in London with some secret affairs of the King. The early life of Beaumarchais had prepared him spiritually and intellectually for his fine participation in the American Revolution. In London, in 1775, the American revolt against the mother country was the subject of much discussion; it furnished a topic of great interest to a Frenchman who remembered the bitter pill which France had swallowed in 1763, in the cession of Canada to Britain. Before the battle of Lexington became known in England, Beaumarchais had written to the King of France concerning 'the troubles of England with her colonies' (April 27, 1775) and the significance of those events for France.

No doubt, with Beaumarchais and with other Frenchmen, the wish that America should be free was father to the thought. It is striking to find such ideas in 1775, a year before independence was declared, and at a time when America was yet hesitating. In September, 1775, Beaumarchais wrote a long memorial on the situation to the King and secretly brought the news himself from England to France. In this document is the prophetic statement: 'All sensible persons are convinced, in England, that the English colonies are lost to the mother country, and that is also my opinion.' Such statements appeared even in print in France in 1775.

With characteristic zeal Beaumarchais continued his communications to Vergennes and to the King in favor of assistance to America. On the last day of February, in 1776, a long letter 'to the King alone' reads, in part, as follows:

> Sire—The famous quarrel between America and England, which will soon divide the world and change the system of Europe, imposes upon each power the necessity of examining well in what manner the event of this separation can influence it, and either serve it or injure it.
>
> But the most interested of all countries is certainly France, whose sugar islands have, since the last peace, been the constant object of the regrets and hopes of the English; regrets and hopes which must infallibly bring us war, unless, by a weakness impossible to suppose, we consent to sacrifice our rich possessions of the gulf to the chimera of a shameful peace, which would be more injurious even than the war which we dread. In a first memorial, sent three months since to your majesty by M. de Vergennes, I endeavored to establish soundly that your majesty's character for justice could not be injured by taking wise precautions against enemies who are never delicate about those they take against us.
>
> At present, when a violent crisis is approaching with great rapidity, I am obliged to warn your majesty that the preservation of our possessions in America, and the peace which your majesty appears to desire so much, depend solely upon this one proposition: the Americans must be assisted . . .
>
> Sire, in the name of God, deign to examine the matter with me.
>
> First, if England triumphs over America, she can only do so by an enormous expenditure of men and money. Now the only compensation the English propose to themselves for so many losses is to take possession on their return of the French islands, and thus make themselves the exclusive vendors of the valuable supply of sugar, which can alone repair all the injuries done to their commerce; and this capture would also render them forever the absolute possessors of the advantages derived from the contraband commerce carried on by the Continent with these islands.
>
> Then, sire, there would remain to you nothing but the option of commencing at a later period an unprofitable war, or of sacrificing to the most shameful of inactive peaces all your American colonies, and of losing 280 millions of capital, and more than 30 millions of revenue . . .
>
> You will only preserve the peace you desire, sire, by preventing it at all price from being made between England and America, and in preventing one from completely triumphing over the other; and the only means of attaining this end is by giving assist-



Ecoutez moi donc de grace en faveur des Americains, Soyez que leur
députés attendent ma réponse pour faire partir un Courier qui portera
l'encouragement ou la desolation dans le Congrès de ce que je vais leur
annoncer dépend l'acceptation ou le refus des Conditions proposées par
L'Angleterre, et je vous atteste encore une fois que ces Conditions Sont
acceptables et bonnes Ne rendez pas mes Soins infructueux faute
d'y Concourir, et que la récompense de mes travaux Soit
l'honneur de Vous les avoir fait agréer
Je Suis avec le plus respectueux devouement
M. Le Cte Votre &c
Signé Caron de Beaumarchais

Communication from Beaumarchais to Vergennes, beginning, in effect, with 'Listen to me in behalf of the Americans.'

> ance to the Americans, who will put their forces on an equality with those of England, but nothing beyond. And believe me, sire, that the economy of a few millions at present may, before long, cost a great deal of blood and money to France.
>
> Believe me above all, sire, that the necessary preparations for the first campaign will alone cost you more than all the assistance you are asked for now; and that the wretched economy of two or three millions will certainly make you lose, before two years, more than three hundred.
>
> If it be replied that we can not assist the Americans without wounding England, and without drawing upon us the storm which I wish to keep off, I reply in my turn that this danger will not be incurred if the plan I have so many times proposed be followed, that of secretly assisting the Americans without compromising ourselves.

THE theme to which Beaumarchais recurred constantly was that, war with England being inevitable at the end of the conflict, it would be better to avert it by assisting the Colonies to weaken England. The official archives of France reveal some fifty communications from Beaumarchais to Vergennes, dating from April of 1775 to February of 1778, when France gave open encouragement and recognition to the United States. These repeated and forceful endorsements of the American cause prepared Vergennes and the King, and made possible Franklin's success.

Early in '76, Beaumarchais conceived the plan of forming a company to sell and send supplies and ammunition to the Americans. He proposed to the King and to Vergennes that secret support for this purpose should be given by France and Spain. On June 10, 1776, one million of livres was advanced personally to Beaumarchais by the French Government, and another million was given him by the Spanish Government at the request of Vergennes. A third million was advanced by the farmers-general of France, with the announced expectation that repayment would be made in tobacco, indigo, and other American products. In this expectation of repayment in kind Beaumarchais certainly participated. The receipts for the two millions from France and Spain read as follows:

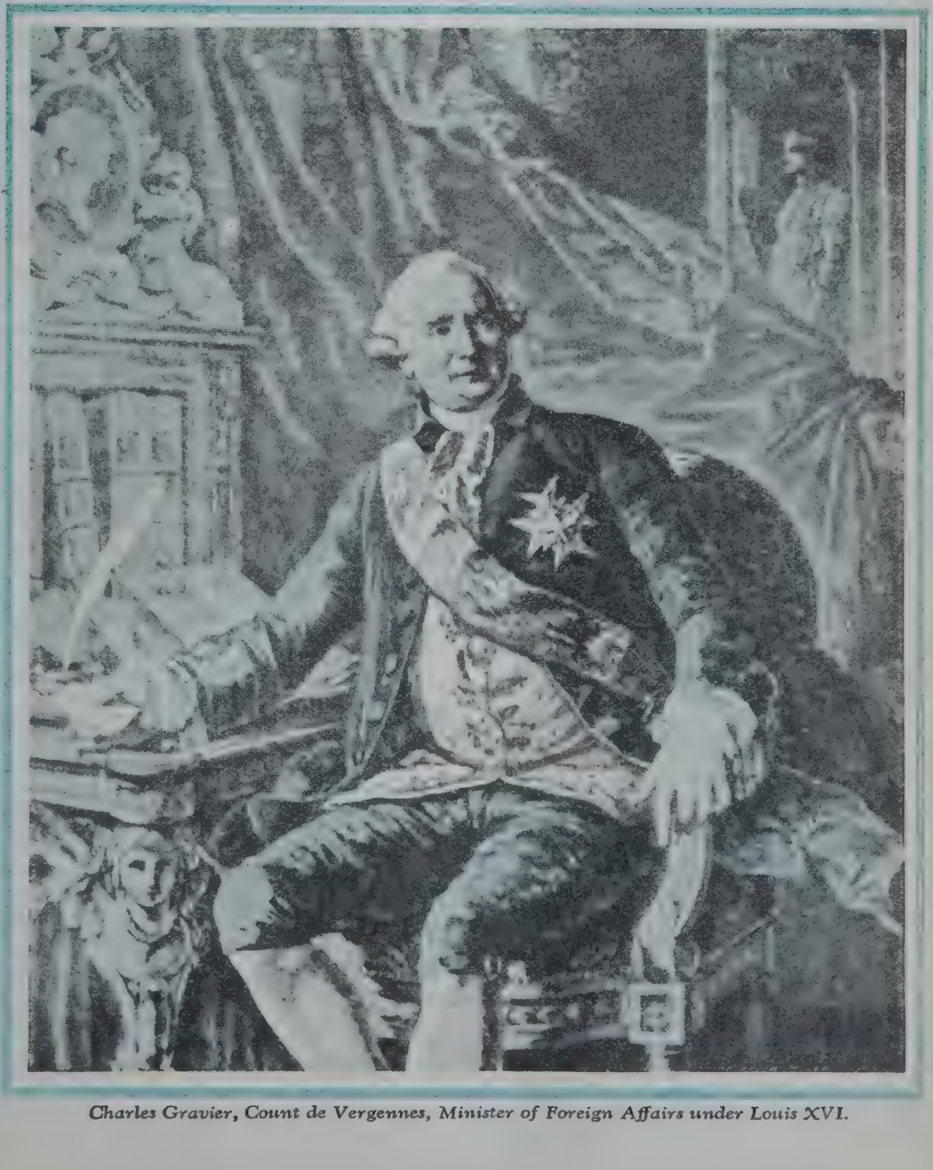
> I have received from M. Duvergier, conformably to the orders of the Count de Vergennes, dated the 5th instant, which I have remitted to him, the sum of one million, of which I will render account to the said Count de Vergennes.
>
> CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS.
>
> Received one million livres tournois.
> Paris, June 10, 1776.
>
> I have received from his excellency M. le Comte de Vergennes an acknowledgment for the million livres tournois which M. Duvergier had given to the Spanish embassador, with which acknowledgment I shall touch, at the royal treasury, the said sum of a million tournois, for the employment of which I will render an account to his said excellency M. le Comte de Vergennes.
>
> CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS.
>
> At Versailles, Aug. 11, 1776.

Foreign Minister Vergennes, in communicating the loan of one million to Beaumarchais, stated: 'Our arsenals will give you arms and ammunition, but you shall replace them or shall pay for them. You shall ask no money from the Americans, as they have none; but you shall ask them for returns in products of their soil . . . in a word, the operation, after being secretly supported by us at the commencement, must afterward feed and support itself.'

The firm of Rodrigue, Hortalez et Cie, the fanciful Spanish name assumed by the playwright, began operations upon a grand scale, opening offices in former ambassadorial quarters in a prominent section of Paris. The first cargo totaled three millions, and without any hesitation further shipments were inaugurated and carried through before repayments of any kind were made. In fact the Americans were so confused by the unexpected aid that apparently they regarded all as gifts of the gods, being awakened to a sense of responsibility only by the repeated protestations of Beaumarchais.

The English ambassador in France, through spies, followed closely the activities of Beaumarchais and frequently commented upon the efforts of Beaumarchais to help America. In one report to London, Lord Stormont notes that Beaumarchais had sent much goods to America without asking any pay. Again he notes on December 25, 1776, only three days after Franklin's arrival in Paris, that 'Beaumarchais . . . is with him (Franklin) at all hours . . . ' but 'tho so much together (they) are very suspicious and mistrustful of each other.' This distrust was due in large part to Dr. Dubourg, a botanist friend of Franklin, who himself desired to be the secret intermediary of the French Government in aiding America. Dubourg doubtless honestly distrusted the ability in such matters of so noted (or notorious) a writer.

THE English ambassador was able on one occasion to protest with sufficient vigor to prevent the sailing of vessels bound for America by way of the West Indies. However, Beaumarchais frequently circumvented the English by loading vessels secretly at night, and, as he said, what with 'messengers, agents, presents, rewards,

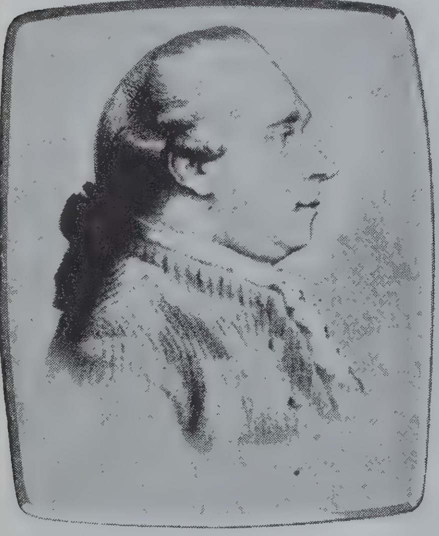


Charles Gravier, Count de Vergennes, Minister of Foreign Affairs under Louis XVI.

no expense was spared. One time . . . I hurried by land to Havre twenty-one pieces of cannon which . . . by water would have delayed us ten days.' It is also doubtless true that, once having engaged this fearless agent, the government hesitated to stop him, fearing his pen.

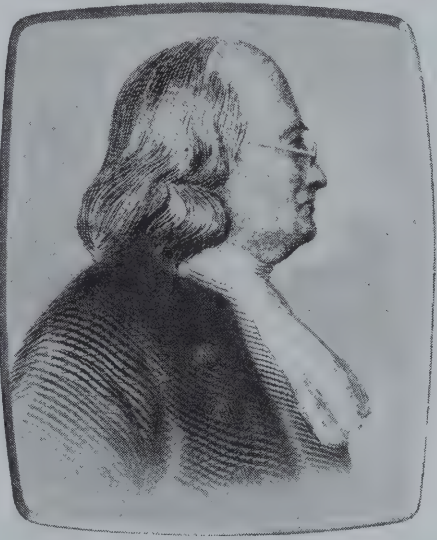
THREE American commissioners were engaged in France in the first three years of the struggle. One of these, Arthur Lee, met Beaumarchais in London in 1775 and later had further dealings with him in Paris. Lee had some ability as a publicist but failed in his missions in France and elsewhere. His inordinate ambition and conceit brought him into conflict with the other American commissioners and with Beaumarchais. Lee, after his first meeting with Beaumarchais, reported to a secret committee of Congress that, because of his (Lee's) active endeavors, France was going to send 'arms and ammunition to the value of five millions.' This promised aid was then only a figment of Lee's imagination, but it complicated the later relations of Beaumarchais with America.

Silas Deane, the commissioner most actively associated with Beaumarchais, was unable to speak French. However, Deane managed to make arrangements through an interpreter to get uniforms, arms, and ammunition. Deane well understood that these were not gifts but purchases, and in the controversies which arose both before and after the the peace of 1783 Deane faithfully supported the contentions of the author-merchant.

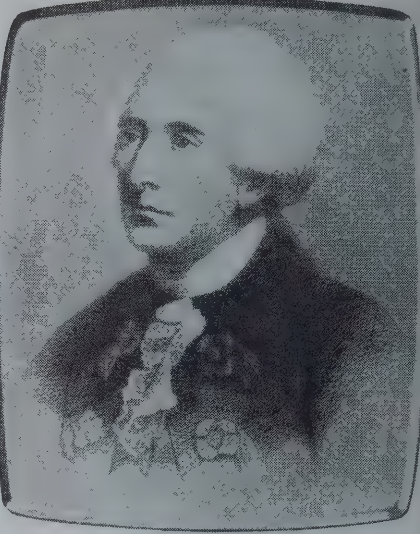

Silas Deane, business agent of the United States, at Paris, who, until Franklin's arrival, acted virtually as official delegate to the French court.

When in Paris in July, 1776, Deane was able to arrange several interviews with Vergennes. At this time the protestations of certain French friends of America caused Deane to become doubtful of the responsibility of Beaumarchais; but Vergennes assured Deane that he 'might rely on whatever Monsieur Beaumarchais should engage in the commercial way of supplies.' This is Deane's official statement as recorded in a letter to the secret committee of Congress, through which he corresponded with Congress. In a postscript of August 15, 1776, to the letter containing the above statement, Deane added: 'I found Mr. Beaumarchais, as I before hinted, possesses the entire confidence of the Ministry; he is a man of wit and genius, and a considerable writer on comick and political subjects. All my supplies are to come through his hands . . . '

At the same time Beaumarchais, under the name Rodrigue Hortalez et Cie, wrote a letter to Congress, typical of his romantic interest. This letter, written in French, is also in our national archives and reads, in part, as follows:


Benjamin Franklin, whose reputation, character and manner secured for America aid which no other man could have obtained.

> The respectful esteem that I bear towards that brave people, who so well defend their liberty . . . has induced me to form . . . an extensive commercial house, solely for the purpose of serving you in Europe . . . Your deputies, gentlemen, will find in me a sure friend, an asylum in my house, money in my coffers, and every means of facilitating their operations, whether of a publick or a secret nature . . .
>
> At this very time . . . I have procured for you two hundred pieces of cannon . . . two hundred thousand pounds of cannon powder, twenty thousand excellent rifles . . . I request of you, gentlemen, to send me next spring, if it is possible for you ten or twelve thousand hogsheads, or more if you can, of tobacco from Virginia, of the best quality.
>
> . . . However well bottomed my house may be, and however I may have appropriated many millions to your trade alone yet it would be impossible for me to support it, if all the dangers of the sea, of exports and imports, were not entirely at your risk . . .
>
> One thing can never vary or diminish: It is the avowed and ardent desire I have of serving you to the utmost of my power . . .
>
> Rodrique Hortalez & Cie.


Arthur Lee, one of the American commissioners to France, whose charges against his colleague, Deane, caused the latter's recall.

> P. S. . . . Everything that passes in your great assemblies is known, I cannot tell how, at the Court of Great Britain . . . In times of great exigency Rome had a Dictator; and in a state of danger the more the executive power is brought to a point the more certain will be its effect . . . It is to your wisdom, gentlemen, that I make this remark . . .

NO ONE can read this without noting that Beaumarchais was devoted to the American cause and also that he fully expected payment for the services which he rendered. Indeed the wonder is that this poet should have been able to continue a business of this magnitude despite the repeated failure of America to remit either funds or acknowledgments or payments in kind.

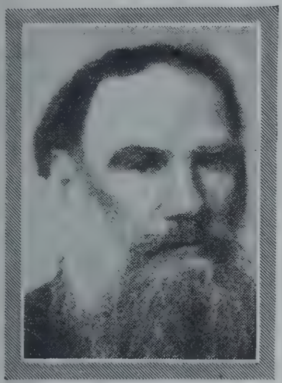
On November 29, 1776, Deane wrote again at length touching these services, reëmphasizing the necessity of payment, and stressing the magnitude of indebtedness to the poet-merchant. Deane wrote:

> I should never have completed what I have but for the generous, the indefatigable and spirited exertions of Monsieur Beaumarchais, to whom the United States are on every account greatly indebted, more so than to any other person on this side the water. He is greatly in advance of stores, clothing, and the like, and therefore am confident you will make him the earliest and most ample remittances . . . Let me by every letter urge on you the sending in season a quantity of tobacco, of rice, and of flour or wheat . . .
>
> I think Monsieur Beaumarchais wrote you under the firm of Hortalez and Co.; if so you will address him in the same style . . .
>
> I cannot in a letter, do full justice to Monsieur Beaumarchais for his great address and assiduity in our cause. I can only say he appears to have undertaken it on great and liberal principles, and has in the pursuit made it his own. His interest and influence which are great, have been exerted to the utmost in the cause of the United States, and I hope the consequence will equal his wishes . . .

Very fine appreciation, in words, was expressed to (Continued on page 26)

GREAT FIGURES *of* FICTION

Ethan Frome *and* Anna Karenina



Count Lyeff Tolstoi, late Russian novelist and philosopher.

—*Wide World.*
Edith Wharton, snapped in garden of her French villa.

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

IN MANY respects Ethan Frome does not seem an Edith Wharton creation. He is a man of a common sort. His social relations are simple and unremarkable. The rivalries and the enjoyments of those in whom Mrs. Wharton has been chiefly interested are not for him. He is an utter stranger to the world in which they move.

Yet it seems probable that, inanimate though he is, he may remain Mrs. Wharton's greatest animation. Tragedy stalks through most of the author's fiction, but Ethan Frome is the relentless bite of the sharpest of tragic teeth. It is not his sufferings that make his story important, but the occasion for them in his New England environment and heritage. After a year at a technical school, he has been tied to a New England farm by the need of caring for his invalid and widowed mother. If he were free to choose his own course in life he might make something of his technical abilities. But he has not been free. His mother's death, which might have emancipated him, has imposed another obligation upon him. Zenobia Pierce, through nursing his mother in her last illness, has in a sense sacrificed herself in that service. Her capability has relieved him of many worries. In the break-up of his life at the time of his mother's death he has felt the need of Zenobia. So he has married her and they have planned to sell the farm and seek larger opportunities. That purpose slowly disintegrates with the difficulty of finding a purchaser. Presently, too, it appears that Zeena is not a woman to be transplanted. Moreover in the course of a year she passes from the capability that he has seen in her to a morbid condition that demands relief from the household work. She begins to sit in her room in silent brooding over her ills.

Ethan brings home a cousin of Zeena's, Mattie Silver, to do the work Zeena declares herself unable to attend to. Mattie is not strong, nor genuinely gifted in housekeeping, and Zeena is querulous. But something of youth, of freshness, of gayety, comes into the house with her, relieving the cheerlessness of the lonely farm but accentuating Ethan's disappointment.

Ethan has never loved his wife. He has married her honestly enough. Possibly it has been inevitable that he should marry her. Quite as inevitably he now finds himself in love with Mattie Silver. She is the one bit of brightness in his life. Fatefully he responds to the appeal she makes to him, but he realizes his love only when Zeena suggests that Mattie may be leaving soon, and that perhaps she is going to marry Denis Eady.

Mrs. Wharton has done nothing to surpass her report of Ethan's walk home from the dance at the church that night with Mattie. He waits for her in the shadow of a wall, giving Denis Eady a chance to take his place as her escort. She refuses to ride with Eady and starts off alone. Ethan catches up with her and in the long walk surrenders to the joy and the warmth that radiate from her.

The story rushes swiftly to its tragic outcome. Zeena becomes suspicious and insists that Mattie leave at once. Ethan cannot help her. He has neither money nor influence. He cannot oppose the wishes of a sick wife. Quite as little can he disregard his obligations to Mattie, now dependent upon him. He is caught in the web of circumstances, and it enmeshes him beyond escape.

Ethan Frome is convincingly portrayed. Life has ebbed lower and lower on the New England farm. As one of the lesser characters in the novel explains the situation, 'most of the smart ones get away.' But the door of escape does not open for Ethan. Taking Mattie to the station on a sled, he stops for a coasting slide down the long slope where they have before promised each other that they should have some share in one of the pleasures of the Starkfield young people. They are both desperate. They would rather die than live, and, feeling this, Ethan drives the sled carrying them against the big elm at the bottom of the hill. The crash does not kill them, but Mattie is carried back to the Frome farm so bent and broken that she will never be able to leave the place again.

Zeena marvelously recovers from her ailments

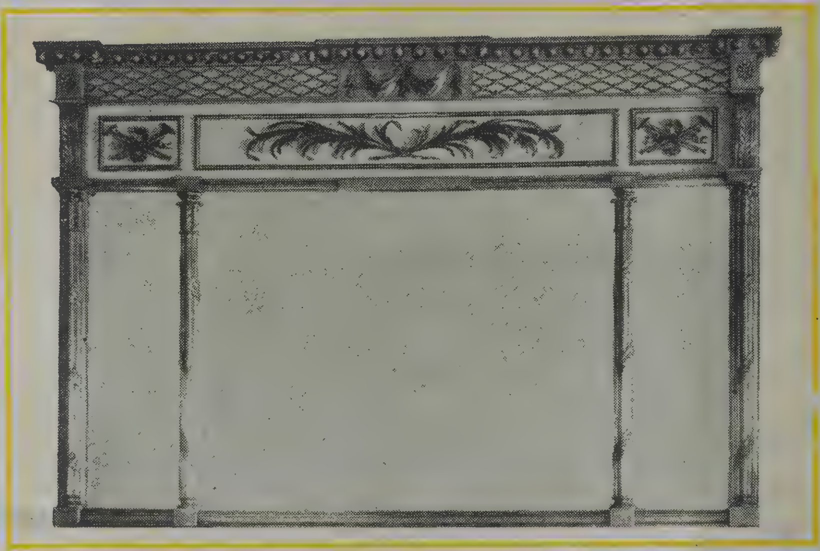
(*Continued on page 22*)

REFLECTIONS of OTHER DAYS

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

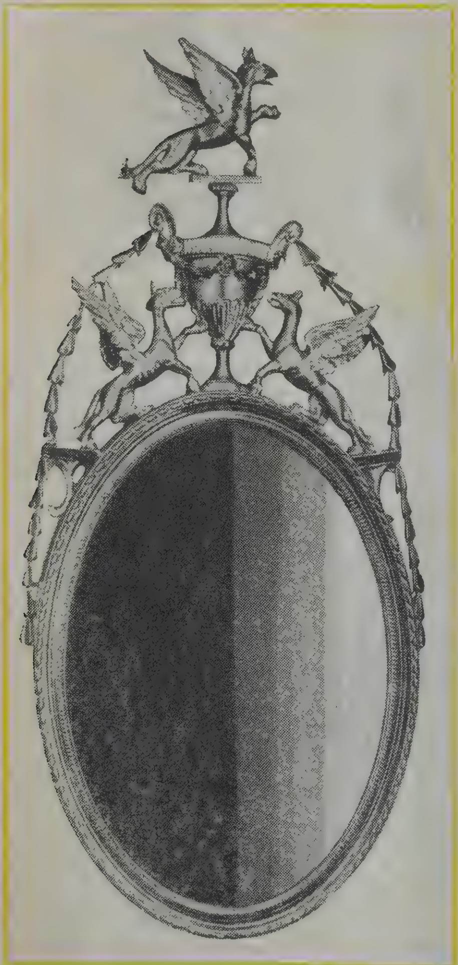
MOST ancient of all our accessories is the mirror, that reflecting bit of glass that means so much in our daily life. Its origin is shrouded in the twilight of mythology, and our only real clews are the fragments which Mother Earth and the tombs have yielded to us, sometimes in a fair state of preservation.

We know that glass was made by the Egyptians, and yet the only mirrors that have come down to us from them, or from any other ancient source, are those made of metal, very highly polished, and often containing silver and gold. The first form of the mirror was the hand glass, and only fragments of it remain to us. We know, however, that metal mirrors were made in sections so arranged in grooves in the wall that they could be moved up and down to show the figure at full length. Cleopatra was supposed to have possessed such a mirror, but its magnificence can only be imagined, for no authentic description is available.



Horizontal mantel mirror with three plates of glass, dating from 1790.

Glass mirrors coated with tin that were used in the days of Pompey have been found in Italy but just when and where silver-backed glass was first employed has never been definitely established. As early as 1373 the Germans had acquired a knowledge of glass mirror work, and in the 15th Century they invented a curious form of mirror construction called the 'bull's-eye.' In the 16th Century the Venetians did a large business in the manufacture and exporting of glasses with quicksilver backs, and in 1665 the French Government induced twenty of these glassworkers to come to Paris, where a method of making plate glass was perfected which made France thereafter the mirror market of the world.



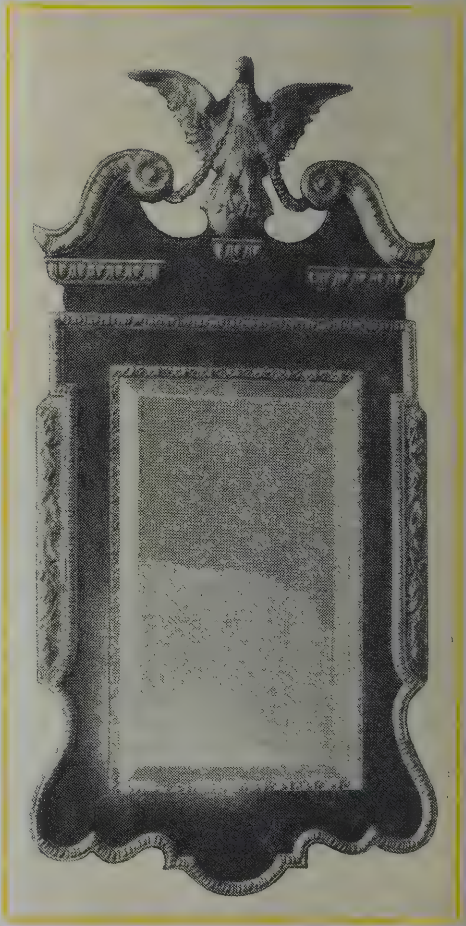
Looking-glass of French make, date 1750, showing Chippendale influence.

The history of mirror-making in England might be said to date from 1670. From that time on, rapid strides were made in the manufacture of looking-glasses, those of the Queen Anne and Georgian periods being particularly notable.

Mirror glass in the early stages was 'blown' and beyond the length of three and one-half feet was too thin to be used in making mirrors. If a greater length was desired, it was necessary to add a second piece, and thus the longer glasses of the early 18th Century were made in two pieces, one overlapping the other, or with a moulding to hide the intersection.

In the latter part of the 18th Century, Chippendale made mirrors of great charm, and it was during this time that Chinese designs became so popular. Later, Hepplewhite and the brothers Adam designed mirrors of real worth, the former making them in shield and oval shapes, usually in pairs.

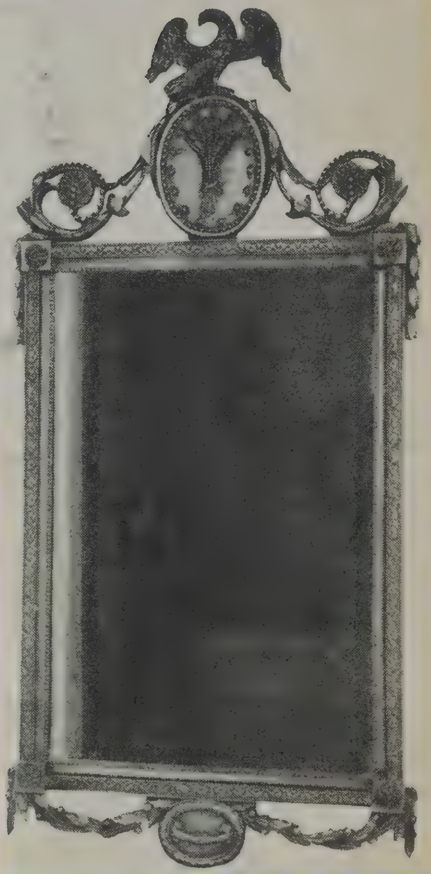
During the earlier part of the Georgian period the revival of the Queen Anne mirror began, and by 1800 the lines of this model were much in evidence. Previous to this, looking-glasses were manufactured in large



Looking-glass of 1750 with scroll pediment, a popular ornament.

numbers in America, and from 1780 to 1790 the famous 'Constitution' glasses were made. This period also marked the vogue of the quaint girandoles and bull's-eyes.

Mantel glasses were in great demand throughout the 18th Century, but more especially after 1760 when both oval and oblong shapes began to be popular. The cheval glass, never at any time a common piece of furniture, enjoyed its greatest favor about 1830. Some excellent designs of this type had been previously fashioned by the great English cabinetmakers, notably Sheraton, but comparatively few of them have survived in this country. At the present time, mirrors of the better type follow the old designs, and so our better grade of modern mirrors are modern only in so far as they are reproductions. Of course, we have progressed in the quality of the glass used, and we have varied the designs to suit our needs—notably the combining of small pieces to form a grouping that fits into the framed wall space over a sideboard or other feature—but in framing we have had the good sense to follow the simple lines and exquisite ornamentations of the old types.



Girondole of about 1800, in the Longfellow home at Cambridge. Left—Frame with scroll pediment and pendant leaves, dating between 1725 and 1750. Right—Betrothal mirror, designated by clasped hands at bottom. Fifteen stars in the top medallion indicate the states in the Union at the time the mirror was designed.

The very word 'mirror' is interesting, meaning as it does 'to look at' and 'to reflect,' but the word is no more interesting than the object itself. Until a comparatively recent period, the mirror was regarded as strictly utilitarian with little value attached to its decorative worth. The vogue of antiques swept the enthusiast into research of hitherto unappreciated accessories, including the mirror, and as a consequence we learned what a decorative object it was.

The old mirrors had a real place in the furnishings, and when we came to realize what they could be made to do today, we set about with characteristic thoroughness to combine our superior modern reflecting surfaces with the exquisitely designed frames of the old types. And while they still serve the purpose of allowing us to see ourselves as others see us (their first requisite) they have come to play a real part in interior decoration, and thus they fulfill their secondary mission 'to reflect' and incidentally enhance and augment whatever there is of beauty and charm within their range.

In the small apartment they are particularly effective in that they apparently increase its size. Rightly placed the mirror endows the small room with an aspect of space and light truly remarkable. Observe the work of expert interior decorators in any type of room, and note the importance they attach to the mirror. It enters into every scheme they devise, and its placing is not haphazard, but carefully planned to catch and reflect the most attractive part of the room.

Adroit use of the mirror in the small, rather shadowed hall creates an atmosphere of cheerfulness. Place within its range a pretty bowl of flowers—apple blossoms, roses, or simple garden blooms—and note the brightening effect the reflection of their colors creates. From another angle the gay chintz hangings at one of the living room windows, glimpsed through the open door, are repeated in the mirror surface, supplying a vivid touch to the somber wall on which the mirror hangs. The value of a mirror in such a spot cannot be overestimated, and so if your hall is a bit shadowy, by all means employ a mirror to give the needed brightening touch.

In rooms facing the north, upon which the sun turns its back during the long winter months, use a mirror in conjunction with notes of orange or red. No colors bring such warmth of tone as these two, and yet they are infrequently employed, probably because they are so little understood. Let us suppose our choice for effect is orange, our room a bedroom, and our wall coverings putty-toned. Hang the mirror above the black chest of drawers which show as decoration narrow bands of orange. Choose an orange runner for the bureau top, softened at the ends with blendings of old blue. Repeat these tints in the curtain hangings, and on the floor lay a two-toned blue rug. Introduce a predominance of orange in the chair cushions, and hang within range of the mirror a wall pocket of blue luster filled with a tangle of orange bittersweet vine. The vivid orange will be repeated from every angle in the mirror's reflecting surface, bringing the glint of sunlight to add a welcome touch, but its vividness will not be overemphasized, thanks to the toning influence of the ebony and the softening shadows of blue.

The average living room shows space for two mirrors, if we are fortunate enough to be able to spare two for this apartment. Over the mantel, the simple oblong mirror in dull gilt frame is a pleasing choice, or if your scheme of decoration calls for a smaller mirror in this space, one of the oval mirrors of the Adam type will meet your needs. Between two windows and above a console, a Queen Anne mirror is particularly attractive; or a Colonial mirror framed in dull gilt, perhaps showing a decoration of grapes in the paneled space just above the glass panel finished in the same dull gilt; or an etched glass panel set into a rounded top is equally enhancing.

If you are fortunate enough to possess an antique mirror, such as a 'Constitution' or 'Rococo,' by all means let your living room have the benefit of its presence, for either is a choice bit that will add immeasurably to the charm of the ensemble.

Fortunately, the average living room in the small house is arranged with proper regard for its size and lighting facilities; hence the need of mirror placing to secure light and space is not important here, though it is wholly important that the objects your mirror surface reflects are worthy of the attention thus bestowed upon them. I always make it a point to have some growing thing, a few colorful geraniums or a grouping of flowers in a pretty bowl—within range of my living room mirror, and thus I am enabled to enjoy their loveliness in double measure. The mirror, of course, reflects whatever its range of surface includes, but it seems to me to reflect with more vigor the glorious beauty of lovely flowers as though loath to lose the gay companionship of their nodding heads.

In the dining room, above the console, the square mirror of good size is very popular at the present time, or if console tables are used, the small-sized oval mirror, one over each table, is much in vogue. Both these arrangements are admirable, especially if their range includes the china cupboard filled with peasant pieces or luster ware. Another arrangement particularly good if dark tones predominate is the placing of long rather narrow mirrors on either side of some feature in a shadowed wall space.

In a dining room showing white paneled walls the mantel mirror is charming, more especially if brass sconces balance it. Gilt, two-toned or polychrome frames are suitable in such a setting, and the mirror through its placing reflects the table and those who gather round it, inviting furtive glances into its clear depths.

The mirrors now available for milady's personal use are wonderfully alluring bits, free of the uprights that heretofore attached them to the dresser. They seem designed for the small house, and their use is constantly growing in favor. Frequently they match the painted chest of drawers and are hung on the wall space at a comfortable height just above it. Sometimes an ornate design with gilt frame is chosen for contrast, or if you are desirous of introducing a vivid note of coloring into the scheme of decoration you may select a mirror frame of dull Chinese red to hang above an ebony chest. The choice of mirror for the bedroom can be as simple or as elaborate as you desire, depending of course on the choice of furnishings.

ONE scheme has a chest of drawers painted soft gray with decorations of garlands of flowers and bright-plumaged birds. The mirror above is of good size also painted gray and topped with an urn of varitoned flowers. Flanking the mirror are silver sconces, their lights shaded in blush-pink silk. This scheme is particularly effective in the bright sun-warmed room of its placing, but it would be entirely out of harmony in an apartment less sunny.

Some of the most effective bedroom mirrors I have seen are framed in black and used in conjunction with black furniture. Somber? Not at all. The window drapes, chair cushions, table runners, rugs, candlesticks and other accessories, showing tones of old gold, jade green, some mauve, soft rose, rich blue, and a dash of orange, each and every one emphasized and reflected not only in the mirror surface but in the ebony of its frame and the furnishings, combine to make one of the gayest ensembles imaginable. Black is a wonderfully decorative background color, as well as a potent factor in lending character to too pale an interior. Therefore do not be afraid to use it if you wish to secure pleasing and unusual effects.

The small mirrors are replacing to some extent the triple mirrors of the dressing table.

Their use in this respect, however, is a matter of preference, and just how far the pendulum of popular favor will swing in the substitution of one for the other is mere conjecture at this time. Both have their good points, and both will undoubtedly enjoy a period of popularity.

Undeniably mirrors occupy a little field all their own, and they are so potently charming in any scheme of decoration that they deserve to receive the same care and consideration in their placing that we bestow upon the more essential furnishings.

Vikings of Lake Michigan

(Continued from page 9)

people have turned the ugly landscape into good homes and busy cities.

The settlers on Washington Island planned in like manner. Their rock-spattered fields have been cleared; their homes have been made comfortable and their lives are devoted, quiet and peaceful. Three school buildings have come with their progress; roads have been built out of crushed stone from their rock-piled hedgerows; harbors have been improved; agriculture has been fostered, and each year about forty thousand bushels of seed potatoes are exported. Purebred Holstein cattle have been imported and it is the dream of the fisher folk farmers that Washington Island may some day have a reputation for purebreds such as is now enjoyed by Guernsey Island off the coast of England.

Mail carrier meets a boat at open water.

Isolation affords certain opportunities for shelter and development, which some people seek. Long before the coming of the white settlers, Washington Island was a well-known Indian meeting ground and about its rough formation many fascinating legends still abound. Early in the 16th Century, it was a haven of refuge for warring tribes; later it was the home of nomadic Winnebagoes. While recorded history does not tell of the many Indian exploits, there is tangible evidence of occupancy and progress everywhere. The water's edge is strewn with camp sites, workshops and cornfields. In the interior are the mounds of the Indian cemeteries. It must have been long the home of red men.

When the first white traders came in their canoe visits through the Mackinaw passage, the place was peopled. For unknown reasons, it was deserted before the time of our Revolutionary War. After the departure of the Indians, Washington Island was left to its dreams and its memories until about the middle of the past century. When wood was the only article of fuel, the expanding cities of Chicago and Milwaukee obtained a part of their supply from this vicinity. Barges were brought here and loaded and the commercial world knew the island only as a cordwood emporium.

Winter snow banked high around the doctor s home on the island.

Fisher folk were the first permanent settlers. Their early landings were at Rock Island, a little mountain of limestone about a mile across at the north. The place was soon deserted, however, because of its barrenness and Washington Island became the common home for the fishermen. So many had gathered by 1850 that a township was organized before there was a county to which it might claim membership. It was not until the settlements of the Icelanders that the agricultural progress of the island started.

The coming of the Icelanders dates back over fifty years when William F. Wickman of Milwaukee, who had spent some years in Iceland for the Danish Government, encouraged a group of Icelanders to emigrate and selected Washington Island as a suitable home for them. It is the oldest Icelandic settlement in America, and with it have been associated men later prominent in the larger settlements in Minnesota and Manitoba as both scholars and writers. These early Icelanders started the fishing trade and developed the soil. The reports back home of their progress resulted in the coming of more of their kinsmen to the Mississippi Valley and it is estimated that there are now more than thirty thousand Icelanders and their descendants in Canada and more than ten thousand in the United States.

INVITING as this fishermen's empire may seem upon a visit, it can only be reached by crossing a treacherous strait so dangerous that its bed is strewn with the wrecks of boats and the graves of people. For the inhabitants this menace of angry waters has been no discouragement. Spanning the narrow distance of twelve miles is a passage called the *Port des Morts*—the Door of Death—so named by early French voyagers and traders because currents and strong winds drove sailing vessels into the danger-fraught byway. Near here, according to tradition, La Salle's *Griffin*, the first sailing vessel to ply the Great Lakes, while laden with a cargo of furs, was wrecked in 1679, and since then scores of passing boats have come to their doom. In the summer of 1871 almost a hundred vessels suffered shipwreck. Treacherous as the straits are in summer, they are even more so in winter. The ice forms late and disappears early. Owing to the strong undercurrents brought inland by shifting winds, the ice breaks up and a surface frozen solid in the morning may be wave-rippled by evening.

The story of how the mail is carried daily through 'Death's Door' to the island settlers is a narrative of hardship which rivals any narrative which has come out of the lands of dog teams and mountain passes. Through conditions so dangerous that they tax any except fiction-fed imaginations, the mail sack at Ellison Bay post office on the mainland is carried in one way or another, depending on winds, to the Detroit post office on the island. During the winter the task is particularly hazardous. The 'Door' is filled with treacherous ice which is constantly moving, and at a moment's notice open water may be encountered. The ice is so thin in places that for miles it cracks under the weight of the carrier and his sack. Heavy snowstorms and blizzards add to the dangers, so blinding the carrier that he often loses his way.

For many years, this mail was carried by Captain Pete Anderson, a character known all along the Lake Michigan shore. Oftentimes he has lain on his stomach on the thin ice, in order to distribute his weight more evenly, and wiggled across. The veteran performed his duty as calmly as the ordinary person would sit down to dinner. Two or three times in the last few years the mail carrier has been carried out into Lake Michigan by powerful moving ice floes. Always his rescue has been accomplished by the heroic assistance of the brave lighthouse guards at Plum Island.

ABOUT a year ago Anderson with a single horse and sleigh was caught on a field of moving ice, which was being broken up. Soon it was barely large enough to float the carrier, sleigh and horse. A stiff wind was carrying him out into the lake, and his position was a most precarious one. Watchers at the lighthouse station on Plum Island spread the alarm. Starting to the rescue in their small boat, they had great difficulty in fighting the ice floes, and it was only through what seemed superhuman effort that they forced their way close enough to the ice cake that was supporting him to throw him a line, but not until he was almost out in Lake Michigan, with the mammoth waves nearly washing over the ice ferry that supported him. The horse and sleigh were saved by towing the ice cake back to calmer waters.

ALTHOUGH Washington Island has a population of one thousand people, there is not a village on the island. A gathering of a few houses, a store, ice cream parlor for summer only, and four or five residences makes the nearest approach to a settlement. One drives along the smooth, open road and suddenly finds himself before a solitary building, which he recognizes as a store. It stands as alone as a farmhouse and looks much the same.

Insular life tends to the growth of community spirit if not to congested building. The people of the island are like one big family, law-abiding, kindly, God-fearing. There is a blending of races. Icelanders have married Danes and Danes have married Norwegians in many cases.

With this genuine community mingling has come progress. There has been a steady improvement in agricultural development within the past few years. Fields have been fenced and the little white cottages have been repainted. There are picturesque homes. Many of the frame buildings are of low setting, mostly of Norse design, much like the country houses of distant Norway and Iceland. Some have blinds with dark-green trimmings. Surrounding the cottages are flower beds and fruit trees, showing a home life artistic and domestic. Pear, apple and plum trees are found on each farm.

These fisher folk of Washington Island are a patriotic people. Icelanders, Norwegians, and a few Danes comprise most of the inhabitants. There are about one hundred farms and thirty fishing boats manned by a hundred and fifty men. Of the one thousand inhabitants, forty-three of them fought in the World War, four of whom gave their lives, and the township went over the top in every war drive.

Fishing boats that put out from Washington Harbor.

Hawthorne and Brook Farm

(Continued from page 1)

to write. One feels, in reading it, the warmth and freedom of a happier mood; fate strikes, but also liberates; life overcomes death.

This second book, *The House of the Seven Gables,* was a fitting sequel to the first. It was happily and freely written, and Hawthorne felt impelled at the same time to compose two volumes of stories for children, based upon classic legends, which are still read by generations then unborn.

But *The House of the Seven Gables* having been launched, a new book must follow, and what should it be?

The author had come out into the world, and had met the flesh-and-blood men and women who inhabited it—persons of the passing moment—whose activities were not overshadowed or controlled by influences from the past. The new book was to be a story of today, concerned with contemporary events. The tone of the narration, the scenery and the ideas should be such as readers might recognize without straining their eyes into the shadows of early Colonial history.

Ten years before, when Hawthorne was engaged to be married to Sophia Peabody and was casting about for a suitable habitation to take her to as his wife, he had considered throwing in his lot with the Brook Farm experiment. This was a sort of Utopia, on what appeared a practical basis: persons of education and refinement, men and women, married or unmarried, with or without independent means, were to associate together in a self-supporting community; the men would raise market produce both for their own use and for sale in the neighboring city; the women would have charge of the household, and in their leisure do sewing and other women's work, for pleasure or profit.

It had no doubt been suggested by Fourier the Frenchman's remarkable writings on the Utopian theory: it was modified to suit New England notions of propriety. Hawthorne, still in his thirties, thought it worth trying; but common sense was strong in him, and before taking a wife thither, he would test its possibilities as a bachelor. For a year or so, therefore, he put on plowman's attire and dug and planted with the best of them. He made up his mind that the thing wouldn't work, and quit, married, rented the Old Manse in Concord, and dwelt in a paradise of his own, writing the tales that made up *Mosses From an Old Manse,* helping his wife to cook dinner, and raising a daughter.

But that year at Brook Farm lived in his memory, and when he needed a theme and place for his new novel, Brook Farm supplied them. Of course, the actual Brook Farm wouldn't serve. But *Blithedale* was the spiritual offspring of the reality, which gave substance to the writer's dream.

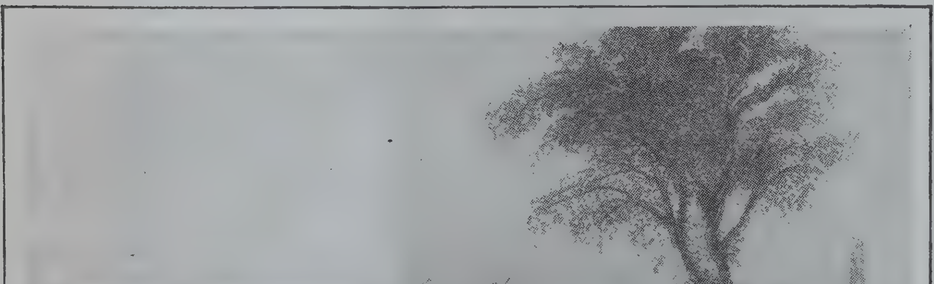
Log cabin built on a small island formed by the brook. Oval—The present quarters of some of the children, originally one of the buildings of the colony.

The story is told in the first person by Coverdale, a young college graduate, with a leaning toward the romantic.

Beneath a tranquil and agreeable surface are latent powerful and tragic passions, disclosed only in the concluding chapters; the detail is charming, and the characters have unfailing human interest. The story develops naturally, and the interest never flags, even though the inner source of interest is but dimly suspected. The climax brings a shock of surprise, but is shown to have been inevitable from the outset. Picturesqueness and simplicity are dominant everywhere, but the structure is strong, and the work is convincing throughout. Yet I doubt if *Blithedale* has had a tenth as many readers as has either of the previous two books.

Not only did Brook Farm furnish a setting for the story, but Hawthorne avails himself of it in various notes and studies which may be found in his journals. We are early introduced, for example, to the character of Old Moody; who, in the end, turns out to have been the very source and center of the whole complication. Such a person is minutely described, from real life, in a notebook of years before. Hawthorne had been living in Boston at that time, and in his leisure hours had investigated the ways and byways of the city, and had come across a queer personage who haunted the doorways of a tavern in an out-of-the-way precinct, offering pencils and other small wares to patrons of the place. He was an obscure and shrinking creature, but he impressed Hawthorne's imagination, and he comes to life in *Blithedale.*

As for the superb Zenobia, the leading



Boston in 1849. Bunker Hill breaks the horizon on the right.

woman in the story, she has no prototype, though readers at that time attempted to identify her with Margaret Fuller, a noted exponent of woman's rights and wrongs at about that period.

Nor can any prototype for Hollingsworth be found among Hawthorne's acquaintance; he is the most powerful character in the story, and perhaps in the whole range of Hawthorne's writings, but he seems to have been as much a creation as a character of fiction can be.

PRISCILLA, however, in her outward aspect, may be detected in a little anemic seamstress whom some benevolent person brought to Brook Farm to recuperate: the journal sketches her portrait. Coverdale, the teller of the tale, was of course assumed to be Hawthorne himself—except by persons who happened to be acquainted with the author. On the other hand, the old farmer of *Blithedale* is no doubt a study from life, and a very real one.

In the latter part of the book, Coverdale visits Boston for a few days, and occupies a room in a hotel in the older city, with a window which overlooks the back yards of both the hotel and the houses in the adjoining street. This place is depicted in the journals, even to the flock of doves and to the cat which frequent the region: Hawthorne had himself lived for a day or two in the hotel, and amused himself by jotting down what he saw.

Not to prolong these similitudes, the main incident of the book is the drowning of Zenobia; and in one of the journals of 1842 or 1843 is a long account of the search in the Concord River for the body of a young woman of the town who had committed suicide by drowning. Hawthorne had taken part in this search, and his young friend George William Curtis was with him: the whole description is very powerful, and the essence of it appears in the book.

After the publication of *The House of the Seven Gables*, in 1851, it was decided to move nearer to Boston; it was almost as far a journey to Berkshire then, as it is to California now. One farm wagon carried our belongings, parents, children—one, a mountain-born baby a few months old—and Luther Butler, the farmer who drove us; but it was impossible to take the cats, seven of which had joined our outpost during the two years of our sojourn.

Luther said he would take care of them; perhaps he did. They followed the wagon for a hundred yards, till the road dipped down the hill; looking back, we saw them sitting in a row, outlined against the sky. Winter was near; the mountains surrounding the little lake—Stockbridge Bowl, as they called it—were gray in the misty morning sunlight; the woods that clothed the countryside were crimson and yellow; the air was pure; we would never see the like again. The children were happy in the mere change of place; but perhaps the older people knew better.

Ellery Channing had been writing to Hawthorne, beseeching him to come to Concord, and Hawthorne had been negotiating for the purchase of the little house which he afterward called The Wayside, a mile from the town center, on the old Boston highroad. But the house was not yet quite ready; so we must stop on the way, and the place chosen was the little hamlet of West Newton, about twenty miles west of Concord, I suppose. It was in no respect attractive, especially after the mountains; but Mrs. Hawthorne's sister, who had married Horace Mann, the teacher and reformer, had leased a large, raw house there, painted white, with green shutters; and begged us to fill the vacant rooms.

Nothing less conducive to literary composition, especially of the imaginative sort, could be conceived; but Hawthorne liked to write in the winter months, and he was by this time full of the story. The interior was like a packing case, papered and painted, and supplied with a New England furnace, with 'registers' in the floors and walls, through which streamed a suffocating heat. In a compartment of this container, the romancer must write his romance. All that the children knew of it was that he was withdrawn from them several hours every day; when he came out, he would walk with them in the snow, or show how to make a snowman and throw snowballs; but it was not like Lenox snow. It may have been from this, however, that he created *The Snow Image*, which was the last of his short tales, and must have been composed after *Blithedale* was done and at the printer's. It was a little masterpiece.

Mrs. Horace Mann, our aunt, had three children, a trifle older than our trio. She and her husband were bringing them up on a system which did not appeal to us, and led to mild disagreements in our contacts with them. It was nothing serious; but we were glad when winter was past, and Concord came.

The new book went very well, helped of course by the success of the previous ones, but, as I have remarked, I doubt if, in the long run since its publication, it has found nearly so many readers as the two first did.

It is a common observation that when an artist has done a telling bit of work, the public expects him to write forever after in the same vein, and is offended if he does not.

Another *Scarlet Letter* was demanded of Hawthorne; at any rate, another *Seven Gables*. But he could and would write only from within; and *Blithedale* was found to be not, so to say, in the legitimate succession.

It revived discussion of the moral and philosophical rights and wrongs of Brook Farm; the real aim of the story was lost sight of.

Hawthorne meant to convey the idea that segregations of humanity do not work; such units must be dependent on the larger mass that surrounds them, and economic independence turns out to be an illusion.

I SAID just now that it was composed under what would seem difficult conditions; but about twenty-five years ago I happened to see the manuscript of the work, then in the collection of George W. Childs, the editor and philanthropist of Philadelphia.

It was remarkably clear and free from erasures; more so than the manuscript of *The Seven Gables:* more like that of the *Wonder Book* stories, which were written rapidly and earnestly. The manuscript of *The Scarlet Letter* was destroyed by the printers, and we know nothing of its character.

The delightful legibility of *Blithedale* indicates, of course, that it was a copy of the original, though the time during which he was occupied with the book was quite short.

Nothing, however, is really known of his habits of composition; even his wife avoided entering his study during his working hours; he always read aloud to her the finished result, and gave heed to her criticisms.

Many years ago, in pursuance of a plan to investigate the scenes of Hawthorne's novels, I visited Salem, Boston and its environs, and consulted with old residents who had preserved relics and reminiscences of the past. After this research, I set forth to explore the present condition of Brook Farm.

Although the institution had been in existence but forty or fifty years before, I found a prevailing ignorance on the part of Bostonians as to where it had been; it could not have been north, or east, or south; it must have been somewhere west. Persistence finally revealed that it was, like 'Blithedale,' not more than a reasonable morning's drive from the city; and I performed the journey in a buggy, accompanied by an obliging friend: this was long before the automobile age.

WE PASSED through several small villages, characterless and forlorn, with empty fields spreading out on either side, and patches of leafless woodland straggling away into the distance. After about an hour, we turned aside from the main thoroughfare, and followed a crooked and difficult lane, which brought us to slightly elevated ground, on the summit of which appeared a large, irregular frame building, which had an uninhabited aspect. The lane seemed to come to an end at the foot of a flight of wooden steps, leading up to the house. As I said before, this was many, many years ago.

We got out of the buggy and made our way up, conjecturing whether the place were tenanted. On the right flowed a small brook, from which no doubt the farm derived its name; beyond, the landscape sloped toward this stream on both sides. We were now faced by a weather-beaten door; there was no bell, and we knocked on it several times, without response.

At last, steps were audible, shuffling across the floor within, and the door was pulled open with a jerk, as if unaccustomed to such treatment. A girl of twelve stood staring at us, as if embarrassed by callers, her scanty hair twisted in pigtails, little round eyes staring in her pale face, her mouth partly open. We asked her if we could see the man of the house. She made no answer, but allowed us to step in, and pushed the door shut behind us. She then led us along a passage, and admitted us to a large room on the left, on the floor of which sat several small children, six to ten years of age, who stared up at us strangely, but made no response to our greeting. The girl who had ushered us in left us standing there, and went off in quest of the proprietor.

The other children remained undemonstrative. At length there was a sound of footsteps in the passage, and a man appeared in the doorway. We were strangers to him, of course, and he looked at us with seeming suspicion, as if we had broken in upon him in some unlawful pursuit. When we made our errand known, he replied haltingly, and with a German accent. It presently transpired that he was unfamiliar with the English language, but as I had lived some years in Germany, I tried him in that tongue, and we began to establish communication. We learned that the house was an orphan asylum for destitute children of parents of German extraction. In those early days funds were none too plentiful and the institution was passing through the critical period of too many inmates for the money available. Today, of course, the institution has progressed to a point where it is no longer poverty-stricken; and it is doing much good among its little charges.

Had he ever heard of the Brook Farm Community? After some reflection, he thought he had but was surprised to learn that this had been its site. He knew nothing of a book called *Blithedale;* but being assured that such a book had existed, and that the son of its author stood before him, he offered to conduct us through the place. He turned, and we followed him down the long passage.

On this lower floor were two or three large airy rooms, with little or no carpeting, and a kitchen, brick-floored, with a range at one side. I have a notion that this kitchen had also been the community dining room; it was large enough to have been partitioned off at one end. But if there had been open fireplaces, they were now bricked up.

HE INDICATED another passage leading into a wing, in which he said a few female paupers were accommodated; we refrained from exploring it. We now went upstairs; the halls or entries were wide; the rooms into which we looked were large as dormitories, with cot beds; the make of the house throughout was massive, dating back to more virile days. Now and then we would come across small groups of children, with books in their hands; they sat in polite submissiveness at little desks, but at the pastor's command—*'Eins, Zwei, Drei!'*—they got to their feet and made their obeisance.

We were glad to get out into the November air. Along the low ridge were the ruins of four or five smaller dwellings; the pastor said that they had been burned some years before. On the border of a piece of woodland, at some distance, stood a cottage which had escaped the fire, but which was unoccupied. Looking through the window we saw heaps of apples and corn drying on the floor: the place had the appearance and the picturesqueness of abandonment. A nearby inclosure contained numerous headstones of graves, but bore no inscriptions; here were buried unknown souls who had departed this life either while at Brook Farm or in some later day, after that community was closed.

Across some plowed land rose a mass of brown rock in front of a clump of trees. In the distance, meadows broadened toward the Charles River. I had seen enough: and this was Blithedale!

The creations of genius are formed of trifling materials, which genius only can spiritualize into scenes of beauty or terror. But Fourier would have been surprised to see the home of his Yankee disciples transformed into an asylum for pauper widows and destitute orphans, administered by a German pastor with limited means. He had dreamed of an Eden on earth, and this was what it had come to!

Ethan Frome and Anna Karenina

(Continued from page 15)

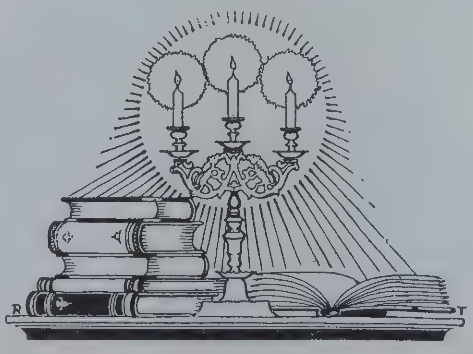
and nurses him and Mattie faithfully. The three go on living, but their life has become mere existence. Grim, taciturn, unyielding, Ethan limps over his barren acres to drag out of them all that they will surrender to his needs. He is thenceforth a soul apart, austere, self-contained, a stern human solitude.

* * *

On a larger scale and in the setting of a fuller life, Tolstoi's Anna Karenina tastes a like bitterness of the unfulfilled and of the impossibility of fulfillment. In the fashion of her people and her time she has married a man she does not love. They have a son whom Anna loves passionately. Her husband is an able man, but he is absorbed in his ambitions. Routine has fastened itself on him. He does the thing he should do at the time it should be done. There is no warmth in him, and Anna's warmth demands warmth in answer. A young military officer with bright prospects has been bestowing on her a devotion such as she has not known before. He is not high-minded or distinguished. But he has charm and he yields to Anna's beauty with an abandon that makes him irresistible. Against her will, Anna soon comes to love him, and to hate M. Karenin.

There is very little that is novel in this situation. A woman, unhappily married, falls in love. Unnumbered thousands of women, unfortunately, have gone the same road. What makes her case distinctive is the network of difficulties by which she is encompassed and from which it seems impossible for her to draw away. An imperious need for genuine fellowship is left wholly unsatisfied by her relations with Karenin. The elegancies with which he surrounds her add only to the hard perfunctoriness of her existence. She has cultivated the society of men and women wholly uninteresting to her, upon whose influence Karenin's political career largely depends.

From her own lips Karenin hears of her new attachment. He might let her see that he suffers in having lost her love. The show of such feeling in him might serve to check the rush of her passion to its disastrous culmination. She is capable of regrets, and even under present circumstances she yields to them momentarily. Her husband does nothing to give them permanence. His chief concern is for his honor. He will not give her a divorce. That is not in agreement with the principles of his church. He forbids her receiving her lover at the house, but he does not object to her meeting him outside. He insists that they shall continue living together and that she shall conduct herself publicly so as not to injure his reputation. Devotion to his career and his public life possesses him more powerfully than devotion to her.



After the birth of her girl it soon becomes no longer possible for them to continue living together. She tries to break off her affair, but fails. When it is clear that she cannot escape, she decides to leave her husband without the divorce that Karenin has tentatively promised. The lover resigns his commission in the army. With the little girl, they go to Italy and establish a home.

It is fairly impossible to escape from those we know or have known. Within the limits of civilization, there is no real refuge from the chance coming of the unwelcome friend. Defying the judgment of the world, the lovers are never unmindful of it. Whether with strangers or with old acquaintances, they must always ask themselves how the friend or the stranger views them and their relations. These anxieties and misgivings torture Anna. The lover lets them pass more easily. At times Anna is buoyantly happy. At other times she suffers terribly. The strain begins to tell upon them. They are abnormally in love, and for that reason Anna is abnormally subject to jealousies and distrusts.

At length they go back to St. Petersburg. The question of their social acceptance becomes burningly insistent. Privately some friends call on Anna, but they let her understand they cannot openly receive her. The one thing that will reëstablish her is a divorce and the legitimating of her relations with the lover. As that possibility fades into disillusion, Anna finds herself the prey of growing suspicions. She has no hold upon her lover beyond his affection for her. His devotion so far has been at the complete sacrifice of his career. He has cut himself adrift, and it is hardly possible, she fancies, that he does not secretly entertain regrets. When he is away from her she is sure that he must be making love to some other woman.

Between her suspicions and anxieties and her unhappiness in being separated from the son she loves, Anna reaches the desperate resolve to make away with herself. She throws herself under the wheels of a railroad train.

Tolstoi has endowed Anna Karenina with a passion for loving, with a passion for sacrifice, with a capacity for suffering, such as make her fiction's strong example of the tragedy of loveless marriage, of the evil of a social system that sets its face too steadfastly against divorce, of the madness of any attempt to live in isolation from the judgment of the world and in defiance of it. She is not a wanton, and she pays the price of being in herself better than the thing she does. Few such women excite pity, few deserve it. Few are so much to be pitied. Even Karenin pities her; but certainly he has a greater right in her first-born than she. They cannot both have him without living together. They can no longer face each other in the same house. Drinking too deeply of the cup of love, Anna flings down the whole goblet of life at last because she has a starved heart.

Thanksgiving

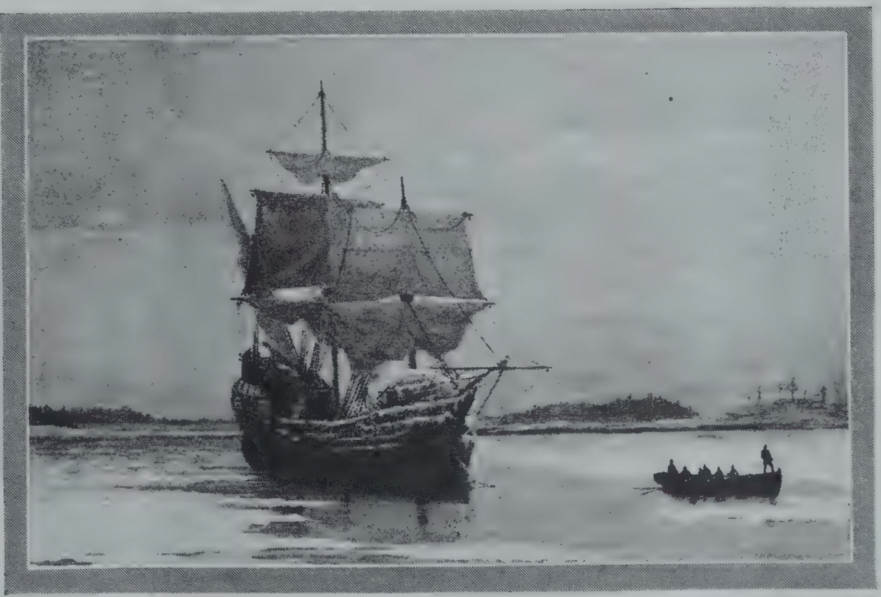
(*Continued from page 7*)

Thesmophoria, the harvest festival of ancient Greece, was akin to the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles and was devoted to Demeter, the foundress of agriculture and the goddess of harvests. Some of its features are identical with those of the harvest festivals still observed in northern Europe. The eiresione, a branch of olive wreathed with wool and decked with fruits, bread, et cetera, carried in procession and hung over the door of the home for the year, belonged to the Erntemai (Harvest May) of Germany.

The harvest festival of the Romans was called the Cerealia, in honor of the deity named Ceres. Festivities began with a fast on October 4, after which there were processions in the fields, with music, rustic sports, and the inevitable feast of thanksgiving.

THE Booth Festival of the Syrians; the Hindu festival of Dasahara; and Carnea, the nine-day festival of the Spartans, all were in celebration of the harvest and resembled in particular the 'Tabernacles' of the Hebrews in that everyone lived in tents or pavilions in memory of their old camp life.

Harvest feasts of the Peruvians, observed by Purchas in 1626, were noted in his *Pilgrimage:* 'In the sixth moneth they offered a hundred sheep of all colours, and then made a feast, bringing the mayz from the fields into the house . . . They put a quantity of the mayz (the best that groweth in their farms) in a thing which they call Pirva, with certain ceremonies, watching three nights. Then do they put it in the richest garment they have, and, being thus wrapped and dressed, they worship this Pirva holding it in great veneration.'



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'The Mayflower in Plymouth Harbor,' painted by William Formby Halsall.

The practice in Kent, England, of making from the best corn of the field a figure called the Ivy Girl, which was dressed by the women and brought home with the last load, to be the central figure in a thanksgiving feast, bears a strong resemblance to the Peruvian Pirva.

In England the autumnal festival of the crops was generally called the Harvest Home, and may be traced back to the Saxons of the time of Egbert. It was known in Scotland as the Kirn.

A Journey Into England, written by Paul Hentzner in 1598, contains the following about Windsor: 'As we were returning to our inn, we happened to meet some country people celebrating their Harvest Home; their last load of corn they crown with flowers, having besides an image richly dressed, by which perhaps they would signify Ceres: this they would keep moving about, while men and women, men- and maid-servants, riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loud as they can till they arrive at the barn.'

The manner of escorting the last load to the barn varied in different places. In many parts of England it was borne in a wagon known as the hock cart. A pipe and tabor went sounding merrily in front, and the reapers, male and female, tripped around in a hand-in-hand ring, shouting and singing. A description by Herrick shows how ancient is this custom:

Come forth, my lord, to see the cart
Drest up with all the country art.
The horses, mares and frisking fillies
Clad all in linen white as lilies.
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart crown'd.
About the cart heare how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout;
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some blesse the cart; some kisse the sheaves;
Some prank them up with oaken leaves:
Some crosse the fill-horse; some with great
Devotion stroak the home-borne wheat;
While other rusticks, lesse attent
To prayers than to merryment,
Run after with their breeches rent.

In Herefordshire, the final handful of grain, left uncut, was tied erect, and was named the 'mare.' The reapers, one after another, threw their sickles at it to cut it down. The successful individual called out, 'I have her!' 'What have you?' cried the rest. 'A mare, a mare, a mare,' he replied. 'What will you do with her?' was then asked. 'We'll send her to John Snooks,' or whatever the name, referring to some neighboring farmer who had not yet harvested all of his grain. This piece of rustic pleasantry was called 'Crying the mare,' and referred possibly to the time when, the land lying open and in common fields, the crops were subject to depredations of the wild mares. The season when they were secure from their ravages was a time of rejoicing, as well as of exulting over their tardier neighbors.

The Twelve Moneths, written by Stevenson in 1661, discusses the Harvest Home in the following manner: 'The furmenty-pot welcomes home the harvest cart, and the garland of flowers crowns the captain of the reapers; the battle of the field is now stoutly fought. The pipe and the tabor are now busily set a-work; and the lad and the lass will have no lead on their heels. O 'tis the merry time wherein honest neighbors make good cheer, and God is glorified in his blessings on the earth.'

In the Abbé de Marolle's *Memoirs,* a description of the state of France under Henry IV, is found the following account of Harvest Home: 'After the harvest, the peasants fixed upon some holiday to meet together and have a little regale (by them called the Harvest Gosling); to which they invited not only each other, but even their masters, who pleased them very much when they condescended to partake of it.'

A figure made out of the last sheaf of corn and called the Bastard signified the harvest in west Russia. A woman and a boy were chosen for the ceremonies. The boy was wrapped in the sheaf and took the part of a newborn child; the woman represented the 'corn mother.' An elaborate simulation of childbirth took place, the boy in the sheaf squalling, and being wrapped, on his liberation, in swaddling bands.

All these thanksgivings have originated in the animistic belief in the corn spirit, or corn mother. The personification of the crops has left its impress upon the customs of all nations.

Modern harvest festivals contain only vestiges of the former practices. Store shelves now intervene between foodstuffs and the fields, and the thanksgiving of the present generation is little more than a too abundant dinner.

However, the Pilgrims, in observing their first Thanksgiving, gave to the world some wholly American articles of diet. The turkey is indigenous to the Americas. It is the only friend of man to be domesticated in modern times. How the bird came to be so named has never been satisfactorily explained. Nothing like it ever lived in Turkey. One reason advanced for the puzzling appellation is that at the time the first settlers dined on wild turkey, a flourishing commerce in novelties from Turkey proper to northern Europe had settled the impression that things unusual came from that country.

And the cranberries that, sauced, complete the *piece de resistance* of the Thanksgiving dinner were formerly unknown to all but an appreciative few, including Noah Webster, who, in one of his first 'Unabridgeds' ventured the notation in small type under the definition of cranberry: 'Sauce consisting of stewed apples is a great article in some parts of New England, but cranberries make the most delicious sauce.'

Under *the* FLAG *of the* BEAR

By FRANCES HOLBROOK PFEIFFER

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ALTHOUGH as early as 1826-27 a trapping party headed by Jededian S. Smith had come overland to Los Angeles, the first organized wagon train came in 1841, a year before Frémont's first expedition.

In this party that started from the Platte Reserve was a young man of twenty, John Bidwell, who became one of California's most distinguished pioneers with large holdings.

It is hard to imagine the courage required to start and carry on a wagon journey in that day. Danger from Indians, the vast wild country, the herds of buffalo through which they had to shoot and force their way for days at a time; the hardship of travel, the scarcity of food; the effort to avoid the deserts to the south, and the fear of the canyons of the Columbia at the north; the hazards involved in reaching the Humbolt River and following it to the great Sink in western Nevada, crossing the Carson River, following the Walker River; the abandoning of the wagons, the hardships and danger of crossing the high Sierras, the discovery of the extreme head waters of the Stanislaus River, the slow descent into the beautiful San Joaquin valley to a land of plenty where rest and comfort and safety was found at the ranch of Dr. John Marsh—all make a long and thrilling story of a six months' journey over an untraveled half-continent, made by the first immigrant wagon train into California!

Several years later the historic Donner party, taking a different route, endured sufferings and privations unspeakable during a terrible winter spent in the Sierras at Donner Lake. The remnant of this party was rescued by brave men who had gone on in advance, aided by Captain John Sutter, the generous and genial guardian of the California frontier.

Commodore Jones made an unfortunate mistake when, from his warship in the bay in 1842, he demanded the surrender of Monterey and hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the old Customs House, believing that his country and Mexico were at war—a mistake which he at once corrected by lowering the flag and apologizing in person to Governor Micheltorena in Los Angeles; the affair ended amicably in a grand ball.

Later in the same year John C. Frémont, 'The Pathfinder,' made his first expedition overland, guided by Kit Carson, to mark out the best road for pioneer travel. Frémont made a second overland journey in 1843-44, and another in 1845, when, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, he was placed at the head of a Government expedition ostensibly to do 'topographical work in California,' but in reality to be Johnny-on-the-spot when the expected war with Mexico should be declared—to keep England out and to seize the province.

Castro, the California general, disturbed by the military aspect of Frémont's expedition, threatened to drive it out and force the immigrant trains to return. Frémont defied the general. It was in this tense state that trouble was precipitated when a party of Frémont's men captured a convoy of horse from Castro's lieutenant.

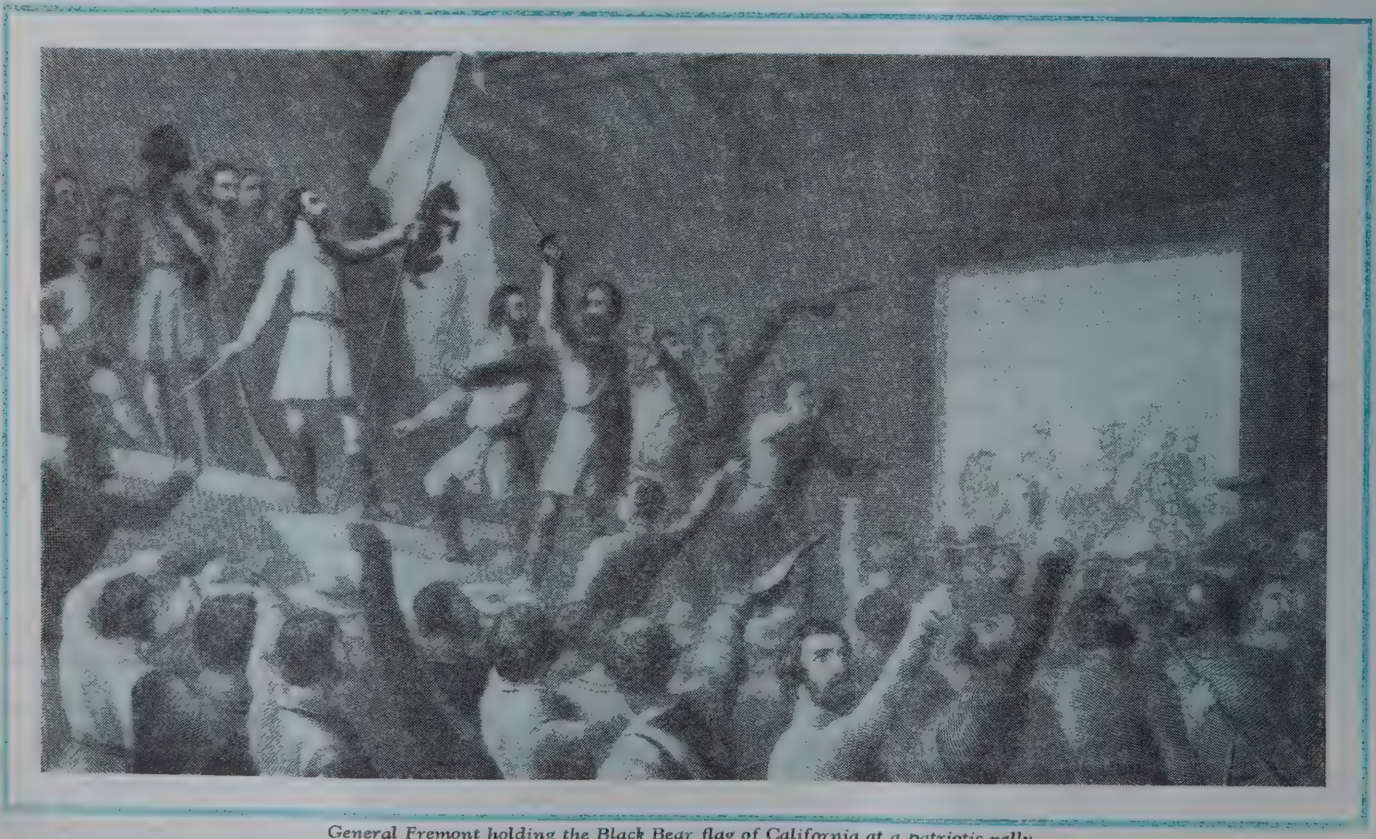
The next step quickly followed! Frémont's men hastened to Sonoma and commanded General Vallejo and his family to surrender as prisoners of war, greatly to that dignified gentleman's surprise.

When the Americans realized that they had had no definite orders from Frémont, they hesitated; but, knowing that if they backed down now their action would smack strongly of horse theft and holdup, William B. Ide made a stirring speech urging them to complete their task. So the prisoners were conducted to Frémont's headquarters at Fort Sutter.

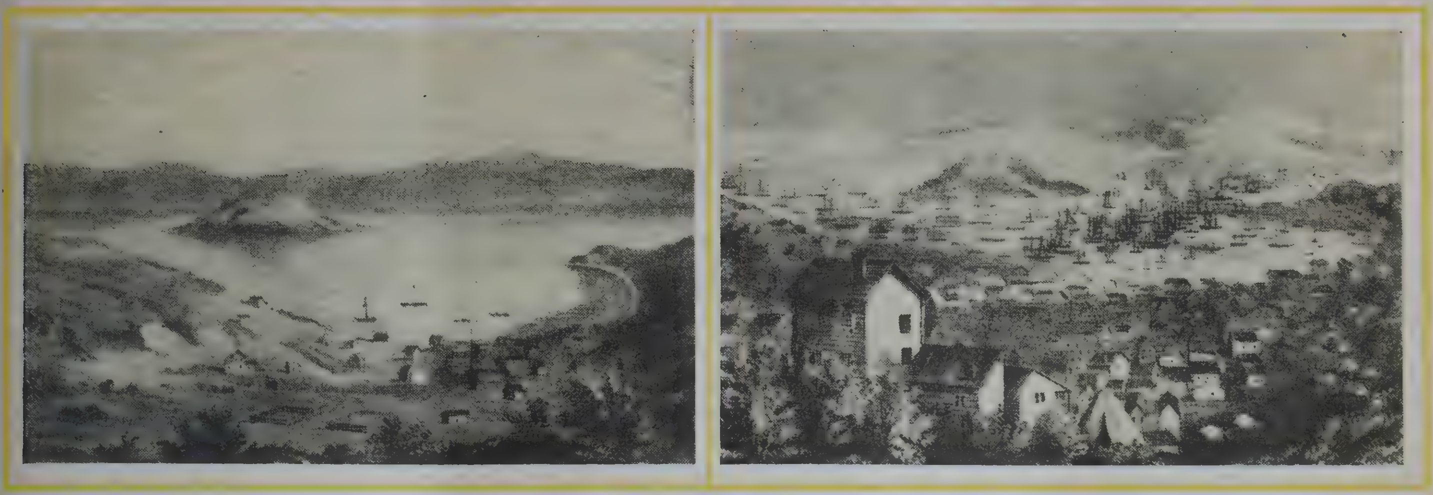
The Americans took possession of Sonoma. Feeling that they had started a war, and not knowing that hostilities had already begun between the United States and Mexico, Ide maneuvered out of a ticklish situation by declaring the independence of the 'California Republic'!

As they deemed it unwise to use their country's flag, they made their own, with the fiercest animal in California, the grizzly bear, for their emblem. This famous flag was lowered only when the republic was at an end—when the Red, White, and Blue on July 10, 1846, unfurled to the breeze over the old Customs House in Monterey, and in other places in California.

For, after Commodore Sloat had issued his proclamation containing the magic words, 'Henceforth California will be a portion of the United States,' and had raised the flag over the old Customs House in Monterey, and when it was finally fluttering in the breezes of Yerba Buena



General Fremont holding the Black Bear flag of California at a patriotic rally.



San Francisco in 1847, and one year later, after the 'gold rush' had begun.

(San Francisco) and Fort Sutter, and had replaced the 'bear flag' in Sonoma in July, 1846—it quickly marked the way down the coast to San Diego.

The United States, as early as 1840, had instructed its consul at Monterey to secretly influence leading Californians to secede from Mexico as Texas had done. The plan was overthrown as it was about to succeed. President Polk tried earnestly to gain peaceful possession of California, but failed. So Frémont was sent out to reconnoiter.

Although there was considerable 'back talk' at first between the greasers and the gringos, friendly relations were established between Californians and Americans as they grew to understand each other.

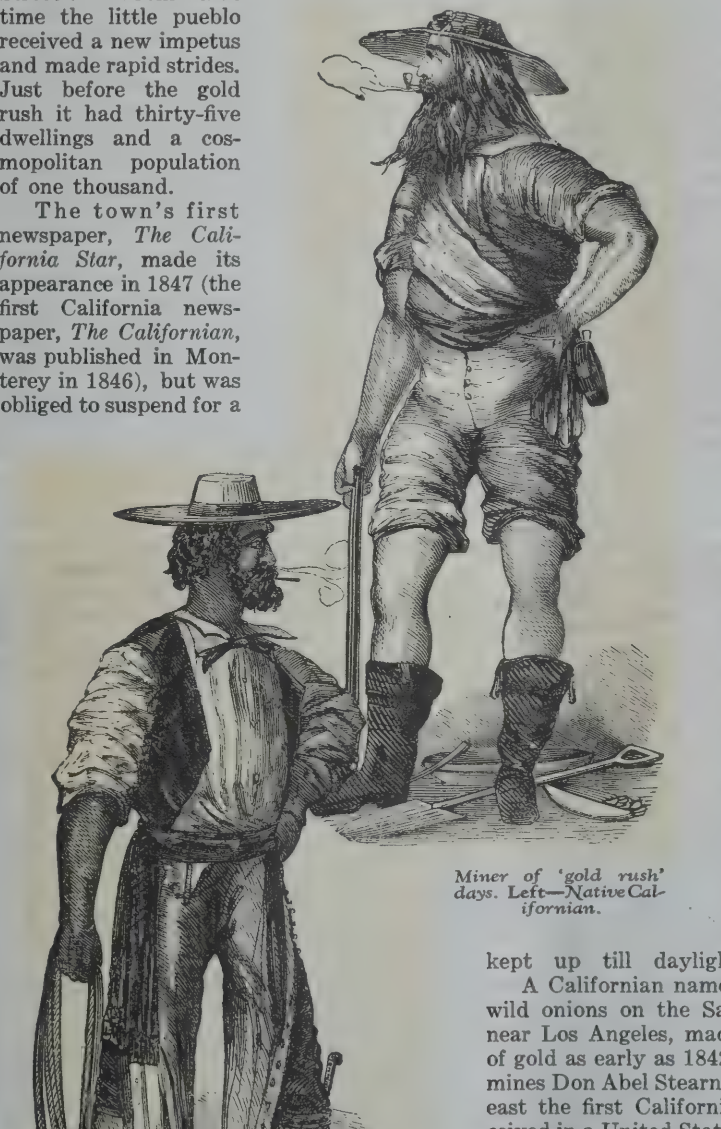
WHEN General Stockton issued a proclamation on August 17, declaring 'California entirely free from Mexico,' the conquest was practically complete. We like to remember, however, that the people made a spirited resistance, especially in defense of Los Angeles, then their capital, which resulted in the battles of Domingues Rancho, of San Gabriel, and of Laguna Rancho. The hardest fight, in which several American officers were killed, was the surprise attack upon General Kearny at San Pasqual Rancho in San Diego County. Without the timely aid of Frémont this battle would have ended disastrously.

Frémont also took possession of the Presidio and San Francisco, and named the 'Golden Gate'—never dreaming of the prophecy implied in that name. The Pathfinder's battalion of mounted riflemen really saved the day in California, giving us, practically, a bloodless victory. And the peace terms proposed by Frémont were so advantageous to the defeated that the way was quickly cleared for amicable settlement when the treaty was signed at the old Cahuengo Rancho halfway between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara.

The Mission and the Presidio of San Francisco were founded in 1776, but the location was considered 'undesirable' for a pueblo. Even so, the lure of the place was not to be withstood. But for many years subsequent to 1841 the residents were largely the agents and the people of the Hudson's Bay Company. There were only a dozen houses in the pueblo in 1844, and about fifty people. In 1846, the Hudson's Bay Company sold out and departed.

When Captain Montgomery raised the United States flag over the Plaza he changed the name to 'Portsmouth Square' for his sloop of war, *Portsmouth*, and named the shore 'Montgomery Street'! From that time the little pueblo received a new impetus and made rapid strides. Just before the gold rush it had thirty-five dwellings and a cosmopolitan population of one thousand.

The town's first newspaper, *The California Star*, made its appearance in 1847 (the first California newspaper, *The Californian*, was published in Monterey in 1846), but was obliged to suspend for a while during the 'gold rush' because everything was gone from 'subs' to 'devil'!



Miner of 'gold rush' days. Left—Native Californian.

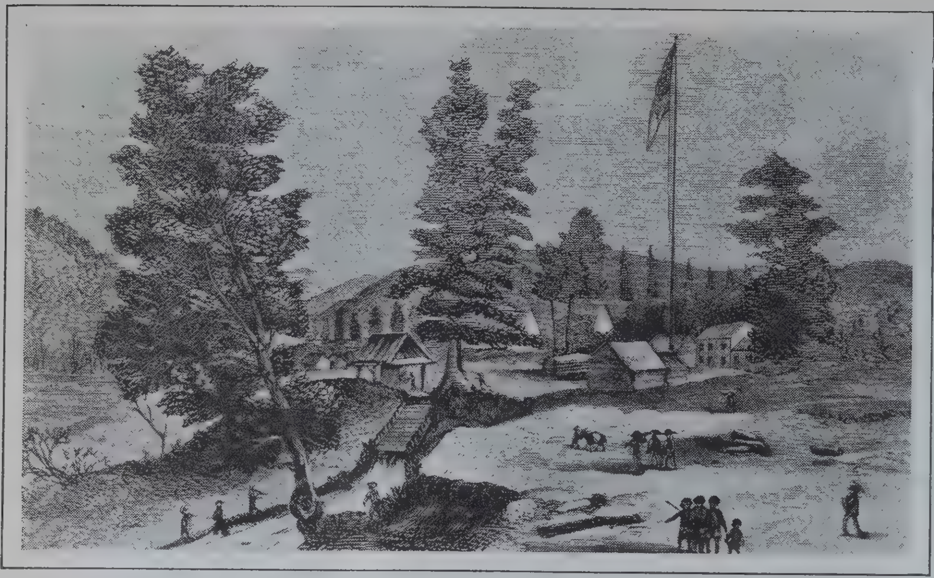
In 1847 the name Yerba Buena was changed to San Francisco. Prices of real estate compare very interestingly with those of the present day: Tide or water lots, comprised now in those many blocks from Montgomery Street to the Ferry Building, sold in 1847 for $50 to $100. The authors of *Annals of San Francisco* comment, in 1853, on the astonishing price of water lots, 'farther out and smaller,' ranging from $800 to $1,600! Land lots uptown, 180 feet square, sold for $16, including fees.

The gayety of San Francisco's social life began right after the conquest, when a large ball was given in honor of the United States officers, 'where upwards of 100 Californian and American ladies were present and a large number of gentlemen. The dancing was very spirited and kept up till daylight.'

A Californian named Lopez, digging for wild onions on the San Fernando Rancho near Los Angeles, made the first discovery of gold as early as 1842. From those placer mines Don Abel Stearnes of Los Angeles sent east the first California gold dust ever received in a United States mint. These mines were worked for about four years, yielding from $6,000 to $8,000 a year.

The real discovery of gold in California, the magic of which was felt over a nation and a world, was made in 1848 by John Marshall, seemingly by accident.

Sutter's Fort was at the end of the emigrant trail, over which hundreds of



Sutter's sawmill at Coloma in 1849.

American families were coming. Captain Sutter, always hospitable and eager to make those weary and hungry people comfortable, decided to build a mill to grind his grain into flour for them.

But first a sawmill had to be built to saw the needed lumber. John Marshall, placed in charge of this work, chose a site on a swift mountain stream, now known as the American River, near Coloma.

In the tailrace of this mill he found the first bright nugget!

At first John did not know what the shining thing was, the color was so much paler than that of any gold he had seen. He took it to Captain Sutter who, scholar that he was, wisely consulted his encyclopedia, found the specific gravity of the metal, and pronounced it gold.

In spite of efforts to keep the discovery a secret, the news leaked out, and before long people began to drift in with pan and shovel, until Marshall and his men with difficulty kept the mill from being undermined.

Early in the spring, samples of the gold were taken to Colonel Mason, California's first American military governor. The governor's adjutant, Lieutenant W. T. Sherman—afterward our great Civil War general—was called in to look at the nuggets and his opinion asked.

Under Sherman's test the metal was again pronounced *gold!*

In the summer the governor and his lieutenant visited the gold region, and then dispatched an army officer to Washington, via Peru and Panama, so that the Great Discovery might be made a part of the President's message in December.

The news spread by sea and land to the emigrant trains on the way to Oregon, many of which then turned south; to sailors who deserted their ships; across the Isthmus to New England, and even to far-off Europe.

Then began the great gold stampede unprecedented in the annals of the world!

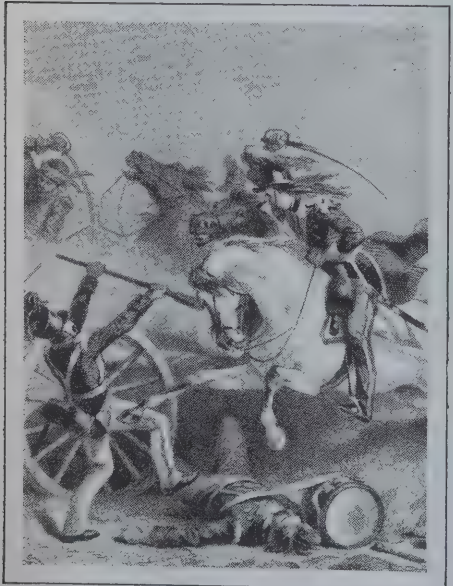
Directly after the discovery of gold in the Sacramento valley, San Francisco, which had been growing into an active community, became a deserted village. Wild frenzy seized all classes. Stores and offices were closed; families abandoned; ships deserted in the bay in the mad rush to the 'diggin's.'

The stampede spread over the state, the nation, and the world. People flooded in over three routes, all fraught with danger; the Argonauts from the north Atlantic states came 'around the Horn,' many in old, unseaworthy vessels which had been freshly painted and sold to meet the great demand; from the Southern States they usually chose the Isthmus route, and the Middle Westerners the crawling wagon trains overland.

San Francisco became a city almost overnight. Ships crowded each other through the Golden Gate, and the bay became a forest of masts. The town filled. Shanties and tents spotted the sands; abandoned water craft were dragged out on the mud flats and used for houses. There were such long lines of people before the post office that many times as much as $100 was paid for a place near the window!

Miners returned with their pockets full of gold to spend hilarious days and nights—and often all their money—in the 'city.' Gambling became a regular business. 'Those who followed it professionally were among the richest citizens of our town.'

There was plenty of money. In the year '49 the mines yielded $40,000,000, and in '53, $65,000,000. In that district today are some of the richest mines in the world.



An intense moment of action in the war with Mexico, depicted by Darley.

Beaumarchais

(*Continued from page 14*)

Beaumarchais by official action of the Congress, recorded in the official *Journal of Congress* as of date January 15, 1779. The resolution reads:

> Resolved, That the following letter be written to Mr. de Beaumarchais:
>
> Sir, The Congress of the United States of America, sensible of your exertions in their favour, present you with their thanks and assure you of their regard.
>
> They lament the inconveniences you have suffered by the great advances made in the support of these States. Circumstances have prevented a compliance with their wishes, but they will take the most effectual measures in their power to discharge the debt due to you.
>
> The liberal sentiments and extensive views which alone could dictate a conduct like yours, are conspicuous in your actions and adorn your character. While with great talents you served your prince, you have gained the esteem of this infant republic and will receive the merited applause of a new world. By order of Congress.

One regrets to add as sequel to this glowing tribute that, when Beaumarchais put in his bill, the same Congress delayed payment, but finally, probably to insure further supplies, gave notes due in 1783 for about one-half of the amount.

Franklin complained in 1782 that Beaumarchais promised him a formal bill but delayed for years in presenting it. Some error is apparent here in that the official *Journal of the United States Congress* of June 5, 1779, gives an itemized statement of four and a half millions of livres owing to Beaumarchais.

In December of 1776 Franklin arrived upon the scene and became almost immediately a popular hero in France. The multitude idolized him as representing the man of the people in power. The aristocrats loved him because of the brilliance of his wit. Within a brief period Franklin became the leading representative of the American interests and within a few weeks of his arrival arranged a loan of two millions, which was much needed. Franklin was able, on February 6, 1778, to conclude a treaty of amity and commerce with France, which resulted shortly thereafter in French and then in Spanish conflict with England.

Any serious study of the official French, American, and English letters of the crucial period from 1775 to 1778 reveals how the way was prepared for Franklin by Beaumarchais. While the American now played naturally the leading rôle in the American play as seen in France, nevertheless the French author-merchant continued energetically his shipments until the very end of the war.

Franklin was not intimate with Beaumarchais, partly because of the machinations of Arthur Lee and Dr. Dubourg, and probably largely because of a certain similarity in mental make-up. Both were men of wit and genius; both were courageous and versatile; both were accustomed to the leading rôle. Franklin repeatedly acknowledged our indebtedness to Beaumarchais, while disclaiming knowledge of the conditions under which the first debts were contracted, as these were made before his arrival.

On October 4, 1779, Franklin wrote to John Jay:

> As to the Accounts of that Gentleman, neither the Commissioners . . . nor myself since, have ever been able to get a sight of them, though repeatedly promised . . . Indeed, if I had them, I should not be able to do much with them, or to controvert anything I might doubt in them, being unacquainted with the Transactions and Agreements on which they must be founded, and having small skill in Accounts.

Again on August 12, 1782, Franklin wrote to Robert Morris:

> That he was furnished with his funds by the government here, is a supposition of which no foundation appears . . . He has often promised solemnly to render an account in two or three days. Years have since elapsed, and he has not yet done it. Indeed, I doubt whether his books have been so kept as to make it possible.

Here it should again be noted that in the *Journal of the United States Congress* for 1779, a detailed statement was made by De Francy, authorized agent for Beaumarchais.

At the end of the war, Beaumarchais began his efforts to secure payment for the debts acknowledged by Deane but disputed by Arthur Lee. American finances at this time and for several years thereafter were such that all doubtful debts were disputed. Beaumarchais himself was also in financial difficulties due to his having planned and executed an edition of Voltaire which cost him half a million.

The gifted author, the noble friend of America, died in 1794. Long before that, Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of the Treasury, had decided that the United States owed Beaumarchais 2,280,000 livres. The United States disputed one million, though without French support, on the basis that this was intended by the French Government as a gift. Not until 1831 was final settlement effected with the heirs of Beaumarchais by their allowing 800,000 francs as an offset against American claims for damages against France for injuries to American shipping. No glory attaches to this settlement.

The actual documents of history show Beaumarchais to have been honest and honorable in his commercial dealings, and even in his private life, beyond the demands of his day. Undoubtedly the author was not a good bookkeeper; had he been an able financier, the American venture would not have been begun, nor would it have been continued when American repayments in kind failed to arrive. The official archives of France, England, and America, as noted above, reveal the nature and the extent of his services.

Occasionally, historians permit themselves to disparage the services because rendered in the ultimate interests of France. What would you? A drowning girl does not wait for a handsome unmarried rescuer, but accepts the services of even the freckled father of three children.

The gifted author of the *Barber of Seville* was a son of his times, which permitted much upon which we frown today. His very weaknesses contributed to the effectiveness of his service to America! As time goes on, Beaumarchais will stand with Washington and Franklin as one of our great heroes, worthy of national commemoration. To him more than to any other foreigner of the Revolutionary period our tribute is due.

Diplomats of the Quarter-Deck

(Continued from page 6)

brought him world-wide notice and praise.

Back in 1921, the Greeks in Samsun were having a hard time with the Turks, who, according to the practice among fighting Eastern nations, ordered the enemy population deported to the interior of Anatolia. The order applied to all Greeks, irrespective of age or sex. The day after the order was issued to the governor of Samsun, Admiral Bristol personally appealed to Mustapha Kemal Pasha in the name of humanity to rescind the order, at least so far as children and old folk were affected. He called attention to the fact that many of the ten thousand civilians affected would probably die on the way, as had happened on similar occasions. He hoped that Kemal would reconsider a step that would produce a bad impression on the outside world. As a result, the deportation, although not entirely stopped, was materially reduced.

As the representative of the Department of Commerce, Admiral Bristol was charged with promoting trade relations for American business with the Near East. And it might be said in passing that from fifteenth place before the war American commerce has increased until it has tied for second place.

In Brigadier General Russell of the Marine Corps the Navy has had another diplomat of ambassadorial rank. In this instance it was as high commissioner to Haiti.

ANOTHER instance of the employment of a naval officer in diplomatic work was that of Rear Admiral McCully in southern Russia, the genial officer who brought back with him a family of seven adopted refugee children. At the urgent request of the State Department, Admiral McCully was lent for his diplomatic mission in the position of official observer, a responsible post that brought him into close contact with Generals Denikin and Wrangel. His reports, made directly to the State Department, were of immense value in shaping this Government's moves in the Russian tangle.

Rear Admiral Philip Andrews furnished a striking instance of the exercise of diplomatic ability in the course of a purely naval command. At a critical time during the Armistice period he was detailed in charge of the naval forces maintained in the Adriatic to assist in the execution of the terms of the Austrian armistice. His duties were primarily those of a naval officer, but he is generally credited with having kept the peace—averted open hostilities—between the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs, who were ready to fly at one another's throats at the drop of a hat. In speaking of Admiral Andrews' work there, the late Admiral Knapp declared:

'By tact and persuasion, combined with firmness and justice, through many weary months he prevented the tension between the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs in his vicinity from breaking out into open conflict. Surely this was a display of diplomatic qualities of a high order, to which I am the more glad to testify here because they do not seem to have had elsewhere the recognition that they deserve.'

Our watchfulness over the affairs of our sister republics to the south of us has furnished American naval officers with frequent opportunities of displaying their resourcefulness as diplomats. There is hardly a revolution in these sunny volatile republics that does not involve in some way at least one American naval officer, be he an ensign or an admiral. In many instances he is obliged to hasten to the scene of disorder, jump into his gig, hurry ashore, and let the disturbers of the peace know what's what according to their Uncle Sam; and all this many times with no instructions from Washington. He is thrown upon his own resources in interpreting the will of his government in that particular case. Instances of this could be cited almost without end.

A typical case concerns Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske.

In 1912, Admiral Fiske was ordered to carry American Minister W. W. Russell to Santo Domingo. Upon arriving there, they found a revolution hatching. The insurrectionaries were awaiting the arrival of their leader Horacio Vasquez, who was then hiding in the island of Saint Thomas watching for an opportunity to cross over and take command of the rebels. Admiral Fiske persuaded Russell that the wisest course would be for the admiral to go to Saint Thomas and warn Vasquez not to come to Santo Domingo. All efforts to get Vasquez to come aboard ship for a conference failed.

Admiral Fiske, however, gained his point in another way. He persuaded the governor of Saint Thomas to promise to prevent the departure of the rebel chieftain from the island, and the promise was faithfully kept.

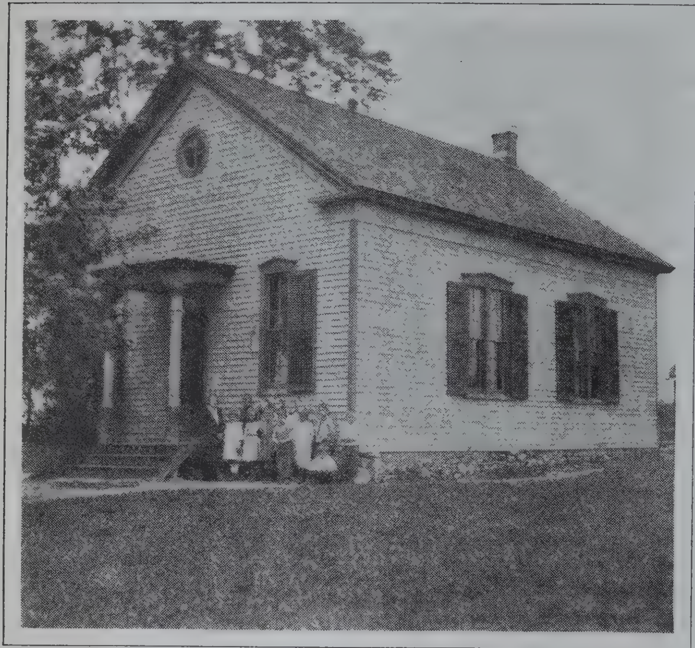
During the occupation of Vera Cruz by our forces in 1914, Rear Admiral Frank F. Fletcher was afforded an opportunity of displaying his ability as a statesman and as a diplomat. It devolved upon him to reorganize the entire government of this important Mexican seaport, which he did with thoroughness and marked success. Apropos of this, it is not generally realized that much of the money appropriated annually for the Navy by Congress is spent in administering civil government in our foreign possessions. Some of this is spent in the Virgin Islands. The Navy has governors also at Guam and Samoa.

NAVAL officers have played a prominent part in treaty making. One of the first instances of this was when Commodore Stephen Decatur brought the Bey of Algiers to terms and in 1815 was cosignatory with William Shaler of a treaty that put an end to the tribute exacted by the Barbary pirates. The United States was the first nation to stop payment of the blackmail.

In 1826, Captain Catesby ap Roger Jones of the Navy negotiated a treaty with the Hawaiian government on his own initiative and without special instructions. It was an excellent treaty, as was discovered after the Senate had failed to ratify it. The advantage of being the first nation to enter into treaty relations with Hawaii was lost. A few years later British and French naval officers negotiated treaties that were ratified by their governments.

The District School

(*Continued from page 3*)



—*Ewing Galloway Photos.*

Thirteen pupils and the teacher of an old-fashioned schoolhouse in Connecticut.

was walking, there was a race to see who could meet her first, and the littlest one had the honor of holding her hand. She was gallantly relieved of any impedimenta.

Presents to the teacher were the fashion. Many and amusing—even touching—were the gifts I used to receive. There were flowers, of course—from the beautiful products of old-fashioned country gardens to tight little bunches of withered nasturtiums or a few leafless and almost stemless daisies and buttercups picked on the way to school. Shiny apples, doubtless polished on jacket sleeves, were a favorite gift. Thimbleberries, strung on long grasses, and buds from the strawberry shrub in the home yard were popular selections; and once a small red tomato was proudly presented to me. I always remember that tomato and the black-eyed little French boy who offered it, warm and moist, from his grimy little hand! But the most wonderful gift I ever received was a marvelous pincushion fashioned of stuffed triangles of varicolored silks, each dangling from a central group of big triangles attached to the standard of an old oil lamp. I kept it as a curio for many years. As a piece of work it was truly wonderful, and as a labor of love—almost pathetic!

Teacher's desk was a veritable museum of articles confiscated from various naughty children. There were jew's-harps, notes, marbles, tops, chewing gum—a collection varying from day to day, as the precious possessions were returned each night unless the offense was too flagrant. Different viewpoints are interesting: I, as teacher, used often to marvel that pranks which seemed so original and clever when we were the perpetrators were so devoid of these attributes when conditions were reversed!

Discipline often had to be ingenious to be effective when one was dealing with such different degrees of age and mental capacity. Feruling was the last resort; it was a back number even in my youngest days.

Standing on the floor in front of the school or in a corner, which involved a terrible effort to look unconcerned and indifferent before one's fellows; holding an extended hand with or without the burden of a book; a split twig adjusted over the end of a delinquent's nose—or tongue, if he was caught fibbing; a girl's having to sit with the boys or vice versa; staying after school; these were a few of the disciplinary aids to which the hard-worked teacher resorted in her efforts to keep order.

I remember an experience of my own in administering the latter mode of correction. One day one of my pupils, who was usually a well-mannered boy, was so unruly that I requested him to stay after school! When we were finally left alone after other cases had been attended to, seeing no signs of repentance in him, I remarked, 'Charlie, remember that I am not keeping you for *my* pleasure or satisfaction. It is inconvenient for me to stay, and I want very much to go home!' 'Let's both go!' instantly replied Charlie, with a twinkle. A hearty mutual laugh cleared the air, and we departed amicably together—with the best of future results.

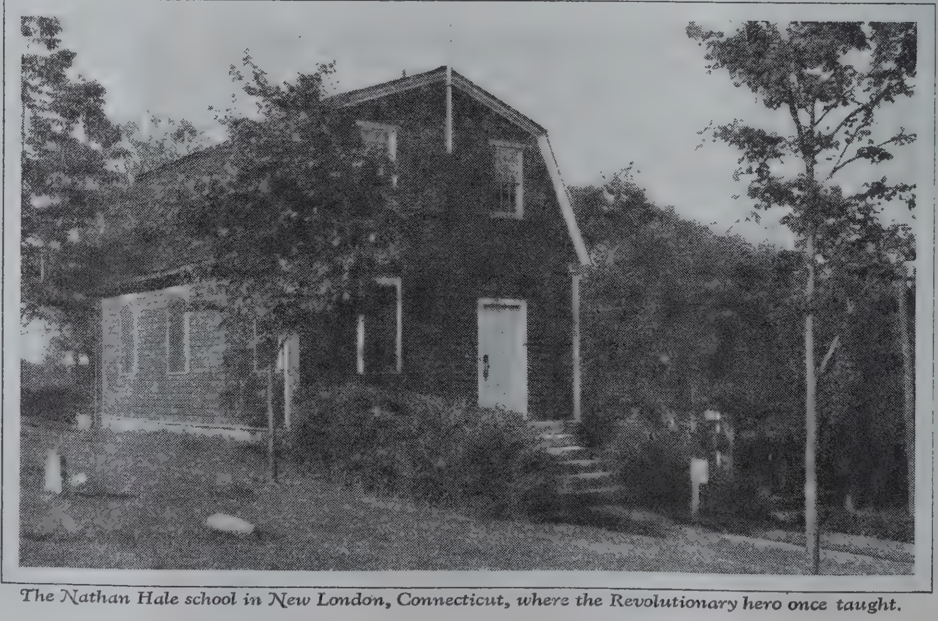
A day's program in a district school was an entirely different proposition from that of a modern graded school. It had to be planned to include all ages and capacities; classes were necessarily numerous and recitations short. The school was opened by roll call; being tardy was considered the deepest disgrace. We used to repeat the Lord's Prayer, without a thought of its being disapproved by priest or parson. Singing followed; next came the various reading classes, beginning with the A B C's of the little ones.

READING books were seldom changed and consequently were all learned 'by heart.' As they usually included good selections, this was no drawback. I have always considered various classics acquired in my youth a valued part of my stock of quotations. The school sessions were from nine to twelve and from one to four, with a fifteen-minute recess in each, affording opportunity not only for play but for airing out the room. Geography, grammar, spelling—four or five classes in each, in an attempt at grading—were sandwiched in as best they could be.

General exercises were always enjoyed. One of our favorites was arithmetic drill for the whole school. 'Order, children! 3 plus 2, multiplied by 6, divided by 10, and so forth'—as far as the teacher's patience allowed. How each tried to be first to raise and frantically wave his hand! This exercise was considered interesting and exciting. The popular spelling matches are a hand-down from district schools, where they were a favorite intellectual delight on occasional Friday afternoons.

Speaking pieces was a dreaded weekly performance, as often the committeeman or the parents visited the school at such times. Singing and a speech followed. The whole was an enjoyable affair hardly to be missed.

Wraps were hung in the long entry outside, but were put on inside. The children marched out, sometimes playing a friendly game, sometimes singing, and once outside



The Nathan Hale school in New London, Connecticut, where the Revolutionary hero once taught.

breaking ranks with much hilarity. Various devices were employed to make the long hours pass more rapidly. If very good, the children were allowed to go out and study with some young friend under the old tree that shaded the district school or—better still—in the old graveyard adjoining. The latter spot was the scene of many social activities. If such freedom was not possible, when the children became so restless that it seemed as if they must have some outlet for self-expression, they would ask to 'speak' to thus and so, supposedly for studious consultation; permission was seldom refused to good children, if asked at reasonable intervals.

Drinking water was usually handed round during the latter part of the afternoon. By four o'clock everyone seemed to be thirsty, and so two favored individuals were allowed to fill the pail from either the pump in the yard—if the school equipment was so generous—or the nearest neighbor's pump. The office of water-carrier was much in demand, and often engaged ahead.

One cup did the whole business, running the gauntlet of sixty mouths; it was considered more delicate to drink near the handle. When one thinks of the present-day horror of germs and microbes, the sterilization of utensils, and the paper cups, one wonders that any of the previous generation ever survived.

THERE were also a few outside diversions connected with the district schools. 'Nooning' was one. Many of the scholars brought their lunches in dinner pails (mixtures of pickles, sausages, pies, and doughnuts). The noon hour, after lunch, was a time of much jolly play suited to the season—tag, blindman's buff, ball, marbles, in summer; snowballing and sledding in winter. There were also many seasonal diversions, usually on Saturdays, such as walks, picnics in some lovely spot—usually near a brook, nutting expeditions. The school turned out en masse: teacher chaperoned and kept the peace.

The 'last day' was a solemnly delightful occasion, not only because it immediately preceded vacation, but for its impressively literary and social character. The schoolroom received an unwonted cleaning; wonderful specimens of colored drawings, ciphering, maps, and elevated moral sentiments in ornamental penmanship were displayed on the blackboards; flowers were arranged in every possible place, and a carefully planned program was many times rehearsed. Pieces were learned and songs practised. Chairs were borrowed to accommodate the expected guests. Prizes were usually offered at the beginning of the term and distributed on this last day. To get a prize in a district school gave delight unsurpassed by any achievement in later life. I own a marvelous red glass vase, acquired at school as a prize, which I never view without a thrill! Speeches and remarks by committeemen or invited guests ended the exciting day.

The district school is now a thing of the past. Even small communities long ago discovered that they could do better by concentration, and that education is bettered by grading and classifying, by improved equipment and larger teaching force.

These old-time schools, however, supplied a picturesque element in the history of the educational methods of the country and, as such, enlist our continuing interest.

The City of Beth-Shan

(*Continued from page 8*)

building a new city on the ruins of the old. It rises bleak and bare above the plains, which are considerably below sea level. Roman ruins formed the foundation for the Byzantine city.

Beneath this city was one built and maintained by the Greeks, who left to the site the name of Scythopolis, apparently drawn from the fact that they had built upon the ruins of a Scythian city. It was in the next layer that the records of Semite occupation were found. Here it was thought the ruins would end with bed rock. But instead Dr. Fisher found the remains of a city apparently built about 1700 B. C., long before the Semites entered Palestine; and there is evidence of still earlier occupation below that.

'The primitive fortress with the little town clustering about it occupied only the top and upper slopes of the rocky knoll,' says the explorer, 'and from then onward the Tel was the nucleus of the city in its many stages of development. In the earlier Semitic periods growth was confined wholly to the saddle of land to the west, sheltered under the lee of the citadel. By the classical period, Scythopolis, by which name it was known then, had developed into one of the great cities of the East, and the ruins of temples, theaters, and public buildings of this epoch cover an extensive area. To excavate these will be the task of many years.

'The strata exposed range from early Arab at the top down through Byzantine and classical levels, each with its characteristic pottery, into a series of mud brick walls associated with pottery of the Semitic periods. The lowest level reached contained a large circular structure approximately dated to 2000 B. C. Below this the débris continued with no signs as yet of the natural rock, thus proving the antiquity of the hill to be even greater than we had anticipated. At this level were several jars of thick, rough, gritty ware with a wash of hematite coarsely applied. On one was scratched a crude drawing of some long-horned animal resembling an ibex.

'At a slightly higher level were two burials. The skeleton of one was that of a young woman laid on her side partly contracted in an inclosure formed by a single row of stones. In this were placed a number of earthenware vessels, the larger against the wall, the smaller behind the skeleton. The types are well known in Palestine as belonging to 1800-1600 B. C., contemporaneous with the expulsion of the Hyksos from Egypt. At the neck were a number of beads, two being of glazed quartzite.'

ON THE summit the explorers found many evidences that at one time part of the hilltop had been occupied by a magnificent domed Christian church. Some of the smaller rooms of this structure were found intact. Beneath them could be traced the outlines of a still earlier building with much the same ground plan. It became evident that in the days of its glory Beth-shan had been a city of magnificence. One section of ancient Main Street was found paved with white marble tiles. In a small vaulted monastic building the explorers found an oven still in a remarkable state of preservation. They found also bronze lamps that had been used in the church. In many places the huge columns lay intact, in pairs. Elsewhere they had been broken up to make seats for use in front of the later Arab houses or had been utilized in the construction of new buildings and walls.

ONE of the most remarkable features of this famous hill is the drainage system, or rather the series of systems, for they were found in every layer of occupation. As a rule, terra cotta pipes were used, incased in a cement which was still intact in most places. One main sewer far down in the hill was made of small stones shaped like bricks, set in cement. Provision evidently had been made in the earliest buildings for carrying off water from the roof and from the ground surfaces.

Historical possibilities are illustrated by a chance discovery. Near the southwestern side of the hill, where there were no pavements or buildings to interfere, Dr. Fisher sank a vertical shaft. 'At a depth of two and one-half meters from the surface,' he says, 'we found a large basalt stele with an Egyptian inscription of Seti I, who reigned from 1313 to 1292 B. C. This lay on its side, with one edge broken away and the inscribed face badly weathered. It was not in its original position and had evidently been reused, as the upper portion containing part of a relief panel had been cut off. The stele bears twenty lines of hieroglyphs in which mention is made of the Syrians. So far as it has been deciphered the inscription is made up mainly of the usual laudatory attributes of the King.'

As at Ur, the excavation of Beth-shan was impossible under the Ottoman régime. The site formed part of the private property of the sultan and was noted for its excessive heat, its malarial climate and its insecure political conditions. The hill is only a short distance from a station on the Jaffa railway, from which the top of the mound is visible. It is interesting to note that the plateau above which it rises still shows signs of the destruction wrought by the Turkish and the British guns in the most recent battle staged there.

'Here and there odd columns and bits of masonry suggest the presence of Greek or Roman villas, and the line of the old city wall can be traced along the north and west until it disappears in the distance behind the modern village. The hill stands at the junction of the river Jalud and one of its tributaries. On reaching the edge of the plateau and looking across the deep ravine through which the main stream rushes, the full height and contour of the Tel becomes apparent and one realizes the majesty and impregnability of its position. The slopes rise steeply, the only practicable ascent being on the west where a narrow path, no doubt following the line of an earlier causeway, leads to the ruins of a gate at the northwest corner. Inside this an almost level terrace extends round the eastern side of the hill, while a second on the west rises more steeply to the summit. The whole surface is clean and undisturbed. Not even the usual Moslem sacred shrine interferes with the complete investigation of the site.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Question. Who was the first president of the United States to benefit from the increase in salary from $50,000 to $75,000?

Answer. The president's salary was fixed at $75,000 by bill passed in 1909, William Howard Taft being the first to receive this.

* * *

Q. I should like to get some information relative to the battle of Chateau-Thierry.

A. The third German offensive on May 27, 1918, against the French on the Aisne, soon developed a desperate situation for the Allies. Our Second Division, then in reserve northwest of Paris and preparing to relieve the First Division, was hastily diverted to the vicinity of Meaux on May 31, and, early on the morning of June 1, was deployed across the Château-Thierry-Paris road near the Montreuil-aux-Lions in a gap in the French line, where it stopped the German advance on Paris. At the same time the partially trained Third Division was placed at French disposal to hold the crossings of the Marne, and its motorized machine gun battalion succeeded in reaching Château-Thierry in time to assist successfully in defending that river crossing.

* * *

Q. I should like to get some information regarding William Few, who was a member of the Constitutional convention.

A. William Few was born in Baltimore County, Maryland, on June 8, 1748. His ancestor, William Few, came with William Penn to America. In 1758 his family moved to Orange County, North Carolina. After little more than a year's attendance in a public school, he spent his early years in farming. He was colonel of the Richmond County (Georgia) regiment in the Revolutionary Army and did gallant service in several engagements with the British and the Indians. After studying law, he was admitted to the bar and began his practice in Augusta, Georgia; he had moved to that state in 1776, and had been speedily elected a member of its executive council. From 1778 he was surveyor-general and presiding judge of the Richmond County court. From 1780 to 1782 and from 1785 to 1788 he was a member of the Continental Congress from his adopted state, and in 1787 he had a seat in the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. He was one of the first two Georgia senators under the new federal government, his term expiring in March, 1793. In 1794 he was made judge of the Georgia circuit court, serving three years. In 1799 he moved to New York City, of which he later became mayor. He served in the New York legislature from 1801 to 1804; was United States Commissioner of Loans, and also rendered important service to the State of New York in adjusting Indian difficulties. He died at Fishkill, New York, on July 16, 1828.

* * *

Q. What was the earliest date that a copper one-cent piece was used in the United Kingdom?

A. An unsuccessful attempt to introduce copper coinage in England was made during Queen Elizabeth's reign. Private tokens came into use, but the official copper coinage did not begin until the next reign. In 1613, John Lord Harington obtained a patent for the issue of copper farthings. In 1672 a true copper coinage of halfpence and farthings was introduced, but it was not till 1797, in the reign of George III, that copper pence were struck. This copper penny weighed one ounce avoirdupois. In 1860 bronze was substituted for the copper coinage.

* * *

Q. I should like to get some information regarding the military record of Jarvis D. Braman.

A. Jarvis D. Braman of Boston, Massachusetts, was appointed assistant paymaster general and commissioned major on the staff of Governor John A. Andrew, December 12, 1864, and lieutenant colonel, December 29, 1864. He was reappointed assistant paymaster general with the rank of lieutenant colonel on the staff of Governor Alexander H. Bullock, January 1, 1866. He resigned and was discharged June 10, 1866.

MILDRED, I WISH YOU OR SOMEONE WOULD EXPLAIN TO ME WHY THE PAPER IS FULL OF HOLES EVERY NIGHT LATELY!!!
MAMMOTH FUR COAT SALE $200 AND UP
TALBURT

—The Cleveland Press.

ASK DAD, HE KNOWS.

Q. What is the number of Hindus deported yearly from the United States since 1903?

A. The number of Hindus, or East Indians, as they are designated in the immigration records, deported yearly since 1903, is as follows:

1903, 1; 1904, 2; 1905, 0; 1906, 2; 1907, 1; 1908, 9; 1909, 1; 1910, 4; 1911, 36; 1912, 11; 1913, 32; 1914, 42; 1915, 35; 1916, 38; 1917, 6; 1918, 2; 1919, 11; 1920, 22; 1921, 19; 1922, 70; 1923, 51; 1924, 67; 1925, 67; 1926, 72; 1927, 67; total, 668.

* * *

Q. I should like to know something about 'squatter sovereignty.' What is meant by the term?

A. 'Popular sovereignty' and 'squatter sovereignty' are terms having reference to the right of the inhabitants of a territory to regulate their internal affairs in their own way without the intervention of Congress. Strictly speaking, the term 'popular sovereignty' was applicable only in the case of an organized territory, while 'squatter sovereignty' applied only to an unorganized territory inhabited by squatters. The first assertion of the doctrine of popular sovereignty by a man of prominence appeared in the noted Nicholson letter of General Cass, dated December 24, 1847, in which he expressed the opinion that the people of the territories should be left 'to regulate their internal concerns in their own way.' The new doctrine was accepted by the South and was quite generally regarded as being in harmony with American traditions of local self-government. The compromise measures of 1850, in providing for the organization of New Mexico and Utah as territories without any reference to slavery, would seem to have been the first recognition of the principle; on account of the evasive language used, however, it is difficult to say whether popular sovereignty was a feature of the bill or not.

In 1854 the Kansas-Nebraska Bill expressly adopted the principle as the basis for the government of those territories. Shortly afterward the South came to repudiate the doctrine of popular sovereignty as dangerous to slavery, and put forward the claim that neither Congress nor the territorial authorities could legislate against slavery in the territories, but that it was their constitutional duty to protect the right of property in slaves as recognized by slave states. There is an *obiter dictum* in the famous Dred Scott case which upholds the Southern contention so far as the National Government was concerned. The controversy regarding the question of popular sovereignty, as involved in the Lecompton Constitution for Kansas, brought about a division between the Douglas Democrats of the North and the more radical Southerners, which eventually developed into the split of 1860. With the Civil War and the abolition of slavery, the question lost its significance.

BRIEFLY TOLD

An overpowering perfume of freshly gathered violets so fills one of the rooms of a 300-year-old English farmhouse that the tenant has had to vacate it. Although the room has been thoroughly examined, the odor persists. Legend has it that a girl, while arranging violets in a bowl in this room, was stabbed by her jilted lover.

The lowest temperature ever officially observed in continental United States occurred a few winters ago at Fort Keogh, near Miles City in northeastern Montana, when the thermometer dropped to sixty-five degrees below zero.

In a town near Paris, France, a resident recently found a bill for fifty francs, and, being honest, took it to the mayor. When the chief of police heard about it he had the man arrested under a town regulation requiring that all lost articles be handed in to the chief of police. Brought into court, the honest man was fined two francs.

Howard P. Seese, forest ranger in the Sproul state forest, Pennsylvania, has a chain more than seven feet in length made from the rattles of the snakes he has killed. He maintains that a rattler's age cannot be told by the number of rattles, as from two to four may be gained in a year.

Each day in a darkened room off Edgware Road, London, a number of men study the eighty-one square miles of London thoroughfares by means of three thousand motion-picture slides. They are prospective chauffeurs learning to locate buildings, clubs, and public places so that they can pass police examinations for chauffeur licenses.

The 166th egg laid in as many days by Lady Norfolk, prize Leghorn hen, was sent by air mail to President Coolidge from Omaha, packed in a jewel case.

In a logging camp at the altitude of 6,666 feet near Mariposa, California, a rural schoolhouse is built on sled runners so that it can be moved from place to place.

The silk in a bride's trousseau is allowed to enter Finland duty free, although the duties on imported silks are high and form one of the chief sources of revenue to the state.

The pumpkin, or pompion, was regarded by early New Englanders as one of their greatest blessings, and its meat was used to make beer, bread custards, sauce, molasses, and vinegar, as well as pies.

The eggs of the grasshopper and the locust survive the cold winters of North American latitudes; the live insects do not.

The nation's laundry bundles each week have been found to contain 15,000,000 shirts, 75,000,000 pairs of hose, 16,000,000 sheets, and 168,000,000 handkerchiefs.

At the Smithsonian Institution in Washington during the past few months hundreds of gallons of alcohol have been stolen from bottles and jars used to preserve dead remains of ancient fish and reptile specimens. Since evaporation through the glass bottles and corks is impossible, officials of the institution believe that this 95-per-cent pickling alcohol is being purloined little by little and sold by bootleggers as 'good stuff.'

One man in 2,600 reaches the age of one hundred in Serbia, one in 8,130 in Ireland, one in 43,000 in Spain, one in 177,000 in England, Scotland, and Wales, and one in 180,750 in France.

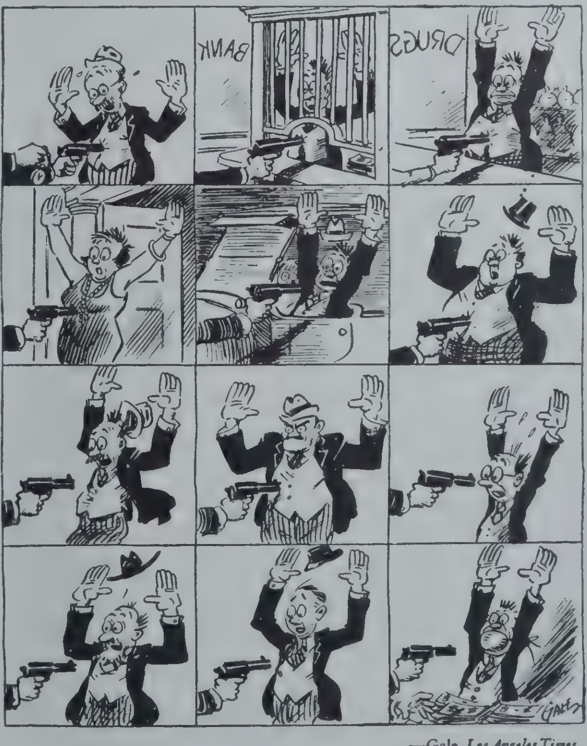
Owing to the reflection of the sun on fine particles of snow in the air, a rainbow may sometimes be seen all day long in a cloudless sky in Siberia.

The word *Canada* is derived from the Huron-Iroquois Indian word *kanata*, meaning a collection of huts.

Scientists have reached the conclusion that soft, delicate music, such as that of violin or piano, aids the growth of the hair, while loud and obtrusive music like that of saxophone, tuba, or bass viol promotes baldness.

Although the whaling industry is reported to be declining in Newfoundland, 1,690 long tons of whale oil were exported in 1926.

After an active life of about three seconds, the time required for 150 to 200 shells to pass through the barrel, a big cannon must be rebuilt.



—Gale, *Los Angeles Times.*

OUR DAILY DOZEN.

Out of more than five thousand United States college students answering questionnaires, it was found that not a single girl wanted to be an architect.

In the British Museum there is a sapphire weighing nine carats and containing a bubble that appears and disappears with changes of temperature.

In various schools in London pupils have been known to range from the age of two in the nursery to seventy-six in the night classes.

Reports of the Department of Agriculture indicate that approximately 24,000,000,000 eggs are laid annually in the United States.

The daughter of Arthur Pepper, Liverpool, England, was christened Anna Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypathia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maude Nora Ophelia Quince Rebecca Starkey Terest Ulysis Venus Winifred Xenophon Yetty Zeno Pepper.

Visitors to Hawaii go to Kilauea in crowds to gain membership in the famous Hole-in-One club by driving a golf ball into the steaming fire pit of the volcano.

Meesick, a rajah's sacred cat, owned by Dr. John A. O'Connell, Dorchester veterinarian, has never been seen to lie down or close an eye during the four months he has been in the possession of the doctor.

The fashion in Ireland centuries ago was to dye horses wholly or in part for ornament. One prince had fifty white horses with ears dyed red and manes and tails purple.

The Woolworth Building in New York City houses more than ten thousand persons during office hours.

John C. Calhoun was the only vice-president to resign from office. He resigned on December 28, 1832, to enter the Senate.

Although appendicitis received its name in 1886, medical authorities have traced cases as far back as 1684.

Among the peers of England are some peculiar hobbies. Lord Knutsford designs his own shirts, Lord Ancaster is the best knitter in the peerage and makes his own socks, Lord Gainford and Lord Listowel are experts with the needle, and Lord Ennismore, just 21, is a skilled embroiderer.

Languages of all the races of the world are being preserved on phonograph records at the new Museum of Languages at the Sorbonne in Paris.

About five miles is covered by the average golfer playing eighteen holes of golf.

NOTES ❦ COMMENTS ❦ CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page discusses this week the relative values of fault-finding, analysis and criticism.

* * *

When Nathaniel Hawthorne was a young bachelor, he tried out the Brook Farm Community idea for one year before his marriage. He wanted to learn whether this community idea would work. It was just as well that he did, since one year at the Farm was enough for him. Out of all this came *The Blithedale Romance.* (p. 1)

* * *

Florence Taft Eaton, who writes on 'The District School,' not only taught in district schools, but also attended one. It was in Concord, Massachusetts, her home, that the district schools were first doomed by the expedient of gathering the children together in the country and conveying them to the larger graded schools in the city. After the attention of educators had been attracted, the first comprehensive description of the new idea was contained in a pamphlet distributed at the Chicago World's Fair, written by William Lorenzo Eaton. (p. 2)

* * *

Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, was too busy to write instructions for Commodore Perry when the latter sailed for Japan to make a first visit to that empire. Perry was told to write his own, and did so well that Webster could not change a word. The London *Times* commenting sarcastically on the proposed trip to Japan said it was doubtful 'whether the Emperor of Japan would receive Commodore Perry with most indignation or contempt.' (p. 4)

* * *

Ninety-one Indians were guests of fifty-five Pilgrims at the first Thanksgiving, November, 1621. The menu served would tempt one's palate even today. For choice of meat there was turkey or other fowl, stuffed with beechnuts or chestnuts and sauced with cranberries; venison, bear steak or fresh fish. For hors d' oeuvre one had a choice of clams, lobsters, eels or oysters. The soup was wild celery. Vegetables included pumpkins and Indian maize, prepared in a dozen different ways. For dessert there were wild grapes, berries, plums and maple sirup. (p. 7)

* * *

On the first Thanksgiving Day menu three items, turkey, cranberry sauce and maize, were strictly American. It may be news to some to learn that the idea of a harvest festival was not original in America. N. L. Van Wegen has traced the idea to the dim past in the land of the Canaanites.

* * *

William A. McGarry, whose article on the city of Beth-shan is in this issue, has made a study of the interviewing of large figures in the business world. His name appears as a frequent contributor to leading national periodicals. (p. 8)

* * *

The city of Beth-shan, McGarry says, is the most fought-over city in the world. Such famous personages as Sargon I, Abraham, Hammurabi, Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, Rameses, Saul, David, Alexander, Pompey, Napoleon and General Allenby, have passed by its ruins or fought at its base.

* * *

Washington Island is the oldest Icelandic settlement in America. It lies off the end of a peninsula which projects like a thumb out past Green Bay into Lake Michigan. Although the island has a population of a thousand, it has not a single village. Nevertheless, the people are as one big family. Forty-three fought in the World War. (p. 9)

* * *

In the year 1775, the prophecy was made in London that 'all sensible persons are convinced in England that the English colonies are lost to the mother country.' The prophet was the Frenchman Beaumarchais, who is described by Professor Louis C. Karpinski as more deserving our tribute for services during the Revolutionary period than any other foreigner. The article is the second written by Professor Karpinski on this notable character. (p. 12)

* * *

Ethan Frome's problem, as portrayed by Edith Wharton, and that of Anna Karenina, as pictured by Tolstoi, are contrasted by Lewis Worthington Smith in one of his reviews of great characters of fiction. Anna was able to fly from a loveless marriage; Ethan could not. Whether Anna or Ethan was happier presents a question that can be argued from either side. Anna was able to find death; Ethan was compelled to live out his life. (p. 15)

* * *

Glass was made by the Egyptians and glass mirrors coated with tin were known in the days of Pompey, but the modern mirror did not reach England until 1670. Mary Harrod Northend whose recent article on 'Mirrors' will be recalled by DEARBORN INDEPENDENT readers has traced the origin and development of the looking-glass. (p. 16)

* * *

Frances Holbrook Pfeiffer of Los Angeles has extracted from California history the human-interest elements and has combined them in a series of articles of which 'Under the Flag of the Bear' is the last. The series has been much enjoyed, judging from letters received at THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT offices. (p. 24)

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Frances Holbrook Pfeiffer

REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Rutherford, New Jersey.

In your editorial, October 22, entitled 'Of, By, and For the People,' the writer believes you missed a good chance to tell the good dean [Dean Inge] something. Has 'Government of, by and for the People' ever failed? Has it ever been tried in the United States in any branch but the executive?

We are taught that the American ideal is representative government. To the writer this means that the officials intrusted with the job of governing are chosen by the citizens whom they govern. Tested by this rule the president of the United States and the governors of the respective states are one hundred per cent representative, for, while a candidate is seldom elected unanimously, the citizens who voted against any successful candidate had the opportunity to vote for him if they had wished to do so.

But, how about Congress and the state legislatures? A citizen of New Jersey, for instance, is permitted to vote for not more than three congressmen in any one Congress; that is, for two United States senators and one member of the Lower House. There are 531 members in both Houses. The other 528 make the laws the citizen must obey, but he has no right to vote either for or against them. That is not 'representative government' at all. One cannot climb a 530-foot wall with a 3-foot ladder.

This applies also to the legislatures of the States. In New Jersey the citizen of Bergen County votes for one state senator and four assemblymen out of a total of eighty-one legislators in both Houses. The other seventy-seven make laws which he must obey, but he has no voice in their election.

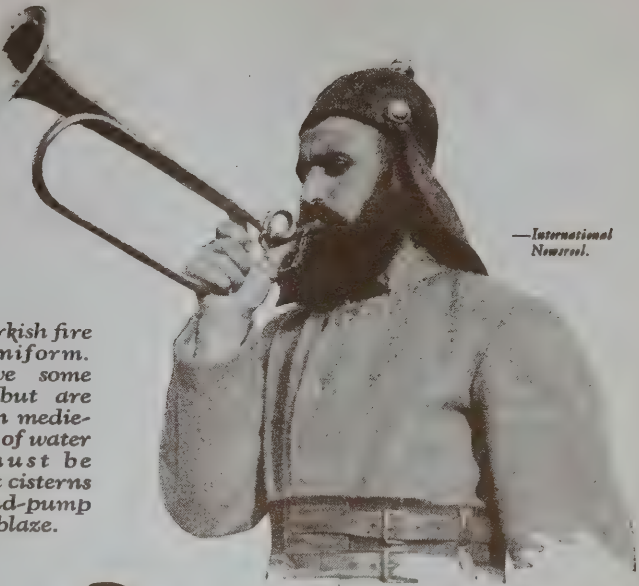
A Congress of five men, elected by the country at large and not from districts, could accomplish more real work than 530, no matter how elected. And, a Congress of five men, elected at large as the president is elected, would have to be of presidential caliber to be elected.

A body of hired clerks could do everything now done by the great majority of lesser-light congressmen, and do the work much better, as they would be hired with some slight idea of their fitness, each for his or her task. The cost would be less, if that is worth considering; the four million dollars now paid in congressional salaries would give each of the five members a good salary and hire some good clerks as well.

But above all other considerations, the legislatures elected at large would be truly representative.

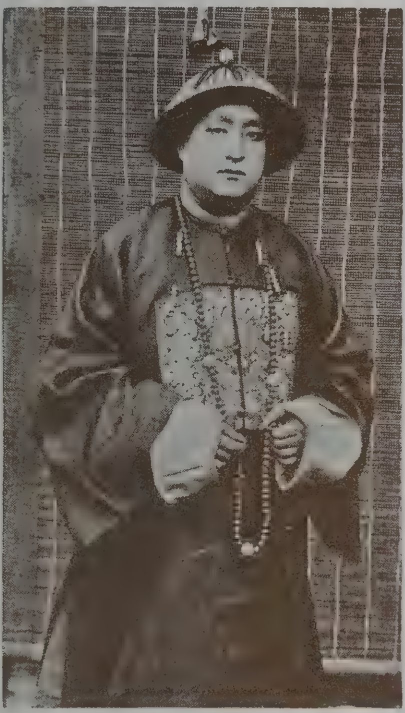
FRANK MCLEES.

Man *and* His MASQUERADE

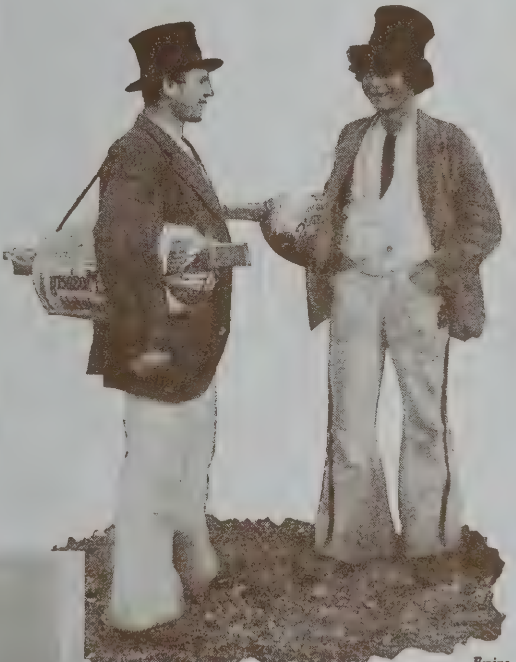


—International Newsreel.

Right—*Member of Turkish fire department in uniform. These firemen have some modern apparatus, but are handicapped by such medieval conditions as lack of water mains. Water must be pumped from nearest cisterns and relayed by hand-pump engines into the blaze.*



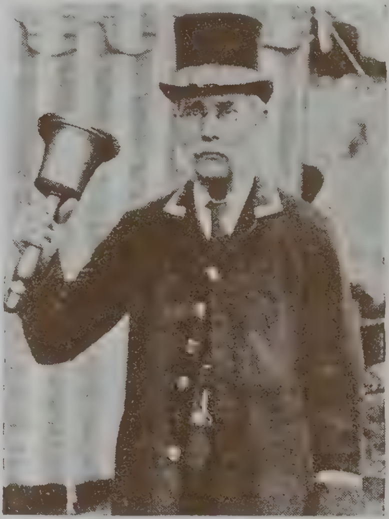
The 'Keeper of the Temples,' charged with maintenance of many temple buildings in China, is lineal descendant of Confucius. —Herbert Photo.



—Ewing Galloway.

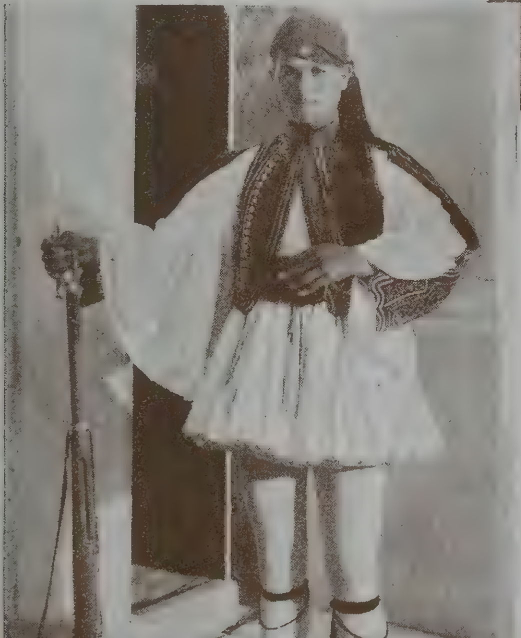
Above—*Brick masons in Germany advertise their occupation by wearing such comic costumes as these. Strolling trowel experts are common in many parts of the country.*

Below—*James Taylor, town crier at Wokingham, England, was a feature of the benefit festival for St. Dunstan's, institution for the blind.*

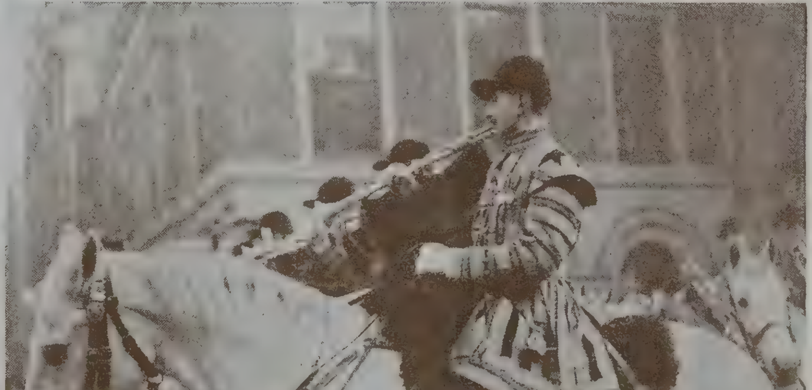


—Keystone View Co.

Below—*The heralds of the Lord Mayor in London wear a brave scarlet red uniform and ride fine white horses. They are here blowing their trumpets to herald the new Lord Mayor in the procession.*



Guard to President's Palace in Athens, Greece, wears old national costume. —Ewing Galloway.



—Culver Service.

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THOSE who ended by making all others think with them are usually those who began by daring to think for themselves.

—C. C. Colton

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The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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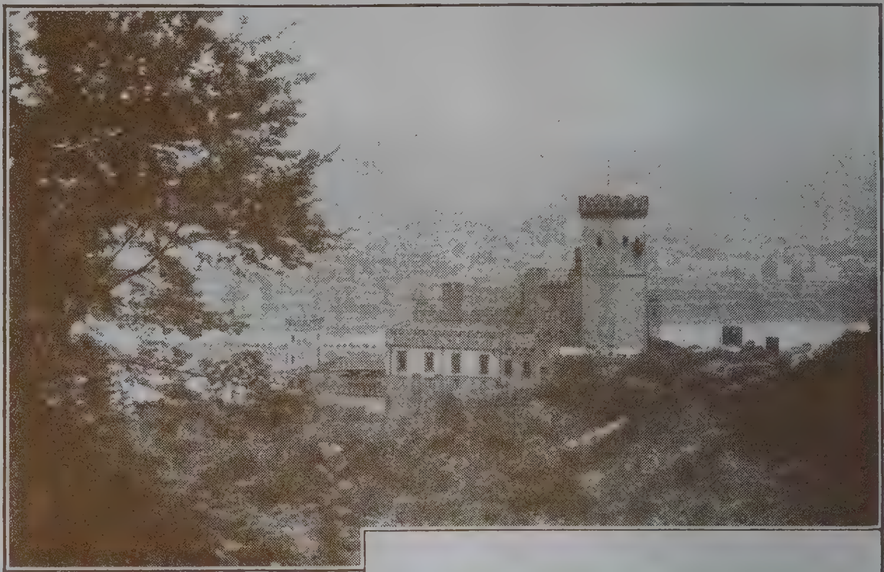
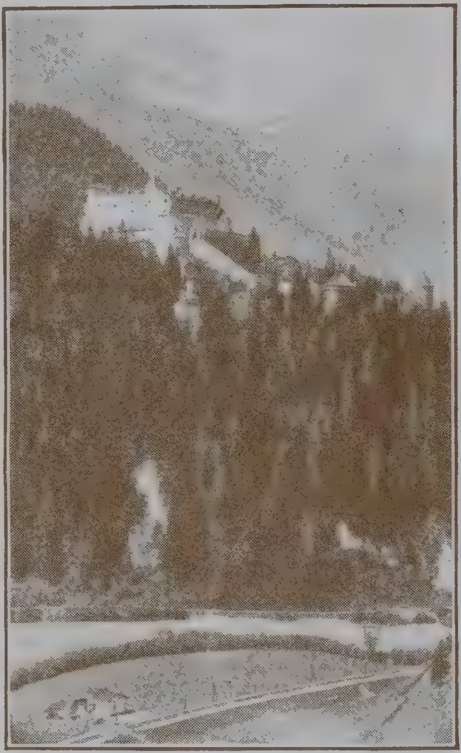
THE DUDE RANCH OF THE SNOWS - - James Clyde Gilbert

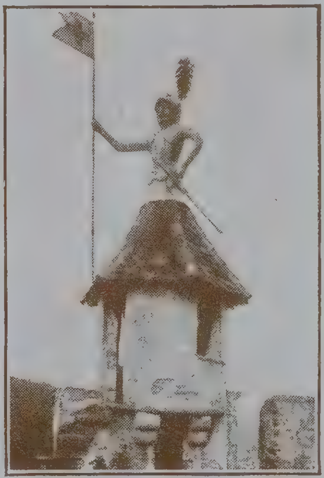
CASTLES in the AIR



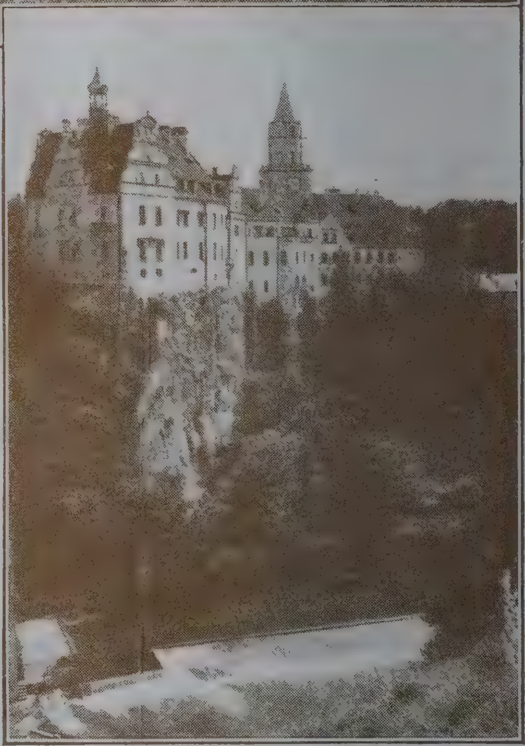
Castle Stolzenfels on the Rhine was built by King Frederick William IV in 1836 from designs of Schinkel. It stands on the site of a 13th Century fortress. —K. Obert.



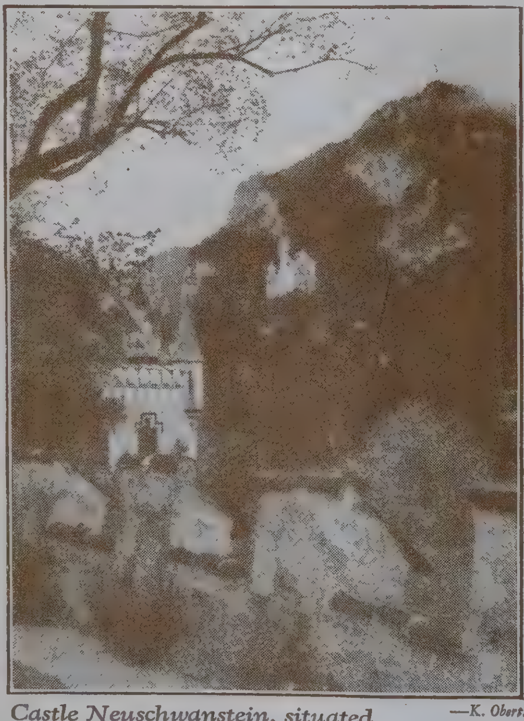
Picturesque Hohenwerfen Castle in Austria harks back to medieval days, and is to be sold to an American. —Henry Miller News Picture Co.



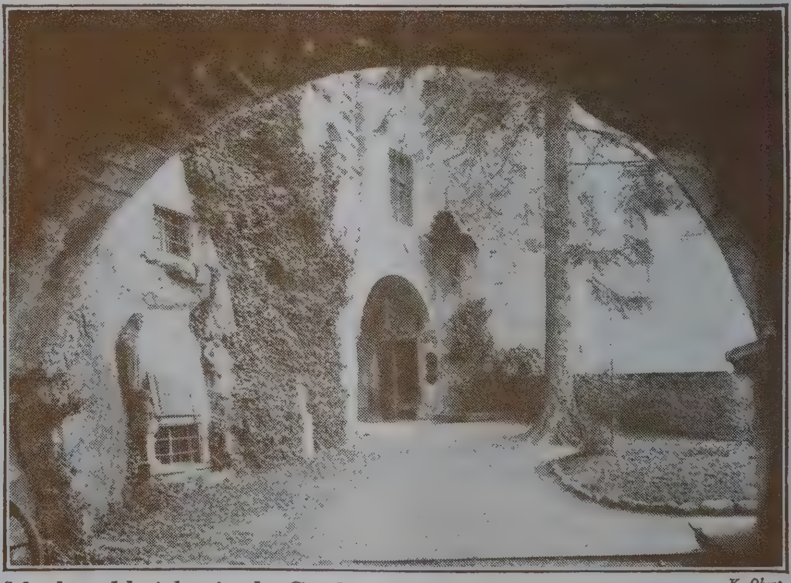
A monument of troublous times in Switzerland, the top of Mannliturm, an imposing tower that forms part of the ancient Musegg fortifications. —Herbert.



Sigmaringen is a handsome castle on a rock rising abruptly from the Danube. Interior is richly decorated and west wing contains excellent museum. —K. Obert.



Castle Neuschwanstein, situated on a precipitous rock, was built by King Louis II in 1869-86. It is white marble Romanesque. —K. Obert.



Monk and knight, in the Castle of Meersburg on Lake of Constance, seen through an archway. They are located in a court of this 16th Century castle, with a medieval keep, situated on a steep slope. —K. Obert.

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HOUSTON
BEAUMONT
PORT ARTHUR
TEXAS
GALVESTON
GULF OF MEXICO

TEXAS CITIES on the GULF

By CHARLES J. FINGER

THE other day on returning from a trip along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico I met a man with a peculiar sort of mania. It was a desire to get a tremendous number of miles out of a gallon of gasoline in a very short space of time.

I forget the figures he thrust upon me, but I remember very clearly that he seemed happy in a nervous kind of way. His notion of a pleasure trip in an auto was to start from some place and get somewhere else, without seeing anything on the way except the pointer on his speedometer. All his energies were bent on keeping that pointer between two very high numbers, and when it fell below a certain number he was unhappy.

What he really did, in effect, was to race one dial against another. While the hands of his clock registered a certain number of hours and minutes, his speedometer would have to register a certain number of miles, and he lost the game if his third register, the gasoline one, indicated some other number. It seemed to me, as I listened to him, that he could have gained his end while on his vacation had he stayed in his garage or in his back yard and jacked his auto clear of the ground and set his engine to work.

His ideal, I think, would be to go somewhere so very fast that he would get nowhere, see nothing except his dials, hear nothing except his engine, just start and stop. Goal and starting place are one and the same for him, and he would be perfectly happy could he girdle the earth in a wink, moving at the speed with which an atom moves, which is about twenty-five thousand miles in an eighth of a second, or something like that. It is a speed, I am told, of such incredible swiftness that if a man shot off a pistol and the bullet moved at the atom rate, the man shooting would be pierced through his own back ten times while falling.

It would be clearly impossible to write a touring guide for a speed maniac of that sort, because things by the way would be nuisances and distractions. All that pageant which I saw along the Gulf of Mexico on my trip would not exist for him. And, indeed, when you come to think of it, only active-minded people with a taste for things clearly seen, people who are alive to the world, ever see anything.

'I started from Galveston and ran east,' your speed maniac would say, and Galveston would be nothing but a name, whereas your man with eyes would find that good haven a tremendously interesting place. For not only is it a harbor for coasting steamers that touch Central America, Mexico, the Bahamas, Trinidad, and all those semitropical ports where the Spanish conquistadors in fact and O. Henry's characters in fiction adventured; but it is also a place where you may see sailing ships from every port in the world—schooners, barks, yachts, 20th Century four-masted steel sailers, sometimes even inland river steamers, and whalebacks and battle cruisers, and even such monsters as those queer colliers and oil carriers designed for transferring fuel at sea which are all cranes and hatches, to say nothing of sailless wind-driven ships like the *Buckau.*

Because of all those, in Galveston you may see something of a fast-vanishing life—seamen just ashore whose last town was Rio or Punta Arenas or Singapore; other seamen about to sail on round-the-Horn cruises who could stuff you with lies about the culinary excellence of their last ship and the inferiority of the

Section of the beach and sea wall at Galveston.

Typical homes in the young town of Port Arthur.

Circle—This attractive edifice in Beaumont houses a library. Previously it was used for a church.

—Jaycox.

skippers and the unseaworthiness of ships in these latter days. Also, if you took the time, you could find one or two of those wonderful old stores poked away in an odd corner—stores whose owners seem never to sell anything, but only to buy; whose shelves and windows hold a jumble of most astonishing things, such as shells from tropical countries, ship models on shelves and little ships in bottles, tin pannikins and tin knives and forks of a sort to double up under any strain, those apologies for mattresses called donkeys' breakfasts, brass telescopes, razors, revolvers, sheath knives, charts, sandalwood chests, lacquered work, bunches of rusty keys, mother-o'-pearl ornaments, carved coconuts, ancient uniforms, oilskins, sea boots, sou'western and tarpaulin suits, sextants, carpenter tools, pictures of clipper ships framed in cork, fur caps, musty old books, copies of *The Nautical Almanac* for bygone years, odd numbers of such stirring fiction as *Buffalo Bill, Cap Collier, Three-Fingered Jack of the Antilles, Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model,* and more of a kind to help cultivate literary art in the mariner, to say nothing of those books favored by sailors as revealing the follies and foibles of society, which may be had in 'The Seaside Library' and 'The Family Herald.' For the reading of mariners is not confined to books about the sea any more than the reading of bankers is confined to books about money, trade and industry.

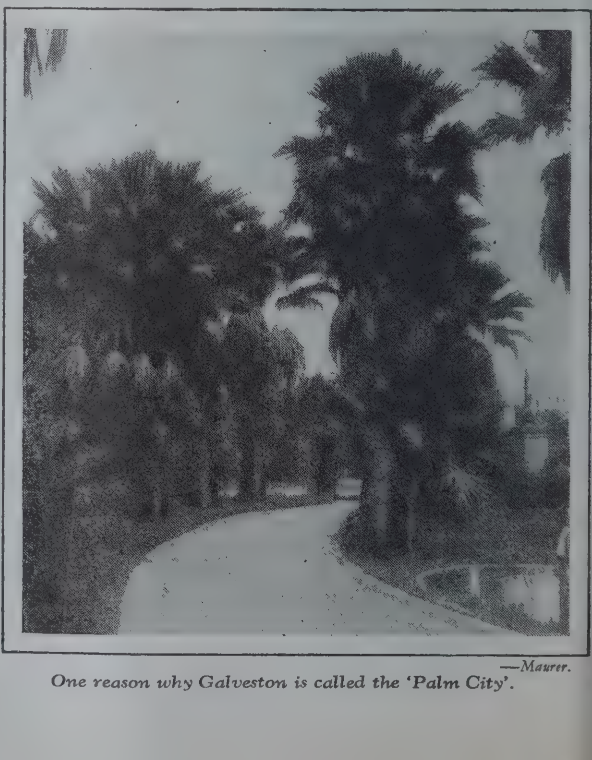
IT IS a place for loitering, not speeding, this dock quarter, and there is a fine flavor of Melville and Conrad and Marryat about it. And if you are of the happy sort that enjoys a little quiet conversation, and lucky enough to tackle the right kind of man, and of stout enough constitution to stand the aroma of his cutty pipe, and patient enough to hear a leisurely tale, you may learn something of the pirate Lafitte who had a mansion on Galveston Island, whose band numbered a thousand, who was pardoned for his piracy and praised for his bravery in the battle of New Orleans by President Madison, and who buried a vast amount of treasure in the neighborhood of Galveston, which treasure sanguine beach combers still hope to find.

Or you may hear the legend of the pirate ship wrecked off Galveston in 1813, from which a white woman was rescued by Indians. Being at the point of death, the woman gave to her Indian rescuer a locket and chain, the locket having within a picture of a boy and a man. The woman, it is said, was Theodosia Burr Allston, daughter of Aaron Burr. By way of verification, the story runs that a dying sailor in Detroit confessed to having been one of the mariners on board the ship that sailed from Charleston in 1813, in which Theodosia Burr Allston was a passenger. He and his fellows had mutinied and forced officers to walk the plank, but had spared the woman.

Leaving the ancient dock quarter you turn a corner at the end of the street, go a city block or so, turn again, and, as by the touch of an enchanter's wand, you are in a world of modern activity, with hopper barges, and hundred-foot steel steeples carrying sixty-foot booms, and covered wharves, and tractors hauling trains of cotton trucks, and railway trains, pipe lines, marine iron works, and traveling electric cranes. You are in the midst of a life stimulating and exciting, a world of bewildering and distracting things, a world of vastness and mechanical force where gigantic steel arms lift and carry, and where men seem to be unneeded.

But the dial on your auto does not register a mile and a half before you are out of all that restless exuberance and in a city of tropic luxury where the air is strangely scented, where there are palm trees, where there are great rhododendrons and radiant flowering bushes. So semitropic in appearance is the more wealthy residence section that the sight of a troop of camels led by desert-born Arabs would not strike a note of discord. I do not exaggerate. While there, I felt as I had felt in some Brazilian town, expecting to find on the outskirts a tangle of vines and of metallic-hued shrubbery where white mists rise from tar-black stagnant waters.

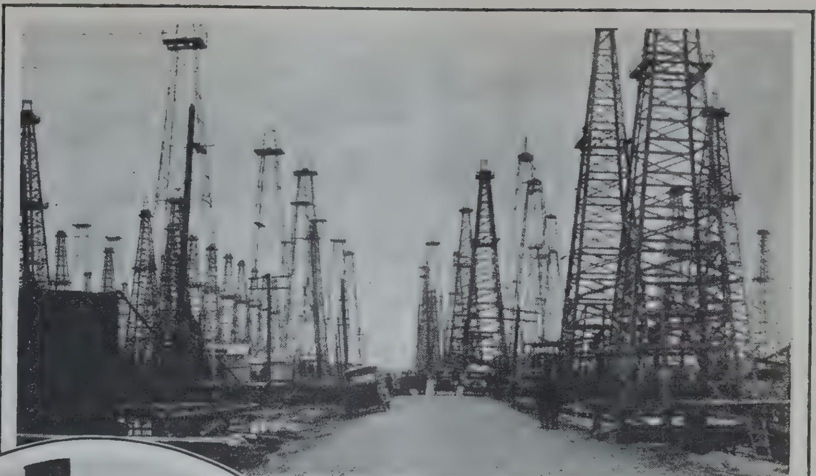
But there is none of that. Instead,



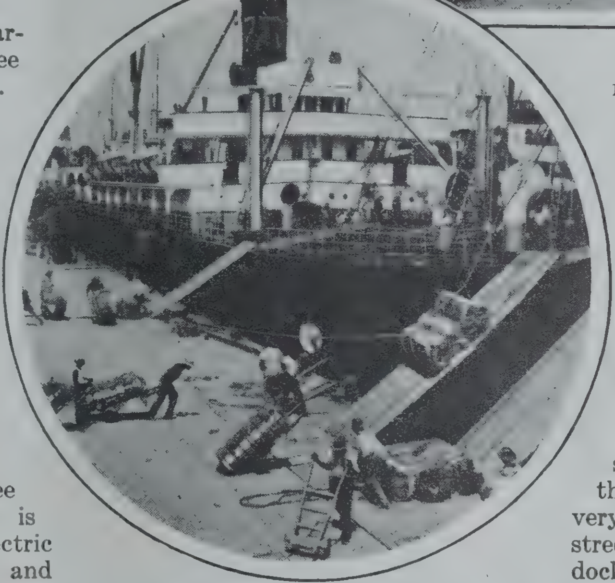
—Maurer.

One reason why Galveston is called the 'Palm City'.

the road skirts the shore for a short time, then runs over level or very slightly rolling country to Houston, then to Beaumont, and then to Port Arthur. All three are important cities, well-governed, sunbathed without oppressive heat because of the gulf breeze that refreshes. I have known people to whom the words *Texas* and *cowboy* are synonymous, who expected to see roping and lassoing and gun play in every Texas town. Actually, mounted cowboys on the streets of Beaumont would cause as much mild excitement as a herd of dromedaries in Denver.



A few of the derricks at 'Spindle Top,' near Beaumont, Texas.



Circle—Section of the bustling docks of the world's largest cotton port—Galveston.

BEAUMONT has its own characteristics, the which you may see at Spindle Top, a few miles out. It is a wilderness of oil derricks. It is an incessant turmoil of throbbing, slow-moving machinery such as exists in no other place on earth. It is a vortex and a whirlpool. It is a place of intermixed clang and clatter, with a strange booming and throbbing that comes from a million motors. It is a place of vast skeleton structures standing stark against the sky. It is an agitated pool of human life.

And at night, for you should see the place at night, Spindle Top is miraclelike with ten million electric lights, and white searchlights, and strange rose-colored glares, and sometimes roaring gas flames, and a ceaseless groaning of unseen machinery, and the shadows of men that seem like giants, and long lines of slow-moving freight trains made up of tank cars, and monstrous squat reservoirs that look like truncated forts.

Stilwell Boulevard, Port Arthur, Texas

Yet, not a ten-minute ride from all that tremendous activity you may find a place of matchless dignity that tells its tale of culture. It is a library that was once a stone church of considerable size. Stepping into the quiet of it you cannot but find the whole effect one of strange richness, with its roof vault, its stone walls and lofty mullioned windows, its secluded niches and corners. It is like the library of some splendid palace built for a monarch—or like some medieval castle hall. It should be made gay with hanging silk banners, and brave with armor and shields.

And there are other evidences of a fine life in this new city—a country club with broad verandas and large windows that look upon a graceful garden with trees hung in Spanish moss, and a lawn that sweeps down to a river. There are societies of men and women devoted to civic interests, and organizations literary and artistic where easy-mannered people discuss things with infinite freedom and zest. Moving about among them you get a sense of a community with sustained confidence in its own future. It is a people believing in itself as a high-spirited youth does.

Sweeping along first-class roads you come to the place where the Sabine River empties into a considerable bay, and there sits the thirty-year-old town of Port Arthur, very picturesque with palm-lined streets, very active with ship-repair docks where they make no more of slicing the bottom from a steel seagoing steamer and fitting on a new one, than you or I would make of ripping open a box of sardines. Also there is an oil-shipping plant from which coal oil is shipped in five-gallon cans to far-away places the very names of which are strange and romantic—Siam, Morocco, Papua, Eritrea, Zanzibar, Patagonia, Portuguese East Africa, Malaysia, the Congo.

IT WAS strange to think of a town of not more than a young man's age feeding those far-away places. It was strange to reflect that Eskimos and Africans and Gauchos and Pacific Islanders would utilize the empty cans, using them as roofs, as buckets, as cooking utensils, as seats, even as safety appliances on proas and canoes and feluccas.

An endless band of them moved—flat pieces of tin at the beginning, filled and sealed cans at the end, two packed in a box and the boxes moving swiftly, without hands, to a descending spiral over a ship's hold, and then down without noise or confusion.

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. Finger about his tour of the Gulf Coast. The next will appear in an early issue.)

The monument erected in Washington, D. C. in honor of Ericsson.

The Father of the BATTLESHIP

By VIOLET K. LIBBY

FASHIONS in naval warfare change almost as quickly as they do in spring millinery. At the same moment that a spirited controversy was raging as to the efficiency of modern battleships, which had been considered as the last word in naval equipment, work was just being started on a monument to John Ericsson, the inventor of the *Monitor*, which, only sixty-five years ago, opened a new era in naval warfare and revolutionized the whole system of fighting on the sea.

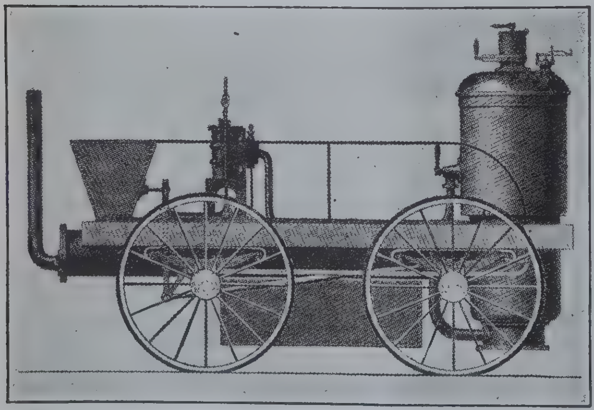
The queer-looking craft which in 1862 steamed into Hampton Roads looks odd enough beside the modern battleship, of which she was the forerunner. She dealt a deathblow to the old 'wooden walls,' and opened up a period of naval construction in armored and submersible vessels, and yet there are those who say that the age of the battleship is over, that defense against an enemy must be by air rather than by water. It may be that the erection of this monument to John Ericsson not only marks the beginning of that period but also stands as its tombstone.

The site of the statue is within a stone's throw of the Navy Department at Washington. The inventor is seated at the base of a pedestal, which supports the three symbolic figures representing Vision, Adventure, and Labor. The whole character of John Ericsson is summed up in those words; his imagination was always leaping forward into new fields of mechanics, and his incessant labor brought into being practical expressions of the romantic fancies created by his adventurous mind.

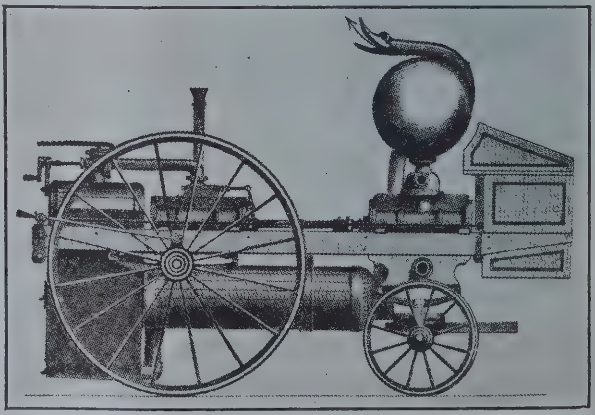
Ericsson was a man to whom a comprehension of the science of motion was as intuitive as sleeping or eating, and even as a small child his playthings were compasses and pencils and such rude drafting and mechanical tools as he could contrive.

The circumstances of his early life provided him with plenty of opportunity for the development of his passion for mechanics. His father, Olof Ericsson, was inspector of mines near the little town of Nordmark in Sweden where John was born on July 31, 1803; his mother was an intellectual, high-spirited woman of Flemish origin, with some Scotch blood in her veins. Olof Ericsson was well educated, and although the family later experienced hard times, he took care that John and his brother Nils should receive a good education. When the elder Ericsson finally found work as a foreman on the Gota Military Canal, John knew enough about mechanics to be able to take the liveliest interest in the machinery and tools employed in its construction.

So apt was he that he was allowed to enter the draftsman's office, and in 1815, at the age of twelve, was commissioned to make drawings for the archives office. Before he was fourteen, six hundred Swedish troops were working on the canal under his direction, although at that time he was still



Left—Ericsson's locomotive engine Novelty, constructed in 1829.

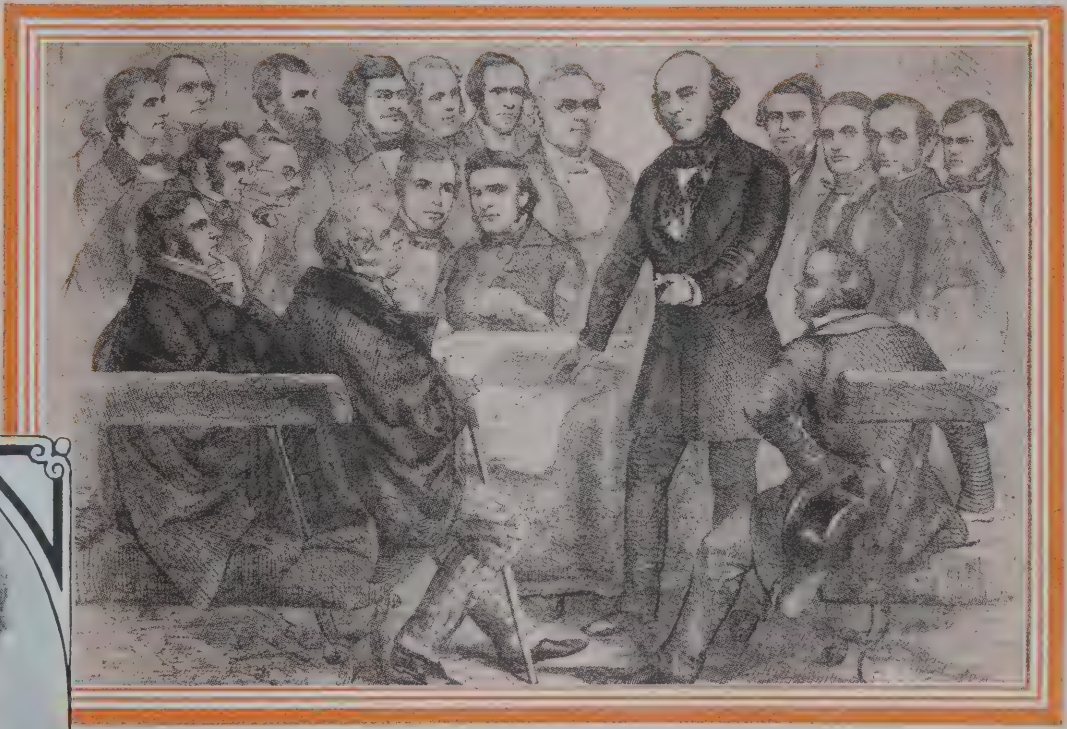


Right—Steam fire engine, capable of sending a stream of water higher than the buildings of its time. Designed in 1840.

so small that he could not reach the eyepiece of his leveling instrument, and had to be followed everywhere by an attendant carrying a stool.

Later he entered the Swedish army. At that time all the field surveying was done by army officers and so he became a government surveyor. Full of energy, he spent all his spare time experimenting and inventing, and his particular interest at this time was to find a means of producing mechanical power by the use of flame. Eventually he contrived a flame engine, by means of which sufficient power could be produced to pump water to a considerable height, and he received a leave of absence to go to England to introduce his invention there.

But the flame engine did not achieve success; funds ran low, and Ericsson had to look around for employment. Although at this time he was only twenty-three years old he was so obviously master of his subject that he inspired the greatest confidence in those with whom he came in contact, and it was not long before the manufacturing house of John Braithwaite took him into the firm as junior partner. He afterward acknowledged that he owed much of his later success to the experience which he gained at this time through the friendship and coöperation of Braithwaite.



—*From the* Illustrated News, *1853.*

Captain Ericsson explaining his invention to the editors of New York City.

John Ericsson when he was twenty-one.

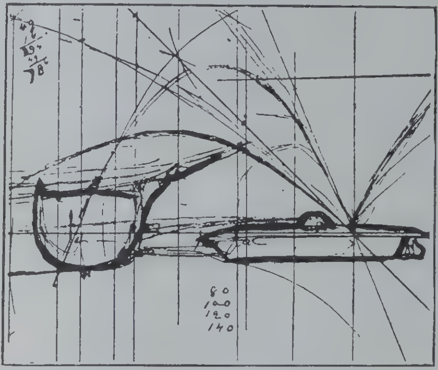
The tale of Ericsson's life is that of one long series of inventions. One of his achievements was the invention of a pumping engine for draining mines, in which for the first time compressed air was used to produce power. He also invented several devices for improving marine engines, of which the most important was the surface steam condenser. Another was a steam fire engine, which could throw water to the tops of the highest buildings of that day. But so many objections were raised to this innovation that it was not until 1860 that a machine of similar design was finally brought into use to fight the London fires, and to replace the squirts and hand pumps which had been used up to that time.

In 1829 Ericsson turned his inventive genius into a new field. Up in the colliery district of the north of England, Stephenson had been working for some time on the steam locomotive. Horse-drawn trams for hauling coal were already in use, but the idea that sufficient power to draw the heavy loads could be produced by steam was ridiculed as absolutely impossible. However, Stephenson finally persuaded the officials of the tramway line, which was known as the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, to test his scheme, and very sceptically they offered a prize of 500 pounds sterling for the best steam locomotive which could draw a gross weight of twenty tons at the rate of ten miles an hour.

Ericsson heard of the offer seven weeks before the date set for the contest, and at once set to work to build an engine. Although he had never made a locomotive, his quick mind immediately grasped the problems of its construction, and when the day for the trial came, Ericsson's *Novelty*, with its system of artificial draught, was a serious competitor of Stephenson's famous *Rocket*. But although the *Novelty* reached a speed of thirty miles an hour, and easily shot past the *Rocket*, it developed several minor defects which would undoubtedly have been overcome if there had been time for preliminary tests, and was unable to finish the required distance of seventy miles. Although it was generally admitted that the principles of the construction of the *Novelty* were the more scientific, the prize went to Stephenson.

Disappointed in the result, Ericsson lost interest in locomotives, and turned back to the flame engine, and was soon astonishing London with a five-horsepower caloric engine. He next began to experiment with screw propellers, and was so pleased with the results that he built a boat forty feet long which could tow a schooner at the rate of seven miles an hour. This he demonstrated before the British admiralty, but as is usually the case when some new principle is first introduced, there was a great deal of opposition, and naval experts proved to their own satisfaction that the device would be useless in practice. But fortunately for the United States, a Captain Robert Stockton of the U. S. Navy was delighted with a demonstration, and promptly gave Ericsson an order for two boats built with screw propellers. Stockton promised his influence with the United States Government, and Ericsson came over to America.

Two years later, during which time he had built several small screw boats that had been successful, he was called upon to design a screw vessel for the Navy. The vessel carried a number of radical improvements and established Ericsson's fame in this country. He then perfected a revolving gun turret on an ironclad raft, and when in 1861 the Navy Department appointed a board to examine plans for ironclads, he laid before them the designs of the *Monitor*. As in earlier days the British admiralty had pronounced his screw-propelled vessel an impossibility, so now the United States Navy board rejected his design on the ground that such a craft as he suggested would not have sufficient stability, and would be sure to turn turtle. Ericsson patiently explained the mechanics of his design, and finally convinced the board sufficiently for them to give him a very cautious and one-sided contract, by which, if the *Monitor* should prove unsuccessful, Ericsson was to refund to the Navy Department the money paid for her.



Ericsson's sketch of his Monitor.

While the Confederate ironclad, the *Merrimac*, inspired consternation in the North, Ericsson worked night and day on his *Monitor*. The construction of a vessel so radically different from anything which had previously been built was full of problems and difficulties, but Ericsson, with his wonderful mechanical genius, had always a solution, and when at the end of one hundred days the *Monitor* was finished, she contained some forty new and patentable devices!

Courage of a high order was required of the men who were assigned to the new and untried war vessel, in which they were practically submerged the whole time. Under the command of Lieutenant Worden she was towed out of New York Harbor on March 6, 1862, and the first day out was not auspicious. The following is taken from an account of the experiment:

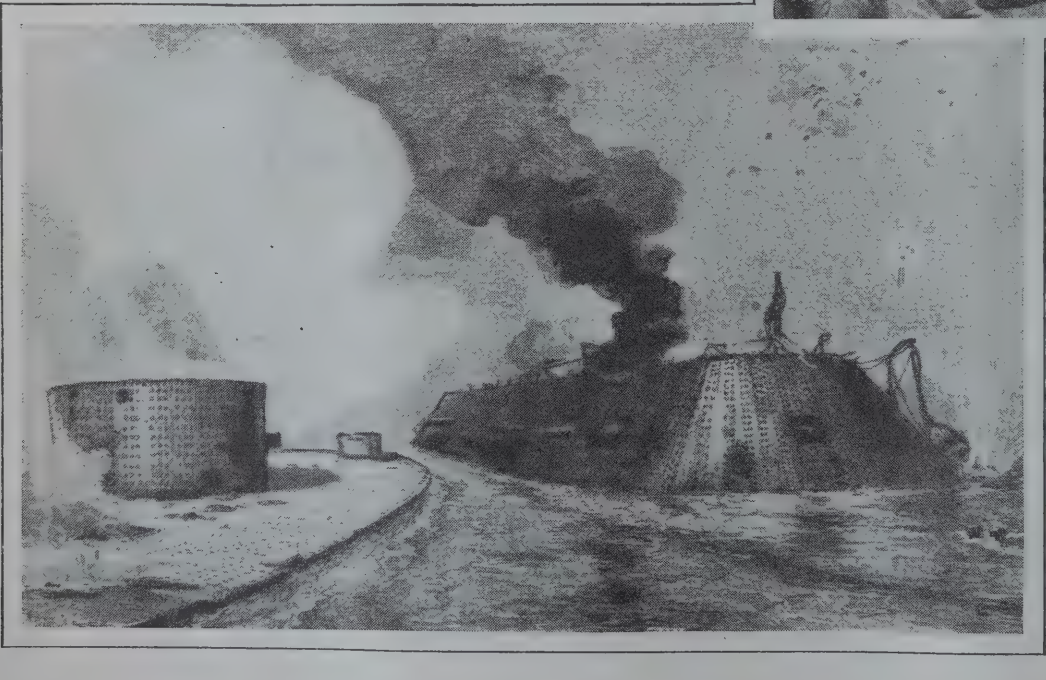
'The waves swept the deck, and forced the water in considerable quantities into the vessel through the hawse-pipes and under the turret, and broke over the smoke-pipe six feet high, and the blower pipe, rising here only four feet above the low deck. This stopped the blowers, and the furnace having insufficient draught, the engine rooms were filled with gas, and the engineer, Isaac Newton, and his assistants were so nearly suffocated that they were carried into the open air to the top of the turret apparently lifeless.'

The ship was at times in imminent danger of foundering, but was kept afloat by the use of hand pumps; the temporarily disabled machinery was set in motion once again, and eventually the *Monitor* reached Hampton Roads. The rest of the story of her encounter with the *Merrimac* is too well known to need repetition here.

For the next twenty-seven years Ericsson continued his work, planning, experimenting, and inventing, working twelve to fourteen hours a day at his desk almost up to the hour of his death. After a life of Spartan simplicity, devoted entirely to constructive labor, he died at the age of eighty-six on March 8, 1889, on the anniversary of the great event which made him famous.

The monument to Ericsson's memory stands near the Lincoln Memorial, and quite close to the new Arlington Memorial Bridge which was originally planned to commemorate the heroes of the Civil War. The expense of the monument, which was designed by J. E. Fraser, is borne partly by the Ericsson Memorial Committee, composed largely of prominent men of Swedish birth living in this country, and partly by an appropriation made by Congress.

It is interesting to note that just as the first Napoleon rejected Fulton's idea of a steamboat, so Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French in 1854, rejected Ericsson's idea of an armored craft later exemplified successfully in the *Monitor*. It is also not generally known that Ericsson's plans were submitted to the United States Government during the Civil War at the request of the Government, not of his own suggestion.



Crew of the Monitor *on deck after her battle with the* Merrimac. *The impression of a shot is visible on the turret.*

Left—*Battle between the* Monitor *and* Merrimac.

It was because of the *Merrimac* threat that the United States invited proposals for the construction of armored ships; and among others, Ericsson responded. Out of it grew the 'cheesebox on the raft.'

Ericsson's body now rests in his homeland. At the request of Sweden, it was shipped to Stockholm in 1890.

The House in the Fiftieth Congress

Alabama to Minnesota

By BARNES COOLEY

THERE were three hundred and twenty-five members in the House of Representatives of the Fiftieth Congress, which extended from March 4, 1887, to March 4, 1889, and very nearly half the entire number had seen service in either the Union or Confederate army during the Civil War. The Union veterans considerably outnumbered their Confederate brethren, thus reversing the situation which obtained in the Senate of the same Congress, where, out of a total membership of seventy-six senators, twenty-seven had worn the gray as against but ten who had worn the blue. In the House of the Seventieth Congress there is but one Civil War veteran—Confederate Charles Manly Stedman, aged eighty-six and 'going strong.' Not a single Union soldier is there to bear him company. He keeps as lonely state in the House as does Francis Emroy Warren in the Senate, who, a Union veteran, is the only senator who fought in the Civil War on either side.

—*Henry Miller News Service.*

First picture of the Presidential Cabinet since 1925. Left to right, seated—Secretary of War Dwight F. Davis; Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg; President Coolidge; Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon; Attorney-General John G. Sargent and Postmaster-General Harry S. New. Back row—Secretary of Labor James J. Davis; Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover; Secretary of Agriculture William H. Jardine; Secretary of the Interior Hubert Work, and Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur.

Alabama sent seven Confederate soldiers to the House of the Fiftieth Congress. There were James T. Jones, of Princeton '52, who was an officer in the Fourth Alabama; Hilary A. Herbert, who was disabled in the Battle of the Wilderness and served as Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's second term; William C. Oates, colonel of the Fifteenth and Forty-eighth Alabama, who was wounded four times slightly and twice severely, losing his right arm at Richmond, August 16, 1864, in his twenty-seventh battle; James E. Cobb, who was made a prisoner at Gettysburg; John H. Bankhead, who served four years and was three times wounded and whose son is now an Alabama member of the House; William H. Forney, who served in the war with Mexico, entered the Confederate army when the Civil War began and was a brigadier general when he surrendered at Appomattox, and, finally, there was Joseph Wheeler, one of the most distinguished of Confederate soldiers. Wheeler, who was graduated at West Point in the class of '59, fought Indians in Kansas and New Mexico and entered the Confederate army as a lieutenant. He rose to become while still in his twenties the senior cavalry general of the Confederacy. He was scarcely more than a boy when he commanded the rear guard on the second day at Shiloh and covered the Confederate retreat. He showed remarkable energy and skill at Chickamauga, fought almost daily opposing Sherman in 1864 and was from the beginning until the very end of the war a fascinating figure. He was a gray-bearded little man, unusually small in stature, with a head disproportionately large. In the war with Spain, McKinley made this former Confederate a major general of volunteers, as he did Senator Butler of South Carolina. The day he again put on Uncle Sam's uniform Wheeler declared to be the happiest of his life, and said that he sought no kindlier fate than to die in the ecstasy of battle. He was commander in the fight of Las Guasimas, June 24, 1898, in which the Rough Riders first came under fire. Later he commanded a brigade in the Philippines and in June, 1900, he was made a brigadier general in the regular army. Retiring in September of that year he died 'up North,' January 25, 1906.

Dunn, Rogers and Peel of the Arkansas delegation served in the Confederate army throughout the war.

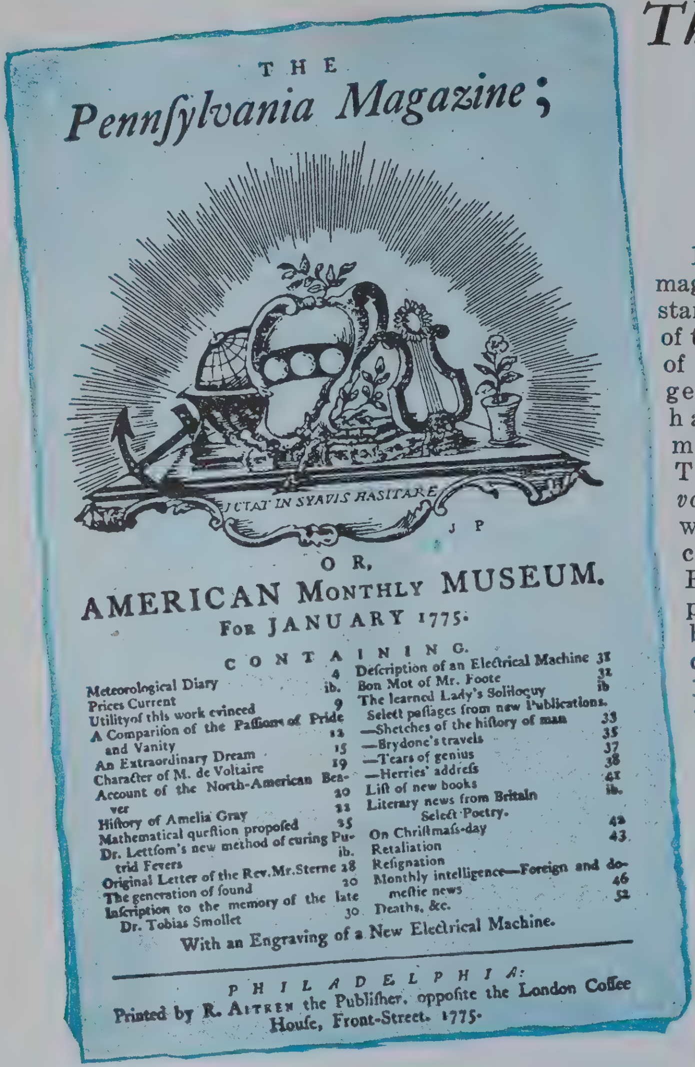
Clifton R. Breckenridge was only sixteen when the war began but served successively as private in the Army and as midshipman in the Navy. His ancestry was distinguished. He was a son of John Cabell Breckenridge, who had been vice-president during Buchanan's presidency and proslavery candidate for president in 1860 opposing Lincoln. Breckenridge left the Senate to 'go South.' He became a major general and then Confederate secretary of war. He made his escape to Europe when Lee surrendered and did not find it safe to return until 1868. His grandfather John Breckenridge was in the Senate in 1801 and was Attorney-General in Jefferson's Cabinet. Clifton R. Breckenridge got his collegiate education after the Civil War, served several terms in Congress creditably and was minister to Russia 1894-97.

Only one of the representatives from California, William Vandever, was a veteran of the Civil War. He was a representative in Congress from Iowa when the war began but left his seat and served until the end of the war, when he had become a major general by brevet. Joseph McKenna of the then Third California District, becoming a member of the House in 1885, resigned in 1893 to go on the Federal bench. He left the bench in 1897 to become Attorney-General in

(Continued on page 24)

The MAGAZINES

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI


THE
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JUTAT IN SUAVIS HASITARE
J P
OR,
AMERICAN MONTHLY MUSEUM.
FOR JANUARY 1775.

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Prices Current ib.
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With an Engraving of a New Electrical Machine.

PHILADELPHIA:
Printed by R. AITKEN the Publiſher, oppoſite the London Coffee Houſe, Front-Street. 1775.

WHEN the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the bleak shores of New England more than three hundred years ago, the business of wresting a living from the soil consumed the major portion of their energies. For nearly a century not even a newspaper ventured to make its appearance, and for more than a century no periodical with lighter literature made its appearance.

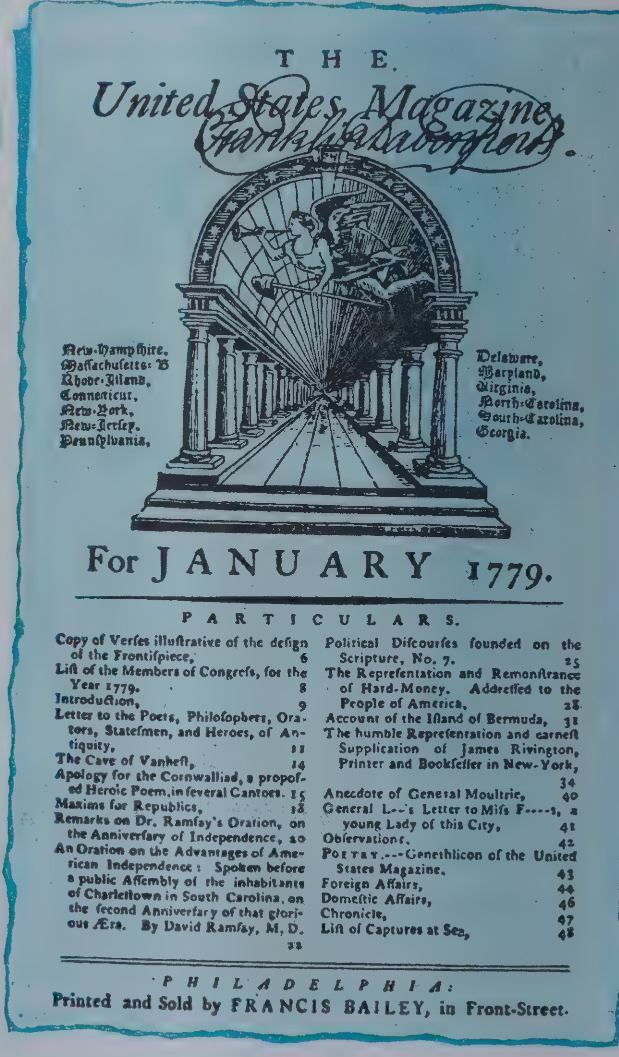
In January of 1741, Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia started the *General Magazine*, and about the same time the *American Magazine* came from the press of another pioneer printer of America, Andrew Bradford, also at Philadelphia. Six issues, January to June, completed the rôle of Franklin's effort, while Bradford's survived but three months. Only about ten sets of Franklin's six issues are known; while Bradford's *American Magazine* is far more rare, but does not command the same price.

Franklin's magazine venture stands out as one of the few failures of that universal genius, having had but six monthly issues. The *Pennsylvania Gazette*, which later came into Franklin's possession, was begun on December 24, 1728, by Samuel Keimer, with the title *Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences: and Pennsylvania Gazette*. On October 2, 1729, Franklin and Meredith bought out Keimer and gave the magazine the title, *Pennsylvania Gazette*. In 1732 Meredith retired and Franklin continued as owner or part owner until 1766. In 1816 the paper was discontinued.

Boston appeared upon the scene in the year 1743 with two efforts in magazine literature. The *Boston Weekly Magazine*, printed by Rogers and Fowle, had three issues between March 2 and March 16, 1743; the Massachusetts Historical Society has a complete set. *Christian History*, which made its initial appearance on March 5, 1743, from the press of Kneeland and Green at Boston, may properly be called the first successful representative of the present weekly journal. For fully two years—104 issues—this journal continued to appear. Rogers and Fowle revived the *Boston Weekly* in September of the same year as a monthly, under the name *American Magazine and Historical Chronicle*. This enjoyed more than three years of existence, expiring with the issue of December in 1746, with a total of forty issues.

Up to 1783 only twelve other magazines made their appearance, in addition to the five already mentioned.

New York appears with the *Independent Reflector* on November


THE
United States Magazine.
New-Hampſhire,
Maſſachuſetts-B
Rhode-Iſland,
Connecticut,
New-York,
New-Jerſey.
Pennſylvania,
Delaware,
Maryland,
Virginia,
North-Carolina,
South-Carolina,
Georgia.
For JANUARY 1779.

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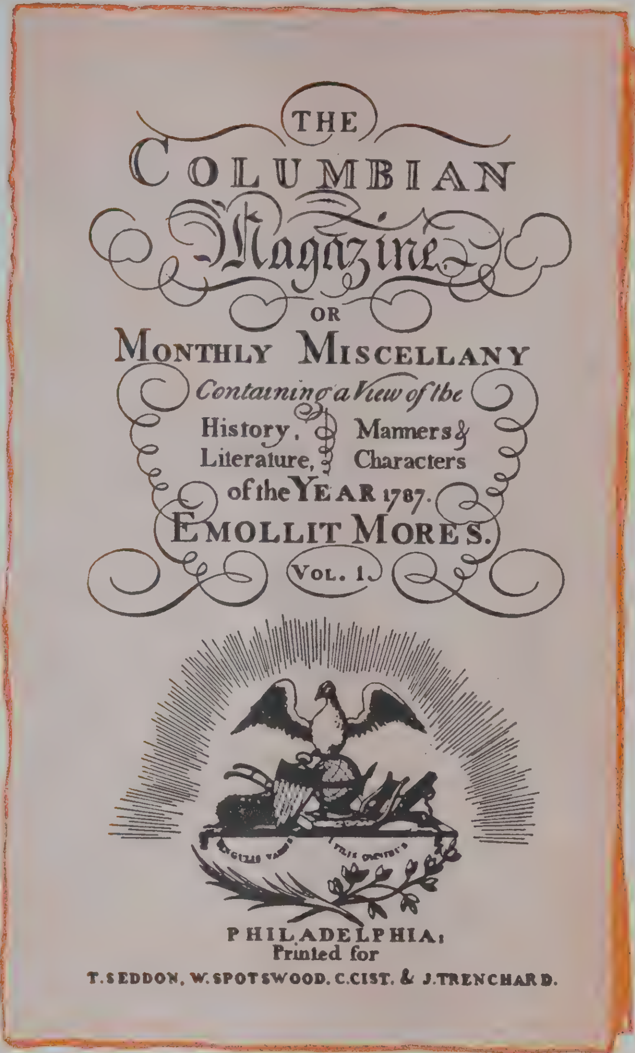
PHILADELPHIA:
Printed and Sold by FRANCIS BAILEY, in Front-Street.

# of COLONIAL DAYS

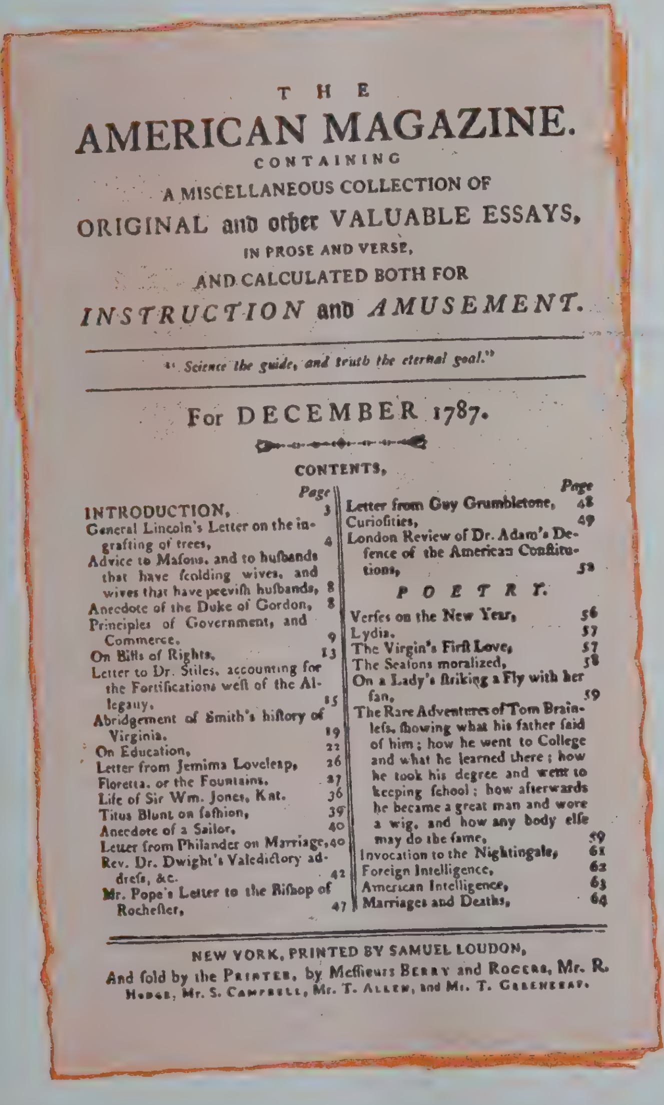
30, 1752, a weekly which continued to flourish for one year. Before the end of that year the publisher, James Parker, started the *Occasional Reverberator,* which ceased reverberating within two months. Two years later Parker and Weyman ran *John Englishman* for a total of nineteen weekly issues. Again in January of 1758 Parker essayed at Woodbridge the *New American Magazine,* which continued monthly for twenty-seven issues.

The idea of a magazine, once started, was obviously enticing, for those who began publishing them returned again and again to the effort. William Bradford in October of 1757 began the *American Magazine and Monthly Chronicle,* which fell with the unlucky thirteenth monthly issue. The revival of this, printed by William and Thomas Bradford and edited by Lewis Nichola, enjoyed the popular title of *American Magazine or General Repository;* it ran from January to September of 1769. The *Royal Spiritual Magazine* was sponsored by Cruikshank of Philadelphia, appearing only during 1771.



THE
COLUMBIAN
Magazine
OR
MONTHLY MISCELLANY
Containing a View of the
History, Manners &
Literature, Characters
of the YEAR 1787.
EMOLLIT MORES.
VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
Printed for
T. SEDDON, W. SPOTSWOOD, C. CIST, & J. TRENCHARD.



THE
AMERICAN MAGAZINE.
CONTAINING
A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF
ORIGINAL and other VALUABLE ESSAYS,
IN PROSE AND VERSE,
AND CALCULATED BOTH FOR
INSTRUCTION and AMUSEMENT.

"Science the guide, and truth the eternal goal."

For DECEMBER 1787.

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NEW YORK, PRINTED BY SAMUEL LOUDON,
And ſold by the PRINTER, by Meſſieurs BERRY and ROGERS, Mr. R. HODGE, Mr. S. CAMPBELL, Mr. T. ALLEN, and Mr. T. GREENLEAF.

In Boston the *New England Magazine,* published by Benjamin Mecom, made three vain efforts to appeal to the public. For about twelve years Boston continued without either weekly or monthly literary sustenance of its own. E. Russell ventured the weekly publication of the *Censor* from November 23, 1771, to May 2, 1772, obviously inspired by the spirit of the time. However, it is strange to record that the most patriotic and vigorously anti-British publisher of Boston, Isaiah Thomas, published from January, 1774, to March, 1775, the *Royal American Magazine,* with a title which soon ceased to enjoy American favor.

In this period there was at least one foreign language periodical—the German *Ein Geistliches Magazien,* appearing from the press of Christopher Saur in Germantown sixty-five times at irregular intervals between 1764 and 1771.

During the progress of the Revolutionary War only two periodicals ventured upon the scene. The *Pennsylvania Magazine,* published by R. Aitken of Philadelphia, appeared monthly from January, 1775, to July, 1776. The *United States Magazine,* published in Philadelphia by Francis Bailey, appeared from January to December of 1776. This was edited by H. H. Brackenridge, friend and

(*Continued on page 22*)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

False Values and True

SOME people place a fictitious value on things that are of no importance. If they were very young children this would not be remarkable. In the age of innocence an illusory value is attached to the most trifling things: perhaps a smooth round pebble, a fragment of shell, or a piece of brightly tinted paper. A little girl collects bits of cloth, broken crockery, and glass beads; a boy hoards up marbles, bits of string, and dilapidated penknives. In these things one sees the instincts of primitive man—the desire to possess that which is of brilliant hue, which shines or sparkles, or which to the unsophisticated mind bears an exaggerated importance. Of the intrinsic worthlessness or lack of utility of the objects thus accumulated the child has no conception, although by means of such trifles it derives an extraordinary amount of gratification. But this pleasure is innocuous; parents look on indulgently and say to themselves that the child will know better when it arrives at the age of reason.

But this does not always follow. The characteristic of extravagantly appraising things that are useless is not peculiar to either children or savages, and sometimes the motive that underlies this characteristic is of a more questionable kind.

The experience of ages has shown that the only true test of value is usefulness, and by usefulness is meant the faculty of being of real service to mankind.

THE circulation of spurious coin is bad for a community, but the broadcasting of false values is worse. To detect false currency is comparatively easy; to search out and eliminate counterfeit values is a much more formidable task, for they lurk where they are least suspected, and possess a luster which hypnotizes reason. The only true test of values, either of men or of things, is the test of their ability to make the world a better place in which to live. The only title worth having is that which is built upon merit. If that which has been extravagantly appraised does not assay a fair percentage when passed through the crucible of experience, it will be pronounced a failure.

The setting up of false values when estimating men is even more common than the appraising of things. Sometimes one man will call attention to a passing citizen and in substance exclaim, 'There is a splendid fellow; one of the most remarkable men in the country.' Both assertions may be without foundation. The laudation may be mere sycophancy or the result of a desire to appear broad and generous-minded. In the majority of cases it means nothing at all.

Titles are sometimes tacked onto men just as labels are attached to goods for sale. A high-sounding designation gives an illusory value to men just as a tag often does to merchandise.

If a man is not of the true metal, no amount of gilding will make him otherwise. If his standard of intelligence is low, no flamboyant title can raise it. Much polishing may make pewter look like silver and brass like gold, but the false luster soon fades. The most skilful horticulturist has not yet succeeded in making grapes grow on thorns or figs on thistles.

But certain titles, whether falsely assumed or otherwise, undoubtedly exercise a fascination over the simple-minded. The more extravagant or fantastic the title, the greater its power over weak intellects. Since the beginning of time quacks and charlatans have been sustained by the very audacity of their pretensions until truth and justice have torn aside their mask.

The uninitiated have been deceived by the glittering yellow of iron pyrites on a lump of coal or clinging to the pebbles at the bottom of a clear stream, and have rushed off to tell the world of their supposed discovery, only to find it pronounced 'fool's gold.' The actual value is in the coal, not in the glittering pyrites.

Illusory aspirations must also be included in the category of false values. There are people who are still crying for the moon as they did in their childhood; who are chasing rainbows or pursuing gaudy creatures with painted wings that continually elude their grasp. This futility of purpose and misguided energy lead to nothing but disappointment and disillusionment.

The true road to happiness lies not in seeking those things that merely gratify the senses, but in those which may serve as solid foundations upon which ideals may be built. True value lies in that which will endure, that which is useful, that which is real, but above all things, that which will be most beneficial in promoting the happiness of the greatest number.

There is more true gratification in attaining the goal that has been slowly and steadily striven for than there is in the accidental discovery of a gold or silver lode. In the one case success has been reached in the pursuit of something the value of which lies in the widespread benefits which it will confer, while in the other it is merely the discovery of something that has been hidden for countless centuries, and which brings into the service of man nothing that he did not formerly possess.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

A Nation of Pioneers

THIS is a nation of pioneers. Stanch men and women they were who first pushed frail craft across uncharted seas to establish settlements in an unknown land. And stanch men and women they were who followed them. With the salt of the sea still in their nostrils, they fought their way into the Alleghenies, spread south to the savannas of Georgia and north to the valley of the St. Lawrence. A great human wave flooded up the rivers into the hinterland, and thence across the mountains into the plains and westward to the Pacific.

Where the first pioneers found dense forests, those who followed found good clearings. On these they built more substantial homes than the log cabins left by the earlier visitors. Others, following, transformed settlements into towns and towns into cities. The cry of bountiful land in the Ohio and the Mississippi valleys lured New Englanders on west. The rumor of cheap timber developed northern Lake states. Rich agricultural lands of the prairies and the Pacific Coast attracted additional thousands. In the wake of the pioneer came the farmer, the railroad surveyor, the trader; merchant, mechanic, and financier.

We are their heirs. The skeleton-strewn trails are gone. The lonely farms have vanished, for the most part. The great central plains, once the home of roving bison, now feed millions of people. Character, intelligence, and faith have converted a wilderness into a rich community.

But pioneers still remain with us. Today pioneering takes a new form. In the field of industry and science are men working as hard and living as dangerously as those who led the caravans of land seekers across the Great Plains. An eminent physician and scientist recently gave his life in an experimental test of a new anesthetic he had invented. We are a pioneering people. We discard the old when the new proves better. The spirit of progress is strong within our hearts. One-time luxuries are now necessities. Industry has lightened the labors of millions. The pioneers of today are fulfilling destiny as surely as the pioneers of Colonial days.

The Husking Bee

ONE institution that prevails even in this thoroughly modern day is the old-time husking bee. Sacred to the harvest season, filled with happiness and jollity, the husking bee is not lost to the people who live where good corn grows. Every community in the corn belt has a real corn shucker; not the swivel chair or the steam radiator kind, but one who really gets out into the field and keeps about three ears of corn in the air all the time from the first tinge of dawn until darkness obscures the wagon.

Perhaps corn husking has little interest for the city man who has never donned a husking peg or stripped the corn of its husks and whiskers as he wrested it from the stalk. There is a knack in husking corn, as there is in many other things to which man puts his mind and his hand. In a bygone day, it was sufficient reward that the finder of a red ear of corn have the privilege of kissing the maid of his choice. Now, championships are the reward for special ability. Once a neighborhood frolic, the husking bee has evolved into a national affair with states pitting their champions against the headliners of other states. Communities hold bees at which local champions are selected. Several communities send their representatives to a central place, where a district premier wins his laurels. Then the state champion is selected; and the final bee determines who is to be world champion.

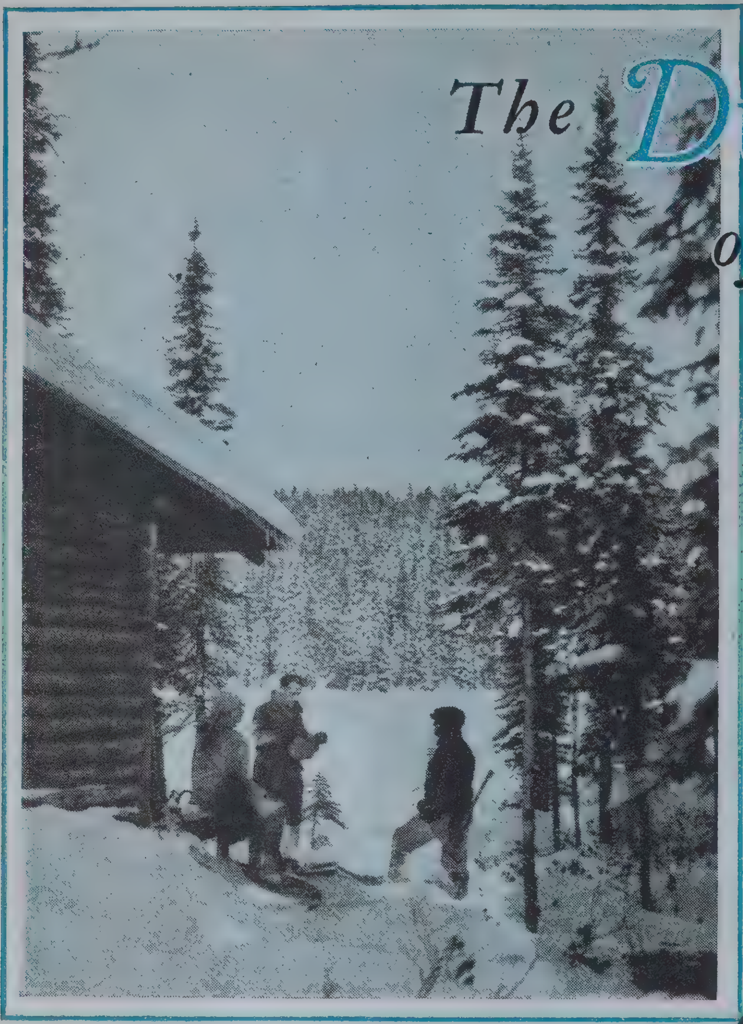
In the South, the old-time darkies pull off husking bees as they did years ago. On a moonlight night in late fall the corn huskers gather about a huge pile of corn. Then to the tune of old-time songs they begin. Fiddlers and banjo pickers keep time to the flying ears. Small boys and girls whisk the husks and shreds away from the feet of the workers. By midnight the corn is all husked. Then comes a midnight supper of fried chicken, mutton, sweet potatoes, corn, fruit, johnnycake, apple turnover, and everything that a hungry worker can think of. Rivalries are wholesome things. The husking bee gives color and zest to farm life.

Fifty Cigars

VINCENT MADDI, University of Maryland medical student, set about it the other day to smoke fifty cigars in eight hours, in the attempt to settle arguments as to whether tobacco is harmful or not. For three hours he smoked steadily, with no apparent physiological reaction. At the end of the next three hours his pulse was 108 instead of 80, his respiration was 30 instead of 17, and his blood pressure had increased from 120 over 75 to 132 over 80. He was feverish, irritable, and restless.

At the thirtieth cigar the test ended abruptly. Maddi had been taken suddenly sick. 'I might have suffered severe ill effects had I continued,' he declared later.

The experiment may not greatly influence others in their attitude towards tobacco. It may not even stir their sympathies as it should. But one feels sure that Mr. Maddi's own attitude in the future will be one, at least, of extreme caution.



The Dude Ranch of the Snows

By
JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

Left—*The beginning of the snow trail. The driver will soon have the dogs in readiness. Meantime see that snowshoe thongs are not too tight.*

Below—*Pierre is a competent guide. In summer he guides the sportsman to the fishing grounds. In winter he follows the same trails on snow and ice.*

—Photographs courtesy Canadian National Railways.

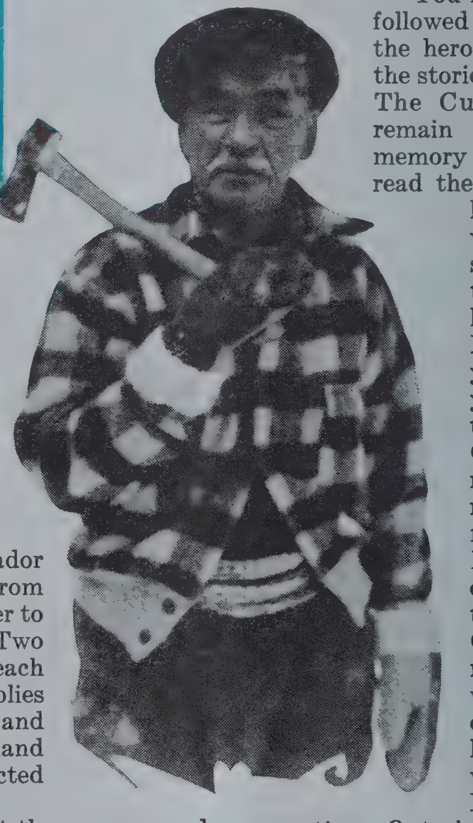
WE SKIRT the lake which lies like a vast frosted mirror beneath a large ruddy sun faintly veiled by the hazy atmosphere of winter. A gentle breeze murmurs among the branches of the dark-green firs. Their balsamic breath soothes our nostrils. Small bushes, heavily laden with purest snow, nestle close to the sheltering canopies of the pines. A ruffled grouse, disturbed from its snowy cot by the lead dog, whirs up from beneath the snow, the white powder bursting from its body like smoke from a rocket. The woods are alive with nuthatches, chickadees and other bird life. The frost is invigorating. We are glad to be alive.

* * *

In 1670 the Hudson's Bay Company received its charter from Charles the Second. Until 1867, when the different provinces of old Canada were brought under the Dominion Confederation, the company held sway over all that country which drained into the great bay. They established their first forts or factories at the mouths of the principal rivers that fall into the bay on the southeast shores. This small beginning of a post or two was gradually continued ever farther south, ever farther west, and north as the requirements of the fur trade necessitated. There the company pushed in and followed its own flag, a standard red ensign with the initials H. B. C. in white block letters in the lower right-hand corner. This flag was known from Labrador to the Pacific and from the St. Lawrence River to the Arctic regions. Two ships visited the bay each summer bringing supplies for the coming winter and taking back to England the furs and oil collected in the past season.

Trappers still hunt the swamps and hills for the rich furs that are to be found there. Sleek mink along the rivers, furtive marten and fisher cats in the timber, all represent wealth to the trapper in winter.

Throughout northern Canada, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the shores of the Hudson Bay, lie thousands of square miles of virgin forest, penetrated only by the hunter and trapper, the Indian and the Hudson Bay runner as he makes his journeys between the far-flung posts which dot this mighty hinterland. The company no longer rules the territory over which it once held sway but there is still much game and fur, for Nature recognizes no government. Moose with thrashing antlers still stalk the dark spruce swamps. Round-eyed deer spring through the underbrush at the approach of the hunter. Foxes and wolves pursue their quarry, the more timid rabbit and the low-lying grouse. The streams are alive with fine food fish and the country itself is much the same as it was when Prince Rupert was associated with the first body of 'adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay.'



You have thrilled as you followed the adventures of the heroes and heroines in the stories of Ralph Connor. The Curwood characters remain stamped on your memory long after you have read the stories. You may have yearned to visit the scenes of some of the more thrilling tales. Perhaps the lure of the North has caused you to wish that you, too, might live the free life of the Canadian woodsman. This wish may now be gratified. The typical Dude Ranch of our own West has been transplanted to Canada. Instead of riding the range with the cow hands of Montana you follow the woods trail with Pierre La Roque in Quebec or northern Ontario. The forest pathways of the northland are now open to the tourist who visits Canada in winter. These trails are known as the Blanc Bec trails. With snowshoes and dog teams the more hardy tourist may now penetrate to points hundreds of miles from the railroad if he so desires. These trails have opened a new vista of outdoor sports life for the lover of winter. Each year an increasing number of visitors follow the white trails into the trackless forest, returning with tales of wonderful experiences. There is a joy in living for a time beneath the near Arctic moon. It is something unusual to see the wavering aurora soar high overhead to the very zenith of heaven; to be lulled to sleep by the doleful howl of wolves chasing deer across the icy lake. Be not alarmed, however, for the American timber wolf never attacks human beings.

THE first cabins may lie anywhere from five to thirty miles from the railway. These are built on the shores of river or lake on the edge of the wilderness. They are of log construction and usually comprise three rooms. The outfitter in charge is a man who has had many years of experience in handling hunting and fishing parties during the summer and autumn. With him are the guides, usually part-Indian, who know the woods as well as or better than you know the city in which you live. One of the attractions lies in the healthfulness which results from a sojourn in the North Woods during the winter season, when the air seems charged with health and when the tang of spruce seems to encourage the newcomer to attempt more than would be thought possible under other conditions.

It is great sport to tear through the forest trails behind a hardy string of dogs. The huskies, beasts of burden in the northland during the winter months, are accustomed to hauling their loaded sleighs over the snow and ice trails, and dog teams will cover a vast territory in a single day. Dogs are used when the visitor has reached the point where snowshoeing, without a period of rest in between, has lost further attraction for him. In fact, if he so desires, he may ride behind the huskies entirely and so dispense with the snowshoes. There are convenient shelter houses along the trail and permanent roadhouses. These roadhouses are not to be confused with the institution operating under the same name in the more populated regions. These are forest inns where good beds and plenty of wholesome food refresh the tired traveler. The traveler need have no fear of discomforts from extreme cold, provided he takes the precaution to dress warmly. Those who wear warm woolen underwear, heavy clothing, cap and mittens, with plenty of woolen socks and moccasins, need have no fear from that score. Eiderdown sleeping bags and four-point blankets are provided to keep the visitors comfortable at night.

On the longer trails a halt is called on the surface of a lake. Here a hole is chopped in the ice and the party angles for pickerel with moose meat as bait. The results are astonishing to those who are in the habit of fishing all day for two or three fish at home. Usually ten minutes of fishing will result in a catch too numerous for the party to consume. There are trout streams, too, but the trout is out of season and the true sportsman remembers his creed.

The trails lead through a fairyland of snow-bedecked evergreens, across swift brawling streams, ateem with trout, up hill and down dale. Trees and bushes are loaded with newly fallen snow and assume most weird and fanciful shapes, ready to disappear at the faintest touch of the frail support. Brilliant sunshine filters through the interstices of the tree tops and through the leafless branches of the white birch.

The tracks of fisher, otter, mink and marten are fresh and frequent. Hunger assails the traveler but he knows that at the next log inn he will find savory moose steak and baked beans awaiting him, as well as other better-known foods with which he is familiar. Beans baked in a bean hole have all the flavor of the bean and there is nothing more appetizing and satisfying after a hard day on the trail.

HAVE you ever eaten beans baked in a bean hole? That delightful concoction known to every northwoods cook? A fire is first built in a hole in the ground. This hole is twice the size of the kettle intended for cooking. Dry white beans are used that have been soaking for two days. When the fire has burned itself down to a bed of live coals the kettle is packed. First there is a layer of soaked beans; then strips of sugar-cured pork; another layer of beans on this and another thin layer of pork. The pork and beans are alternated until the kettle is more than half full. A generous portion of the best molasses is poured over all. The pot is then covered and placed in the hole on the red coals, which are raked in about the pot and over the top. Dry earth is then spread over all. The pot is left undisturbed for twenty-four hours. At the expiration of that time it is dug up. The contents are hot. The beans are soft, the pork is well done, and a more savory dish cannot be found in all the North. And it makes for strength on the trail, which means much if you are making a long trek.

As Switzerland has capitalized her snow peaks and ice fields, so Canada has awakened to the natural beauties of her winter forests. She is welcoming those who want to enjoy the health-giving qualities of her northern climate with its annual fall of snow. The cost of these little journeys into fairyland is reasonable considering the equipment

—Photograph courtesy Canadian National Railways.

Last summer the sportsman in his canoe explored this winding waterway. Now, with the big freeze on, and the first heavy snow, the dog team leaves its trail across the stream.

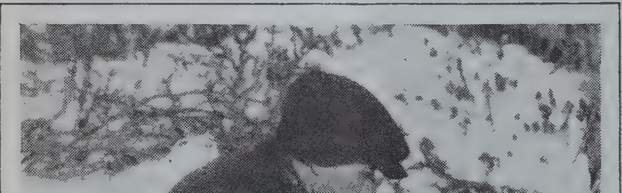
—*Photographs courtesy Canadian National Railways.*

Well-trained dogs whisk your equipment over the snow. The brisk, bracing atmosphere invigorates; the trail leads from frozen lakes to dark, dim-lit forests, the home of numerous winter birds which make merry amid the evergreens.

and man power which must be provided by the outfitter to insure comfort and convenience to his guests. The journey may be either long or short as the guest desires. The trips may cover anywhere from fifty to a couple of hundred miles through territory where none but lumberman, fisherman, guide, hunter or trapper has gone before, and in whatever part of Quebec or northern Ontario they may be made the visitor is assured of a real holiday.

On the trail we forget the devious paths by which we wander up into this folding of the hills, and we have no knowledge of the paths that will lead us out. We depend on the guide and the sturdy dogs for that. Almost we have forgotten whence we came. With the woodland fallen so quiet about us, every birdcall and twig-rustle and waterfall stilled into awe by the fluffy snow, we seem to stand in a country separate and remote from all the world. Plants have locked their life treasure of root and seek no further for strength. The snow on the lakes is most beautiful. The tall spruce surrounding them stand grave and silent-looking rugged sentinels overlooking frozen water spread deep with snow which is as immaculate as a blank page until we print the tracks of our snowshoes and dog teams over it. A rabbit appears, hops furtively out on the white lake, moves his head from side to side apprehensively. At sight of the dogs he turns tail and makes his exit in a panic.

Each morning the great ball of flaming red sun climbs slowly up the eastern sky and flushes the earth with faint warmth. Every tiny twig is incrusted with rosy ice; the rose bushes blossom again with entrancing soft pink crystal. Here is winter in all its nobility, without stain. The entire landscape shares in the enlarging, purifying quiet of the far-reaching snow. Like a benediction it lies over all the world, impressing the beholder with its beauty.



Left—*The varying hare, or snowshoe rabbit, supplements the fish diet, for the husky dogs. The tender young make excellent potpies.*

Right—*Moose steak and whitefish, served piping hot in the open after a long trek over the snow trail, rests and exhilarates the traveler.*

DEMOCRACY in AMERICA

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

REPRESENTATIVE democracy is rooted in the conviction that government should be in the hands of the gifted. It was upon that understanding that the Thirteen Colonies broke away from Great Britain. No one could think of George the Third as being made king on such a count. A Binet test might possibly have left him with a second lieutenancy. He was lord by virtue of a Stuart ancestor who had been on the throne of England.

Long ago it was discovered that the son of a king has a better chance of being kingly than the son of a butcher, a baker, or a candlestick maker. As a general principle it is more than defensible. It is true. It has demonstrated its validity in the accomplishments of Englishmen of rank. Probably no other body of men not constituted by a selective process has had so many high achievements to its credit as the nobility of England.

That capacity for ruling should be restricted to a single house, however, was open to question. Now and then, kings were overthrown by wiser or stronger men. That fact alone was sufficient to cast doubt upon the hereditary principle. Inbreeding of royal blood with royal blood is so narrow and circumscribed an affair that it leads almost invariably to impoverishment. So it is that we have come to echo Emerson's

> 'God said, I am tired of kings,
>   I suffer them no more;
> Up to my ear the morning brings
>   The outrage of the poor.'

It is a more or less common notion that, in disregarding heredity in the choice of a chief magistrate for the United States, we discarded the hereditary principle. One of the great problems confronting the framers of our Constitution was that of devising a means for securing able presidents. Our fathers were under no delusion regarding the ordinary man's executive capacity. They believed in the rights of man, but they did not consider government so simple a matter that it could be directed satisfactorily by the incompetent majority. They tried to provide an arrangement by which the gifted should be chosen to rule.

Peasant voters and proletarian social notions from Europe have swept us away from this basic principle. Some anti-American intruders have imposed upon some of the more credulous of us the conception that America is a country where everybody is as good as everybody else, and where anybody should be permitted to do what anybody else does, even to the point of dictating public policy.

This point of view, of course, denies that heredity is a thing of importance in American society. Nothing could have been further from the intentions of the founders nor from the spirit of democracy as understood by genuine Americans. It was to fully free the hereditary principle that a century and a half ago we established a democracy. It was because high ability was to be found somewhat widely diffused outside the limits of a dynasty but was yet not universal among men that we set the experiment going. It is the business of our democracy to liberate all hereditary ability, to give it full opportunity, not to submerge it in the interest of a fictitious dynastic monopoly or a sentimental 'equality' among men. It was in France, not in America, that the cry of the new order was, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.'

THE Declaration of Independence was grounded on the affirmation that all men are created equal. But John Hancock, John Adams, and George Washington were by no means believers in the doctrine as entertained now by some who seek our shores. Adams, in fact, favored a hereditary presidency. The Constitution that was the final embodiment of the political faiths of those and other leaders of the Revolutionary struggle did not provide for political equality *even among white men.*

Manhood suffrage was not made universal even for men who had won their freedom by the sword, as, of course, it was not granted to Negroes. In the different colonies there were property qualifications upon which the right to vote was dependent. These matters were deliberately left for the Colonies to settle for themselves. Settlements already made were accepted as they were.

In relation to this matter J. Allen Smith, professor of Political Science in the University of Washington, in *The Spirit of American Government,* says:

'The American Constitution did not recognize the now more or less generally accepted principle of majority rule as applied to the qualified voters. Moreover it was not until several decades after the Constitution was adopted that the removal of property qualifications for voting allowed the people generally to have a voice in political affairs.'

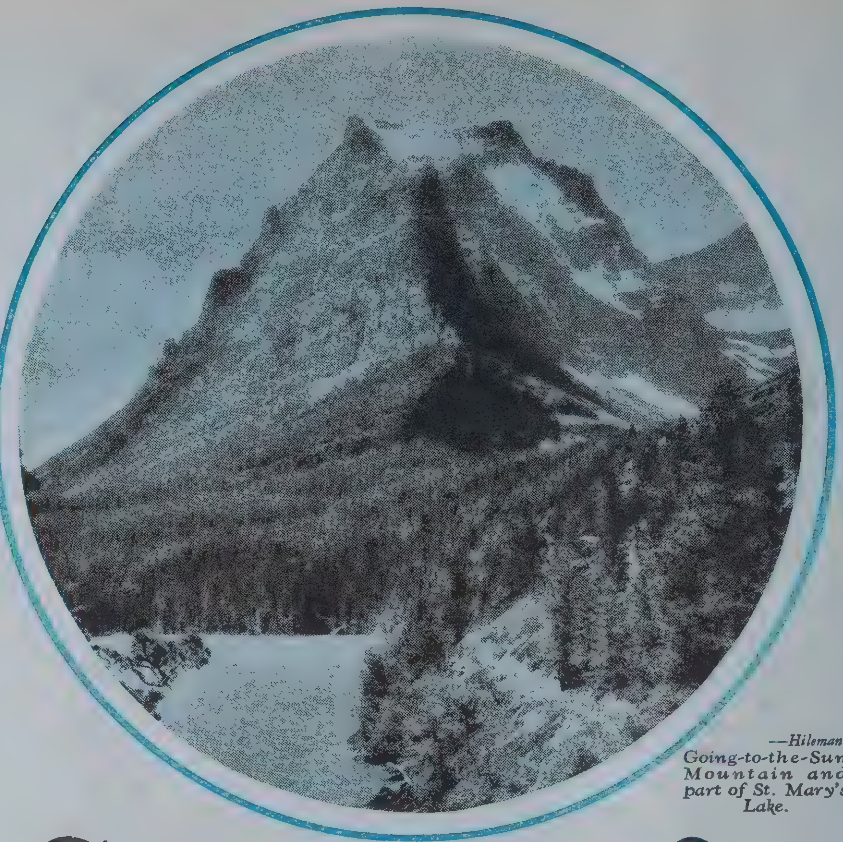
He says again: 'In so far as the exercise of legislative power is controlled by the Supreme Court our government is essentially aristocratic in character.' In a broader generalization, the same writer has the following further word: 'In any evolutionary classification of government the American system occupies an intermediate position between the old type of absolute monarchy on the one hand and thoroughgoing democracy on the other.'

This is not in agreement with popular assumption regarding the character of our democracy. The common misunderstanding of our institutional life has had consequences far from pleasant. It has been particularly disastrous in the minds of those who come to us from across the water.

The two colonies most active in the whole Revolutionary period, whose influence was greatest by reason of the able leaders they contributed to the cause, Massachusetts and Virginia, were probably the two most aristocratic of the thirteen. John Hancock's tastes were not of a sort to admit plebeian equality with himself. In this he was characteristically representative of Massachusetts. The democratic principle was in full flower there as a theory, but the aristocracy of inherited brains, active first in the pulpit, then in the law, and later constructively in our expanding industrial development, made it of anything but universal application. An aristocracy of letters was growing up along with these other aristocracies. Emerson, Hawthorne, and Lowell were developing a broad human sympathy no doubt, a large faith in the ultimate unity of man. But as practical human beings, they did not consort promiscuously with the world's waifs and strays. They knew that they belonged to hereditary order, the order of New England brahmins, as Oliver Wendell Holmes named them, and they knew that their order did not have a place in it for all sorts and conditions of men.

WHATEVER theories Jefferson and Madison and their fellows may have held in the abstract, it is clear that practically they acted in a spirit colored with aristocratic feeling. They believed in superior men and in the high value to society of such men. They fought with the royal governors and finally flung off royal authority altogether. In doing that they were mainly asserting that they too were men of quality, that they had inherited capabilities that justified them in setting up their judgment in opposition to that of the king

(Continued on page 22)



—Hileman.
Going-to-the-Sun Mountain and part of St. Mary's Lake.

GOING-TO-THE-SUN
in
Glacier National Park

By DOROTHY E. PILLEY

IT WAS quite hard to stop watching the chipmunks—three or four kinds of them—on the chalet porch, running up to beg for nuts and climbing even the visitors' shoulders with exquisitely alert movements, their enormous eyes shining with greed as their clever little paws stuffed nut after nut into their already overswollen cheeks. But the horses were waiting, the day was wearing on, and we had several miles of trail to ride and thousands of feet to mount, a camping site to find, and a mountain to reconnoiter before evening.

From St. Mary's Lake, Going-to-the-Sun Mountain looks inaccessible. Tremendous limestone precipices encircle it, defending what seems to be a summit plateau with perpendicular ramparts several thousand feet high. One or two lines of weakness may be picked out by the expert, which offer the chance of a successful climb. Round on the north flank, where an ice field with a name of sinister suggestion, Sexton Glacier, clings to a lofty shelf, a difficult and complicated route has in fact been followed.

But our intention on this occasion was to prove once more that almost every mountain, however formidable in appearance, has an easy way up, if you can only find it. Cunning rather than luck is needed in the finding, a point brought home to us by the adventures of two carpenters from Going-to-the-Sun camp the week before. With great courage and enterprise they had made a direct attack upon the cliffs that face the lake. Little by little as they mounted, the rocks had reared up at them. They found themselves finally spread-eagled on the crags, unable to return by the way they had come up and forced to make a sidewise move for some hundred feet or more along a ledge which seemed to them almost too desperately difficult to be followed. One of them remained confident, however, that they had found the way up. A thousand feet only, he thought, had separated them from the summit.

But, alas, when we came later to closely examine their route, we could see clearly that this estimate was too hopeful. Not less than 2,500 feet of quite unclimbable cliffs lay ahead of them. It was fortunate that they had gone no higher. An inexperienced, ill-equipped party, without a rope and the knowledge of how to use it, for example, would have found it very difficult to descend in safety.

Experience is nine-tenths of any battle with a mountain. An eye familiar with precipice problems would have judged these particular cliffs impossible at a single glance. But even upon comparatively easy ground the habit of route-finding counts immensely. Two days after our ascent another party following almost in our steps somehow managed to mistake the nature of the ground and after hours of climbing, hand and foot over difficult rocks, were compelled to abandon the attempt. Their failure astonished us somewhat, for our route had given us only some fifty feet of real climbing; the rest consisted of walking over slopes and ledges which really offered no difficulty.

Several problems absorbed our thoughts as we jogged along the trail which winds high above the blue lake waters, round the spurs of the mountain. One concerned certain bundles which made a heavy load for the pack horses. A motion picture camera, with its tripod and accessory magazines, does not sound a grim impediment to travel until you actually start to carry them over rough ground upon your own back. Part of our design was to take them to the very summit—which helps to explain our desire to find the very easiest way up.

Another worry was the possibility that we might not be able to camp so high up as we wished. Last year had been an exceptionally dry year in the mountains. Water courses which in other years were filled with tinkling rills were now no more than stony, dusty staircases. It would be a serious obstacle to our plans if we were forced to leave our mountain to find water.

The Piegan Pass trail that we were following mounts steeply. It is probably better known as the high-level route from Sun Camp to Many Glacier. From time to time as we mounted, a clearing, where some avalanche had swept down, laying the trees in piles of splintered matchwood, gave us glimpses of our mountain. From almost every aspect it suggested a spacious summit plateau crowning its awe-inspiring cliffs, an appearance that is doubtless in part responsible for the Indian legend from which it takes its name.

Once, in the days before history, so it is told, the Blackfeet tribe suffered from a famine worse than any that was ever known. In the depth of their despair appeared to them a spirit who gathered them together in the mountains and lifted up their downcast hearts with the promise of better days at hand. Having taught and comforted them, he returned to the sun whence he had come, taking his departure from the summit of this mountain, which since then has held a peculiar place in their mythology.

The time came to leave the trail and ride over undulating park land toward the base of the cliffs. On this side, Going-to-the-Sun Mountain throws out a ridge toward Sexton Peak, its satellite summit. The east flank of this ridge is all easy slopes of débris and scree, with only a comparatively low belt of crags slung across them. Even this is broken at more than one point by convenient gullies. It was clear that with only two switchbacks we could literally walk up to the summit.

BUT the water problem was not so easily solved. We crossed channel after channel, curving down between the hillocks of bunch grass which was waving under the sunlight in the light breeze. Each channel was dry. In the end, despairing of the quest for water, we resolved to camp where we were and go down on foot when suppertime came to the permanent creek a mile or more away in the valley.

Rather thirstily, we began the main part of the day's exertions. Afterward, we felt rather bitter about that afternoon's wasted efforts. A motion picture camera is a most unwieldy object to carry in a pack, seemingly nothing but knobs and corners. Bowed beneath our loads of awkward metal we toiled up the slopes, which seemed peculiarly hot and stifling, stopping from time to time to loll on restless beds of shale and watch the evening shadows creep up the slopes. Shafts of saffron light streamed through gaps in the opposing mountains and lighted up Blackfeet Glacier and the remoter ranges. Without our loads, we could have gained the summit that evening. With them, all we could do was to take the main weight up far enough to make certain victory on the morrow. Then, with a last glance round, we hurried down to seek water and set up camp for the night.

This last task was a light one. Trusting to the weather, we had brought with us only sleeping bags and a few tarpaulins. Unsuspicious even of the heavy clouds which had begun to mass themselves in the northeast, we left the camp and made off full of cheerful anticipation toward the distant creek. It proved to be far more distant than we thought, and scarcely had we settled ourselves in comfort beside the purling water and set the teakettle to sing, when a sudden ominous mutter made us exchange questioning glances. The thunder sounded very distant, however, and might be harmless. The tea was just coming to the boil; above us on an outjutting crag an immense white mountain goat, seemingly larger than a horse, had perched himself to look down upon us with a resentful gaze; rest and refreshment were too welcome to be abandoned without necessity. So we lingered in the dusk and sipped and filled our cups again until, without any other warning, the storm began to crash over our heads and a sprinkle of enormous raindrops splashed down on the dusty rocks about us.

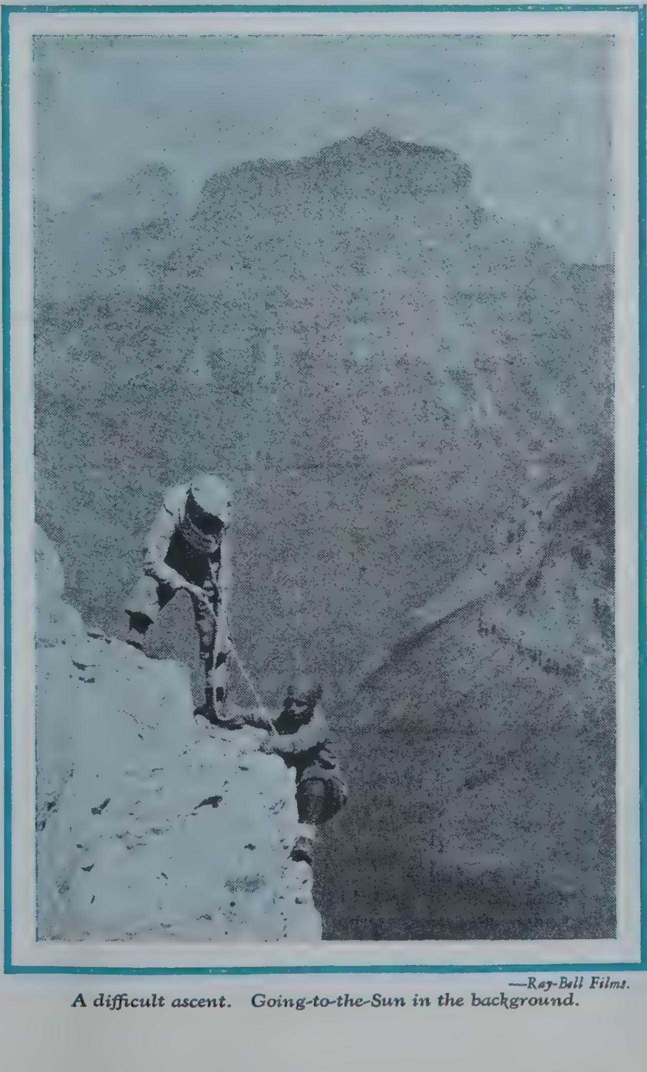
We were fairly caught, far from our tarpaulins, all our bedding carelessly spread out in the open two miles away! We dashed off uphill through the already wet underbrush and arrived too scant of breath to curse our folly.

With the storm had come sudden darkness. The almost continuous glare of lightning made up, however, for the difficulty of lighting the lantern. Under this violent illumination we rescued our moist bedding and fixed up our tarpaulins as best we could. We then huddled down and hoped for the best. The storm proved to be of that annoying circular variety. It seemed to pass away only to return with new world-annihilating crashes and fresh aerial oceans that fell lashing through the tormented treetops in tall misty columns which glittered weirdly in the lightning. The spectacle was a considerable recompense for the discomfort and by good fortune the night was warm, even though the rain seemed cold as it flowed through the bedding over our skins.

OTHER thunderstorms in the mountains came back to memory. There was one that flashed up out of a clear forenoon and swept the whole of the Alps before nightfall, coming out of the southwest like the end of the world, just as we were nearing the summit of Mount Blanc. Universal darkness rolled along the horizon, and against this curtain small white advance clouds formed as suddenly as bursts of shrapnel, nearer and nearer, with a peculiarly threatening air. There was no choice but to turn and run down to the safer slopes of the Grand Plateau. Three-quarters of an hour later the bolts, the hissing rain, the furious squalls had ceased and blue sky and sunlight were following the trailing edges of the storm toward us.

But such brief storms are rare in the high mountains. More typical was the great storm which caught us near the summit of the Jungfrau, that lofty queen of the Alps, the storm that ended the fair climbing weather of 1923. We were crowning a long series of splendid climbs by the ascent of that marvelous ridge which runs up from the queer glacier railway station of the *Jungfraujoch*, known to so many visitors of the Alps. We had left the empty, echoing restaurant at three o'clock in the morning and crossed the glacier to the rocks of our ridge by lantern light.

This early start was made necessary by the length of the expedition. In spite of many attempts, only one party had ever succeeded in climbing the ridge, and ours is still the only other ascent. An almost interminable series of lofty towers, linked only by the narrowest ridges of rock and flanked on both sides by tremendous unscalable precipices, leads up to the well-known and much-visited sum-



—Ray-Bell Films.

A difficult ascent. Going-to-the-Sun in the background.

—Ray-Bell Films.

Atop a pinnacle on Rearing Horse Ridge, Glacier National Park. Lincoln peak is to the right.

mit. The ordinary way up was to be our way down. Once fairly launched on the ridge we should have no option but to continue.

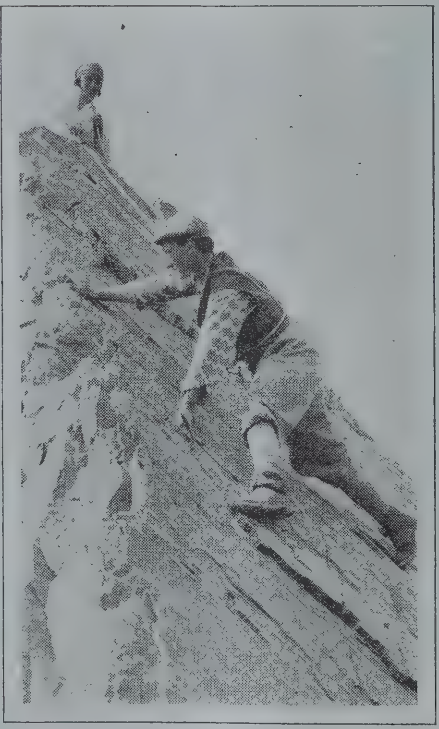
It was easy to recall the anxiety with which, about three o'clock that afternoon, after twelve hours' unceasing activity, we had marked the gradual onset of bad weather. We had made very good progress and were within an hour or two of the summit; only a few towers remained to be climbed, though these we knew would prove to be the most difficult of all. But a murky haze had gathered everywhere; already a violent storm was in progress among the Zermatt mountains some forty miles away. We could hear the uproar and see the flashes. We knew that we could only have a short respite before the storm would be upon us. Desperately we flung ourselves at the final obstacles, in a mood in which every minute gained or lost seemed almost a matter of life or death.

Long before we reached the summit the storm had crept nearer. Queer, hissing, whining sounds came from the steel of our ice axes; a wretched tingling feeling in the scalp led to the discovery that our hair was standing on end. But overriding all apprehension and the sense of the end of all things was a wild exhilaration as we tore along.

We came at last to the snowy crest of the mountain just as the neighboring peaks were beginning (so it seemed in the semi-darkness) to blow up one after another as the lightning struck them. The summit itself is crowned with a great steel signal, the very thing we felt would attract the thunderbolt. But through the wires and bars of this structure it was necessary to clamber to reach the downward way to shelter and safety.

In an agony of panic we scampered up to it and over it, leaped down on the easy slope beyond and tore madly downward. We had barely covered fifty yards when what we had been fearing happened. The whole heavens seemed to turn to a violet flame and the crack of the discharge was so tremendous that time, and existence itself, seemed to have come to an end. I confess that though unhurt, I fell flat upon the ground and both my companions were for a moment convinced that I had been struck.

Almost as loud a crash, with a flare of light that outlined every twig on the lashing trees about us, added liveliness to these memories. All the steps down the Jungfrau were deep in flowing torrents of hailstones which had to be kicked away before footing could be found—no slip is permissible there. Lower down, we sought brief shelter and rest in a crevasse, but were down again at the Jungfrau station in little more than an hour from the summit. It was pleasant to think of the welcome we received from the anxious tourists there. They had been watching us a large part of the day through the telescope and seemed to have made up their minds that we had come to a bad end. So much for memories.



Climbing almost straight up on Rearing Horse Ridge.

No night, however noisy, lasts forever. Toward morning we all slept fairly well, for ten o'clock approached before any vigorous stirrings took place. The morning was cloudy and damp and prospects of photography were disheartening. In the end we split into two parties, one to bring down the cameras, the other to make the ascent of Going-to-the-Sun, for even though our main purpose could not be carried through, we were unwilling to descend without having attained something for our pains.

A summit gained in cloudy weather has a peculiar fascination. One misses the view, of course, but the interest of the route-finding is greater. There is a general opinion that in thick weather the climber is certain to get lost. So he is, unless he knows how to look after himself, how to steer a course on broken ground, and how to follow it back again.

The advice often may be read that, if surprised by mist, one should sit down and wait until it lifts—advice which if followed would usually involve the night out, and a night out, unprepared, high up, is no joke for anyone. This does not mean, of course, that inexperienced parties should attempt mountains in doubtful weather. They certainly should not, and even very strong and skilful parties should keep clear of difficult country, unless the weather is settled.

With an understanding that should the weather grow worse we would turn back, we left the camera party to their thankless task and made off up the mountain. Visibility was very limited, but we knew that by striking upward we should come to the belt of crags that is the only obstacle on this flank of the mountain. Along the base of these crags we could make a way that would be easy to follow on the return. We could work up through them at the first wide break in the belt, marking the route where necessary with small piles of stones built up in prominent places. It was rarely possible to see more than forty feet of the way ahead, and we were perhaps fortunate in being able to follow almost exactly the route picked out the afternoon before. At a bay in the crags, the angle eases off and a rift gives rapid progress.

Above on the gentler slopes that tilt up to the summit ridge—the summit plateau we discovered to be an illusion—we found it advisable to build many little stone men at points where the direction to be followed changed. Thanks to this precaution and ceaseless consultation of the compass, we had no difficulty either in finding the summit or in descending.

After writing our names in the record book left there by the Mazama Club, and noting the rare occasions on which the peak has been visited, we lingered awhile. As the mist forms swayed and drifted about us the force of the Indian legend came strangely home. The clouds thinned at moments and a pale sun, almost within reach, seemed to be lost again as another mass of vapor enshrouded us.

This is a spot singularly cut off from the earth. Thus some solitary wanderer of the Blackfeet tribe centuries ago may have felt. It was easy to imagine the wonder and terror that assailed him. Perhaps in these feelings may lie the origin of the old tradition.

'FORTY YEARS! *Shucks!* What's Forty Years?'

By
HARRY E. BARNET

FROM fabrics which the spiders weave, tiny threads float out and fasten their free ends to this and to that. In such fashion, the gossamer creations set up ranginess of contact.

Likewise, from hundreds of places that in the idiom of today are 'yap villages,' slender memory cords stretch to and twine about the heartstrings of thousands of men.

Forty years ago, these 'fellers' were small boys in the kind of Midwest localities that in the babble of yesterday were 'hayseed towns.'

Forty years! Whew! Also—Shucks! What's forty years?

There was John Snodgrass in our town—cheerful veteran of many of the bloodiest battles of the war between the states. And his side-kick, 'Rubby-dub' Evans. Boys together they were; and men. See one, see t'other. Served as privates in the same company, by crickety, throughout the four years of tumult.

'A battle was impending,' John frequently recalled, 'and the Confederates were approaching. "Here they come, th' graybacks!" shouted Private Evans. "En all they kin do is play rubby-dub-dub on the'r derned ol' drums."

' "Who's afeard 'v 'em?" he shrieked.'

From the hands of the astounded color bearer, Private Evans snatched the Federal flag. Carrying it high, he set forth, alone, to meet the advancing regiment.

No sharpshooter fired at him. The courage of Evans—foolhardiness or stroke of sudden lunacy—raised the respect of the Confederates. They cheered, instead of shooting him down.

John fetched Private Evans back to the company. 'Rubby-dub' was Private Evans' nickname ever afterward.

Forty years! Again—Shucks! Why, John Snodgrass was seventy-five if he was a day. He dug wells and trimmed trees for a living; kept tolerably busy, too, at one or the other job. He could outdig any man half his age in town. Climb trees? With the agility of a coon he shinned up their trunks.

These feats were attested anywhere, at any time, by Rubby-dub. He went out of his way to do the attesting. For he was proud of what John did. And he knew his story. He was always around, seated comfortably in the shade—or where the wind couldn't strike him, in cool weather—the while John picked, then shoveled or sawed, and then hacked at a tree.

'I hain't th' man I used t' be,' complained Rubby-dub to the small boys who never failed to gather about John when he dug a well. In our town, delving in the earth held possibilities.

'Gosh!' small boys said to one another, 'he might find Injun bones, er arrerheads, er sumpin!'

No one who was youthful (and footloose) overlooked such prospect. John had a juvenile crowd always at his heels.

So had Rubby-dub.

'No, siree, Bob, I hain't th' man I used t' be,' he repeated to his audience. 'Ef I was, d'y' think I'd be a-settin' hyur, en leave Jawn ther a-diggin'? No, siree, Bob.'

Suppletory: 'En hain't I a-gittin' a pension?'

Unchanging ritual marked John's tree-trimming jobs.

'I'm afeard y'll fall out o' thet ther tree, John,' shrilled the woman of the house. 'Hold on tight, now!'

Invariably John replied, 'Yes'm. I hain't afeard o' fallin', fer a-fallin', it won't hurt me none. It's th' landin' thet I'm afeard 'v. It'll do th' hurtin'.'

Thereat Rubby-dub laughed, or cackled, or goose-honked his glee.

Rubby-dub remembered his pension! Too much hilarity didn't go with the list of ailments that upshot it.

'Y'd better pull a long face while y'ur out whur folks kin see y',' once advised his friends, 'er y' a gone goslin.'

'*Why?*' queried Rubby-dub.

'*Why?*' was the response. 'Y' might lose thet ther pension o' your'n, *thet's* why, fer y're a putty tough ol' knot yit, y' know.'

Rubby-dub rumbled as a cataclysmic cough was about to emerge. But it never fulfilled its threat.

HOWEVER, the small boys stood about expectant. They'd heard and seen these antics before. Yet, they argued with themselves, you never could tell what might happen.

'Ef y' feed a tawmcat too much raw meat,' Billy Snider argued aloud, 'why, he'll hev fits.'

'When'll he hev 'em?' asked Johnny Sizemore. 'Right away after y' feed him?'

'W-e-l-l,' Billy replied, 'I hain't certain but he'll hev 'em sometime. Y' got t' watch him.'

Rubby-dub fell backward upon the sod—did it brutally, albeit cautiously, to old eyes. There in the shade—or protected from the cool wind—he writhed a spell.

'Gosh!' chorused the small boys, 'I hain't never seen nobody die afore.'

'He hain't a-dyin',' called John from the tree. 'He's a-savin' thet ther pension o' his'n.'

Rubby-dub stiffened. Opened one eye and then the other, slowly. As if he were an acrobat showing off in the center ring, he raised the upper half of his body, without touching ground with his hands.

In a sitting posture, he spat, and eyed John reproachfully.

'Thet ther ol' fool 'v a Jawn,' he said, 'he'll be th' death o' me yit. He's too derned smart fer any use. Always got somethin' t' say, en ez quick ez a cat t' say it.'

Rubby-dub added: 'En me a sick man! En me a-gittin' a pension fer it!'

'Y'll outlive me yit,' replied John, the while he bravely sawed or lustily hacked at the tree.

First of the twain to depart this life, however, was Rubby-dub.

Forty years! The fabric of life in these hundreds of 'hayseed towns' was like an unbroken blossom-bearing mass of trumpet vines, with rich, subdued green soothing to the sight. Pioneering in the Midwest was over and done with. A disturbing national question had been fought out, and settled. There were no motion pictures—no automobiles. Men sat quietly and rested. They were in a comforting lull. You could buy a fat hen to roast for twenty-five cents!

It was a delightful period in which to be a small boy in these 'hayseed towns.' Men and women, horses, mules, cows and bulls, hogs, dogs, cats, and fowl—a few of each must cut curious capers. Of this breed were John and Rubby-dub. Like the high-colored blossoms of the trumpet vine, the curiously capering ones stood out from the 'comforting lull.' They were town characters—tinged splotches, so to speak, against the rich, subdued green mass . . .

Ory Henderson's gander!

In a vacant lot on the western edge of our town, Ory Henderson raised geese. The gander of the flock was an industrious fence analyst. Day in and day out he reviewed each foot of the inclosure, looking for cracks or weak places he could make into cracks. When he found one, or made one, and was able to squeeze through it, the gander paraded himself down the middle of the street toward the public square, honking enthusiastically at whatever crossed his path.

A town character, that gander! He provided more excitement sooner or later than any other one thing, except the regular coming and going of the accommodation train. The latter, however, had a schedule. The gander made his appearance and his noises only when the little gods and goddesses of good luck were lenient.

AND when they were? Well, another such time you never saw! It produced the same effect as the clanging of the fire bell. Everybody with two legs, and with four, turned out. Sunbonneted women, and bareheaded ones; men—some half-shaved, half-lathered, out of the barber shop; small boys and their dogs, all chased the gander through the streets, captured him, and returned in a body to thrown him high in the air, over the fence, and into Ory's goose pen.

'Why'n tarnation don't Ory keep thet ther fence fixed?' men said, 'en keep thet ther ol' gander o' his'n t' home, 'stid o' lettin' it go t' wrack en ruin, en a-makin' people run ther legs off a-ketchin' him!'

Mere words—angerless. Everybody liked the gander chases.

Forty years! The slate has been wiped pretty clean. Though it was a definite part of the nation's history, the intimate fabric of life in these 'hayseed towns' doesn't appear upon the pages of books. It wasn't aggressive. And it has passed on. Seldom, nowadays, do you find its like.

But from this old fabric stretch the slender memory cords to the heartstrings of thousands of men who are now 'twelve o'clock fellers in twelve o'clock towns.'

'WASN'T WORTH *His* GRUB!'

By JOE HENRY

'I hear Bob Hall's got a new hand; any good?' asked one Vermont farmer of another.

'Aw—pshaw! He's jest one o' them there city fellers. I had one last summer a year ago. Ain't worth their grub, sayin' nothin' o' the price they expect to get.'

'Oh, yes, I remember the feller you had. Only stayed about a week. Got blisters on his hands or somethin', didn't he?'

'Yes. And lazy? Say, I had to pull him out o' bed by the feet every morning.'

'Well, I guess poor ol' Bob's got his hands full,' sympathized the first farmer.

But Ellsworth B. Cornwall, a native of New York City, stayed on the farm more than one week. The foregoing conversation took place early in June, 1908, and the 'city feller' is still working on the farm in Vermont; not the same farm, but one of his own.

He has been president and general manager of the State Federation of Farm Bureaus since its organization six years ago, and the very men who ridiculed him when he first went to work on the farm are now his most enthusiastic backers. In January, 1922, he was a delegate to the first National Agricultural Conference held in Washington, D. C.

'Yes, I got blisters on my hands,' said Mr. Cornwall during our interview, 'but it wasn't long before they had hardened to callous spots. I was determined to stay on the farm as I had sickened of the city ways.

'Everything was "you do him or he'll do you" in New York. I had received my B. A. degree from Princeton, where my father was head of the chemistry department for thirty-five years, and I was also a graduate of the New York Law School. Great things were expected of me; you know how it is when a boy graduates from two colleges with honors.

'My people were greatly disappointed when I decided to give up the practice of law and go to work on the farm. I was sorry to hurt them, but I just couldn't stand the continual litigation. Everyone seemed to be fighting everybody else. No harmony whatever; all was in a turmoil.

'During my summer vacations I had visited some friends of my mother's who lived in the country and the remembrance of the peaceful life on the farm had stayed with me and had caused the discontent, I suppose.'

ELLSWORTH CORNWALL was engaged to a New York girl of good family before he left and shortly after he went to Vermont he sent for her and they were married. The former lawyer worked as hired man, did the milking, worked in the fields, and so on, while his wife, who had never known what it was to wash a dish, was the maid of all work, doing everything from making the beds to scrubbing the floors. For this they received eighteen dollars a month and their board.

Mrs. Cornwall tells an amusing story about an occurrence which happened about this time.

'Ellsworth had been getting up at four-thirty every morning doing the work along with Mr. Hall, and he was congratulating himself that he was learning the work so quickly, for we expected to go on a place of our own just as soon as we felt we could do the work alone. Early in the spring following our exodus from the city, Ellsworth was sent out to weed the garden patch. After about twenty minutes I heard him calling and I went to see what was wrong. He looked up from his work and said:

' "Say, Louise, which of these things are weeds and which are the beets?" Fortunately I had been working in the garden before and had learned to distinguish between them,' said Mrs. Cornwall.

THE following spring they made a first payment on a farm of their own. The farmers of the neighborhood again ridiculed the 'city guy' and predicted that he would not last the year out. Cornwall, however, arose at four o'clock in the morning, milked the cows, fed the horses and did several other chores; he then was ready to eat a 'light' breakfast.

'It's hard work that makes for success in everything,' said Mr. Cornwall. 'If a man will just work hard enough and direct his labor he need not be a wizard. Mr. Edison, for instance, could not have accomplished his wonders by sitting down and letting "George do it." The farmer must work long hours to make a living. His income is too small to enable him to have a bookkeeper. When he comes in at night after long physical work outdoors he is too sleepy to think or figure. We must keep this in mind in working out our farm problems. It is one factor which has usually enabled the business man to outgeneral the farmer in public affairs.'

Hard work hasn't been the only thing the Cornwalls have had to contend with. They have had more than their share of hard knocks as well.

When they bought their farm it was in pretty bad condition and they spent what little money they had saved on a new barn and other outhouses. The first summer a severe storm damaged the property considerably and lightning struck the new barn; it burned to the ground cremating five young calves. Fortunately the mature cattle were in pasture when the fire occurred. Mr. Cornwall had just completed making ten new stanchions; they were burned with the barn.

Shortly after the second barn was completed, Mr. Cornwall got blood poisoning in one arm and was laid up for three weeks.

They were forced to hire a man for this period and he, not being acquainted with the animals, led a vicious horse out to water along with the best mare they had. The mare was kicked and was laid up for six weeks with a broken hip. For more than a year she could not be used on the farm and it was necessary to buy a cheaper horse.

This latter horse developed collar sores and had to be put in pasture. This left them with two horses in pasture and they were forced to make out the best they could with only one horse.

The following autumn one of their young pigs was run over by an automobile. Mr. Cornwall, in an attempt to save the pig, jumped off the running board of a machine in which he was riding. He lost his balance and fell, the car running over his arm and dislocating it.

Many a man of less courage would have given up before such onslaughts of fate, but Cornwall had the grit and determination to see it through. It was this grit, this courage, that eventually won the confidence of the very men who had ridiculed him when he first came to Vermont.

Mr. Cornwall was one of the organizers of the Addison County Cow Test Association, and was elected its first president in 1912.

In 1914 he was active in helping to form the County Farm Bureau. He recognized that the only way the farmers could demand their rightful heritage was by coöperation, the same as labor in other lines of work had recognized several years before.

When the National Federation of Farm Bureaus was started, Mr. Cornwall was sent as a delegate to Ithaca, New York, by the Vermont federation of which he was president.

He was chosen a member of the organization committee, which consisted of five members, and he helped to draft the original constitution of that organization. At the first regular meeting of the federation he was made a member of the executive committee and held that position until 1922, when the pressure of other duties forced him to resign.

HE WAS active in forming the Addison County Coöperative Dairy Company. This plant was originally owned and operated by a large city concern, many farmers in the county owning stock. It failed and the farmers would have lost a good sum of money but for the foresight of Mr. Cornwall. He urged the taking over of the plant and its operation by the farmers on a coöperative basis.

He went to New York, was able to make very good terms with the owners, and secured the plant for the farmers. He was manager and director of this company for some time after its incorporation.

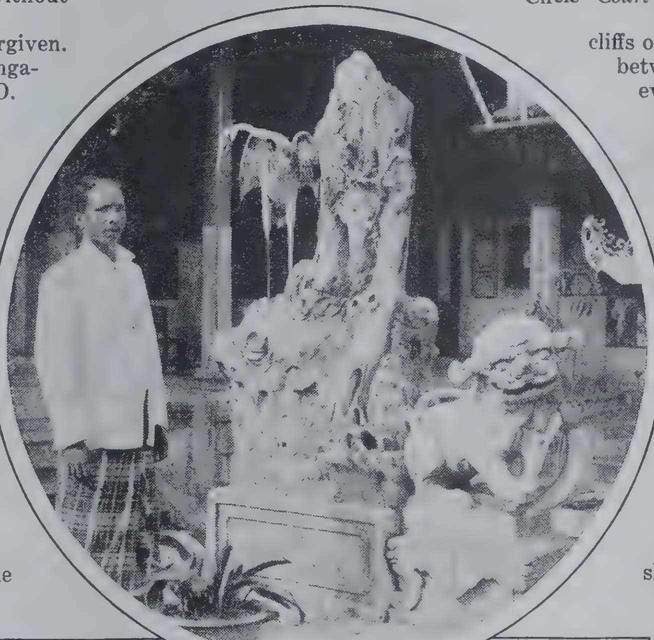
Early in 1922, Mr. Cornwall was forced to choose between serving his neighbors and gratifying his own desires. This was found necessary because the Vermont State Federation of Farm Bureaus, of which Mr. Cornwall has been president since its formation, deemed it advisable that its president should devote all his time to the business of the organization.

Mr. Cornwall says: 'I hated to give up the actual farm work, but I felt that the needs of my neighbors should come before my personal desires. I wanted to stay on the farm and specialize in poultry, that being my hobby, but I guess I will have to delay that a few years. However, I go out to the farm over week-ends and supervise the work,' concluded this true son of the soil.

At *the* WORLD'S CROSS-ROADS

By SYDNEY R. SMYTH

Homes of the fisher-folk of Singapore. *—Ewing Galloway Photos.*
Circle—Court of a Buddhist temple in the famous seaport.



JUST like Middlesbrough!' That's what the cockney said: a shattering accusation enunciated with all the bitter contempt of the Londoner for the provincial. Middlesbrough is apparently next door to hell, but hell without the beauty of eternal flame.

Perhaps the cockney may be forgiven. He had caught his first glimpse of Singapore early in the morning as the P. & O. liner was docking at Tangong Pagar. A Singapore rain was falling, everywhere was dirt and gloom. The air was sticky. The gray walls of windowless warehouses were altogether dreary. The cockney was fed up and he was far from home.

But in this city of the equator, gloom and rain do not last. Soon the sun bursts forth in tropical brilliance and the heat strikes up and down. It makes it hot in the tropics—the heat's striking from above and from below, the latter probably the worst.

Singapore is the world's cross-roads; the guardian of East and West whose great guns stretch out over the cliffs of Mata Island and oversee the border between Orient and Occident, where every race and every tongue and every creed on this terrestrial globe meets and passes; a harbor where ships from every corner of the world drop anchor for a few hours while oil tanks or coal bunkers are replenished.

The traveler sits on the veranda outside Raffles Hotel or The Europe and sees the world pass by. Across the road is the cricket pitch where the colony plays in the evenings. Sports in Singapore are international. One corner is given over to a group of Britishers who are indulging in their national game—cricket. Farther up, a group of Japanese are playing a team of Filipinos for the baseball championship of the Far Eastern league. Up at the other end of the ground a group of Hindu students are playing a nondescript game of football with a number of Malays—though the temperature is around ninety-five degrees.

Down on the sidewalk, which appears to run through the veranda, a Hindu fakir is showing the miracle of making a mango tree grow up in a few minutes. A group watch him idly while some one explains how it is done. Sitting on the steps is a little brown boy with a gayly colored turban and that's about all. 'I am a little Christian boy,' he calls out as you pass him, 'I have no father. I have no mother. I have no dinner. Please can you give me fifty cents? If not, can you give me twenty-five.' An apparition in khaki looms from around the corner, and the brown seems to melt against the black of the railings as the youth escapes from the clutches of the law.

Within a stone's throw of the hotel stand the administrative

Waterfront and harbor from the U. S. Consulate at Singapore.

offices of the Straits Government a huge elephant in bronze guarding the massive entrances like a watchdog. A canal cuts through from the harbor and is spanned by a bridge which is a triumph from an engineering standpoint, but its beauty is forgotten in the stream of life and color which flows across it. Arabs in flowing robes disdaining the world and all its vanities sweep past. Indian rajahs in rich regalia and blazing jewels rub against Chinese merchants. Jew and Greek, Turk and Arab, all mingle together on the narrow pathway of the bridge.

Singapore is nothing if it is not cosmopolitan. On the streets and in the countinghouses everyone mingles with everyone else. There are no barriers. But at night, when the business of the day is over and when clubs and hotels gather in their patrons, there are only two classes of society—white and Asiatic. You belong to one or the other. But it is accepted and there is no resentment.

It is at night that the beauty of Singapore shines forth mystically. The tropical night with its gentle cooling breeze from across the harbor softens the garishness of ugly buildings. The little back streets are beautiful. The noisy torrent of life has shades innumerable, blue and bronze in general—but here's a splash of brilliance: a silvered ricksha flashes past!

A searchlight pierces the gloom and sweeps across the harbor, playing over the narrow entrance, and as it sweeps the cliff sides you catch a glimpse of lean black outlines sticking out from the sandstone rocks. You retrace your footsteps semiconscious of strain, for Singapore feels its burden of responsibility as Guardian of the Gate.

The Magazines of Colonial Days

(*Continued from page 9*)

classmate of Philip Freneau, the poet of the Revolution, whose contributions appeared occasionally in the *United States Magazine*.

These periodicals were published in Colonial America.

Between 1783 and 1800 about seventy-five new ventures were made in the field. Philadelphia was most prolific, with New York and Boston competing for second place. Noah Webster ventured in 1787 the *American Magazine*, at New York, but produced only twelve issues. In the South, Baltimore and Charleston in South Carolina were the only cities represented.

A check list of these periodicals was made in 1889 by the famous historian Paul Leicester Ford, who then listed some fifty-four titles up to 1799. Recently Mr. William Beer has made a further intensive study of the subject, adding thirty-four titles to the list, in an article published in the *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester*. The library of that society possesses seventy out of the ninety-eight magazines which appeared up to 1800, and only seven other libraries possess even one-half of this total number.

These magazines constitute a real source of American history. Despite their small number they exerted a beneficial influence during the formative period of our history.

Democracy in America

(*Continued from page 15*)

and his satellites. They felt that the too arrogant assertion of superior quality in one man or in a dynasty is inimical to the superior quality of other men.

In an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1924, Hilaire Belloc declares: 'The conception that the majority has a divine right to decide in any matter is universal in America, not as a conclusion of reason, but as an accepted dogma.' Possibly our methods of settling our political difficulties have given some warrant for so misunderstanding our modes of thought. Intelligent Americans probably have no faith in divine right of any sort in political affairs. We simply accept the rule of the majority as the best means of arriving at some degree of domestic tranquillity. We cannot carry out our larger purposes in a condition of persistent struggle between the rulers and the ruled. It enables us to arrive at some unity of action. With us the members of a minority manage for the most part to be good sports.

The saying that an Englishman's house is his castle should never be overlooked in making estimate of what is fundamentally our American democracy. It was out of that feeling that much that is best in American political and social life was born. The desire to be secure and undisturbed in one's house looks toward the maintenance of property rights, toward individual liberty within the sphere of one's personal affairs, and toward the preservation of that privacy that is one of the first necessities in the life of a gentleman. These are all more individual matters than community matters. They all have a protective rather than an assertive or aggressive aspect. The individual man in an English (and ideally in an American) community looks to the state to save him from the aggression of others, not to grant him the liberty of being aggressive toward others.

The ideals of gentle breeding and of quiet self-sufficiency which were our ancestral inheritance are by no means of so much moment with us as they were. Our ancient doctrine of freedom of speech, intended to protect the individual from disturbance in his private affairs, has become an assurance to all the raucous-voiced that they may disturb him as much as they please, may assault him to the full of their abilities with enumeration of all the woes consequent upon all the internal or external maladjustments with which nature and destiny have seen fit to afflict them. Peasant throats have discovered here the silver value of speech. They have become conscious of their lungs as a pair of democratic bellows, and have found great joy in the discovery. So we have the spectacle occasionally of an adopted son interpreting the spirit of American democracy to those of us for whom from childhood it has been the breath of life.

The doctrine that a man's house is his castle is at once a doctrine of proprietary possession and a doctrine of peace in that possession. It is a doctrine that concerns itself legally with private-property rights; and socially with manners. My neighbor's manners may be his personal affair, but they may also easily become an affliction to me. In various ways they may so assault me inside my house that it ceases to be my castle. Then I am justified in looking to the state for some sort of relief. It is the business of our representative democracy so to order our affairs that the home of the common man in its security from intrusion shall be as much a castle as that of the lordly. It is only under such protection and in the security so assured that a man may live his own life, think his own thoughts, and possess his own soul.

Americans of the blood of those who made America have always known that family counted, have always believed that quality was of vital importance in America, have always in some degree had the patrician outlook upon life, have always understood that patrician quality was something more or less a thing of inheritance. Neither Puritan in New England nor cavalier in Virginia entertained the hope of picking figs from thistles or of receiving courtesies at the hands of the ill-bred. They had delusions, certainly, and one of those delusions was doubtless that of too warm a confidence in the regenerating possibilities of democracy. The delusion, however, was never so extreme as to include that unqualified faith in the intelligence, ideals and wisdom of the mob which some misconceive as Americanism.

The American tradition is essentially one of allegiance to the fitting, the seemly, and the fine. American democracy does not assume that all men are equal. That is the delusion of those who wish to make that doctrine an excuse for asserting themselves beyond their natural station. What it has always assumed as a constructive possibility is that the democratic mode of political and social functioning administered through a well-organized representative machinery will make it easier for each man to realize the highest of his capabilities. In that degree the general human quality will be advanced. That expectation constitutes the primary warrant for democracy.

To all this there is an obvious corollary. If the American political and social system has come into being as an instrumentality for the freeing of human quality from its prisoning oppressions, it should likewise be an instrumentality for the saving of it from attacks striking at it from below. If it encourages worth of character, it cannot encourage the lack of it. If it believes that America is America because of the quality of those who constitute it, then it cannot well believe that it will continue America when those who constitute it are quite different.

The example of the great liberals and idealists of three hundred years ago, the New England Puritans, is instructive. When everyone believed in witchcraft, they disposed of witches by judicial process. At a time when the Duke of Alva, seeking religious uniformity in the Netherlands, had been putting men, women, and children to death by thousands, the Puritans attained the same object by allowing Roger Williams to go to Rhode Island.

In both these matters the Puritans acted upon a principle of elimination. It is a principle inseparable from the broader principle of selection, and it is only through the operation of that principle that quality, human or other, is achieved.

BOBBY *of* Greyfriars

By PAUL TYNER

CLOSE to the entrance to Greyfriars' Churchyard in Edinburgh, Scotland, as hallowed a resting place of Scotland's worthies as Westminster Abbey is of England's historic dead, the visitor's attention is arrested by an obviously new and bright monument of Aberdeen granite, standing out in contrast with the time-stained gray stone memorials about it. And strange is its inscription:

To the Memory of
JOHN GRAY
Died in 1858.
Master of 'Greyfriars' Bobby'
('And even in his ashes most beloved.')
Erected by American Lovers of Bobby.

Bobby, be it known, was a winsome Skye terrier which in our fathers' days was almost as much an Edinburgh character as was Dr. Brown's 'Rab.' Bobby's life and adventures have been considered worthy of tribute in prose and verse by Scottish and American writers. His story probably tops the many stories of canine faithfulness the world over. For fourteen years he kept watch at his master's grave.

Bobby himself is remembered by a beautiful marble drinking fountain for men and dogs a stone's throw from the entrance to the churchyard, on that busy highway, George IV Bridge. It is surmounted by a life-size statue of the 'wee beastie.' The inscription runs as follows:

'GREYFRIARS' BOBBY'
FROM THE LIFE JUST BEFORE HIS DEATH

A TRIBUTE
To the affectionate fidelity of
'GREYFRIARS' BOBBY.'

In 1858, this faithful dog followed the remains of His Master to Greyfriars' Churchyard, and lingered near the spot until his death in 1872.

ERECTED BY THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS, 1872.

This inscription practically tells the story. It only remains to be added that back in the fifties John Gray was a farmer who came regularly to Edinburgh to attend the Wednesday market, always attended by his shaggy terrier, Bobby. Then as now the hour of one was boomed out by a gun on the Castle heights, a boom by which people all over the city set their clocks and watches. It was Gray's custom then to repair for lunch to an eating house in the neighborhood of Greyfriars' kept by one Traill, who took quite an interest in both the dog and his master, always giving Bobby a bun or a bone.

Gray died in 1858. On the third day following the funeral in which Gray was laid to rest close by the historic church, the habitués of Traill's place were surprised just as the echoes of the one o'clock gun were dying away to see a dog, the picture of woe and hunger, run in and approach the proprietor, into whose eyes he gazed beseechingly. Traill, immediately recognizing Bobby, gave him a bun in answer to his silent pleading. The dog without waiting to eat it ran out of the restaurant carrying his lunch in his mouth. Next day Bobby appeared again at the same hour and again received the bun, running away hastily with it. When he came a third time, Traill out of curiosity followed the dog, which made straight for Greyfriars' Churchyard and lay down near his master's grave to eat his bun.

It was soon learned that the chief and perhaps only mourner of the kind-hearted old farmer was his four-footed friend. After the interment of his master he refused to leave the humble mound which marked the grave until compelled by the pangs of hunger; and then it was only to return with all speed. Over and over, Bobby was taken back to his former home in the country, but he always returned to his post. Here he continued day and night in all weathers, stoutly resisting the friendly advances made by compassionate strangers desirous of providing the dog with a home, and taking refuge only in rough weather under a tombstone hard by.

He continued his daily visits to the lunch room punctually at the hour of one, always receiving his bun from the kindly proprietor. This had been going on for nine years when Bobby and his friend got into trouble with the law, both Bobby and the restaurant proprietor being arraigned for failure in all this time to pay the seven shillings yearly for a dog license! Bobby was arraigned as a 'vagrant' before three magistrates. His friend defended him, telling the story of his devoted death watch. Thereupon the magistrates decided to temper justice with mercy, remitting license fee and fine and dismissing the charge against Traill of harboring an unlicensed dog.

He died in 1872 and was buried in a grave near his master's, now marked by a rosebush.

Mira *the* Wonderful

OUT in the southern sky, in the evenings of winter months, can be seen the constellation of Cetus the Whale. As it appears to observers in the United States, there are not very many bright stars in it, but there is one, known to the astronomer as Omicron Ceti, which is one of the most interesting objects in the sky.

Omicron Ceti is also known as Mira the Wonderful, a name which dates back many centuries, and which does not surprise us if we watch the star regularly.

The star was a variable! That is, instead of maintaining the same brilliancy all the time, as a well-behaved star ought to, it changed brightness regularly, sometimes being bright enough to be easily visible to the unaided eye, while at other times it faded to nearly the tenth magnitude, visible only with a large telescope. It reached its maximum last year in November. By the middle of May, when, however, it will be too near the sun to be seen anyhow, it will be at the minimum brightness, and then, next October, it will be bright again, for its period of variation is about 330 days.

But its variability is not the only interesting feature of Mira, for it is the second largest star known. Measures made at the Mt. Wilson Observatory in California with the great hundred-inch telescope, the largest in the world, and with an attachment called the interferometer, have shown that it consists of a globe of glowing gases 250,000,000 miles in diameter, so vast that if the sun were placed at its center, there would be sufficient room for the earth to revolve in its accustomed orbit within it. Only one other star, Antares, in the constellation of the Scorpion, is known to be larger—it is about 400,000,000 miles in diameter.

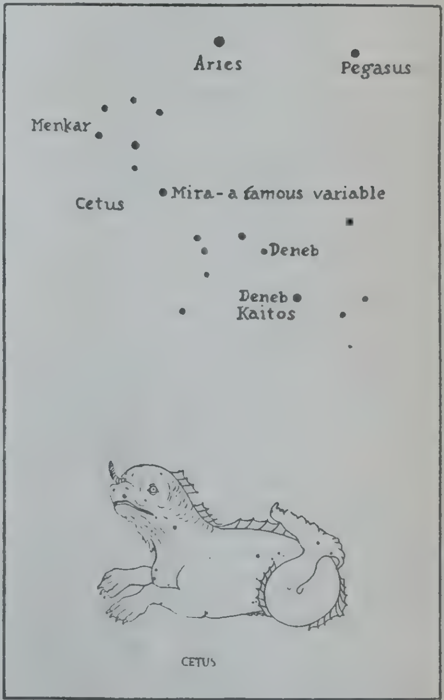


Diagram showing the position of Mira, with respect to nearby constellations and the horizon, on the evening of December 1, at 10 p.m., or December 15 at 9 p.m. Face to the southwest, and the map will show the stars as they appear in the sky before you. The size of the dots indicates their relative brightness. Stars in the constellation of Cetus the Whale are connected by lines.

The House in the Fiftieth Congress

(*Continued from page 7*)

McKinley's Cabinet and in December of that year was appointed a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

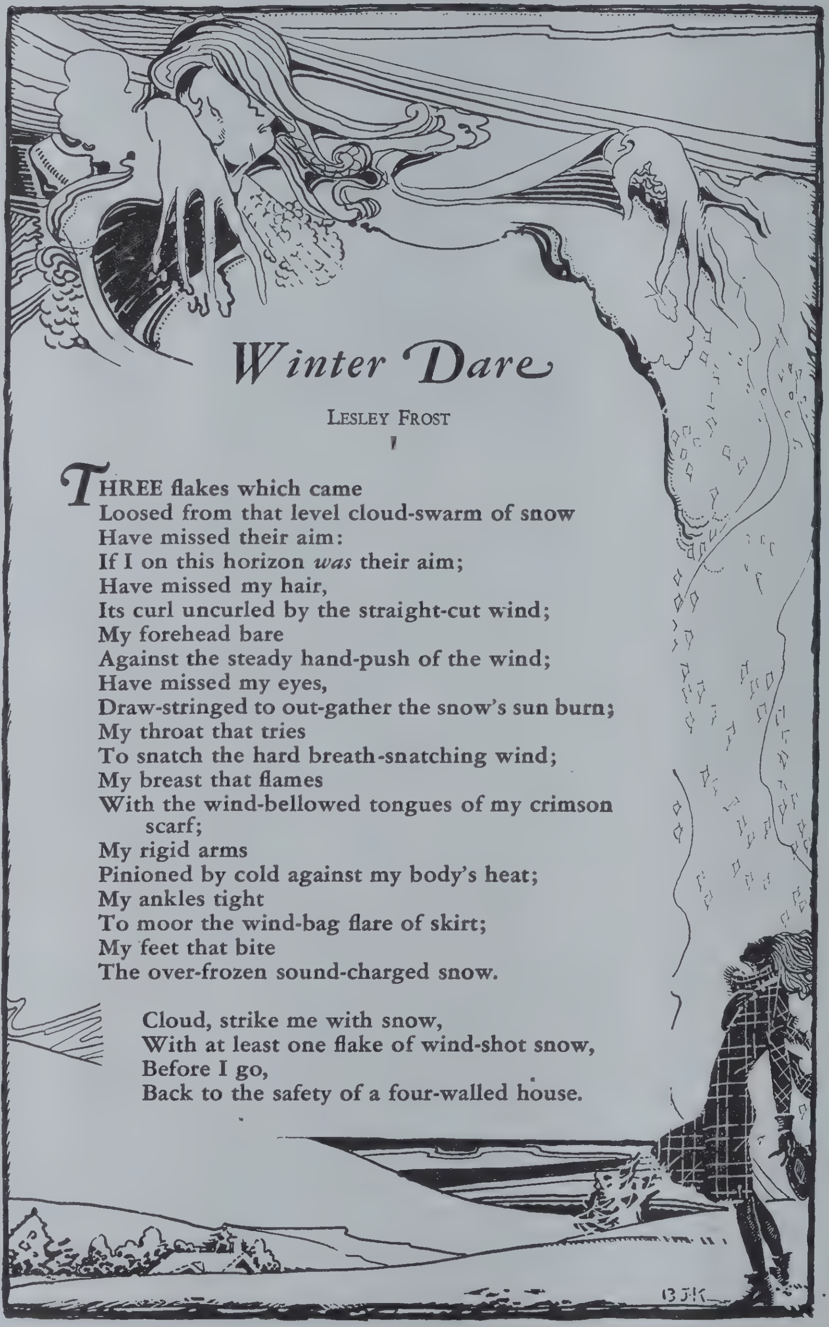
Colorado's single representative, George G. Symes, enlisted as a private in the Union army, April 12, 1861, just a few days before he became of age and served throughout the war, emerging as a colonel. He was wounded in the first battle of Bull Run and again in the Battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864.

Not one of Connecticut's four representatives entered the army. Two were too young, one perhaps too old to serve. Delaware's sole representative also stayed at home. One of Florida's two congressmen saw service. Robert H. M. Davidson was captain and colonel in the Confederate army but was so disabled by a wound on May 28, 1864, that he was forced to retire.

At least six and probably more of Georgia's ten representatives saw service in the Confederate army. Of these the most distinguished was Charles F. Crisp, who put on a uniform in May, 1861, when he was in his fifteenth year, was made a prisoner of war in May, 1864, and was released from Fort Delaware in June, 1865, when he was not yet twenty-one years of age. He first entered the House in the Forty-eighth Congress and in a short time became the acknowledged leader of his party, being twice chosen speaker, in 1891 and 1893. Then he was elected to the Senate but died October 23, 1896. Thomas W. Grimes of Georgia, John D. Stewart, H. H. Carlton and Allen D. Candler, all saw active war service, as did also James H. Blount. Blount served twenty-one years in Congress and then voluntarily retired in 1893. The House paid him the unusual honor of suspending its regular proceedings to testify its regard for him. A few years later he was the object of abuse in that same House such as few men have endured. Cleveland, at once on assuming office in 1893, made Blount 'Commissioner Paramount' to Hawaii, apparently with intent to undo everything that had been done under Harrison to encourage Hawaiians of American descent to their successful revolt against Queen Liliuokalani. Blount caused the American flag to be hauled down from the Provisional Government House and otherwise so ordered affairs as to withdraw from the 'rebels' the moral support of the American Government. Queen 'Lil' published the glad news that as soon as she was again secure upon her throne she would chop off all opposing heads and the 'Commissioner Paramount' was a long-distance recipient of many a congressional tirade. However, when the Republicans came into power again, Hawaii was annexed and Blount was forgotten.

Of the twenty representatives from Illinois five saw service in the Union army. Thomas J. Henderson became a colonel. Ralph Plumb served four years. Jonathan R. Rowell served three. John R. Thomas rose from private to become captain and Philip Sidney Post, who entered the army in 1861, was severely wounded when a major in the battle of Pea Ridge, and while commanding a division in the battle of Nashville, December 16, 1864, was desperately wounded by a grapeshot. Of the non-combatants rotund William E. Mason, commonly called 'Billy,' and Albert J. Hopkins were to become United States senators. William M. Springer, Democrat, achieved some notoriety by his efforts to reduce the tariff 'horizontally.' He was rarely seen without a red carnation in the lapel of his coat. Of long experience in Congress he lacked the mental agility to deal as Democratic leader with the turbulent Republicans. One day when Springer dramatically proclaimed he would rather be right than be president, Tom Reed retorted in sharp, rasping tones, 'The gentleman will never be either.'

Joseph G. Cannon, 'Uncle Joe,' outlasted all his colleagues from Illinois and won the largest measure of fame. He was continuously in Congress, with the exception of a single term, from 1873 until his voluntary retirement a few years ago. His many conspicuous characteristics and oratorical mannerisms made him a national figure. When he was the floor leader of the Republican side and chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations before the days of his speakership, he was hotly partisan. When unloading his invectives he would teeter forward on his toes and brandish his arms in air in windmill fashion, but his technique did not lessen his effectiveness. It was while Cannon was speaker that the House revolted against longer submission to the autocratic powers of the office that made the speaker of the House of Representatives second only to the president in influence over government. Stalwart as he was, reactionary as he was called, and as secure in his ingenious ability to respond in superior and instant kind, Cannon never minded abuse; Cannon fought the 'insurgents' to the last, but at last they whipped him. When he died in voluntary retirement, however, he was at peace with all the world. Just as with the



Winter Dare

LESLEY FROST

THREE flakes which came
Loosed from that level cloud-swarm of snow
Have missed their aim:
If I on this horizon *was* their aim;
Have missed my hair,
Its curl uncurled by the straight-cut wind;
My forehead bare
Against the steady hand-push of the wind;
Have missed my eyes,
Draw-stringed to out-gather the snow's sun burn;
My throat that tries
To snatch the hard breath-snatching wind;
My breast that flames
With the wind-bellowed tongues of my crimson scarf;
My rigid arms
Pinioned by cold against my body's heat;
My ankles tight
To moor the wind-bag flare of skirt;
My feet that bite
The over-frozen sound-charged snow.

Cloud, strike me with snow,
With at least one flake of wind-shot snow,
Before I go,
Back to the safety of a four-walled house.

Drawing by BETTY JANE KIDD

dying Mazarin, when his confessor asked him whether he had any enemies to forgive, and he responded in a whisper of satisfaction that he had none, that all were dead, so it was with 'Uncle Joe.' If any of his ancient foes survived they had become his friends.

Six of Indiana's thirteen representatives in the House did service in the Union army. Five were Republicans; one was a Democrat. C. C. Matson, the Democrat, enlisted as a private at the beginning of the war and was colonel of the Sixth Indiana Cavalry when it was mustered out in October, 1865. Of the five Republicans, Thomas M. Browne was also a colonel of cavalry. James T. Johnston entered as a private, gained rank, and served until September, 1865. Joseph B. Cheadle was also a private and served until the war ended. George W. Steele 'went in' in April, 1861; was a lieutenant colonel at the termination of the war. He was then appointed a lieutenant in the Regular Army, where he remained ten years. James B. White, who was a tailor when the war began, sold his business in patriotic zeal and enlisted as a private. He was elected captain of his company (in that time the men themselves chose their company officers and filled all vacancies) and served until December, 1862, when, because of wounds received at Shiloh the preceding April, he resigned. Of the noncombatants in the Indiana delegation William S. Holman was the best known. He was frequently called 'the great objector' and 'the watchdog of the Treasury.' Entering Congress in 1859 he sat there during the Civil War years and almost continuously for many terms thereafter. He was resolute and sincere in his demands for economy. His 'I object' was heard so often that it gave him his sobriquet and no persuasion of friends or threat of enemy could move him to desist from his self-assumed, special duty of protecting the Treasury. Holman died April 27, 1897. It is not possible to compute the millions of dollars he saved from wasteful expenditure.

EIGHT of Iowa's eleven representatives had served in the Union army. All but one were Republicans. General James B. Weaver, Greenbacker and Populist in succession, was the exception and he was a Republican during the war. David B. Henderson, born in Scotland, enlisted as a private in September, 1861, and was serving as first lieutenant when he lost a leg, March 26, 1863, and was discharged; in June, 1864, however, he reëntered the army as a colonel and remained until the war ended. In Congress he helped Tom Reed force the Reed rules upon the House of which he himself became speaker in 1899 and again in 1901. He differed so strongly with his party on the tariff issue that he left Congress in 1902, declining a unanimous renomination from his district, and died January 25, 1906. Daniel Kerr; Albert Anderson, who was twice wounded; Joseph Lyman, who went in at the beginning of the war and stayed until the end; Adoniram Judson Holmes; Isaac Struble, all wore the blue.

Edwin H. Conger of Iowa enlisted in his twentieth year and served until the Civil War ended. In 1890 he was minister to Brazil, to which post he was again appointed in 1897, and in 1898 he became minister to China. He was one of the 'foreign devils' who were penned by the Boxers in the compound of the British legation for about two months and who were barely saved from massacre by the expedition of allied forces representing several nations. Early in 1905 he became minister to Mexico, but soon retired and died at Pasadena, California, May 15, 1909. General James B. Weaver enlisted as a private in the Union army in April, 1861, and served with gallantry through the war, attaining the honor of brigadier general by brevet. Weaver organized the Greenback party and received more than three hundred thousand votes in 1880 as its candidate for president. Thereafter, through Democratic-Greenback-Labor combinations, he served some terms in Congress. Joining the People's party he became its presidential candidate and as such received more than one million votes in 1892. John H. Gear was also a representative from Iowa in the Fiftieth Congress. He had already twice been elected governor and later Iowa sent him to the Senate.

Kansas had a solid delegation of seven Union veterans, all Republicans, in the Fiftieth Congress. Edmund Morrill entered the army in 1861 and was a major when the war ended. Edward H. Funston, 'Foghorn Funston' as he was called, also enlisted in 1861 and served principally along the Mississippi until 1865. He made a fairly good record in Congress but one not comparable in goodness with the hog-cholera cure he afterward manufactured, and it should not be forgotten that he was the father of that American D'Artagnan, General Fred Funston. Bishop W. Perkins served four years in the Union army, afterward in the House and later in the Senate. He was one of the 'Old Guard' but it was never possible for anyone to be so much of a statesman as Perkins blandly looked. Thomas Ryan was wounded when a captain in the Battle of the Wilderness, and when Kansas saw red politically, his old house colleague, McKinley, gave him a place in the Department of the Interior. Erastus Turner had but a year of army service. Samuel Peters went into the Union army in 1861 and remained until June, 1865. In city, county and state, Union veterans in Kansas could almost pick and choose politically in those days, for Kansas still remembered John Brown and the Quantrell raids and the painful period of its 'bleeding.' Later there was to come a time in which Kansas could find it in its changed heart to send to the Senate a Virginian who had served three years in the Confederate army—William A. Harris, whose finished courtesy in speech and manner inspired general regard. Had anyone made that prophecy in the lifetime of the Fiftieth Congress the Kansas delegation would have sued out a writ of *De lunatico inquirendo* and made it stick.

Kentucky was a slave state with strong Union sentiments. In the Fiftieth Congress its delegation in the House was made up of men who had strongly supported the Union and of others who had fought for the Confederacy, fairly reflecting the sentiment that had obtained in the state at large a quarter of a century before. Polk Laffoon, Democrat, entered the Confederacy when but a boy, was captured at Fort Donelson, exchanged, and afterward, being a member of Morgan's command on the raid into Ohio, was again captured and confined in the Pennsylvania penitentiary as a prisoner of war. W. Godfrey Hunter, Republican, was a surgeon in the Union army. James B. McCreary, Democrat, who afterward became a senator from Kentucky, served for three years in the Confederate army. George M. Thomas, Republican, was a member of the Kentucky legislature in 1859 and again in 1861 and was one of six members who voted in favor of the Federal Government's exercising coercion against the seceding states. W. P. C. Breckenridge was of distinguished family and himself persuasively eloquent. His snow-white hair heavily thatched a florid face. His portly figure gave him dignity. He seemed the favorite of fortune.

John G. Carlisle, who became one of the leading political figures in Congress for many years, and greatly honored by Kentucky, was a strong Union Democrat and strove courageously to hold Kentucky in the Union. He was five times elected to Congress and three times speaker, for he was a man of extraordinary ability. He became Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury in 1892 after having served two years in the Senate. In 1896 his term in the Treasury ended. There was no longer any attraction for him in public life nor was there place in the Democratic Party of that day for one who had been a gold standard Secretary of the Treasury. Besides, he had entered upon his sixty-first year; he certainly looked his age and doubtless felt much older, and it was time to make a little money to safeguard his old age. So he went to New York to practise law, receiving fees that in a few years exceeded all he had been paid for his public services from the day he entered public life in 1859 until he withdrew from it nearly forty years later.

Not one of Louisiana's six representatives saw service in the war. Four had been too young; one had been too old. Newton Crain Blanchard, who was a member of the delegation, represented Louisiana in the Senate in the nineties.

MAINE had a powerful delegation in the House composed of Reed, Dingley, Milliken and Boutelle. By reason of long and continuous service, as well as through merit, these four at length acquired a position in the House that gave the delegation great influence. Dingley was in the Maine legislature all through the Civil War years, and Milliken was holding state office, but both Reed and Boutelle served in the Navy. Thomas B. Reed was one of the great congressional figures not only of his own time but of all time. He was born in 1839, and was assistant paymaster in the United States Navy during the last eighteen months of the war, chiefly on a gunboat patrolling the Tennessee, Cumberland and Mississippi rivers. Before that he had gone to California and there had been admitted to the bar, but the Maine-born, Maine-reared young man could not adjust himself to the conditions which in that day obtained on the coast. He served in Congress from 1876 until 1899, when he resigned. The floor leader of the Republicans in 1885-89, he became speaker in the latter year and long will be remembered for the radical reform he wrought then in the rules and practices of the House. Doubtless the House knew stormier sessions in the days before the Civil War, when intensified antagonism between the sections developed hot enmity, and fierce debates were filled with challenges, but it has known no experiences in the last sixty years comparable to those with which it seethed when Reed became its master.

The Republicans began with a small majority in the Fifty-first Congress. Of the 330 members, 173 were Republican, 156 were Democratic and one called himself an Independent. But the House is never without its empty seats. Sickness, death, business cares or mere negligence are collectively accountable for an ever-varying number of absentees and the maximum possible Republican total of 173 was not always present to provide from its own membership the 166 required to make a quorum. The proceedings of the House had always been conducted on the basis of the legislative fiction that a member who did not answer to his name on roll call was not present, though in point of fact he might be seated in his place in plain view—and in Reed's day each representative still had his individual chair and desk. When a minority party filibustered against partisan measure proposed by the majority it was accepted strategy to compel the dominant party to provide a quorum from its own membership. This was relatively easy when the majority was large and coherent—difficult when the majority was narrow. The compulsion was applied by sitting in silence when the roll was called to establish the presence of a quorum. One hundred or more Democratic representatives might be in their seats but precedent entitled them to be recorded as absent if they refused to answer 'Present' when the roll was called. It may seem absurd now that such a practice could have been maintained so long as to ripen into an ancient and governing precedent but it cannot seem more ridiculous to this generation than the present practice of permitting a minority to rule the Senate will seem to the next.

WHEN the proceedings of the House were thus blocked, Tom Reed dealt with the situation in his own resolute way. He 'counted' a quorum. It took moral and physical courage and he had both in exhaustless measure. When the whole body of Democratic representatives sat in their places, each keeping silent when his name was called, Reed counted a sufficient number of the plainly visible recalcitrants to make up a quorum when added to the number of Republicans who had responded, and directed the clerk to record them as 'present.' When Democrats sought to baffle Reed by leaving the chamber of the House, Reed ordered the doors locked and locked they were, although 'Buck' Kilgore, a burly Confederate from Texas, once kicked the locked doors open and walked out into the corridor. In any event, even less than a quorum then had, as it still has, power to compel the attendance of absent members, though it could not compel them to answer when their names were called, on the still valid principle that a horse can be led to water but cannot be made to drink.

No one who did not witness the turmoil of the House in that time of storm can form an adequate conception of the anger of the Democrats. It was then Reed won his title of 'czar,' but that word was a term of honeyed endearment when compared with the epithets hurled at him as he stood upright and inflexible behind the speaker's desk. Reed was a tremendously big man, physically as well as mentally. His trunk was massive, of the build that is associated with strength, vitality and longevity—and yet he had barely passed his sixty-third year when he died. His partly bald, well-rounded head, and firm, clean-shaven lips and chin, gave occasion to his enemies to call him 'moonfaced.' There he stood while the angry Democrats surged down the aisles waving their arms, uttering threats, and shouting abuse. But not a muscle moved in his colorless countenance nor was there the least yielding or sign of fear. He seemed as indifferent as if made of rock except that his eyes, which were singularly bright, gleamed defiance at his political enemies, among whom were hot-heads who threatened to kill him if he persisted in his course. Again and again he counted a quorum and the legality of his sensible method subsequently was sustained by the Supreme Court.

Through the whole of that Fifty-first Congress Reed pursued his course inflexibly and was therein thereafter justified even by his opponents. The House of the Fifty-second Congress, chosen in the election of 1890, was heavily Democratic. It numbered 86 Republicans as against 231 Democrats and 14 Independents and there were only 126 Republicans to face 220 Democrats and 8 Independents in the Fifty-third Congress. While the Democrats should have found it easy to provide from their own number the 167 members required to maintain a quorum in the one instance and the 179 required in the other, Reed, as the floor leader of the Republican representatives, directing his followers to sit silent when their names were called, compelled the Democrats themselves to count a quorum according to the hated czaristic formula. So passed from congressional practice one of the most effective means of filibustering ever exercised by a minority in the House. Reed had destroyed a precedent. He had restored to the House the power of doing business.

Nelson Dingley, Jr., one of Maine's 'Big Four,' was born in Maine as were all his colleagues from that state. From 1856 until his death on January 13, 1899, at the age of sixty-seven, Dingley was the owner and editor of the Lewiston *Journal*. He was governor of Maine in 1874 and 1875, and was elected to the House in 1881, there remaining until his death. His most notable legislative work was the Dingley Tariff Bill of 1897, in which was imbedded, when Aldrich had finished with it in the Senate, all the accustomed benevolences to highly protected industries. It is to be said for Dingley, who was a man of fine rectitude, that he believed in high protection as a perfect principle contributing to his country's general prosperity.

Charles A. Boutelle of Maine, born in 1839, in his young manhood followed the sea, for his father was a Maine shipmaster. Returning from a foreign voyage in the spring of 1862, he entered the Navy and served until honorably discharged at his own request, January 14, 1866. He had seen real service in the North and South Atlantic and West Gulf squadrons and had taken part in the blockade of Charleston and Wilmington and in the seizure of Jacksonville, Florida. He was made a lieutenant 'for gallant conduct in the engagement with the rebel ironclad *Albemarle*,' May 5, 1864. He commanded the steamer *Nyanza* in the capture of Mobile and in receiving the surrender of the Confederate fleet. Like Dingley he became a newspaper editor and owner. The Bangor *Whig and Courier* was his property. First elected to Congress in 1882, he remained there almost until his death, May 21, 1901. He resigned in 1900 and was considerately enough made a captain on the retired list of the Navy, to which he had devoted constructive attention during his congressional service. Indeed, he was the author of a bill in 1890 under which the building of the first modern battleship of the United States was authorized.

NOT one of Maryland's representatives in the Fiftieth Congress seems to have performed military service during the Civil War, but most of them were then too young. Five were Democrats; one was a Republican. Two of the Democrats, Charles Hopper Gibson and Isidor Rayner, afterward were sent to the Senate, as was the sole Republican, Louis E. McComas, who succeeded Gorman for a term from 1899 to 1905. Gibson was so faithful a follower of Gorman that an ingenious Washington correspondent represented him as deploring the fact that 'Gi' preceded 'Go' on the roll call, so compelling Gibson on occasion to pass the call until he could ascertain how Gorman had voted, but this was an injustice to a pleasant, harmless old gentleman. Rayner, who died relatively young, had an eloquent tongue that occasionally involved him in party trouble.

Two of the twelve representatives from Massachusetts saw service for the Union during the war. Edward Hayden, like Tom Reed of Maine, was an assistant paymaster in the Navy. William Cogswell, graduating from Harvard's law school in 1860, entered the Union army in April, 1861, and served until July 25, 1865, at the end being in command of a brigade. Few men in the House were better liked than was this short, heavily built, frank-spoken, agreeable man from Salem. Of the other representatives, Robert T. Davis had been a delegate to the convention that nominated Lincoln. Leopold Morse, Democrat, born in Bavaria in 1831, came early to the United States and was a popular and public-spirited manufacturer who served in several Congresses. Pat Collins, also of Boston and a Democrat, born in Ireland, was prominent in the Fenian Movement and the Irish Land League. This did not prevent his becoming consul general at London, then one of the most profitable of all consular offices. John D. Long, who had three times been elected governor of Massachusetts in the early eighties, was Secretary of the Navy under McKinley during the Spanish American War.

The member of the Massachusetts delegation in the Fiftieth Congress who was to achieve the greatest distinction of any was Henry Cabot Lodge. Sixteen years out of Harvard, Lodge by his ability attracted attention from the beginning of his service. He was an ardent, even intense partisan. His name was given to the so-called 'Force Bill' that was intended to fasten Republican supremacy upon the South by putting the whole strength of the Federal Government back of the Negro. Lodge was a man of literary ability as well as political strength. When only twenty-three years old he had been appointed editor of the *North American Review*, which was then a considerably heavier publication than it was suffered to remain under G. B. N. Harvey's lighter touch. During the whole of his political life Lodge continued his literary pursuits, writing a number of excellent books, many of them imbued with Hamiltonian doctrine. Lodge and Roosevelt when the latter was Civil Service Commissioner, and Taft when in the Department of Justice, became intimate personal friends and Roosevelt and Lodge remained in exceptionally close relation to the end, though Lodge could not follow him in his insurgency. After serving eight years in the House, Lodge went on to the Senate March 4, 1893, and there remained until his death. The outstanding feature of his Senate service was his bitter personal and political feud with President Wilson in which Wilson zealously bore a reciprocating part. Both were intellectually brilliant—each in pride of intellect a little intolerant of common minds and each disposed to be autocratic. They were much alike in temperament and powers though Wilson had the keener intellect and stronger will. In the long fight over the League of Nations they fought a duel to the death. It is within bounds to say that two men never more comprehensively indulged in polished hate. Lodge was not an orator. His presence was good, but his voice was harsh. Yet his intellect gave wings to words that lacked eloquence and the influence of his speech was potent.

Michigan had eleven representatives; five of them fought for the Union. Edward P. Allen went into the service soon after being graduated from the State Normal school. James O'Donnell, who was a printer, enlisted as a private in season to fight in the first Battle of Bull Run. Melbourne H. Ford, having attended the Naval Academy at Annapolis, served in the Navy. Byron M. Cutcheon was graduated at Ann Arbor in the class of '61, served so ably as to be made a general 'for conspicuous gallantry,' was twice wounded at Spottsylvania and was in command of a brigade in the Army of the Potomac when the war ended. Julius C. Burrows was an officer in the Union army 1862-64, served several years in the House and first went to the Senate when chosen in 1895 to fill Stockbridge's unexpired term.

(This is the first of two articles dealing with the members of the House of Representatives in the Fiftieth Congress. The second will appear in an early issue.)

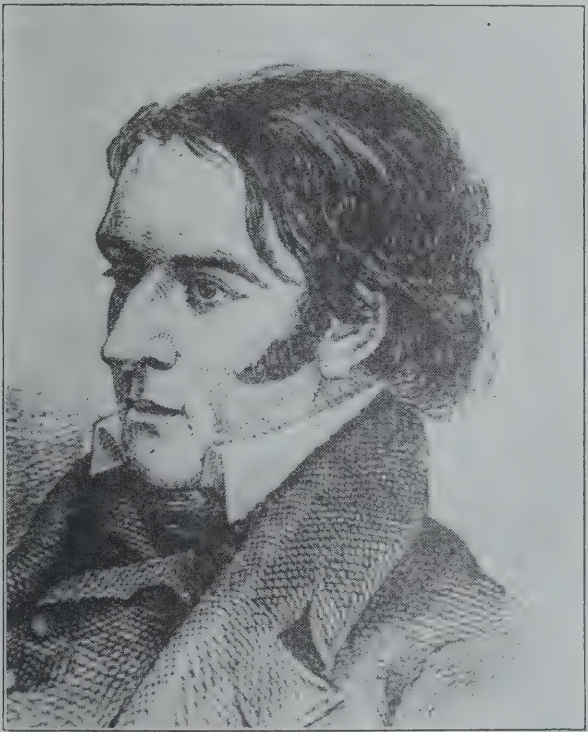
For Marksmanship—DAVID CROCKETT

By ZELLA ARMSTRONG

THE fame of David Crockett, once a name to conjure with, the greatest sportsman, the finest shot, the most popular man in America, was known from Texas to the Lakes and, when he died a martyr at the Alamo, the whole nation mourned. As a hunter and a marksman he probably had no equal even in a time when being a good shot was much more important than being a good speller. Wherever he went hundreds gathered to see him shoot.

David Crockett was a son of John Crockett, who came into the Tennessee Mountains from Virginia about 1780. David was born on August 17, 1786, in the then forest fastnesses of east Tennessee. John Crockett himself was a soldier and a huntsman. He was in the Battle of Kings Mountain we know, and he was probably in other engagements of the Revolutionary War and the campaigns with the Indians which followed.

That the youthful Crockett learned the use of his rifle from his father, and that he quickly became proficient in the other arts of the woodsman we know. His first courting journey is recorded when he proudly jingled five silver dollars won at a shooting contest and felt himself the richest man in the world. He was barely seventeen and the courting was quite fruitless despite the bait of five whole dollars.



David Crockett, whose early years were devoted to a backwoodsman's existence, and whose heritage of pluck and a roving disposition attracted to him many political constituents.

Davy not only shot in contests for sport and in the forest for food, but entered the service of the United States and followed the Indian wars, and when the valorous Andrew Jackson desired volunteers in the War of 1812, and gave Tennessee its glorious name the 'Volunteer State,' Davy Crockett was one of the first eager entries in the lists. He worshiped General Jackson as his followers all did. He became known in camp for his wit and oratory as well as for his accurate aim.

When he returned to his home in Tennessee he was so well known that his neighbors decided to send him to the state legislature, where his shrewd wit and clever stories added to his fame and general popularity. From that office he was elected to Congress and there he repeated his conquests.

As an example of his rugged wit a story is told concerning a suggestion that a well-known college would give him an honorary degree if he would pay a visit there. 'No,' said Crockett, 'the only degree I want, and I have that, is a degree of good sense.'

It is told of him that on one of his visits in the East some one asked him rather rudely who he was. He replied: 'I am David Crockett—I can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, ride upon a streak of lightning, and slip without a scratch down a honey locust. I can whip my weight in wild cats, and if any gentleman pleases, for a ten-dollar bill, he can throw in a panther. I can hug a bear too close for comfort, and can eat any man opposed to General Jackson.'

All of which proves that he had no slight opinion of his abilities. Later when Crockett changed his political views and opposed Jackson the change of opinion cost him his seat in Congress and he was defeated in election although he personally went electioneering among his friends with coonskin cap on his head and rifle over his shoulder. All this was powerless in the face of Jackson's popularity.

Crockett, greatly embittered by his defeat, left Tennessee. After many wanderings he went to Texas, then in the throes of its war for independence. The story of the Alamo where he fell in a martyr's death is part of the imperishable glory of American valor.

Crockett arrived at the fortress, the Alamo, near the present site of San Antonio in time to join forces with the Texans. The commander of the little citadel was only too glad to welcome so distinguished a veteran and fighter. David Crockett was not quite fifty years of age.

Before daybreak on the sixth of March, the Mexican General Santa Anna assaulted the fort with the whole Mexican army.

When day broke, six Americans were left alive and one of these was Davy Crockett. He stood at bay like a lion, blood streaming from a wound in his forehead, his rifle broken, his bowie knife in his hand.

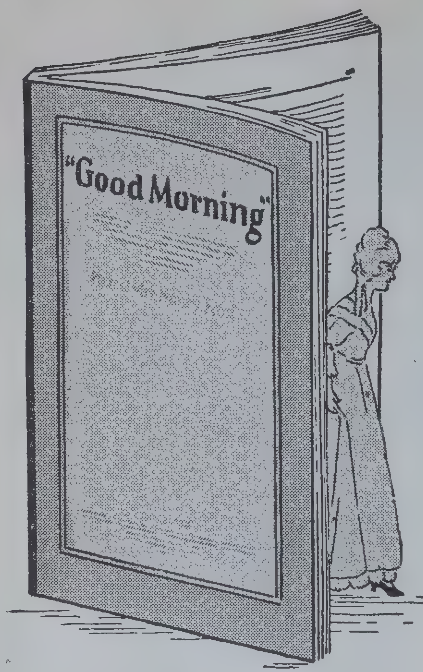
The six were forced to surrender. The Mexicans dragged them before Santa Anna asking what should be done with the prisoners. Santa Anna replied, 'Have I not told you what to do with prisoners?'

Immediately, taking the words as a signal, the Mexicans plunged knives into the hapless Americans.

Crockett sprang barehanded at Santa Anna's throat, but was dragged away and a dozen swords pierced his body. It is said that he died without a groan.

Thus ended the life of a man whose wondrous story is a part of American history, whose life in full reads like that of heroes of old. Perhaps in that last moment he recalled unconsciously his own life motto which is so vividly before us:

'Be sure you're right; then go ahead.'



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CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'You can usually measure the enthusiasm for high protective tariffs by the average ages of the men dominant in the industries considered,' said a ***Man Closely in Touch*** with the subject.

'That is, the younger the men and the younger the industries, the more self-reliant they are; the readier they are to trust to American methods, such as mass production, instead of artificial protection, in meeting competition on account of cheap labor abroad.

'More and more, American industries are becoming dependent for continued expansion, if not for continuing prosperity, on the sale of surplus production abroad. One of the big handicaps to the sale of American manufactured goods in other lands is high tariffs, often much higher than ours. Americans can't very well protest against these so long as their country maintains a high tariff wall.

'But, conversely, groups other than manufacturing ones are developing increased fervor for protection. This is the case with several farming groups. The South, which used to be the stronghold of the free trade theory, is veering toward support of protection for its manufactured and farm products.'

* * *

'In no other field of social legislation has greater progress been made in recent times than in child labor,' said the ***Social Worker.*** 'Today every state in the Union has child labor laws; also compulsory education statutes, which probably have had better effect in ameliorating child labor conditions than the laws bearing directly thereon.

'Laws dealing directly with child labor necessarily are negative. They say that children shall not be permitted to do certain things; they do not say that certain things must be done for children.

'Some of the states have dealt with the subject reluctantly. This was true in some states, as in cotton mill sections, where big-scale modern industry was new. Eagerness to develop prosperous manufacturing often overcame humane feeling for the little children of indifferent parents, children whose work was turned into dividends by callous employers.

'In 1912 the National Child Labor Committee put forth what it called a uniform model of a child labor statute. At that time the laws of twenty-one states were below the standards fixed in that proposal. Now those of only three states seem to be below those standards in important particulars; about half the states are much above them. The three states which appear to lag have virtually no industries of the kind covered so far by child labor laws.

'One state, where mining is a leading industry, does not forbid the working of little children in mines; but no children have ever been employed in mines there. So, much of the laxness on the part of some of the states is more apparent than actual; often what would appear to be desirable has not been done for the reason that no existing condition calls for it.'

* * *

'The appeal of the motion picture to the young minds of the world is very powerful,' said the ***Motion Picture Star.*** 'It is the greatest sales force, the greatest advance guard to the commerce of America with the world, that has ever been known. It is the most instructive thing, because of its visual education, that has ever been known since the world began.

'The first language ever devised was a picture language—the moon, a river, a boat told the story. This is built on the same principle. The most subtle psychology of life may be dealt with through the motion picture.

'Douglas Fairbanks once took a picture, made for the subtle mind of the metropolis, up to an Indian reservation 120 miles from a railroad, where most of these Indians had never heard of a motion picture. A lot of them knew nothing whatever of dramatic structure, of the presentation of life through the medium of drama; yet the subtle points—possibly too clever for the ordinary mind—were picked up immediately by these half-civilized Indians.'

* * *

'It seems that Liberia is due to have some attention from the United States,' said the ***Bishop.*** 'Uncle Sam's first child should not be forsaken. Besides, it would seem that the youngster of a hundred years has shown qualities not unworthy of its sire. A good climate, a fertile soil, every other kind of natural resource, and a brave enduring people, these might at least have serious consideration. A capable and sympathetic investigation ought to be worth while.

'If the American founders of the colony in Liberia and the American establishers of the Liberian Republic had been succeeded in their own country by men of like vision, there might have been no Civil War. If the men of today will heed the signs of the times, something worse than that may be avoided.

'Africa is going to be a great country in the future. It is sunny, beautiful, of untold wealth, and has a great future. I see a great possibility for the United States in Liberia in many directions, and not least in the modification of the colored challenge, if not in its solution.

'Beyond this, I see a wonderful colored republic in Africa. But beyond even this, I see the Liberian Republic—strong, orderly, educated, Christian—the great and natural instrument for the civilization and the christianization of millions of Negroes in East Africa.

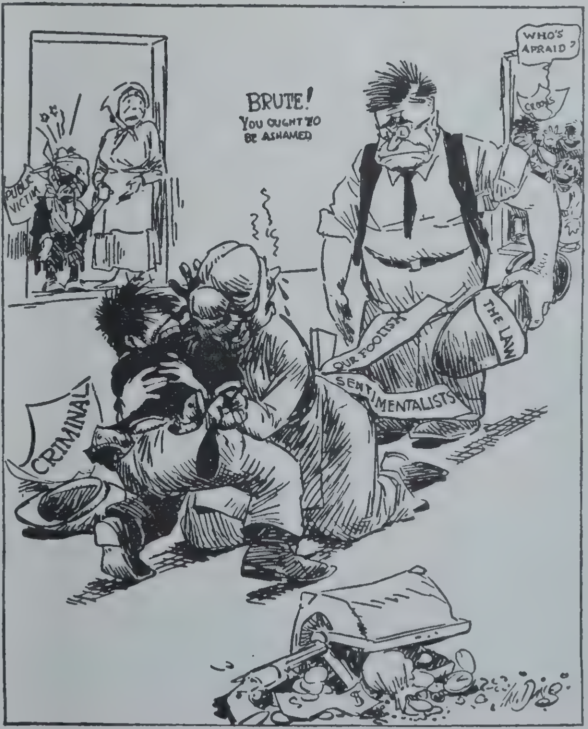
'The average reader may think me welcome to my ideals. But even a preacher may be credited with some wisdom in seeing that, for the white race, it were better that the Negro should be Christian than Mohammedan. The spread of the latter persuasion in Africa in late years is not reassuring.'

* * *

'It has been the custom of moralizers to point to the small divorce record of Canada and, contrasting it with the large number of divorces south of the international boundary, claim it as evidence of the superior virtue of Canadians,' said the ***Man From Toronto.*** 'An examination of statistics indicates that other explanations might be found to account for the difference.

'Very many Canadians suffering from insupportable marital conditions have gone to the United States to obtain the relief denied them in their own land. Human nature is much the same on both sides of the boundary, and equal facilities for procuring divorce would disclose just as much misery in domestic life.

'Confirmation of this is found in the fact that in the first two years after the western provinces, by virtue of a judgment in an appealed case, exercised the right to establish provincial courts for the hearing of divorce cases, no less than 498 applications were filed in Winnipeg alone, of which all but seventeen were granted. The significance of these figures is striking. In two years one of the three prairie provinces formerly under the jurisdiction of the Divorce Committee at Ottawa granted as many divorces as the Dominion Parliament did in fifty-two years, and considerably more than twice the number of divorce bills passed by the federal tribunal in the same two years—1920 and 1921—the figures being in Manitoba 481, and in the Dominion Parliament 200.'



—Darling, *Detroit News* (c) N. Y. *Herald-Tribune.*

NO WONDER WE HAVE MORE INSTEAD OF LESS.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. Was an investigation made as to the responsibility for the explosion of the naval ammunition depot at Lake Denmark, New Jersey, which was struck by lightning last summer?

Answer. An investigation was held by a naval court of inquiry which was headed by Rear Admiral Robert E. Coontz. The report, made public on August 3, 1926, stated that 'the court, in the light of all the evidence, cannot conscientiously fix the responsibility for this disaster upon any human being.' Although the storage of explosives at Lake Denmark was believed by all responsible officers to present no danger other than that inherent and unavoidable in the storage of large quantities of ammunition, the court reported against the maintenance of any such large ammunition base at Lake Denmark in the future.

* * *

Q. Can you tell me what was the estimated aborigine population of North America at the time of its discovery?

A. Compilations of figures from the stories of early writers would indicate a population of somewhat under 200,000 for the territory east of the Mississippi and it is not likely that the Indians north of Mexico numbered very many more than 500,000 when the whites appeared.

* * *

Q. Why did not George Washington sign the Declaration of Independence?

A. George Washington was not a member of the Continental Congress when the Declaration of Independence was signed. The Virginia Convention which met in July, 1775, elected delegates to represent Virginia in the Continental Congress for one year. These delegates were Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Nelson, Richard Bland and George Wythe. These men signed the Declaration of Independence for Virginia, with the exception of Peyton Randolph who had died and Richard Bland who had declined to serve on account of advanced age. They were succeeded by Carter Braxton and Francis Lightfoot Lee, both of whom signed.

* * *

Q. During the Battle of Germantown, did George Washington have his headquarters at a place called The Green Tavern, and who was the owner of this tavern?

A. Hotchkiss in his *Germantown, Mt. Airy and Chestnut Hill* says that the headquarters of Washington during his sojourn in this neighborhood were at the residence of George Emlen, at Chestnut Hill. Charles F. Jenkins in his *Washington in Germantown* says that Washington occupied the house of Henry Hill late in July or early in August, 1777, and that later (but before the Battle of Germantown) he made his headquarters at Stenton, which had been built in 1728 by James Logan. No reference to headquarters at The Green Tavern has, however, been located.

* * *

Q. Why are motion pictures of heavy-weight championship boxing bouts prohibited in interstate commerce?

A. The Federal Act prohibiting the transportation of fight films from one state to another was passed in 1910 after the Jeffries-Johnson heavy-weight champion bout, as it was feared that a bout between a colored and a white contender would increase race riots, which were quite prevalent in various places at that time. Federal Judge Henry W. Goddard recently ruled that it is legal to exhibit films and receive prize fight films from one who, not being a common carrier, has transported them across the state line.

* * *

Q. Have the slides from the banks and the oozings from the bottom of the Culebra Cut definitely ceased and if so, when was the last slide? How many dredges are in operation at present in the Culebra Cut? Is there any danger lest the slides close the canal to navigation?

A. There has been no interference to traffic in the Panama Canal on account of slides since March 24, 1920, and while some slides have occurred since that date none has been of sufficient extent to block the channel. While the Panama Canal is not entirely free from the danger of slides in the Gaillard (Culebra) Cut, it is not probable that any slide will ever occur which will close the canal to navigation so long as the present policy is continued of having dredging equipment immediately available for work on slides as soon as they occur. The situation is being improved steadily by the removal of whatever material may slide into the prism, by the grading of the banks, and by the draining of the land beyond the outer limits of the banks. It is assumed that any oozings from the bottom of the canal would be removed in the ordinary course of maintenance work. Three fifteen-yard dipper dredges are at present engaged in maintaining the canal channel in the Gaillard Cut.

* * *

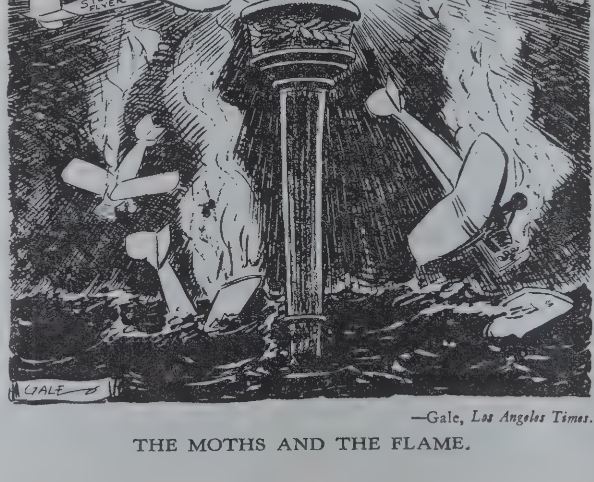
Q. Beginning with A. D. 1066, please give the name and length of reign of the ruling houses of England.

A. William of Normandy who was crowned King of England in 1066 died in 1087 and was succeeded by his son William II who died in 1100; he was succeeded by his brother Henry I, who died in 1135. The family name of William of Normandy is unknown. On Henry's death the throne was seized by Stephen Count of Boulogne, son of Stephen Count of Blois and Chartres, and Adela, daughter of William I. Stephen died in 1154 and was succeeded by Henry II, son of Geoffrey Count of Anjou, and Matilda, daughter of Henry I. Henry II began what has been called the Plantagenet line but what is now styled by historians the Angevin House. This house ruled in the direct male line until 1399. With the death of the childless Richard II in 1399, the crown passed to the House of Lancaster, descended from John of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III and therefore in reality a branch of the Angevin. The Lancastrian monarchs were forced to contend against the claims of the House of York similarly descended from a son of Edward III. The line of York attained the throne in the person of Edward IV (1461-83) but with the death of his brother, Richard III (1483-85), the crown passed to the House of Tudor. Elizabeth, last of the Tudors, died in 1603 and was succeeded by James I, first of the Stuart kings. By the usurpation of Cromwell the Stuarts were excluded from the throne from the defeat of Charles I at Naseby in 1645 until the restoration of his son Charles II in 1660. With the death of Queen Anne in 1714, the Stuart line gave way to that of Hanover, George I being the first of that line on the English throne. By the marriage of Queen Victoria to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the House of Hanover came to an end and the dynasty became the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha with the family surname of Wettin. This was changed to the House of Windsor by proclamation of King George.

* * *

Q. What are the capitals of Russia, Scotland, Norway and Holland?

A. The capital of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics (Russia) is Moscow; of Scotland, Edinburgh; of Norway, Oslo; of the Netherlands (Holland), The Hague.



—Gale, *Los Angeles Times.*

THE MOTHS AND THE FLAME.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Each of the four King Georges preceding George V, present King of England, died on the same day of the week.

The Paris Opera House is the largest theater in the world, covering a ground area of three acres.

Sir William Richmond, famous English artist, had a favorite cat which loved him so much that she attended him even while he was having his bath, and when he got out she would crouch down to lick his great toe adoringly. When Richmond was commissioned to design mosaics for the choir roof of St. Paul's Cathedral, he showed his appreciation of his pet's devotion by using her as a model for the lioness in his panel of Adam between a lion and a lioness.

The Dead Sea, in the southeast border of Palestine, which covers, according to tradition, the towns of Sodom and Gomorrah, is the lowest spot on the earth's surface, lying 1,300 feet below the sea level.

A statue of Queen Elizabeth, bearing the date 1586, is said to be the oldest public statue in London. It was originally set up on Ludgate Hill, but since 1760 it has stood outside St. Dunstan's Church.

It has been estimated that the volume of stone in the Great Pyramid weighs nearly 7,000,000 tons; there is enough to build a city of 22,000 ordinary-sized houses.

A dime spent for clams recently netted Raymond Curtis of New Bedford, Massachusetts, $174.90. One of the shellfish contained what Curtis thought was a black shoe button, but the jeweler to whom he took it thought differently, declaring it to be a rare and beautiful specimen of black pearl worth $175.

Basil I of Russia had a wax nose, his own having been severed by a sword. Unaware of this, the German ambassador and his suite were once terrified at seeing Basil's nose drop off during a court ceremonial.

Credit for introducing the idea of daylight-saving time should go to Benjamin Franklin, who, while minister to France in 1784, wrote an article explaining how, by changing their clocks, the people of Paris could save millions of dollars a year in candles.

That science which has to do with the measurement of the earth's surface is known as geodesy—a word of Greek derivation meaning 'to divide the earth.'

Cricket was introduced into England from France in the Middle Ages. The name of the game is derived from the French *criquet*, a stick used in the game of bowls.

An animal jawbone weighing more than twenty pounds has been found in a gravel pit near Shelbyville, Indiana. Preserved in the bone are a number of teeth one and one-half inches wide and about five inches long.

Leavenheath, a village in Suffolk, England, has eighty bachelors out of a total population of about one hundred.

The bird spider of South America, with a leg spread of seven or eight inches, is the largest spider in the world.

England spent more money on golf during the past season than on all other games combined.

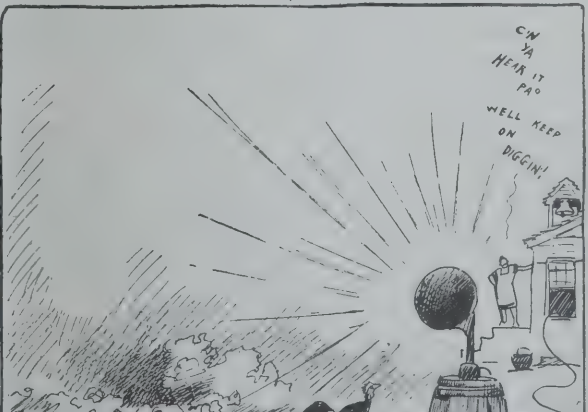
The police in certain portions of Japan, through fear of increasing robberies, have forbidden the habit of sleeping with the window open.

The heart of Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot who fought in the American Revolution, has recently been sent from Switzerland to the Polish capital to be placed in a museum.

Only five per cent of the nineteen thousand children in orphan asylums in nine states are full orphans.

Twenty of the sixty-two airplane records officially recognized by the International Aeronautic Federation of Paris are held by the United States.

So far as the size of the mouth and throat is concerned many species of sharks could swallow a man with ease.


C'N YA HEAR IT PA?
WELL KEEP ON DIGGIN'!

—Donahey, *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

MA ALWAYS HAS A WAY TO KEEP GRANDPA HAPPY.

According to Herr Emil Ludwig, Otto von Bismarck smoked a hundred thousand cigars and drank five thousand bottles of champagne in five years.

Women are eligible for the post of minister or ambassador in the United States diplomatic service, although no women as yet have ever held the position.

Finland boasts of being the northernmost republic on the globe; the first country to give absolute equal suffrage to women; the first to adopt prohibition. She also has the greatest forest area of any country in Europe; the greatest number of lakes of any country, and the largest paper mill in Europe.

The blue or sulphur-bottom whale is the largest species known; one specimen, captured off the west coast of North America, is said to have been 95 feet in length, with a weight of 147 tons.

The origin of the pocket has been traced to the 15th and 16th Century custom of wearing the pouch at the side where, according to Shakespeare, it was customary to wear one's dial.

As a means of advertising, W. S. Eaton, in charge of the barber shop in the old Palmer House in Chicago, had 365 silver dollars placed in the tiles of the floor. Only ninety of the old coins have withstood the wear of the years.

In Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the two principals travel from Verona to Milan by water, despite the fact that both cities are inland with no water to connect them.

The president of Czecho-Slovakia is elected for life.

About one in every seven hundred tortoise-shell cats is a male.

Seven hundred tons of water are required during the growing period of an acre of potatoes.

During the Civil War there were 2,400 military engagements considered important enough to be identified by name.

A giant cypress tree in Santa Maria de Tule, near Oaxaca in southern Mexico, believed to be two thousand years old, rises to a height of 140 feet and is 110 feet around.

The boats used by the ancient Egyptians were large enough to carry four thousand rowers, four hundred sailors, and three thousand soldiers.

The language spoken by the Eskimos from Greenland to Siberia is so similar that widely separated tribes would not have much difficulty in understanding one another.

NOTES · COMMENTS · CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses false values.

* * *

In touring the country, one should measure the trip, not by miles covered nor by points visited, but by the people and the things one has seen. Charles J. Finger, writer of adventure tales, has rambled along the Texas Gulf Coast and has described his findings in two articles, one of which is in this issue. (p. 1)

* * *

John Ericsson, inventor of the revolving gun turret on an ironclad raft, was a precocious boy. At the age of twelve, he had charge of six hundred Swedish troops who were digging a canal—when he was so small that he could not reach the eyepiece of his leveling instrument. An attendant followed him with a stool, so that he could stand on it. (p. 4)

* * *

Ericsson contested against Stephenson for a prize that was to be awarded to the best steam locomotive which would draw a gross weight of twenty tons at the rate of ten miles an hour. Seven weeks before the close of the contest, Ericsson heard of it and entered. His engine reached a speed of thirty miles an hour and easily passed Stephenson's *Rocket;* but it was unable to finish the required seventy miles because of minor defects.

* * *

In the House of Representatives of the Seventieth Congress, there has been but one Civil War veteran. In the same house back in 1887, during the Fiftieth Congress, nearly half its number had seen service in either the Union or Confederate army. The Union veterans considerably outnumbered their Confederate brethren, although in the Senate of the same Congress that condition was reversed. (p. 7)

* * *

In January, 1779, the front cover of the *United States Magazine* advertised as feature articles of the issue such items as 'List of the Members of Congress for the year 1779'; 'Apology for the Cornwalliad, a Proposed Heroic Poem'; 'An Oration on the Advantages of American Independence'; and Number 7 of a series of 'Political Discourses Founded on the Scriptures.' The Table of Contents was styled: 'Particulars.' (p. 8)

* * *

Alongside the Dude Ranch of the West comes another to take its place as the Dude Ranch of the Snows. Instead of ponies and saddles, it offers dog teams and snowshoes. Where the Westerner has his wide-open range, the Northerner has his great snow spaces. Instead of hunting, there is the winter wild life, the tracks across the white. (p. 12)

* * *

It was to free the hereditary principle, writes Lewis Worthington Smith, that we established a democracy in America a century and a half ago. 'It is the business of our democracy to liberate all hereditary ability, to give it full opportunity, not to submerge it in the interest of a fictitious dynastic monopoly or a sentimental equality among men.' (p. 15)

* * *

Dorothy E. Pilley, well-known mountain climber, started out one day last summer to prove that 'every mountain, however formidable in appearance, has an easy way up.' The peak of her choice was Going-to-the-Sun Mountain in Glacier National Park. Cunning rather than luck was needed, she avers, and illustrates her point by referring to another party which tried to follow her footsteps after she had completed the ascent. The second party was compelled to abandon the attempt. (p. 16)

* * *

Ory Henderson's gander was a town character. He was always breaking through the fence, leaving his geese, and venturing forth into town. Then came the excitement of driving him back, in which the whole town joined. Everybody liked the gander chase, although the men pretended to grumble because Ory didn't keep the fence fixed. That was forty years ago! (p. 19)

* * *

Ellsworth B. Cornwall was graduated from the New York Law School and received a Bachelor's degree from Princeton. But with his bride, he went north to Vermont and hired out as a farm hand, in order to learn agriculture. That was in 1908. Today he is president and general manager of the State Federation of Farm Bureaus in Vermont—and a successful farmer. (p. 20)

* * *

Singapore stands as the guardian of East and West, on the border between Orient and Occident. Every race, every tongue, and every creed meets here; ships from every corner of the world drop anchor in the harbor. It is nothing if not cosmopolitan. There are only two classes of society—white and Asiatic. But it is accepted and there is no resentment. (p. 21)

* * *

Lesley Frost, whose poem, 'Winter Dare,' appears in this issue, is the daughter of Robert Frost, the loved poet of New England. But she has established herself as a writer of verse in her own right, and her poems breathe the spirit of nature love and high purpose. (p. 24)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Los Angeles, California.

At the regular meeting of Angel City Branch No. 24, National Association of Letter Carriers, on November 5, it was unanimously voted that a letter of thanks and appreciation be sent THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for the very fine article by the Honorable Clyde Kelly of Pennsylvania, 'Clearing the Postal Deficit' which appeared in the October 15 issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

The postal employes are very much interested in the postal policy as advocated by Congressman Kelly, and the publicity given by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT to matters of this nature will greatly assist in having enacted into law a postal policy.

FRANK H. BILLIG,
Recording Secretary.

Asheboro, North Carolina.

Just a line, from a busy 'Colaborer' in the newspaper field, to express appreciation for the beautiful editorial on Indian summer in your issue of Nov. 12. A week-end trip through the Shenandoah Valley prepared me for it. You have wonderfully described the sunset, the fields, corn, crows and beautiful colorings in the skies. I thank you.

(MRS.) WM. C. HAMMER.

Berlin, New York.

Of the numerous faults of your publication, the first is that it is too small. The editorials are excellent but very short. If to be brief is the soul of wit, then they are brief.

I do not always agree with Mr. Ford's Page. But it certainly causes serious consideration which is most welcome, and in our opinion should be two pages instead of 'Page.' I stopped reading it as I found it should be studied to get better results.

The articles are most interesting especially those on Pioneer America and Science and Art. But all are too short. The INDEPENDENT has one redeeming feature seldom found. I have yet to see a biased article.

JOS. L. MCLAUGHLIN.

Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

I have taken your magazine for a number of years and it has been a liberal education to read it. I am writing this letter to thank you for all the good your magazine has done to thousands of your readers.

(MRS.) DOROTHY C. RICE.

Where MAN *Built For* ETERNITY

Cradle *of* Civilization *Is* Yielding Up Its Treasure

In the Valley of the Tombs of Kings, Egypt, Pharaohs dug subterranean chambers for burial vaults, to prevent posterity from discovering their treasure. Today we are prying out their ancient secrets. —Ewing Galloway.

A shadoof, or sweep, at an irrigation canal near ancient Heliopolis. —Publishers' Photo Service.

Camel with his rich trappings and his turbaned rider, silhouetted against a palm-bordered lake at Kaphia village, Egypt. The Pyramids as seen in the distance look like gray cones rising above the horizon. They are frequently disappointing in their first impression; only on closer view are their immensity and wonder apparent. —Publishers' Photo Service.

Herder and flock, with Pyramids as background. Today the Great Pyramid is 300 feet lower than Herodotus described it—the rest has been carted to Cairo for buildings.

This Pyramid is almost a solid mass of mighty stone blocks in step formation. The king who built it for his tomb lived three hundred odd years before Christ. —International Film Service Co.

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NO FREE government or the blessings of liberty can be preserved to any people but by a firm adherence to justice, moderation, temperance, frugality and virtue, and by a frequent recurrence to fundamental principles.

—*Patrick Henry.*

EA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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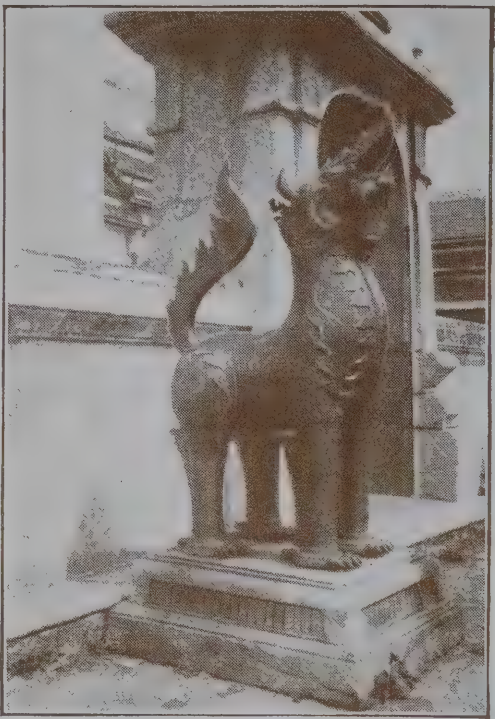
In This Issue - - - THE PEARL HUNTERS

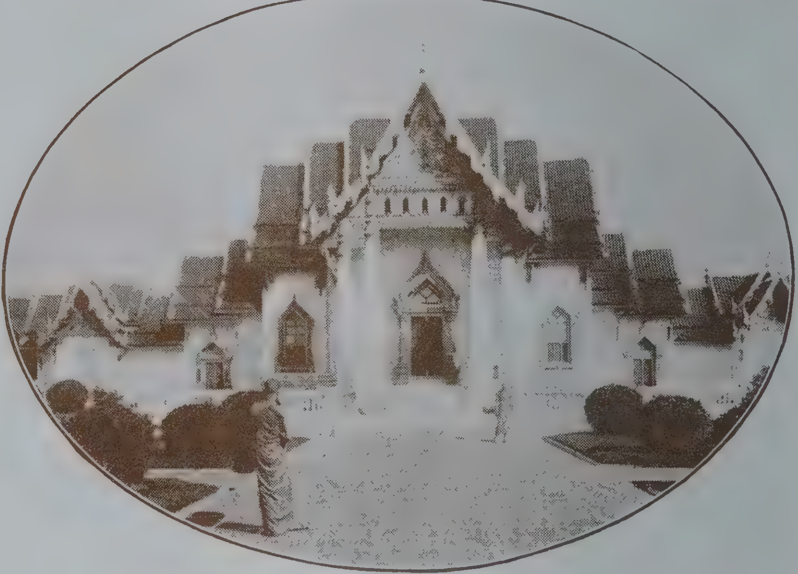
ART From the Land of BUDDHA

Curious Specimens Glimpsed *in* Siam

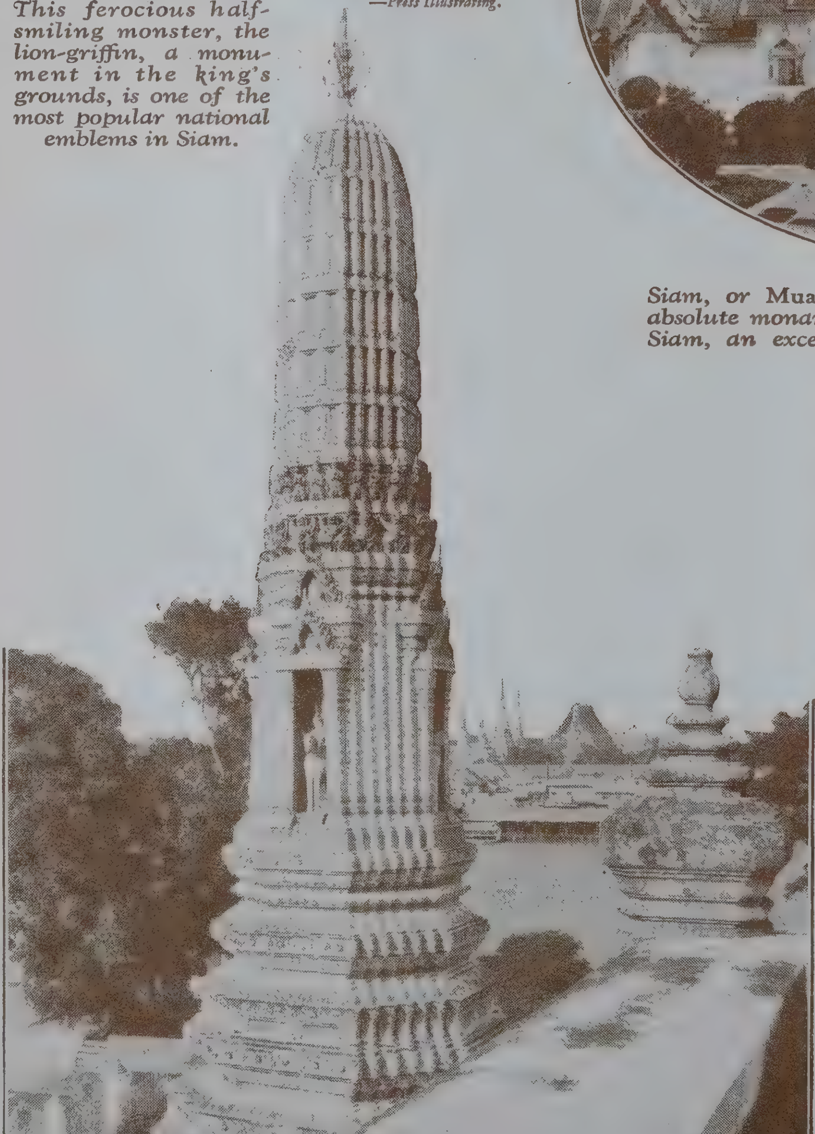


—Press Illustrating.

This ferocious half-smiling monster, the lion-griffin, a monument in the king's grounds, is one of the most popular national emblems in Siam.

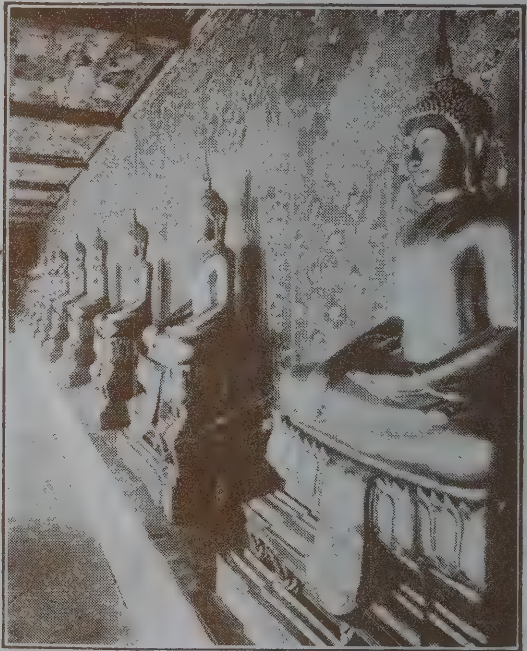


Siam, or Muang Thai, is one of the few remaining absolute monarchies. Above is Royal Wat or Temple of Siam, an excellent example of the architecture found in this interesting land.



—Herbert.

An outstanding example of Siamese art, which stands within the grounds of the Royal Palace, is this tower of porcelain, made from salvaged crockery. Its conception began with the wrecking of a ship-load of fine English porcelain in the Gulf of Siam. The ship's cargo was salvaged and worked into the design of this intricate structure.



Two-thirds of Siam's population are native Siamese, who profess a form of Buddhism. There is a close connection between the laity and priesthood, for the Buddhist rule which prescribes that every man shall enter the priesthood for at least a few months is almost universally observed, even by young princes and noblemen educated in Europe. Above is an unusual view of the Buddhas in the Royal Wat or Temple.

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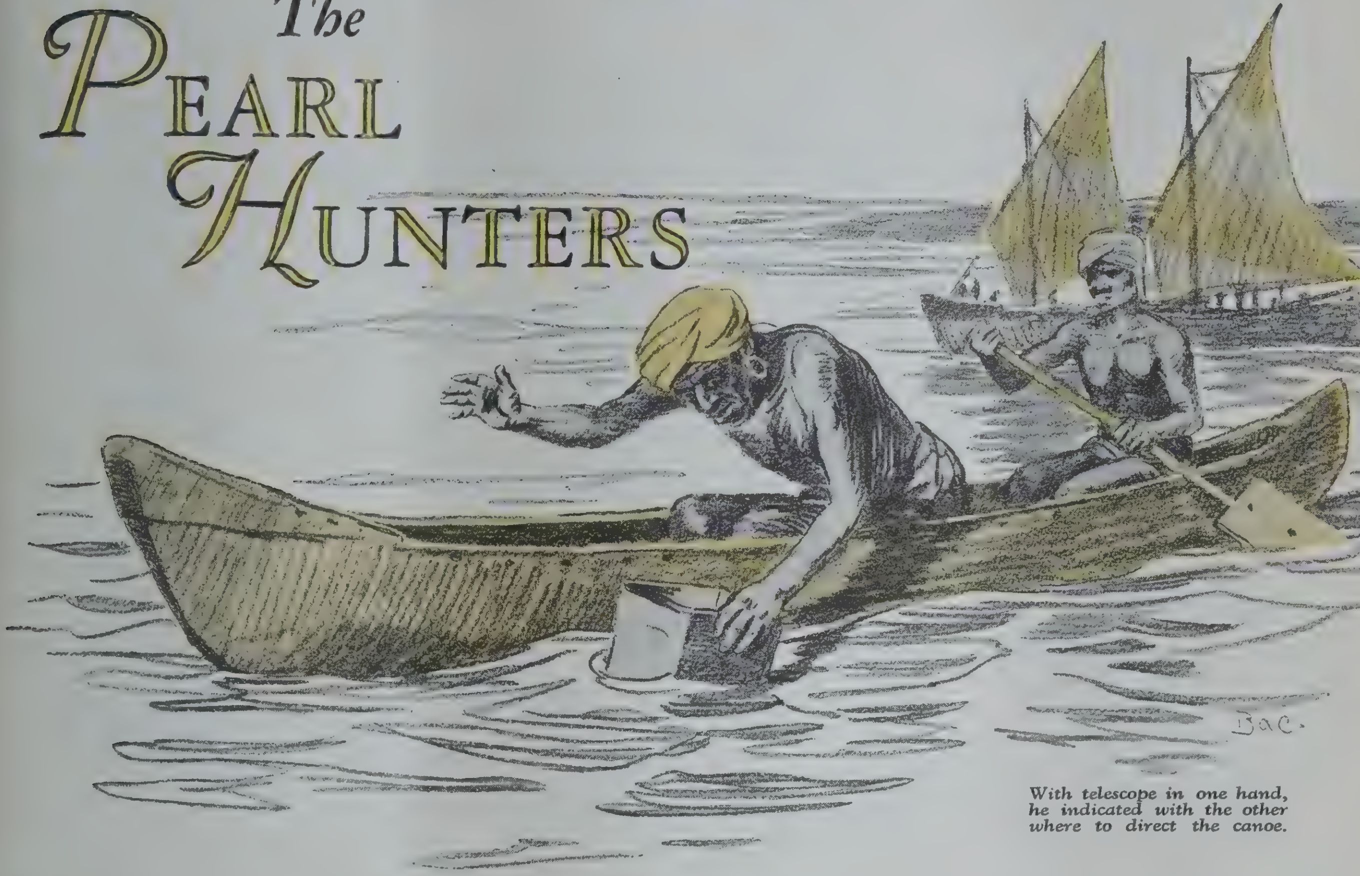
The PEARL HUNTERS



With telescope in one hand, he indicated with the other where to direct the canoe.

By A. BENKLEVSKY

I AWOKE hearing a strange noise like heavy rain pelting the surface of the water. I raised myself up in my hammock to look overboard and sat dazed with astonishment. The surface of the sea, smooth as a mirror elsewhere, seemed boiling over one spot of about thirty meters diameter. Silvery, sparkling foam threw high splashes, making a sharp gurgling. As it moved rapidly from one place to another, it suddenly vanished, leaving on the sea surface only a network of light circles expanding and crisscrossing.

The Arabian nahuda, or pilot, smiled: 'The flying fish are playing, kovaja (sir). They are glad that the sun will soon come out.'

It was daybreak on Tajura Gulf. It was even broad daylight. A pleasant morning coolness relieved the suffocating heat of a tropical night.

Our sambouka was riding at anchor in the roadstead near Jibuti among a mass of shipping. Along the low sandy shore stretched a white design of houses, cupolas, needles of mosques—with spots of green. In front, extending out to meet the sea itself, and sunk in palms, sat the white battlemented governor's palace with its large windows in Moorish style. The tricolored flag of France waved lazily on a high mast nearby.

Direct from the palace a straight wide dam reaches far into the sea. To the right, the level shore of Jibuti graduates into low hills, and vanishes. On the other side of the gulf rises a serrated line of high purplish mountains. Europeans seldom risk going there. The wild warrior *domkali* do not favor the whites. Their *tajuri*, or sultan, will treat the European guest to coffee and dates. During friendly conversation, as he looks kindly into his guest's eyes, he will give the furtive signal with his brow, then—the blow of a broad dagger in the back . . . and the sultan does not change his pose the while his slaves search and carry out the murdered.

Let not the inexperienced European trust to marked and varicolored geographical maps. The Dark Continent, divided off in diplomatic salons, has not yet given up its wild liberty and often harbors many unexpected and severe surprises for the white victors.

The day would be hot. Kovaja had shown his yellow teeth. The sun had not yet risen, but the cloudless pale-opal sky shading to the east into pale pink-and-yellow heat colors held something resembling a light fog, and everyone could feel that there below the horizon quickly rolled, coming closer, the red-hot ball of the large African sun, autocrat and despot of life in the tropics.

I had been invited by Sayid Gussein to go hunting pearls. We were to remain at sea about three days. I had moved the day before to the sambouka. The sambouka is a broad schooner of about thirty tons, roughly made of thick boards. Only one forward-leaning mast holds a long sail yard and a very large three-cornered sail. Deckless, on stern and fore it provides platforms on which several persons can stand. Between the boards on the inside are benches which were designed not for seats but more probably as braces to the craft. Such primitive construction has remained from the time of ancient Egypt, like many other things in this part of the world.

Our crew was busy with preparations for departure. The sailors were naked, bronze Arabians, wearing a medley of colors in turbans and in large scarfs wrapped round them in peculiar fashion. These scarfs serve them in this climate for breeches. The divers were black well-formed Sudanese. A skinny old man named Ahmet, a Sudanese with keen eyes, prepared his 'sea telescope.' He would indicate the places where the divers must descend and would supervise the work. His apparatus—a *tanico* it was called—was a kerosene can in which bottom and top had been cut out and a plain glass inserted. Ahmet had spent all his life on the sea. He had experienced much and knew many things. His left hand had been amputated many years ago, being caught in the ropes.

All knew and respected Ahmet. Sayid Gussein, the master—a wealthy Arabian—valued his experience highly and paid him well.

'When will you quit sailing, Ahmet?' I asked him. 'Are you not tired yet, or have you not saved enough money?'

Ahmet pressed his crippled arm to his breast and looked at me reproachfully.

'Are you not a seaman yourself, kovaja? Then why do you ask me such a thing? Don't you know that Allah gives the heart of whom he will to the sea forever? There is no necessity of Ahmet's working to earn money. Ahmet has two sons and a married daughter. If the master, Sayid Gussein himself, should give Ahmet his house and say, Live here, Ahmet would bow to him and reply: My lord, I have never fooled you; if you wish to make me a gift, give me your new sambouka which is to sail to India. I will go on it to where the sun rises and return to where the sun goes down. Ahmet cannot live without the sea.'

He fell silent, looking pensively out to where the thin line of the islands becomes one with the far horizon of the open sea. I understood.

THE pilot, an aged hunchbacked Arabian, gave orders to tighten the sail. With naked feet, sailors skilfully ran from fore to aft along a narrow beam nailed to the sambouka's board. Strange that these people do not have the wit to put two boards along the middle of the schooner where they can walk without risk of falling into the water: perhaps the sea is kind here. They fastened a heavy furled sail to the yard with thin old cord.

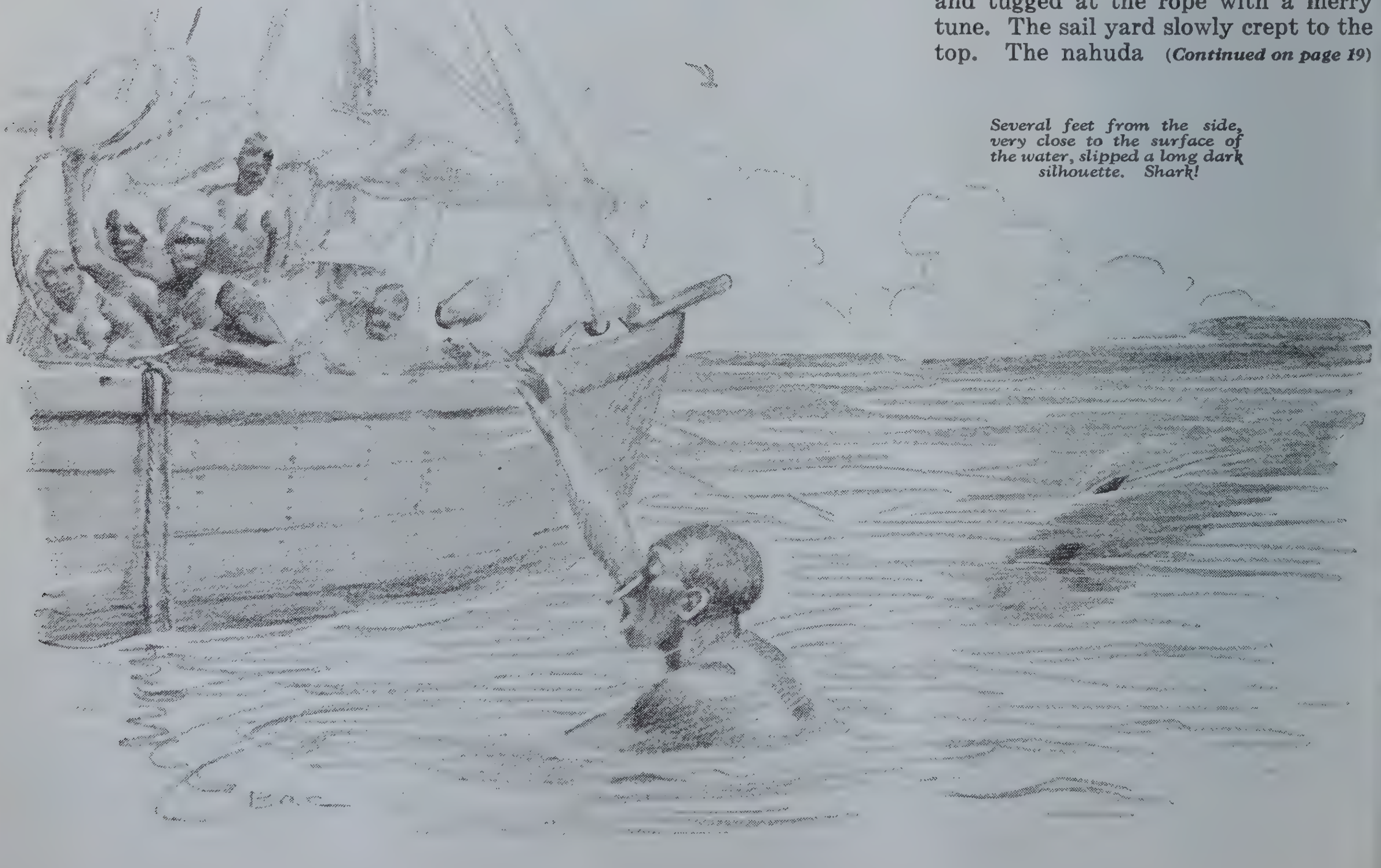
The roadstead became alive, the same work in progress on neighboring samboukas. Sharp guttural cries were heard from all sides over the smooth and sleepy water. Black canoes began to dart in various directions. These were so narrow that there was scarcely room for one man to sit aft and manipulate the one paddle on both sides in turn—a queer-shaped oar made of a stick with a wooden slab on the end. Friends shouted to each other. Happy laughter was heard.

On the large sambouka which had hailed from Aden the day before, action was especially lively. This sambouka differed from all the others in its size and its resemblance to the galleons of the Middle Ages. Its boards were painted with broad black-and-white horizontal stripes; it had an old two-story stern rising higher above the water than its bow. The heavy wooden deck was visible. The ship was aflutter with flags—on masts, on forward deck, on stern; mostly red, square and three-cornered, and bearing a particular emblem. She resembled a pirate ship of the 16th Century. She was on her way to India. A group of black sailors on the forecastle, standing in a circle, sang in a strange language, swaying from side to side, the tempo of their song gaining speed all the while. The leader suddenly made a sign with his hand and the whole company, with cries of glee, began to beat time with naked feet in some wild step. Song and dance filled the roadstead with rhythmic sound in steadily gaining measure, till again a motion of the hand brought all to a sharp finis. Perhaps but yesterday these people had struggled with winds and waves, their faces serious and their strong, rough hands barely holding the jerking ropes.

RIPPLES covered the sea. A light north wind turned our squadron of schooners, which had been standing in disorderly assemblage in the breezeless harbor, out toward its entrance with prows foremost.

'Kovaja, we should catch the wind right now and get under way,' said the nahuda to me, as he solemnly took the seat by the rudder.

A large wooden block squeaked shrilly on top of the mast. 'La-ma-na! La-ma-na!' The Arabians crowded and tugged at the rope with a merry tune. The sail yard slowly crept to the top. The nahuda (Continued on page 19)



Several feet from the side, very close to the surface of the water, slipped a long dark silhouette. Shark!

Where the Ferris Wheel Spun Around

By

FRED L. HOLMES

—Underwood & Underwood.

Fine Arts Building, being reconditioned to make a convention hall.

IF THE twelve million individuals who visited the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 were to return to the scene today, what would be their emotions to find it transformed into one of the finest boulevards and city parks of the nation?

Those to whom the Midway represented the dazzling splendor of the exhibition will find little to recall the surroundings of thirty-five years ago. Time has effaced the Irish village; gone are the dancing girls; the Javanese huts and the quaint houses of the Japanese; the streets of Cairo; the oriental shops, bazaars and restaurants, and the famous Ferris wheel. In the days before the airplane, what a wonder was this wheel that seemed to touch the clouds!

Where these stood, a mile of boulevard has been developed and bordered with trees and shrubs; in summer, the park grass is as fine and thick as velvet; the open spaces have been scooped into sunken gardens, which, when the scheme of beautification has been worked out, will be spanned with little bridges.

The stretch is still known as the Midway Plaisance. The color and bizarre of this offshoot of the fair has been turned into the subdued dignity of a garden. The Midway is now a connecting link between Washington and Jackson parks—the latter once the main fair grounds. Along the Midway's broad avenues moves an endless procession of hurrying automobiles.

Jackson Park has changed also. Only a few of the colossal structures of the famed White City stand today. Most of the buildings, the towers, and the temples have fallen into decay or been removed. Over the grounds where once tramped a great industrial phalanx of builders, followed by a host of visitors in festal days, an expansive park has been developed in which many of the exposition marvels of water and lagoon, of tortuous pathway and wooded islands, have been retained.

This development is directly attributable to the fair. A desire to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus moved Congress to pass an act organizing the exposition, which was approved on April 25, 1890. Several cities contended for the honor, but Chicago came with a purse of $5,000,000 for lands and buildings. Because of this generosity she was accorded the privilege. Of the sites suggested, however, Chicago's seemed the least desirable. The tract where Jackson Park is now located was a dreary water's edge on Lake Michigan composed of swamps and sand dunes. Marsh grass and scrub trees abounded. Within two years after the offer was accepted, an army of workers, grading and planting, turfing and road building, laying pipes, conduits and electric wires, had transformed the landscape into a marvel of beauty and sublimity.

Replica of the Santa Maria, in a bay of the old fair grounds.

States and nations vied with each other in the erection of buildings. Meantime, architects had discovered the possibilities of 'staff' for the adornment of buildings. Its use accomplished great architectural triumphs. Some of the state buildings were castles in white design. These creations for the exhibition of art and education, invention and production, were connected by a system of canals and lagoons, over which passengers were transported in Venetian gondolas from one sight to another.

The fair was officially opened by President Cleveland on May 1, 1893. The throngs of visitors increased from about one million in the first month to nearly seven million in October. The gross attendance was 27,529,400; it is estimated that the number of individuals attending was 12,000,000.

When the fair was over, Chicago determined upon a park policy which has since redounded to the benefit of a large majority of her people. The Midway has become a grand boulevard six hundred feet wide, and the main fair grounds are the present-day Jackson Park.

Jackson Park extends along the Lake Michigan water front for more than a mile. There are eight miles of drives, 254 acres of lawn, and 108 acres of ponds and lakes. Two golf courses with finely equipped shelters are at the disposal of the public, besides tennis courts, baseball fields and bathing beaches.

As one enters Jackson Park at the Midway and turns north along the west drive, the Fine Arts Building is reached—the second largest building at the fair. Time has tarnished its white, shimmering outline. During the fair it contained rare paintings gathered from all over the world, statuary, tapestries, and other works of art. For many years afterward it was used to house the Field

(Continued on page 20)

BEAUVOIR *and the*

By CHARLES J. FINGER

Left—Some of the moss-draped oaks in midwinter, in the Biloxi Naval Reserve Park. —*Southland Studio.*

Oval—Distinguished old ironwork on balconies fronting Dumeine Street, New Orleans.

Below—Stone-paved court of the historic Cabildo Prison. —*Franck.*

MY MOST astonishing adventure at Port Arthur was one which no man in haste could have had, and this was the manner of it.

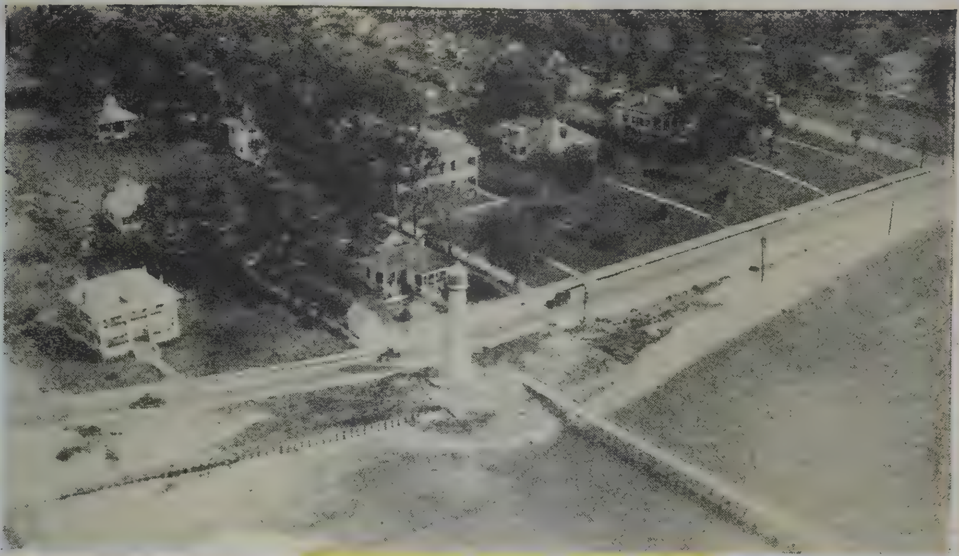
Going down to the sea I saw a man standing under a palm tree fishing in a pool that joined the main body of water by a narrow neck. He was of middle age, dressed in a pair of old overalls, barefooted, with a hat that could scarcely be called by that name, for its brim was torn away and the crown of it hung by a sort of hinge. His hair was long and black and matted, and his hands were like claws. I gave him good day; he answered with a nod, and at least a minute passed before anything more was said.

As he was not surly and had a kind of doglike, would-be friendliness about him, I being curious as to the man, asked him the name of the place from which he hailed. He answered me in rough French, saying that he came from a 'far country.' Then, later, he wanted to know my place of residence, and I told him, Ohio; whereupon he said something which I did not understand, because of his queer talk, and so he repeated it, trying to make himself understood by using words that seemed American but which were strange.

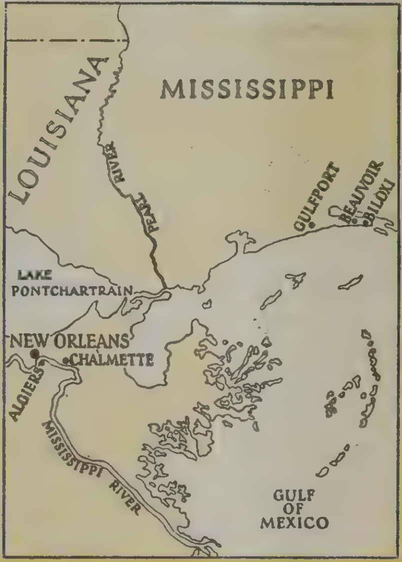
Presently I made out that he said something like this: 'I work, long time ago, for ver' rich Ohio man. He buy fifty acre rice land and soon go broke.' That is about as nearly as I can transcribe what he said. His utterance was hardly articulate. After a little time of silence I asked him if he was a native of France and he replied: 'No French. No 'Merique. Me Cajun.' We got no further than that in mutual understanding except that he gave his name as what sounded like 'Pertrinka,' which seemed Russian. A week later I learned the solution of the mystery of the Cajun, when I was in the bayou country in the Caillou Bay neighborhood.

It is no country for the speed maniac, that land of the Mississippi delta, with its long canal-like bayous running far inland, its banks of alluvium, its unexpected channels, its marshes which must be skirted. There are poorly built houses, many of them on piles, many of them scarcely weather-tight. A few chickens and a few razor-back hogs may be seen here and there, but for the most part the dwellers seem to be primitive folk who live by fishing and duck hunting; and many of them are malaria-stricken. Their language, I found, was the language of the fisherman I had talked with. They, too, were Cajuns. And it came with a shock when I discovered that the word 'Cajun' was a corruption of Acadian. From Acadia, or Acadie, their forerunners had come, and they were the descendants of those stalwart Frenchmen who had landed in Nova Scotia in the spring of 1604. Because of the quarrels of princes, simple folk had been disturbed. For when Port Royal fell into the hands of the English, many of the settlers sailed south to settle in Louisiana. And yet they are the blood-brothers of that fine

GULF COAST



Above—*Historic Biloxi lighthouse and part of the Old Spanish Trail along the beach.* —*Southland Studio.*



Right—*Section of the Gulf Coast district over which the author traveled.*

folk living in the Gaspé peninsula who sometimes gather at Quebec, displaying their arts of weaving and wood carving and spinning, and singing the songs of old France which they have preserved and treasured.

It set me to wondering, when I recalled that my fisherman had told me his name was Pertrinka, as it sounded—set me to wondering whether that poor fellow could have been the descendant of Baron Poutrincourt, of the Court of France, who founded Port Royal. To put the matter mildly, this case of the Cajuns is a strange instance of a people's becoming adapted to a less varied and less complete condition of life. But in comparing them with their cousins of the Gaspé peninsula the balance is all in favor of the latter and the more complex mode of life. Endurance, the fighting against adverse conditions, the cheerful and undaunted playing of the game of life—all of these helped to make the Gaspé people what they are.

In New Orleans, the proper tourist should have eyes for nothing but the historical part of the town, heading for the old cathedral and circling the great square in front of it—a place full of old memories with people lounging on iron benches in sunny idleness as they have done since the first stone of the cathedral was laid. To make a circuit of the cathedral neighborhood, is like a dipping into the 1820's.

Everywhere one comes upon trails of the past: At Chalmette old stone walls and houses with signs of the battle of January, 1815, when Andrew Jackson defeated the British under General Pakenham; Beauregard Square where the old slave market was held; the Cabildo with its old-time prison and stocks and stone-paved court yard; an old building intended as a palace for Napoleon Bonaparte; houses with features of architecture reminiscent of Spain; courtyards in which are majestic palms;

Below—'*Beauvoir,' former residence of Jefferson Davis.* —*Franck.*

At Bottom—*Part of fishing fleet in the Back Bay at Biloxi.* —*Southland Studio.*

other yards seen through archways giving on stone stairways; tall old houses with iron-railed balconies which bring the Creole stories of George Cable to mind; and glimpses of the water front with ferries bound to and from Algiers across the Mississippi, which bring Mark Twain to memory.

We drove out on a shell road to Lake Ponchartrain, which a Creole gentleman told us was nearly forty miles long and twenty-five miles wide, though it did not seem to be so large as that on account of the low marshlands bordering it. But we were ready to believe it a thousand miles long before we crossed the Pearl River, because of the flatness of the surrounding country and its lack of exciting things to see.

BUT suddenly you are out of the waste and in a land of strange beauty. Along the road are giant trees, often garlanded with Spanish moss: laurels, myrtles, orange trees, cottonwoods, palms. Somehow, an air of peace seems to pervade the entire countryside. Southward the sea lies motionless, a sweep of pale blue, here alive with flashing white sea gulls, there again quiet and hardly to be distinguished from horizon haze.

Sometimes, quite close to shore, so close that you may hear the voices of the men and the creaking of blocks, you see a fishing schooner beautiful with bellying sail of brown or white, though the wind is hardly strong enough to ripple the water. The sweet smell of the sea mingles with the soothing scent of mimosas. There are long avenues of cypresses with a view of some comfortable home, the house rose-covered, the gardens bright with color.

Once you glimpse a pleasant church, its tall spire showing through trees. And once, at Gulfport, you catch sight of a wide lawn, with fountain playing, and with cooing pigeons; and hundreds of girls walking about or playing tennis; some of them boating; all of them, it seemed to us, touched with joy. It was a vision of refinement and grace. As we ran past the place we caught sight of some of the girls at archery on the sea beach, for the place, I should have said, was a college for women. One girl in blue let fly an arrow at the target, and before it had reached its mark she had fitted another shaft to the string—it was a picture of ease and swiftness of motion.

The route along this part of the Gulf Coast is one in which you can rest or loiter anywhere, and we camped a little to the west of Beauvoir, in a honey locust grove that was musical with the murmur of bees and the whirring of brilliantly colored humming birds.

So we came upon Beauvoir itself in the early morning, and Beauvoir, you should know, if you are in touch with your history, was the home of that old war horse, Jefferson Davis. He bought the estate for his last home, purchasing from Sarah Anne Dorsey, the forgotten author of the novels *Lucia Dare*, *Panola*, *Atalie*, and *Agnes Graham*. It was the same Mrs. Dorsey who helped Davis in the writing of his *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, written, I think, in Beauvoir.

The house is one of those tremendously planned yet simple structures still to be seen in Mississippi Valley towns, planned and made when lumber and labor were easy of price. You picture it as perfectly symmetrical, the right half an exact reverse of the left; an eighteen-foot-wide stairway leading to a twenty-foot-wide veranda; a very wide entrance hall more like a covered way leading from front entrance to rear entrance than a passage; doors tall enough to admit a giraffe. The house stands in wide grounds and is very majestic with its tall ornamental columns and its high windows.

As for the rooms, to see one is to see all. In the middle of the wall, opposite the entrance door, is a fireplace. Depending from the center of the ceiling hangs a huge chandelier which is a mass of scrollwork. The rooms run to a tremendous height, judged by modern rooms, say fourteen feet from floor to ceiling. For the furnishings, imagine shiny and stiff horsehair chairs, a square piano with a screw-up-and-down music stool, a splint-bottomed rocker in every room, some hickory chairs, oil paintings of war heroes, marble-topped tables to fit in corners, mahogany center tables. Then there would be rag carpets, and ornaments of wax flowers under glass shades, a grandfather's clock, heavy curtains, a few daguerreotypes, a few samplers.

IT WAS not difficult to imagine the old statesman standing on his veranda and looking out to sea, recalling all those days of aims and desires when he had a vital hold on men; recalling his earning of spurs during the Black Hawk War; his other adventures as officer of dragoons fighting against Pawnees and Comanches and Apaches; his retirement to plantation life and emergence at the time of the Mexican War when he distinguished himself at Monterey and Buena Vista; his days in the Senate and that momentous hour and speech when he affirmed the right of secession.

Then Fort Sumter and those tremendous times when he created an army and a navy and arsenals and all the machinery of war; his inauguration as President of the Confederacy; his capture and two years' imprisonment. For his eighty-one years of life were close-packed, and he was effective in discipline, and (*Continued on page 20*)

Two Books: *Dealing with* Doctors *and* Geology

A Doctor Looks at Doctors. By Joseph Collins, M. D. Harper & Brothers.

Always wise, with kindly humor and penetrating eye, Dr. Collins in this little book looks at his own profession. Some of the readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT may remember this essay, for it was republished in this magazine from *Harper* last March. Those who read it then will want it in this new handsome form, and those who have not read it should—at once. Doctors are not wont to be frank with the laity when it comes to discussing doctors. Dr. Collins can be frank and humorous and wise, all at the same time, and we suspect that the ground for this ability is to be sought in his personal experience and his intellectual honesty. Although he is now one of the most honored members of a highly honored profession, it is plain to see that in his own life Dr. Collins has suffered from the ignorance and indifference of doctors who had him in charge at various times during the past fifty years.

In this charming essay no less than thirteen doctors pass in review—or, rather, it should be fourteen, for Dr. Collins is there too. But the other thirteen come in and out of the picture as illustrations of deficiencies or powers which have had a considerable effect upon the physical and psychological Joseph Collins. For the wise doctors—there were probably two out of thirteen—Dr. Collins' admiration is tender and profound. For the others, his lack of bitterness, his forgiving understanding, are just as tender and profound. A good many deep things meet lightly together here, and make themselves felt.

Not only should the disease be understood, Dr. Collins says, though this is a great thing, but the possessor of the disease must be understood, which is often the greater thing. He thinks that medical schools neglect the psychology of medics as much as physicians neglect the psychology of patients. The work of the physician is not only to thwart fear but to engender courage. For, as Dr. Collins says, 'there is one medium in which Nature does her best work. It is fearlessness.'

This little book is a tonic in itself. It projects something of the true healer's spirit to the reader.

* * *

The Story of Geology. By Allan L. Benson, *297 pp., illustrated, with bibliography.* The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

It is colder ten miles above the Equator than it is ten miles above the Arctic Circle. There is enough cold above the Equator and enough heat a few thousand feet beneath the Arctic Circle to completely reverse the weather of those extreme parts of the Earth and to equalize the temperature of North and South America.

The best wheat-growing country in the world is the bed of a Great Lake which no human eyes ever saw. It is Lake Agassiz, named after the man who read its record on the rocks, and it occupied Southern Manitoba, North Dakota, and Minnesota.

It was only the 'day before yesterday, geologically speaking,' that great things occurred in the (*Continued on page 28*)

Two Romances of World Trade

By THOMAS CAMERON TAYLOR

—Ewing Galloway Photos.

Tapping a rubber tree in Java.

THEY peek at you from the crests of billows of foliage—islets in broad seas of tropical forests. The low, deep-verandaed bungalows are perched on high places. Each has its cluster of long, cool buildings, conveniently placed but not too near. All down the Malacca Straits, they show up as specks on the dark-green distance. Farther on, should you sight the coasts of Sarawak and Borneo, you will find them also. The hard-bitten coastal sailors who carry on the huge trade out of Singapore will tell you that those forest islets have nearly all been carved out in the past twenty years; that there was a time, chiefly between the years 1907 and 1911, when they sprang up between voyages.

For the reason of their being, one must look chiefly to America. To the need which created them, America made the largest contribution. American industry, thousands of miles away, demanded of tropical forests an essential, and those little forest communities represent the response.

In each a few chosen Britishers are at work on one of the most noted trade romances of the century. In each, there is everything that experience can suggest to keep those men physically and intellectually keen despite the effect of the tropics.

Each has a building which in equipment and cleanliness will compare with the best of our creameries. It is, in fact, a rubber creamery.

Twenty years ago, the great natural rubber-producing area of the world was at our back door. It extended over one million square miles. It contained the best rubber trees known. Practically speaking, it supplied all the rubber markets of the world. About that time an alert foreign people turned its attention to the possibilities of lands within its control. In those lands the best rubber trees did not grow naturally; the labor supplies were alien to the controllers, difficult to organize, and 'touchy' in the handling. Soil and climatic conditions seemed favorable, though that had to be proved.

Within twenty years, the original rubber producer has been practically equaled in quantity of production—and, it is asserted, surpassed in general quality and manufacturing suitability of product—by a comparatively tiny group of tropical territories on the other side of the world, territories to which the rubber seed and seedlings of the big rubber land had to be taken in the first instance as immigrants, together with a fellow immigrant from Assam.

This achievement has been presented for the consideration of America from many angles, with emphatic declarations that in this very important matter of rubber supplies America should be independent. This country, in which the automobile industry alone consumes about 84 per cent of the rubber production of the whole world, has become dependent upon those little bungalow groups in the East; it carries on a vital industry by permission of our British cousins who, in turn, depend for the production of rubber upon the good will, toward them, of alien peoples liable to strange stirrings. And this, with Earth's greatest natural rubber country at our door!

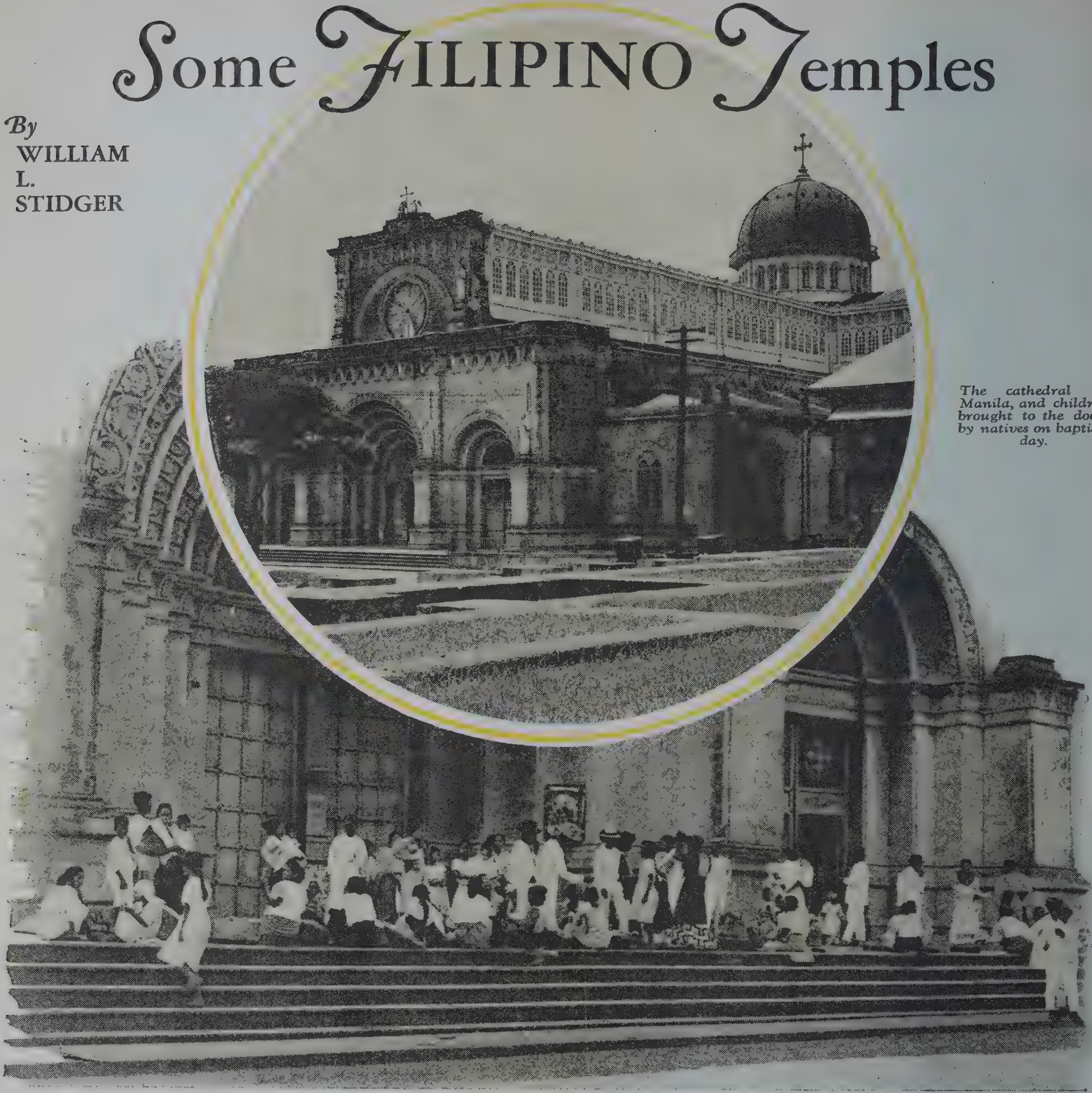
The British Empire now plans to achieve independence in supplies of cotton. Our best cotton buyer aims at a point where he will be independent of our supplies. We, the world's largest rubber buyer, have declared that we should be independent of his supplies of rubber. Two of the most important trade factors in the world are affected by those declarations of independence.

Indians selling rubber at an agency in Peru.

(Continued on page 23)

Some FILIPINO Temples

By
WILLIAM L. STIDGER



The cathedral at Manila, and children brought to the doors by natives on baptism day.

—Ewing Galloway Photos.

ONE is fascinated by the ruined temples and cathedrals of the Philippine Islands. They come from the dim past like misty pathways of light across the waters of the present day and age. One sits and looks upon them, moved by their ancient beauty, romance, and history.

One finds ruins at every turn of the highway and in every village, for the most distant province was visited by the padres of ancient days. Some of these temples of worship were ruined by the elements; some were destroyed by a revengeful people during the insurrection. Some of them were partially destroyed by American batteries because they were being used as lookouts by the insurgents.

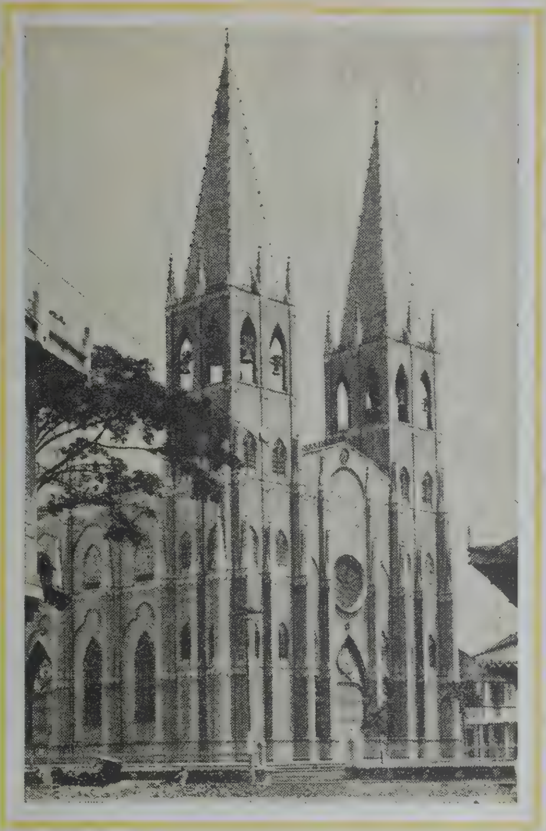
In one village of the Island of Luzon is the ruin of what must have been a most beautiful cathedral in its day, for its tower and its walls which still stand, roofless, are full of grace and strength. Inside the walls a bamboo chapel has been built, a church within a church. Here, in this simple structure with crude altar figures, the faithful worship each Sabbath. One cannot help comparing these ancient ruins with our old missions of California which are neither so old, nor so beautiful, nor so filled with romance.

They all have strategic locations. It is not uncommon to enter a city down a long vista of highway and to see at the end of this highway, lined with bamboo trees or great mango trees, the magnificent tower of a cathedral commanding the entire village. Almost without exception the cathedrals have been located on the plazas, or main squares of the villages, close to the markets and the meeting places of the people.

One evening I was approaching a village not far from Manila. A beautiful stone bridge spanning the Rio Grande River, the largest body of water on Luzon, led into this village. As I drove onto the bridge, the slender tower of a cathedral loomed suddenly before us, reflecting its shadow on the river behind a clump of trees and pointing like a great finger into the heavens. The sky was old rose and crimson. Tall bamboo trees swayed in the evening breeze above the river, gently caressing the silhouette of the tower now and then with their slender bamboo fingers.

The sweet odor of Ilangiland, as fragrant as the scent of wistaria, burdened the air with its insistent presence. Then, in the very midst of this wonder-touched atmosphere, came floating the tenor voices of a boy choir practising Easter music. The tenors ceased and a bass chorus took up the hymn, presenting a beautiful contrast with the sweet voices of the tenors until one voice, like a far-off cornet solo, carried the theme alone. The great bells in the tower began to chime and a white-clad Filipino boy, whom we could see through an open window, began to light the tapers about the altar. The whole scene was soul-stirring!

It was in the Walled City of Manila that I attended the ten o'clock service at the cathedral one Sunday. I entered the church half an hour earlier in order to absorb the full quiet and beauty of the hour. The cathedral is just within the walls on the Escolto side; the cars come from the Escolto out through Intramuros. It is a great rambling mass of masonry surmounted by a dome, atop which gleams a cross. The architecture is impressively beautiful and the old structure covers a square.



—Ewing Galloway Photos.
San Sebastian Church, Manila.

The heat was oppressive outside. I had walked about for two hours, and and was uncomfortably hot. But the moment I stepped within those great stone walls, which are from four to eight feet thick, I felt a coolness which was the coolness of a cave in the jungle. It was a refreshing escape from heat, and so I settled down for an hour of rest to soul and body. I suddenly became aware of the important part real bodily comfort plays in worship.

I sat well up front. The Filipinos gradually came in, by the front door and through side entrances. All were in immaculate white. They came in entire families; mothers lifted their little babes to the font to dip their fingers in the holy water, touching forehead, breast and heart. It was an impressive sight. Young men, old men came. Some knelt on the cold stone floors all through the service; some sat in the seats. Presently a crowd of American chorus girls, who were playing in a Manila theater, came in, crossed themselves and sat down to worship side by side with the beautiful Spanish *senoritas.* American business men came in quietly and worshiped as they would at home.

Music rose softly. It was a great organ, its low tones quietly swelling from arch to arch and from sanctuary to vestibule. Time after time, as the music grew heavier and full stops were employed, sparrows flew down among the people, as unafraid as the children who sat with their parents.

A white-robed boy appeared high up on the altar, and began to light the innumerable candles. Electric lights were suddenly switched on, illuminating the beautiful statue of the Virgin Mary. Then as suddenly a cross flashed on in full glory of white electric light.

To see the ancient glory and beauty of Intramuros in Manila, one must attend service in one of the many cathedrals within the somber, crowded streets.

To me, the most impressive of all the cathedrals was the great one which I have described. But the San Sebastian Church is an imposing structure and one of the few with pointed spires in all the island. These spires can be seen for miles distant and they stand in marked contrast to others, like fingers pointing to God. San Sebastian was built in Belgium several centuries ago, transported to Manila and erected. It is called 'the steel church' because it is the only church of steel construction in the Walled City.

Saint Augustine, Saint Thomas and the Recoletos are beautiful structures. Dr. George A. Miller, in his interesting book on Manila, says:

Saint Thomas Church and courtyard, Manila.

> The European may be pardoned for lack of interest in buildings that are young beside the hoary monuments of Barcelona or London or Rome, but to the American the three centuries of Saint Augustine and the Recoletos seem very respectable, and for anyone there is enough of interest to brighten many an otherwise monotonous day of tropical ennui.
>
> 'Who with the faintest trace of historical instinct in his make-up can fail to be interested in such monuments of toil and sacrifice of generations dead and forgotten? Beautiful these old churches are in their scars and moss and vines. Who can sit

(*Continued on page 22*)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The True Goal of Progress

PROGRESS is measured by the ambitious according to the increase in opportunity which it brings; by the vegetative, according to the amount of ease and comfort it permits; by the contemplative, according to the number of the problems it creates; and as it rarely occurs that any mind is destitute of all these qualities and as most minds possess more than one of them in some degree, it comes to pass that mankind is alternately praiseful and critical, sometimes fearful and sometimes boastful of Progress.

What we call the problems of Progress may be its poisons or its good fruits. Progress has its price in change and struggle, but this is also true of life; and nothing is more evident than that there is often change and struggle that does not spell Progress. And there is a Progress that does not pro*gress* but that seems to go backward which is really fruitful in the regathering of experience once passed through but not absorbed. Progress is a mystery, and for that reason the few items we may assuredly know about it should be known through and through.

It is clear, for one thing, that we are not the only race to experience Progress. The remains of our early predecessors on the earth indicate that some of them outdistanced our present record in certain fields. That is, in what they knew. They discovered facts and made knowledge. They seem to have discovered some facts that are yet beyond our most eager grasp, and to have made a knowledge the most distant confines of which are not yet within our vision.

> *PROGRESS is not a poison thrown off by the action of life. It is more nearly a test of humanity's fitness to survive. It is the measure of men and of races. It is the greatest test any civilization has confronted, and and most of them have fallen before it. Progress is a gift of material power and requires a moral development for its government and use. Power without justice passes away. Progress unmixed with moral responsibility ceases. The fact is fairly clear. Human advance is governed in the end by right use of what is won.*

Yet they are gone. They left nothing, hardly the memory of their names. They passed on no torch, not even an improved plot of ground. 'Our debt to the past' does not run so far back as our knowledge of the past; if there is any debt it is the past's debt to the present for giving it life again in human thought.

What we know is this: their progress did not save them from extinction; their progress did not serve to thrust the world forward. All their glory is like their works, forgotten dust.

Another thing we know is that the glory of Progress is not ours; it is something not ourselves that enables us to go on. There is a sometimes amusing and sometimes pathetic element in the airs which man takes to himself upon making a discovery. For discovery is the simple act of seeing what is. It is simply coming to be conscious of what was there all the time. Progress is not so much an achievement of man as an intellectual entity, as it is a test of man as a moral being. The progressive civilizations of the past—why did they disappear? Did their physical vitality fail? Did their intellectual life, like a flower, come to full bloom and die of the effort? Is there a law that civilizations shall rise and fall, that races shall come to full circle and distintegrate? Apparently there is no such law, and those who assume it take far too much for granted. Occurrence in the past is no warrant for repeated recurrence in the future.

The point to which attention is increasingly directed in ancient civilizations is the use that was made of them. Progress was assuredly given; what use was made of it? Power was given; to what end was it used? Wealth was accumulated and widely distributed; but to what ministry was it devoted? Knowledge was wrested from mystery; did its possessors use it to further liberate or further bind men? These elements of Progress were all present in ancient times; what was done with them?

These questions open up the court of history's judgment hall. We know something of the case that was tried there. The elements of Progress were all given to some of the ancient peoples that were ready for them, but the use they commonly made of them was to exalt human pride, establish tyranny, enslave poverty, further degrade human deficiency—in brief, to call all Progress gain and to call none of it responsibility.

Progress is moral. If there is no moral progress, there is no Progress at all. If it can be said that Progress has a purpose, that purpose seems to be to test man's reaction to it. We have ample grounds for saying that it is man's immoral reactions to Progress that change his progress to be his doom.

It is safe—in the prudential sense, anyway—to say that our modern progress is the test of our ability to attain a moral greatness equal to our other achievements. The lack of balance between a people's power and their justice, between their knowledge and their wisdom, between their ability to accumulate possessions and their ability to use them wisely—it is that which causes downfall. The downfall is perfectly natural: it is not retribution, it is failure to achieve normal conditions. Justice is the normal condition of power.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Just Before Christmas

SOMEHOW there is a pleasing ring to many a story that creeps into the newspapers just before Christmas. There is, for instance, the story of the New England lad who went to New York to seek his fortune; and then slept on subway trains so he could send his slim savings to his mother back home. He was arrested for violating the law which prohibits sleeping on subway trains, and lost his job. On top of that a magistrate with little sympathy in his heart sentenced him to the workhouse. But a newspaperman heard of the case and printed it. New York responded with true Christmastide spirit. Another magistrate freed the boy; generous citizens raised a fund to help him; and he was given that—to New Englanders—greatest of all gifts, 'a job of work.'

Then there is the story of Fred Pittman, hillbilly of the Carolina mountains. Fred's father was a moonshiner; he was sentenced to life for shooting a sheriff. An older brother was given a similar sentence. Then Fred, his mother, and a younger brother were all arrested, also on charges of moonshining. The cup was full. There was nothing remarkable about the family, unless it was its illiteracy, its poverty, and its apparent ruffianism. There was no money for lawyers, and there seemed no defense worth presenting. But when the trial came young Fred Pittman, acting as lawyer for himself and his kin, conducted the case with such native brilliance and intuitive sharpness that all were acquitted. Nor was that all. The youth aroused such honest admiration by his conduct that a fund was raised to send him to school, so he would have the opportunity to pull himself above his environment. There is a ring of Christmas to that story, too.

Stories for Ghouls

IT IS fair to say that the press of the nation, particularly that branch of it known as sensational, will be on trial between now and January 12, the tentative date set for the execution of Ruth Snyder and Henry Judd Gray. That there will be appeals for clemency is inevitable and natural. Death is death, whether inflicted by the state or by a private individual. The ordinary arguments used against capital punishment—and they are powerful ones—apply in the present case as in all others. Newspapers have a legitimate and thoroughly ethical right to employ them in protesting against the Snyder-Gray executions.

But if these arguments fail and the proper authorities decree that only death will expiate the atrocious crime that Gray and the Snyder woman committed, white paper should not be sullied with such hideous portrayals as attended the death throes of the bandits Chapman and Whittemore. Grisly pictures of the death chamber, gruesome descriptions of the agonizing last moments of the condemned, long-drawn stories of the execution itself (both faked and otherwise, for the tabloid press has stopped at nothing in reporting similar occasions in the past) should be definitely barred. There is little to justify the admittance of reporters to the death chamber at the time life is snuffed out. Their stories provide no deterrent to crime; they serve no ends of justice. One thing and one thing only do they do: they glut the whetted appetite of the morbid and the abnormal.

The fact of death is in itself enough. On the State of New York and the newspapers of the nation rests a great responsibility. If death must be done, let it at least be done decently and in order.

Flood Relief

FLOOD control now definitely faces Congress. The Mississippi and New England disasters, widely separated in time and locale, are joined before the nation's chief legislative body. No longer can floods be treated as local or even sectional affairs; they come plainly under the head of national matters and must be treated as national problems.

It is to be regretted that politics has entered into the flood-relief situation. Axe-grinders and back-rubbers will probably always be with us, particularly in Congress where there are so many axes to be ground and backs to be rubbed. But flood relief and prevention is something that even the grinders and rubbers should leave alone. It is of too vital importance to vast numbers of citizens to be made a political prize.

Much Ado About Washington

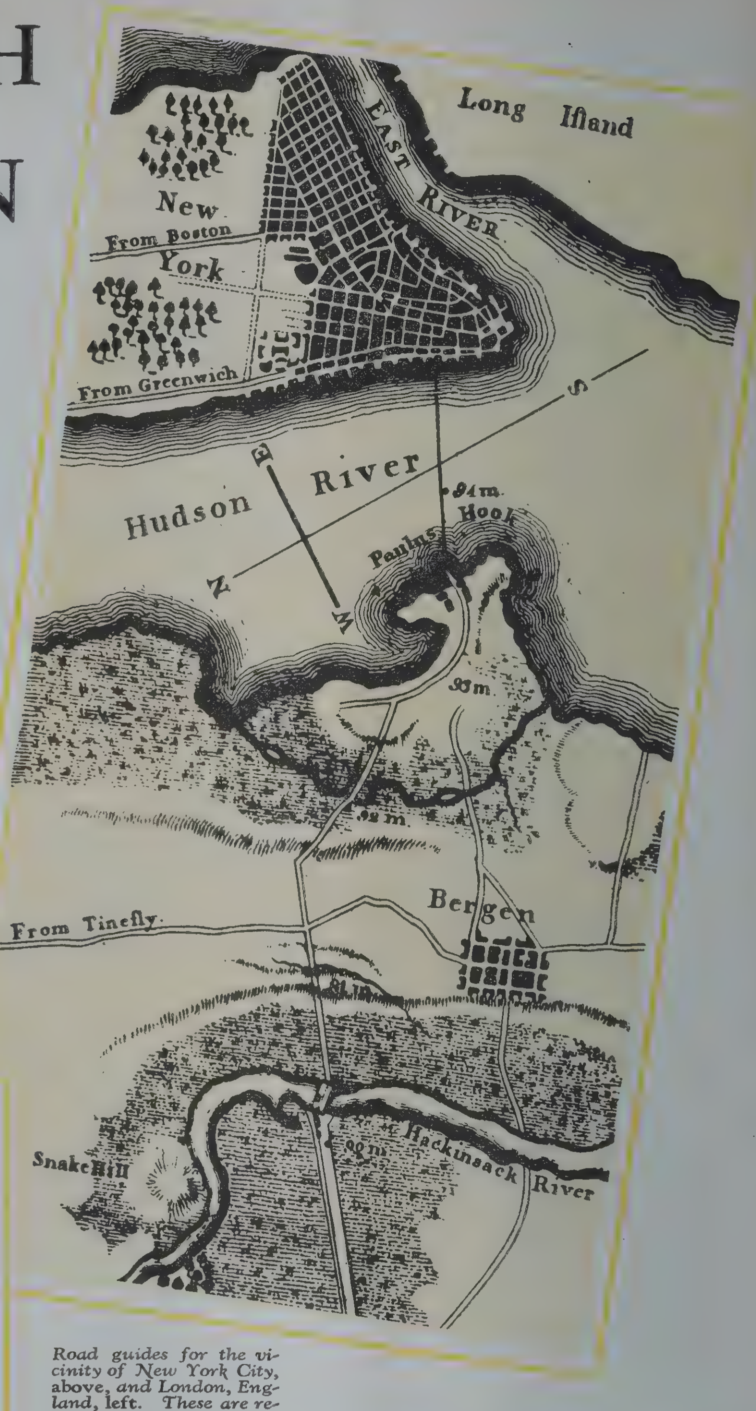
FURTHER 'startling exposures' about George Washington come from the pen of a novelist turned historian—and cause less of a ripple than a pebble in the ocean. Once perhaps they stirred up some interest and a grain of resentment; now they cause as little excitement as a child's letter to Santa Claus. The reason is that the new-school historians have nothing new to tell. They are not scholars who have devoted their lives to tedious research. They have not sources of information denied to the ordinary historian. Nor, even, have they courage to tell the truth where others have told lies. Their chief tool not used by the others is a headline writer's sense of values. They magnify and minimize and distort until the smallest incident becomes a glaring flaw and the noblest action a petty gesture.

Early ENGLISH and AMERICAN Road Books

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

IN THE days of the stagecoach and travel by the open road guidebooks were in demand, just as they are today, to show the route and the points of interest along that route. The descriptions of two centuries ago are given almost in the same form as they are today.

In England the earliest survey of the roads was made by John Ogilby who published in 1671 a fine road book with detailed description of the main routes from London to various cities in the Kingdom, with a road atlas of one hundred excellent copper plates. The coats of arms of the various cities were used to ornament the maps. Upon the map the traveler could find the distances very clearly given, as the scale was a mile to the half-inch, and all the crossroads were indicated. Ogilby's road book continued as the popular bluebook of England's roads for a hundred years.


Long Ifland
EAST RIVER
New York
From Boston
From Greenwich
Hudson River
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W
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Paulus Hook
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92m.
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Bergen
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Snake Hill
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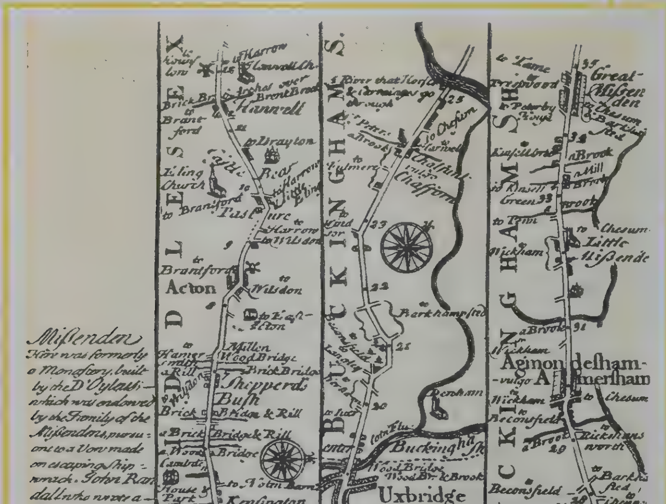
Hackinsack River


MIDDLESEX
BUCKINGHAMSH
BUCKINGHAMSH
MIDDLESEX
LONDON
Harrow
Hanwell
Brentford
Eling Church
Acton
Shepperds Bush
Kensington Gravel Pits
Hide Park
Tyburn
Padington
Uxbridge
Hillingdon
Hillingdon Heath
Hayes
Hayes Church
Chalfont
Amersham
Great Missenden
Little Missende
Beconsfield
St. Gilas Chalfont
Norcoat
Missenden
Here was formerly a Monastery built by the D'Oylies which was endowed by the Family of the Missendens
The Arms of BUCKINGHAM
Buckingham

Road guides for the vicinity of New York City, above, and London, England, left. These are reproduced from maps published in the early 1700's.

The title of Ogilby's work is *The Traveller's Guide*; or, *A Most Exact Description of the Roads of England*. It was published in 1671 and had many later editions. The road from London to Sudbury in Suffolk County, fifty-three miles, is described in detail.

A description is given of each important town, with points of historical interest. Thus concerning Sudbury, Ogilby relates: ''Tis indifferent large, and well built, containing 3 Parish Chs. and driving a considerable trade in Sayes. 'Tis govern'd by a Mayor, Recorder, 7 Aldermen, 1 Bayliff, 24 Burgesses, etc. Sends Burgesses to Parl. and has a plentiful Mt. (Market) on *Saturd.* 'Twas sometime of note for its Priory of Black Monks.' 'Sayes' refers to a cloth manufactured in Sudbury.

Ogilby's *Guide* of 1671 was displaced after a hundred years by Daniel Paterson's, *A New and Accurate Description of all the Direct and Principal Cross Roads in England and Wales*. This appeared first in 1771 and saw more than twenty editions. It

(Continued on page 26)

The House in the Fiftieth Congress

Minnesota to Wyoming

By BARNES COOLEY

MINNESOTA had five representatives in the Fiftieth Congress. One was born in Ireland, one in Sweden, one in Scotland, one in Norway and one in Vermont. Knute Nelson, born in Norway in 1843, and Edmund Rice, born in Vermont in 1819, saw military service. Rice served in the Mexican War, was president of various railroads, and came to the Fiftieth Congress as a Democrat. Knute Nelson was but six years old when he was brought to the United States from Norway in 1849. He served in the Union army three years as private and noncommissioned officer. He was wounded and taken prisoner at Fort Hudson. Nelson served three terms in the House; then two as governor of his state, and, entering the Senate in March, 1895, served there continuously until he died a few years ago.

All seven of Mississippi's representatives of course were Democrats and all seven had served the Confederacy in the field. 'Private' John M. Allen was in the ranks during the whole of the war. He was only thirteen or fourteen when he enlisted and after the war ended, he carried no bitterness into the years that followed. Few members on either side during the sixteen years he served were better loved. His kindliness and irrepressible wit made him a delightful extemporaneous speaker.

He gained his sobriquet of 'Private' from his declaration that he alone, single-handed, had fought and held back the entire Union army for four long years. He pointed out that all his fellow Confederates were captains, majors, colonels or generals. He had yet to meet anyone who confessed to having been or having long remained a private, and so had been forced to the conclusion, difficult as it was to accept, that he had in his single person composed the entire Confederate army.

James B. Morgan resigned his place as judge to enlist as a private and emerged a colonel. Thomas C. Catchings served throughout the war. It was to 'My dear Catchings' that Cleveland addressed that blistering letter wherein he condemned the Wilson Tariff Bill (that Gorman and Company had framed and that Wilson himself had repudiated) as a thing 'of perfidy and dishonor.' F. G. Barry wore the gray and C. C. Anderson was a second lieutenant in Bradford's Cavalry Corps of Scouts. Thomas R. Stockdale, enlisting as a private, became a colonel and was severely wounded in battle.

Charles E. Hooker was reared in the home of his maternal grandfather, who had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War and who had died at the age of ninety-six. Hooker was in the legislature when the war began and resigned his seat to enter the Confederate army. He was a captain during the siege of Vicksburg and in the second week of battle was so severely wounded by a cannon ball as to lose his left arm. He took part in the defense of Jefferson Davis, who had been indicted for treason. Hooker first entered Congress in 1875 and served sixteen continuous years, and then, having lived six years in retirement, was sent to Congress again.

At least two of Missouri's delegation of fourteen served in the Union army and at least one, probably more, wore the gray. William Henry Hatch, a popular member of the House, served as a Confederate captain until 1863 and then until the war ended as Assistant Commissioner of Exchanges. William H. Wade, a Republican, served in the Union army from April 17, 1861, until he was mustered out, April 26, 1866. Major William Warner, Republican, was in the Union army nearly four years. Later he was elected senator from Missouri.

ALEXANDER Dockery and John T. Heard were Democratic members of the Fiftieth Congress in 1887 and died forty years later almost in the same month. Richard Parks Bland, 'Silver Dick,' removed from Missouri to California in 1859 and from California to Nevada when Nevada was part of Utah; ten years later he tired of sagebrush and returned to Missouri. For more than twenty years he was a great legislative apostle of free silver and had hoped that when the issue became dominant, he would be called upon to lead free silver's hosts. Bitter indeed was his chagrin when leadership went to Bryan and he was ignored.

James Laird, Republican, one of Nebraska's delegation of three, was only twelve years old when the war began but he got into a blue uniform as a private a few days after his thirteenth birthday and served with the Army of the Potomac until the close of the war. G. W. E. Dorsey recruited a company and entered the Union army in 1861, served in the Army of the Shenandoah and was a major when the war ended.

Nevada's single representative, William Woodborn, was born in Ireland in 1838, came to America in 1849, but did not see war service. Only one of New Hampshire's two representatives fought in the Civil War. Luther F. McKinney, Democrat, enlisted in August, 1861, and served as sergeant until 1863 when he was discharged for disability. His colleague was Jacob Gallinger, one of twelve children. He was a printer in early life and then became a physician with a practice that reached into surrounding states. He was as active in politics as in his profession and, indeed, in later years, politics became his profession. He sat four years in the House, declined renomination, and then went to the Senate in 1891.

NOT one of New Jersey's seven representatives saw Civil War service on either side. John Kean, who was but eight when the war began, became rich and was elected to the Senate in 1899. William Walter Phelps, of Yale '60, was a law student while the war was in progress. In 1881 he was minister to Austria but resigned in 1882.

Some of New York's delegation of thirty-four members achieved celebrity in their day. 'Deacon' Steve White was a banker and broker. Amos Cummings became a printer as a boy and boasted that he had set type in nearly every state of the Union. He was but a boy when he joined Walker in an invasion of Nicaragua.

Cummings fought in the Army of the Potomac and won the Congressional Medal of Honor for gallantry on the battlefield. Afterward he was on the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune* under Horace Greeley and that of the *Sun* under Dana. The boy printer of twelve had become the editor of the *Evening Sun* when first elected to Congress in November, 1886. He died May 2, 1902, just having passed his sixty-first birthday.

Lloyd Bryce, an Oxford graduate and a Democrat, did not make much of a dent in politics or in Congress; he was editor of the *North American Review* for seven years and wrote novels of which not even the titles now can be discovered outside of library catalogs. Tim Campbell as a printer worked on the New York *Times*, *Tribune* and *Herald* and was working at the case when sent to the state assembly. Thereafter his life was given to politics. Samuel Sullivan Cox was a graduate of Brown University and six or seven years before the Civil War owned the Columbus (Ohio) *Statesman*. He had served several terms in Congress from Ohio before and during the Civil War and eight or nine from New York after the war, interrupted by his term as minister to Turkey. He was well known and well regarded as a lecturer in his day and wrote several books, among them, *Why We Laugh*.

Francis B. Spinola, of the New York delegation, was a delegate to the historic Democratic National Convention that met at Charleston, South Carolina, in the spring of 1860; he also was a brigadier general in the Union army during the Civil War and was twice wounded. Truman Merriman, who was a newspaperman, served in the Union army from September, 1861, to December, 1864.

Bourke Cockran, born in Ireland in 1854, came to America when seventeen, taught school, studied law, entered politics and became Tammany Hall's spellbinder. He was perhaps the readiest and most eloquent extemporaneous speaker of his day. He was powerful in build, brilliant in intellect, and courageous of heart. Cockran was not generally liked. Tom Reed was personally fond of him and gave him opportunities.

The National Capitol, and, behind, the Congressional Library.

—Ewing Galloway.

John H. Ketcham, of the New York delegation, served in the Union army as colonel and general, and had many terms in Congress. Charles Tracey served in the Papal Zouaves at Rome. John H. Moffit went into the Union army in April, 1861, and next year was wounded at the battle of Gaines' Mill. James Schoolcraft Sherman was but ten years old when the Civil War ended. He may be remembered as having been named with Taft on the ticket the Republicans nominated as their standard bearers in 1912, when they carried only the two states of Utah and Vermont. Sherman died a little while before the election was held.

James J. Belden, born in 1825, made a fortune as a railroad builder. Ira Davenport, Republican, came within a few votes of defeating Dave Hill for governor in 1885. Charles S. Baker went into the Union army when the war broke out and was disabled at the first battle of Bull Run. John M. Farquhar, who was a printer, twice president of the National Typographical Union, enlisted in the Union army as a private and came out a major. John B. Weber entered as a private and became a colonel, while Warren G. Laidlaw served in the United States Navy.

All but one of North Carolina's representatives in the Fiftieth Congress were Democrats and six of the eight Democrats served in the Confederate army. Louis Latham entered the service in May, 1861, as did Charles W. McClammy who surrendered at Appomattox. Alfred Rowland also enlisted in May, 1861, but was captured in battle at Spottsylvania and was imprisoned in Fort Delaware until June, 1865. John S. Henderson entered when eighteen years old in the last year of the war.

W. H. H. Cowles, enlisting as a private in the spring of 1861, fought to the end, when he was a lieutenant colonel, having meanwhile been twice wounded, once through the body at Mine Run in 1863 and again severely in the head in the closing battles around Petersburg in March, 1865. Thomas D. Johnston had been compelled to leave school because of failing health but he nevertheless entered the Confederate army in the spring of '61 and received three desperate wounds at Malvern Hill from which he still suffered when in Congress. F. M. Simmons, of the North Carolina delegation, was only seven years old when the war began. He first entered the Senate, March 4, 1891, and is still in senatorial harness.

Two-thirds of Ohio's delegation in the Fiftieth Congress had seen service in the Union army. Charles E. Brown, who had lived in Louisiana and had taught school there for several years just before the war, enlisted as a private in an Ohio regiment, came out a brigadier general, but lost a leg at Atlanta. Elihu Williams served during the whole of the war. S. S. Yoder was a private and became a lieutenant. George I. Seney, who had been a Buchanan presidential elector in 1856, was a lieutenant. M. M. Boothman served through the Atlanta campaign, and in a charge at Jonesborough, September 1, 1864, was wounded so severely as to require amputation of the left leg.

JAMES E. Campbell, Democrat, when but a boy, was in the Navy during the war and after his service in the House became governor of Ohio and received party consideration as a possible Democratic nominee for the presidency. Robert P. Kennedy, going in as a private, became brigadier general. Albert C. Thompson was discharged from the army in 1863 because of wounds received in battle. Charles P. Wickham, who had been a printer, served with credit through the whole of the war. Charles H. Grosvenor was a white-bearded veteran, whose grandfather had served in the Revolution as did his father in the War of 1812. He became a general during the Civil War and during his later years achieved fame for the accuracy of his forecasts, that were widely published, of the results of national political campaigns. Joseph D. Taylor had been a captain, George W. Crouse a sergeant, Martin Foran a private in the Union army.

The conspicuous figure of Ohio's delegation in the Fiftieth Congress was William McKinley, Jr. Born in Ohio, February 26, 1844, he enlisted as a private in the famous Twenty-third Ohio, May, 1861. He had then, therefore, barely passed his seventeenth birthday. When he left the service in the autumn of 1865 he had become a major and it was as Major McKinley he was known when he was first elected to Congress in November, 1876. In that election Rutherford B. Hayes, who had been colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio, was the Republican candidate for the presidency. Little did that colonel guess in war-time that one day he would be President of the United States; still less could he have guessed that the seventeen-year-old boy in the ranks of his regiment, Private McKinley, also would hold that same high office.

McKinley served in Congress ten successive years. He made the protective tariff his

(Continued on page 25)

GREAT FIGURES *of* FICTION

Raskolnikov *and* Colonel Carter

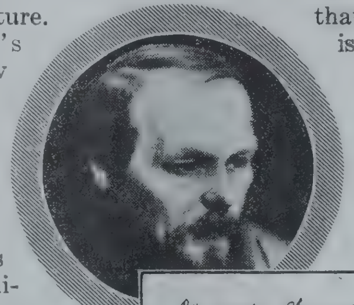
LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

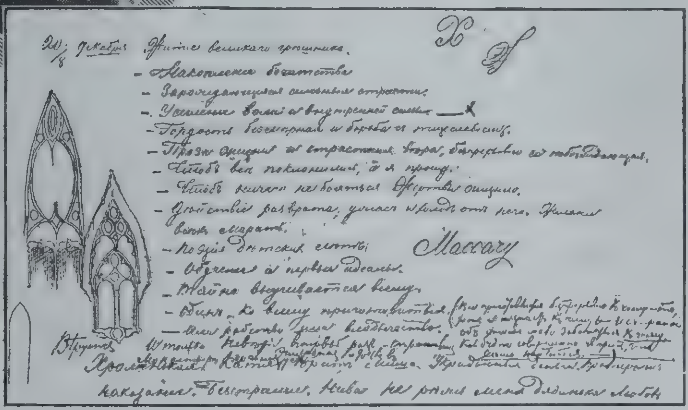
FOR intensity of mental suffering, for the conflict of intellect and emotion, for convincing exposition of the psychology of blood-guiltiness, Dostoyevski's portrayal of Raskolnikov in *Crime and Punishment* is probably surpassed by nothing else in the whole range of literature.

Like Turgenev's Bazarov, Raskolnikov is peculiarly Russian, the product of a primitive culture and heritage coming face to face with the issues and problems of the developed West. He is a student in the university of St. Petersburg. His resources are reduced to less than he needs for living expenses. He goes to an old woman who has previously lent him money on a ring, and pawns his watch for a ruble and a half. The woman from whom he borrows seems to him a useless creature. Her life is of less than no moment. On the other hand, his own seems valuable. He is a man who deserves help. It is absurd that her futile existence should be permitted to prolong itself, while he is compelled to give up his university studies for lack of means. When the story opens Raskolnikov has gone through this process of thought and is making preparation for the murder of the old woman. He takes the watch to her as a sort of rehearsal of the part he means to play. Accidentally he discovers the hour when the money-lender will be alone in her room, her sister having an appointment away. He slaughters the old woman with a hatchet. Her sister returns sooner than he had expected and sees what he has done; he kills her also. Then, his wits desert him. Confused and frantic, he seizes a few trinkets and escapes.

Raskolnikov has been impelled to commit the crime by a theory that is purely a product of his intellect. Gripped by his theory, he accomplishes the deed. He stands amid the bloody wreckage and his undisciplined emotions overwhelm him. He turns away with horror and loathing. He conceals the trinkets, so that they serve only as further incitement to the fears that have at once begun to beset him.

Not long before Raskolnikov has sold to a magazine an article in which he has advanced the doctrine that the human family is divided into ordinary and extraordinary men. Extraordinary men are superior to the moral limitations that hedge ordinary men about. Murder is permissible for a Napoleon. What is a crime in other men is not a crime in him, for through his crimes social good is achieved. The article comes up for discussion between Raskolnikov and several of his acquaintances. He defends his opinions clearly and distinctly. He is for the moment an intellect pursuing a line of thought, not a man who fears some chance word may betray him to the police.





Facsimile from Dostoyevski's manuscript, The Life of a Great Sinner. Circle—F. M. Dostoyevski.

He insists that he does not think of himself as one of those extraordinary men to whom murder is permissible. None the less it is thinking of this sort that has brought him to murder. Through his consideration of the question there has run a distinction between wrongdoing and crime that has given support to his practical application of his theory. Crime is wrong as defined by usage, social custom, law. Conceptions of crime must change with changes in society, with alterations of the social order. In further defense of his idea he tells his hearers, still discussing his article, that 'all legislators and rulers of men have been criminals, for whilst giving new laws, they have naturally broken through older ones which had been faithfully observed by society and transmitted by its progenitors. These men most certainly never hesitated to shed blood, as soon as they saw the advantage of doing so. It may even be remarked that nearly all these benefactors and teachers of humanity have been terribly blood-thirsty.'

Abstractions do not fasten themselves upon the Western mind so easily nor so powerfully as upon the Oriental and the Slavic. Raskolnikov's emotions and his will have not been made proof through experience against the aberrations of his thought. He yields to the pressure of an idea. When that idea has discharged itself in act, he gives himself up to the more human sentiments and passions by which he is naturally distinguished. They shake him terribly.

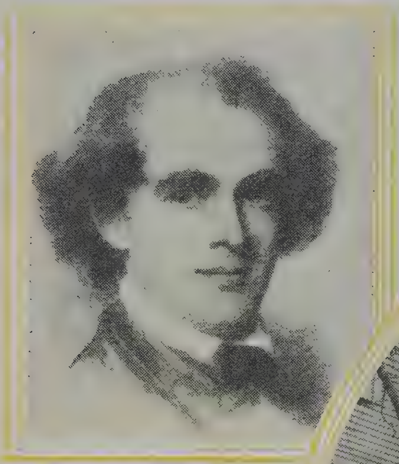
Francis Hopkinson Smith.

Almost at once he feels urged to confess his crime. The logic by which he tries to convince himself that he has had full warrant for what he has done is not proof against his warmer human feelings. These find a temporary object in a poor girl of the streets, Sonia, one of the most pathetically moving creatures any novelist ever portrayed. Isolation from the interests of men, insincere and meaningless speech with

(Continued on page 22)

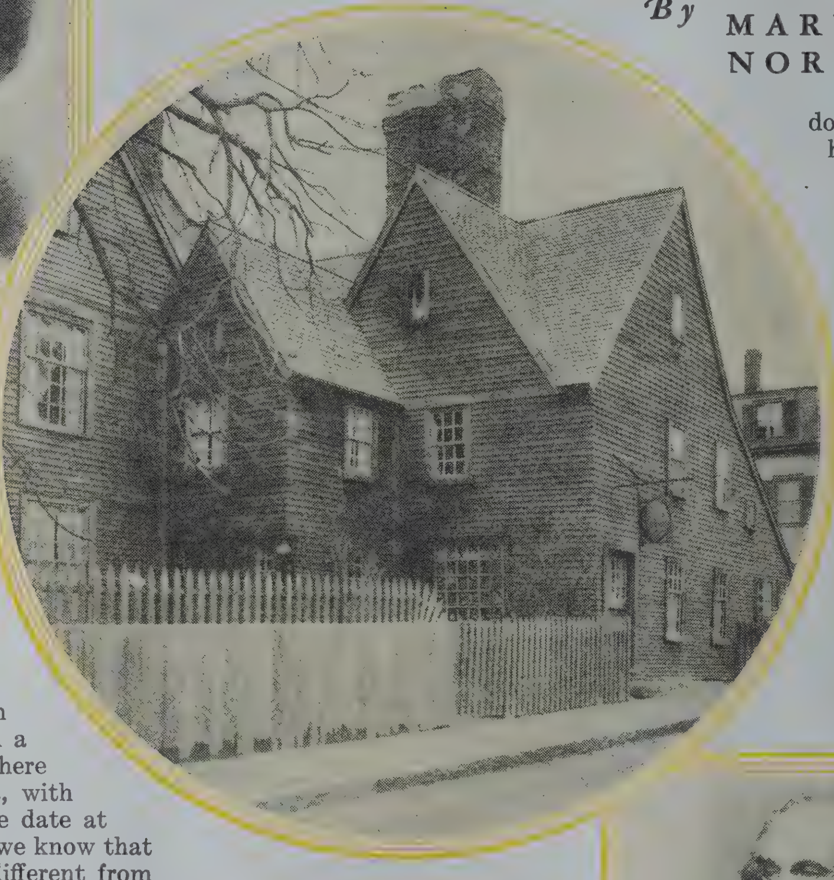
HAWTHORNE *and the* HOUSE *of* SEVEN GABLES

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND



—From painting by Johnson.

Nathaniel Hawthorne in 1841.



The House of Seven Gables on Turner Street, Salem.

IN SALEM, Massachusetts, stands a Seventeenth Century silver-weathered house which takes its name from its seven gables. The time of its building, according to records of the Essex Institute, has never been determined. Many claim that it was in 1662, from a fireback which was found here bearing that date; others, with equal authority, place the date at 1668. Be that as it may, we know that its architecture was far different from that of today.

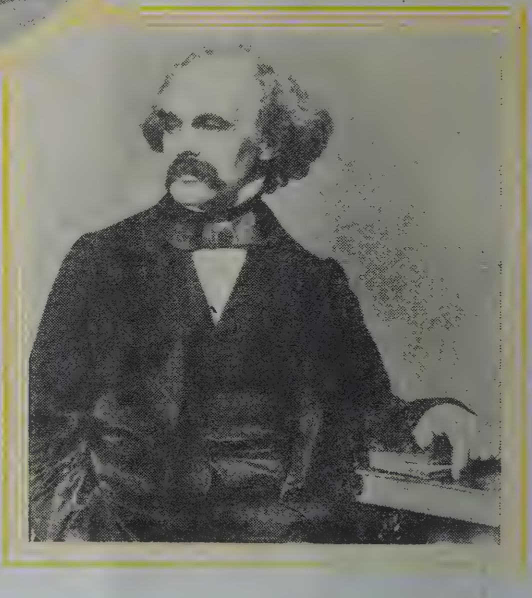
During the first period of its existence it was three stories high and contained two rooms in which the ceilings were so low that the average person could easily reach them. The outside showed the second story projecting over the first, as was the fashion of that period in Northern Europe and Holland; this has disappeared in the remodeling of the present-day structure. A lean-to is said to have been added at some unknown time, but that also has been removed in the reconstruction.

The house itself stands at the foot of Turner Street, overlooking the landlocked harbor. When commerce was at its height, the old house saw ships coming from and going to every land. In 1704 it must have watched Major Sewell and John Turner set out with forty men to capture 'Pirate' Quelch and his crew. They succeeded, too, and on their return carried not only Quelch but many of his men to Boston, later to be hanged.

When Captain John Turner took possession of this house in 1669, he removed a portion of the northern exterior, including two of the gables, and added more rooms to the southern side, together with three gables. These replaced the two that had been removed and by so doing gave to the historic house its name. Tradition tells us that this was done to accommodate the many guests who had been invited to attend the wedding of young Turner to Mary Kitchen, one of Salem's famous belles.

Captain Turner was a man of note, having been elected representative to the General Court. He was also a man of military prowess, as proved by the fact that he commanded a troop of militia and had six scalps of red men to his credit. That was before the days of commercial exploits on the seas, before Derby Street had been laid out into a great commercial thoroughfare filled with bustle and traffic. Vessels from foreign shores were constantly tying up at the docks, bringing in their holds silk from India, pepper from Sumatra, coffee from Arabia, gum copal from far away Zanzibar; the streets were filled with seamen from foreign lands.

In 1782, after the house had been the home of three generations of Turners, it came into the possession of Captain Samuel Ingersoll; it was then that its connection with Hawthorne began. He was a cousin of the Ingersoll family, and hence was a frequent visitor at the home. Proof of this is given in a series of letters written by Horace Conolly, the adopted son of Susan Ingersoll, the only daughter of Captain Ingersoll. Conolly was sent by her to Harvard, where he was graduated with honors. He then entered Yale that he might study for the ministry.

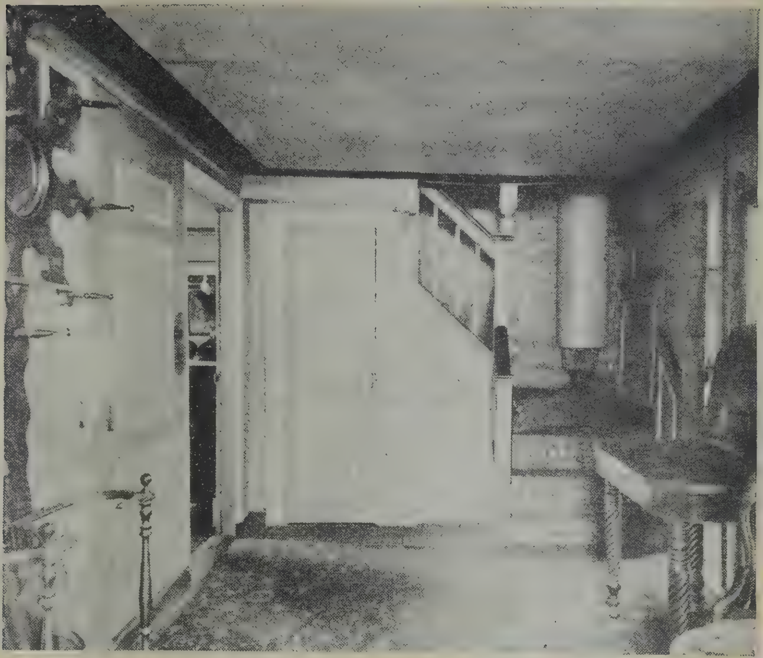


Hawthorne in 1860.

It was at Yale that he first met Hawthorne, destined to become a lifelong friend. This meeting is accurately described by Conolly in a series of confidential letters written long afterward at the request of my father, the Honorable William D. Northend, who had befriended him during his latter days.

In the first letter, written not many years before Conolly's death, he says:

> I propose to write a series of letters in order to give you my personal recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne, commencing with my introduction to him in October, 1828, through a long period of years, thirty-six in number, to my last interview at Boston in March, 1864, eight weeks before his death in May at Plymouth, New Hampshire. Long had I known about him through his friendship with the Ingersoll family, but singularly enough had never met him until he came to New Haven when I had been in Yale only four weeks. It was on a Sunday morning when, on going to the hotel to see the arrivals, the names of Samuel Manning and Nathaniel Hawthorne greeted my eyes.
>
> Having known Mr. Manning through his intimacy with the Ingersolls, inquiry was made of his whereabouts. Soon he came into the office accompanied by his nephew Nathaniel Hawthorne. So different was he from what was expected that almost without thought I said, 'You do not in the least resemble any of the Hawthorne family in Salem, and I know them all.' Back came the answer, given with force and emphasis, 'I am glad to hear you say this, for I don't wish to look like any of them,' showing his desire to be exclusive and not included with his relatives who, however, were fine representatives of the name.
>
> Entering into conversation and being told of the cave of the Regicides, a desire was expressed to visit it, a thing that I absolutely refused to do.


—Couzens Photos.

Hallway of the House of Seven Gables.

The sequel tells of the disgust felt by the romancer when he saw what purported to be a cave with no formation. The fraud told on the sensitive Hawthorne, to whom the whole world seemed suddenly to have turned sour, remaining so until the early hours of the Sabbath, when he regained his liveliness; he had seemingly forgotten the incident by the next morning. This interview was the only communication between the two for ten years. Conolly finished his college course and became rector of a church in Boston.

In May, 1840, Conolly received a characteristic letter from his friend Hawthorne in which the latter told him of a visit to the House of the Seven Gables to see how his cousin Miss Ingersoll felt after a severe storm. He took with him his friend David Roberts. As they were sitting by the open fire, Miss Ingersoll remarked upon the alterations that had been made in the gables during the occupancy of the place by Colonel Turner. Hawthorne, interested, visited the attic, peering into every nook and corner, to find traces of only five gables. In a later discussion of this matter, however, he was told that the marks of the missing gables could be plainly seen.

'Why don't you write a story about it?' Miss Ingersoll asked; and thus the seed for the book of that name was sown. On his way home Hawthorne remarked to Roberts:

'House of Seven Gables—I must enter that in my notebook,' and, 'The

The parlor with its antique furnishings.

Duchess has started a host of ideas that I can work upon.'

While the name suggests the house, there is no fact which authentically identifies it. Hawthorne expressly tells us he had no particular house in mind, but, without doubt, the visit to the attic and the suggestions of the 'Duchess' were not forgotten. There were at that period several houses that might have been taken for his ideal, among them the Hunt House, which stood on the corner of Lynde and Washington streets. This was built in 1700 by Lewis Hunt, from whom it descended to a son, William. The old building was demolished in 1863. It is supposed by many to have suggested the House of the Seven Gables, since it agreed in certain points of architecture with the description of the house in the famous story.

IN JUNE, 1840, Conolly wrote that he went to the home of George S. Hilliard on Pickney Street, Boston, Massachusetts, for the purpose of visiting his old friend Hawthorne. As he entered his room he saw on the table the finished copy of *Grandfather's Chair*, also suggested by the 'Duchess' to Hawthorne. It was not alluded to, for the conversation immediately turned to the 'House of the Seven Gables,' which he was then revolving in his mind, although it was not finished until ten years later. So fascinated was he with the subject that he said, 'I believe that I can make something out of it; and if I write it, as I hope to, I mean to have what I consider the full value for it [meaning royalties].'

On Conolly's return to Salem, he asked his adopted mother concerning what had happened during the evening, referred to above, which Hawthorne had spent at the house. She said that he had seemed to be enraptured with the idea that he might make something out of the plot. 'It was just what I wanted,' Hawthorne had said. This conversation was confirmed by Roberts.

The book was written slowly, the author waiting on his mood. This was while he was still living in the Mall Street house near the home of Susan Ingersoll—not his birthplace, for that stands on Union Street.

On her death, Susan Ingersoll left the house with its wealth of furniture to her adopted son. There were portraits, much silver, and a wealth of fabrics that had been brought home during the period of commercial prowess on the seas. Nothing is left of this valuable collection except a chair that was presented to the House of Seven Gables by Mrs. Charles Waters. It was a favorite armchair covered with leather, which had been left to the Waters family, who, realizing that it belonged to the old home, gave it back.

Another old chair, which is preserved in my own family, was given to my father by Conolly, and a trunk filled with treasures also came into our possession after his death.

The trunk contained, among other things, a death mask of Susan Ingersoll. It is now in the Essex Institute together with one of Conolly's own mother. There are also two paintings still preserved, one of Molly Clough and the other of Susan Ingersoll. In addition to these, Conolly gave my father the knocker (and its history) that once adorned the door of the historic house, and a wonderful pin, probably a painting of the 'Duchess,' showing diamonds in her hair.

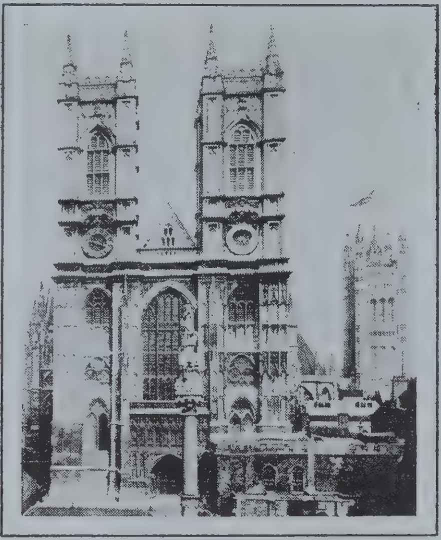
America *and* Westminster Abbey

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

THE ancient Abbey of Westminster is an architectural miracle.

It is also a symbol, the world over, of something about Great Britain, which we all admire, but few Americans know that four of our great men have been immortalized in this magnificent structure.

This gem of architectural beauty stands first in the hearts of all Englishmen. It stands just across from the Parliament buildings on the banks of the Thames. The first church which stood on this spot, as far back as 616, was built in honor of St. Peter, by the Anglo-Saxon King Sebert. When this church was destroyed by the Danes it was reconstructed by King Edgar in 985. Edward the Confessor built a great abbey here between the years 1049 and 1065. The present structure was erected in the latter half of the 13th Century.



Westminster Abbey. —*Ewing Galloway.*

The English people have used it as a Hall of Fame. Its transepts and nave, its chapels and its archways are full of statues, tablets, and other memorials to England's great. To an American the interior has the aspect of being littered up. There is an amazing mass of these memorials.

There is a decided question about the right of some of the names enshrined here to immortal recognition in so sacred a place as England's national monument.

The first thing to fascinate the American visitor is the memorial to the Unknown Soldier who was buried in the Abbey with great ceremony. I have copied the inscription that appears in carved letters on the floor over the grave of this man:

> 'Beneath this stone rests the body of a British warrior unknown by name or rank, brought from France to lie among the most illustrious of the land, and buried here on Armistice Day, November Eleventh, 1920, in the presence of His Majesty King George 5th, his Ministers of State, the Chiefs of His forces and a vast concourse of the nation. Thus are commemorated the many multitudes who, during the great war of 1914 to 1918 gave the most that man can give, life itself, for God, for King, and Country; for loved ones, home, and Empire—for the sacred cause of Justice and the Freedom of the world.
>
> They buried him among the Kings because he had done good toward God and toward his Home.'

Inscriptions on four sides of this memorial are:

'In Christ shall all be made alive.'
'Unknown, and yet well known,
Dying, and behold, we live.'
'Greater love hath no man than this—'
'The Lord knoweth them that are His.'

A Congressional Medal from the United States hangs on a stone pillar in a case as a part of this memorial. It was laid on the grave of the Unknown Soldier by General John Pershing on the day of the ceremony.

To thousands of Americans one of the sacred shrines in the Abbey is the chapter house where the first assembly of the common people, the first representative parliament, convened in 1265.

Another memorial that interests millions of Americans is the one to John and Charles Wesley. It is a beautiful marble plaque carved in relief showing John Wesley preaching to a crowd of people. Above this plaque, also carved in white stone, are the profiles of these two founders of Methodism.

Three inscriptions carved below these profiles and the preaching scene are:

'The best of all is, God is with us.'
'I look upon all the world as my Parish.'
'God buries his workmen, but carries on his work.'

America is also interested in the memorials to her own sons.

The most recent one is that of Walter Hines Page which is a tablet just outside the chapter house, and it reads:

'To the glory of God and in memory of
Walter Hines Page
1855-1918
Ambassador of the United States
of America to the Court of St. James
1913-1918,
The Friend of Britain in her sorest need.'

Above this memorial to Walter Hines Page is the James Russell Lowell memorial. It is interesting to note that Lowell, like Page, is remembered because he, too, was an ambassador to the Court of St. James and not particularly because he was a great American poet. In addition to the Lowell tablet there is a memorial window. The inscription reads:

'This tablet and the window above
were placed here in memory of
James Russell Lowell
United States Minister at the Court
of St. James from 1880 to 1885,
By his English friends.'

The other two memorials to Americans are those to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and George Peabody, philanthropist, who did much in England to help the poor.

The Pearl Hunters

(*Continued from page 2*)

gave an order. They pushed, strings holding the sail in furl snapped, and with a pleasing sound the three-cornered sheet fell and straightened. Next followed noisy work with the anchor.

Objects on shore gradually seemed to move from their places. We slipped smoothly past the stern of the 'pirate' ship. The roadstead became dotted with sails. A large orange-colored sun suddenly rolled up from the blazing horizon and flooded everything with dazzling light. The sails like a flock of pink birds with wings aslant directed their courses to the mouth of the gulf.

'A-a-a-a!' drawled a queer seaman's call, shouted by our crew with one accord to the pirate ship. Surprised, I looked first at our Arabians and then at the other ship. Heads appeared from behind the gunwale.

'A-a-a-a!' was returned, in the same long measure.

The nahuda smiled again at my show of interest: 'It is the seamen's salute as they meet at sea, or as they arrive or depart from the roadstead. It is well, kovaja: all seamen are brothers.'

LONG afterward I heard the seaman's call under circumstances which proved the tradition: We were riding at anchor off the Mascarene Islands when the shadow of a ship bore down upon us in the night, with no regulation lights. Catastrophe seemed imminent. At the last moment the ship swerved and, as she slipped by our board, from the darkness came the salute, 'A-a-a-a!' Our men replied in meaningful drawl, 'A-a-a-a!'—with no thought at all of cursing the stranger who had nearly wrecked us!

The sun rose rapidly. The water became transparent. The blue deep danced with fiery sparks. Wonderful tropical sea! Near our gunwales a school of porpoises sniffed and bent their spines elegantly, accompanying us. I watched a porpoise youngling and how it followed its mother exactly and how, as they leaped simultaneously from the water, the naughty child kept always just over the big fish's back.

The low line of the islands came to meet us. This sea possesses a unique peculiarity: shallows, even in the distance, show a clear emerald color and, if there is rock or coral underneath, the emerald spot produces white foam in the correct form of a crown. A beautiful sight! Through the transparent depths it was strange and dreadful to see the pale coral forests or the darker shadow of reefs pass under our schooner's bottom. One blow, and our wooden craft would perish in two minutes! But the nahuda knows the place as well as his own five fingers.

At last we entered the archipelago. Sail was struck. Ahmet and an oarsman seated themselves in the canoe which tossed at our stern. Lowering into the water the tin can with glass bottom so that part remained above the surface, the old man began peering through it with sharp eyes. The ripple on the surface of the sea could no longer interfere with the vision, for this was the purpose of the contrivance.

With the 'telescope' in his hand he indicated to the oarsman with the free arm where to direct the canoe. This continued for half an hour. Remaining on the sambouka, we followed the canoe, working laboriously at our crude oars.

Suddenly the old man became tense; he gesticulated with his hand and spoke quickly in a guttural language, his head thrust deep into the *tanico* as he hung overboard.

The canoe made circles. The arm cut round sharply, paused uplifted, and stopped the oarsman. Excitedly Ahmet drew his *tanico* from the water and began to signal with it, calling us. By certain signs on the bottom, by the experience of others in the past, and by his own peculiar instinct, the pearl bank had been found! Here would be nacre—the large pearl shell, which is valuable because of its extra heavy quality suitable for the manufacture of articles of luxury; and *troca*—the sharp cone-shaped shell from which buttons are made; and *bil-bil*—the small shell which is the most plentiful, sometimes containing, as well as the nacre, the precious pearl grain.

As we reached the indicated spot, the old man reboarded the sambouka to watch with the nahuda the opening of the shells and the search for the pearls. Gazing searchingly into the water, I seemed at times to see something sparkle hazily under the high rays of the sun.

Excitement gripped us. The rope ladders were lowered from the gunwales. Ten divers removed their clothes and took each his 'pince-nez,' contrived from a piece of wood in the shape of a small two-forked crotch which pinched the nose so watertight from the under side up that this organ looked as thin as a pancake. I noticed small metal spikes fastened to the hands of several and learned that these serve to knock the shell when it lies with bivalves open and heel fastened to the bottom of the sea. As the blow frightens the mollusk, he immediately closes his valves, when the shell can be torn from its moorings without risk of finger pinching.

HEAVY stones for weighing were brought to the ship's board, and several divers prepared for the plunge, each grasping one firmly in his hand. Naked black bodies shot simultaneously through the air, their elastic silhouettes slipping into fifteen meters of water and vanishing. Forty insufferable seconds passed. Suddenly three stomachs appeared on the surface in different places. A raised hand held a large gray oval disk. Breathing heavily through open mouths, the divers swam to our side. Ten seconds later appeared the fourth with three or four shells in a small net worn about his naked body like a belt.

The fifth diver was still below. More than a minute passed—which seemed mortally long. I worried. The smooth emerald water was indifferent and calm. Thoughts chased one another in my head as I recalled the dangers to naked divers in the sea. Shark? Octopus? Seaweed? The sharp coral trees? Or had he been swept away by the undercurrent and caught beneath some reef?

A half-minute more passed. I turned with alarm to old Ahmet.

'Don't fear, sir, Hassan is expert and can remain long under water—habit,' he said laconically.

On the other side, to which I happened to transfer my gaze, quite far off, a black head bobbed up. 'At last,' I breathed, scarcely able to say the words. He swam quietly and climbed over the side, his lean muscular body slightly quivering from the strain, his eyes slightly dilated. He threw on the platform two marvelous shells! At the same time the second group of divers plunged in, not waiting for orders.

The nahuda and a sailor began to open the shells. With a short knife they cut, through the opening, a muscle in the heavy lower shell. The mollusk convulsively opened wide its valves. The knife slid skilfully between animal and shell, and a slippery, shapeless mass the size of the palm of the hand fell helplessly to the platform. In contrast to the rough gray exterior of the shell, the nacre inside shone tender white, changing to all the colors of the spectrum. The substance of the shell had an average of a finger's thickness.

Each new shell held its problem: Was there anything or not? Was there anything or not? Was there anything or not? It was like drawing the ticket of the pearl lottery purchased at the risk of human lives. Ahmet kept his eye on the work.

IT WAS intensely hot. The sun's rays pierced even the awning under which we stood. The pervasive slimy smell of the discarded mollusks was disgusting in the suffocating heat. The pulp dried up immediately and stuck to the platform; it was thrown overboard occasionally, but more accumulated. The divers began to grow weary and made longer and longer interims between divings. Their faces grew pinched and their eyes sparkled feverishly. They suffered noticeably . . . there was pain. A pile of shining pearl shells on the dirty bottom of the schooner dazzled the eyes.

But the pearl had not yet been found.

I sat down fagged on the bench along the side, suffering from the suffocating heat and mopping sweat from my face. I looked away in the distance where the pale emerald horizon showed the profile of a steamer with its slow transparent smoke trailing off in the sky. I transferred my eyes to the flat stony little island nearby, surrounded with its crown of white stationary foam, and then to the empty canoe bouncing sleepily at our stern, and . . . became dead from fright!

Several feet from the side, very close to the surface of the water, slipped a long dark silhouette.

Shark!

The thought of two jaws which I had seen in Jibuti pricked sharply and painfully in my memory. They had been offered for sale by a native. With these opened wide on their tendons as on hinges, he wore the deadly hoop about his body. Those terrible semicircular bones with five rows of small three-cornered and serrated teeth! One row immovable, but the other four folded back or raised with muscles at the will of the monster!

The shark has small eyes placed low; as they are semiblind, two small fish 'pilots' always swim close to them and act as guides. When prey is near these guides change their location, one darting up and the other down. It is the signal. The shark turns on his back and, with jaws open, throws himself ahead with enormous speed. He rarely misses his victim.

On transparent emerald water the shark

cut slow, wide circles. Suddenly all looked at one another with scared eyes . . . Who? . . . The old man raised an arm to his white-turbaned forehead. His maimed stump shook . . . 'Allah! Hassan, Hassan!'

We gazed into the sea as if riveted to our places, searching in vain for the place where a head would appear. Our nerves strained. The seconds were painfully long.

The smooth surface parted at last over a black head, shoulders, and an uplifted hand with a shell. We became like wood. Hassan swam slowly with tired stroke. He looked at the sambouka and the men who stood transfixed upon it and . . . understood!

Seizing the gunwale with my hands, I bent as if hypnotized. My heart thumped and something pinched my throat. He came closer and closer. I saw nothing but wide gleaming eyes popping from dark skin. He swam looking to neither side but straight at me. A few feet remained. At our prow slid the dark shadow elastically . . . blood pulsed in my head . . . one more stroke, two . . . crazed hope implored from the face. At the side . . . a rope . . . he threw into the schooner a shell. With dull thud it fell on the wooden platform and rolled.

Suddenly the white stripe of the shark's stomach glanced along the bottom and straightened like an arrow. An inhuman, heart-rending cry pierced the air. The backthrown head and distorted face were turned up to the sun . . . brightly lighted eyes mirrored the last mortal terror. The smooth surface slowly crimsoned. The large circles expanded indifferently and lazily around.

All were silent.

'Allah, Allah! He is the seventeenth,' wailed old Ahmet, breaking the silence.

Depressed with the happenings, I sadly lowered my eyes. Before me on the dirty platform, with dull, even glow, sparkled a pearl.

The Gulf Coast

(*Continued from page 6*)

he rode high, and he was of untiring energy. A gallant old heart, Jefferson Davis! Sitting on the wide porch, looking out over the sea which that morning was the palest of emerald we seemed to sense the presence of ghosts of men coming and going.

The road skirts the sea to Biloxi where there are folk, oyster fishers, whose houses are built on piles over the sea so that a man may step from his kitchen into his boat. But the town itself is a considerable one, with twisting streets and houses with gardens, and a strange cemetery; the dead are buried above ground in vaults of brick and stone, for to dig four or five feet is to come to water. Some of the vaults are moss grown and old, because Biloxi marks the site of the first settlement made upon the Mississippi by white men who came from France in 1699.

My tour ended at Biloxi. Chiefly because of the lack of time. The municipality of Fairhope stands on Mobile Bay. And Fairhope, I learned, was a municipality that had never known a felon case in its courts, and which was conducting an experiment in trying to exempt all improvements from taxation by holding all land in the name of its corporation and, in short, aiming to conduct a model community.

(*This is the second of a series of two articles by Mr. Finger, describing a tour of the Gulf of Mexico shore.*)

Where the Ferris Wheel Spun

(*Continued from page 3*)

Museum. Its massive pillars and pilasters, its pediments and its expansive dome, made it an example of architectural achievement. But latterly, even during its use, it was permitted to crumble and decay. Plaster was allowed to crack and fall. Since the moving of the museum to a new home closer to the Loop district, it has been entirely deserted.

This abandonment is only temporary, however. Chicago people still have an historical pride in the old surroundings. In 1924 its citizens voted a bond issue of $5,000,000 to be used in reconditioning the Fine Arts Building and restoring it as an inspiring example of architectural beauty.

The repair of the building will give Chicago the largest convention hall in the United States, with a seating capacity of twenty-five to thirty thousand. Moreover, it will be used for a select collection of architects' and sculptors' casts, a school of industrial art, and a great community center for the people of south Chicago. A part of the work of restoration has been undertaken, but the final plans are now under reconsideration, as Mr. Julius Rosenwald has tentatively offered $3,000,000 additional funds to establish an industrial museum in connection with the restoration plans. Whatever plans are finally adopted, one thing is certain, this building will remain as Chicago's chief memorial to the World's Columbian Exposition, which did so much to acquaint foreign lands with the rapid progress in achievements of the people of the United States.

BUILDINGS are not the only reminder of the fair. 'Wooded Island,' south of Fine Arts, with its Japanese houses, its rose gardens, and its Cahokia Courthouse, has been retained. The landscape has not been changed.

The old courthouse goes back to the days of the French régime and the time of Louis XIV. It was originally erected by the French at Cahokia in 1716 and at different times has served as the seat of local government for French, British, and Americans. Its use spans the period from Indian wars to commercial supremacy. The walls of the building are of squared walnut logs set up perpendicularly and held together with pegs of wood.

'Did you want to see Cokey?' asked the policeman when we visited the place. He pulled the key out of his pocket. It is the romance which pervades that old building which makes one thrill with pride as one gazes at it and recalls the stirring events it has witnessed. Today it is the oldest frame structure in the upper Mississippi Valley.

Farther along, on the site of the main building, the largest of the fair group, is a gilded bronze statue of the Republic. This memorial at the central gathering place is the work of Daniel Chester French and is a replica of the great gilded statue of the Republic which stood nearby in the Court of Honor.

'"Big Mary" the people called the statue during the fair and, although it has been rebuilt and placed on this block of granite, it is still called by that name,' remarked the policeman, in answer to our questions.

The Court of Honor at the center of the main group of buildings consisted of a wide plaza with a lagoon in its center having at one end a beautiful electric fountain sculptured by MacMonnies and at the other a graceful peristyle. This is gone, but many of the other landscape features are there.

Turning toward the lake shore, one finds modern improvements. A bathing beach pavilion with facilities to accommodate six thousand persons has been erected.

FROM its upper windows one can see the yacht harbor, a lagoon of twenty-four acres reserved for the anchorage of private pleasure boats. During the exposition this bay was used for the anchorage of the replica of the *Santa Maria*, one of Columbus' three sailing vessels in his first voyage to America. It was presented to the fair by the Spanish Government. The *Santa Maria* is still an amusement attraction which is visited annually by thousands.

Before the opening of the fair it was sailed to the West Indies along the same route as was traveled by Columbus, later being brought to Chicago by way of the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes.

The varied beauty of the surroundings makes the place one of Chicago's most attractive park areas and a mecca for thousands of tourists, as well as the residents of the South Side.

Winding paths and roadways all lead to the Midway, along whose broad avenue once stood the motley collection of amusement enterprises. The most interesting of these consisted of representative scenes from the daily life of various peoples of Europe, Africa, and the Orient.

Down this boulevard past the spires and pinnacles of the stately Chicago University buildings, one reaches a statuary group recent in design, but none the less interesting. Here the sculptor has depicted the changes wrought by Time from the beginning of life to the grave. The work is the 'Fountain of Time,' by Lorado Taft.

Before its group of figures, billowed like the waves of the sea, stands Father Time—a tall, rugged, mysterious form holding tightly his flowing white garment as he reviews the hastening panorama of men. The story of peoples from primitive ignorance to advanced intellectual development has been boldly portrayed in the moulds of cement. Man is also shown tragic in his declining years, borne down with burdens, kneeling, gazing terror-stricken over the brink into the unknown. It is the story of passing generations.

Other monuments to scientists and national benefactors are planned for this landscape where the civilized nations of the world held eight months' festival a third of a century ago. Chicago has decreed that the old fair and its surroundings shall be dedicated to the exposition's yearnings for higher achievements in art, science, and educational development.

The Virgin *of* GUADALUPE

By DONALD B. DREW

IT HAS been a mystery for nearly four centuries. It is a very small mystery, a trifle more than two yards long and one yard wide, and less than one-quarter of an inch in thickness. Exactly three hundred and ninety-six years ago it covered the shivering shoulders of an Indian boy, herding goats a mile and a half above sea level on the Mexican plateau. Today it attracts, in one day, more than one hundred thousand men, women, and children, most of them also Indians. They come to gaze and wonder, worship and adore, a mystery which has been unsolved since a December morning of 1531.

The *tilma* was the blanket of Juan Diego, probably a Toltec, possibly an Aztec. It now hangs imprisoned behind thick plate glass in a heavy gold-plated metal frame in the main church at Guadalupe Hidalgo, a suburb of Mexico City. It has been a puzzle for the scientists and the art experts of the ages.

The person who joins the throng of thousands of pilgrims, drawn from all parts of Mexico, on Guadalupe Day, December 12, and takes his turn in line with them in passing into the basilica of Guadalupe, will see above the altar a strip of grayish-brown cloth, coarse in texture, crudely woven, seven feet long by rather less than three in width, containing an unusual picture of the Mother of Christ. Unlike all other known portraits of the Virgin Mary, this bears unmistakable resemblance to an Indian girl.

The colors of gold, black, cream, violet, rose and green seem at a distance to be as brilliant as they could have been when they first appeared on the *tilma*. They have been examined closely by American chemists, painters, dye experts and weavers; the National Museum of Mexico at one time appointed a commission of men from similar professions to investigate it; yet not one of these has been able to say by what means the picture was placed on the cloth.

The *tilma* is merely a brother to hundreds of thousands of other blankets worn by the Indians, or on sale in the shops of every village and town from the Rio Grande to the Guatemala line. Its duplicate can be purchased for a *peso* or less, any day in the year anywhere in Mexico. The maguey, better known to Americans as the 'century plant,' furnishes the fiber from which the modern *tilmas* are woven, just as a maguey furnished the fiber for this. Yet on no other blanket appears the image of the Virgin, either in Mexico or elsewhere.

Pilgrims in the church at Guadalupe. The sacred tilma is in the frame above the altar.

Church dignitaries, and some authorities not of the church, proclaim that a miracle was performed on lonely Tepeyácac Hill on a December morning early in the 16th Century. Besides these, there is a considerable group of American and Mexican scientists and artists who have studied the *tilma* and its picture from all angles and by all methods, yet who admit they do not know whether paint, dye or colored threads produced the image on the blanket.

—Ewing Galloway Photos.

Village of Guadalupe, from Tepeyacac Hill.

Back of the *tilma*, and aside from its mysterious character, lies an interesting and detailed story. This tale is more than legend. It is told in precisely the same manner in the records of the church and in the profane histories of the *Biblioteca Nacional*, in Mexico City, where the writer has read both the religious and the worldly accounts, written before the middle of the 16th Century in the somewhat florid Spanish of that day and age.

Whatever doubt there may be as to the miraculous origin of the painting, and whatever trickery may be charged, the story of the *tilma* of Juan Diego, born *Quauhtlatohua* in the ancient village of Cuauhtitlan, stands today as he told it first, and as he continued to tell it until the day of his death.

According to the story this *Quauhtlatohua* had removed his family in November, 1531, and set up a new brush *jacal* in Tolpetlac, a village nearer to Mexico City. On December 9, of the same year, this Indian, who had been baptized Juan Diego, that is, John James, started to still another Indian village, to attend Mass. His path led him beside a barren volcanic hill called Tepeyácac, and now better known as 'the Hill of Guadalupe.'

As Juan Diego hurried past, he heard distant music, which increased in volume until it seemed to envelop him. Turning his eyes upward, he saw, first, a rainbow-like arch of myriad colors, spanning the hill and holding in the center a brilliant golden light. A voice came to him from this light, saying:

'My son, approach.'

As he drew nearer he beheld a woman resplendently clad, who continued to encourage him, until, though he felt great fear and tried to run away, he found himself kneeling at her feet. The vision informed him that she was the Virgin Mary, that she wished a chapel built on the site of the Indian temple, and instructed him to go straightway to the bishop with this message.

The bishop questioned Diego closely, who, after finding that he told the tale the same way at each of several repetitions, ordered him to return to the scene of his strange experience, and obtain from the apparition some sign by which the churchly dignitary might recognize the divine command. As the Indian left, the bishop sent two trusted men to follow him, but, when Diego stepped across a small, narrow stream near Tepeyácac Hill, he disappeared from the view of the two spies, though the country roundabout was open, and the hill plainly visible.

Again the vision appeared to him, and bade him return next day, when a convincing sign would be given to him. Diego, however, failed to appear on the following day, December 11, because of the illness of an uncle. On December 12, the Indian was sent again to the village to obtain the services of a priest for his dying uncle.

Fearing the Virgin was angry Juan Diego passed on the other side. The radiant woman appeared once more. Diego fell to his knees and stammered forth the story of the illness of his uncle.

'Be not afraid,' said the voice of the vision, 'nor yet filled with anxiety regarding your uncle. I have just left him and he is completely recovered. Go thou rather to the top of this hill, pluck there the roses you shall find blossoming, wrap them in your *tilma*, and bring them to me.'

The Indian obeyed. Returning to the place of the vision, with the roses wrapped in his *tilma*, Diego placed them in the outstretched hands of the woman, who gazed at them for a moment, and instructed him to take them to the bishop.

The bishop received the Indian, but, instead of taking the *tilma* into his own hands, commanded the bearer to unroll it. As the roses dropped from the blanket, there appeared upon it the figure of the sacred woman of Tepeyácac. The bishop and the other church officials present fell on their knees and gave thanks for the manifestation of the divine will. The *tilma* was placed in the oratory of the cathedral in Mexico City, and, on the following day, the bishop, accompanied by a number of church and civil authorities, followed Juan Diego as his guide to the spot where he had perceived the vision.

From a crevice in the rocks at exactly the point on which Diego said the Virgin had appeared, a spring of clear, pure water flowed.

It was not until 1667 that Pope Clement IX set apart December 12 to be forever a day of holy *fiesta* in honor of the Mexican Virgin.

In 1754, a Jesuit priest, Juan Francisco Lopez, journeyed to Rome and obtained from Pope Benedict XIV a papal bull proclaiming the Virgin of Guadalupe to be the protectress and patroness of New Spain, later to become Mexico.

An order of the Virgin of Guadalupe was created by Agostin de Iturbide, first emperor of Mexico, in 1822, with a decoration which is still in the possession of some of the older families in the southern republic. In 1824, the national congress decreed Guadalupe Day, December 12, a national holiday, and Felix Fernandez, first president of the new republic, changed his name to Guadalupe Victoria, by which he is most commonly known to history.

Great Figures of Fiction

(*Continued from page 15*)

his friends, the constant watchfulness that is his haunting necessity, become unendurable. Driven by the ceaseless accusings and excusings of his own thoughts, he at length takes Sonia into his confidence. She urges him to confess, and this he finally does.

The punishment of his crime is a sentence of eight years at hard labor in Siberia, but Sonia goes with him voluntarily. Expiation is a long and bitter endurance, but Raskolnikov is happier for it.

When we have walked too much the streets of St. Petersburg with Dostoyevski's hero, we could meet no one more relieving than F. Hopkinson Smith's Colonel Carter. At the moment of making his acquaintance, indeed, he is in somewhat straitened circumstances. The Civil War has swept away his fortune and has carried with it the opportunity for legitimate leisure and for that exercise of the social graces that leisure may encourage in those who possess them. They are an inalienable part of the qualities of a Southern gentleman. It is in that character that the author presents him to us. In him all the best traditions of the Old Dominion endure, even though the conditions of their origin and growth have passed away.

It is because they have passed, because the energetic, achieving spirit of the North has borne down upon them, that Colonel Carter, 'Colonel Carter of Cartersville,' in the title of the novel, is unusually interesting and engaging. He has not learned to do anything for which anyone will pay him money. He is compelled to live by the more or less concealed benevolence of his Aunt Nancy. At best he can be counted, productively, as scarcely more than a futility. If humanity at large had no greater genius for work than he, he could not have the duck or the claret or the contents of the bottle labeled 'Old Cherry Bounce, 1848,' for the dinner with which the story opens.

IT IS after this dinner that we first learn of the Colonel's project for the reviving of his fortunes, the Cartersville and Watertown Airline Railroad. His chief reliance for the success of the railroad is not on any money that he has to invest in it, not on any traffic that it can reasonably be supposed to obtain, but in the fact that it is to be supported by the distinction of the patronage of some of the first families of Virginia. The narrator of the story asks why some twelve seemingly useless miles of road are to be built. The Northern business man to whom the Colonel has intrusted the management and financing of his scheme says quietly, 'To reach Carter Hall.' When this brings out a further question as to the possible advantage of making connection with the Colonel's ancestral residence, he is at once on his feet.

'Any advantage? Major, I am surprised at you! A place settled mo' than one hundred years ago, belongin' to one of the vehy fust fam'lies of Virginia, not to be of any advantage to a new enterprise like this! Why, suh, it will give an air of respectability to the whole thing that nothin' else could ever do. Leave out Caater Hall, suh, and you pa'alize the whole scheme. Am I not right, Fitz?'

'Unquestionably, Colonel. It is really all the life it has,' he explains to the major.

The Colonel's sense of honor is interesting and, from the standpoint of his Northern friends, unique. It has two striking aspects. One appears in his dealings with his grocer, who shows him the courtesy of an extended credit such as a Southerner of quality like himself may think his due. The Colonel accepts it in that spirit and is sincerely unwilling to offend the grocer or do injury to the fineness of his consideration for him by any reference to a possible date of payment.

The other aspect of his sense of honor reveals itself in the delightfully humorous episode of his affair with the broker, Klutchem. Klutchem is financially almost as much on the ragged edge as the Colonel. In a moment of irritation he addresses the Colonel as 'Old Garden Spot,' at the same time speaking contemptuously of the projected railroad. The Colonel is roused at once and demands satisfaction for his aggrieved honor. Friends convince him Klutchem was right, and the duel is forgotten.

Some Filipino Temples

(*Continued from page 9*)

silent in their vaulted aisles without hearing from those stained and mellow walls whispered prayers of priests who long since have vanished, and shadow chants of acolytes who have joined the choir invisible?

'The exact number of these churches it is impossible to learn. Even in the Walled City, there are so many sanctuaries and chapels that the count never results twice alike, and, in this air of old Spain, who cares how many there be?'

Of the religious orders that erected these ancient piles of architecture Dr. Miller says:

> 'To those who are able to read the lines between the altars and arches, the individual characteristics of the different orders are reflected in the churches they have built. The austerity of the Augustinians seems to hang about the somber shadows of the old church and the sincerity of life of the great order finds fitting expression in the building of genuine stone with no plaster of make-believe in its construction. Such building has stood for centuries and such character will stand forever.
>
> 'The higher culture of the Jesuit is nobly expressed in the most beautiful of all the cathedrals of the Philippines, and the Gothic arches of old Santo Domingo are the purest type of that most striking of all forms of church architecture.'

The most famous of all the ruins of the Philippine Islands is that of the old monastery which was destroyed by fire when the Americans were fighting insurgents who took refuge within its already toppling walls; this is Guadalupe, which overlooks the Pasig River not far from Manila.

Overgrown with grass and trees and flowers as it is, the arches, altars, and stairways of this old monastery still tell of its former beauty and glory, and one can imagine the thousands who went there to worship, and the other hundreds who gave themselves over to training for the glory of God.

Two Romances of World Trade

(*Continued from page 6*)

The cotton resources of British India are represented at the present time by about 18,500,000 acres from which there is an annual output approaching 4,500,000 bales. For the more recent and definite expression of the British policy of independence in cotton supplies, however, one must pass from those resources.

To follow the trail made by the British cotton experts during recent years would take one all over the British Empire. As each great tract of 'the new and naked lands' came under control, among the first of the men who were sent to judge of their possibilities were the men charged with the duty of determining in what areas cotton could be grown. It is a curious fact that some of those men were American. There was no island too small and no stretch of little-known country too vast and wild for them. And the results?

—*Ewing Galloway Photos.*

Preparing soil for planting cotton on the site of ancient Memphis, in Egypt.

From the British point of view the results are satisfactory; from the American, charged with importance. In the Transvaal two million acres have been marked out as suitable. A survey of Natal showed that that colony had also at least two million acres available. The rapidly increasing hundreds of thousands of natives must spill over at no distant date; South Africa must find for those huge populations an outlet in productive activity.

Then there are the Nigerias, away on the West Coast of Africa, with a population over sixteen millions and an area available for cotton-growing which is estimated at twelve million acres. Movement in the Nigerias has been cautious. Powerful interests were concerned with the palm-oil and palm-kernel trade there, and anxiety that native attention should not be diverted too suddenly from that has somewhat slowed the development of cotton-growing. An output of about 12,000 bales seems almost negligible in American eyes; but a beginning has been made, and the fears regarding other activities have been dispelled.

In the Kenya Colony of British Central Africa, the seekers of cotton lands have traversed one of the most favored spots on earth. It is a great plateau in the center of Kenya, a plateau beloved of independent big-game hunters. It has an altitude of 4,000 feet, and although right on the Equator has a glorious climate, comparable to that of California. The plateau is well over 200,000 square miles in extent, or about three times the size of the United Kingdom without the trimmings. There, staples yield two crops a season. By all the visiting experts this great plateau has been pronounced a cotton-growing land par excellence, and equally suitable for rubber. The decision has been in favor of cotton. A start has been made.

This plateau is to be the Society Section of White Africa. Settlers with capital can find a footing, if their capital is sufficient, if they are Whites of European stock, and especially if they possess a name that can be traced in Debrett, the British Social Register; or a commissioned record in the Services, or the social status which comes of a university degree. The immigrants in the neighboring lowlands have seen or heard of the land, but their efforts to find a footing have been vain. Its labor needs are to be met from the very sparse native population of the plateau or from the lowlands close by.

Britain has relaxed her hold upon Egypt, but she has no intention of giving up the Sudan. Extensive development work has been carried on there, chiefly in the interests of the policy of independence in cotton supplies. The initial contribution of the Sudan has been about 200,000 acres to Britain's total of cotton lands. The natives are taking to the work well; and the territory available is of great extent.

Of importance is the hold which cotton-growing has obtained in Australia. Backed by government guaranty of a market and a price, growers in Queensland have put thousands of acres under cotton, and the prospect is that the increase will be steady.

One finds Americans doing research work of similar character in many parts of the world, for other countries; lacking the opportunity, some say, to do it for their own. They are to be found in the Northern Territory of Australia, in New Guinea, in the Malay Archipelago, and in many other parts of the non-American East.

The development of a convenient and comparatively compact block of American rubber interests on this continent is more than ever possible by the opening of the Panama Canal and the establishment of an important American center in the Canal Zone. The Canal is near both coasts of the Central American countries — Mexico, Gautemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Panama—all natural rubber pro-

Seeded beds on a rubber plantation in Borneo.

ducers. It is also near other great producers such as Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia. In these countries practically every species of profitable rubber tree can be grown.

Practically the entire area of the Philippine Islands falls within the rubber zone, even the most northerly parts lying within the latitude at which a valuable but curiously neglected rubber producer, the *Bleckrodea tonkinensis*, flourishes on the Asiatic mainland. In the islands the United States controls a territory as great as that with which Britain has secured a dominating hold upon rubber production. Climatic conditions are held to be favorable by planters, and the 40,000 square miles of virgin forest which the islands include are asserted to offer valuable possibilities.

To some extent the Philippines come within the scope of movements in the East which are viewed with misgiving by all interested in assured and unbroken supplies of rubber. The labor overflow of India, China, and Japan is to be found in all the rubber lands upon which we have come to depend. Over all those countries movements are sweeping: national, political, and religious movements which are liable to find expression in ways embarrassing to production. The doctrine of noncoöperation is filtering through. Mohammedanism, now undergoing closer organization, is realizing that there are things to be gained through its labor, or withdrawal of its labor. National antagonisms must be reckoned with occasionally.

The whole situation is rife with uncertainties, the least uncertain of which are disturbing in their possibilities.

So widely scattered are the developing resources of the British, so varied the areas and peoples concerned, that under almost any imaginable conditions of dislocation of production, they can rely on obtaining cotton.

The development of rubber within short voyage of the Canal Zone offers to America all the advantages inherent in varying populations and individuality of conditions, with a first-rank advantage, in addition, not possessed by Britain's new cotton fields: the geographical advantage which has placed all those other useful conditions within a comparatively compact area.

Sport *of* Kings

By ZETA ROTHSCHILD

THE chariot racing of the Romans, made familiar to the public in this 20th Century by motion pictures, was one of the earliest examples of a sport that has lasted through many centuries.

The Romans, who later implanted their customs on English soil, sent their horses to the race course thirty days before the celebration of the games. Although attendants took care of the horses, their noble owners themselves rode in the race. Philip, King of Macedon, and Hiero, King of Syracuse, were noted for their horsemanship on the race course.

Some claim that Caesar was the first to bring race horses to England; others, that the native breed was first improved when Hugh Capet, of France, in the Ninth Century sent several race horses to Athelstan, whose sister Ethelswitha he was courting.

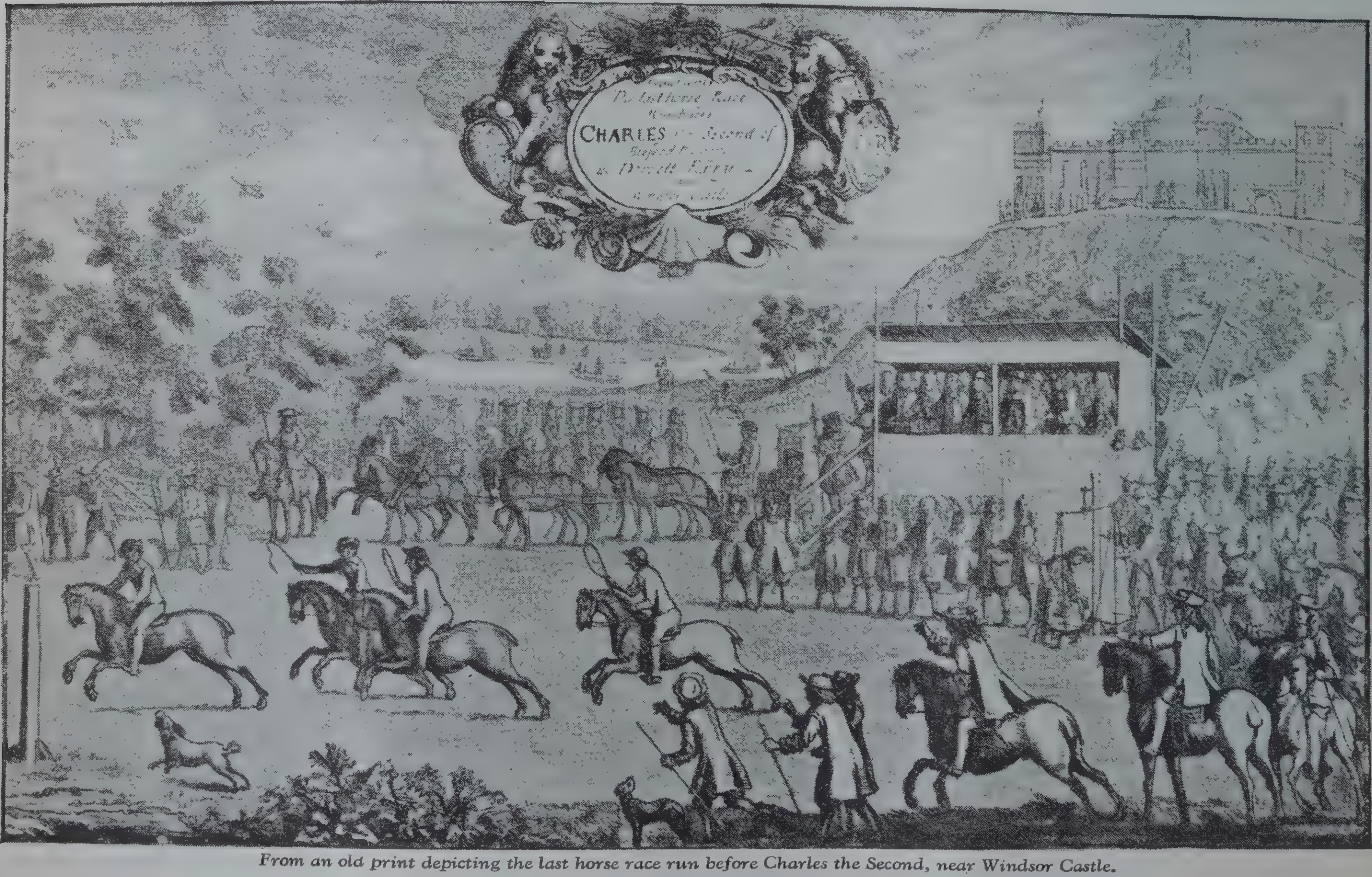
However, horse racing came slowly. At first at country fairs, especially at Smithfield, the farmers would race their horses to show their good points and thereby get a higher price. But not until the reign of James I did private matches between gentlemen jockeys become the fashion.

The rise of Epsom, the great English racing center, sixteen miles outside London, was first due to a famous salt that bears its name. A spring on the downs having been accidentally discovered, the fashionable physicians of the middle 17th Century sent their patients to drink of its beneficial waters. James I had a house there, and Pepys, a follower of the current fashions, notes in his diary in 1667 that he 'did drink four pints of the water.'

When sea bathing became fashionable, the physicians patronized the seashore resorts. But as Epsom and its downs were not easily forgotten, in 1730, the first annual race was there inaugurated, and it remains one of the racing events of the English.

Gradually the custom of jockeying by gentlemen gave way to commercialism. Every country gentleman had a few horses that could be used in racing, which however were given no better treatment than the other animals in his stable.

But when the King himself began to be interested in the development of 'running horses,' the nobles had to follow suit. Arabian horses were imported which, by crossbreeding, brought into being the magnificent race horses which have fathered winners of both English and American classics ever since.



From an old print depicting the last horse race run before Charles the Second, near Windsor Castle.

The House in the Fiftieth Congress

(*Continued from page 14*)

specialty, and, being a man of fine presence, an eloquent speaker, and of a kindly and most friendly disposition, early assumed high place among the leaders of the House. In the Fifty-first Congress he was a candidate against Reed for the speakership and, fortunately for himself, failed of success. Many as were McKinley's good qualities he lacked Reed's stubborn fiber and aggressiveness. His conciliatory character never would have allowed him to follow the course Reed pursued in quorum counting. Losing the speakership, McKinley became chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and the author of the tariff bill that bore his name and finally made his presidential candidacy possible. In preparation for the election of 1890 the Ohio Democrats gerrymandered McKinley's district, but even then so great was his popularity McKinley came within three hundred votes of winning. His opponents resorted to the curious trick of sending among the farmers in McKinley's district peddlers who demanded preposterous prices for tinware, defending their charges by the explanation that McKinley had so protected the tin-plate industry in his tariff bill as to deliver consumers over to exploitation by the tin-plate trust. Housewives were horrified by the prices asked and McKinley lost many votes.

That year was disastrous to Republicans everywhere throughout the country. They elected but eighty-eight representatives, the smallest number in any Congress since the party was fairly organized, while the Democrats elected three hundred and thirty-three. During Cleveland's Administration McKinley was governor of Ohio. Then came the free silver campaign and McKinley's first election to the Presidency, with Mark Hanna represented by cartoonists as the dollar-marked dominating boss. That was a mistaken notion in some of its implications. Hanna was of a masterful disposition but he never mastered McKinley. The President was the stronger man of the two and by long odds the best politician. The Spanish-American War, in which McKinley was overborne by the jingoes of both parties, the annexation of Hawaii, his second election, and his assassination in September, 1901, by Leon Czolgosz, are sufficiently recent events historically to be fresh in public recollection.

Pennsylvania had thirty-seven representatives, some of them of national note. General Bingham, of an old Philadelphia family, was wounded at Gettysburg in 1863, at Spottsylvania in 1864 and at Farmville in 1865. Charles O'Neill and Samuel J. Randall each were elected to Congress in the year in which Lincoln was first elected to the Presidency and each served continuously year after year until death. Randall, a Democrat, was nevertheless a protectionist, which partly accounted for his successive reëlections from a Republican district. A silk merchant's clerk in his youth and then contrastingly in the wholesale iron trade, he had a good war record, serving in the Union army from the beginning. Leading the fight against the Force Bill in the Forty-third Congress, he won party leadership and was chosen speaker in three successive congresses. He was speaker when the Electoral Commission plan was adopted in settlement of the Hayes-Tilden controversy but the plan never had his approval. Few men ever served in Congress who were more sincere advocates of economy in expenditure—few more rigid in their demands for honesty on the part of public officials. He died April 12, 1890, after an exceptionally useful career.

William D. Kelley, born 1814 and a proofreader in his youth, was another member who served in Congress for thirty or more years. Kelley was a delegate to the convention that nominated Lincoln in 1860; he served in Congress from March 4, 1860, until his death, January 9, 1890. Charles N. Brumm enlisted when yet a student at Lincoln's first call for troops. Frank C. Bunnell went into the Union army as a private in 1861 and was discharged in 1863 because of disability. Louis E. Atkinson was a Union surgeon throughout the war but was so badly disabled that he could not continue practice in civil life and became a lawyer. Levi Maish, a Union Democrat, recruited a company in 1862, was wounded at Antietam, was made colonel at Fredericksburg and was wounded again when leading his regiment at Chancellorsville.

John Patton was delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1860. John Dalzell, of Yale '65, was a corporation attorney. Thomas N. Bayne fought as a colonel at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Oscar L. Jackson served from 1861 to 1865, was on 'the march to the sea' and through the Carolinas after having been very severely wounded in battle at Corinth, Mississippi, in October, 1862. William M. Scott was among the wealthiest members of the House.

One of Rhode Island's two representatives, Henry J. Spooner, took part in the Civil War, serving in the Armies of the Potomac and the James.

Five of South Carolina's representatives served in the Confederate army. Samuel Dibble volunteered at the beginning and fought until the war ended. George D. Tillman was a private for three years. James S. Cothran, entering the army at the outbreak of the war, surrendered at Appomattox as a captain, having meanwhile been three times severely wounded—at Second Manassas, Chancellorsville and Jericho Ford. William H. Perry was a cavalryman during the whole of the war and William Elliott, an officer.

Leonidas C. Houk of Tennessee was self-educated, having had but three months of schooling, but he taught himself Union principles. He was a member of the Loyal East Tennessee Convention in 1861, and that year enlisted in the Union army as a private. Three of the others in the Tennessee delegation fought in the Confederate army. There was John R. Neal, who enlisted as a private and was elected a captain; James D. Richardson, who left college at eighteen to become a private and then adjutant and who retired from Congress to give all his time to his duties as head of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, and Washington C. Whitthorne, who served as an officer in the Confederate army from the beginning to the end of the war.

Benton McMillan after became a senator and governor of Tennessee. James Phelan was only four years old when the war broke out but his father was a Confederate senator.

At least eight of the eleven representatives from Texas fought 'endurin' the wah'

The Voice

MARIE ALDRICH

IT MAY be from the silence, or
It may be from the dusk
That ventures near the vine-clad door,
A voice is calling as before.

Perhaps it is a night bird, or
The whirring of a bat,
That penetrates to the heart's core
In runic tones of ancient lore.

And peace leaves those who listen, for
The years of life are few;
In death the voice will call no more,
The urgent voice will cry no more.

and all of them, of course, for the Confederacy. William H. Martin raised a company and took part in all of the battles of Lee's army until the surrender in April, 1865.

Constantine Buckley Kilgore, better known as 'Buck,' was wounded at Chickamauga and, being captured, was held prisoner in Fort Delaware. When Tom Reed, counting his quorums, ordered the doors of the House to be locked, 'Buck' Kilgore, his white chin-beard bristling, strode down the aisle and kicked the locked door open. David B. Culberson, esteemed one of the best lawyers of the House, served in the Confederate army as private and officer and in his later years eschewed political advancement for himself that he might better forward the prospects of his son Charles to whom he was devoted and who subsequently became governor of Texas and senator from that state.

Silas Hare, who had been a private in the war with Mexico and was chief justice of New Mexico in 1862 under the Confederate government, became a captain in the Confederate army. Jo Abbott was a lieutenant and L. W. Moore also saw active service.

Joe Sayers, who fought for the Confederacy from '61 to '65, was one of the best-loved men in the House on either side, and afterward became governor of Texas. S. W. T. Lanham became a Confederate private when a boy. One of the notable figures of the Texas delegation was Roger Q. Mills, who was bitterly disappointed when Crisp of Georgia was chosen as the Democratic candidate for speaker in the Fifty-second Congress. He was a fluent and an able man. The Texas legislature had removed the disability of minority so that he could be admitted to the bar when but twenty.

DURING his congressional career Mills was inclined to severity in dealing with the money devil but was considerably less ferocious after he 'struck' oil.

Grout of Vermont not only served as colonel in the Union army but was made brigadier general of the Vermont militia at the time of the now almost forgotten St. Alban's raid in 1864.

Eight of Virginia's ten representatives saw service in the Confederate army and two of them, strange to relate, were Republicans. William E. Gaines, Republican, fought from '61 to '65 in the Confederate army, surrendering with Johnson; his fellow Republican, Bowen, was a cavalry captain in Lee's army until captured in December, 1864, when he was confined in Fort Delaware. T. H. H. Browne was an artilleryman throughout the war, George D. Wise was captain, and John R. Brown, a private. Samuel J. Hopkins served through the war and was wounded several times. Charles T. O'Ferrall, who later was to become governor of Virginia, enlisted as a private in the cavalry and, after having been several times wounded, was at the end of the war in command of all the Confederate cavalry in the Shenandoah Valley.

He was a likable man who still felt the effects of the wounds he had received. W. H. F. Lee, while yet at Harvard in 1857, received an appointment in the regular army. He was a member of Albert Sidney Johnston's expedition against the Mormons, then resigned his commission and was living like an old-school Virginia gentleman on his estates when the Civil War began.

He at once raised a company of cavalry and at last became a major general. Wounded at Brandy Station, he was later captured and held prisoner at Fort Lafayette. There he was exchanged and he resumed service, surrendering with his illustrious namesake at Appomattox.

Nathan Goff of West Virginia, Republican, served in the Union army and later became senator. William L. Wilson of West Virginia served in the Confederate army as a private throughout the war and then for six years was a college professor of ancient languages, but it was as the author of the Wilson Tariff Bill that he achieved political fame. It was that bill, as mutilated in the Senate, that Cleveland characterized, without reflection upon Wilson, as a measure of 'perfidy and dishonor.' Later Cleveland made this scholarly, refined gentleman Postmaster-General and he ended his career as president of Washington and Lee University, which office he held when he died October 17, 1901.

EASILY the most famous of the Wisconsin delegation in the Fiftieth Congress, Robert M. La Follette was far too young to serve in the Civil War. Born in Wisconsin in 1855 he was graduated from the state university in 1879, became a lawyer and soon after entered upon that notable political career that deservedly was to make of him a national figure. Placed on the Ways and Means Committee of the House, he was given early opportunity to win distinction and helped McKinley frame his tariff bill.

Leaving the House in 1891 he became governor of Wisconsin in 1900, 1902 and again in 1904; he was elected to the Senate in 1905 where he remained until his death. La Follette's life was one of ceaseless political war. In all his conflicts he had Wisconsin at his back. All the money and all the cunning of his enemies could not shake the confidence the people had in him.

His fight was ever against the dominance in government of special privilege and private interest. Again and again he carried to the national convention of the Republican Party proposed reforms that caused him to be hooted as a visionary and denounced as a 'red'; yet nearly all his proposals came later to find a place in party platform or Federal statute. He gave his life in sincere, honest service to the common people of the land, and when he died, although no corporations flung out black signs of mourning, he was lamented by millions of men and women who knew his worth at last in all its greatness.

Two—and only two—of the Wisconsin delegation of nine served in the Union army. They were Charles B. Clark and Ormsby B. Thomas.

In that day there were eight territories represented by delegates: Arizona, Dakota, since divided into two states; Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Utah, Washington and Wyoming. Delegate Marcus A. Smith afterward became senator when Arizona was admitted as did Delegate Fred T. Dubois of Idaho. Delegate Caine of Utah crossed the plains in 1852 and founded the Salt Lake *Herald*. Delegate Joseph M. Carey of Wyoming became a senator after Wyoming was admitted.

Early English and American Road Books

(*Continued from page 12*)

gave not only distances from London but also information about market days, always an important institution, county seats, 'circuits of the Judges of England,' from which we get our circuit courts, and other information of the kind.

In America, Christopher Colles published in New York in 1789 'A Survey of the roads of the United States of America' on the scale of one inch and three-quarters to the mile. Colles specified 'all the cross-roads and streams of water which intersect' the main roads, and included the 'names of all the most noted inhabitants of the houses contiguous to or in view of the road, . . . the taverns, blacksmiths' shops . . . ' and, in general, all points of interest.

'A traveller will here find so plain and circumstantial a description of the road, that . . . it will be impossible for him to miss his way, . . . if his horse should want a shoe, or his carriage be broke he will be able by bare inspection of the draft to determine whether he must go backward or forward to a blacksmith's shop.'

Colles' work was limited largely to the region of New York and Philadelphia, including Boston. It was replaced in 1802 by Moore and Jones' *Traveller's Directory* for New York to Washington.

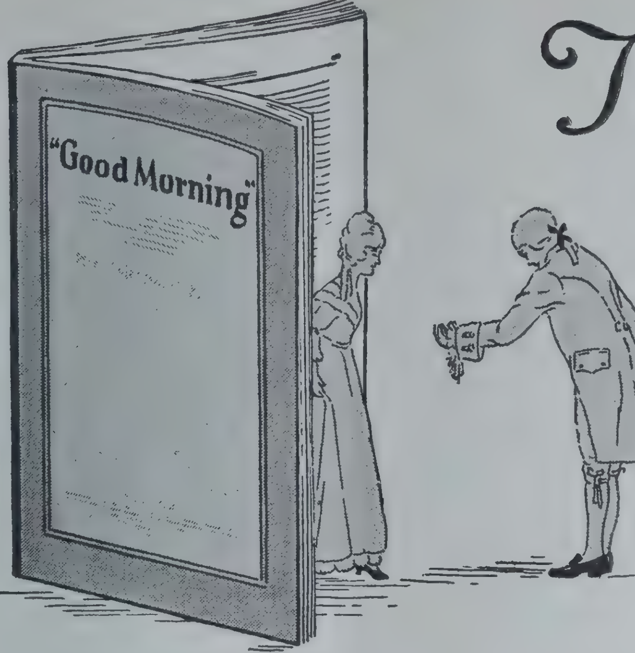
When compared with modern travelogs, the following excerpt from Ogilby's *Guide* offers amusing contrasts:

Miles, F(urlongs) (Note flv. for 'river')

From London to	
Mile-End-Green	1'0
Mile-End-Village	0'5
Bow	1'2
Cross a St. Brid. over Lea flv.	0'2
And enter Essex	
Over several branches of the Lea	
Stratford Langthorn	0'6
Cross Rodon flv. to	
Great Ilford	3'0
Seven Kings Watering	1'6
Chadwell-Street	1'3
The Whale's Bone	0'7
By the Gallows, and part of Epping Forest, Left	0'6
Chain-Bridge over Chelmer flv.	1'7
The Bull-Inn on the Right	2'0
Cross the Chelmer to 28'2 Chelmsford	0'2
(28 miles from London)	
Roads part at the end, bear right	
By Brumfield Ch. (urch) near Left	2'6
By a third Wood, Left	1'0
And Bulmer-Ch. 2 f. Left	0'4
A Descent of 3 furl.	0'2
Ballington-Street	0'3
Cross Stour flv. (river) to (53'4) Sudbury	0'4
Enter Suffolk ibid.	

'Forward turnings to be avoided' and likewise 'backward turnings to be avoided' are mentioned.

With the advent of the railroad the necessity for the road books for travelers seemed to disappear. However, first the bicycle and then the automobile revived the road book, making possible the detailed accounts which we have today of the main roads in all of America. Our modern road book is the direct and evident literary descendant of the road books which appeared first two centuries and a half ago.



The RETURN *of the* DANCE

Everyone enjoys the old-time dances. They are easy to learn. They are being taken up enthusiastically by schools, clubs and community groups.

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THE methods of the world-famed Ford School of Dancing at Dearborn are now made available to everyone in the specially prepared manual entitled

'GOOD MORNING'

Compiled by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford

This 169-page manual contains complete information with instructions on each of the dances. Calls, music and pictures visualizing the various steps are given. There is also detailed information on how to arrange and conduct a successful dance.

The origin and etiquette of dancing, style and deportment are also fully described. This feature makes *Good Morning* a valuable reference book, especially in connection with the training of children.

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...............sets of Piano copies @ 50c a set ....
...............sets of Orchestrations @ $2.00 a set ....
...............single Orchestrations @ 15c each ....
Name..
Street or R. F. D...
City.................................... *State*....................................
12-10-27

Table of Contents
'GOOD MORNING'

- The Return of the Dance
- Style in Dancing
- Deportment in Dancing
- Arranging for a Party
- Positions of the Feet in Dancing
- Dictionary of Dance Terms
- Floor Manager
- Prompting
- Quadrilles
- The Lancers
- Novelty Quadrilles
- Contra Dances
- Minuet
- Exercising the Knee Joints
- The Waltz and Other Round Dances.

planet Earth. Great things are still occurring, but we are occurring with them, and so we don't notice it. Most of the earth fashions we know, such as land and sea, highland and lowland, are new-fashioned landscaping. Niagara and the present Great Lakes are, so to speak, this season's novelties. The 'eternal hills' of the poet are about as eternal as a soda biscuit; they have their ups and downs like everything else.

The continents crept apart slowly. By piecing the eastern coast of South America with the western coast of Africa, one can see where the division began as the fissures opened and the divided land 'crept' apart—first a crevice, then a creek, presently a 'sound' like that between Long Island and New York, and last an ocean.

Our weather reporting is still an imperfect work. All our 'weather' originates in the little film of air, ten miles thick; and besides, there being nothing that we can do about it, as Mark Twain said, there is not too much known about it. If news were gathered on the same basis as weather reports, you might read in the evening newspaper that there had been a riot in the Far West or in mid-Pacific and that the rioters had all bought tickets for your town.

Two Books

(Continued from page 6)

But you would never know what it was all about or why they were headed in your direction.

As to 'weather signs,' some of them are good, others not. Because the birds have more feathers and the beasts have thicker furs, it does not necessarily indicate a hard winter. It may only indicate an unusual abundance of food during the summer season.

These are some of the points that stick out in memory from a reading of *The Story of Geology* by Allan L. Benson, published by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. It is the first book of geology that I have ever read with interest, though I have studied a number because I had to. In a canvass of my friends and acquaintances I did not discover one who had read geology for enjoyment, until they met this book. It makes the Earth what it really is, a living thing with a tremendous history and a big job on its hands right now. 'The Living Earth'—that should have been its title! 'The Story of Geology,' as a title, does not do it justice, unless you look at it in the light of Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy*.

This book makes the Earth more real than it ever has been to my mind before, gives it a true and noble personality among the company of planets.

It puts the reader fully abreast of the state of the science today. It shows the point where knowledge has arrived, and some of the steps by which it came.

It is the clearest of clear reading and the soundest of sound science.

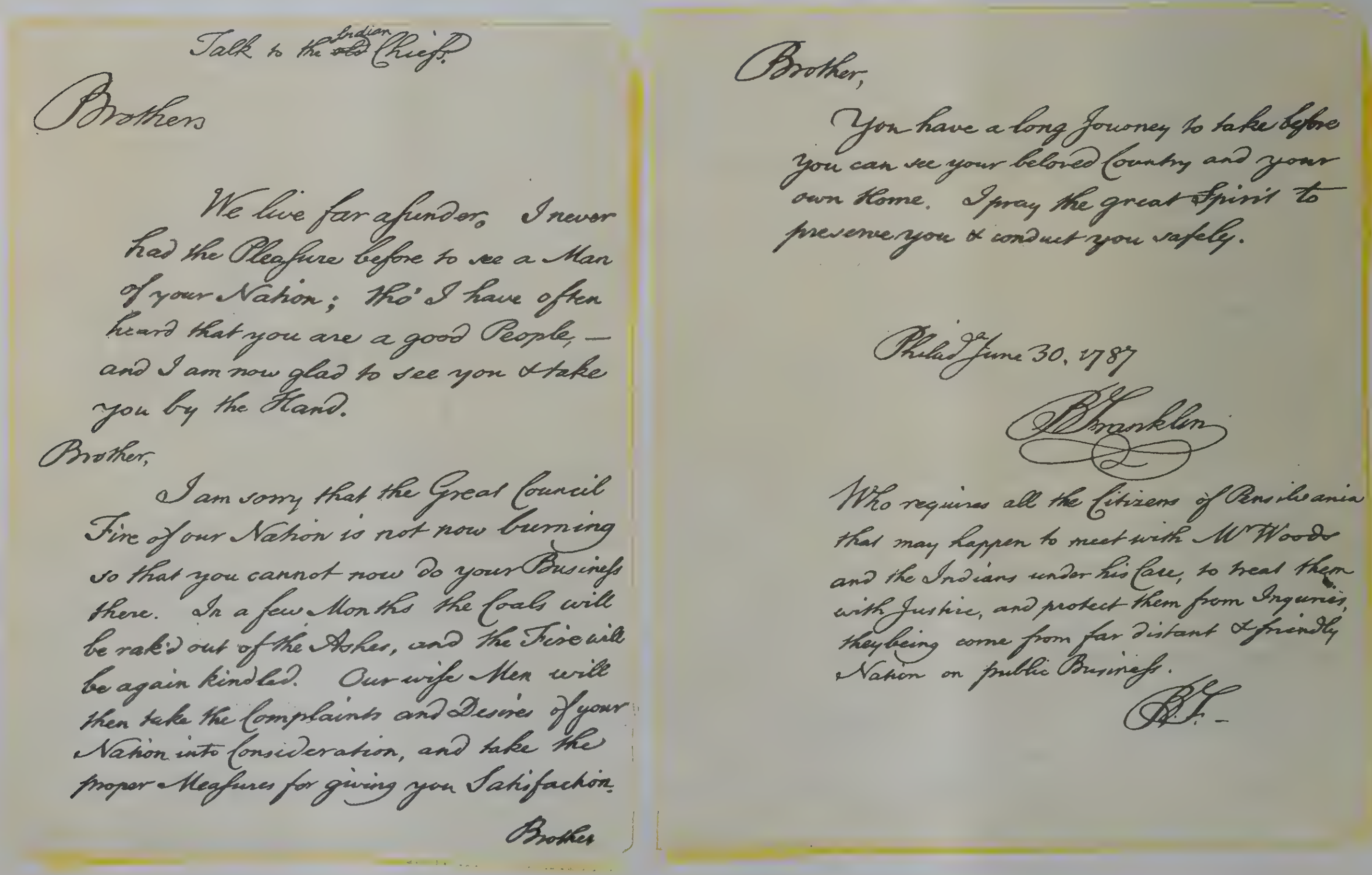
It brings cosmic history quite near; for example—have you thought that the Ice Ages were far in the prehistoric past? Why, we are living in the last Ice Age now. We are still in the closing period of the Pleistocene Ice Age. Only half of the ice is gone, in fact. The last great freeze put twelve million square miles under ice. Well, there are still six million under. It is only a little while ago, 'yesterday,' geologically speaking, that the ice retreated from the United States. Canada and Greenland and Europe and Asia still have plenty of it. In a few years, comparatively, the Arctic will be green.

In ten generous chapters, *The Story of Geology* treats of theories of origin, ice ages, the bowels of the earth, oceans, the weather, life—plant, animal, human. A great, true, dramatic story. W. J. C.

An Interesting Letter *by* Benjamin Franklin

IT IS characteristic of a great genius that even his ordinary letters, written often in haste, reflect the greatness of the writer. While searching recently in the archives of the Indies in Seville for maps relating to America, I chanced upon a letter written by Benjamin Franklin to an Indian chief. The resources of the wonderful libraries of Seville do not enable one to determine the circumstances under which Franklin wrote this letter. It may be stated parenthetically that for old and rare Spanish books these ancient depositories of printed treasure are incomparable, but that for material printed since 1800 one must go elsewhere.

This letter of Franklin's is largely self-explanatory. It reveals those qualities which made our first American statesman beloved equally by European princes and princesses and by Indian chieftains. L. C. K.



Talk to the ~~old~~ Indian Chief.

Brothers

We live far aſunder; I never had the Pleaſure before to see a Man of your Nation; tho' I have often heard that you are a good People, — and I am now glad to see you & take you by the Hand.

Brother,

I am sorry that the Great Council Fire of our Nation is not now burning so that you cannot now do your Buſineſs there. In a few Months the Coals will be rak'd out of the Ashes, and the Fire will be again kindled. Our wiſe Men will then take the Complaints and Desire of your Nation into Consideration, and take the proper Meaſures for giving you Satiſfaction.

Brother

Brother,

You have a long Journey to take before you can see your beloved Country and your own Home. I pray the great Spirit to preserve you & conduct you safely.

Philada June 30, 1787

B Franklin

Who requires all the Citizens of Pensilvania that may happen to meet with Mr Woods and the Indians under his Care, to treat them with Justice, and protect them from Injuries, they being come from far distant & friendly Nation on publick Business.

B.F.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'We are apt to think of our boyhood days in small towns as a most delightful period,' said the ***Man Who Is Getting Old.*** 'It was a calm era, when ways of living were reposeful. Not stagnant, however. There was plenty of romance, tragedy, comic relief. Many elements—but none of them skyrockety—among the unstrained ways of living.

'Its history is a broad patch of the life story of the Midwest. Taking all things together, however, the patch is like a mistreated record of antiquity, sadly torn, and with big pieces missing from it. Because, unlike its predecessors and its successors, the rest-and-be-thankful era was exactly as its name. It followed intensity of pioneering; and of fighting out a big national question, as well as the mishmash of its aftermath. Succeeding eras have been lively.

'The quiet era was too tranquil for its own good. It didn't get up push enough to shove its record very far into the books. Its memoirs penetrated less distance into the remembrances of men. In scrimpy course of time, therefore, section after section of this historical patch separated from the totalness of it. The sections slid into oblivion. Odds and ends of the sections, only, remain. They're scattered, and elusive. In these days, the best you can do by dint of a lot of running around—and by a world of talking—is to hound down and rail in a few of them.

'That is why it is so difficult for fiction writers to create the atmosphere of that period. Other cross sections of our history are much more colorful and have less detail.'

* * *

'From the union of the Canadian provinces in 1867 up to 1909 the divorces granted by the Dominion Parliament averaged less than four per annum,' said the ***Ontario Clergyman,*** 'but since then the number has rapidly increased.

'In the Parliamentary session of 1920 the divorce committee succeeded in reporting one hundred bills to the senate. After the applications increased, the number of bills enacted was the same—one hundred.

'Of a total of one hundred and thirty-five applications at one session, three were rejected, one hundred and fourteen were recommended and fifteen could not be considered until the next session. Of the 114 reported to the senate 14 could not be passed through all their stages before prorogation.

'Working at high pressure throughout the session the divorce committee could accomplish no more. It was hoped that the establishment of divorce courts in the three prairie provinces a few years ago would relieve the pressure on Parliament but the number of applications continued to increase.

'The senators long felt the consideration of divorce matters an injustice to applicants and an imposition on the Upper House. They recognized the incongruity of being called upon to act as a quasi-judicial body when their proper function, under the constitution, was legislative. The divorce committee was admittedly a competent and eminently just and impartial tribunal, but its duties could be discharged quite as effectively and with much less delay and expense to the petitioners by a judge, and applicants would not have to run the gauntlet of the two Houses containing many members who are opposed to divorce on any ground whatever.'

* * *

'Children living today do not realize in the least degree how much happier their childhood is than was that of boys and girls one hundred years ago,' said the ***Student.***

'In the early factories of Great Britain children only six to ten years old often were worked fourteen hours a day. Persons still comparatively young have seen children of that tender age working from eleven to twelve hours a day in dark, noisy, dusty factories in this country.

'In 1819 the first factory act was passed by the British Parliament. It forbade the working of children not more than nine years old for more than twelve hours a day in factories! The enactment of that law, as with nearly all subsequent laws dealing with the subject in both England and America, was opposed by the bulk of affected employers.

'In the 1850's the Massachusetts legislature enacted the first law for the protection of child workers in this country. But not until within the present century did child labor laws become common in this country.'

* * *

'Upon the eastern edge of the public square in our town stood the tree-shaded town pump,' said the ***Old Resident.*** 'It was an institution noted throughout several counties. Our townfolk were inordinately proud of it. It was of iron, of the "force" variety, and something recent in our locality. It threw a powerful stream. Wood was the material of our other pumps. They were homemade.

'But the town pump! When it gave of the cold, sparkling limestone water that is characteristic of our locality, you knew all about the proceeding, wherever you were about town. With the raising of its handle, the town pump ran the ascending musical scale. Rapidly. Began with "*Scr—*" toned as "C" below the staff of the treble cleff; continued, "*e-e-e,*" running aloft, and ended with "*ch!*" sounded as if it were written staccato upon the first added line above the treble cleff staff.

'The handle was elevated. In the descent, the change was to "*Y-o-w!*" It made its way downward in the same drawn-out musical fashion. "*Thump!*" was finale. You knew then that the handle struck the bumper upon the pump's barrel.

' "*Scr-e-e-ch! Y-o-w! Thump!*" Same intonation, done over and over again, while water gushed into the battered tomato can from which you drank. The can, when not in use, hung open-end-downward upon a piece of lath nailed upright to the trough. Water gushed with such force that it almost knocked the can from your hand . . .'

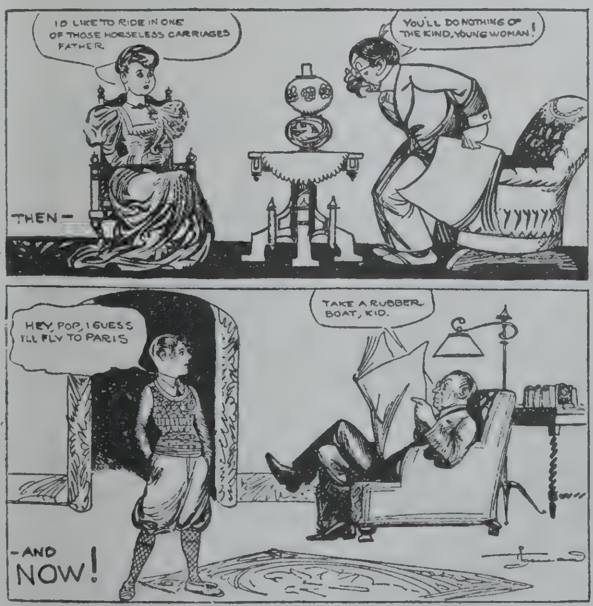
* * *

'Comparing the feeding of vegetation with the feeding of animals has often led to misconception,' said the ***Botanist.*** 'Animals possess organs that are capable of digesting and assimilating their food, but food for plants is assimilated for their use in the air and in the water of the soil because plants have no organs for the purpose of assimilation. Since they have no such organ plants feed through their leaves upon the atmosphere, and through their roots upon the moisture of the soil, by the process of absorption.

'The purpose of food for animals is to maintain life, and the blood and its circulation is the life. Circulation of the blood is made possible by heat, and the source of animal heat is the carbon of their food combined with the oxygen of the air.

'The life of vegetation is maintained by water and temperature in the soil and in the air. The circulation of water in the soil and the temperature in the air are dependent upon heat, and the source of heat for vegetation is the sun.

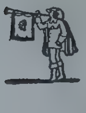
'It is a matter of common knowledge that the water of the soil and the air of the atmosphere alone are capable of furnishing vegetation with all the elements which enter into their composition; namely, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. In other words, a seed may germinate, vegetate, give birth to a plant which shall attain to complete maturity by mere concurrence of water and the gases or vapors which are diffused through the atmosphere. This fact is easily demonstrated by planting a seed in fine, moist brickdust or moist common sand and placing it where it can receive the sunshine.'


I'D LIKE TO RIDE IN ONE OF THOSE HORSELESS CARRIAGES FATHER
YOU'LL DO NOTHING OF THE KIND, YOUNG WOMAN!
THEN—
HEY, POP, I GUESS I'LL FLY TO PARIS
TAKE A RUBBER BOAT, KID.
—AND NOW!

—*Detroit News.*

TOMBOYS.

CAN YOU TELL ME?



Question. Can you tell me who claims the land around the South Pole?

Answer. The Antarctic region is divided into four quadrants, or sectors: The Weddell, the Ross, the Victoria and the Enderby. Until the rise of the whaling industry the Antarctic can be said to have had no political significance whatever, but since the beginning of the century the territorial waters of the continent, if not the land itself, have acquired a value. Two sectors are now portions of the British Empire, being known as the Ross Dependency, administered by New Zealand, and the Falkland Islands Dependency, administered by the government of the Falkland Islands.

* * *

Q. Will you please give me some information regarding the inventor of the Diesel engine?

A. Rudolf Diesel was born in Paris on March 18, 1858. He was educated in England and at the Polytechnic School in Munich. He became manager of a refrigerating plant in Paris, where he remained for some years, returning to Munich in 1895. For many years he conducted experiments in internal combustion engines, and about 1893 news of his discoveries in this field caused considerable comment. In 1897 he introduced the engine since known as the Diesel engine and subsequently brought it to a high state of perfection. He came to America in 1912 and delivered a series of lectures. He lost his life in the Channel while on his way to England in 1913.

* * *

Q. Will you please give me some information about the early settlers in California?

A. The Spaniards attempted to civilize the country by the establishment of missions along the coast. In 1769 the first mission in California proper was erected at San Diego by the Franciscans, and by 1823 these religious houses had grown to twenty-one in number and acquired great wealth in olive, orange, and grape plantations, and in cattle and horse ranches. The Indians were converted to Christianity and gradually weaned from their nomadic and barbarous habits. In 1820 the Spanish constitution was sworn to in California, and in 1822 allegiance was given to Mexico. From 1824 to 1840 there was a complicated movement of local politics and a preparation for the future: The missions fell; republicanism grew; the sentiment of local patriotism became a political force; foreign commerce and immigration and foreign influence increased. The Russians came in 1805, and in 1812 founded on Bodega Bay a post which they held till 1841; here they traded and hunted for furs. Sailors and traders of diverse nationalities settled in the province. In 1826 American hunters first crossed to the coast; in 1830 the Hudson's Bay Company began operations in northern California. By this time the foreign element was considerable in number, and it doubled in the next six years; although the true overland immigration from the United States began only about 1840. The discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, near Coloma, on January 24, 1848, gave an impetus to immigration from all parts of the globe. The great body of gold seekers arrived in 1849, by the end of which year the population exceeded 100,000.

* * *

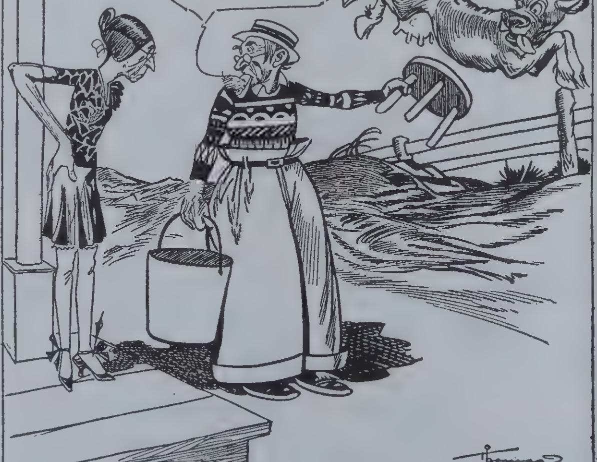
Q. I should like to get some information about daylight-saving time.

A. The daylight-saving movement was originated in England by William Willet in 1907 by the publication of a bulletin entitled: *The Waste of Daylight.* Early in 1908 a daylight-saving bill was introduced in the House of Commons but it was not till eight years later in 1916 that a bill of this nature was finally passed as a war measure. This bill called for the advancement of clocks by a full hour on May 21 and return to normal time on October 1. The same month (May, 1916) the system was introduced in Denmark, Germany and Holland; Italy, France and Portugal followed in June. In Germany permanent adoption of the system was proposed in July; New Zealand rejected it (after approving) in August; Tasmania adopted it in September; Victoria in November, and the Australian Dominion Parliament passed the measure to take effect in January, 1917. Norway decided in favor of daylight-saving in May, 1916, but rejected it in April, 1917, as also did Denmark and Sweden in the same month, while Spain adopted it in May, at the same time that the Australian Cabinet decided to repeal the act. Turkey, Switzerland, and Russia also adopted daylight-saving; Nova Scotia and Newfoundland were the pioneers of the scheme in the New World. A daylight-saving bill was passed by the United States Congress, June 22, 1917, to take effect on the last Sunday in April, 1918. Actually it came into force at two o'clock on the morning of Easter Sunday, 1918. The act was effective from March 31 till October 27, 1918, and again on March 30, 1919. The law was repealed, August 20, 1919, over the President's veto, due to strenuous opposition from the farmers. Since then the question has been left to the various state and local authorities with the result that daylight legislation has been sporadic and intermittent.

* * *

Q. How does the Government put money in circulation? Explain the terms 'legal tender' and 'lawful money.' How is paper money maintained at its par value in gold?

A. United States money is whatever Congress declares it to be. The distinguishing titles 'standard' and 'lawful' refer to coin money—dollars in silver and higher denominations in gold. Legal tender applies simply to that character in which a creditor is bound to receive money in payment of debt. Gold and silver, being standard, are a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, and the certificates representing them are redeemable in the metal designated; but under the law they are not interchangeable; that is, gold may not be demanded for silver. Every bill of paper carries upon it the authority under which it has been issued, the extent of its legal tender quality, and the manner of its redemption. Putting money in circulation is simple. The annual receipts and expenditures of Government each exceed the amount of currency in circulation. As fast as revenues are received, the old bills can be destroyed and similar amounts in the new currency deposited in the Treasury; or, banks or individuals may exchange the old for new in certain amounts. Money is paid out of the Treasury only for service rendered. The new money authorized is intended simply to replace that at present in circulation. Under a special provision of the law, the Government is pledged to maintain all lawful money at its par value in gold. It does this by accepting it for all public dues, although the law authorizing lawful issues is as yet unchanged. This is at present accepted in good faith throughout the country, although the law recognizes the validity of contracts payable in specific manner, as in the gold bonds universally on the market, by which the creditor is promised payment 'in United States gold coin of present legal weight and fineness.' Only authorized currency has a legal right to circulation; and to counterfeit is a crime, either in making or in attempting to pass. Clearing-house certificates are legalized, and other currency, as that of Canada, is frequently tolerated but has no official backing. The holder takes his chances.


WHAT IN SAM HILL IS THE MATTER WITH THAT FOOL COW, MAW?
Thomas

—Thomas, *Detroit News.*

COLLEGE STUDENTS ARE SENDING THEIR OLD CLOTHES TO NEW ENGLAND FLOOD VICTIMS.

BRIEFLY TOLD

The phrase 'humble pie' is believed to have originated from the custom of baking the leavings from the English masters' tables into a pie for the servants, or humbles, as they were called.

Collecting wild ferns has become a popular industry in Washington. A carload of ferns containing 750,000 plants is worth $3,000.

A fruit grower near Berlin, Germany, has successfully kept the birds from his orchard by connecting a loud speaker to his scarecrow.

The new reptile house of the zoölogical gardens in London has a snake hospital containing comfortable beds, a resident physician, a diet kitchen, a battery of artificial sunlight, and an adjoining space where rare bugs are raised for the patients' food.

Ginger is the oldest spice known. Gingerbread cakes in the shape of dolls, horses, and other objects have been made for the amusement of children since the Middle Ages.

Three tea caddies emptied into the harbor on the night of the Boston Tea Party have been bequeathed to the Massachusetts Historical Society.

According to scientists, most animals, birds, and insects carry on their courtship by gifts, perfumes, and dances in much the same way as human beings do.

The opal was once prized by the ancients above all other stones.

A number of new uses for wild animals have been found. At Hillsdale, Michigan, a mud turtle was used to burrow through a drainpipe that had become clogged with silt; the Indians of Guerrero, Mexico, train boa constrictors sixteen to twenty feet long to kill rats, play with the children and guard the house; and in Venezuela a species of crane is used to guard sheep.

Motor buses are used for the transportation of children by 986 schools in New England.

Although these birds have been known to science for 150 years, the first nest and eggs of the rare Arctic surf birds were found recently on Mount McKinley, Alaska.

Eighty thousand chests of tea, worth about $2,450,000, pass through the London market every week.

The native farmers of Bulgaria still use the *ralo,* or wooden plow.

Elephants in captivity have been known to remain on their feet for five years.

Because motion picture photographers recently attempted to film the body of Enrico Caruso for a screen stunt, the Neapolitans have placed a one-and-a-half-ton slab of granite before the entrance to shield the coffin from prying eyes.

A diamond will turn permanently green if exposed to the rays of radium.

A deed dated 1597 has been found at Adderbury, England, relating the acquisition of property at Sulgrave Manor by Lawrence and Robert Washington, ancestors of George Washington.

The word '*bible*' is derived from the Greek word *biblos,* meaning book.

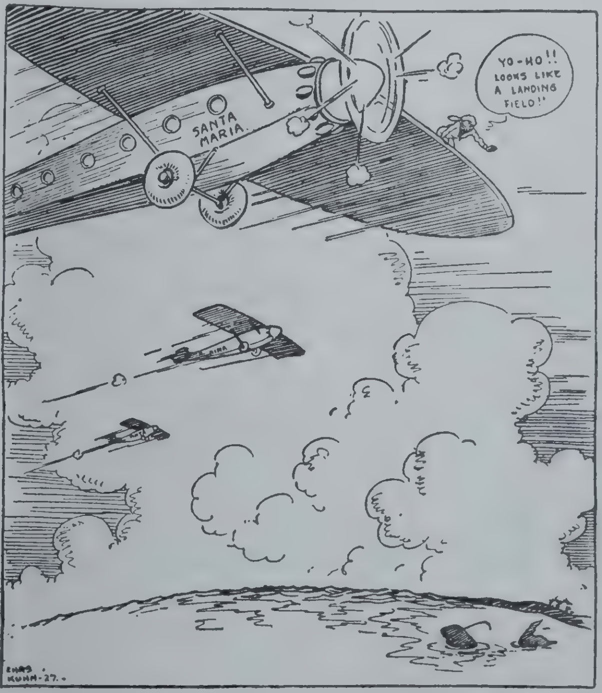
At the Gillies' Ball given recently on the royal estate in Scotland, Queen Mary danced twelve of the fourteen reels, polkas, and Circassian circles with gardeners, footmen, and chefs.

Only forty-four persons live on St. Kilda Island, far off the coast of Scotland, in the Atlantic. These forty-four speak Gaelic. They are very devout. The men take great risks on the cliffs in search of puffins and other sea fowl, often hanging over the ocean at a height of a thousand feet.

A nature-loving magistrate in China fines the prisoners a number of butterflies instead of taels or Chinese dollars.

The clothing industry has more than seventy-five names for rabbit fur.

Lion cubs, which can be kept with safety until about two years old, are becoming popular as pets in Europe, the price for a cub ranging from $375 to $475.


YO-HO!! LOOKS LIKE A LANDING FIELD!"
SANTA MARIA
CHAS KUHN-27.

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

IF CHRISTOPHER WERE TO DO IT TODAY.

It has been estimated that the average person in the United States makes 185 telephone calls a year.

In the village of Tuscarora, Nevada, there is no public school because, of the fifty inhabitants, none are less than twenty years of age.

According to Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum, the Shakespearean authority, none of Shakespeare's works in the poet's own handwriting are now in existence, but there are in existence books which belonged to Shakespeare and in which he wrote.

The temperature range in the Sahara Desert, the largest desert in the world, is as much as forty degrees between day and night.

Among certain Eskimos bad temper is considered a sign of being possessed by a devil, lying is a crime punished by death, and marriage is compulsory.

A congressman arriving after the appointed hour at George Washington's home and finding the party at the table was informed that the cook at that home did not ask if the guests had arrived but if the hour had.

As a part of the celebration for Apple Week in Yakima, Washington, an apple pie weighing more than a ton was baked. It required four bakers, wielding rolling pins fifteen feet long, to roll the dough, a specially constructed oven, and 2,100 pounds of apples.

According to some physicians it is inadvisable to disturb a biting mosquito, for the reason that he first injects a poison to dilute the blood and then when the meal is over will suck the poison back again. If the mosquito is driven away the poison remains, causing the pain and swelling of mosquito bites.

The term 'watered stock' originated from the custom among certain farmers of feeding their cattle a lot of salt, letting them drink all the water they wanted, and selling them by weight.

The natives of Uganda, Africa, consider ants such a delicacy that patients in hospitals are frequently given a plate of boiled ants.

A man in Sussex, England, who had lost his voice ten years ago owing to a gas attack during the war recovered it after a nightmare caused by witnessing a startling film.

Provincetown, Massachusetts, a keeper of traditions, is the only town in the United States that has a town crier.

Butterflies are so called because it was once believed they stole butter and milk.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the true goal of progress.

* * *

Every pearl has a story of its own—adventure, danger, bravery, often death. The perils of pearl-hunting are particularly notable because wherever pearls are to be found, there also is to be found the tiger of the sea. The description of that dangerous profession, as presented in this issue by Commander A. Benklevsky, is doubly interesting, for the reason that the author's present home is not far from the scene of the story. He writes from experiences he has actually witnessed. (p. 1)

* * *

Where once throngs of hurrying sight-seers plied with their guide-books, today an endless procession of automobiles moves on the thoroughfares of the old World's Fair. Lagoons, tortuous pathways, wooded islands, spreading lawns and bathing beaches, combine to give Chicago a playground and beauty spot unrivaled. That metropolis has followed a wise course in utilizing her old fair grounds for the nucleus of one of the finest park and boulevard systems in America. (p. 3)

* * *

In the second of a series of two articles prepared by Charles J. Finger relating to the Gulf Coast, that well-known writer narrates an interesting incident which befell him not far from New Orleans. He encountered a man who was neither French nor American, and who claimed to be 'Cajun.' Later Mr. Finger learned that the stranger actually was an Acadian, descendant of that race which had been transported from its original home back in the days of Evangeline. (p. 4)

* * *

Two trade romances of modern commerce have to do with rubber and cotton. America is investigating the possibilities of rubber production closer to the Panama Canal. Since rubber had its origin in Brazil, it should not now be an insignificant commodity in the country of its birth, where Nature doubtless intended it to grow in abundance. Similarly, the English are rapidly moving toward an independence in cotton. The southern lands in Africa have been studied and much ideal cotton land has been developed. Australia is another fertile field. What will be the end of this race for independence? (p. 7)

* * *

During his travels in the Philippines, Dr. William L. Stidger visited many of the ruined temples and missions on the islands. To him they seemed more beautiful than the famous missions of California. 'They are older,' he added, 'and more romantic.' One of the cathedrals that aroused his admiration, and which he describes in his article in this issue, was built originally in Belgium and transported to Manila. (p. 8)

* * *

In 1671 a description 'most exact of the roads of England' was written by John Ogilby and published. The book was illustrated with one hundred copper plates, which in great detail set out the main roads leading from London. The scale was a mile to the half-inch, and every crossroad was indicated. For a century this book ranked as the great authority and guide of Britain. Then in 1771 came 'a new and most accurate description of all the direct and principal cross roads in England and Wales.' This volume went through twenty editions, proving that even in that day guide-books were popular. (p. 12)

* * *

The colonel of the famous Twenty-third Ohio regiment during its Civil War career was Rutherford B. Hayes. In the regiment was a seventeen-year-old private, William B. McKinley. Few other regiments can claim to have held two future presidents of the United States at the same time in their ranks—in this case the ranking officer and the youngest private. Barnes Cooley presents his final article on the Fiftieth Congress. (p. 13)

* * *

Lewis Worthington Smith's series of articles on 'Great Characters in Fiction' which has been praised by quite a few readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, contrasts in this issue Raskolnikov, the strong figure in *Crime and Punishment*, with Colonel Carter, *the* Colonel Carter of Cartersville, from F. Hopkinson Smith's novel of the same title. It would be difficult to select two characters more diametrically opposed. (p. 15)

* * *

When Horace Conolly, a student at Yale, first met Nathaniel Hawthorne he remarked, 'You don't in the least resemble any of the Hawthorne family in Salem, and I know them all.' To which the future author replied, 'I am glad to hear you say this, for I don't wish to look like any of them.' So writes Mary Harrod Northend, in relating some hitherto unpublished anecdotes of the House of the Seven Gables and its noted friend. (p. 16)

* * *

The greatest mystery in America is said to be the sacred mantle of Guadalupe, now hanging as a relic in a Mexican shrine. No one has satisfactorily explained how the picture of the Virgin Mother of Christ was placed on it, in colors of gold, black, cream, violet, rose and green. American chemists, painters, dye experts, and weavers, all of whom have examined it closely, cannot read the riddle; neither could a high commission appointed by the National Museum of Mexico. (p. 21)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Your fourth cover-page of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, so far as concerns one subscriber, is never dull, rarely wide of the mark, always courageous, and seems often to be a center shot of inspiration.

Anent the issue just at hand (October 29) may I add:

Where a multitude is, individuals have neither root not stock to buffet the elements the pioneer matched and conquered. In the multitude, individuals are in one another's way.

A thousand yards from my window is a beautiful group of three elms in the shape of one. Separate, they are but poor misshapen things.

He blazes a trail who writes a page uniting reason and revelation, though he does it by a strength conserved by electric lights, steam heat, a civil and religious liberty, a spiritual hope, and countless other products of other pioneers of other times. Every man is a pioneer in his own niche, and as big as the biggest if he works that way. I wonder if you are familiar with the words of Mary Baker Eddy: 'As the crude footprints of the past disappear from the dissolving paths of the present, we shall better understand the Science which governs these changes, and shall plant our feet on firmer ground.'

A pioneer schoolgirl, Edna Beck, wrote this:

'Who paints a rose with all its heavenborn beauty
Doth shadow forth the Christ as well as he
Who paints a young child's head with glorious,
Farseeing eyes. For Christ is truth and where
The truth is told, the Christ is imaged forth.'

May your journal and its makers 'live long and prosper.'

HERBERT M. BECK.

Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

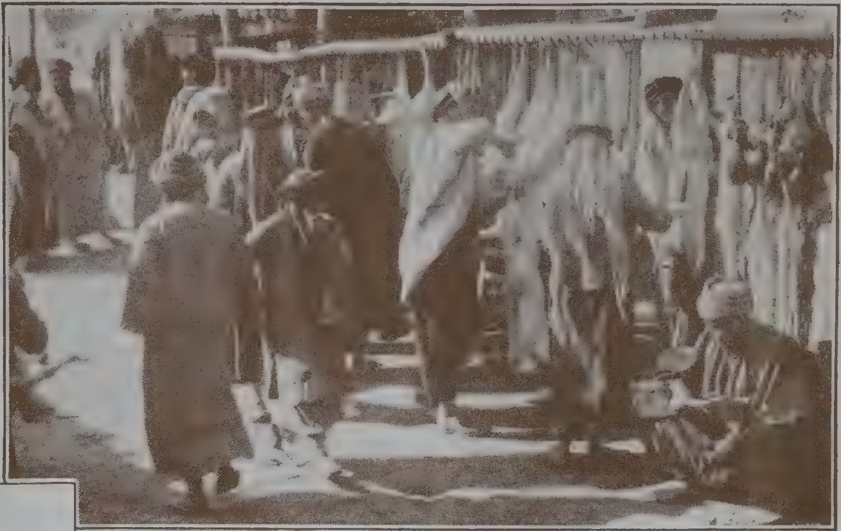
I certainly cannot be classed among those who 'connive to belittle the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment,' to use the words of a 'man from a Southern City' in your issue of October 15, page 28. Nor can I be classed among those who fear they are 'going to die immediately when . . . we can get no more whisky.'

In my opinion, the amendment is a mistake since the Constitution is no place for a measure of this kind. The conditions it was designed to remedy have developed others of a far worse nature in which no one seems concerned. Finally, the Government has lost the income from the revenue taxes and has doubled this loss by enforcement expenditures, to pay which additional taxes have been laid.

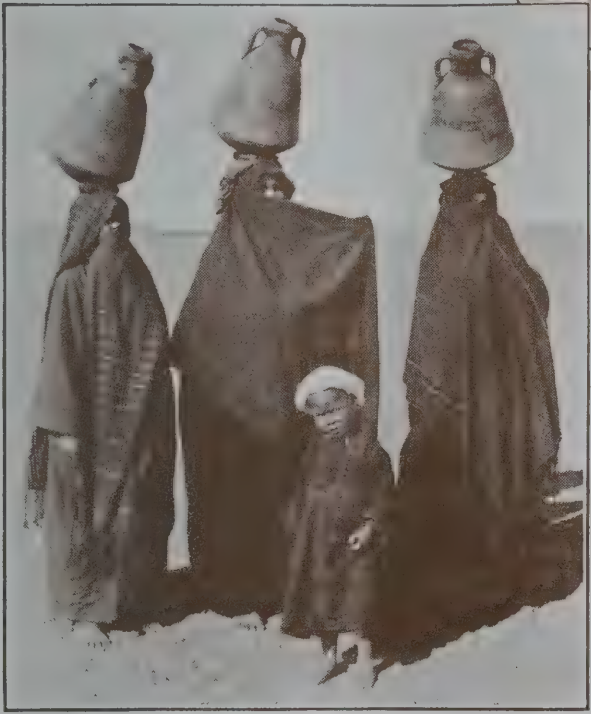
H. K. LANDIS.

EVERYDAY LIFE *in* Foreign Lands

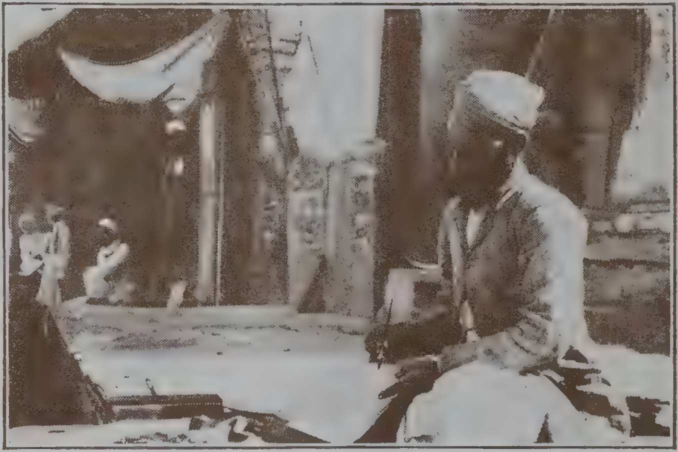
Customs *and* Costumes Change Slowly *in* Orient



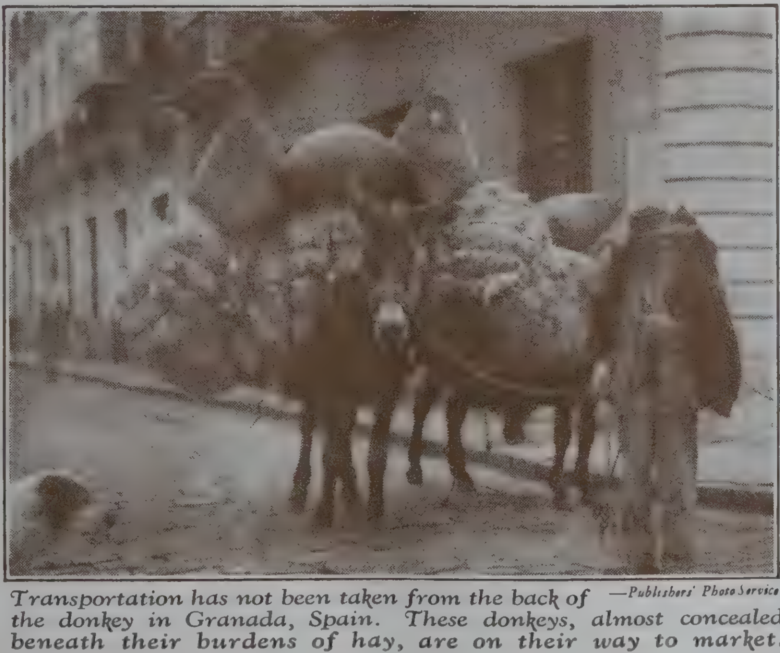
Even mutton is sold in the street in Mosul, Mesopotamia. Shoppers become exacting under such conditions, which prevail in many parts of the Old World. —Underwood and Underwood.



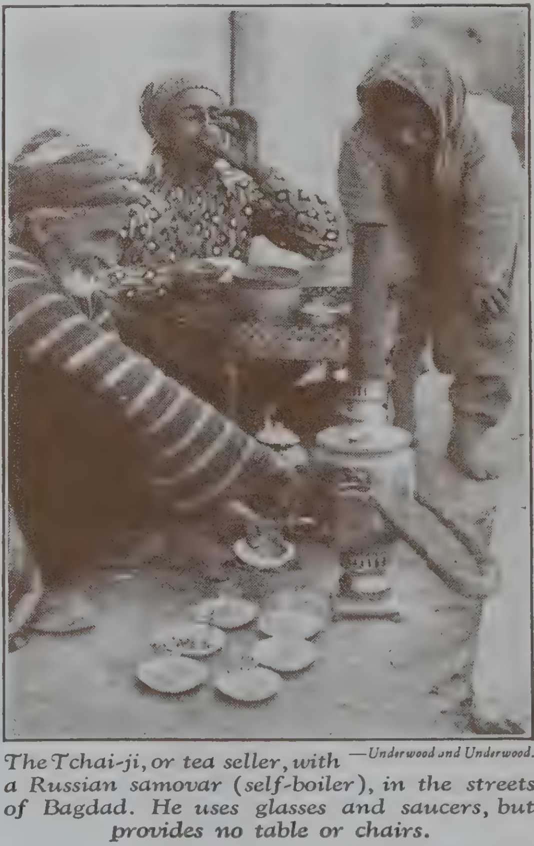
Women water carriers of Luxor, Egypt, manage to 'wear' their water jars at rakish angles. Their costumes change little from generation to generation, and they modestly withdraw from the gaze of strangers behind the protection of their shawls, while the child gazes with frank curiosity. —Herbert.



Workers and merchants of India persist in their time-honored ways. This banker of India is drawing up his balance sheet. Only the pen evidences modern progress. —Herbert.



Transportation has not been taken from the back of the donkey in Granada, Spain. These donkeys, almost concealed beneath their burdens of hay, are on their way to market. —Publishers' Photo Service.



The Tchai-ji, or tea seller, with a Russian samovar (self-boiler), in the streets of Bagdad. He uses glasses and saucers, but provides no table or chairs. —Underwood and Underwood.

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URBANA ILL

SLOTH makes all things difficult; but industry all things easy. He that rises late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

—FRANKLIN.

EA

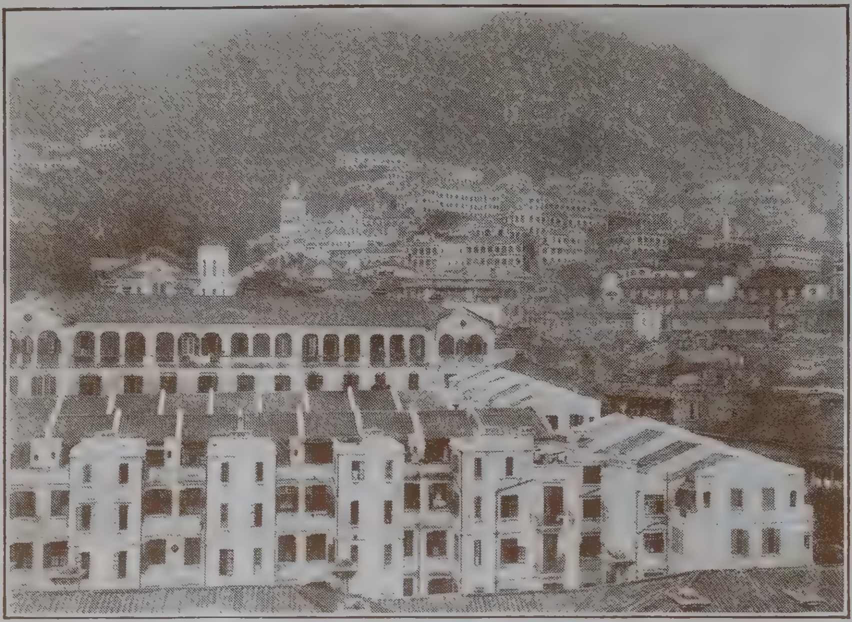
The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Five Cents a Copy DECEMBER 17, 1927 $1.50 a Year

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

In This Issue • • • • SPAIN UNDER THE DICTATOR

CHINA
Old *and* New

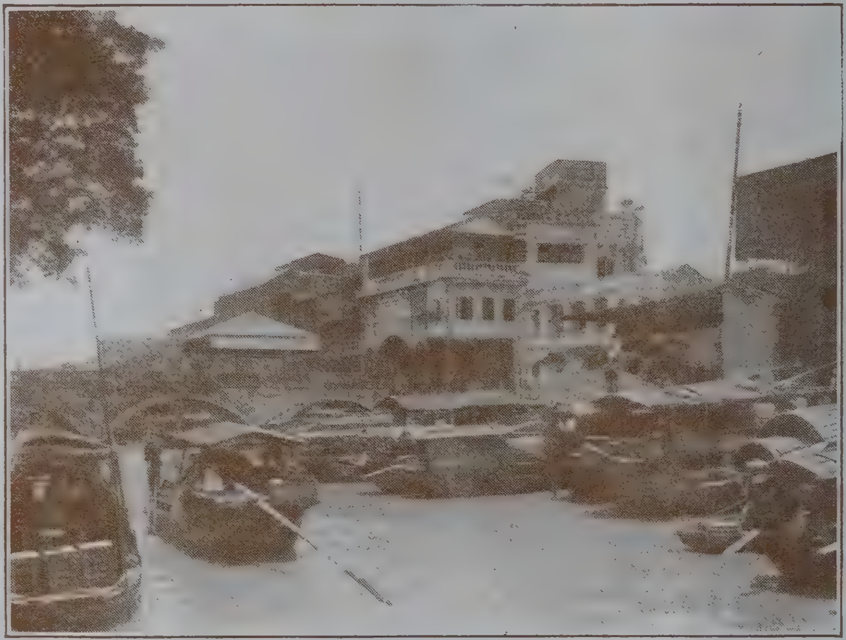


—Publishers' Photo Service.

The houses in Hongkong are terraced upon different levels, and consequently present quite an imposing sight from the harbor. This view was taken from the top of the Hongkong Hotel, and gives an excellent idea of the types of buildings found in Hongkong today.

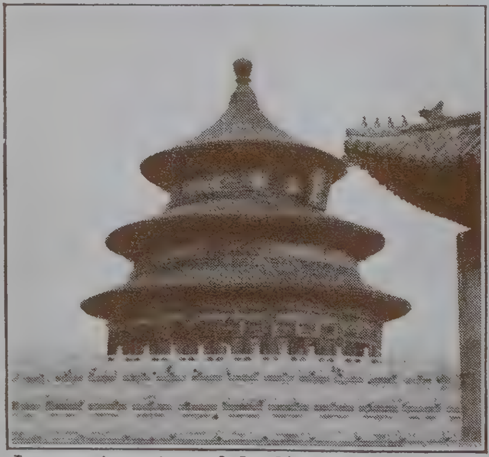
—Underwood and Underwood.

The busy harbor of Hongkong (properly Hiang-Kiang, the place of 'sweet lagoons') is picturesque by virtue of its interesting shore and the wide variety of boats found on its waters.

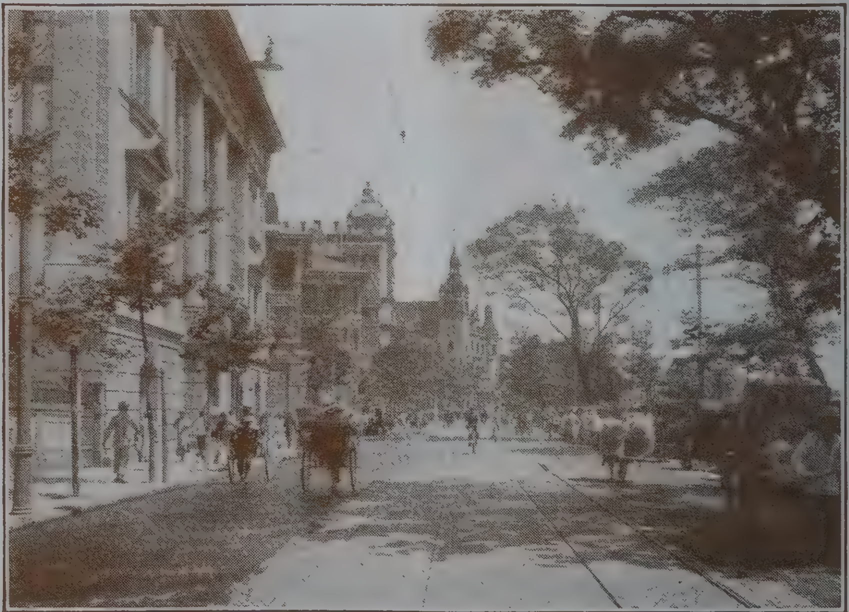


—Publishers' Photo Service.

This canal scene in Canton affords a good view of the curious Chinese craft which in many cases serve as homes for the river people. This canal separates the Chinese from the foreign concessions. It is guarded by a strong gate, and soldiers are on duty day and night.



Interesting view of the Temple of Heaven, a typical Chinese structure, erected before Europe had any civilization or a single cathedral.



—Publishers' Photo Service.

This Chinese street is a revelation to many Occidentals. It shows the Bund at Shanghai, and is the finest street in the city.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

DECEMBER 17
1927

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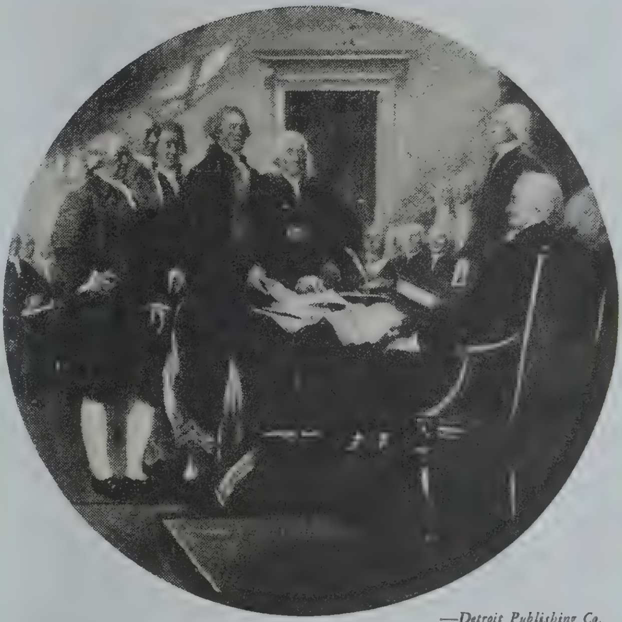
Number 9

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Greatest American

By
AARON HARDY ULM



—Detroit Publishing Co.

Franklin and Revolutionary patriots drafting the Declaration of Independence. After the painting by John Trumbull in the Yale School of Fine Arts.

> *HERE are some reasons given by Mr. Ulm for rating Franklin as the greatest of all Americans, and undoubtedly entitled to rank among the greatest men that have lived:*
>
> *1. The expression of his greatness did not depend on events beyond his control.*
>
> *2. He would have been a great man in any period of the world's history, in any land.*
>
> *3. He would have been among the great even if his endeavors had been confined to one only of several lines of activity in which his achievements were of the highest rank.*
>
> *4. He would be a great man if he were living today.*

AMERICANS were rather amused some time ago by a cabled dispatch telling of a celebration in the little fishing town of Auray on the French coast. The celebration, done with great spirit, was of the 150th anniversary of the landing on French soil of Benjamin Franklin as the representative of the American Colonies in revolt against Great Britain.

It was not because of Franklin's mission that the day was celebrated; others on a like errand had arrived ahead of him—and are forgotten. The celebration was because of Franklin's high place, then and now, in the esteem of the French people, a place that ranks near the top of those dedicated to greatness.

Tuesday, January 17, is the anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birth. It will be celebrated as usual in America but not as the anniversaries of several other great Americans are observed. Those of Washington and Lincoln have become national events. So has Thomas Jefferson's in a measure and somewhat similarly Alexander Hamilton's. Theodore Roosevelt's and Woodrow Wilson's are bidding for places in a like category of observation. In the South the anniversaries of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Jefferson Davis are widely and formally celebrated every year. But on Franklin's there is no oratorical deluge, no huge banquets, and little of that solemnity which marks the celebrations of the anniversaries of other great Americans. We are inclined to smile when reminded of the great reverence shown in France and other quarters of the world for the man who on many counts might be rated as the greatest this country has produced.

The last statement, I suspect, will provoke question among some who read it. Benjamin Franklin a greater man than George Washington or Abraham Lincoln! The assertion many will be inclined to say is ridiculous! But if put forth anywhere in the world, except the United States, it would not be so considered.

There is naturally no exact standard by which human greatness can be measured or compared. Few persons, no matter how well informed, could agree on who are the twelve or twenty greatest men of all time. But a large number would include Benjamin Franklin. It is probable that outside the United States Franklin would be named more than any other American as among the few greatest men of all time.

With all reverent recognition of their greatness, it is nevertheless admitted that but for the Revolutionary and Civil wars the names of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln would be barely remembered today. Thomas Jefferson might have gained some renown as a philosopher; Alexander Hamilton might have stood out as the ablest lawyer and public administrator of his day. But their figures would not have loomed nearly so large, except for the events on which they grew.

Franklin was known throughout the world as a great man long before the Revolutionary War, in which he played a part as big as that taken by any other great man of the period.

As philosopher and scientist he would have taken his stand among the immortals at any time, anywhere; for this side of Franklin was wholly an evolution from within. With scant formal education, he developed as a philosopher and a scientist in a land where at that time everything weighed against original inquiry and expression. When he was born there was not a library worthy of the name in all the country. He helped his brother start the second newspaper published in the country. In most of the Colonies there was not even a printing press. Yet he became a truly great scholar and was recognized as such by even the University of Oxford in England.

It is as a philosopher and scientist that he is still first thought of. But it is doubtful if there has ever been a more capable politician and diplomatist.

And as a writer he ranks truly with the most renowned. He was not artist; much of his writing, as mere writing, is mediocre; but he was the author of the one American book, his *Autobiography*, which undoubtedly ranks with the classics. And his epigrammatic proverbs have imbedded themselves in the speech of man as fully as those of Aesop.

He ranks with the foremost of philanthropists, not because of monetary gifts but on account of the practicality and endurance of institutions he founded. He is the father of the public library, the city police and fire department systems of American cities, the public hospital and, in part, the state universities.

What might have been his contributions to the practice of medicine would have put Franklin close to Galen and Harvey but for the fact that these gifts were far ahead of his time. He showed, a century and a half before the truth was accepted, that fresh air in plentiful quantities can hurt no one whether ill or well.

Then he was one of the most capable business men and might have been, as such, among the very greatest but for the fact that he retired from business, but not from activity at the age of forty-two, the possessor of a comfortable fortune honestly earned.

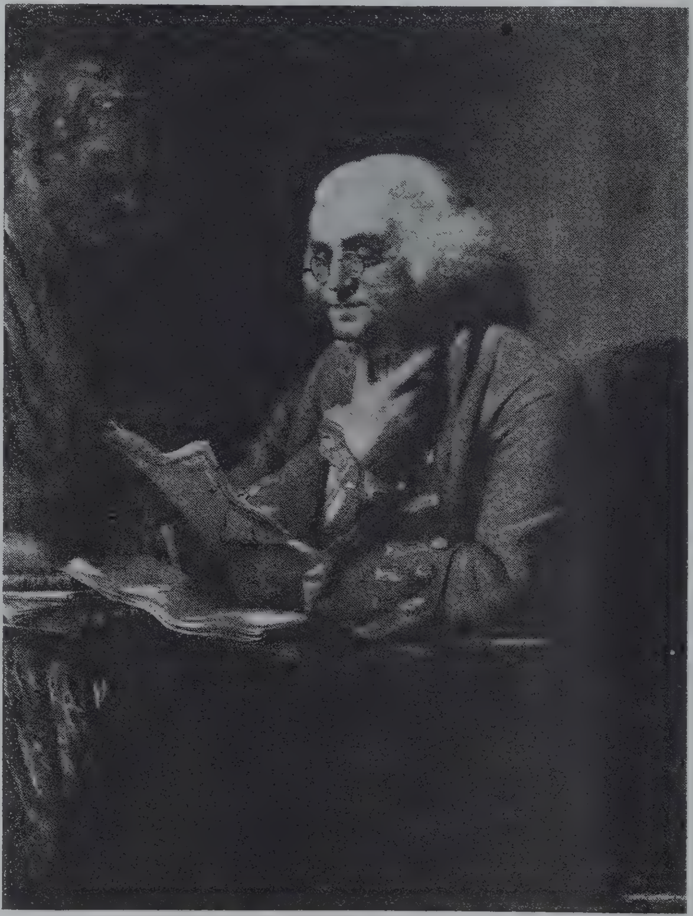
'Half-peasant and half-man of the world,' as someone has described him, Franklin was perhaps the first typical American, though he was born of an immigrant father; and he would be a typical American if he lived today.

Benjamin Franklin would not be an oddity at a Rotary Club luncheon, a meeting of a scientific body, a political campaign meeting, or elsewhere, today.

'If to be venerated for benevolence, if to be admired for talents, if to be esteemed for patriotism, if to be beloved for philanthropy, can gratify the human mind, you must have the pleasing consolation to know that you have not lived in vain,' wrote Washington to Franklin in 1789.

It was to Franklin that virtually everybody of his time deferred. He probably looms no bigger in the national concept now than he did during his lifetime. In some ways he has been honored equally with Washington. His name, given to towns and counties, is spread over the map of the country. It came near being given to a state; when informally organized what is now Tennessee was called the State of Franklin. It is estimated that there are more than a thousand formal monuments to him in this country. None is more appropriate than the bust set up in Paris shortly after his death and bearing the single word 'VIR'—that is, 'MAN.' But there are no great Franklin memorials as to Washington and Lincoln.

In the common mind the image of Franklin is clearer probably than that of any other American long dead. A reason for this is that his life, redolent of human interest, is more 'readable' than that of any other, and it is perhaps the best known. Data bearing upon it are unusually abundant.



—Detroit Publishing Co.

Benjamin Franklin, by David Martin. After the painting in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

The facts of worth about Franklin are so multitudinous, the background of his entire life so varicolored, his activities distributed in so many diverse fields, that no one has been able to present a really full-length portrait of his gigantic and many-sided figure.

Librarians say, however, that books about Franklin rank with ones about Lincoln in general popularity. All of the books about Franklin are interesting, for the reason, if for no other, that his story is such a good one that it can't be spoiled utterly in the telling. It is so easy to get an oversupply of interesting facts about him that no one has dug deeply for new ones.

Every Franklin historian has refrained from setting forth some facts of record. In Russell's biography there is documentary matter, which, though available, was excluded from other books of the life of Franklin. Even Senator William Cabell Bruce, in his *Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed* hurries past some episodes in the life of this great man.

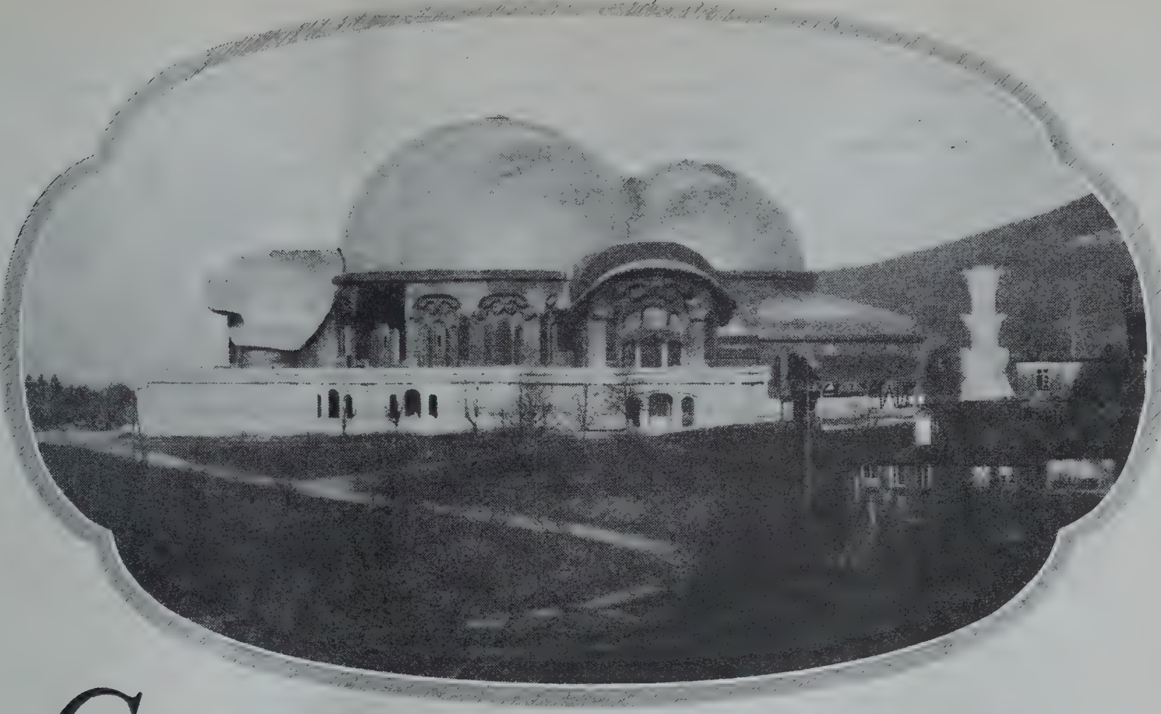
Yet Franklin's greatest offense seems to have been nothing more than refusal to resort to hypocrisy. His private life was not at all times saintly. It was marked by the characteristics of his times, just as the lives of the scriptural patriarchs were. But he acknowledged and recorded his errors and made amends openly for them.

It is hardly because of the 'errors' of his private life that the highly respectable have refused to accept Franklin except by a sort of disinfecting process. It may be largely because of those 'errors' that his memory keeps fresh in the minds and hearts of the common run of folk. They prove his humanness.

Some students believe that the subordination, so to speak, of Franklin has owed chiefly to his alleged religious scepticism. Unusual intelligence in religious thinking has always passed for scepticism. Franklin was the friend and supporter of churches and clergymen—among the last, George Whitfield, one of the founders of Methodism.

What probably has had most to do with keeping Benjamin Franklin from being celebrated with the pomp that attends anniversary and memorial honors paid to several other Americans is the philosopher's sense of humor.

For to the other several kinds of great man that Franklin was may be added that of humorist. It is impossible to conceive of a scientist's cracking jokes about his own discoveries, as Franklin often did, or of a statesman's finding provocation for humor in an occasion as solemn as the signing of the Declaration of Independence, celebrated by Franklin with his remark about our hanging together or all hanging separately.



The GOETHEANUM—A Building That Has Grown—

By O. HENRY FREDERICK

DEVELOPMENT of the natural sciences since Darwin published his *Origin of Species* has for the first time really made clear the difference between a living being and a mineral. People used to say that the difference between a plant and a stone is that the plant grows whereas a stone does not grow. But when the matter is stated in this fashion it does not quite correspond to the facts. For rocks in the interior of the earth, where they are undisturbed, do grow in size.

Every high school boy who has made the experiment of letting salt crystallize from solution knows that the crystals will grow in size the longer he lets the salt solution remain undisturbed. Accordingly, we do not say today, in an offhand way as people formerly did, that the difference between a plant and a rock is that a plant grows and a rock does not. We are careful to say that the difference between a plant and a rock is that the plant takes up its food into its own self, and then builds itself up from within—or, as the scientist says, the plant grows by intersusception. Whereas the rock grows by having layer upon layer added to itself from without—that is, it grows by accretion.

Everybody today knows this elementary distinction between an organism, whether plant or animal, and an inorganic body. That this fundamental distinction, which very few people knew one hundred years ago, is today a commonplace of knowledge, is due to the marvelous development of the natural sciences and to the teaching of our public schools.

But it is remarkable that the great discoveries of modern times have been made chiefly in the field of natural or physical science and have been applied to industrial and commercial life. In the arts we have no modern discoveries as yet. Therefore the arts are in a condition of stagnation. Many attempts have been made to lift the arts out of this condition of stagnation, as witness the movements known as futurism and cubism, but all have been without success. The arts are on dead center.

A dozen years ago prominent American architects pointed out the fact that the architecture of today consists in covering one material with a second to imitate a third which would not be desirable if it were real. And this condition of bosh and sham characterizes the state of affairs in the other arts as well. And we shall not get out of this condition until the men appear who are able to fructify the arts with discoveries in their field comparable to the discoveries that have been made in the natural sciences.

The first of these great discoveries for which the whole artistic world is impatiently waiting has already been made, in the opinion of many artists, in the Goetheanum—a building that Dr. Rudolf Steiner is erecting in Switzerland.

Forty years ago Doctor Steiner gave to the world a message somewhat after this fashion. When one considers the various styles of architecture that have been or that still exist, one finds that they all have a common principle. A Babylonian palace, an Egyptian pyramid, a Greek temple, a Gothic cathedral, all have a common principle of construction. We may term the principle of construction common to all these architectural forms and styles the geometric or crystalline principle.

Now if, tired of the old, we create a new 'style' in architecture, as is done today, by mixing up all these styles or by selecting particular features from two or more styles, we have merely done what the

(Continued on page 23)

SPAIN Under *the* DICTATOR

By OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT

ON THE surface, Spain is today the most prosperous country in Europe. The outward evidences of prosperity are numerous. The great cities of Barcelona, Valencia, Seville, and Madrid are building fine boulevards, expensive residential sections, and numerous modern office buildings. American automobiles are found in considerable number, together with a fair representation of the luxurious cars of European make. Well-dressed people throng the streets of the cities and the omnipresent cafés are crowded with patrons. The city stores make attractive display of high-priced goods. This apparent prosperity has induced a number of American manufacturers to engage in an active advertising campaign, believing the market prepared to receive American goods.

Indications are numerous that the prosperity of Spain is not as yet established upon conditions which make for permanence. From the American point of view, the sixty per cent of illiteracy indicates a vital weakness. In this land of high prices, the handworker receives a wage approximating two dollars a day; many receive less. The majority of artisans receive less than a dollar and eighty cents a day; while weavers, hat makers, and watchmakers get less than a dollar a day. In recent years the per capita consumption of meat and sugar has fallen off, indicating the lowered standard of living occasioned by the high prices of foodstuffs. Large numbers of beggars and the prevalence of the lotteries, which are run by the state, are symptoms of an unhealthy condition. An adverse trade balance continues and equals one-third the total of all goods exported.

The most serious obstacle to any real, continued prosperity in Spain is the exploitation of the worker by the industrialist and the merchant. Neither the industrialist nor the merchant is appreciative of the fact that producer and consumer are one and the same person. Prosperity for the producer will spell prosperity for the consumer.

The merchant has not the slightest comprehension of the fact that real prosperity is built upon large sales with a small margin of profit. He expects to receive two or three times what he pays for the article he sells. American cigarets are sold by the Spanish Government for about six times what it pays for them. Even at that, the number sold is restricted since their sale diminishes the number of Spanish cigarets sold, and these bring a profit of more than ten times the cost of production.

—H. Armstrong Roberts.

Spanish peasant leading his small herd to pasture in the Pyrenees region.

Cigaret smoking is national. Clerks and officials in banks smoke constantly during office hours. The same is true of the beggars, who smoke while plying their trade. On the other hand, women smoke in public very little as yet. This may be because it is only recently that women have been permitted to frequent the cafés.

In the exploitation of the worker by the merchant and in the exploitation of the buying public by the manufacturer, high tariff plays a leading rôle. America is commonly cited as a country with a high tariff barrier. Yet Spain receives approximately thirty-five per cent in customs duties upon all goods imported, while the United States receives but eleven per cent.

The Spanish tariff is most effective in raising prices, while with us internal competition largely nullifies the benefit which might accrue on account of the tariff. In Spain there are really only two producers of steel, and these two have a working agreement. Tobacco and sugar are monopolies. The textile plants are too few in number to give real competition. The result is that manufacturers are able to take full advantage of the tariff, raising prices far above what could be obtained in free competition with other European countries. For the most ordinary household commodities the Spaniard pays more than does the Frenchman.

Out of every four mercantile establishments in Spain, one is a bar, a café, or a confectionery-and-pastry shop. Coffee drinking is a national habit. From five to eight o'clock in the evening the cafés are crowded with people, taking almost invariably coffee with hot milk. These cafés and bars are not an asset. Every day you may see the same man or the same group of men sitting for hours in a café, doing nothing more serious than drinking coffee and visiting.

During the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera a serious effort has been made to modify the adverse trade balance of Spain. Importations amounting to about three billions of pesetas (500 millions of dollars) in 1924 have fallen off more than one-fourth while exportations have fallen off only one-tenth. However, it must be noted that a portion of the decrease in importations was due to the fall in prices.

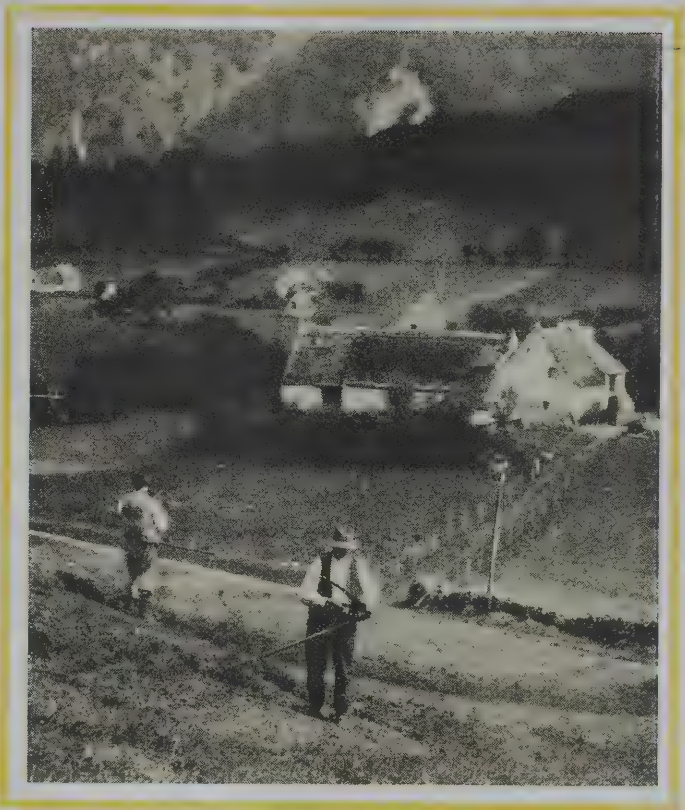
The quantity of goods imported has

fallen much less than the money total indicates. On the other hand, the quantity of goods exported has also dropped materially. The probability is that the adverse trade balance may continue for some time.

With the aid of the state, Seville put sixty millions into exposition buildings, intended primarily as a kind of gesture of love and affection to South America, hoping to revive in some measure the trade with that continent. The United States was invited as a kind of after-thought, in the hope that its participation would stimulate a greater interest on the part of the South Americans. However, while the South Americans are strong on speeches concerning love and affection for the mother country, when it comes to buying they seek the best market, without regard for sentiment.

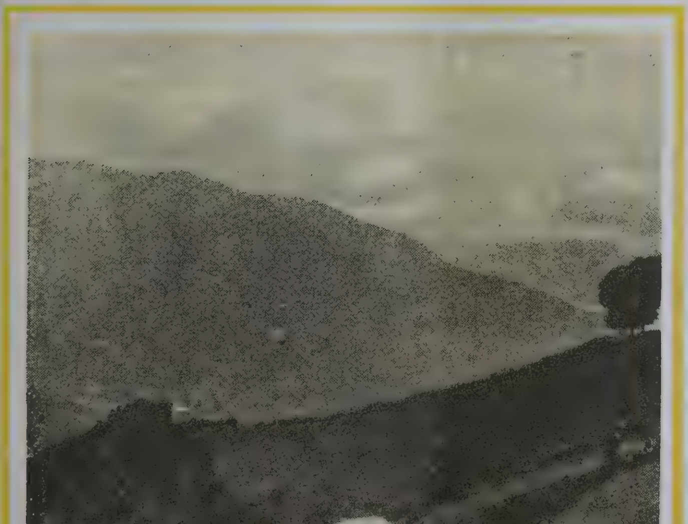
THE apparent prosperity of Spain is in large measure due to the wealth accumulated in three centuries of colonial exploitation. No statistician has been able to make any accepted estimate of the amount of gold and silver brought into Spain from the New World. This exploitation of the colonies, however, has enriched hundreds and even thousands of Spanish families. There is far more wealth in Spain than is on record. This wealth is limited to a comparatively small proportion of the population, with little tendency to descend to larger groups. The number of families that can afford to buy automobiles or other American luxuries is fairly stationary, far more stationary than in England or even in France.

In the next few years automobiles for pleasure driving are not likely to increase greatly in number in Spain. Small trucks will have more of a field. It is fairly evident even in Spain that time is money. The humble burro does his work well, but it is economically wasteful to wait upon him. Similarly it may seem picturesque to see a man carrying three steamer trunks on his shoulders, supported by a strap across his forehead, but there is a waste of human life in this. Trucks are coming in, and the picturesque burros are going out. Spain will be in a far more healthy condition when a truck is employed to move a sideboard, rather than the shoulders of a man.



—H. Armstrong Roberts Photos.

Farmers near Bagnere-de-Luchon in the Pyrenees. Improved farm machinery is not often seen here.



Spanish peasant plowing with team of oxen and homemade implement.

The prosperity of Spain is more apparent than real. Not before there are schools and school-teachers for all the children; not before the beggars are taken off the streets; and not before the workmen have some slight participation in the amenities of life, will real prosperity come to Spain.

Entirely aside from the facts outlined above another element of uncertainty is furnished by the dictatorship. While Primo de Rivera has given Spain the best government it has had for many generations, it is obvious, in the nature of the case, that the dictatorship must terminate. When it does, and however it does, there is likely to be a disturbance.

One cannot fail to be impressed by the simplicity and happiness of the poor folk of Spain. The rise and fall of government seems to be of small concern to them, so long as they can tread their dance or drink their coffee without interference. The veneer of civilization seems a long way off—they are today as yesterday, and just as contented.

From this viewpoint, one wonders whether after all the ignorant Spaniard, even such as are poor as church-mice, may not be prosperous in happiness and largeness of living. The ready smile of the Iberian underling is not that of a downtrodden, helpless individual; it is not the smirk of the Russian. It is rather the reflection of the easy nature of the Latin—Caesar, Mussolini or Primo de Rivera may dictate all they please, so long as the populace is happy and the games can go on.

It is unfortunate in some ways that a pleasant land like Spain should have any politics at all. It is unfortunate that the cares of a workaday world must intrude themselves, or that, while the sun shines today, we must think of a possible storm tomorrow. Trade balances are unpleasant things at best—full of dry statistics and meaningless figures which only get one all mixed up—entirely unnecessary and most regrettable when the skies are blue, the white clouds are floating like great ships above the clear-cut peaks; and the sun is, oh, so very friendly.

The Little Big VIOLA

By CLYDE WEIR

I WAS standing one evening in the office of a small hotel in a city in the Michigan Copper Country, waiting for my taxi. I had with me as usual my cello, the lower end of which was resting comfortably on the floor, while the upper end served as a rest for my hands. Suddenly a native walked up in front of me and, giving the cello a friendly kick in the back, called out to me: 'Hello, what are you doing with that old bull-fiddle? I used to play one at dances thirty years ago.'

It was well for my cello, which I would not have exchanged for the finest automobile in the world, that I had it encased in a stout sole-leather case, or today it might be wearing the scar of such a robust greeting. But the stranger evidently thought that such things were made to be treated roughly; for when I suggested that the instrument was made to be played and not to be kicked, he replied facetiously that his had stood up well under both treatments.

His was the general attitude of the public toward the most noble member of the violin family. It is large: therefore it may be roughly handled. Its very name expresses ridicule, or an ill-concealed contempt. It is an old bass, a dog house, a bull-fiddle—something grotesque and grim that fills, somehow, a need in the orchestra, but reflects little credit on the man who has to carry it around. Even Voltaire let his satire get the better of his appreciation when he said to Servais, the greatest cellist of his age: 'Sir, I now believe in miracles, for you have just made an ox sing like a nightingale.' For most of us it is merely an ox.

But in spite of the attitude of the public at large, the violoncello is second in importance to the violin alone; and for nobility of tone and the cry of humanity it actually surpasses the so-called king of instruments. Its very origin is analogous to that of the violin. For the violin came into being because its prototype, the viola, could not voice the upper range of the new music. Its voice was not for the heights. So the instrument makers came forward with the *little* viola, the violino, which is capable of soaring higher than the ear can follow.

Then the composers, who showed, even as now, little consideration for the players, after humiliating the violas, turned their attention to the basses, and wrote parts for them that on the huge unwieldy violones were impossible for any but a Dragonetti or a Koussevitzky to play. A second time the instrument makers came to the rescue, this time evolving the violoncello, or little *big viola.* The second venture was as successful as the first, and has provoked the building up of a technique that enables a virtuoso to enter into almost direct competition with the violinist on his own ground.

But the merits of the violoncello did not win it immediate success. It had a strong rival in the aristocratic viola da gamba that was not overcome in a day. The gamba belonged to the more primitive viol family; it had a flat back, sloping shoulders, an arched top, and sound holes shaped like the letter C; it was strung with five or more strings, and had a very characteristic penetrating nasal tone. In this contest the violoncello finally won, partly because of the quality of its tone, which is richer and more vocal than that of the gamba, and partly because of its power, which greatly surpasses that of the gamba; for in the evolution of musical instruments weak voices give place to strong, the survival of the fittest being the survival of the loudest.

In appearance the violoncello closely resembles the violin. The differences in its curves would be noted only by an expert who had given them critical attention. The most noteworthy difference is in the relatively greater depth of the sides. For although the body of the cello is in length but twice that of the violin, its sides are between four and five times as deep. The number of parts that make up the two instruments is the same, while the amount of care and skill required to produce a fine cello is as great if not greater than that expended on an equally fine violin.

THE vibrations of the cello are slower than those of the violin; they are, as it were, magnified, so that any inequality of tone is easily detected. And if inequality of tone is due to some carelessness or inexactitude in workmanship, the instrument becomes a noisy and insistent accuser of its maker. In addition to this extra care that is necessary in building the larger instrument, its builder has to expend upon it about four times as much work as he would have to expend in the production of a violin of similar grade.

The size of the violin early became standardized. Its body measures approximately fourteen inches in length, while its length of string from bridge to nut is approximately thirteen inches. If an old specimen is found to have an incorrect length of string, the fault is usually corrected by lengthening the neck or slightly changing the position of the bridge. But this is not the case with the cellos. They come in all shapes and sizes. Even Stradivari seems to have been undecided as to the ideal size. He made some quite large, while others he made smaller than the size that players today consider most desirable. The tendency of many of the great masters was to reduce the size as they became more experienced. Many of the large specimens left by great masters have suffered the irreparable misfortune of being cut down by fools who thought themselves wiser than the wisest. Even Carlo Bergonzi and Stradivari himself have been more than once thus insulted.

IN LENGTH of body cellos vary from twenty-seven to thirty-three inches, and in length of string from twenty-six to twenty-eight inches. Today the tendency of the best French makers seems to be to follow the larger dimensions, while that of the German and American is to favor a smaller model. Soloists seem to prefer an instrument that measures about thirty inches in length of body and 27.5 in length of string. Certain virtuosi, notably Casals, recommend a smaller model; but the market, except in the case of notable instruments, demands what is known as the full-sized model. The reason is partly taste, which is dominated by the dealers, and tone, which in large measure is a matter of the imagination.

But there are some differences that the careful student may notice. A short instrument is apt to give relatively finer tones on the *A* and *D* strings and poorer tones on the *C* and *G* strings; while in the case of longer instruments the opposite may be true. But many instruments break all theories and laws.

The range of the cello voice embraces the four singing voices of the vocal world. The *C* string represents the bass voice, the *G* the baritone, the *D* the tenor, and the *A* the lower and higher soprano voices. What differentiates the cello from other instruments as well as from the human voice is the thickness and rotundity of its tone. For example, an air played on the violin *G* string may be played on the cello *A* in about the same position on the finger board. That is, the highest string on the cello, when played open, is within one tone of being as low as the lowest string on the violin. But the quality of tone is very different indeed.

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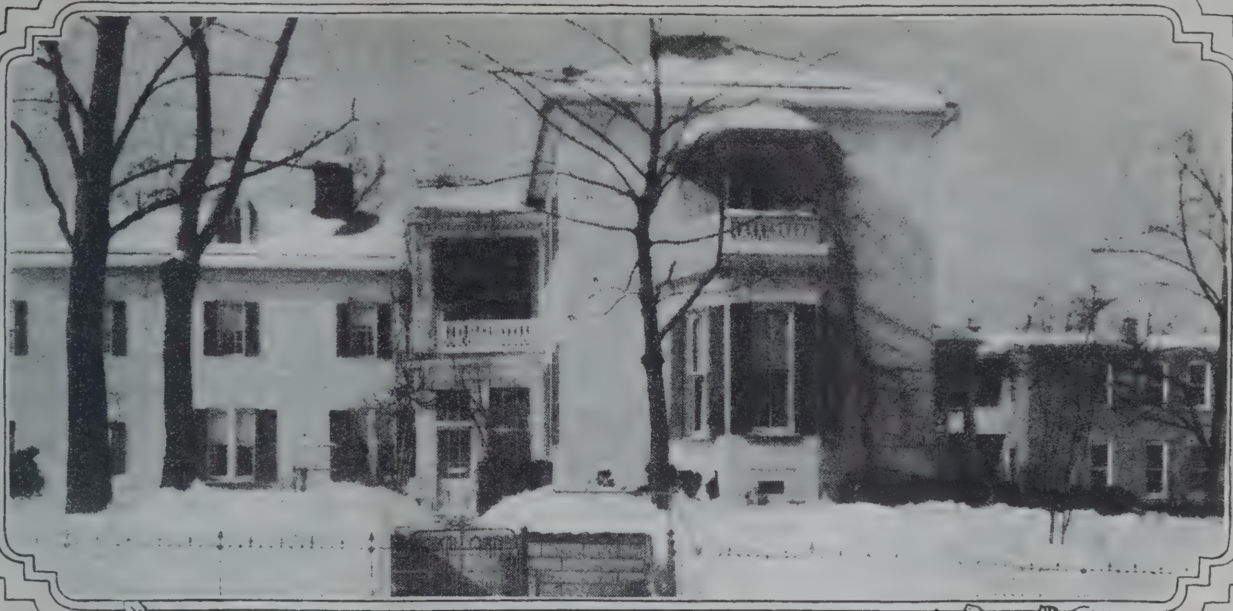


MOUNT PROSPECT *and* Historic Hagerstown

By WALTER CONOVER

ONE may observe a sign in the Pennsylvania Station, in New York, displaying the following notice: Trains for Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Hagerstown and the South.

Hagerstown has become in very truth the 'gateway to the South,' having risen from the obscurity of an inconspicuous outpost in the early days to its present place of the third largest city in the State of Maryland.

And Hagerstown is still growing rapidly. It is adjacent to the large coal and lumber fields in Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, and the Carolinas. It is surrounded by a rich, highly productive agricultural country, the Cumberland Valley.

In the early days this section of the country was still inhabited by Indians. The Catawbas came up from the Carolinas every spring for their annual encounter with the Delawares who made the western part of what is now Maryland their home. Jonathan Hager, a pioneer, had founded a small settlement which was given the name of Hagerstown in his honor; these settlers probably banded together as a safeguard against the marauding Indians.

Homes in this period were made of strong, stout materials, and one of the most interesting to stand the test of time is 'Mount Prospect,' completed in 1789. It is situated on a high hill overlooking the city. This home was the property of Colonel Nathaniel Rochester, first president of the Hagerstown bank, and a close, personal friend of Henry Clay. Clay married a Hagerstown girl, Lucretia Hart, daughter of Thomas Hart, Colonel Rochester's business partner and an uncle of the great orator, Thomas H. Barton.

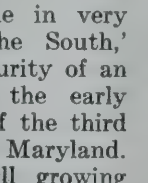
'Mount Prospect' was at one time in the suburbs of Hagerstown; today it is in the heart of the city, only one block from the business center. In Colonel Rochester's time, a home had to be more than a man's castle; it had to be an arsenal as well. There is still a centrally located gun closet, where all the guns were neatly stacked in racks, so that in case of sudden attack from Indians, each person should know where to go for firearms. The outside doors of the house are of double thickness, and have handmade hinges that run across the whole width of the door and are secured with wrought-iron nails. In addition to the regular heavy handmade locks, every door has a handmade bolt, and an iron bar that runs across its width. The window shutters have the same three fasteners of lock, bolt and bar, which, with the thick walls, make the house a fort against all attacks.

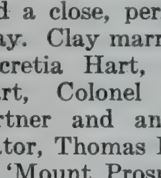
Colonel Rochester in 1810 trekked to the Genesee Valley, New York, where he founded the city of Rochester. During the time he lived in Hagerstown, he operated flour and nail mills. He was respected and beloved by all, and his departure caused sincere regret.

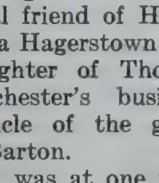
After Colonel Rochester left 'Mount Prospect,' the house came into the hands of Upton Lawrence, who married Elizabeth, the granddaughter of Jonathan Hager, and the only daughter of Jonathan Hager, Jr., and Mary Madeline Orndorff. Jonathan Hager, Jr., died when still a young man; his widow, a very attractive woman, was courted by General Horatio Gates of Revolutionary War fame, but she rejected him, together with several other suitors, and finally married Captain William Lewis, a prominent man in his time.

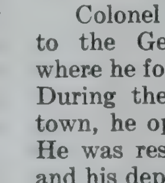
Upton Lawrence and his wife Elizabeth raised nine children; and some of their descendants, the Brents and the Keysers, are today living in Baltimore, prominent in social and financial circles.

'Mount Prospect' then passed into the hands of the Patterson (Continued on page 24)







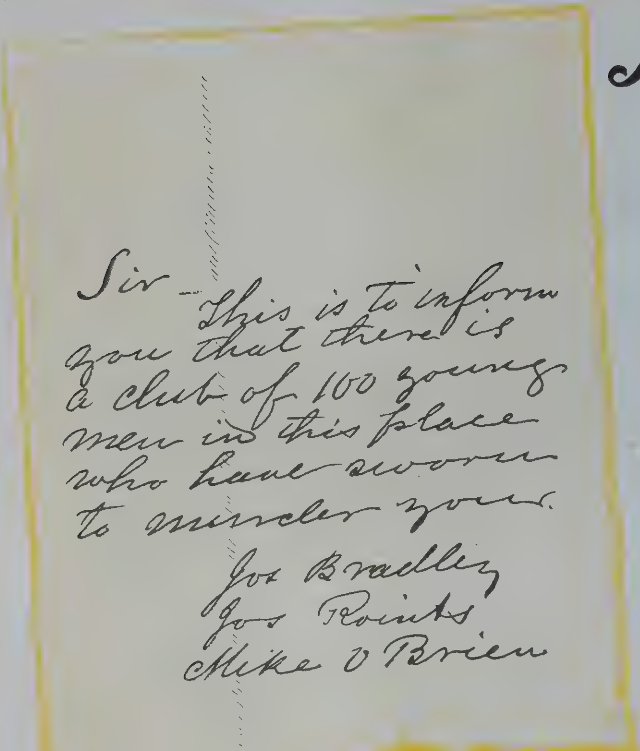


ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Some Hitherto Unpublished Correspondence

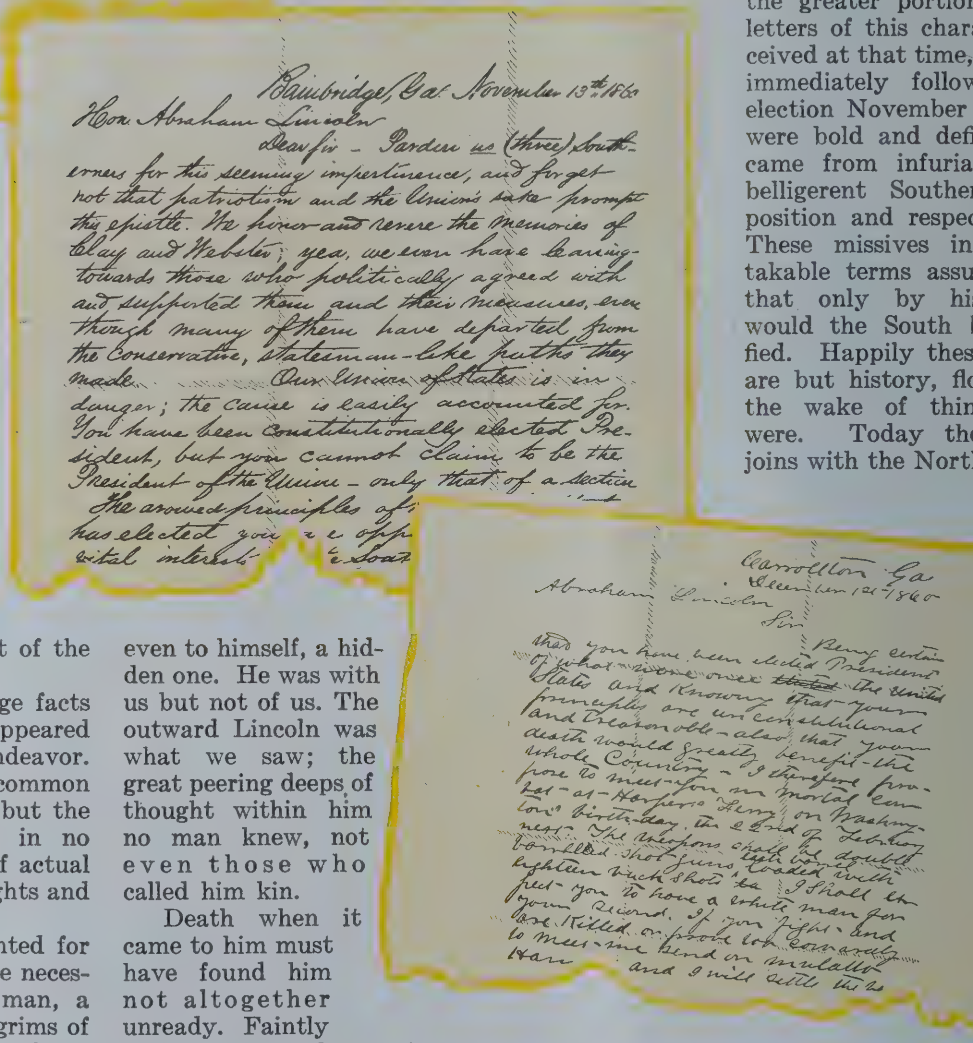
By DAVID HERRIOTT

Left—'Sir—This is to inform you that there is a club of 100 young men in this place who have sworn to murder you.'



Sir – This is to inform
you that there is
a club of 100 young
men in this place
who have sworn
to murder you.
Jos Bradley
Jos Roints
Mike O'Brien

Below—Beginnings of letters from Carrollton and Bainbridge, mentioned in this article.



Bainbridge, Ga. November 13th 1860
Hon. Abraham Lincoln
Dear Sir – Pardon us (three) South-
erners for this seeming impertinence, and forget
not that patriotism and the Union's sake prompt
this epistle. We honor and revere the memories of
Clay and Webster; yea, we even have leaning
towards those who politically agreed with
and supported them and their measures, even
though many of them have departed from
the Conservative, statesman-like paths they
made. Our Union of States is in
danger; the cause is easily accounted for.
You have been constitutionally elected Pre-
sident, but you cannot claim to be the
President of the Union – only that of a section
The avowed principles of
has elected you
vital interests

Carrollton Ga
December 12th 1860
Abraham Lincoln
Sir
Being certain
that you have been elected President
of what was once ~~stated~~ the United
States and Knowing that your
principles are unconstitutional
and treasonable – also that your
death would greatly benefit the
whole Country – I therefore pro-
pose to meet you in mortal com-
bat at Harpers Ferry on Washing-
tons birth-day the 22nd of February
next. The weapons shall be double
barrelled shot guns each barrel loaded with
eighteen buck shot &c I shall ex-
pect you to have a white man for
your second. If you fight and
are killed or prove too cowardly
to meet me send on mulatto
Ham and I will settle the

A peaceful life:—to hear the low
of pastured herds,
Or woodman's axe, that, blow
on blow,
Fell sweet as rhythmic
words.
And yet there stirred within
his breast
A fateful pulse that, like a
roll
Of drums, made high above his
rest
A tumult in his soul.
—*Riley.*

SIXTY-two years ago, April 15, last, the mighty soul of Lincoln escaped from its earthly material bounds, liberated by the bullet of the assassin.

Lincoln is one of the strange facts of history. Unheralded he appeared upon the horizon of human endeavor. Humble in origin, one of the common people, educated in no school but the school of experience, trained in no university but the university of actual life, he rose to the supreme heights and died a Nation's deliverer.

Lincoln can only be accounted for by a belief in destiny, inevitable necessity. A Power higher than man, a Power as yet unseen by us, pilgrims of the night, controlled and directed the life and all the acts of this man of men. The tang of earth was in him but around his head was a halo of glory.

In him always beat the 'fateful pulse that, like a roll of drums, made high above his rest a tumult in his soul.' Lincoln's life, his inner life, was, even to himself, a hidden one. He was with us but not of us. The outward Lincoln was what we saw; the great peering deeps of thought within him no man knew, not even those who called him kin.

Death when it came to him must have found him not altogether unready. Faintly with the surrender at Appomattox it must have come to him—as it must have come to his great prototype, Moses, when at last he stood on lonely Pisgah's height—that his work was nigh completion. And as to Moses was vouchsafed a glimpse of the greatness of the coming Israel, so to Lincoln was vouchsafed one short glimpse of peace and a reunited Nation.

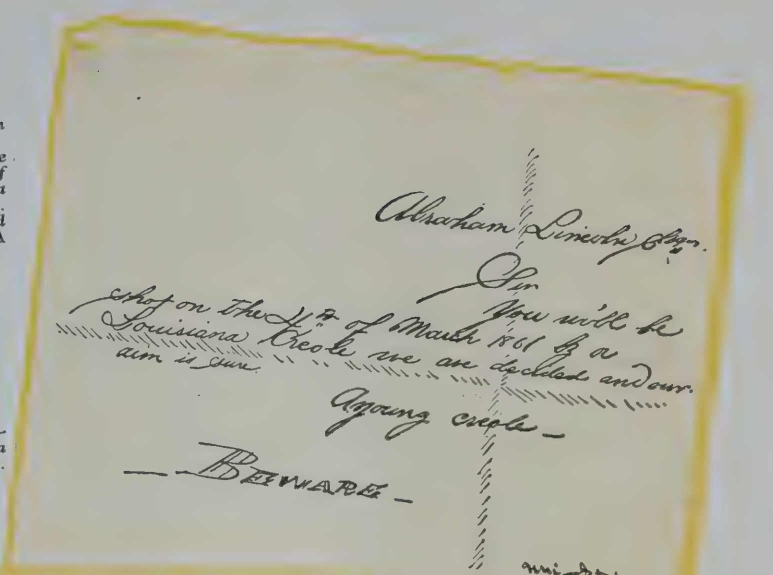
Long before Appomattox, however, Lincoln had had his thoughts directed toward the end. It is well known that even at the time of his first election, in 1860, his life had been repeatedly threatened. The tragedy of April 14, 1865, was simply casting its shadow before. These threats must have rhymed well with the dark forebodings and questionings which had always beset his life even from early manhood.

These threats were conveyed to him by means of many letters, some anonymous but others, and there were many, not so; in fact the greater portion of the letters of this character received at that time, namely, immediately following his election November 6, 1860, were bold and defiant and came from infuriated and belligerent Southerners of position and respectability. These missives in unmistakable terms assured him that only by his death would the South be satisfied. Happily these letters are but history, flotsam in the wake of things that were. Today the South joins with the North in revering the name of our Nation's Martyr President.

None of this correspondence has ever reached the light of publicity. The greater number of the letters was destroyed by Lincoln himself. Some of them he answered; this is made evident by his penciled notations made upon the few which escaped destruction, for oddly enough some half-dozen or so are still in existence, and it is the purpose of this article to speak of them and to furnish the actual text of several.

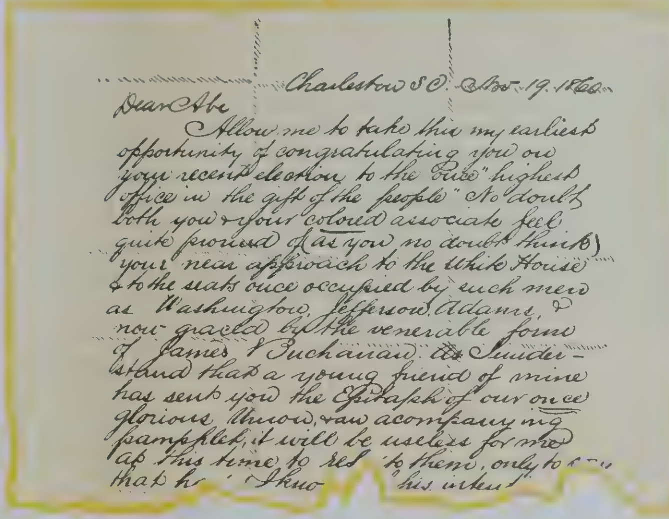
These letters fill a gap in American history, inasmuch as they clearly exhibit the close and individual contact the South had with Lincoln, the president-elect of 1860, thus covering an important stretch of the period leading up to the firing upon Fort Sumter a few months later. They are typical of the spirit which led to the four bloody years of warfare between the North and the South.

The history of these letters is curious and most interesting, furnishing a new story of Lincoln and one which portrays him characteristically and as we know him best.



Abraham Lincoln Esqr.
Sir
You will be
shot on the 4th of March 1861 by a
Louisiana Creole we are decided and our
aim is sure.
A young creole—
—Beware—

Right—'Abraham Lincoln, Esq. Sir—You will be shot on the 4th of March 1861 by a Louisiana Creole. We are decided and our aim is sure. A young Creole. Beware.



Charleston S.C. Nov. 19. 1860
Dear Abe
Allow me to take this my earliest opportunity of congratulating you on your recent election to the "once" highest office in the gift of the people" No doubt both you & your colored associate feel quite proud of (as you no doubt think) your near approach to the White House & to the seats once occupied by such men as Washington, Jefferson, Adams, & now graced by the venerable form of James Buchanan. As I understand that a young friend of mine has sent you the Epitaph of our once glorious Union, & an accompanying pamphlet, it will be useless for me at this time to ref to them, only to
that h I kno his inten

Below—A stinging missive from a man in Charleston.

THE letters, which are privately owned, are veritable 'brands saved from the burning.' They were saved in this wise. Lincoln's law office as is well known was on the second floor of a building facing the public square in Springfield. Previous to his election it had been his wont to visit a carpenter shop in the basement of this building in quest of shavings with which to kindle the fire in his office stove. Shortly after the election these daily visits ceased, and, meeting Lincoln one day in front of the building, the carpenter asked him the reason. Lincoln replied that he no longer needed them and then added, 'I am using letters instead, letters from some of those Southern fellows, and they make fine kindling.' Interested, the carpenter next day took a bundle of shavings up to Lincoln and asked him if he wouldn't swap a handful of letters for them. Lincoln readily assented and the present letters are a portion of the handful.

The first letter is most courteous and eloquent in its statements and is signed jointly by 'Lew M. Griffin, I. I. C., Joseph Law and Alexr. N. Murphy.'

It reads verbatim as follows:

Bainbridge, Ga., November 13th, 1860.
Hon. Abraham Lincoln.

Dear Sir—Pardon us (three) Southerners for this seeming impertinence, and forget not that patriotism and the Union's sake prompt this epistle. We honor and revere the memories of Clay and Webster; yea, we even have leaning towards those who politically agreed with and supported them and their measures, even though many of them have departed from the conservative, statesman-like paths they made. Our Union of States is in danger; the cause is easily accounted for. You have been constitutionally elected President, but you cannot claim to be the President of the Union—only that of a section.

The avowed principles of the party that has elected you are opposed to the most vital interests of the Southern States. We of the South expect you as the representative of your party to act in furtherance of those measures as promulgated by Seward, Sumner, Wilson and others of like stamp. We have read their denunciations against us and our institutions. We have deemed their principles as impracticable; but no longer are their anti-slavery harangues a 'sounding brass and tinkling symbol [cymbal]'—they are reality—yea, operative in *our* midst. Can you blame the South for her opposition to you and your party's principles, when her very existence is threatened? *Can You*, Mr. Lincoln?

You know that this Union of States cost much gallant blood and goodly treasure. You know to what extent our common country has been an asylum to the distressed and oppressed of other nations—and now our and your country, with all its varied yet common interests, is overshadowed with gloom, financially, politically and commercially. The Union of late has been only in name, not in fact—and can we today even say it is a Union in name?

Mr. Lincoln—on the 6th inst. our Union in fact, in name and in common interest terminated its existence. Yet it seems to us there is yet a remedy that will restore all to wonted prosperity and the common weal of a great and glorious Republic! That remedy is: You refuse to act as President, and ask or request your Electoral friends throughout the Northern States, when they meet in the electoral college, to cast their votes for *John Bell* of Tenn. And *Edward Everett* of Mass. They are great, good and sound men, socially and politically. Such a course on your part will restore peace to our *now*-distracted country; drive Democracy from power; set up public virtue in place of vice; besides it would prove you a patriot and the friend of the Union and the Constitution; and further, it would show *you* respect the great interests of our country more than a four years' seat in the presidential chair.

We conjure you in the name of truth, in the name of patriotism, and in the name of all the trials which Washington and his Compatriots endured to secure the blessings of liberty we now enjoy; and in the name of the glory which bedecks our National escutcheon; yes, we conjure you for your own sake and ours to ponder seriously over this tedious and imperfect Epistle.

Meanwhile, hoping for a short reply and a copy of your speeches, the principles in which we hear you shall maintain as President, accompanying—We are your fellow-citizens and Henry Clay Whigs.

Yours Most Respectfully,
Lew M. Griffin, I. I. C.
Joseph Law.
Alexr. N. Murphy.

Upon the envelope which contained the preceding letter, and which was addressed, 'Hon. Abraham Lincoln, Springfield, Illinois (From Georgia),' were the following notations, 'Want Debates'—evidently in Lincoln's own handwriting—and 'Sent,' the latter not being in the same handwriting.

The next letter is of a different type. Its statements are entirely lacking in courtesy and its writer signs anonymously, using as a signature the abbreviation of his state, 'S. C.,' South Carolina. It clearly indicates even as early as November, 1860, the intention of the Southern States to secede.

Charleston, S. C., Nov. 19, 1860.
Dear Abe

Allow me to take this my earliest opportunity of congratulating you on your recent election to the once 'highest office in the gift of the people.'

(Continued on page 26)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Progress and the Moral Law

IT HAS been said on this Page that Progress tests the people. This idea is not doubted: indeed it is confirmed everywhere. But wherein does Progress test the people? Physically, in their muscles or their nerves? Mentally, in their brain power? These tests have been met and easily sustained—muscularly and nervously men are better equipped today, and brains are more than common, although a sustained and systematic use of them is not.

The records of the dooms that have overtaken progressive peoples do not indicate that they fell through physical or mental failure. They collapsed *morally*. 'Prosperity was too much for them,' as we sometimes say of individuals. Too much for them in what way? Too much for their moral balance; they could stand it physically, mentally, but they could not stand it morally. They went to pieces through their inability to permit the moral law to become constructively operative in their life, and the natural consequence was that it became destructively operative. That is one thing we know about the moral law: it operates *for* us if we will; *against* us if it must; but it operates.

> *THE right way is the only way, and the rightness of an attitude or method goes down through all its relations. Rightness in mechanics and rightness in morals are basically the same thing. Unless the parts of a machine are right, power cannot be delivered, service cannot be rendered. The only kind of precision that fits society together is that of morality, which is the science of right relations. We make no progress so long as we deny this. Our motive is not the attainment of some kind of goodness which is apart from life itself, but the attainment of inherent rightness so that this complex instrument which we call society may efficiently function.*

There exists in our day the pretense of a curious prejudice against any view of life that presupposes moral laws or values. It may be the word 'moral' that is objected to; it conveys a wrong meaning, and no wonder, so badly has it been misused. Like the word 'ideal,' the word 'moral' has been made to serve as the opposite of 'practical.' However, it is not the opposite of practical, for, until it is recognized as a basic element of the practical, what we call practical is of all things most impractical. For nothing 'works' unless it is right, whether it be a matter of machinery or of men. Unless the relations and proportions are right, they become ineffectual and self-destructive. Human relations are no exception to the rule.

The difficulty has been that so many people have thought that the term 'moral' meant something like 'trying to be good.' There is a very understandable and somewhat healthy protest against the idea of merely 'trying to be good.' Good for what?—that is the vital end of it. An average experience of men convinces us that there are many very good persons, undeniably good persons, who none the less are 'good for nothing.'

And again the term 'moral' carries with it a sense of sacrifice, as if the gain would be much larger or the opportunity more promising, if only one were not required to be so moral, so good. The ethical value is treated as if it diminishes the material value.

This is an entirely wrong view. Wrong, in the sense that it contradicts the facts. There are no material values where there are no ethical values. There was a word once spoken which throws light on this: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these [material] things shall be added unto you.' That is in the Sermon on the Mount. It does not mean religiously trying to save one's soul and get it into heaven; it means what it says, the reign, the rule, the law, of the highest relations. Get that, work by that, and you have the world—a world without poverty, without injustice, without need.

Will the poverty and injustice and need of the world be a pressure to force us to adopt this law of the higher relations? If so, fortunate are we.

If not, it will be the ancient doom of those who failed to bring human interior progress up to a level with exterior progress. The human race is absolutely unnecessary to the existence of this planet, and unless experience enables us to progress in human relations and in the establishment of social systems which will 'work' in the equal service of all, the purpose of progress has failed.

So that when we speak of 'morality in progress' we mean the maintenance by man of his control of the situation, not his being overwhelmed by the situation. We mean that he shall mould progress to his highest concept of what is 'right' between man and man and of what will 'work' for the service of all; and not merely consent to be moulded out of moral shape by the pressure of progress upon him. Morality is doing the sound thing in the best way; it is the larger view and the longer view applied to life.

Nations and civilizations are destroyed, not because they do not see the need and place of the moral view of Progress, but because, having clearly seen it, they reject it. We have not yet done that. We are, on the whole, quite receptive of the moral implication of Progress, and we are waiting mostly for demonstrations of its workings. These demonstrations are more numerous now than they have ever been in all the ages of mankind. Whether we name the movement moral or not, morality is surely moving to practical recognition.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

A Shrine, Not a Circus

A LESSON that this nation might well heed is given in France's action barring publicity seekers from the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in the Arc de Triomphe. The spot, sacred to the war dead of France, had become a veritable mecca for press agents before the order was issued. Actors, artists, authors, and others who sought to get their names and pictures into the newspapers were using the tomb in increasing numbers for personal advertising, some placing wreaths on it and some merely posing beside it in striking attitudes. Hereafter no person is to be allowed to decorate the tomb, no organizations will be permitted to march in the Champs Élysées and place flowers there, no speeches will be permitted, and music of all kinds is to be barred, except by special authorization.

The tomb of the American Unknown Soldier lies in Arlington Cemetery. Not long ago a tourist from the Middle West visited it. Perched on top was a girl busily chewing gum and swinging her feet against its side. Lolling alongside her was a gawky youth smoking a cigaret. Banana peels and other scraps were scattered nearby. New rules, possibly, are needed for the American tomb as well as for that in France.

Musical Sleigh Bells

THOSE who have ridden, warmly wrapped in furs and blankets, behind a spanking span of bays hooked to a set of bobs will recall the music of the sleigh bells. There was real music in a graduated set of the old bells. The larger ones gave off the mellow tones, the smaller ones the medium notes, while the tiny bells on the end of the string rang the highest soprano. It was an orchestra in itself.

A winter sleigh ride along a forest road was one to be remembered. The leafless maples stretched their fingers toward the heavens forming a lacework of topaz-pink crystal against the faint cold blue light of the early morning sky. Diamond-studded hedges flanked the farm roads, gateways were glistening jewelled entrances to fairy castles. The traveler was in a new world. Old familiar landmarks were submerged or disguised by the enveloping blanket of snow, and the journey to town seemed like an excursion of discovery.

The snow hides; it also reveals. The snow on the larger hills made them stand out more clearly because they reflected more light than ordinarily. The woodlands were alive with chickadees, blue jays, and songsters. Gray furry squirrels chattered from their safe retreats high above the ground. Startled partridge flew from roadside birches where they were eating the tender buds.

Boys and girls of an earlier day delighted to hitch their sleds behind the bobs. Sometimes the drivers were gruff and cross, with long whips and short tempers. They came in for a bombardment of snowballs. Others were ruddy rotund individuals who remembered their own childhood and the pleasures of those days. They were more lenient. It was considered great sport by some children to ride their sleds down the long logging road to the foot of the hill, and then tie on to home-bound bobsleds for the long trek back. It was not uncommon to ride so late that the wayside trees became gray with early twilight and mittened hands were reddened and chilled. Red mufflers helped, but it was a tired boy or girl who came into the home yard after darkness, well-nigh famished. Long into the night the tinkling sleigh bells continued, as home-going friends hurried on their way. We enjoy the comfort of luxurious sedans today but we miss the bells.

Revelry

'CHAIN voting' seems to be Pittsburgh's latest contribution to the science of beating an election. Several days were required to trace down this new idea and identify it; and even the special board of the Allegheny County Election Association was amazed at its cleverness, after it was explained recently.

The method is described as follows: Persons outside the polling places gain possession of a ballot marked for a favorite candidate. This is turned over to a voter about to enter the polling place, for him to deposit instead of the blank ballot which is handed him by the officials after he gets inside. The latter, still unmarked, is carried out by him, and turned over to the 'workers,' who then mark it and tender it to the next voter.

Intriguing as is this addition to the somewhat malodorous story of municipal politics, it does not much exceed the process of erasure. In some wards in Pittsburgh, it is claimed, 90 per cent of the votes cast in a recent election betrayed subsequent erasures, and apparently the same pencil had made the alterations!

The great State of Pennsylvania seems to have been particularly afflicted with the genus Politician —or it has made a greater effort to obstruct his manipulations and to uncover them. One is reminded, reading of Pittsburgh's latest developments wherein one hundred and sixty men and women were indicted for ballot frauds, of the so-called elections marking less democratic countries.

—Ewing Galloway.

The railroads of China have been impressed to render strenuous assistance to the war lords. This train of coal cars carries troops and tents.

CHINESE WAR LORDS and the RAILROADS

By

INEZ MARKS LOWDERMILK

IMAGINE the railways in the United States commandeered by two of our state dictators for private military ambitions, and no through traffic permitted for fifteen months out of twenty-three. Visualize, if possible, the inconvenience to business men and others; the loss in perishable commodities unable to be moved; the hunger and starvation caused by the impossibility of transporting necessary foodstuffs from one locality to another; the stagnation of all trade and the loss of hundreds of millions of dollars. Such is the condition on practically all of the railway lines in China today.

The fact that China with her dense population has about seven thousand miles of railways as against two hundred and sixty thousand miles in the United States, makes the operation of this limited mileage of even greater importance in the economic and commercial life of the country.

Shanghai, the New York harbor of China, and the financial and commercial capital as well, is the same distance from Peking, its political capital, as New York is from St. Louis or Boston is from Chicago. It must serve millions of people; but this means nothing to the military governors who have each seized a section and made it serve their own selfish greed for money and power, regardless of resulting misery to millions and the ruin of the country economically. This Peking-Shanghai line may be used as an example of all other lines to show the procedure of the rapacious military governors in China today.

It is as though some mythical dictator of New York should seize all of the engines and cars in the East and an Illinois dictator appropriate all of the rolling stock he could lay his hands on or maneuver into his territory, and although loudly professing friendship, neither trust the other sufficiently to allow any good car or engine to pass into the domain of the other, fully knowing that it would never be allowed to make the return trip. Yet this is exactly what has been happening on China's trunk lines.

A foreign engineer recently submitted figures, showing that through passenger, freight and mail service between Peking and Shanghai was suspended fifteen months out of the twenty-three months from September first, 1924, to July, 1926, and the road remained closed several months after this report was made. Thus more than two-thirds of the time the road was not available for through service and during the remaining time, the railway system has been in semi-disorder, and travel has often been most inconvenient.

Both the war lord of the Yangtze and the war lord of Shantung, in their desire for ready cash, ran a few local trains in their respective territories during this period. But they were laden as well as taxed to the limit, and generous bribes had to be given in order to get freight moved. Near the borders of their territories was the 'No Man's Land' through which neither would allow his good rolling stock to pass. Occasionally a wheezy old engine, slowly trailing some worn-out cattle cars, made the entire trip from Peking to Shanghai. No seats were provided. All sat on the floor or on their baggage.

Humane laws in the United States would not permit the crowding of cattle to the extent that the Chinese crowd into these trains. Details of the trip as related by an American family who made the trip in order to reach a summer resort, satisfied all desire of the listeners to travel over that section. Packed in the cattle car with Chinese of all classes, they were unable to change their positions for twenty-two hours. No one dared stand up or relax his aching muscles lest there should be no room to sit down again. Night came on, black darkness in the car, except for one flash light. Loud snores did not add to the comfort of those who could not sleep. Several Chinese rested weary heads against our American lady's shoulders. And all this over a line which, according to the China Year Book of 1923, yielded profits of fourteen million dollars.

American soldiers beside the international train operated by foreign powers in China when the regular railroads are not functioning.

The railways, which the military are using for their own private gains, although supposed to be government roads, do not, strictly speaking, belong to the Chinese. They were built with bonds bought by people in the United States and Europe who thought China's credit was good, and much of this debt has never been paid.

Five complete luxurious express trains were purchased from the United States for one line. Nothing was spared to insure comfort and beauty. America has not yet received payment for these trains; yet out of the original fifty-three passenger coaches, only twenty are left. The other thirty-three succumbed to the destructiveness of the war lords.

The beautiful oak woodwork was hacked off and used for kindling by soldiers who turned the cars into kitchens; the plush upholstering was torn off; nothing was left but the parts which could not be burned or stolen.

According to Silas Strawn, the amount which the militarists have looted from the government railways and telegraph lines up to the thirteenth year of the Republic amounts to between $180,000,000 and $250,000,000. In commenting, Mr. Strawn said, 'No railroad can be operated and no country prosper with such conditions as these.'

What is true of one line is true of all others in China.

A few examples known to the writer might serve to illustrate the treatment of Chinese Government railways by the militarists. One northern military officer commandeered a private car to go to Tientsin. Hearing that the price of coal was very high there, owing to the continuous wars, he penned off a small section for himself and retinue and filled with coal the remainder of the luxuriously upholstered American-made passenger coach. Upon his arrival in Tientsin, the coal was sold for $30 a ton and the official was supplied with extra money for pleasure or bribes during his visit.

Recently a shocking railway accident occurred near Tsingtao. A military official suddenly decided to use his private train to make a so-called important visit to his superior officer some distance away. He boarded the train and ordered the engineer to proceed at once. The engineer refused, explaining that another train was then due on the single track line. The officer, strutting with importance, had a gun leveled on the engineer and fireman and told them to proceed and make the local train back up to the station. They had only gone a short distance when the oncoming train swept around a curve at a good speed. There was no time politely to request it to back up by order of an officious little officer. The crash came. The engineer and thirty-five others were killed; two engines and several coaches wrecked, but alas, the official escaped unharmed and nothing was done.

Bandits supplement and complete the damage done by the militarists.

Last year some American mission-

—Ewing Galloway Photos.

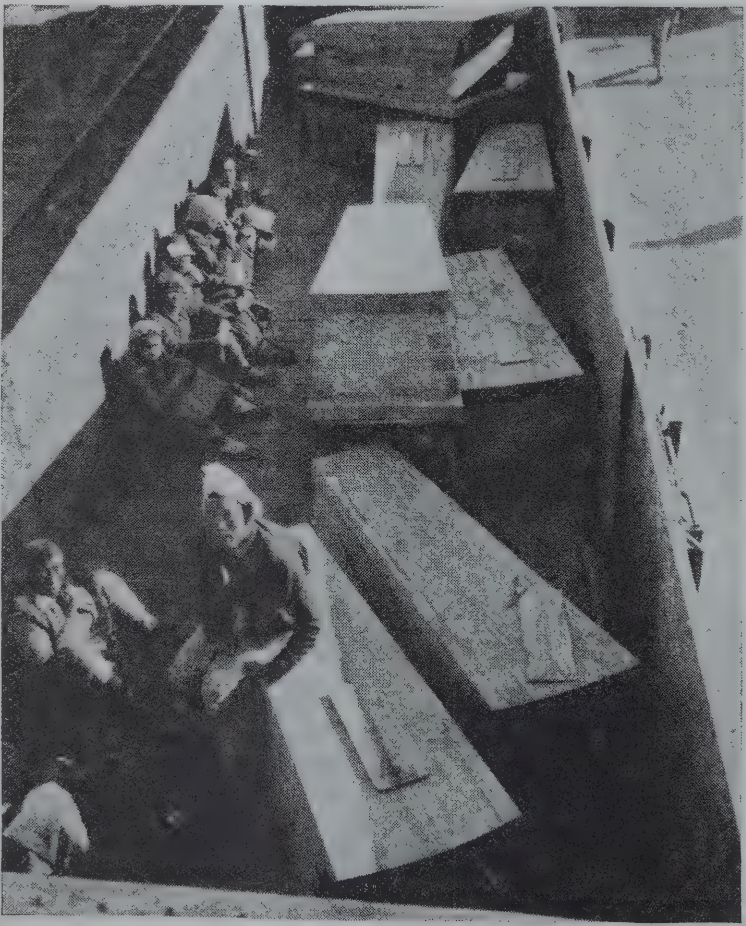
Chinese guards of a passenger train. Two men are assigned to each coach.

aries were traveling on a spur railway line. Suddenly they noticed the train take on speed at a terrifying rate. No stops were made and no whistles blown as the train raced through towns and villages and around curves. After some time, the speed decreased and the train slowly came to a standstill. Investigation revealed the throttle wide open and the engineer and fireman dead upon the engine floor. It seemed that two bandits had worked their way to the engine and attempted to stop the train at a certain spot where a bandit gang was waiting. The engineer in an attempt to save his heavily loaded train had pulled the throttle wide open. The bandits, seeing that they had failed to get the train stopped, shot and killed the two men and then jumped. Such are the events which can happen on railroads where militarists and bandits hold sway and helpless masses must suffer the consequences.

The resources of China are almost as rich and varied in everything that would go to make her people happy and prosperous as are the resources of the United States. With a stable government, no wars, and means of communication established, China would be happy and prosperous instead of being, as she now is, engaged in a desperate struggle with starvation.

The margin between what people create and what they consume is continually exhausted and dissipated by futile and purposeless wars. In practically all parts of China, taxes have been collected for several years in advance and in some places, as in Szechuen, West China, taxes have been extracted from the now poverty-stricken people up until 1944.

What has been the result of these struggles for power and pelf on the part of the military leaders? China is in greater chaos now than she has ever been since the revolution. Foreign lives and property in the interior are not protected. Every few days brings some new tale of ships looted, foreign property destroyed, or of foreigners' being robbed or carried off for ransom. Many of the government schools are closed for lack of funds and in others, the salaries are months in arrears. Extra 'educational taxes' have been levied on all railway tickets and these have amounted to immense sums; yet the schools remain closed while the militarists confiscate the last penny. It was simply a polite way of extracting a few extra millions from the public.



Transporting dead and wounded Chinese soldiers in the same car. The dead are accorded much consideration, but the wounded are treated as a great nuisance. —*Ewing Galloway.*

On ELEPHANT HUNTING

By A. BENKLEVSKY

IN THE lake region of Africa there are fields of grass taller than a man, and individual baobabs under which the whole of a caravan could bivouac, were it not for the numerous ants, permanent inhabitants of these trees, which not only are among the roots in the ground but form a continuous chain moving upward on the colossal trunk. It is a malarial zone, too, with its scattered copses of mimosas and palms and, close to the rivers, leafy forests of tropical luxuriance. It is a haunt of African big game.

Elephants usually live in the forest densities in groups of several families. Choosing one of these quiet forest meadows, difficult of access, they make it their home. From here they go away sometimes for quite long distances foraging for food, but they always return 'home' for the night, retracing their tracks. They prefer palm branches to anything else, as a good morsel; they break these with their trunks, pile them in certain portionments, and then 'dine,' after which they go to the nearest source of water to drink. And it is dangerous indeed to be found in the path of an elephant, though you may be safe a few steps to one side! The hunter who stands in an elephant's tracks must perish for sure . . .

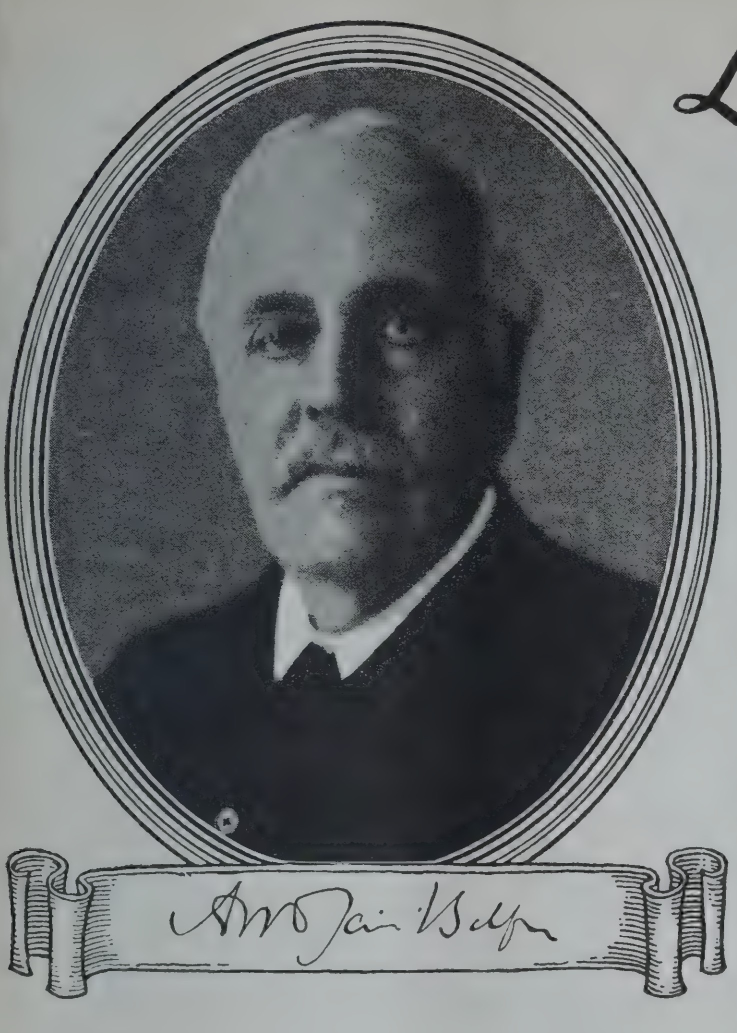
In spite of his solid weight and bulk, the elephant is quick. The ponderous foot will fell and crush a man, or the trunk, wrapped about his waist, will raise him gaping, only to dash him to the ground and crush him into a deformed mass . . . In view of the danger of being attacked by man, however, whose superiority he recognizes well, he may decide to turn aside. For this reason hunters choose places where the elephant's path is narrow and his direction limited—for instance, between a forest and a swamp.

In the Galla country there is a typical elephant trail, which is indicated by a succession of deep depressions the size of large plates, leading into the thick of a cactus grove. A half-hour's following of this trail leads to an ideal hunting ground, with a wall of cactuses on the left and the precipitous embankments of a deep river valley on the right. Between these two obstacles a long sandy stretch slopes at its far extremity to the river. Along the whole length of this field turns and twists the 'elephant path,' disappearing finally in the distance. It is their trail to the water.

Here the Galla hunters hide themselves and wait. For the location is strategic.

LORD BALFOUR *and His* Scottish Home

By R. A. L. BALFOUR



Lord Balfour occupies a unique position in British public life. Long one of the foremost figures in the political field, he has in recent years come to be regarded rather in the light of an Elder Statesman, one who in moments of national crisis or difficulty can be relied upon to advise calmly and dispassionately. Although now in his seventy-eighth year, he is still active in the field of politics, but, as years advance, he inclines more and more to seek the quiet and peace of his books and trees at Whittinghame, his beautiful estate in Scotland.

The writer of this article, R. A. L. Balfour, is Lord Balfour's nephew and heir and the manager of his estates.

WALKS, trees, views, and the old Tower of Whittinghame, to all who know them today, seem intimately associated with their owner. They are loved by him, and the more loved by others because linked with his personality.'

In the first draft of this article, the above formed my closing paragraph. I am taking it now, and placing it thus in the forefront, because it seems to me to sum up in few words what Whittinghame means to me. It would be easy enough merely to describe the house and its 'policies,' as we say in Scotland, to speak of its gardens and its trees, its exquisite vistas and wide mountain views. But thus to 'Baedekerize' would not be to convey the picture of Whittinghame as it really is. For Whittinghame cannot be separated from Lord Balfour any more than Hawarden could be, in his lifetime, from Gladstone, or Hughenden from Disraeli. I realized this, in a way, when I read over my first draft. I had just gone from point to point, much as a guide might have done, but at every point I found that, somehow, I had insensibly connected up the 'story of the Whittinghame' with the 'daily walk and conversation' of its much-loved owner.

This for instance—'Entering the house by the front door,' I had written, 'we face the music room, a pleasant, sunny, welcoming room. My uncle is passionately fond of music, and, for some years now, there has been installed here a piano player of very beautiful adjustment. It is an unending source of joy to the Master of Whittinghame, and he is always disappointed if the nightly game of bridge is too prolonged to allow of his hearing one or two selections. On Sunday evenings, however, after prayers which Lord Balfour reads to the whole household, those members of the party who are fond of music spend the rest of the evening listening to this instrument.'

* * *

Well, from here let me go on, or rather let us go on, and make a tour of the house. Leading off the music room, on one side, is the drawing-room, and on the other the library, which is the great family meeting place. This room has its walls entirely lined with books, among which are several first editions presented to Lord Balfour by their authors. Here, too, the visitors' book is kept, and a glance through its pages never fails to fill me with a special interest. So much history seems to be crowded into so small a space—David Lloyd George over against Stanley Baldwin, Birkenhead, Winston Churchill, Lord Roberts, Lord Salisbury, and so on, after the war and through the war and before the war!

On the same floor is the dining room. And this room will always be associated in my mind with one of those time-honored, well-loved family functions such as every family guards so jealously. The room is a beautiful one, with oak-paneled walls and moulded plastic ceiling, and here, at five o'clock on every New Year's Day, is a festive gathering. A large Christmas cake occupies the center of the table, and Lord Balfour and his sister sit facing it on opposite sides, while all around the board gathers 'the family,' near relations and far relations, who, every year, meet at Whittinghame for Christmas and New Year's. The minister of the parish is always there, with his family, and the reunion atmosphere is everywhere. After tea presents are distributed, and, after the presents, comes one of the great 'exercises' of the evening. The whole party forms a ring with crackers, and, on Lord Balfour's giving the word, all pull together. In every way, in the words of the traditional journalist of the American countryside, 'a pleasant time was had by all.'

At the opposite end of the house is my uncle's bedroom and sitting room. This room has

(*Continued on page 27*)

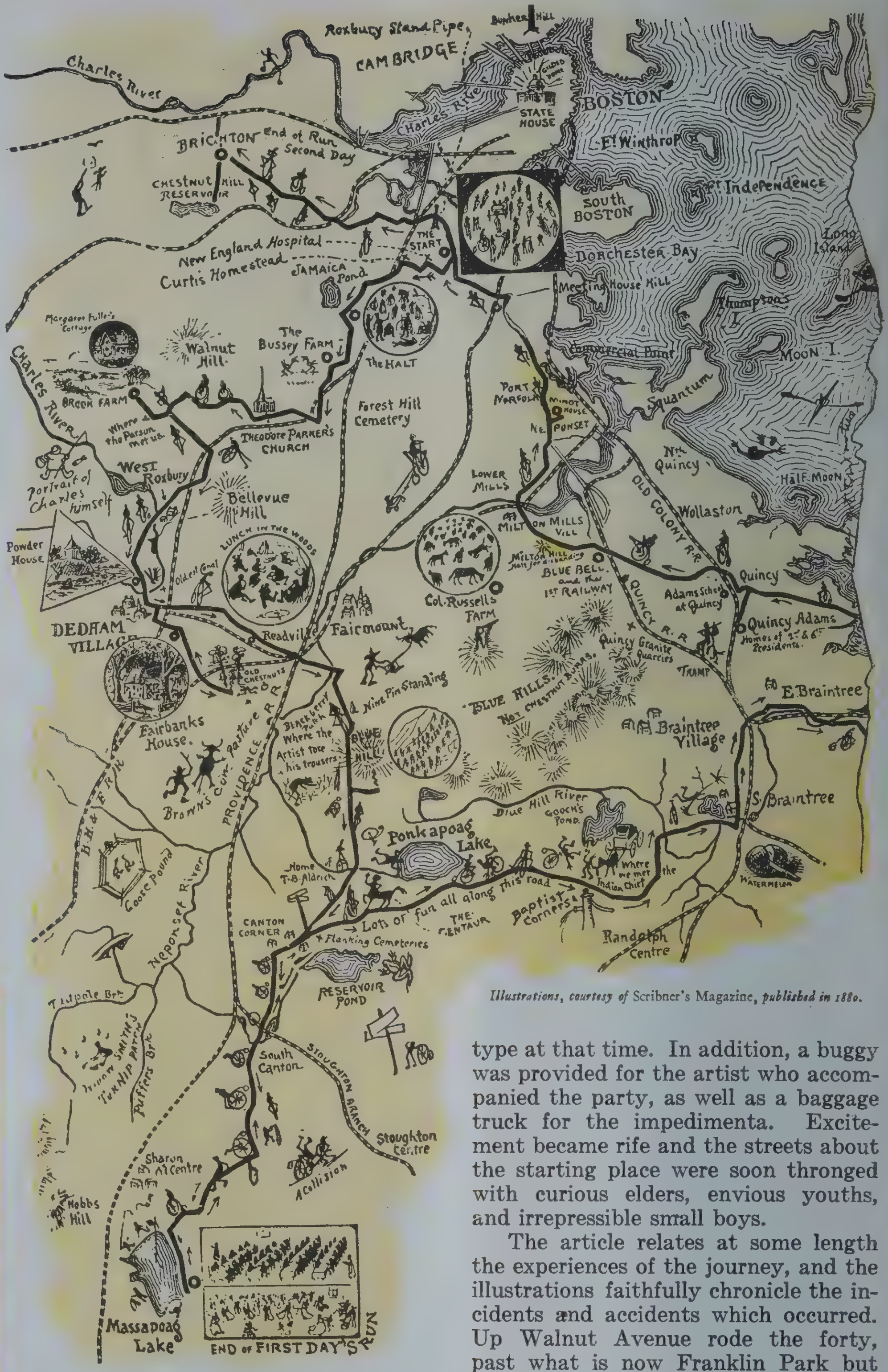
The Tower at Whittinghame.

The ORIGINAL WHEEL Around the HUB

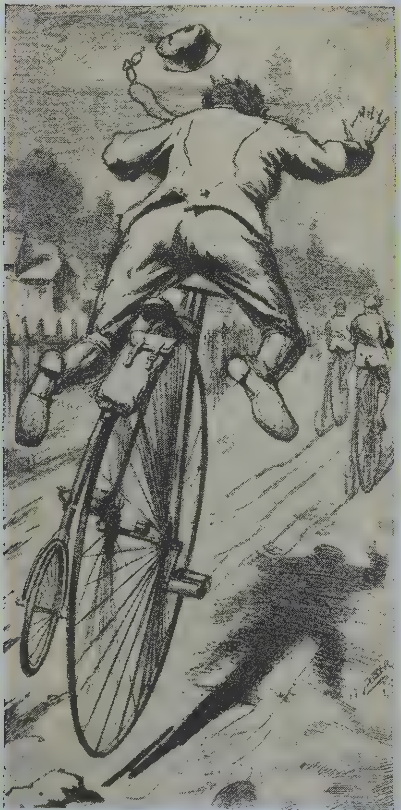
By QUINCY KILBY

IN THE February, 1880, number of *Scribner's Magazine* appeared an article entitled, 'A Wheel Around the Hub,' which did more to foster the sport of wheeling in this country than anything previously written on the subject. Bicycling at that time was in its infancy. The Boston Bicycle Club, the first wheeling organization in America, had been founded in February, 1878, and its first club run had been held in March.

Scribner's fathered and financed the first overnight public cycling outing event in America, and members from several cycling organizations were invited to attend.


Roxbury Stand Pipe
Bunker Hill
CAMBRIDGE
Charles River
Charles River
GILDED DOME
STATE HOUSE
BOSTON
Ft Winthrop
Ft Independence
SOUTH BOSTON
Dorchester Bay
Long Island
Meeting House Hill
Thompsons I
Commercial Point
Moon I.
Squantum
Half Moon
BRIGHTON End of Run Second Day
CHESTNUT HILL RESERVOIR
THE START
New England Hospital
Curtis Homestead
JAMAICA Pond
Margaret Fuller's Cottage
Walnut Hill
The Bussey FARM
The HALT
Charles River
BROOK FARM
Where the Parson met us
THEODORE PARKER'S CHURCH
Forest Hill Cemetery
PORT NORFOLK
MINOT HOUSE
NEPONSET
Nth Quincy
Portrait of Charles himself
West Roxbury
Bellevue Hill
LOWER MILLS
MILTON MILLS VILL
OLD COLONY R.R.
Wollaston
Powder House
LUNCH IN THE WOODS
Oldest Canal
MILTON HILL Halt for disbanding
BLUE BELL and the 1st RAILWAY
Quincy
Adams School at Quincy
Col. Russells FARM
DEDHAM VILLAGE
Readville
Fairmount
QUINCY R.R.
Quincy Granite Quarries
Quincy Adams Homes of 2nd & 6th Presidents.
OLD CHESTNUTS
Nine Pin Standing
BLUE HILLS. NOT CHESTNUT BURRS.
TRAMP
E. Braintree
Fairbanks House.
Brown's Cow. pasture
PROVIDENCE R.R.
Blackberry Patch Where the Artist tore his trousers
BLUE HILL
Braintree Village
B.H. & E. R.R.
Goose Pound
Blue Hill River
GOOCH'S POND
S. Braintree
Ponkapoag Lake
Home of T.B. Aldrich
Where we met the Indian Chief
WATERMELON
Neponset River
Lots of fun all along this road
THE CENTAUR
Baptist Corners
CANTON CORNER
Flanking Cemeteries
Randolph Centre
Tadpole Brk
RESERVOIR POND
Widow Smith's Turnip Patch
Puffers Brk
South Canton
STOUGHTON BRANCH
Stoughton Centre
Sharon Centre
A Collision
Hobbs Hill
Massapoag Lake
END OF FIRST DAY'S RUN

Illustrations, courtesy of Scribner's Magazine, *published in 1880.*



The start of an exciting tumble.

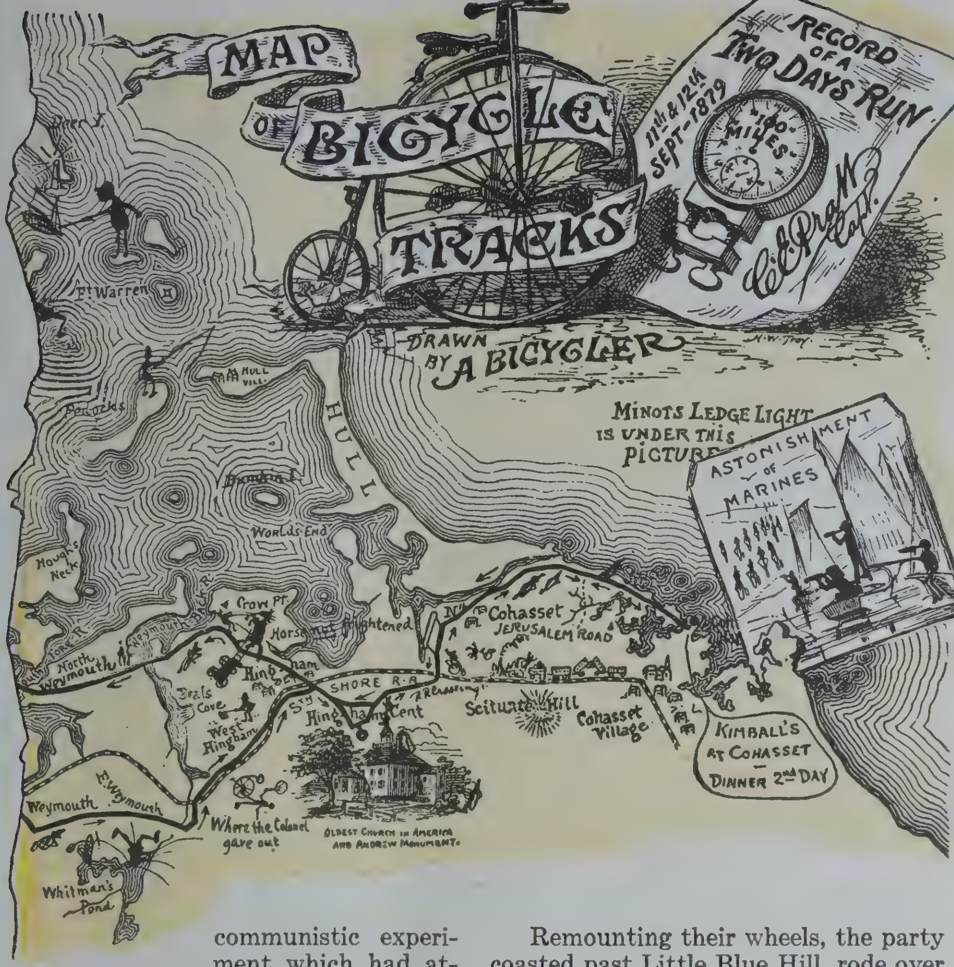
Forty men took part, more of them coming from the Boston Bicycle Club than from any other. In fact, the sport of wheeling had its most propitious start in the 'Hub.'

The true father of wheeling in this country was Frank W. Weston, familiarly known as 'Papa' Weston, an English-born American, who had his native land's love for sports of all sorts.

The fortunate forty, in varied uniforms, met at the corner of Warren Street and Walnut Avenue, Roxbury—a part of Boston some three or four miles from its center. All rode high wheels; there were none of the safety type at that time. In addition, a buggy was provided for the artist who accompanied the party, as well as a baggage truck for the impedimenta. Excitement became rife and the streets about the starting place were soon thronged with curious elders, envious youths, and irrepressible small boys.

The article relates at some length the experiences of the journey, and the illustrations faithfully chronicle the incidents and accidents which occurred. Up Walnut Avenue rode the forty, past what is now Franklin Park but what was then only a number of large estates, down steep Glen Road, across the then unelevated street car and railway tracks, through Green Street, across busy little Jamaica Plain, and so on, to Jamaica Pond where the first stop was made.

Here they had an amusing encounter with a policeman who tried to prevent their resting on a tempting lawn, not knowing that they had received permission from the owner himself to loaf there as long as they pleased. They left him smiling, however, and proceeded past the Arnold Arboretum through parts of old West Roxbury to Brook Farm, the scene of that ambitious


MAP OF BICYCLE TRACKS
RECORD OF A TWO DAYS RUN
11th & 12th SEPT-1879
100 MILES
C. E. Pratt Capt.
DRAWN BY A BICYCLER
N. W. Troy
MINOTS LEDGE LIGHT IS UNDER THIS PICTURE
ASTONISHMENT OF MARINES
Ft. Warren
Hull Vill.
Peddocks
HULL
Bumkin I.
Worlds End
Hough's Neck
Crow Pt.
Horse not frightened
Fore R.
North Weymouth
Weymouth Back R.
Hingham
Beals Cove
West Hingham
SHORE R.R.
Hingham Cent
Cohasset
JERUSALEM ROAD
Scituate Hill
Cohasset Village
KIMBALL'S AT COHASSET DINNER 2nd DAY
Weymouth
E. Weymouth
Where the Colonel gave out
OLDEST CHURCH IN AMERICA AND ANDREW MONUMENT
Whitman's Pond

communistic experiment which had attracted such great minds as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry D. Thoreau, William Ellery Channing, Charles A. Dana, George William Curtis, A. Bronson Olcott, Margaret Fuller, and many others.

The riders passed the church where Theodore Parker preached; this church has since been burned to the ground. Then onward they rode to the banks of the Charles River where now is the Caledonian Grove, across the stream, past the pre-Revolutionary powder house, over another bridge, and so to Dedham, where they saw the ancient Fairbanks House, built in 1639, the oldest wooden building in the country that has been used as a dwelling since its construction.

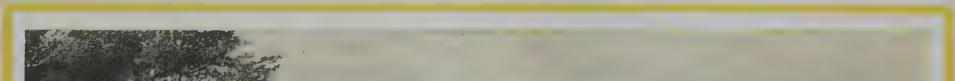
Farther on they came to a little wood, ever since known as the 'Grove of Pleasant Memories,' where a bountiful lunch was spread and eaten ravenously.

Next came a ride through Readville and a strenuous climb to the foot of the great Blue Hill where wheels were relinquished and a footpath was followed to the top. Blue Hill is 600 feet high and is the tallest hill adjacent to the coast from Maine to Florida. The view, could one believe the chronicler, embraced every hilltop, spire and lighthouse in New England, and the wonder is that he did not include Mount Ararat and the Leaning Tower of Pisa!

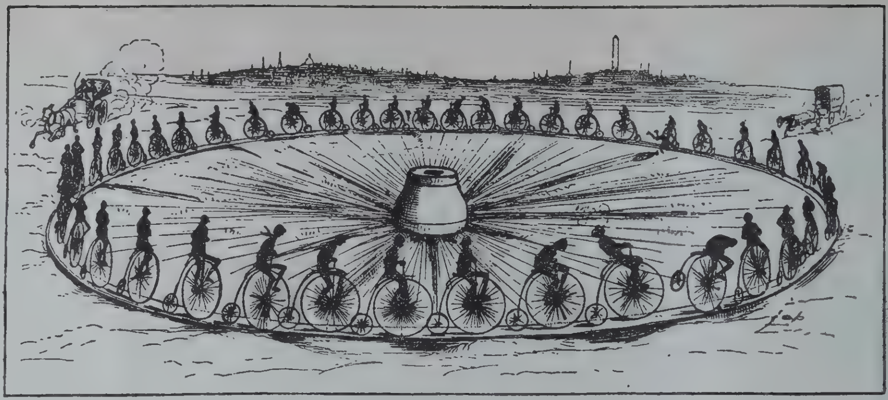
Remounting their wheels, the party coasted past Little Blue Hill, rode over Cherry Hill, down through Ponkapog Village and so through Canton to Cobb's Tavern, an 18th Century inn that was for many years the favorite breakfasting place for the members of the Cobb family, though out of commission as a hostelry. Every year on the 'Wheel About the Hub,' the club calls there, and a hearty welcome is always ready. (By the way, the club calls this event the 'Wheel About the Hub,' but I prefer the old title of 'Wheel Around the Hub.')

The riders then dined and spent the night at the Massapoag House on the shore of the lake of that name, and in the evening a dance was given in their honor in the spacious parlors, sufficient partners being found among the boarders and neighbors from the cottages. The distance covered that day had been thirty-five miles.

The next morning they were up betimes, for there was more mileage to be covered than had been covered the previous day. Riding back through Sharon and Canton to Cemetery Corners, they turned eastward over a rather rough road, past Ponkapoag Pond to South Braintree. They were soon coasting the long hill down to East Braintree and Weymouth Landing, where the Fore River was crossed. On they went up a steep hill, turning to the left and passing numerous Old Colony houses that suggested generations of occupancy and true New England neighborliness. In Hingham they saw the Old Ship Church with its compass painted on the belfry ceiling. They rode on leaving Hull and Nantasket Beach to the right, while they reveled in the beauties of the Jerusalem Road and lovely Cohasset, where at Kimball's Hotel dinner awaited them. Though it was not yet one o'clock, they had ridden thirty-two miles since breakfast



Some of the members of the bicycle clubs assembled for their first meet.



A wheel around the hub.

time. All posed for the artist as they lolled comfortably on a rocky headland jutting into the sea, with all Massachusetts Bay before them and Minot's Ledge light looming close at hand.

They made their way back through Hingham and North Weymouth, past Lovell's Grove and into Quincy, where they saw the church in which two presidents of the United States are buried, John Adams and his son John Quincy Adams.

Then a long climb over Milton Hill with its beautiful seaward view, the tricky descent on the other side into Lower Mills, with its pervading smell from the great chocolate factories, and so through Dorchester and Roxbury to the starting place! The entire mileage for the two days totaled one hundred, and an institution was established that shall exist, we hope, for many years to come.

FOR a period of eleven years from this first ride, the 'Wheel Around the Hub' was but a pleasant memory. Then the Boston Bicycle Club revived it and it became a joyous annual occurrence. Year after year the same fellow members met and pedaled over the same ground, making the original stops and reproducing the event as faithfully as possible. Innovations had been forced upon the riders, however; the old high wheels had retired in favor of safeties, the solid rubber tires were replaced by pneumatics, the hotel at Massapoag had burned, Kimball's had burned, and the 'Grove of Pleasant Memories' had given way to building lots. But new inns were found. The Fairbanks House in Dedham and Cobb's Tavern in Sharon still welcome the wheelmen every year. Indeed, in the yard of the former hostelry there stands a flourishing young elm tree planted by the club in 1919, which bids fair to carry its story down into the 22nd Century.

'Papa' Weston was for years secretary of the club, and not only could he write the most enticing circulars but, with the aid of a caterer member, Joe Hendrie, he used to devise unusual and inviting gastronomical innovations at unheard-of hours, such as the 'rinktumdiddy' at midnight at Kimball's. At six o'clock the next morning the white-robed Joe would appear at our bedside bearing generous tumblers of rum and milk, after drinking which we would roll over and indulge in a most delightful morning nap. Joe's 'boneless shad' was also luscious, and his 'haddock à la rabbit' was fit for the Olympian gods.

Being of comparatively ancient origin, the club has acquired certain songs and rites of its own. One of the most impressive of these is the silent toast, which is always given out-of-doors and under the trees. For many years the trysting place was beneath the Old Oak at Ponkapoag Pond. The toast is given below:

Gentlemen, the silent toast!
One by one our friends depart,
Lost to sight beyond the coast,
On the sea that knows no chart,
Sure of better things ahead.
Perfect peace and quiet rest,
In their haven of the Dead;
In their Place where all is best.

But they all are here today,
Round about us everywhere,
Up and down the well-known way,
In the woods, the fields, the air.
Gathered from the mystic shore,
Spirit, presence, shade, or ghost.
All are with us as before.
Gentlemen, the silent toast!

As the tribute to the absent ones is brought to a close, Charley Reed plays 'taps'; these are echoed by another bugle hidden from sight in the wood, and the effect is impressive in its solemnity. Mr. Reed is the greatest asset the club has, for he is the possessor of a Medal of Honor voted him by Congress for gallant action in the field at Gettysburg in July, 1863, when at the risk of his own life he rescued his wounded captain, though exposed to the fires of both sides. He was also at Appomattox and is one of the very few survivors who both saw and heard Lee surrender to Grant, on April 9, 1865.

Walter G. Kendall, club captain, having held that office for thirty-five years, received a gold medal from the Massachusetts Horticultural Society for his renown as a fruit grower. Another gold medal has been given him for being the first to introduce the Boston terrier breeding kennels. Mr. Kendall's home is a perfect museum of plate, vases, medals and tankards won in various sports and fruit and vegetable exhibitions. While most of the members now use the automobile to attend these runs there are a few still loyal to the bicycle.

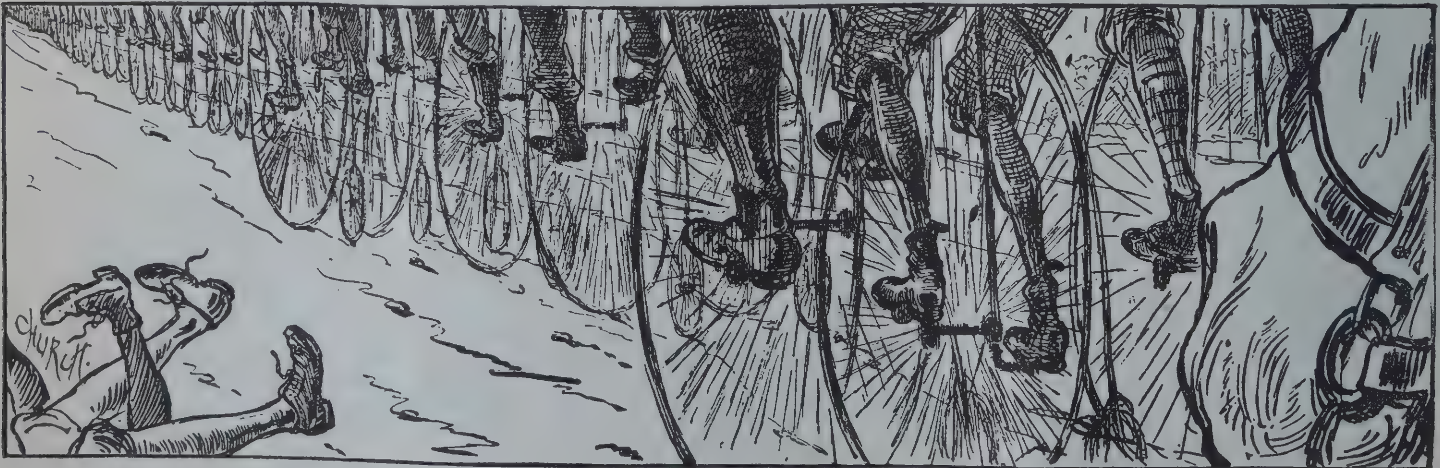
Perhaps a better idea of the event may be gained from the club circular, which is typical of its kind quoted in part:

BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB
Founded 11th February, 1878
Circular No. 662.

Again the loyal members of the club,
Dismissing business cares and matters weighty,
Foregather at the Wheel About the Hub,
As first they did way back in Eighteen-Eighty.

Every year the Wheel About the Hub grows better, or perhaps we grow more appreciative. Anyway, we like it better every year. There isn't anything just like it anywhere else. It is an institution, a Boston institution, a Boston Bicycle Club institution, and those who attend are truly lucky. The average age is well on toward seventy, but those two days find us boys again, calling each other by our first names, glad to see each other, joshing, guying and abusing each other shamefully, loving each other, and reminiscing, reminiscing, reminiscing.

Two days of reminiscence full and free;
Two days of gladness flavored with frivolity,
Of good old-time garrulity and glee,
These make enjoyment of the choicest quality.



Winners or losers by half a length.

Keeping *the* Small College Small

By **FLORENCE G. ROGERS**

IN CLAREMONT Colleges in Southern California is being tried the most recent adventure into higher education. The idea contemplates a group of small colleges located in the same city—Claremont—each of them individually endowed, organized, and administered, but having behind them a parent institution which holds certain facilities and equipment for the common use of all. There may also be an interchange of faculty members between the units.

Claremont Colleges represents an effort to reconcile the limitations of a small college with the unwieldy growth of the large institution. Each has its advantages and its disadvantages. The large institution loses the contacts between students and instructors so fructifying in individual thought and growth. A small institution cannot have the costly equipment and facilities that give to a larger institution its greater appeal. And, in the futile endeavor of numerous small colleges to measure up to the larger in equipment, there is costly duplication as well as waste.

The adventure was begun in October of this year when, at Claremont, the formal opening of Scripps College was marked. Another school, Pomona College, had already served in this same community for forty years; the two comprise the present units of Claremont Colleges.

At a glance one can see that the small colleges in such a group are uncluttered by hampering administrative detail and are therefore free to devote themselves to the vital purpose of their existence, scholarly and effective teaching. As much of the general administrative responsibility falls upon Claremont Colleges, the individuals in the group should be able to make experiments in educational methods which would be hazardous if undertaken in a large institution.

IT IS an adventure into an uncharted sea. Oxford has made soundings, but these are for British requirements. Claremont Colleges is essentially American, and only suggestive of Oxford.

Education in America has been and is going through a fire of analysis and criticism tending toward revision of old methods. Many colleges stand convicted of an overconcern with equipment and a total unconcern as to the living conditions of their students or the importance of providing close contacts with inspiring personalities. A carefully prepared environment of scholarship and character provides the best soil for the growth in mental grasp and spiritual insight of the student.

Time was when the college was looked to as the source of information on past and present affairs, and on theories concerning the future. Here was the storehouse of knowledge, the font of wisdom. The college made the most advanced contribution to an intelligent basis of life. But life has speeded up in the last fifty years. Information comes pinging out of the very air and hits us on all sides, whether we go to college or not. The very fundamentals of science have arrived at different concepts from those taught by the colleges even a decade ago. Furthermore, instead of stopping they continue to change, almost overnight. Knowledge is no longer dead. It is living, moving, transitional.

The modern college has a new function, that of leading the student into intellectual and spiritual adventures—spiritual in the sense that his ideals and deeper emotions are stirred. He is to follow hard that moving, ever-changing conception of values, principles, and facts—to create them for himself and his time. A college that turns out graduates lacking the power to do clear, fearless thinking is very close to failing of its purpose.

THIS outlook as contrasted with the college ideals of a hundred years ago is as though a door had suddenly opened and an invigorating current of new sunlit air were blowing through the musty, hidebound systems of the past. Not only has a new age of learning dawned with its demand for the modernization of old educational methods, but a new youth has arisen, a youth of vision and dream; yet a practical and assertive youth that knows what it wants and intends to have.

This is the youth which the modern college must serve, stimulating intellect, developing latent spiritual powers and evolving within the inner man a breadth of character and a richness of soul that will give a magic grace to living.

For this, intimate contacts with noble personalities are essential. The technicalities and formalities of the college curriculum alone cannot do it. Crowded hours, units, and examinations alone cannot do it. These have their part, unless education is to be unorganized, but they are not all. Instructors of vision and adequate intellectual and cultural equipment serving small groups of students will supply the high demand of the modern seeker of knowledge. That presupposes a small institution.

In so far as equipment and facilities are concerned, the small college cannot compete with the large institution. Furthermore, there is a deplorable waste in the multiplication of small colleges struggling with inadequate resources to duplicate the equipment and facilities of each other and to measure up to those of the large institution.

THE problem is to keep the small college small, and thus insure its distinctive service to its students and yet match the resources of the large university, not only in equipment and facilities, but in opportunities for creative work, in productive scholarship, and in high teaching standards.

Pomona College started in the sagebrush forty years ago in a boom hotel with thirty students. From its inception it has maintained an intellectual rigor, dignity, and thoroughness that has won it favor. From thirty students forty years ago, most of whom were in preparatory grades, it has grown until it has at the present time reached a worthy maturity as a small college. Ten years ago the trustees found it necessary to limit the enrollment to seven hundred and fifty undergraduates lest the college become subjected to the uncertain advantages of rapid expansion in curriculum, enrollment, and teaching staff. In recent years the ratio of rejected to accepted applicants in the case of girls has been as four to one.

This situation compelled the trustees to action. After a careful study of the situation, a plan was outlined by President James A. Blaisdell whereby necessary but costly equipment and facilities might be used in common by a group of affiliated small colleges. This was a scheme of collegiate federalism which was incorporated in 1925 as Claremont Colleges. Under this plan each college is to be independently endowed and organized, and self-administered, the governing body of the parent organization, Claremont Colleges, serving as a clearing house in matters affecting the mutual interests of all the institutions within the group. As has been previously stated, this plan will relieve the individual small colleges of many central administrative responsibilities, thus freeing them for their more vital task of teaching.

The central body plans to maintain a general library, science laboratories, auditoriums, museums, observatory, and other such facilities as are used in common by the individual colleges in the group. The summer school, the department of public education, graduate and research work, and certain like functions will be carried on in coöperation, and there will be an exchange of classroom privileges between the various affiliated colleges.

SEVERAL acres of land were obtained for the Claremont Colleges campus through the generosity of Miss Ellen Browning Scripps and other friends of the college; and the bequest of one million dollars of the late Seeley W. Mudd, who was elected the first chairman of its Board of Fellows of Claremont Colleges, laid a substantial foundation for the establishment of this great work.

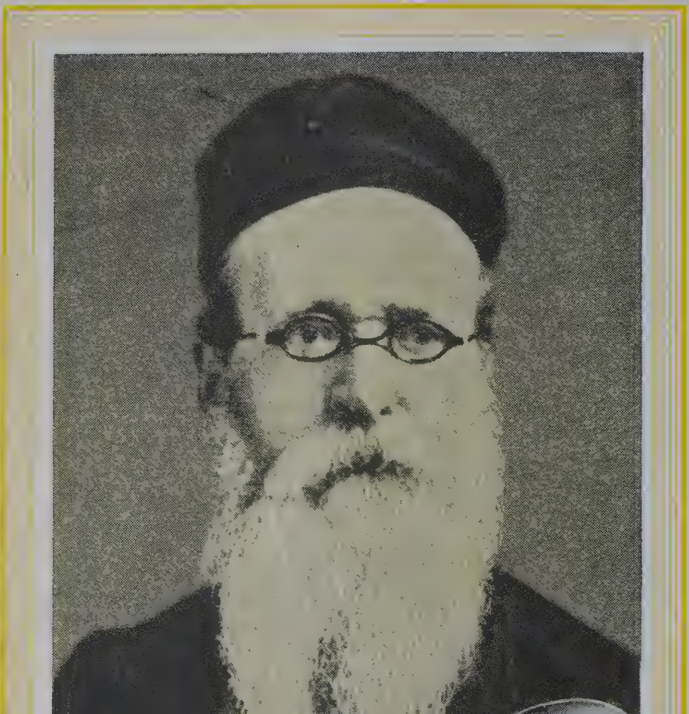
Now, Scripps College is entering into its activities with the avowed purpose of introducing students into the lifelong passion of thinking, reading, and intellectual adventuring. It will endeavor to interpret to them a modern conception of the purpose of college life and to give them an opportunity to discover and develop in themselves latent qualities of spiritual and intellectual insight and understanding which, when translated into terms of living, become the fabric of the highest type of civilization.

On October 14 Scripps College was formally opened with the dedication of its first dormitory and the inauguration of its first president, Dr. Ernest J. Jaqua, Ph.D., LL.D. On that occasion the Honorable Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, was the principal speaker, his subject being Education and the State. Delegates and guests from institutions of learning throughout the country took part in the ceremonies. The event was recognized by educators as having marked significance, and, while no one may presume to a prophetic vision of the new American college eventually to evolve from the fires of modernism, much may be said for the group plan in which Claremont is pioneer.

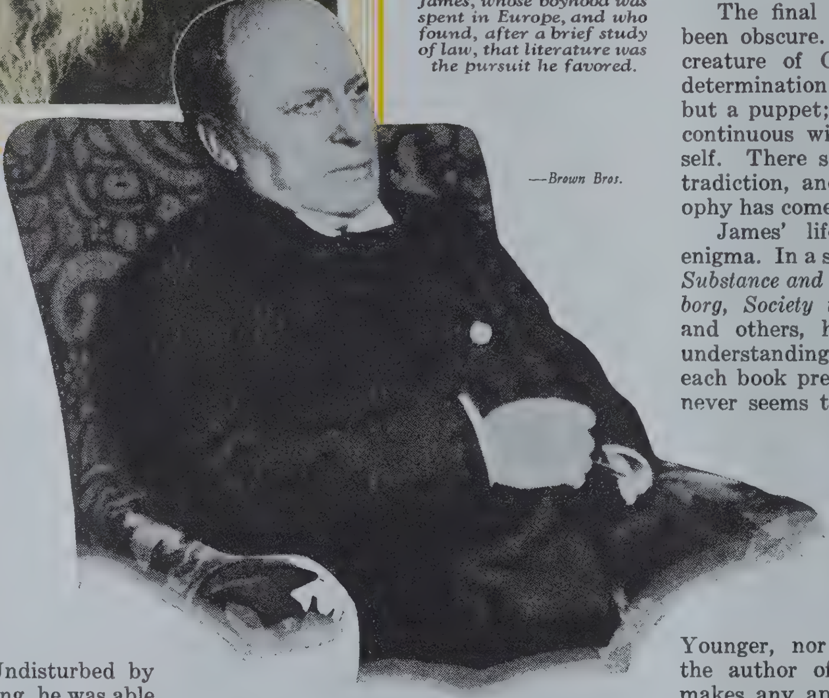
The JAMES FAMILY

By

JULIAN HAWTHORNE



Left—Henry James, the Swedenborgian theologian, father of Henry and William James.



Below—The well-known American author, Henry James, whose boyhood was spent in Europe, and who found, after a brief study of law, that literature was the pursuit he favored.

—Brown Bros.

AN IRISHMAN came to this country in the latter years of the 18th Century, made a fortune, and founded a family. His son, Henry James, grew to lusty manhood, married, and begot three sons and a daughter.

'Henry the Elder,' as we shall call him, was a man of the finest culture with a powerful and original mind. His leaning was toward religious philosophy; he studied profoundly and believed he was on the trail of a new interpretation of the Bible. The secrets of creation seemed opening to him. Undisturbed by the necessity of making a living, he was able to devote himself wholly to his pursuit. He possessed glowing health of body, a happy and indomitable disposition and a wife and children in whom he rejoiced.

He made excursions to England and to the Continent, met persons best worth meeting, roamed in the great libraries, delighted in social companionship, approaching, as he thought, ever nearer to the great revelation. Piles of manuscript lay on his desk, but he would publish nothing till he had been finally assured of his success. That hour of triumph seemed close at hand. It would mean not only distinction for himself but measureless benefit to all mankind.

One sunny afternoon in England he was sitting in his room after a good dinner, at peace with himself. The future had no clouds. He was almost prepared to announce his discovery to the world. He was in the prime of life: God had blessed him exceedingly, and he was duly conscious of the Divine favor and grateful for it.

There is a passage in one of his books, written many years later, describing with incomparable force and intensity the event which now occurred, unheralded and overwhelming. I have not the book at hand, but I recall that he became suddenly aware of 'a diabolic presence, squatting invisible in a corner of the room, raying out influences fatal to life.'

In a few minutes he felt himself ruined, body and soul, and the edifice which he had reared through so many eager and hopeful years had fallen in shapeless rubbish about him. To that pile of manuscript he never added another line, nor did he feel the smallest curiosity so much as to glance at it. His life had been wasted, nor did he entertain the slightest anticipation that it could be redeemed. The end of all things, for him, was at hand.

But he still believed in God. He must drag on his futile days to their end. He owed a debt to his beloved wife and children, and to the decencies of civilization. What final fate might await him he no longer ventured to imagine.

A few months after this episode, a charming English friend drew from him some hint as to his condition, and suggested to him the study of Swedenborg. The faint outline of Swedenborg's views, or philosophy, which she was able to afford him, aroused his interest, and he immediately procured one or two smaller books. 'I read, from the first, with palpitating eagerness,' he says. Thenceforward a new life and career opened to him, and he followed it to the end.

The final meaning of Swedenborg has been obscure. How could man, an abject creature of God, be endowed with self-determination? Without it, he would be but a puppet; yet with it would he not be continuous with God—that is, God Himself. There seems to be an inherent contradiction, and moral and religious philosophy has come to grief upon it.

James' life work was to solve this enigma. In a series of fascinating volumes—*Substance and Shadow, The Secret of Swedenborg, Society the Redeemed Form of Man,* and others, he has striven to make his understanding of the subject clear. But each book presents the same argument; he never seems to have satisfied himself with his exposition. But all the books are radiant with truth and sense, expressed in a style more masterly and vital than that of any other writer with whom I am acquainted.

Neither his famous son, the novelist, Henry the Younger, nor the better-known William, the author of the pragmatic philosophy, makes any approach to the power, charm and tremendous earnestness of the father's works. A rich sense of humor underlies them all, not of course expressed in jest or fancy, but belonging to a mind comprehending its theme in all its aspects and relations, and therefore handling it with lightness as well as power.

Once introduced to these books, one rereads them again and again, with ever-increasing delight and edification. Whether they are 'Swedenborg' has been questioned; they derive from him, but have an inpendence of their own. Neither Henry the Younger nor William was able to elucidate them, though William did his best to explore their inwardness, and in his biographical essay on his father he attempts to summarize his conclusions, while admitting that they are inadequate. Members of the orthodox Swedenborgian Church—the Church of the New Jerusalem, as they call themselves—do not, I believe, fully accept James' doctrines.

In 1862, Sanborn's School in Concord

was enriched by the coming of two young men bearing the name of James, and it was understood that their father had long been a close friend of Emerson. The elder of these boys was named Garth Wilkinson James; the other, Robertson. Henry James, Jr., their brother, afterward the novelist, made transient appearances in Concord, but never was a pupil of the school; the same was the case with William. The latter was the first born, Henry the next, Garth and Robertson following. Garth was known in the school as 'Wilkie,' and Robertson as 'Bob.'

These two were perfectly delightful characters, though of course unknown outside their circle of personal friends. Bob was a boy out and out, robust, impulsive, jolly, headlong, open, frank and generous; full of fun and laughter, pranks and audacities, but in all a perfect gentleman in purpose and practice. He was hugely popular in the school. In scholarship his standing was passable, never egregious.

As for Wilkie, he was incomparable. He was the best-dressed boy in the school, and in manners and talk the most engaging; his good humor was inexhaustible, and he was replete with amusing drolleries, never passing the bound of good taste. He was of middle height (about five feet nine inches), broad-shouldered and symmetrical, with a good head well set, and a smiling countenance. Peg-top trousers were in fashion then; Wilkie's were the widest and most enviable.

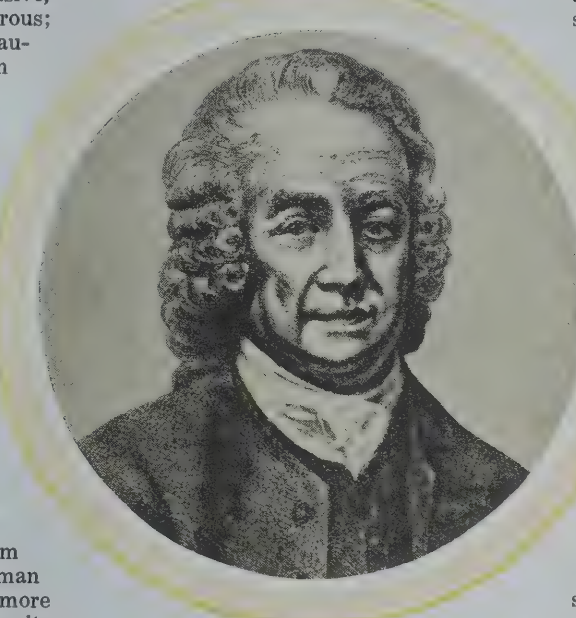
There was also in those days an item of neck embellishment known as the Roman scarf—a strip of heavy silk a yard or more long, with rainbow-hued stripes across its length which blended most delectably. The Beau Brummel would draw this decoration through the fold of his collar, compose a knot, round and smooth, and transfix it with a jewel-headed pin. Such was the ideal, but nobody except Wilkie attained it, and often as I watched him perform the rite, I never could fathom or imitate its mystery. I had the scarf, but a loose and uneven tie-up was all I could effect.

BUT Wilkie, once in his clothes, never bestowed a thought on them; he was wholly unconscious of his being well-dressed. He was sixteen years old when he came to us, but appeared older by two or three years, being self-possessed and having the bearing of a man of the world. In the company of ladies he was entirely at his ease, and devoted; they all loved him, and yet, such was his impartiality and moderation, none of them fell painfully in love with him. There was no corruption in him; nothing sinister or underhand. He had been brought up chiefly in Europe, spoke French like the French, and knew something about everything in the school curriculum, but was heedless in details.

On our school declamation days, he stood second to Edward Emerson in elocutionary and oratorical gifts; but while Edward was punctiliously faithful to the text, Wilkie was content with the general drift of the piece, substituting words and phrases of his own at a pinch. He had a fine tenor voice and sang admirably, but often without knowing the words of the song. As a dancer he was much in demand by the girls; he danced irreproachably but would rather sit out the last half of a waltz or schottische than dance it.

I had introduced the art of fencing with the smallsword and broadsword to Edward Emerson, Wilkie and a few others, and Wilkie was enthusiastic about it; but he never had the patience to learn the 'parades,' and we could cut or puncture him at will. Whatever he could not get by intuition or spontaneous absorption, he couldn't master at all, but he would make a bluff at it, and chuckle good-naturedly when he failed.

On the occasion of a school rowing regatta on Concord River, one Fourth of July, Wilkie was among the first to sign up for the contest, and talked of the refinements of oarsmanship with the assurance of a Thames waterman. He bought a really superb boat, which stood high out of the water, with bright brass trimmings and oarlocks, two thwarts and a stern seat, and finely turned oars to match.


Emanuel Swedenborg.

None of us had ever seen such a thing, so light, trim and capacious; it could easily have carried six persons; it looked a sure winner; and Sam Hoar, son of Judge Hoar and nephew of Senator Hoar, contemplated it grimly. Sam was regarded as Wilkie's most dangerous competitor; but the only boat he had was a rude flat-bottomed little skiff, lean and slender as a pickerel ('Pickerel' was the name he gave it, I think) which he had put together out of half a dozen planks with his own hands. Sam was about Wilkie's age, but didn't weigh so much by thirty pounds, and looked like a meager pirate from the Spanish Main, sunburned and bony. As the two waited side by side for the starting gun, the betting was all one way, Wilkie's.

As the race was more than sixty years ago, it can do no harm to reveal here that Wilkie had never before handled an oar. But he had no doubt that he could row as well as anybody. He dug his oars into the water valiantly; but the lovely barge, instead of advancing, began turning round and round, as if pivoting on a stake under water; the next moment Wilkie went over backward, having caught a crab, as they call it. The handle of one of the oars hit him in the stomach and knocked the wind out of him, and by the time he had picked himself up and wiped the sweat from his brow, Sam was far away, rowing with a long easy stroke, and chewing a toothpick.

WILKIE'S adventures thenceforward were exciting and diversified. He visited one side of the river and then the other, greatly to the delight of the spectators. When Sam had crossed the line and was receiving the plaudits of the judges and the pretty girls, Wilkie had not yet proceeded more than fifty yards from the starting point; he was crimson, his hands were blistered and his knuckles raw. But he was learning something of oarsmanship, and he arrived at the finish in the course of the afternoon, his good nature abated not a jot, eager to shake the hand of his sardonic conqueror.

Next year, our beloved Wilkie enlisted as a white officer in the Forty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, the first Negro regiment in the Civil War. They went into camp just outside Boston, and there I used to visit them. I found Wilkie tanned and soldierlike; he had picked up the drill rapidly, and was soon lieutenant and then major. On parade, his uniform was immaculate. He dramatized the situation, and enjoyed himself greatly. After some weeks the regiment went to the front, Wilkie saying his farewells to us stoutly; he was not the same Wilkie; we felt a change in him; he was a man, and would do a man's part. And in the sequel, he did.

In the assault on Fort Fisher he was one of the first at the foot of the ramparts; there he got a wound in the foot, shattering some of the bones, and crippling him for life. The wound was very troublesome, and he was never afterward free from pain. He bore it stoically, concealing it as much as he could, and always cheerful, courteous and good-humored, but with a gravity and steadiness that were new in him.

After the war he gave up civilization and fine raiment, and went down to Florida—on a Government grant no doubt. Bob, whose youth had saved him from the war, went with him. Of course they knew nothing about farming, but Wilkie believed he could be a farmer, and for several years the two brothers labored and went on scant rations, under that delusion. Could they have held out forty or fifty years longer, their holdings would have been worth millions.

As I said, Henry didn't attend Sanborn's School, and I saw but little of him during my schooldays. He didn't enter Harvard either, I believe on account, partly, of an injury to his spine, which occurred when he was helping to pump water at a fire. He was a reticent, grave and serious youth, and I heard that he had an ambition to be an author, and that he was contributing reviews to *The Nation*, which was then at its apogee in New York. He had articles in the *North American Review* also, of which Charles Norton, always a friend and intimate of the James family, was editor. And later a novel by him appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly.*

It was at about that time that Louisa

Alcott's *Little Women* was published, and immediately attained an enormous popularity. Henry sat beside her, at a dinner given in Boston in her honor, where speeches complimentary to her were made, while Henry sat silent. But in a pause of the jubilation he said to her, in a low voice, 'Louisa, my dear girl, you will meet many people, as you go on, who will tell you that you're a genius; but take my advice—don't believe them!'

The remark was kindly meant, but given with an air of authority, though Henry was some ten years Louisa's junior, and had never done anything to attract attention. Louisa had a big, genial nature, and always had a very modest opinion of her own abilities; she thanked him for his counsel, and when she got home to Concord she related the story to our select Wayside group, amid shouts of appreciation and joy.

Long afterward, when Henry, then a writer of high repute, was visiting me in Hastings, England, and we were walking on the esplanade, with the gray waves of the English Channel thundering against the sea wall, I asked him if he remembered the incident. After bethinking himself seriously, he could not recall it; but he remarked, after a pause, 'Well, as to her being a genius, of course, you know, she wasn't.'

I HAD the pleasure in later years of introducing him to the Pacific Ocean; we made the trip from Los Angeles to the coast in the trolley, and I contrived that the spectacle should burst upon him abruptly. He had fallen into talk on the way over with a young fellow of the mechanic class, who was voluble and kindly and abounding in local information.

'Well, ta-ta, old man,' said the fellow at parting; 'be good!'

Henry thanked him, arching an eyebrow at me. But as we approached the little elevation which I had selected to serve as the 'Peak in Darien' my companion fell silent. The expanse was blue and clear, with whitecaps tossing under the breeze, and great white clouds in the sky. James looked for a long time without moving or speaking, taking in the scene with the appetite of a sympathetic and practised observer.

Unlike Oscar Wilde with the Atlantic, he was not disappointed: and for the rest of that day, he strolled along the beach, and filled himself with the far-resounding splendor and immensity.

He lived in his work, and for it, either gathering material or using it. He lived in a pair of little rooms on a side street near Hyde Park, almost ascetically furnished; a large oblong table was covered with manuscripts in his large, careless handwriting. He was seldom satisfied with what he wrote, and he told me that he rewrote a great deal. His voice was gentle and low.

I last saw him standing in the great hall of the 42d Street railway station in New York, on his last visit to this country. He was then seventy years or more, and resembled a benign and rather bored bishop.

The world has a wide knowledge of William James. He was, in 1861, a pleasant, preoccupied young fellow, with a curly beard and keen eyes, seemingly a little annoyed at the largeness of his own leisure. He was a young lion seeking prey in any form of knowledge, and devoured what he found, but was not satisfied with it. He was more an artist than anything else at that moment, doing little sketches from nature and from casts on square bits of pasteboard, and throwing them impatiently aside when done. He was a good draftsman, making quick drawings with a pencil on scraps of paper, with remarkable mastery and sense of form. I kept several of both drawings and paintings, which he let me have, with a grunt to signify that they were not worth having.

He dressed carelessly in rough tweeds, and impressed the boy that I was as having left little to learn of the world and things in general. He went off before long, and it was not until several years later that he found his proper quarry in the human mind itself, and accepted a position in Harvard. What he wrote and accomplished needs no recounting.

But what a family it was—the Jameses! What a fruitful stem, with what strong branches full of sap and beneficent force! Henry the Younger never married; whether his younger brothers had children I know not. The vigor and beauty of the tribe seems to have exhausted itself in the men I knew. Henry James the Elder is probably all but unknown to this generation, and his books may be out of print; but some student may some day arise to revive knowledge of them. Henry the Younger is secure on the shelves of worth-while readers, and the brilliant essays of William are cornerstones of modern research in his subjects. The men themselves are gone, but they leave a sweet savor in the memory.

Saving *the* Indian *From* Himself

By JOHN SLOAN

A GREAT deal has been written—and little done—about saving the original Americans, the Indians, from the encroachments of white men, both on and off the reservations which the White Father has provided for his so-called 'children.' But out in the Northwest, where ten years of bitter Indian wars were fought some fifty years ago, there is a reservation on which a plan of safeguarding the Indian was worked out. There, the Indian has been protected from his own inexperience, his own childlike credulity, and his own lack of business ability; in short, from himself.

Chief Sumpkin, one of the last of the hereditary chieftains of the Indians of the American northwest.

There, too, the Indian has lived his own life, much as his forefathers lived it, to a far greater degree than on any other of the sections set apart for the various tribes of this country. There the Indian could spend all the summer, off the reservation, out in the mountains, with his family, his ponies, his tepee, and all the primitive equipment with which his ancestors preserved life in the wild. In the winter, he could come back to the reservation, contented to remain within the limits prescribed for him, because he had had all of the summer living life in his own untrammeled way.

The inception of this plan, and its carrying through to its success with nearly 2,000 Indians of the Cayuse, Walla Walla and Umatilla tribes, was due in large measure to the efforts of Major E. L. Swartzlander, who was in charge of this Umatilla Indian Reservation, in the outskirts of Pendleton, Oregon, for about fifteen years.

About one-half of the Indians on this reservation are full bloods of the three tribes mentioned; the remainder are mixed bloods. More of these Indians are crossed with the whites than with Indians of other tribes, though a number of the Cayuses, Walla Wallas and Umatillas have intermarried with the Nez Perces and the Yakimas. Tribal identity has been lost almost completely, though, curiously enough, each tribal group preserves its own shaman or medicine man, and to him the members of each group turn in times of illness. The agent in charge of the Indians, however, superseded, almost completely, the medicine man as an adviser in matters other than those of sickness and health.

All the Indians became self-supporting through the plan established by Major Swartzlander. Lands within the reservation were allocated, eighty acres to an individual, to every baby born on the reservation. These lands were leased to white farmers, at rentals which were profitable to the Indians, but within reasonable limits to the farmer, so that the majority of the leases were renewed from year to year, keeping a permanent and competent group of white agriculturists cropping and caring for these lands. On these rentals the Indians could live comfortably, some of them very prosperously.

One of them, Parsons Motanic, a full-blood Umatilla, himself farms 500 acres, following methods he has learned from the successful white farmers who leased lands on the reservation. Every applicant for a lease is examined not only as to his responsibility, but as to his ability as a farmer, his success as a producer, and his past record, both in agriculture and in his dealings with other men.

The result of this system has been that the Indians' land became very valuable, ranging from $150 to $200 an acre.

The Goetheanum—Building That Has Grown

(Continued from page 3)

kaleidoscope does. The result of such a process may be quite beautiful. The forms of a kaleidoscope are likewise beautiful. But a style that has come into existence in the way described does not embody *new* principles of structure any more than one kaleidoscopic picture embodies a different principle of structure from that of the next picture.

It is said that a kaleidoscope never repeats itself. Each picture is different from every other. But this difference has been brought about by a mere juggling of the glass forms. The same mechanical principle of structure that produces the one picture produces the next, and so on *ad infinitum.* No one thinks of calling the work of turning a kaleidoscope artistic endeavor or creative effort. It is mechanical manipulation, pure and simple. And this, in large measure, describes the treatment of architecture and the arts in the present day.

ONE sees new building forms springing up all around him, forms for the most part not at all ugly—really pleasing to the eye, many of them. These forms are not works of art any more than the forms of a kaleidoscope, though they be ever so beautiful in themselves, are works of art. Both are merely mechanical structures. Now what is the difference between a mechanical structure and a work of art? How does a work of art distinguish itself from a mere mechanical structure?

The most common way of answering the question is to say that art gives to matter a divine form. When material substance is clothed in divine garments, then we have a work of art. This is doubtless true.

But how is one to lay hold upon and seize the divine cloak in order to drape it about physical matter, since it is obviously impossible to see the divine with our eyes? Although we cannot observe the divine with our physical senses, we can by means of our thinking. For ideas are not abstractions that have no real connection with the outside world. Ideas, as Plato pointed out long ago, are living realities composed of the same substance as divinity itself.

He, therefore, who really experiences ideas thereby experiences divinity itself. One lays hold on the garments of the divine by means of imaginations, inspirations, intuitions. He who imaginatively, inspiratively, intuitively, receives his ideas is a beholder of divinity. And if a person is able not only thus to behold the divine but also to communicate his vision to others, either through harmonies of tone, in rhythmic or plastic words, or by giving color and form to matter, he is an *artist* in the realm of music or poetry or painting or sculpture or architecture. Not the giving of agreeable form to matter—a kaleidoscope can do that—but the giving of divine form to matter is the distinguishing accomplishment of the artist.

How is one to know whether a form is merely an agreeable form mechanically constructed, or really a divine form artistically created? One is able to distinguish a mechanical structure from a work of art because of the ability of the soul to vibrate sympathetically. A work of art can cause the soul of the beholder to vibrate in harmony with itself. And when the soul of the beholder is in such sympathetic vibration, the spirit of the beholder is able to catch the divine idea which the artist saw in his imagination, inspiration, or intuition, and according to which he formed and shaped the material in which he worked.

That is the test by which one determines whether an object is a work of art or not. One may gaze at the modern 'works of art' with a soul receptive of the least possible vibration, and one will go empty away. The cause of this is that the divine itself changes the form of its manifestation. This change in the form of the divine causes the evolution of man.

Now, of course, the constitution of present-day man, both physical and psychical, is quite different from that of the old Babylonians or Egyptians, or even of the Greeks. When the great artists of the Babylonians, the Egyptians, and the Greeks produced their works of art, these works were real revelations of the divine. And the people who lived then—formed as they were in the divine image—had a physical and psychical constitution able to vibrate in sympathy with the revelations of the divine which their artists had made.

Today the divine has assumed other forms of manifestation, and, impelled by this divine evolution, the human constitution has assumed a different physical and psychical character. And it is impossible, of course, that divine souls and bodies of today, new-formed in the image of God, should be able to vibrate in response to an old revelation of the divine. We are able to gaze in wonder and astonishment at the mechanical structure of an Egyptian pyramid, at the true harmony, balance, and proportion of a Greek temple, but these forms are no longer able to cause our souls to vibrate in sympathetic harmony such that our spirits can catch the *living* idea of these structures.

The only idea of these *ancient* works of art that we of today are able to catch is an abstract idea. This is a corpse. It has lost its life. All the clamor and wild striving for something 'new' in art is merely the natural and proper demand of man for a revelation of the divine that is able to move the soul to sympathetic vibration. But no amount of kaleidoscopic, cubistic gyrations can give us the art for which our souls yearn. This art for which the souls of men consciously or unconsciously hunger and cry must be a new revelation of the divine, a revelation especially for present-day humanity.

THE natural sciences have in many instances laid bare the organization of the world. And since the world as well as man is formed in the Divine Image, natural science has in a very real sense disclosed the divine. But these discoveries, great as they are, have really been achieved in a spirit of unchaste exposure. And truths that are laid bare or exposed are, in the nature of the situation, doomed to barrenness. They are unable to react fruitfully upon the human soul. It is therefore inevitable that the really great discoveries of the natural scientists are prostituted to a destruction of human culture.

The idealistic and artistic endeavor of today is barren of real life. This is proved by the fact that *idealism* and *idealist* are terms of reproach. And if no real life-giving impulse comes into our life, the world will be literally torn to pieces between the blind mechanical forces which are fed by discoveries in the natural sciences, and the idealistic forces which mean well but which in their blindness are invariably hoodwinked and used as a cat's-paw by selfish mechanical interests.

Deep, real thinking denies to neither science nor art its place of importance. But it demands that both science and art give life to their endeavor by an imaginative, inspirative, or intuitive connection with those divine forces that control and direct human life and progress. Science on the one hand must seek this vital connection by means of an intense development of *active* thinking. Art on the other hand must seek it by means of the development of *sympathetic* feeling. And in the middle, where the two fields border on each other, there will arise real human endeavor that will be productive of both art and science.

THIS is the message that Rudolf Steiner gave to the world forty years ago. Since then he has indefatigably worked for the inauguration of an endeavor in this middle field where science is perfect art and art the deepest science. Finally, in 1914, he had interested enough persons to begin the erection of the Goetheanum in Switzerland.

The war hampered its development; nevertheless it stands today a beacon light in the world, a really new and living impulse in architecture and the other fine arts. This building impresses the beholder as not having been built: it has grown. The living and active *idea* of the highest of organisms, man, was 'seen' by Steiner and given plastic form in this building.

All that the scientists have discovered about organic life in general and man in particular is to be seen in this building. But the mathematical, mechanical aspects of these truths, which alone seem to interest modern science, have been subordinated here to their living artistic expression. The fact that organic life is in constant metamorphosis, that the living idea of the plant causes a leaf to assume the form of a spine in the cactus of the desert, and a stem to assume a leaflike form in the smilax, impresses our very souls when we behold the architraves in this building.

These revelations do not speak primarily to our intellect, as does the scientific statement: 'Organisms grow by intersusception.' They are artistic creations and speak to our emotions and will. Our souls are gripped and impressed when we behold this building. And we catch revelations of the divine that give to our whole life active, living impulses. The humble Swiss peasant and the cosmopolitan student, the scientist and the man of business, are marvelously invigorated by this building. Each beholder leaves it with a feeling of satisfaction. His soul has at last found that for which it has so long consciously or unconsciously hungered.

Historic Hagerstown

(*Continued from page 7*)

family of Baltimore, who afterward sold it to William D. Bell, father of the late Edward Bell, who for many years was editor of the Hagerstown *Mail*.

The property was next acquired by Dr. Howard Kennedy, a descendant of General Howard Kennedy also of Revolutionary fame. Mrs. Anna Kennedy Findlay, widow of Judge James Findlay, occupied the house until 1921, when it was acquired by its present owner, Victor Cushwa.

Many distinguished persons have been entertained within the walls of 'Mount Prospect.'

The present owner relates a story connected with the place. During the Civil War, Captain Oliver Wendell Holmes, at present a justice in the Supreme Court of the United States, was brought to the house to recover from wounds received at the Battle of Antietam. With him was his cousin, Captain Stowe, son of Harriet Beecher Stowe. In *Pages from an Old Volume of Life*, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the author of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* and father of Captain Holmes, gives a most interesting story of his effort to find his son, who, he had heard, was wounded on the battlefield. Holmes finally found his son through a telegram from Mrs. Kennedy, who stated he was at 'Mount Prospect' convalescing from wounds.

Concerning *the* French Academy

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE 'forty immortals' of France, constituting the French Academy, are supposed to be the forty greatest literary figures of the land. It has become the practice, however, to elect also scientists and military leaders. This leads to interesting situations. Foch and Joffre, for example, participate in the discussions of fine verbal distinctions, apropos of the great French historical dictionary being prepared by the Academy; their opinion on the validity of 'match' as a French word may be valuable, but, it must be a bore to listen to debates on etymological questions.

The procedure of election to the Academy rests upon a letter of application presented by the candidate. In many instances adequate assurance has been given of election to men of sufficient distinction who would not otherwise submit the necessary letter.

The complacency of the French with regard to the greatness of the 'forty immortals' is touching, almost amusing. In many instances history has not vindicated the elections. In many other instances election to the Academy has marked the end of a man's intellectual activity, although burial followed after a long interval.

No one can dispute the fact that in Europe as a whole intellectual achievement receives wider tribute than in America. The poets, the writers, the scientists, and the great actors are the national heroes. The names that are known and spoken of with respect are those of intellectual workers in the traditional lines.

The Methodist Book Concern

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

BEGINNING in 1789, on a borrowed capital of six hundred dollars, the Methodist Book Concern has become one of the largest publishing enterprises in the world. It now carries on a business amounting to nearly $5,000,000 a year and the value of its property in buildings, equipment, stock, and other assets totals more than $8,000,000.

THE Methodist Book Concern was organized by the Conference in May, 1789, in John Street Church, New York. At the time, the United States Government was only two years old, the Federal Constitution having been adopted in 1787. George Washington as President had been inaugurated but a few months before, and the entire population was but 3,000,000. The conference that organized the Concern consisted of twenty-five members.

The new enterprise was located in Philadelphia, as that was the point from which the itinerant system could best be carried out. John Dickins, pastor of the church in Philadelphia, was named book steward.

John Wesley in England had issued an abridgment of Thomas a Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*, to which he gave the title, *Christian's Pattern*. It was purely a devotional book and proved to be the cornerstone upon which the Book Concern was built. Mr. Dickins worked slowly and carefully in gathering and printing in the cheapest possible form the best of the literature of that period. Some of this consisted of tracts which were not given away but sold; for money had to be obtained to maintain the scheme. Mr. Dickins, in his travels, wore a tall hat in the crown of which he carried a small stock of his publications and while his hat was in his hands he had the habit of offering for sale its contents. In this way he built up considerable business.

A great scourge of yellow fever visited Philadelphia in 1798, and Government officials (the city was at that time the seat of government of the United States) left the city in panic. Two men remained side by side aiding the sick, burying the dead, and feeding the hungry. These were John Dickins, the Methodist book steward, and Alexander Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. John Dickins fell ill with the fever, and within a week he was dead.

In 1804 the Book Concern moved to New York City where it was established in one small room on Gold Street. Ezekiel Cooper, the second book steward, served the church in Brooklyn as pastor, and the business of editing, publishing, selling, and packing was in one room on the corner of Church and White streets. In 1821 a bindery was opened in the basement of the old Wesleyan Academy Building which stood on Crosby Street.

There the combined printing and binding business was conducted until 1833, when the Book Concern was moved to 200 Mulberry Street, where it flourished until 1888 when it was transferred to a new building at 150 Fifth Avenue; and here it remained until 1927, when the vast publishing enterprise was relocated at Dobbs Ferry, New York, in a modern plant costing over a million and a quarter dollars.

The western house of the Concern was organized as a branch of the New York house in 1820, and was located in Cincinnati, but the entire business was united in the Methodist Book Concern in 1912.

Many critics advised against the investments in real estate, buildings, or machinery equipment for the Concern. They believed that the printing and binding should be let out on contract, and that all property should be rented and the business conducted on a strictly cash basis. Better judgment prevailed, however, and the prosperity of the Concern has largely been due to the wise investments made in the very things the critics railed against. Some of the property has doubled several times in value. None of it has decreased. The amount of capital stock is much larger than it would have been without real estate investments.

It would not be possible to operate the Book Concern at a profit if it printed and sold simply religious works. It is true that these must be the basis of the business; but history and the higher grades of literature, with certain forms of fiction, are recognized as a part of the legitimate business of the house.

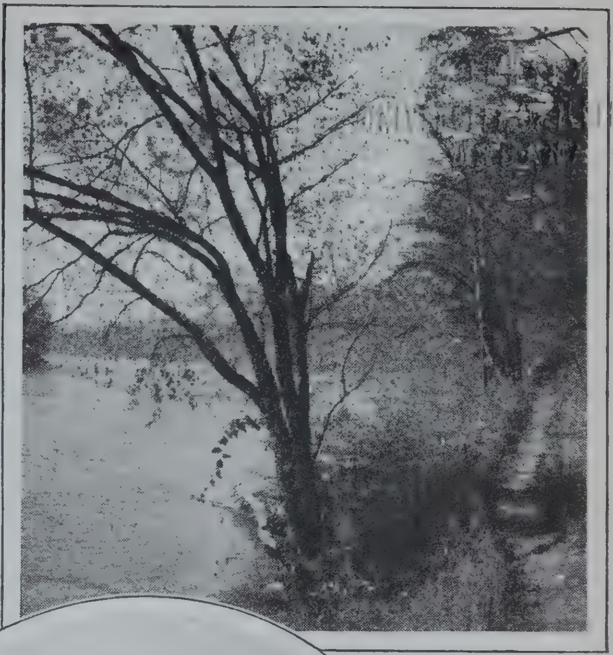
THE Methodist Book Concern is owned by the Methodist Episcopal Church. No person holds stock in it, although every minister of that church is an actual or prospective participant in its profits. Under the law of the church the produce of the Book Concern has 'to be applied for the benefit of the traveling, supernumerary and retired ministers, their wives, widows and children.' Every year an amount is set aside from the 'produce' for this purpose, the total of which has reached up to 1927 the very considerable sum of $7,454,908.

The same sound business sense that brought the Book Concern to where it now is conceived and inspired the erection of the skyscraper Methodist Episcopal Temple in the business center of Chicago's Loop district. This is sure to become a great asset to the church. Already it is proving a business success. This structure houses, besides the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Chicago, twenty floors of offices. The rental from the offices already leased is sufficient to meet current expenses. Eighty-one per cent of the offices are rented, and it is the remaining nineteen per cent which is counted on to bring in the profit which will aid other Methodist churches.

This magnificent edifice was built by the Chicago Methodist Episcopal Church Aid Society at a cost of $3,500,000 on property conservatively valued at $3,000,000. The property is a heritage of the Methodist Church from the early days of Chicago. The first church was built there in 1834 at a cost of $580. It was found necessary to rebuild the church four times to keep pace with the extraordinary growth of the city. The tower cross is 566 feet from the ground, a symbol of religious devotion in the busiest business section of a dynamic city.

On the Banks *of the* WABASH

By J. T. FARIS



—J. C. Allen Photos.

'Tecumseh's Trail' along the Wabash River in Indiana.

Oval—An Ohio River steamer.

IN 1819, when the first log house at Hindostan, Indiana, was built, few Indians were in the neighborhood.

The ingenuity of the people was taxed to supply their needs. Deer were plentiful, and the maple trees gave them sugar, but when they wanted something the land or the forest could not supply, they had to travel far to secure it. Soon they had their own store and the proprietor had the problem of securing supplies. He had a thriving trade, not only with the people nearby, but with the trappers and the scattered settlers for many miles around. The activities of the town were increased by crude mills for grinding corn and wheat, and for carding wool. The preparation for sale of the Hindostan oilstone, famous in the early days, added to the prosperity of the community. The stone was hauled from French Lick over a road constructed for the purpose.

Hindostan became known as the most thriving settlement in southern Indiana. General William Henry Harrison, governor of the Territory, became an enthusiastic partisan. Another visitor was William Faux, the English traveler who, when on the way to the English settlement across the Wabash in Illinois, paused long enough to write:

'Breakfasted in an important ville, Hindostan, on the Falls of White River, a broad, crystal stream running navigable to the Ohio (Wabash) on a bed of sand and stone, smooth and white as a floor of marble. The baby ville is flourishing, much building is in progress, and it promises to become a pleasant, healthy town before I see it again. The land, too, is rich and inviting.'

Word came one day from Corydon, where the Indiana legislature was in session, declaring navigable every stream in Indiana that could float a flatboat. The road supervisors of each district had to assemble all who were liable for road work in lieu of taxes, that they might clear the streams of logs and undergrowth and other hindrances to the free passage of the flatboats that would soon be floated from the branch stream into the Wabash and the Ohio. The legislators talked eagerly of the day when nearly every farmer would stock his flatboat with the surplus products from his lands, and would take them down to the Wabash, the Ohio, and perhaps the Mississippi!

Such a boat was strong enough to carry the great load of beef, pork, flour, meal, wheat and corn which was placed on board. When the spring floods raised the creeks, it was floated down to begin its long journey of perhaps a month to New Orleans. Neighbors with their flatboats were accustomed to get together for company and protection; sometimes eight or ten boats were in a fleet.

On reaching New Orleans, the cargo was sold, the boat was broken up and disposed of for nearly enough to pay its cost, and the owner was ready to take passage by steamer to Louisville. Many preferred to walk, however, for the fare was one hundred dollars or more. A few boats were poled up the river, but the labor was usually considered too great and the time too long.

In a single season 152 of these flatboats—which hailed from just such communities as Hindostan—passed Vincennes, bound down the Wabash. It was estimated that between 1820 and 1840 'nine-tenths of the surplus products of Indiana went to market on flatboats.'

Then came the season of Hindostan's tragedy.

A mysterious disease attacked the people. Perhaps its coming was due to the fact that the town was built in the valley. It may be that the opening up of much fresh soil had something to do with it. Possibly the scourge was smallpox, brought from New York and Philadelphia by the immigrants. Or was it yellow fever? In every house many were sick, and in nearly every house one or more died. There was no resident physician, and the disease, whatever it was, was allowed to run its course.

In 1824 only half the people remained. The burden of being the county seat became too great to be borne and the legislators were asked to give relief. Accordingly, in 1828, the county offices were removed to Mount Pleasant. One after another Hindostan residents left and houses fell into ruins.

Fifty years later a pioneer, in writing of the tragic history of the town, told how the sites of houses had become farm land. 'No man can find a street or a lot,' he wrote.

Some years after the passing of Hindostan, Pittsburg, Indiana, was to be the 'head of steam navigation on the Wabash.' Like Hindostan, Pittsburg flourished for a season. But hopes were never realized. The Pittsburg dam was destroyed, and the town silently dropped from sight.

Scene on the Wabash River in Tippecanoe County, Indiana.

Art Treasures *at* 'Bargain Sale'

By PAUL TYNER

CHRISTIE'S has been famous for a hundred years as the foremost auction room devoted to the disposal of books, pictures and what Mrs. Malaprop called articles of 'bigotry and virtue.'

In London this mart has come to be regarded as almost as much a national institution as the British Museum or the National Gallery. It occupies a dignified three-story granite building, aged to a bluish dark gray by more than a century of London smoke, which is situated in a little side street that runs two blocks from what Disraeli calls, in the opening paragraph of *Endymion*, 'that aristocratic eminence known as St. James's Street' to the very old-fashioned green oasis known as St. James's Square.

One might pass by Christie's without noticing the place, for the modest brass plates on each side bearing this name have to be looked for. From the entrance hall, one ascends a broad staircase to the large glass-domed gallery in which the auctions are held and from which open one or two long narrow rooms to accommodate the modest offices and rooms in which are stored pictures, bronzes or books awaiting their turn to come under the hammer. The house was originally the town mansion of a nobleman and the knightly armor with bronzes and pictures decking stairway, landing, and corners of the entrance hall, all suggest this character—except when a sale is in progress.

On such occasions the scene is not unlike the eager bustle and excitement of 'bargain day,' although the eagerness of the bargain hunters is possibly covered by a thin disguise of politeness and assumed indifference. Pictures are 'knocked down' to the bidder at the flickering of an eyelid, the raising of an eyebrow or the lifting of a catalog.

The whole place is suggestive of a 'hall of memories' of the sales that have made Christie's the clearing house for a century past of European art treasures and great libraries. Canvases that for generations have been the prized jewels of the stately homes of England, and libraries collected through many years from the gems of the world's private collections, sooner or later come here to be dispersed.

Among the buyers are representatives of millionaire collectors in Europe and America, of reigning monarchs and of princes, as well as of famous art dealers of Bond Street in London, Fifth Avenue, New York; Boylston Street, Boston, and the Rue de la Paix in Paris. Frequently, purchases are made for the great public galleries and libraries of the world, and so pass to the people of crowded cities in Great Britain or the United States.

At recent sales, so many of the great prizes have been captured for American collections, private and public, that wails are heard as to the devastation wrought by 'the American dollar,' which by a pet fiction among Britishers we are supposed to worship. The rejoinder to which is, of course, that if Americans loved their dollars better than art treasures they would not so freely offer to exchange them. If the Europeans loved their pictures and literary treasures more than our dollars they would not make the exchange.

Abraham Lincoln

(Continued from page 9)

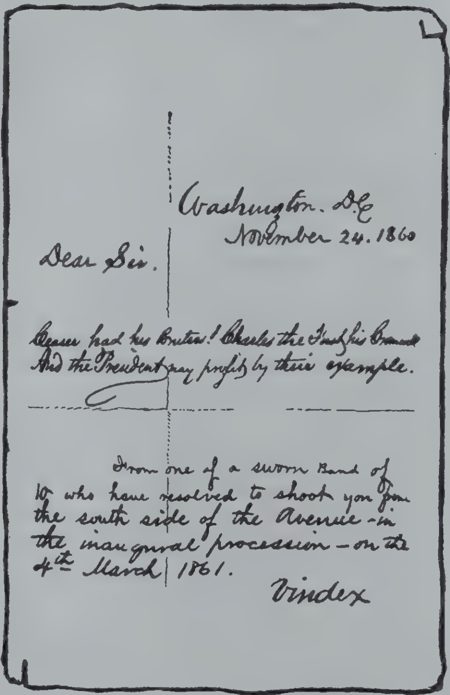
No doubt both you and your *colored* associate feel quite proud of (as you no doubt think) your near approach to the White House and to the seats once occupied by such men as Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and now graced by the venerable form of James Buchanan.

I understand that a young friend of mine has sent you the Epitaph of our ONCE glorious Union, and an accompanying pamphlet. It will be useless for me at this time to refer to them, only to say that had I known of his intention earlier, I would have advised him to send something simpler, in order that it might be appreciated by one of your *very* limited education.

Should you ever expect to rule over the free and educated people of So. Car., let me beg of you not to lay that flattering unction to your soul, for I am authorized to say that they will never have for their President

'A rail splitter.'

Remember me to your friend Hanibal (down South, we call *respectable* mulattoes, Daddy so-and-so, but as your colleague is not of that high order of individuals it would be improper for me to fix anything to his name except such as is generally prefixed to jail birds, such as rascals, thieves, or something of that sort) and tell him for me that the people of these United States will never consent to have a person so much inferior to a *white man* to occupy the chair now held by that true Southern gentleman, John C. Breckenridge.



Washington. D.C
November 24. 1860

Dear Sir.

Caesar had his Brutus! Charles the First his Cromwell
And the President may profit by their example.

From one of a sworn Band of 10 who have resolved to shoot you from the south side of the Avenue - in the inaugural procession - on the 4th March 1861.

Vindex

'Dear Sir: Caesar had his Brutus! Charles the First his Cromwell And the President may profit by their example. From one of a sworn band of men who have resolved to shoot you from the south side of the Avenue in the inaugural procession on the 4th March 1861. Vindex.'

Allow me in conclusion to say that before many days have passed over your head the sovereign State of South Carolina will in consequence of the triumph of a *sectional* candidate (one who did not receive a single vote in any of the Southern States, i. e., the *respectable* portion of the Union) declare herself to be an independent and separate Confederacy, thus placing herself in her original and true position.

Never expect to occupy the White House (when you get into it, it will be a Black House), for that is only intended for Southern Gentlemen and not for Black Republicans and mulatto scamps.

And so with the earnest wish that you will live to see the downfall of the northern portion of the confederacy, and the rapid rise of this Southern Confederacy I will leave you with your feelings (if you have any).

Respectfully,
S. C.

Here is another and the tone is vindictive.

Carrollton, Ga., December 1st, 1860.
Abraham Lincoln.

Sir:—Being certain that you have been elected President of what were once the United States and knowing that your principles are unconstitutional and treasonable—also that your death would greatly benefit the whole country—I therefore propose to meet you in mortal combat at Harper's Ferry on Washington's birthday, the 22nd of February next. The weapons shall be double barrelled shot guns, each barrel loaded with eighteen buck shots. I shall expect you to have a white man for your second. If you fight and are killed or prove too cowardly to meet me send on mulatto Hamlin and I will settle the business with him. Let me hear from you immediately . . .

If you do not accept I will publish you as a coward . . .

Rolbert Kemmeck.

Next is a direct but anonymous threat.

Washington, D. C., November 24, 1860.
Dear Sir:—

Caesar had his Brutus! Charles the First his Cromwell

And the President may profit by their example. From one of a sworn Band of 10 who have resolved to shoot you from the south side of the Avenue—in the inaugural procession—on the 4th March 1861.

Vindex.

And in conclusion—there is still one other letter of such a profane character as to be unfit for publication—here are two containing threats.

Abraham Lincoln, Esq.

Sir—You will be shot on the 4th of March, 1861 by a Louisiana Creole. We are decided and our aim is sure.

A young Creole.

—BEWARE— *United*

The other:

Sir—

This is to inform you that there is a Club of 100 young men in this place who have sworn to murder you.

Jos. Bradley
Jos. Roints
Mike O'Brien

These few letters, fortunately preserved for us, picture vividly in concrete form the intensely tense atmosphere, an atmosphere filled with the mists of doubt and the low mutterings of war, which hemmed in the spirit of him, that man of gentleness and fearlessness, Abraham Lincoln, as he stepped serenely forward to greet the task set before him by Almighty God. With soul erect, in patience and kindliness he completed that task. 'And he was not, for God took him!'

Lord Balfour and His Scottish Home

(*Continued from page 15*)

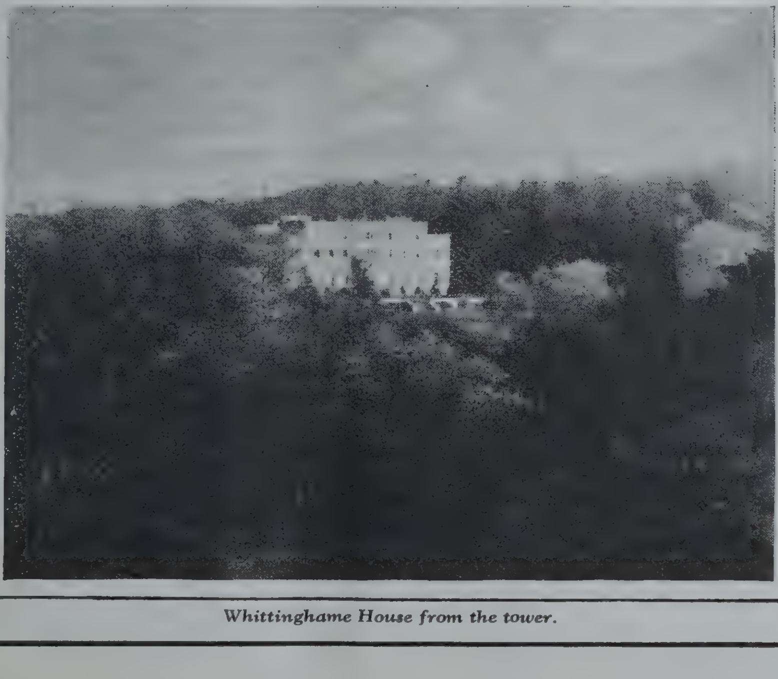
paneled oak bookshelves with carved oak pillars on each side of the mantelpiece, over which a beautiful copy of Raphael's 'Madonna and Child' is set in the paneling. On the left side of the fireplace is Lord Balfour's armchair; at his left hand is a set of the first edition of Kipling's works; at his right, a small table containing books which he may be reading at the moment or any papers on which he may be working. The bookshelves opposite are devoted principally to works of philosophy and dictionaries of reference. It was in this room that Lord Balfour wrote both sets of his famous *Gifford Lectures* and the *Foundations of Belief*. Parts of these works were, however, written in very different surroundings. A picnic to the seashore at Tyningchame is a favorite adventure with us at Whittinghame, in the summer and early autumn, and while other members of the party would be boiling the kettle or spreading the feast or strolling along the shore, my uncle would be writing—far away from the everyday world, but always ready to come back to it genially—when summoned.

As regards Lord Balfour's outdoor interests, he does not shoot neither does he hunt; yet he is an ardent lover of the country and country life. The management of the beautiful garden at Whittinghame he leaves chiefly to my aunt, although its every phase fills him with interest. His special hobby, however, lies in the direction of the preservation of old buildings, the care of the many beautiful trees with which Whittinghame is surrounded, and, above all, in the development of views.

Among the old buildings on the estate, my uncle is especially interested in the castle or tower built in the 14th Century by the family of Douglas. At the time of Mary Queen of Scots, it was owned by one Archibald Douglas, a man who played no small part in the political intrigues of the time. There is one room in this old tower which is specially worthy of note, on account of its Italian ceiling of moulded plaster of the time of Mary Queen of Scots. Its wonderful state of preservation is probably due to the fact that it was covered up by ordinary plaster at some remote period, and its existence forgotten. The way in which it was brought to light—quite recently—is interesting. The room had been lived in by an old mole catcher. After his death an unpleasant smell was noticed and was attributed to rats' having died above the ceiling. Workmen were called in to open up the plaster, and in doing so, in addition to the discovery of the dead bodies of several rats, they uncovered the beautiful moulded ceiling which has now been restored.

Entrance to Old Avenue, Whittinghame.

A few yards from this old tower stands the famous Whittinghame yew. It is about sixty feet high and the trunk has a girth of twelve feet, five feet from the ground. It is estimated to be nearly a thousand years old, and is particularly remarkable for the extraordinary spread of its lower branches. These droop right down to the ground so as to form a sort of room inside, with vaulted ceiling of interlaced branches.



Whittinghame House from the tower.

My uncle has a great affection for this yew and himself delights to show it to his guests. It was under this tree, so the story goes, that the murder of Darnley, husband of Mary Queen of Scots, was plotted by Archibald Douglas, Master of Whittinghame, and the Earls of Bothwell and Morton. Whether this tradition is true or not, we know for certain from Lord Morton's confession, a facsimile of which now hangs on the walls of the room in the tower, that he, Douglas and Bothwell met and discussed Lord Darnley's fate in the courtyard of Whittinghame Castle.

Illustrations have been given of my uncle's interest in old trees and old buildings. A word now about his love of cutting gaps in his woods to reveal a good view. Driving from the house in a southerly direction, one passes up a road thickly wooded on either side, but, on rounding the first corner, a judicious cutting away of the trees has revealed a wonderful view of the ancient Lammermuir Hills. In August, when these are clothed in their purple cloak of heather, or, in winter, when they gleam white with snow, they present a picture of rare beauty.

Turning to the north, the woods on that side have been opened to reveal another beautiful but very different view. A rich agricultural plain dotted with woodlands stretches out before one, bounded by the gray waters of the Forth, from which the Bass Rock rises like some sea monster. In the far distance, the coast of Fife can be seen, the county which is described as a 'beggar's cap with a rim of gold.'

Brief *for* Two Rascals

SCARCELY anybody has a good word for that blackamoor, the crow. Conservationists and sportsmen rejoice to fare forth and hunt him down. They make holiday of his slaughter. When a crow comes near the farmer, and there is a gun handy, you may depend on it that the unfortunate fowl either dies or is sped on his way. This has always been the common attitude toward crows—to kill a crow is to further the interests of mankind. But the United States Department of Agriculture vows that the crow isn't such a bad fellow, after all. The white grub which causes great damage to lawns and grain crops as an infant May beetle is one of the favorite items on the crow's menu.

Sometimes it is barely possible, as it was with Disko Troop of Kipling's *Captains Courageous,* that we may be 'mistook in our jedgments.' The English sparrow has been the target of every tongue and missile for a generation, but observant ornithologists are beginning to assert the helpfulness of this exile from the hedges of England. They say that the diet of English sparrows, and particularly the diet they provide their young, is largely comprised of harmful insects. And it is confidently asserted that the rowdy little ruffian stands between the eastern states and a serious recurrence of the seventeen-year-locust plague. In districts infested by periodic cicadas, the sparrows are observed to watch hopefully over the ground wherein the locusts are awakening from their larval slumber, and to consume the insects almost as rapidly as these emerge.

Genesis *a la* Eskimo

By THOMAS B. DRAYTON

WITH a vocabulary limited to a hundred guttural words or so, but supplemented with a boundless wealth of signs and gestures and inflections, the patriarchs of the Eskimo tribes of Alaska regale the members of their clan on long winter nights with stories of the Eskimo creation; the feats of an Eskimo Samson, who used his marvelous powers for good alone; the heroism of an Eskimo Jonah, who fulfilled the same fate as his Biblical prototype, but, unlike him, from a high sense of duty rather than from recreant disobedience.

The splendid friendship of a David and Jonathan, the pretty romance of a Ruth and Boaz, the untemptable quality of a Joseph, have almost exact counterparts in Eskimo legend, and are repeated to Eskimo auditors who hear them with an avidity unfortunately unknown to Sunday school workers among folk of a lighter hue.

According to these Eskimo legends the world, when first shaped and fashioned by Tongnuk the Creator, was soft and pliable, and where the great waters are, it was then, as now, in a liquid state. In time the land solidified and man was created, being first made double-faced and four-eyed so he could walk forward or backward with equal facility, and game could not escape him.

The state of nature then is expressed by the word *azeaktuk;* the Eskimo's one idiomatic term conveying a highly developed ethical conception, which may be rendered into English with approximate clearness by the phrase, perfected excellence.

THE sun shone brightly always; the temperature was delightful; seals for food and otter for pelts were in plenty at the very door of his igloo; flowers bloomed perpetually on the tundras; and during the hours of sleep kindly spirits hovered near and whispered stories of entrancing interest to slumbering consciousness. Tongnuk the Creator had bound him with but few commands or prohibitions, and these without exception would today commend themselves to the ethical favor of the most advanced of mankind.

In a baleful hour Toolookkahk, the raven, flew over the land carrying Tunrak the Evil One in his beak, and, true to his inherent instincts of malignancy, dropped him into this scene of unsullied loveliness. Tunrak, with his forked tongue, soon persuaded man that obedience to Tongnuk was both unwise and beneath his dignity, and thus precipitated the fall and ensuing unhappiness of the race of men to be.

When Tongnuk returned from the great walrus hunt in which he had been engaged, and discovered the disobedience, he was greatly enraged; he caused man to fall into a deep sleep and cut him in twain, so that he was no longer a double man but two distinct individuals, one of whom was a woman.

His anger satiated, and his pride enlivened by the outcome of his act, Tongnuk forgave them upon condition they would have no further speech with Tunrak, and went upon another far-distant hunt. Meanwhile Tunrak came again and told the man and woman many things they had not known; the man listening reluctantly, the woman with eager ears. When Tongnuk returned and discovered their repeated disobedience he drove the sun away to unknown regions, permitting it to return but briefly in the summer that the birds and beasts might rear their young.

Eskimo man and wife.

Meanwhile the world grew dark and cold; vegetation disappeared; the skin-searing snows came on the wings of bitter winds; the ice packs drove in from the frozen seas; life became a ceaseless struggle with the forces of Nature; and thus man turned to wickedness, and learned to steal and kill and be unclean.

Studies of the Eskimo are interesting. In their homeland at the mouth of the Mackenzie and north of the Yukon River they may be seen during the summer months.

They are not inaccessible. Once it required an Arctic expedition to penetrate to their district. Now trains and steamships take the traveler nearly to their villages. One has only to make his way to Vancouver and take passage on any of the Canadian National steamships northbound. At Skagway the White Pass and Yukon Railroad runs luxurious parlor cars to the interior where the traveler may board steamers on the Yukon River for the trip down north. Less than two hundred miles north of Fort Yukon is Eskimo territory. Early summer is the time to study this interesting people so replete with ancient folklore and beliefs.

The Little Big Viola

(*Continued from page 6*)

There is a fullness and roundness, a thickness and buoyancy, in the cello that is seldom heard in the violin; for the latter is apt to be nasal and asthmatic, and that particular string is very apt to rattle on the finger board when the bow is pressed down a little too hard.

The cello, which encompasses the entire range of the human voice, possesses most of the virtues of the human voice and many of its defects. Its tone is either nasal or muffled, or both. Not one in a hundred is just right. The same can be said of voices. No two cellos have the identical natural pitch. That is, if we tune two cellos to the same piano and play them in succession without accompaniment, they will give the impression of being played in different keys although we play the same notes on each. One will have a dark, somber quality, which will make it seem lower in pitch than the next, which may have a high-pitched voice that tends to float above all competition. Twenty years ago those somber, dark-toned instruments were much sought, but today they are not so popular as the airy, high-voiced cellos, because the high-pitched tone is more definite and penetrating than the darker tone.

The best playing of the Saint-Saens concerto that I have ever heard was done on a cello twelve years old. Cornelius Van Vliet was the player. I complimented him on his beautiful tone, and in his reply he bewailed the fact that he had no fine Italian instrument. When I told him that I had never heard the concerto played so well he replied that the instrument he was playing was satisfactory for that particular piece, but that it was incapable of changing its tone quality to suit the different kinds of music that he was in the habit of playing. I am not quite certain what he meant, for I have had Italian, French, and German cellos, no one of which ever seemed capable of changing its tone to meet the exigencies of the occasion. I presume that the quality of tone is somewhat colored by your attitude of mind toward your instrument. If your valuation of it is sentimental, it seems to do its work more efficiently than an instrument with a merely commercial meaning.

The selection of a satisfactory cello involves some interesting problems. More is made of the question of size than the facts seem to warrant. There is really no great difference in the reach or finger stretch on a large and a small cello. But in the matter of responsiveness there is a great difference, which, however, does not seem to depend on size. One will seem to try to do what you want done, while another will fight back at you all the way. One who prefers an easy, complaisant instrument should be very careful in his selection, or he may get one that is too complaisant. An instrument that plays easily when played alone is apt to offer too little resistance when played in company, and in a large hall it may get stage fright and lose its voice altogether.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY

'It has been found,' said the ***Optometrist,*** 'that one of the unsuspected factors in the nonsuccess in life of many persons is some form of color blindness. Eye tests of nearly seven hundred men entering an Eastern university disclosed the fact that many could not differentiate between certain colors; nearly one-half of them had defective vision, and thirty-two were unable to pass the color test. Some were slightly red-green blind, others markedly red-green blind; and one was slightly yellow-blue blind.

'Men were found who were backward in the departments of biology, art, and chemistry, not because they lacked the artistic skill or the mental equipment, but because they were unable to distinguish between certain colors. A chemistry student who could not identify copper sulphate was found to be almost totally green blind. In biology, students are handicapped by color blindness because they are confused by the red, green, and blue tissues used in laboratory experiments.'

* * *

'The eagerness and ignorance of those modern antique collectors who pay high prices for fakes were paralleled in ancient Rome more than two thousand years ago,' said the ***College Professor.***

'Martial, the cynical poet, once said of a rich Roman who boasted of his original paintings and real silver goblets that his friends were just as genuine as his collection. Martial also mentioned his disgust at constantly being forced to listen at table to "the smoke-begrimed genealogies" of the silverware.

'Collecting was just as fashionable then as it is today. Julius Caesar had a mania for collecting old statues. The bidding at auctions was furious. The earthen lamp of Epictetus brought 3,000 drachmas and the staff of Peregrinus Proteus a talent. Some of these Romans, like some moderns, went in for the incunabula of art, the "most coarse" works of the earliest periods.

'The technical excellence of the then living Greek artists facilitated faking. The Romans of this rich and gaudy period disdained to regard as "old masters" the works of artists later than the epoch of Alexander the Great.

'The passion for bronze works, especially of Corinthian bronze, the mixing of which was not to be a lost secret, was noteworthy. Horace derides those Romans who were always talking about "mixing of bronze," "contours," "shading," "proportions," and claiming to be able to recognize the genuine Corinthian article by the smell. Trilmachio, a certain amateur connoisseur, declared that he would not sell his artistic judgment at any price.

'The wily Greeks, however, found a ready market for pseudo-Corinthian bronze and contemporary sculpture inscribed with the names of Phidias and Praxiteles, polished silver with the mark of Myron and fakes of pictures by Pausias.

'Shops and private collectors exhibited numerous specimens of silver ascribed to Mentor, the Cellini of antiquity, although even then only four authentic pairs of his cups were actually known to exist.'

* * *

Said the ***Hotel Man:*** 'The old register or guest book of the famous 400-year-old "Three Moors" Hotel in the ancient town of Augsburg, Bavaria, was recently written full and supplanted by a new one. The old volume probably contains more famous signatures than any similar book in the world.

'There one can find the name of Robert R. Livingston, one of the drafters of the Declaration of Independence, who visited Augsburg in 1805; the book has two signatures of Napoleon I, and one of the Empress Josephine. Other noted signers of the book were the statesman Metternich; the Duke of Wellington; Goethe; Sir Walter Scott, and Czar Nicholas I, of Russia.'

* * *

'At Chinese ports, the American Army and Navy men are being loaded down with Oriental money and it is predicted that a flood of this peculiar coin will be brought home when the yellow man's war is over,' said the ***Man From Shanghai.*** 'Tokens constitute the money of the lower and the coolie classes.

'The cash token is of copper or brass and has a square hole in the center; a thousand of these units on a string are known as a tiao. Three thousand of these brass tiaos are exchanged for an American silver dollar.

'The poverty of China may be noted when workers earn and subsist on five to eight tokens daily. At one time there were seventeen mints in China working twenty-four hours a day.'

* * *

'Careless cigar and cigaret users cause an annual fire loss to this country of $50,000,000 to $60,000,000 a year, according to the Bureau of Standards, but it is difficult to convince the average smoker that he is contributing to this costly carelessness,' said the ***Insurance Man.*** 'While 550,000 matches, 160,000 cigarets, and 13,000 cigars are discarded, according to estimate, every minute of every day in the year, experiments conducted under the direction of S. H. Ingberg, chief of the Fire Resistance Section of the Bureau, have shown that only one out of every hundred thousand is likely to start a fire.

'It was found that the glow on a cigaret butt, fanned by a mild breeze of three to five miles an hour, would almost invariably cause combustion in a pad of dry grass. The Bureau is continuing its experiments with a view to seeing whether the hazard can be reduced by treating the ends of cigarets with noncombustible substances.'

* * *

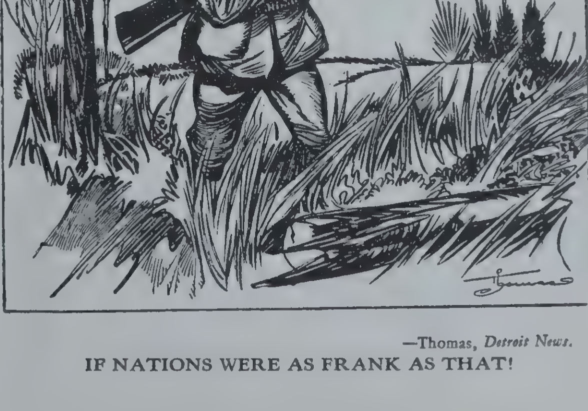
'Much smuggling of aliens is being done from Cuba into Florida, and the number of vessels engaged in the traffic is large,' said the ***Government Agent.*** 'Great risk accompanies the voyaging across the Florida Straits in diminutive craft, but the aliens who make it are oblivious of the danger in their eagerness to be landed in the United States. Not only do they assume a considerable risk but they pay well for their passage, the price ranging from $80 to $1,100 a head.

'It might seem that the aliens are objects of a certain sympathy in view of the way in which they are treated by the smugglers. A ruse worked many times by those in this traffic is to take on a cargo of aliens at some Cuban port, sail about in a circle for a day or two and then land the dupes on an uninhabited stretch of shore near the starting point.

'The average immigration inspector is hard in this respect. He has no sympathy for the alien who is seeking to get into this country through the back door. The inspector looks upon the alien as an outlaw who is seeking to obtain something by stealth to which he has no right.

'The belief exists that a well-organized and heavily financed smuggling ring with ramifications throughout this country and in foreign countries is operating chiefly through Florida, and that the long stretches of Florida coast with its numerous openings and opportunities for concealment have given landing and hiding place for many a valuable cargo.

'That scores if not hundreds of aliens get by undetected for each one apprehended seems probable. Less than twenty men are charged with the duty of keeping aliens from entering the back door of the nation, which is Florida. Because of its nearness to the Bahamas and the ease with which shelter is found along its more than three thousand miles of coast, it is no wonder that Florida has also been the landing place for immense quantities of liquors.'


I DECLARE WAR ON THE DEER BECAUSE I WANT TO EAT PART OF HIM AND PUT HIS ANTLERS OVER MY FIREPLACE.
Thomas

—Thomas, *Detroit News.*

IF NATIONS WERE AS FRANK AS THAT!

CAN YOU TELL ME?

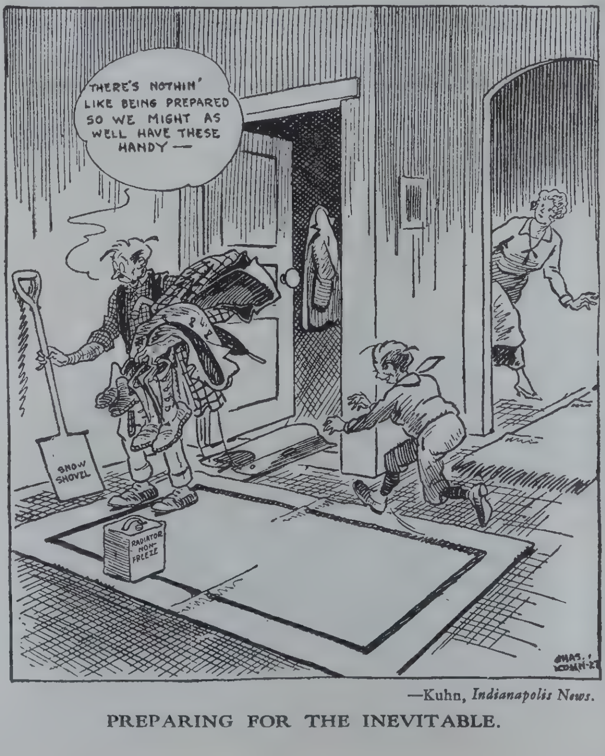
Question. On what day in April, 1910, did the steamship United States *leave Oslo, Norway, and when did it arrive in New York City?*

Answer. According to the records of the United States Customs Service, Port of New York, the steamship *United States*, from Norway, did not arrive at that port during the month of April, 1910, but did make entry there on May 4, 1910. The customs records do not show the date of departure from the foreign port, but it can undoubtedly be obtained from the owners of the vessel, the Forenede Dampskibs, Kvasthusgade 7 & 9 b, Copenhagen K, Denmark.

* * *

Q. I should like some information regarding the formation of the Republican Party.

A. The event which determined the date of the birth of the Republican Party was the repeal by the Kansas-Nebraska Bill of 1854 of that provision of the Compromise of 1820 which excluded slavery from national territory north of the geographical line 36 degrees 30 minutes, and the formal substitution in that bill of 'squatter' for national sovereignty, in deciding the question of slavery in the territories. The immediate result of the agitation over the repeal was to convince a large number of the best citizens of the North, irrespective of party, that the restriction of slavery was essential to the well-being both of the North and of the Union as a whole. Everywhere large elements of the existing parties came together and agreed to unite in resisting the extension of slavery. Before the discussion of the repeal in Congress had reached its later stages, a mass meeting of Whigs, Democrats, and Free Soilers at Ripon, Wisconsin, resolved that, if the Kansas-Nebraska Bill should pass 'they would throw old party organizations to the winds and organize a new party on the sole issue of the nonextension of slavery.' The name Republican was formally adopted at a state convention of the new party held at Jackson, Michigan, on July 6, 1854, and at other western state conventions on the thirteenth of the same month. Before its advent to power, from 1854 to 1860, the Republican Party had three tasks: To propagate the doctrine of slavery restriction by congressional action; to oppose the extension of slavery under the operation of the doctrine of squatter sovereignty; to obtain control of the Federal Government. In each of these it was successful. Its first national platform, that of 1856, affirmed its adherence to the principles of Washington and Jefferson, denied the constitutional right of Congress or of a territory to establish slavery, and declared that it was 'both the right and duty of Congress to prohibit in the territories those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery.' The platform of 1860 was more comprehensive; it added to the planks of the first an arraignment of the administration and the Dred Scott decision, demands for a protective tariff, and a homestead act.


THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE BEING PREPARED SO WE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THESE HANDY —
SNOW SHOVEL
RADIATOR NON-FREEZE
CHAS. KUHN-27

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

PREPARING FOR THE INEVITABLE.

> *In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.*

Q. Can you tell me about Edward Teach, known as 'Blackbeard the Pirate'?

A. Edward Teach, or Thatch, American pirate, was born in England and is supposed to have gone out to the West Indies during the War of the Spanish Succession, engaged as a privateer, and to have turned pirate in 1713 when the privateers refused to recognize the peace. He is first heard of in 1716, from which time he cruised among the West Indies and along the Spanish Main and the coasts of Virginia and Carolina in his sloop *Queen Anne's Revenge*, capturing numerous prizes and making his name a terror wherever known. In June, 1718, his sloop was wrecked off North Carolina, and Thatch with some thirty of his men surrendered to the king's proclamation. He made an ally of Governor Eden, who afterward countenanced his piracy in view of a certain share in the spoils; for a time he led a rollicking life, forcing the planters to supply his wants and exacting toll from all vessels which went up or down the river. The planters at length appealed to Colonel Alexander Spottiswood, lieutenant-governor of Virginia, who fitted out an expedition against the pirate. On November 22, 1718, the sloops moved up the river. Every man in the commander's boat was killed, and the captain slew Thatch in a hand-to-hand struggle.

* * *

Q. Can you tell me when the universities of Pavia, Oxford, Cambridge and Paris began?

A. The University of Pavia, Italy, was founded by Lothaire, grandson of Charlemagne, in 825 and celebrated its eleventh centenary on May 5, 1925. Its renaissance began in 1361 under Galeazzo II. The University of Oxford is said to have been founded by King Alfred in 872. The first college of the University of Cambridge was founded by Hugo, Bishop of Ely, in 1257. The University of Paris was founded by King Philip II about 1200.

* * *

Q. Will you please tell me something about the sending out of the time signals by the Naval Observatory at Washington? How is it done?

A. Many observatories send out time signals over telegraph lines, the wires being permanently run into the observatories for the purpose; the signals are generally sent automatically by a distributing clock which is kept as near the exact time as possible. An electric current passes through the clock and is broken or closed regularly by a toothed wheel on the second hand arbor of the clock. The signals from the Naval Observatory at Washington are sent out as follows: Three or four minutes before noon, whenever the telegraph companies switch in the loops to the observatory, the clock begins to send out make-circuit signals every second over the various lines, the minutes being indicated by the omission of the seconds 55, 56, 57, 58, and 59 in each, and the half-minutes by the omission of the 29th second of each. The click following such a one-second interval always indicates the beginning of a half-minute and the first following an interval of five seconds indicates the beginning of a minute, except at noon. Just before noon there is a gap of ten seconds and then exactly at noon the circuit closes and remains closed for a whole second, the beginning of the marks indicating noon. This particular signal is made to do a great many things at different places, such as the dropping of time balls. After the break at the close of the noon signal, the telegraph companies quickly switch out the loops to the observatory, whereupon the lines immediately resume their normal work. In the City of Washington this particular noon signal drops a time ball on the top of the State, War and Navy Building, and it also corrects automatically, by setting forward or backward exactly to 0 hours 0 minutes 0 seconds all the clocks in the department buildings of the Government.

BRIEFLY TOLD

OF THE EIGHTY-FOUR billion dollars deposited in the banks of the world approximately five-eighths, or fifty-two billions, are in the banks of the United States.

STOCKINGS MADE FROM handmade Belgian lace sell for as much as $500 a pair.

A RATTLESNAKE BIT A Fresno, California, man. The man was treated at the county hospital and recovered. The snake died the day following the incident.

GREENLAND IS PRACTICALLY covered with a blanket of solid ice more than a thousand feet thick.

RURAL AND STAR-ROUTE MAIL carriers operating in any part of America are instructed to report all forest fires to the nearest warden.

FOR THE SAKE OF ECONOMY many couples in a workmen's quarter in France are married en masse. They assemble every Saturday, line up, and the principals and witnesses sign the register as they pass into the big 'wedding salon' of the city hall.

THE TRACT OF LAND NOW known as Tennessee was once named Franklin.

EGYPTIANS ARE DIGGING UP the mummies of humble slaves and selling them to tourists as the remains of famous Pharaohs, after decking them out with gilded scarabs, inscriptions and amulets.

A POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHT is to mark the water boundary between Alaska and Canada so that at night fishermen may know in what territory they are operating.

ARTIFICIAL SILK CAN BE made from cornstalks.

WHAT IS BELIEVED TO BE the oldest clock in the world was wrought in A. D. 1439 by an unknown artisan at the court of Philip the Good, of Burgundy.

A LOBSTER FREQUENTLY changes not only its shell but also its bones, teeth and a portion of its stomach which is plated with a bony substance.

ACCORDING TO AN ENGLISH statistician not more than five of every ten thousand women reach the age of a hundred.

THE RAISING OF ANGORA rabbits for wool, which brings as much as eight dollars a pound, is an important item of industry in France.

AT A BANQUET OF THE Zoölogical Society of Ireland, eggs sent from China fifty years ago were served and pronounced delicious.

A BOOK ON ETIQUETTE OF the 16th Century contains the passage: 'At the beginning of the meal everyone should wash their hands in each other's presence in order that those who are going to put their hands in the same dish together may have no doubt about the cleanliness of each other's hands.'

INDIANS OF TOWER, MINNESOTA, perform their tribal dances in a well-lighted and comfortably heated hall of modern architecture. An orchestra pit in the center of the hall accommodates the native drummers. Dances are given in observance of the autumn harvest of wild rice and blueberries.

A GERMAN AVIATOR FLEW from Cologne to Bonn, a distance of twenty-one miles, upside down.

GALILEO DROPPED A HUNDRED-POUND cannon ball and a half-pound weight from the Leaning Tower of Pisa to demonstrate to an incredulous world that the two objects would fall at the same speed.

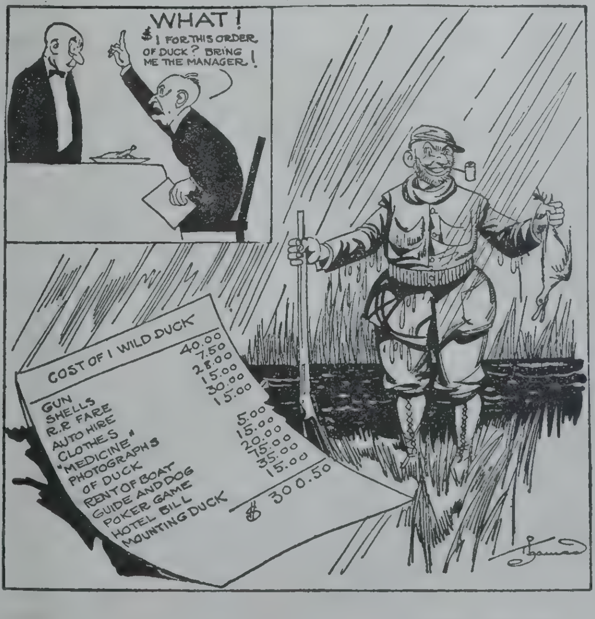
THE KENTISH VILLAGE of Downe less than fourteen miles from London has neither gas nor electricity, no main drainage, no doctor, cinema nor omnibus.

ONE MAY STILL MEET ON thoroughfares in the smaller towns of Pennsylvania those who cannot speak English, although they are descendants of settlers who came here more than two hundred years ago.

SO POWERFUL IS THE unpleasant odor released by swallowtail butterflies that they are known as the polecats of the insect world.

CANADA HAS 570 PUBLIC libraries with more than three million volumes. In addition, several of the provinces carry on extensive traveling library programs.

THE MAKING OF GHOST MONEY, tinfoil shoes to be burned in front of a dead man's shrine to provide him with the standard currency of the dead, is an important industry in China.



—Thomas, *Detroit News.*

THE SAME MAN

BUFFALO STILL HAS A city ordinance prohibiting the parking of any vehicle in public streets unless a draft animal is attached to it.

WOMEN HOUSE PAINTERS AND decorators have become so numerous in Britain that they are planning a union to safeguard their interests.

BELIEVING THAT THE PREVAILING drought was a visitation of the Deity offended by the presence of so many criminals, distracted peasants in Bulgaria raided a prison and offered as sacrifice four of the worst offenders.

ACCORDING TO INFORMATION recently received in London, three pounds of tea will purchase six wives in India.

SO REALISTICALLY HAS Sir Arthur Conan Doyle drawn his character of Sherlock Holmes that many people believe he is alive and thousands of letters each year are addressed to him.

IT TAKES FIVE HUNDRED MEN five days to coal a liner the size of the *Olympic.*

THE TARAHUMARA INDIANS of Mexico, known as the world's best runners, live on a diet of bean cakes, corn and chili.

THE GIDEONS WILL PLACE Bibles in the dressing rooms of chorus members and principals appearing in Chicago productions. Later the Bibles will be placed in theaters throughout the country.

DESPITE THE INCREASING USE of substitutes for wood the people of the world never before used so much of that material as at the present time.

SHARKS' TEETH ARE USED as money in certain Pacific Islands.

Faust HAS BEEN GIVEN in the Paris Opera alone more than 1,800 times and to capacity receipts nearly every time.

AMONG THE ANCIENT GREEKS small pieces of bread were used instead of the present-day napkin; the diners then threw the bread on the floor for the dogs to eat.

A SAVINGS BANK IN THE form of an urn, believed to be 2,500 years old, was found in the ruins of Utica, an ancient Phoenician city.

ONE-SIXTH OF THE population of Denmark lives in Copenhagen, the capital city.

FOOTBALL IN THE 17TH Century was known by the various names of 'hurling,' 'camp ball,' and 'camping.'

IT HAS BEEN OBSERVED by airmen who make regular flights over arid regions that migratory birds have learned to use the airplane as a means of transportation and that often from a dozen to twenty birds will make the trip on one plane.

NOTES · COMMENTS · CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses progress and the moral law.

* * *

Aaron Hardy Ulm has had an opportunity to observe the doings of the great during his period of service at Washington, D. C., as a special correspondent. His views on the greatness of Benjamin Franklin become doubly interesting when he places Poor Richard among the few greatest men of all time. (p. 1)

* * *

Four reasons given by Ulm for placing Franklin among the immortals are: The expression of his greatness did not depend on events beyond his control; he would have been a great man in any period of the world's history in any land; he would have been great even if his endeavors had been confined to one only of several lines of activity in which his achievements were of the highest rank; he would be a great man if he were living today.

* * *

While Science has been striding ahead with its marvelous discoveries, why has Art remained stagnant? Is it on a dead center? Cubism and futurism have failed, but in the Goetheanum in Switzerland is expressed a new idea in architecture. (p. 3)

* * *

Spain apparently is prosperous; the great cities are expanding with fine boulevards, modern office buildings and expensive homes. The reign of the dictator has given Spain the best government she has known for many generations. Yet, after Primo de Rivera steps down from the dais, disturbances may come. (p. 4)

* * *

Voltaire once said to Servais, the greatest cellist of his age, 'Sir, I now believe in miracles, for you have just made an ox sing like a nightingale.' He was referring to the violoncello, long the butt of humorists because of its great size. There are some music-lovers, and not a few, who deem this 'ox' of Voltaire's to be the very king of instruments. (p. 6)

* * *

One of the mansions of Hagerstown in 1789 was 'Mount Prospect,' located in the suburbs of that little Maryland community. Today it is one block from the business center of the third largest city in the state. In it one may still find the centrally located gun closet, where the guns, neatly stacked in racks, could be secured handily in case of an Indian attack. The outside doors are of double thickness and their hinges run across the whole width, secured with wrought-iron nails. (p. 7)

* * *

Hagerstown has an interesting history. Its first settlers gathered at the pioneer home of Jonathan Hager for protection against the marauding redskins. The first president of the bank was Colonel Nathaniel Rochester, who later gave his name to the busy city in western New York State. His partner was Thomas Hart, uncle of the great orator, Thomas H. Barton, and father of Lucretia Hart. She was the wife of Henry Clay, another statesman of his time.

* * *

'Lincoln can only be accounted for by a belief in destiny; a Power higher than man, a Power as yet unseen by us, controlled and directed the life and all the acts of this man of men. The tang of earth was in him, but around his head was a halo of glory. Lincoln's inner life was, even to himself, a hidden one. He was with us but not of us. The outward Lincoln was what we saw; the great peering depths within him no man knew, not even those who called him kin.' (p. 8)

* * *

Railroading in China is vastly different from railroading in this country. Up to the thirteenth year of the Republic the militarists had looted from them and from the telegraph companies more than two hundred million dollars. Each governor fortunate enough to control a railway line squeezes it dry, demands generous bribes to move freight, and the passengers are allowed to sit on the floor or on their baggage. (p. 12)

* * *

R. A. L. Balfour, nephew of the great Lord Balfour and manager of his estate, has prepared an entertaining description of the home life of the Scotsman. At Whittinghame, the laird may enjoy his books and trees; and on each New Year's Day a large Christmas cake is cut with all the family, near and far relations, present. The minister of the parish with his family is also there. After tea, gifts are distributed and then merriment prevails. (p. 15)

* * *

In the early days of the *Century* magazine, when it was still known as *Scribner's* (not the present-day magazine of this name) it published an article describing the first overnight bicycle run of history, as made by forty men of Boston. To this day the occasion is remembered each year; and the old route is still traveled, although the motor car has supplanted the two-wheeled vehicle. (p. 16)

* * *

During his boyhood, Julian Hawthorne attended school in Concord with two of the James boys, brothers of Henry and William. However, Julian knew both Henry and William, as well as the younger two with whom he studied. His reminiscences of the family are delightful. (p. 20)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Cripple Creek, Virginia.

The Great Basin is comprised of a vast desert and semidesert areas lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. It is cut off from the ocean by surrounding mountains and what little rain falls on these mountains flows toward the center of the basin and either sinks into the ground or into a salt-water lake where it evaporates.

The Great Salt Lake and Sevier Lake in Utah and Humboldt and Pyramid Lake in Nevada are examples of these, none having outlet to the sea. Evaporation is very rapid.

This Great Basin includes all of Nevada, western Utah, part of California and Oregon and a small corner of Idaho. It is about five hundred miles across.

Its average rainfall is about nine to sixteen inches; most of it is entirely desert with only vast sand dunes and scattered sagebrush. However, when it is irrigated this apparently worthless sand produces wonderful crops; in fact the largest known.

The streams are so small that at present only one acre out of a hundred can be watered. The State of Nevada though larger than several Atlantic States has a population of only about eighty thousand.

The Colorado River comes tumbling down out of the Rockies, and its waters are practically all wasted, for the lower end of the river is not good for navigation, while the upper is too full of canyons to make irrigation feasible.

The Colorado flows southwest along the eastern range of the Wasatch Mountains through the Great Colorado plateau, while just across the Wasatch to the west lies the Great Basin, dry and thirsty. Much of the Great Basin is around 3,800 feet above sea level with other parts 42 to 4,500 feet above—while at Moab in the Colorado River the elevation is 4,459 feet.

This actually means that water could flow by gravity from Moab to Salt Lake. With a 125-foot dam at Moab it could flow by gravity to Lake Sevier and desert in Utah.

Or if a large dam at Green River and Moab were made (say about seven hundred feet high) and if a tunnel were made through the Wasatch Mountains, the entire Colorado could be turned into Salt Lake and when the waters of the Salt Lake rise about seven hundred feet higher than at present it would discharge by way of the Snake River into the Columbia.

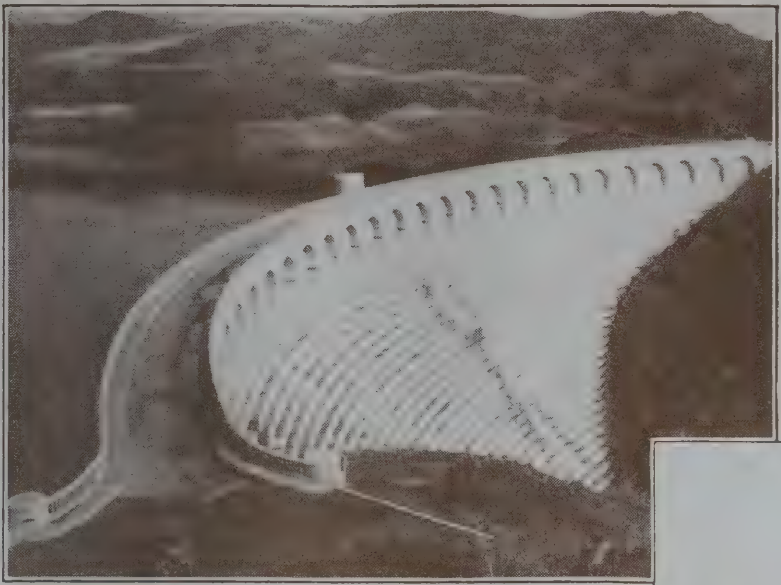
It is possible to create a vast inland sea comprising an area as large as our great lakes by diverting the waters of the Colorado into the Great Basin.

The lower lands would be fresh water lakes to take the place of the salt lakes; rain would fall in abundance on the 'islands' and on the surrounding country.

A. B. GRUBB, M. D.

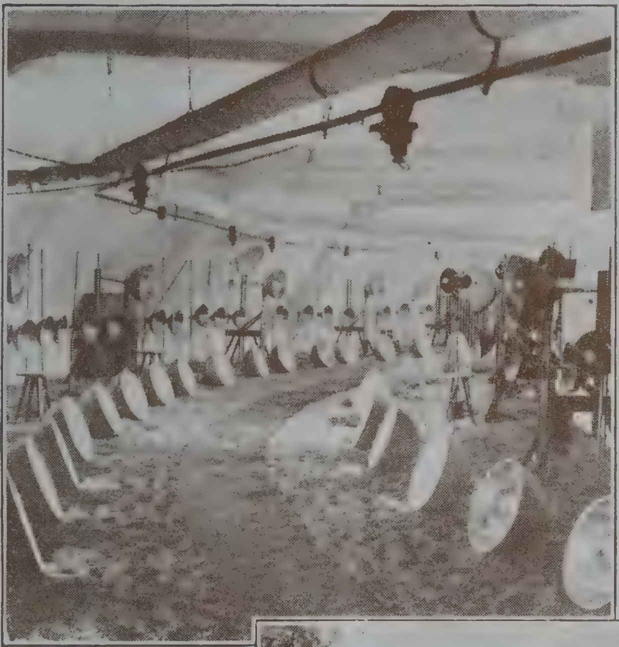
HARNESSED POWER

'White Coal' *Spells* Human Progress



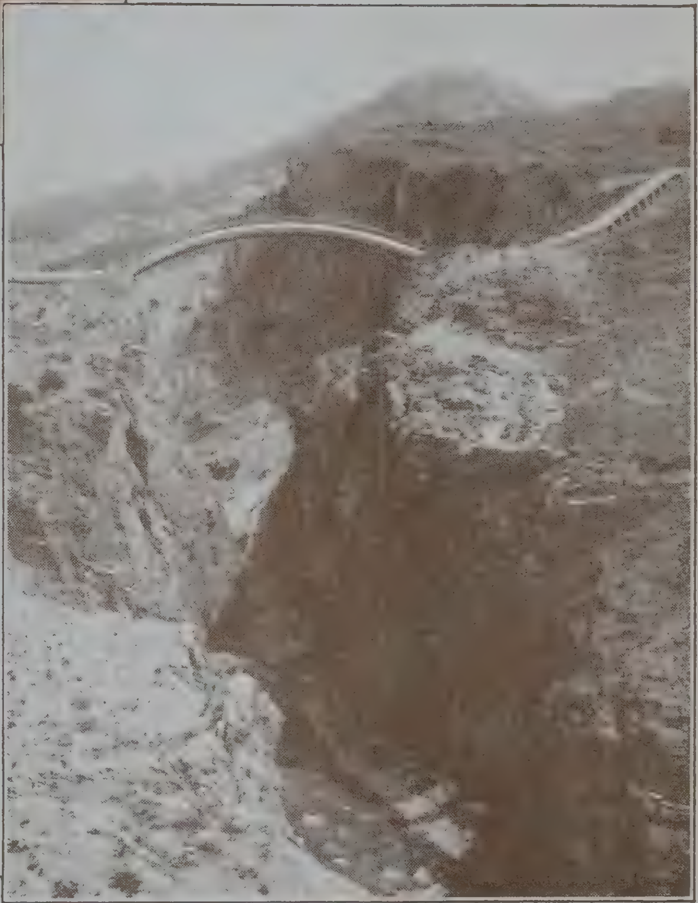
—Herbert.

The recently completed Mulholland Dam, in the hills of Hollywoodland, near Los Angeles, California, the top of which is a broad motor highway. This highway is a link to the Mulholland Mountain Boulevard.



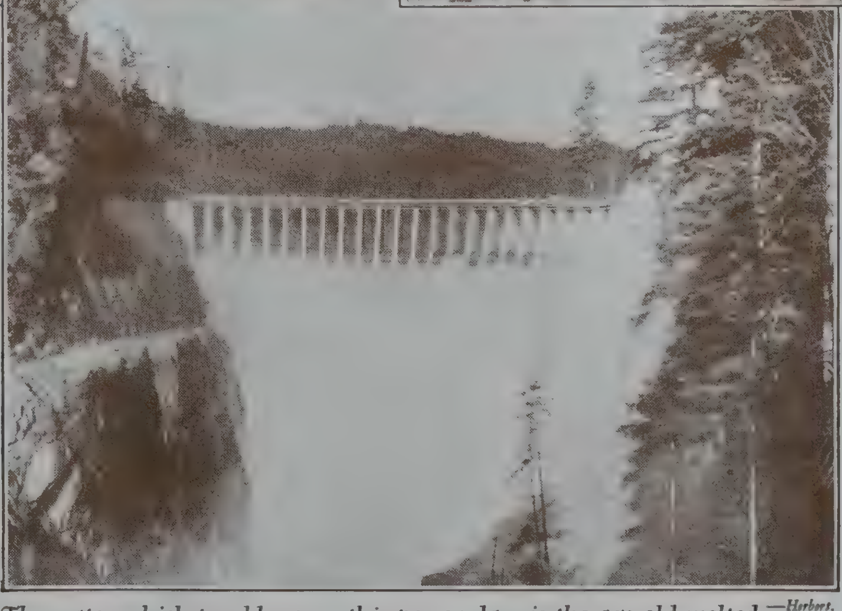
—Herbert.

A novel use for electricity has been introduced in Berlin, known as the 'electric spa,' and two thousand patients are treated daily. The patient strolls along this 'Electric Cure' promenade while the great lights flood him with their intense rays.



—National Feature.

The longest hydraulic water power conduit is located in the French Alps and extends from La Argentiere to La Bassee. This gigantic tube travels a distance of 75 miles from end to end in serpentine form, through a stretch of high peaks and deep canyons.



—Herbert.

The water which tumbles over this power dam is the age-old melted snow and ice of the glaciers of Mt. Baker, near Bellingham, Washington. Much of the power generated here is 'wired' to Seattle.

B-41
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URBANA ILL

I DO the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing that I was right would make no difference. —*Abraham Lincoln.*

EA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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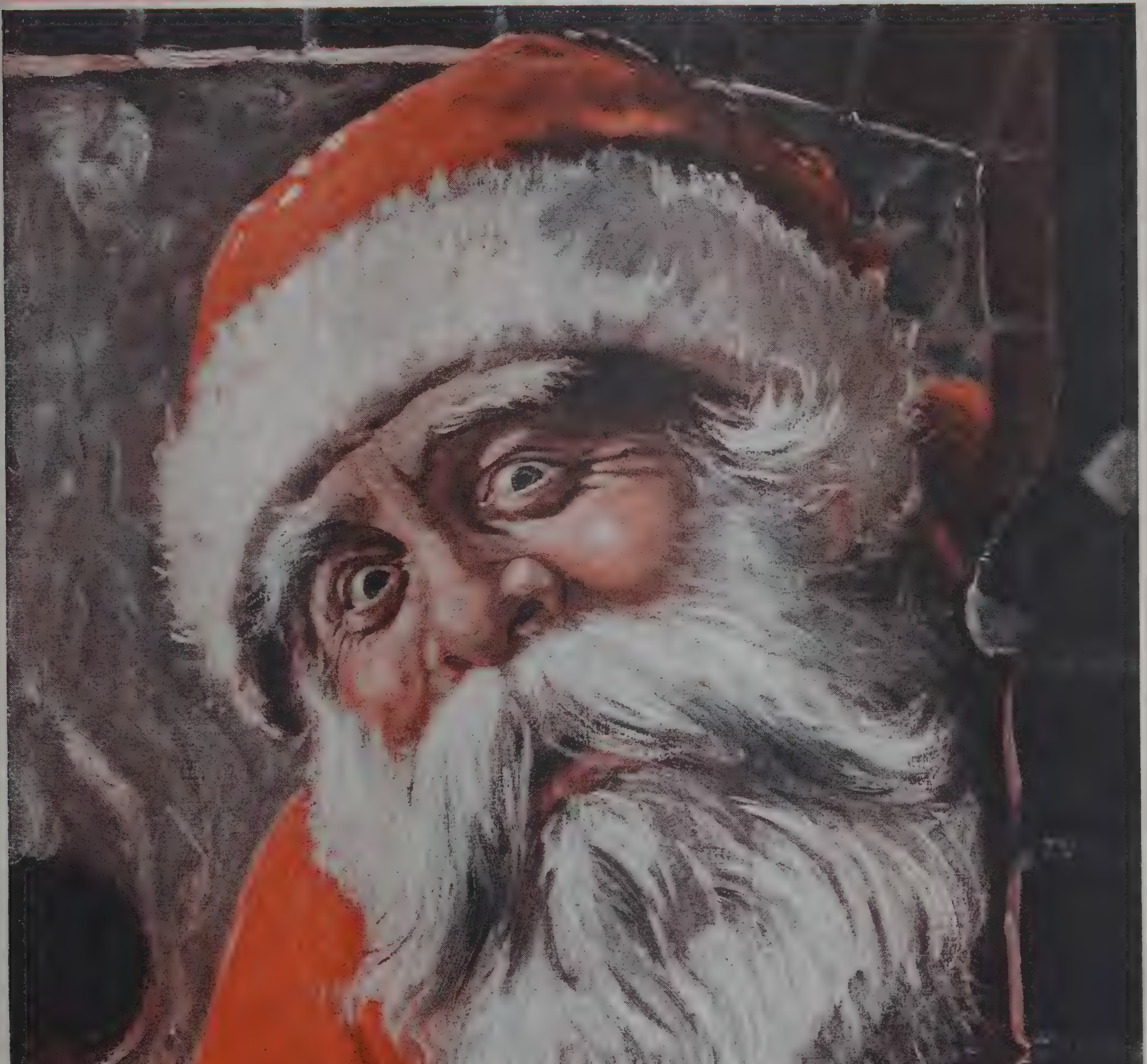
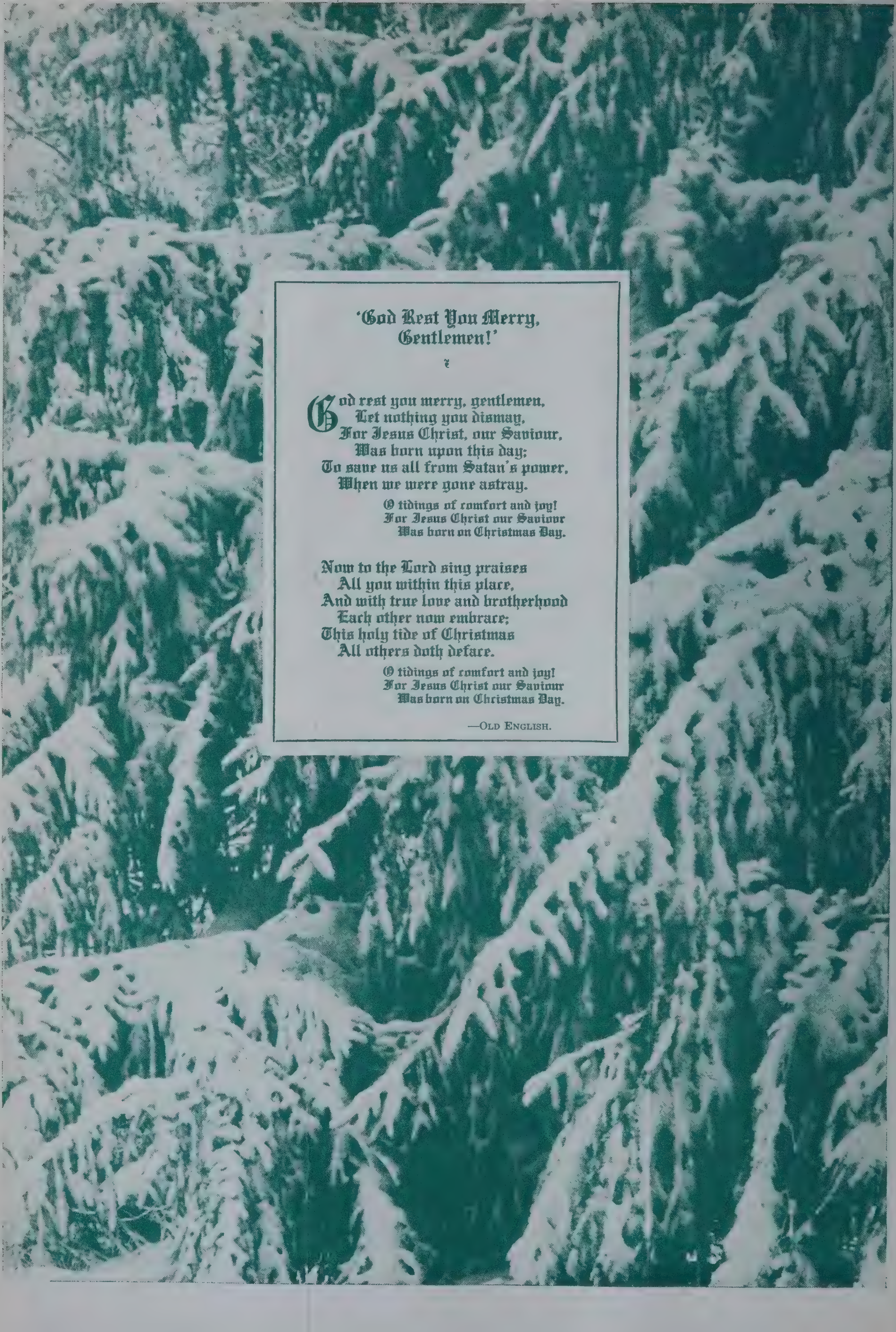

Irving R. Bacon

MERRY CHRISTMAS



'God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen!'

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day;
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray.

O tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day.

Now to the Lord sing praises
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.

O tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day.

—Old English.

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The
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Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3 1879.

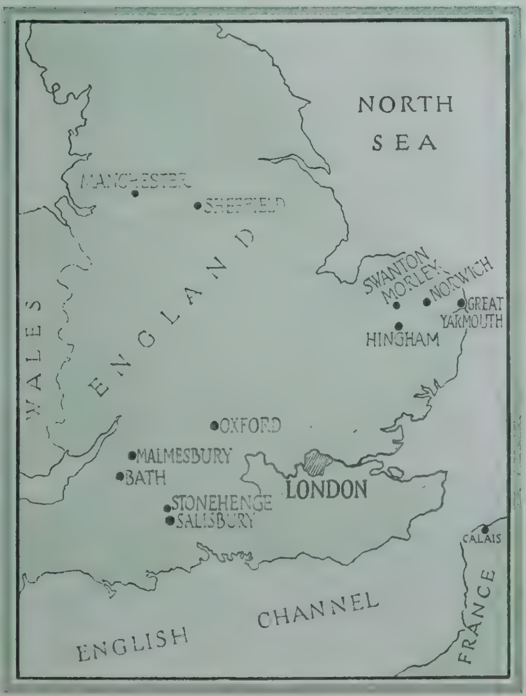
Antiquated structures flanking High Street in Malmesbury.

The English Home of the HANKSES

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

THE ancestral home of the Lincolns was in the very easternmost part of England. When the sun lights up Great Britain, the first object to be found is the tower of the old church at Great Yarmouth, and there in that old church and in the churches in Hingham, Norwich, and Swanton-Morley are Lincoln records. Record of the Hankses, however, was found in the southern and western part of England. One journeys from Norfolk to Wiltshire, and on the way is likely to see Bury St. Edmunds, Ely, Peterboro, Cambridge, Stratford on Avon, Royal Leamington Spa, Rugby, Coventry, the George Washington country, Oxford, Bath, Wells, Glastonbury, Stonehenge and Salisbury.

That is variety and very rich variety, and it means a week of very pleasant sight-seeing. It brings one to a place little known, which the railway reaches by a sort of miracle transportation, to little old Malmesbury, in Wiltshire, of which you may not have read very much. You will find that, as in east England the Lincolns have been in evidence since the Domesday Book, so in west England the Hankses have a record of something like a thousand years. If you are fortunate you may see that record.



The Hanks family were ancestors and blood relations of Abraham Lincoln through his mother. For about nine hundred years the name is of record here, and that is not the beginning of the family. It appears to have been a clannish tribe, and their right of land tenure was an encouragement to stay near Malmesbury. For the Hankses were usually burgesses. It was not a great office, but it was an honorable one, and the Hankses were held in such honor as Malmesbury had to bestow.

The Hanks family is still there, but will not be there long. Its present representatives are two maiden sisters, no longer young, whose quaint and attractive home overlooks one of the fords where the old monks preached and sang. They are intelligent women, and proud of the fact that if the Hanks name is to be lost to Malmesbury, it is preserved in America in association with the name of Abraham Lincoln.

The renowned South Porch of Malmesbury Abbey.

It is believed to have been from the neighborhood of Malmesbury that Benjamin Hanks and his wife Abigail migrated from England to Massachusetts in 1699; but those had no connection with the ancestors of Abraham Lincoln on this side of the water.

Literature based on the assumption that the Virginia Hankses were descendants of the Massachusetts Hankses is in error. The Virginia Hankses were there fifty years ahead of the Hankses of Massachusetts.

Thus far, no certain connection has been discovered between either the Massachusetts or Virginia families of Hanks and this Benjamin Hanks of Malmesbury. But I have made what may be a possible discovery in that connection.

President Lincoln was descended in direct line from Samuel Lincoln of Hingham, Massachusetts, and was of the seventh generation on American soil. The year of the arrival of the Lincoln family in Massachusetts was 1637.

On his mother's side the first ancestor was Thomas Hanks, who was in Virginia before 1653, evidently several years before. Abraham Lincoln was of the seventh generation in this line also.

There has not yet appeared a single strain of blood other than pure Anglo-Saxon anywhere in his lineage. I have found no intermarriage with Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Dutch, Huguenot or other ancestry; all on both sides were English so far as any trace appears.

THE departure of the original Hankses from England (probably from the vicinity of Malmesbury) was in the period of the English Civil War, which began in 1642 and ended in 1649. Malmesbury had its full share in it. Its people were divided in their sympathy, but it was in Wiltshire and neighboring counties that Sir William Waller was able to secure strong accessions of new strength in 1642, and the war began almost immediately to appear in that vicinity.

Among the soldiers that fought 'under Cromwell,' as they say (Cromwell at the time was fighting farther north and there is no record that he personally came to Malmesbury, but all the Parliamentary soldiers were in a sense under him), was one Thomas Hanks, who, so far as I can learn, disappeared in connection with one of several battles fought in and around Malmesbury in 1642 to 1645.

Did he leave voluntarily because of the unsettled and unsafe conditions of life in England at that time, or was he captured by the armies of King Charles and deported?

What we now know is that one Thomas Hanks was fighting against King Charles, and that a few years later one Thomas Hanks was buying land in Virginia. I am not now affirming that they were one and the same; I think it wholly possible that this was the case.

Perhaps you would be interested in some of the early history of Malmesbury.

It is a town of venerable traditions. After the Romans left Britain, the kingdom of West Saxony or Wessex was formed. That was about A. D. 519, fourteen centuries ago. In 687 the kingdom of Mercia came into being. Malmesbury was in Wessex, but on the borders of Mercia. Those little Saxon kingdoms were continually at war, and Malmesbury, which the Saxons called Ingelburn, was a military post of importance, for it was easily fortified and was on the border. About the middle of the Seventh Century a fort was established, and soon afterward Maeldulph, a learned monk, came from Ireland, then the home of piety and learning, and established a hermitage. After Maeldulph came Aldhelm, a distinguished pupil of Maeldulph's school, who became his successor as head of the monastery. He was created abbot in A. D. 675, and held office for thirty years.

THE monks were musical. People who came to Malmesbury had to ford a stream, and the monks placed themselves at the fords and sang the gospel story to travelers. Some heard as they crossed, and some sat down to rest and listen. From that time religion has had a seat at Malmesbury.

Music also became a feature of Malmesbury life. The first church organ in England was erected there and was played by Aldhelm. It is described as 'a mighty instrument, of innumerable tones, blown with bellows, and enclosed in a gilded case.' Two and a half centuries later a still more magnificent instrument was presented by Dunstan.

Learning had one of its earliest homes in Malmesbury. Aldhelm was the greatest Latin scholar of his day, and the first to teach that language in England. He was appointed bishop, but when he died in 709 he was brought back to Malmesbury for burial.

In 872 Alfred the Great faced an invasion of the country by the Danes. At first he was defeated, but in 878 he routed his enemies, and rewarded Malmesbury for its loyalty and courage by endowing its monastery.

But even better things were in store for this little town through royal favor. King Athelstan came to the throne of Britain, and he, too, had to fight the Danes, and again Malmesbury gave him effective help. In 930, in reward for loyalty in a battle fought at the outskirts of that town, he gave five hundred acres of land in perpetuity to the burgesses of the town, and this land has continued theirs to this day.

These burgesses hold title under a

charter granted by King Athelstan and renewed under William III. It is a curious old form of government with an alderman as mayor, twelve capital burgesses, and twenty-four commoners who constitute a 'house of lords' and a 'house of commons.' The old courthouse where the governing body does its work stands from the time of the Crusades when it was a hospital of the Knights of St. John, and the seating arrangement is curious. The alderman sits in an elevated chair, with twelve burgesses on benches on three sides, and the 'four-and-twenties' are in a cockpit all within a rail. The common folk are on the other side of the rail. Once a year, on the Tuesday after Trinity Sunday, the burgesses 'dine with King Athelstan.' This monarch died in 941; he also was brought to Malmesbury and buried there.

The center of interest is the old abbey. It is a venerable pile, impressive in its mild decay, and undergoing just now extensive and much needed restoration. But its towers will not be rebuilt for many a day, those towers from which the first flying machine was sailed. Here a monk named Oliver, who died in 1060, made a successful flight, marred by the fact that he fell and broke his legs, which misfortune discouraged him and others from further experiment in this field.

The glory of the abbey is its south porch, one of the finest recessed porches in England. It has twenty-eight Biblical scenes portraying the Creation carved in the stone of the first arch; twenty-seven in the second, treating of the Deluge, and twenty-three in the innermost arch describing the Nativity. Within the porch are carvings of Christ and the Apostles.

Certainly the town has enough of historic and literary interest to warrant a visit by any American, but Americans do not find their way thither.

To enter Malmesbury one must go down a hill and cross a bridge and then ascend a hill. The town lies between the branches of the Avon. These two streams honestly intended to meet above the town, but changed their minds and flowed around it and met below. Malmesbury is almost an island, and has a considerable elevation. The railway comes in through a tunnel and across a bridge. In due time, one is in Malmesbury.

One famous English writer who published his opinions on the civil wars of England was Thomas Hobbes, son of the vicar of St. Mary, Westport, one of the three parish churches in Malmesbury. He was born in Malmesbury, April 5, 1588. His book was entitled, *Behemoth, or the History of the Causes of the Civil Wars of England.* So far as I am aware, this book did not get him into serious trouble, but when he wrote two other books, *De Cive* and *Leviathan*, teaching that human nature is incapable of acting from any higher motive than an enlightened self-interest, his works were condemned by Parliament as pernicious and damnable. That condemnation would insure his books a great sale in this present day. Hobbes was a man of high character and great learning. He died in 1679, but not in Malmesbury. However, the little town has had its share of great men, and all of them were neighbors of the Hankses.

Malmesbury Abbey from the north.

CHARLES DICKENS *and* CHRISTMAS

THERE is a theory that Christmas was 'invented' by Charles Dickens.

Well, even the crustiest of curmudgeons will admit that it was a very good thing to have 'invented.'

Despite the increasing materialism of the age, Christmas still has its customs and traditions. Things alter, but the spirit of the festival is eternal. A Puritan Parliament tried hard to suppress it. The attempt, however, was an ignominous failure.

In the matter of celebrating Christmas, different countries have their own special customs. Yet, they all seem to have one custom in common. This is that in which a Christmas tree, loaded with gifts, bears an important part. Its origin, however, is Teutonic, for it was introduced into England by Prince Albert on his marriage with Queen Victoria. But it was the Romans who took it to Germany; and, as every schoolboy knows (or ought to know), there is an allusion to it in the second georgic of Vergil.

THE agreeable practice of giving 'Christmas boxes' is lost in the mists of antiquity. Such tokens of good will, however, were formerly presented on December 26, which was thus called 'Boxing Day.'

Christmas cards owe their popularity in England to the introduction of penny postage. While their sale is now said, compared with what it used to be, to have fallen off, it is still very substantial. The first card (with conventional holly and mistletoe on it) is understood to have been designed by a member of the Royal Academy, J. C. Horsley.

Long before there were Christmas cards there were Christmas carols. They date, indeed, from the dawn of Christianity itself. A very beautiful specimen was written about the year 1500, the first verse of which ran:

'When Christ was born of Mary free
  In Bethlehem, that fair city,
Angels did sing with mirth and glee
  In Excelsis Gloria!'

An ever memorable Christmas was that of 1843, when Charles Dickens, who has done more than anybody else to keep the spirit of the festival alive in our hearts, wrote his *Christmas Carol.* When he died, in 1870, a ragged little girl was heard to ask tearfully, 'Does that mean Father Christmas will die, too?'

Well, if the question is put to the children, they will certainly say 'No!'

Christmas in a snug cabin amid the evergreens. Snapping cold without. Within a cheerful fire, old books and congenial friends.

CHRISTMAS *in the* North Woods

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

ALTHOUGH it is early winter, the snow has drifted to the eaves of my log cabin. My woodpile is buried under three feet of white, but I know the wood is seasoned and dry, for it was cut early in the year.

Throughout all the plateau country north of Saginaw Bay on the east coast and Point Sable on the west coast of the lower peninsula of Michigan, there has come a magnificent transformation. In this upland country there have been displayed in panorama and in bas-relief, in reckless profusion, the grotesque and fanciful snow images, mountains, pyramids, and ghostly figures which are the legions of old King Winter, the northern invader. But we fortunate folk are patient and indulgent under this forced capitulation to the snow king. We laugh at his assumption of autocratic authority, knowing that his reign is short and benignant. When winter came tearing out of the northland on a stiff northwester, furious and dreadful where the gale found open sweep, he sealed every soft and tender thing with his Medusa glance, and left stone and marble where before were soft woods and watered meadows.

It was cold last night. Early this morning I heard the creak and crunch of frozen snow on the roadway a mile from my cabin. Voices of woodsmen drifted through the clear frosty air. The smoke from my chimney rose straight as the pines about me. Later, a light breeze swayed the smoke plume—not low enough to soil the canopy of snow on my roof.

Within the cabin the frosted windowpanes will repay inspection. Who would venture to assert that the dream pictures on the glass were not painted by fairy hands this blessed Christmas morning? The best time in which to watch them is when they are forming. Fine straight lines shoot in all directions. Many tiny stars appear. Trees and houses and mountains take form as you breath lightly on the glass.

My winter woods are full of mystery. While they seem to welcome me, they hide something behind a veil. All I can learn of this secret is that it is something kind and good. The green hardwood trees snap and crack like pistol shots in the quietness, and afar on the lake comes the deep thunderlike rumble of the ice cracking under the intense cold. On clear nights in this north country the dancing stars seem almost to snap and crackle in the tingling air.

In my walk along the river I see a small bunch of song sparrows taking to the ferny bush to escape the wind. Suddenly remembering a wild-rose tangle, they rush off seemingly with eager appetite. As I near the creek dam, snow begins to fall; with no wind, the flakes drift light as eider down, gray in the darkening swamp as the down that falls from wind-swept breasts of wild geese in their flight to or from Arctic seas. Densely and more densely it comes, soundless at first, but later with a faint rustling and whirring like the wings of moths. The effect of expectation in these northern woods is given largely by their breathless hush. The shrill scream of the blue jay or the rubbing contact of two hardwood trees startles the listener as a profanation, for these winter woods are temples of silence.

There is something about snow in the woods that is singularly enlivening, appealing. It makes life run higher in one who walks about in it. One feels an enthusiasm for snowbanks among dark hemlocks, as far into the woodland the trail extends. Winter has a sharp joy, a cheery animation that only the snowshoer feels. One must use snowshoes or ski in this country if one is to go about in the wilderness after Christmas: there is nothing better in life on a frosty morning with a sun bright enough to fill the woodland with entrancing shadows but not warm enough to soften the slight crust that has formed during the night. The crackle underneath snowshoes is the most gladsome sound in the open.

The only noise among the snow-cloaked trees is the soft plump of a white mass dropping from an overweighted branch. This plushy sound is almost loud against the background of primeval silence. Here are temples of bare columns waiting for the congregation of snowbirds. In a way, the stark hardwoods rising above the swamp on a knoll remind one of a giant pipe organ with clustered pipes and banks of keys. Only the north wind can play such an organ.

My walk takes me to a tiny trout stream, a tributary of the Au Sable. Down from the hillside this stream rushes amid snows of purity seldom if ever seen in more southern latitudes. A woodpecker pounds at an old pine stub near my trail. This brings down a miniature snowslide upon his head, but he goes on unconcernedly drilling for luscious grubs beneath the rotten bark. His chips and dust mix with the snow. Red squirrels frolic and chatter about on the sugary surface. Under the sheltering bank one may find the speckled trout. In fact, it is possible to reach in and touch the fish if one moves carefully. Here and there are telltale tracks of wild creatures. A buck has stopped here to quench his thirst; there two fawns have played about like calves in a pasture. A grouse, feathers ruffed to keep warm, walks sedately along the bank searching for food beneath the birches. Later on he will fly to the tops of these birches, where he will sit contentedly. Cattails stand like sentries along the river bed near where wild deer come to drink before entering the thick evergreens. A wolf howls lonesomely from distant forest depths. In the open it is chill; but the swamp is warm and cozy, a winter home for the wild things. There the snowshoe rabbit huddles beneath a brush heap awaiting the nighttime so that he may come forth to play in the frosty moonlight. At the shore of the lake we stop and gaze out across a flat white expanse where the water is hidden beneath three feet of snow and ice. The up-tilted eastern shore bristles with the brown shafts of tall Norway pines. The sun has broken through and its rays slant from a metallic-blue hole in the southwest. This ray turns like a giant searchlight full on the woodlands, changing the nearby crystals into minute multicolored flames. To our right a tangle of slim brown stems of alder suggests a Whistler etching. To our left a solitary white pine, dark-sketched against the snow-covered hills, droops its bushy arms beneath heaped crystals. A breath of wind would ease the load of snow.

Two pine grosbeaks are in the high branches of a Norway laden with seed-bearing cones. They flit about sending showers of 'chaff' earthward—chaff that has a grain at its center, as many birds know—a seedling core on its way to the soil for future foresting. The cedar keeps its real chaff or scales on the cones, and scatters the seeds to the wind. The seed-bereft cones will persist through the winter, blackening under rains and frosts. Squirrels never bother with these tiny fruits, the smallest cones of the (Continued on page 18)

The silvery sheen of snow creeps down to the water's edge.

A silent trance of snow broods over marsh and trout stream.

'For Unto You Is Born This Day in the City of David a Saviour'

The LAND of the First CHRISTMAS

By JANE L. HICKS

BEHIND the bustle and rush of Christmas as it has come to be celebrated today is a significant event. It is the birth of a Babe which took place one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven years ago. His is the one birthday that has been celebrated down through the centuries.

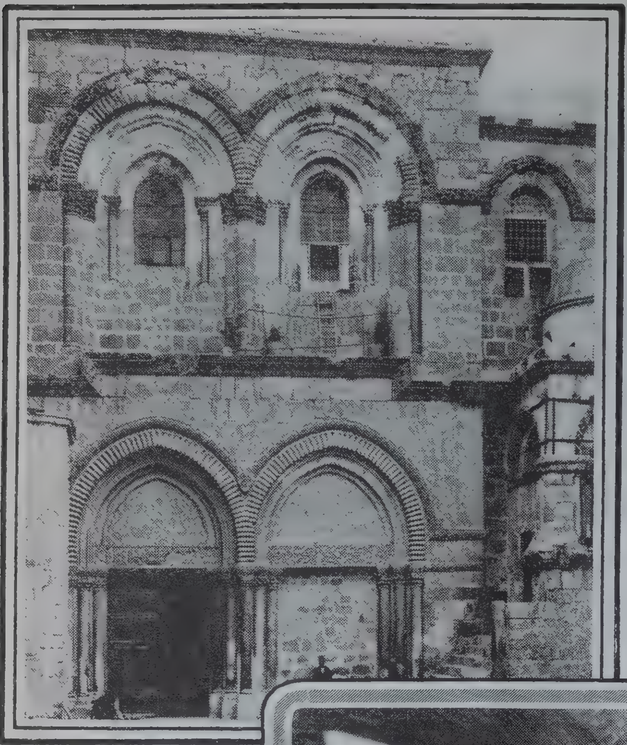
This event took place in a land which has come to be known as the Holy Land, in a city which was anciently called the 'City of David.' To us it is a far-away land, and yet perhaps it is more widely known than any other one place. For all that, the Palestine of today merits consideration.

To forestall disappointment, we are warned by experienced travelers that this is an Oriental country and that its ways are not our ways. Sanitation has been sadly neglected; there is a widespread acceptance of filth and vermin; on every hand are poverty, blindness, disease, and shameless begging; primitive ways of living and working are still the order, and only recently and in small numbers have automobiles begun to take the burden from the backs of the donkey, the horse, and the camel. Yet Palestine is unique among countries; its position is maintained by sheer personality. Its spiritual significance must be borne in mind amid material and physical changes and incongruities.

Palestine is about the size of Vermont, a bit of hardly won oasis between the sea on one side and the encroaching desert on the other. There is widespread misconception about the size of this land, partly because Bible maps are apt to show Palestine large and central, with Egypt and Assyria trailing off the edges; partly because, with modern transportation, distance has come to mean so little, and we assume a place where so much has happened to be of large area. It is somewhat of a shock to learn that from Dan to Beersheba is only one hundred and fifty miles; that the length of Palestine may be traversed by automobile in a day; that the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea are only fifty miles apart; and that most of the Bible happenings took place in an area no larger than that of Connecticut.

The littleness of the land is accentuated by its brokenness and visibility. From Mount Nebo Moses could see the whole of the Promised Land. Mount Nebo is four thousand feet above the Dead Sea.

In the story of Ruth, Naomi and her family in time of famine went from



Top—Church of The Holy Sepulcher.
—Herbert.

Center—The Famous Street of Sorrows.
—Ewing Galloway.

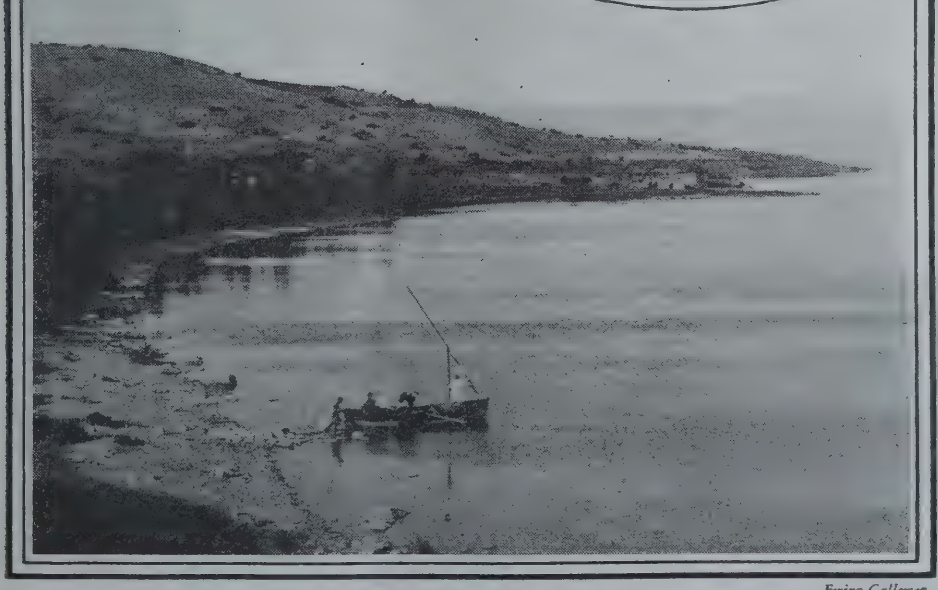
Right—In the Jewish section of Jerusalem.
—International Newsreel.

—Publishers' Photo Service.
Bethlehem. Circle—Well of the Magi on a road to the Holy City.
—Herbert.

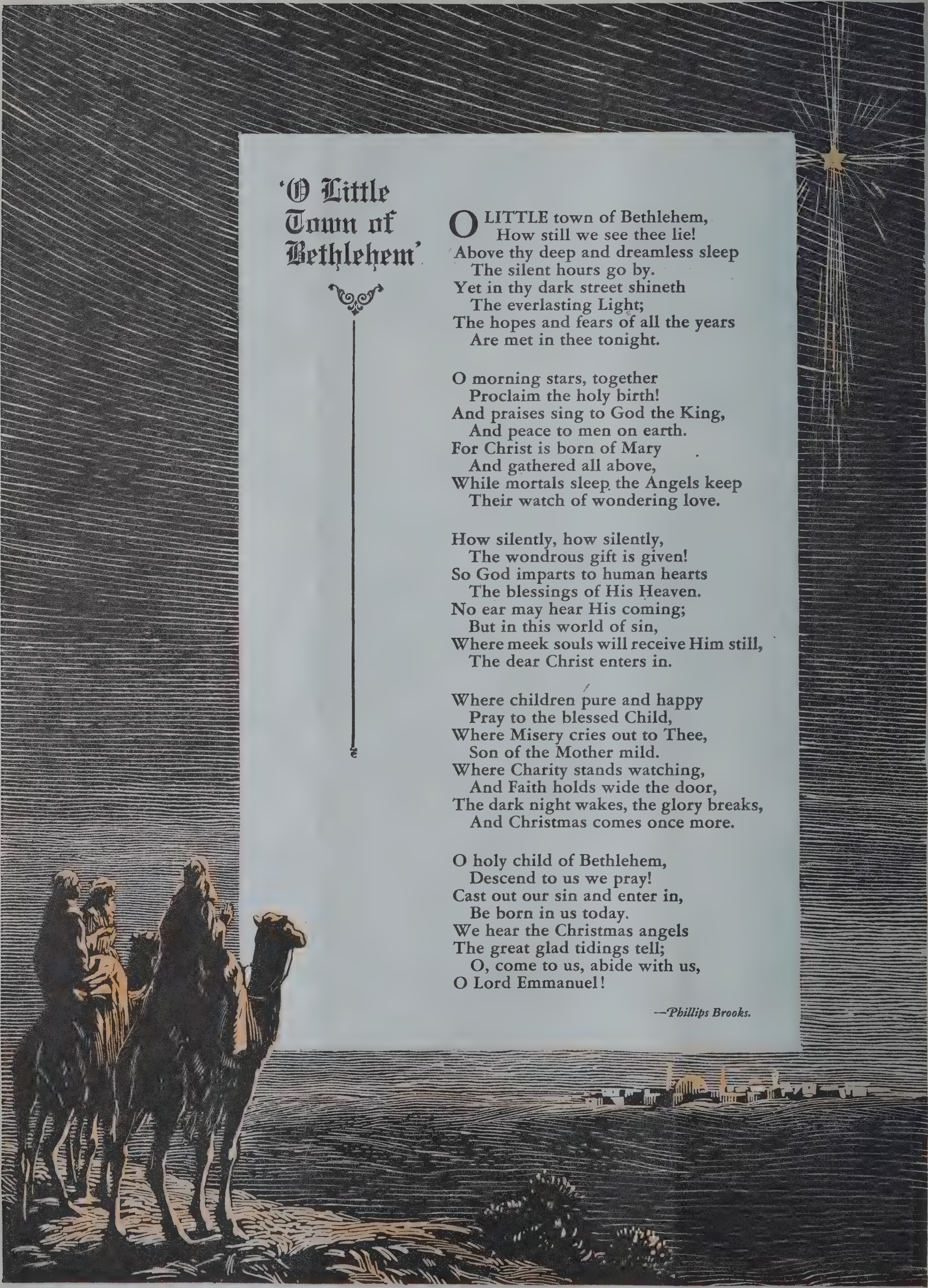
Bethlehem to Moab. As a matter of fact, Moab can be seen from Bethlehem. It is at a distance of thirty miles. Hannah lived at Ramah. She took her son Samuel to Shiloh and left him with Eli. Once a year she went to visit him; yet this distance is only fifteen miles. And when Christ, driven from Nazareth, went to Capernaum to make it the center of his ministry he walked only twenty miles across the hills. The Jordan rises in springs of the north as high as seventeen hundred feet above the sea in the snows of Hermon and Lebanon, passes through the waters of Merom and the Sea of Galilee, and empties into the Dead Sea at thirteen hundred feet below sea level, winding through its whole course like a corkscrew. Small wonder that it has been termed the 'downcomer' and that its valley has been known as the 'cellar of the world'! From the Dead Sea can be seen the snow-capped peak of Hermon, where the Jordan has its source.

The Sea of Galilee is a mere pond in comparison with Lake Michigan. It is only half the size of Lake Cayuga, at Ithaca, New York. The entire lake may be seen at one time. It is six miles wide at its widest part, and thirteen miles long from where the Jordan flows in at the north to where it empties in the south. Except where the Jordan enters and leaves, it is surrounded on all sides by hills, which in Christ's time were wooded, but today are for the most part bare. The fish in the lake are abundant, and are said to be different in taste and appearance from those elsewhere; the shores are fertile. But today, except for Tiberias, the towns Christ knew have vanished, the lake is empty of sails, and the shores for the most part lie idle and untenanted. Even today, however, it is a beautiful lake. The

(Continued on page 26)



—Ewing Galloway.
Fishing boat on the Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum. The waters swarm with fish. The region surrounding the lake has a number of hot springs, one being beneath the sea itself.



'O Little Town of Bethlehem'

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent hours go by.
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the Angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His Heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child,
Where Misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the Mother mild.
Where Charity stands watching,
And Faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

O holy child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us we pray!
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
O Lord Emmanuel!

—*Phillips Brooks.*

Drawn by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN.

Mr. Ford's Page

The Duty of Conscious Allegiance

WE ARE on the very threshold of a new age. The dates are unimportant, for in the advance of the plan of the ages it is not the sharp-cut dates, but periods of time, that are important. Old things pass away in a fading-out process; new things gradually dawn. Only on looking backward do the people realize that 'a great thing took place back there.' Surprisingly few of the real turning points of the world come amid signs and wonders and people standing in awe of what is passing. In the minds of most, the War was *the* cataclysm, because it was noisy; but something greater than the War, though much less clamorous, is in passage now.

It is neither for man to help nor hinder, but to hold himself ready to do what is right, whatever may be the circumstances. When the age begins to turn, we are too late to stop it, for the causes thereof were set in motion long ago and are now invincible. Nor can we help the new age be born, because we are but creatures of months, and the new age is generations in process of formation. We can but will the Right, not for our particular race or religion or nationality, but the Universal Right, which harms none, and in which each finds its own fulfillment.

One of the principal human duties that devolve during periods of change is *the duty of conscious allegiance.* What do you, *as* a personality and *in* your personality, stand for? And are you standing for it by standing with others who are standing for it? These are questions which are pressing home from many directions today. The bugles of Time are blowing 'Assembly' and men are dividing themselves, each according to the moral note within.

It is not a question of allegiance to opinions or programs or philosophies; it is a question of allegiance to moralities. A man may be hopelessly wrong in all his opinions, but if he is morally right, he is of the stuff of the continuing order of life. On the other hand, a man may be perfectly correct in his opinions and knowledge, and yet everything he does may collapse and die because of moral anemia. In this time of change it is not a question of having the correct economic theory; it is a question of being loyal to the Right. Immoral or unmoral men never yet constructed an enduring social structure, nor enforced a single beneficial social change.

This coming to conscious allegiance is not always a pleasant experience. Especially in this day when everybody is obsessed more or less with the idea of wanting to be a 'good fellow,' and when the flabby philosophy of 'Boost' has reduced us to spongy masses of saccharine sweetness.

Men have been taught to put even their moral convictions in the background; indeed to possess no obtrusive moral convictions, in order that a false show of fellowship may be made.

This fellowship has now fallen apart. It was based on nothing enduring. It had no meaning except a desire to escape the penalty for being 'different,' which so many people fear.

It is a time now when conscious allegiance costs something, for it will mean division, and the very first division must be between those who will be loyal to moral conviction and those who will not. And this, quite apart from the consideration of persons or majorities.

The country has had considerable experience lately in the lining up of majorities on questions like Temperance, and because the majority of people always believe, as a matter of principle, in Temperance, it has been made to appear that moral allegiance is always just that easy. It is not. The line-up, impressive as it was, has not brought us Temperance; and no such easy, popular line-up ever will.

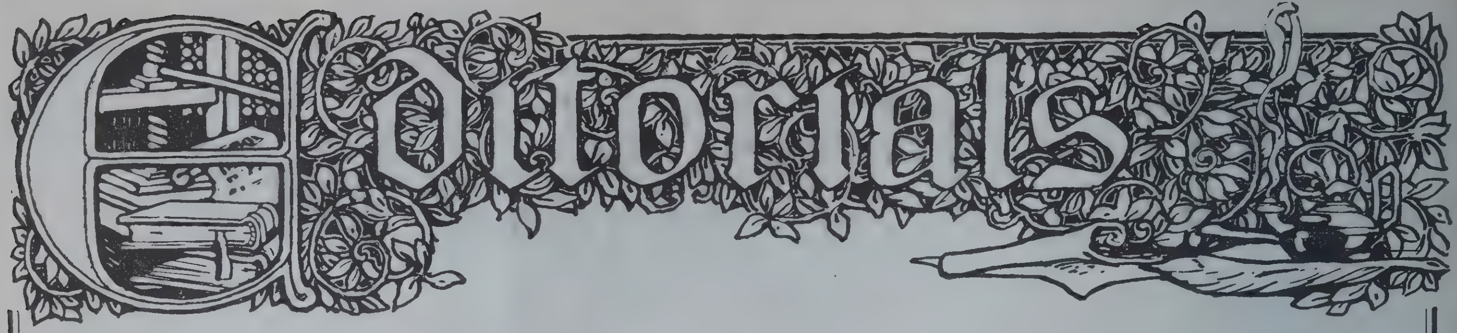
The majority of the people are naturally straddlers. They are not in the world to pioneer but to be as happy as possible. If pioneering in a cause brings discomfort, they would rather not be among the pioneers. If Truth and Error meet in combat before their gaze, they would rather wait and see which proves the stronger. They may have a lazy faith that Truth at last will win, but it may not be the time as yet, and they do not wish to lend a premature support.

And yet majorities are essential, not to the truth, but to the acknowledgment of the truth; and minorities are essential to the fructifying of majorities. The majority is the sodden dough, the minority the yeast; it is the yeast that changes the character of the dough to something better. Majorities are the position to be taken, as it were; and sometimes Truth takes it, and sometimes Error.

There are some opposites in the world that shall never be reconciled. There are some programs that shall never be harmonized. And that is what frightens some people. They want to be happy; they want to live and let live; they do not want to be bothered. They want leave to enjoy the world as it is, and if there are those who would improve the world, let them do so, but not in a way that interferes with the present schedule.

It is not hard or hardened men that the world needs, but men of moral hardiness who possess spiritual backbones. Men to whom the palliatory 'perhaps' comes too easily, who are so impressed with the idea of 'relativity' that they seek refuge in a near-vacuum, are men who are lacking in moral gristle. An Idea may be very valuable to them, but they are of no value to the Idea. And the world advances only as Ideas gather believing men about them.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.



Editorials

The Futile Filibusters

THE decisive vote—58 to 21—by which the Senate reaffirmed the authority of the special campaign funds investigating committee, which is inquiring into the election of Messrs. Vare and Smith, leaves no doubt as to how it would have voted on the same matter nine months ago, had it been permitted to do so. It demonstrates further the charge made last March that the filibuster which prevented that vote was a flagrant and unwarranted attempt to thwart the will of a majority of senators. But it does even more: it shows the utter futility of that particular filibuster in accomplishing even the barest element of what it hoped to accomplish. It effected a nine months' postponement of the investigation of Mr. Vare's and Mr. Smith's campaign funds, nothing more. It did not end the investigation; it did not quiet public demand for its continuance; it did not even change the attitude of the Senate toward the matter. Indeed, the Senate in formally reaffirming the authority of the committee declared it had continued 'in full force and operation' during the recess of Congress. Thus all that was accomplished was a temporary frustration of the public will. But to do this the filibuster seriously disrupted many of the functions of the Government, through blocking passage of the Deficiency Appropriations Bill, and wrought genuine hardship among many of the nation's pensioners.

Meanwhile the difficulties of Messrs. Vare and Smith to obtain seats in the Senate continue. That body had been in session only a few days when it refused overwhelmingly to administer the oath of office, and referred the gentlemen from Pennsylvania and Illinois back to the committee which their partisans had sought to kill.

It is conceivable that Vare and Smith are much maligned. It may be that after due and proper investigation the Senate will clear the names of both gentlemen, and vote to seat them. But if that happy time ever comes, it will be in spite of rather than because of such tactics as the filibuster of last March.

Governor-General Stimson

THE choice of Henry L. Stimson as Governor-General of the Philippines seems singularly apt. The desire for a civilian administrator is a logical one which casts no reflection upon the late Major General Leonard Wood. The psychology of the Filipinos at this time demands a non-military governor. In Mr. Stimson such a man is found, admirably fitted for the task ahead. A close friend of General Wood and familiar with his policies, Mr. Stimson will at the same time assume his new duties with a thoroughly open mind. His official record as Secretary of War under President Taft and as a leader in various civic enterprises gives him prestige that will be of high value. His ability is almost universally recognized. And in addition Mr. Stimson has made a study of scientific colonial government, and of the needs of the Philippines in particular. His selection is one to inspire confidence.

The Madness, Sadness and Gladness of Christmas

IT IS a commonplace that Easter has become the feast of the milliners; Thanksgiving the festival of the gourmands; and Christmas the jubilee of the merchants.

Christmas is Christian, though much has been done to make it pagan. Christmas is spiritual, though often it is overstuffed with the material. Christmas is the anniversary of an Eternal Fact; it has been made the gesture of a passing phase.

Perhaps we have erred a little in making Christmas only 'merry,' for it has its sadness too. As the day of the children it is a day of gay surprise and wonder, but as we go up the ranks of years it becomes more and more a day of tender memories touched with sadness. Not only Christmas, but every day, should be 'merry' for the children, for they are at the merry time of life. But we cannot shut out the mature or the aged. The First Christmas was a day of adults, the adulthood of the fields and the heavens and the homes of Bethlehem dominating the scene. The children always say 'this Christmas' or 'next Christmas'; but with adults it is always some last Christmas, maybe many Christmases ago.

Christmas tells us, for one thing, that goodness is always being born into the world, that in the cradles of the world the hope of the world is dawning. Christmas tells us that earth is not a lone planet swinging wide in a void of law and matter, but is near enough the Throne of Spirit to catch the music and reflect the light. Christmas tells us that the beginning of joy was a Gift, and that not of ourselves, but from another plane to this. If we know this message of Christmas, we are then free of the slavery of Things.

Joy is free to come from its only source, from above us, not below; and Peace comes upon us, the mother-spirit of Good Will to Men. And from Good Will come the best gifts of all—those which carry with them the heart of the giver.

The PECKSNIFFS and CHUZZLEWITS Ride Together

From
'MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT'

By
CHARLES DICKENS

WHEN Mr. Pecksniff and the two young ladies got into the heavy coach at the end of the lane, they found it empty, which was a great comfort; particularly as the outside was quite full and the passengers looked very frosty. For as Mr. Pecksniff just observed—when he and his daughters had burrowed their feet deep in the straw, wrapped themselves to the chin, and pulled up both windows—it is always satisfactory to feel, in keen weather, that many other people are not as warm as you are. And this, he said, was quite natural, and a very beautiful arrangement; not confined to coaches, but extending itself into many social ramifications. 'For (he observed), if every one were warm and well fed, we should lose the satisfaction of admiring the fortitude with which certain conditions of men bear cold and hunger. And if we were no better off than anybody else, what would become of our sense of gratitude; which,' said Mr. Pecksniff with tears in his eyes, as he shook his fist at a beggar who wanted to get up behind, 'is one of the holiest feelings of our common nature.'

His children heard with becoming reverence these moral precepts from the lips of their father, and signified their acquiescence in the same by smiles. That he might the better feed and cherish that sacred flame of gratitude in his breast, Mr. Pecksniff remarked that he would trouble his eldest daughter, even in this early stage of their journey, for the brandy bottle. And from the narrow neck of that stone vessel, he imbibed a copious refreshment.

'What are we?' said Mr. Pecksniff, 'but coaches? Some of us are slow coaches—'

'Goodness, pa!' cried Charity.

'Some of us, I say,' returned her parent with increased emphasis, 'are slow coaches; some of us are fast coaches. Our passions are the horses; and rampant animals too!—'

'Really, pa!' cried both the daughters at once. 'How very unpleasant.'

'And rampant animals, too!' repeated Mr. Pecksniff, with so much determination, that he may be said to have exhibited, at the moment, a sort of moral rampancy himself: 'and Virtue is the drag. We start from The Mother's Arms, and we run to The Dust Shovel.'

When he said this, Mr. Pecksniff, being exhausted, took some further refreshment. When he had done that, he corked the bottle tight, with the air of a man who had effectually corked the subject also; and went to sleep for three stages.

The tendency of mankind when it falls asleep in coaches is to wake up cross; to find its legs in its way; and its corns an aggravation. Mr. Pecksniff not being exempt from the common lot of humanity found himself, at the end of his nap, so decidedly the victim of these infirmities that he had an irresistible inclination to visit them upon his daughters; which he had already begun to do in the shape of divers random kicks, and other unexpected motions of his shoes, when the coach stopped, and, after a short delay, the door was opened.

'Now mind,' said a thin sharp voice in the dark. 'I and my son go inside, because the roof is full, but you agree only to charge us outside prices. It's quite understood that we won't pay more. Is it?'

'All right, sir,' replied the guard.

'Is there anybody inside now?' inquired the voice.

'Three passengers,' returned the guard.

'Then I ask the three passengers to witness this bargain, if they will be so good,' said the voice. 'My boy, I think we may safely get in.'

In pursuance of which opinion, two people took their seats in the vehicle, which was solemnly licensed by Act of Parliament to carry any six persons who could be got in at the door.

'That was lucky,' whispered the old man, when they moved on again. 'And a great stroke of policy in you to observe it. He, he, he! We couldn't have gone outside. I should have died of the rheumatism!'

Whether it occurred to the dutiful son that he had in some degree overreached himself by contributing to the prolongation of his father's days, or whether the cold had affected his temper, is doubtful. But he gave his father such a nudge in reply that that good old gentleman was taken with a cough which lasted for full five minutes, without intermission, and goaded Mr. Pecksniff to that pitch of irritation that he said at last, and very suddenly:

'There is no room! There is really no room in this coach for any gentleman with a cold in his head!'

'Mine,' said the old man, after a moment's pause, 'is upon my chest, Pecksniff.'

The voice and manner together now that he spoke out; the composure of the speaker; the presence of his son; and his knowledge of Mr. Pecksniff; afforded a clue to his identity which it was impossible to mistake.

'Hem! I thought,' said Mr. Pecksniff, returning to his usual mildness, 'that I addressed a

(Continued on page 19)

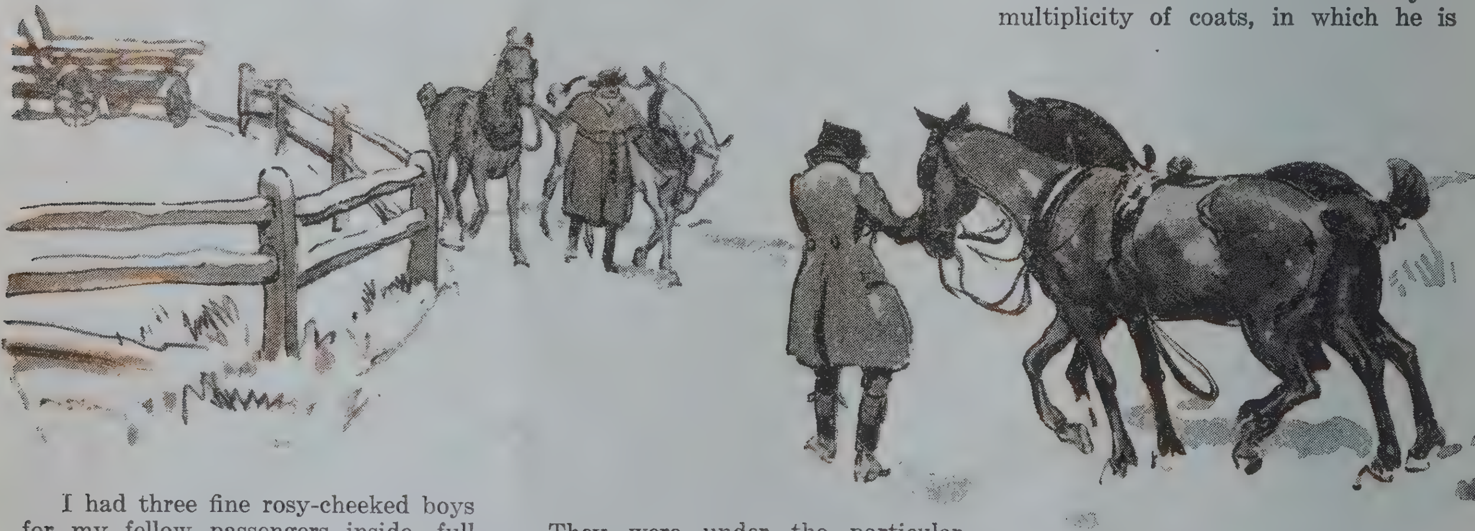
The STAGE COACH

From
THE SKETCH-BOOK

By
WASHINGTON IRVING

Omne bene
Sine Poena
Tempus est ludendi
Venit hora
Absque mora
Libros deponendi.
—Old Holiday School Song.

IN THE course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded both inside and out with passengers, who by their talk seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the impending feast.



I had three fine rosy-cheeked boys for my fellow passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six-weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thralldom of book, birch, and pedagogue.

They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed: but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take! there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom whenever an opportunity presented they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the buttonhole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business; but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents.

And here perhaps it may not be unacceptable to my untraveled readers to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries, who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves and prevalent throughout the fraternity.

He has commonly a broad full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed low-crowned hat, a huge roll of colored handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom; and has in summertime a large bouquet of flowers in his buttonhole, the present most probably of some enamored country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright color, striped, and his smallclothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about halfway up his legs.

ALL this costume is maintained with much precision; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials, and notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass.

The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler, his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box his hands are thrust into the pockets of his great coat, and he rolls about the innyard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoeblacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kind of odd jobs for the privilege of battening on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the taproom. These all look up to him as to an oracle; treasure up his cant phrases; echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore; and above all, endeavor to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo Coachey.

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stagecoach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn sounded at the entrance of a village produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and bandboxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them.

In the meantime the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer. As the coach rattles through the village every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming, giggling girls.

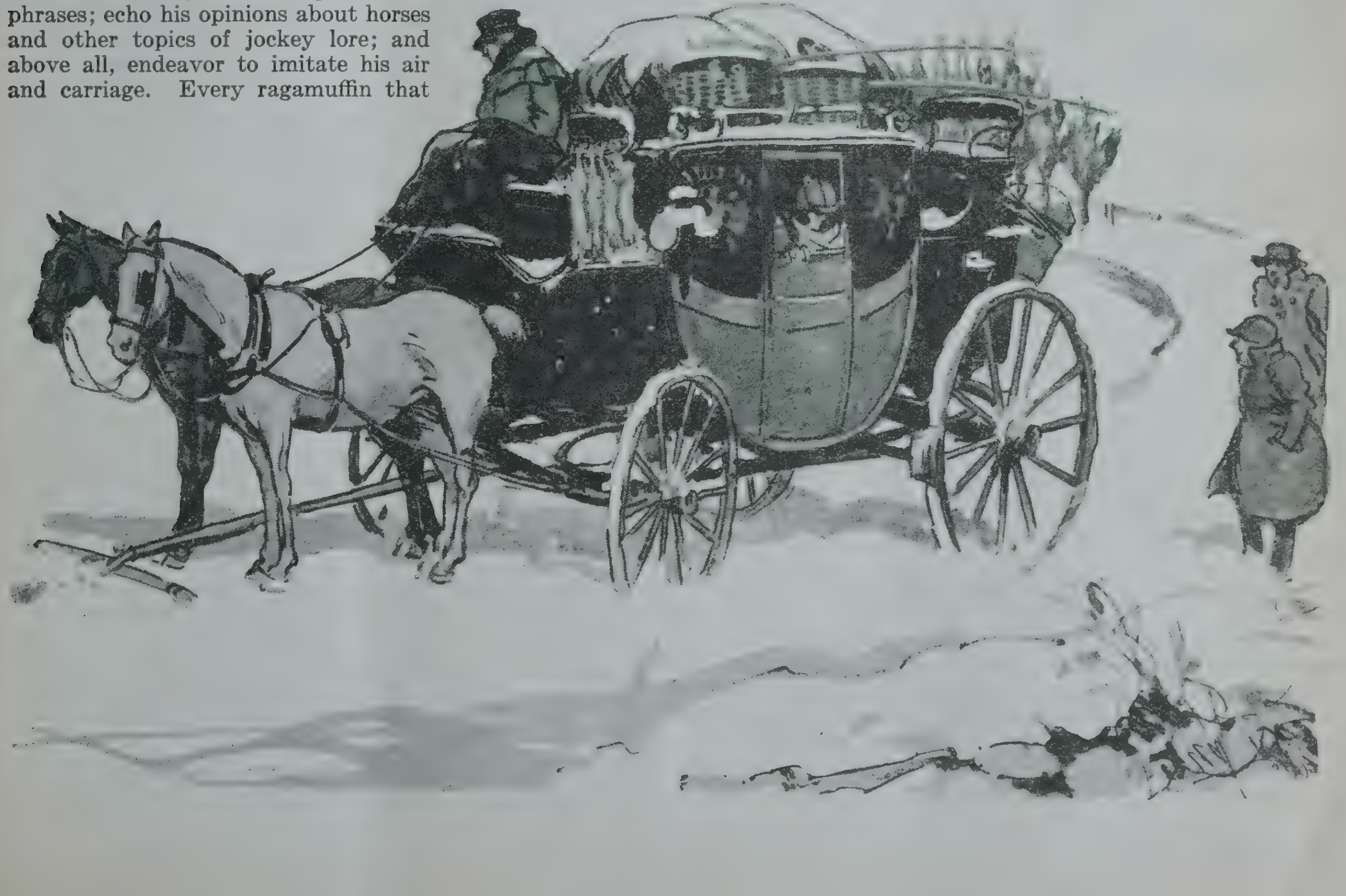
At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty specter in brown-paper cap laboring at the bellows leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy.

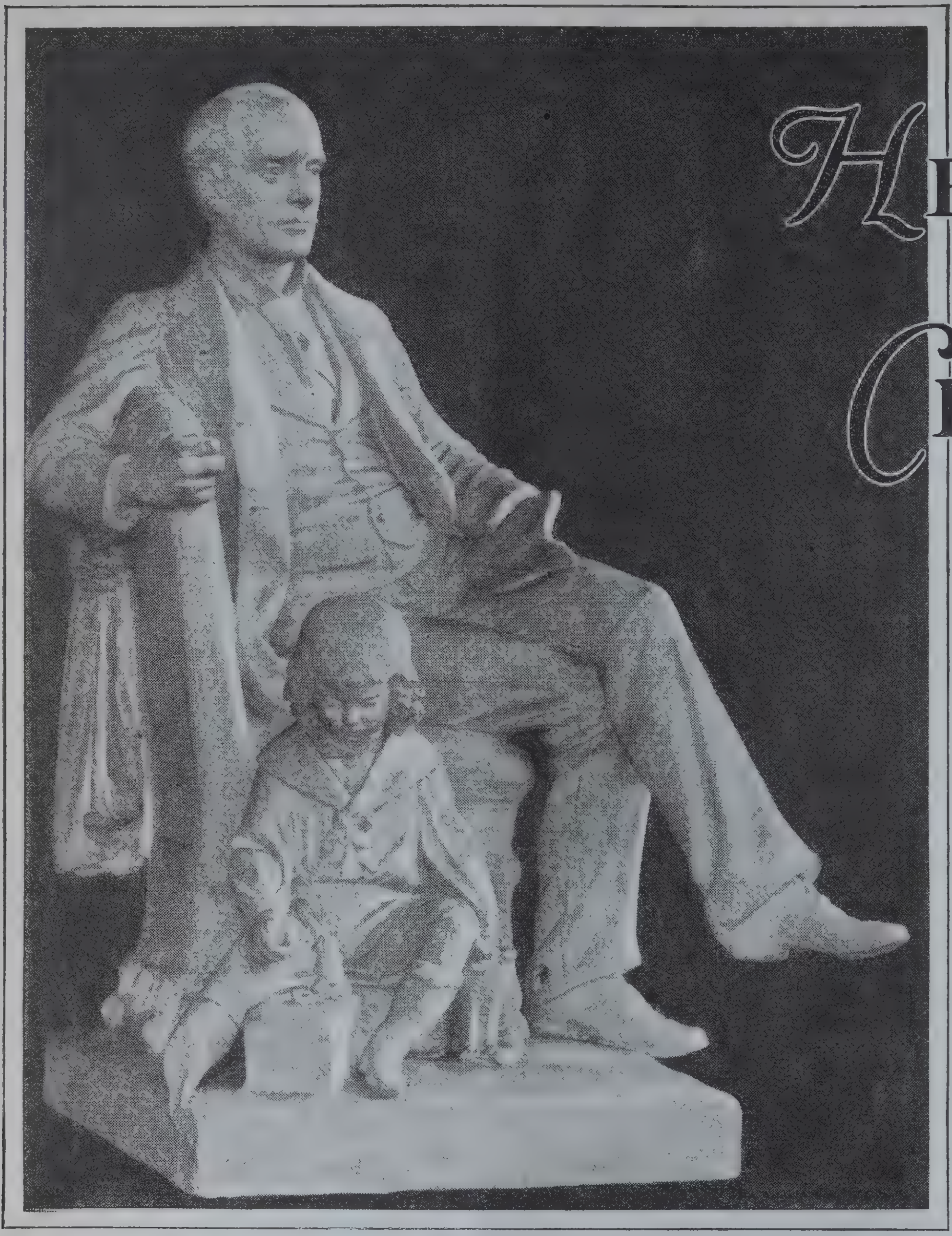
PERHAPS the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country; for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table were in brisk circulation in the villages; the grocers', butchers', and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly with their bright-red berries began to appear at the windows.

The scene brought to mind an old writer's account of Christmas preparations:

'Now capons and hens, besides turkeys, geese, and ducks, with beef and mutton, must all die—for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now or never must music be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire. The country maid leaves half her market, and must be sent again if she

(Continued on page 18)





Eugene Field, sculptured by Johannes Gelert. —Keystone View.

HE WROTE for the CHILDREN

By
FRANCES HIGGINS

PEOPLE should be labeled and indexed library fashion. That is, some people. How was I to know that the gray-haired, gracious gentleman of the old school in the newspaper room of the Denver Public Library knew more about the subject of my research than all the dusty files he was piling on the table before me? I wasn't—until much later, when the fates relented and revealed his identity.

Then to my intense surprise and gratification I learned that he who had assisted in my research was one of the characters in the scenes which I was to write out. He had played his part—and that an important one—in the comedy of adolescent Denver, in the transition from the picturesque gold camp of the fifty-niners and their successors to the railroad and political center known as the 'Queen City of the Plains.' He is Joseph G. Brown, member of the famous Denver *Tribune* staff of the early eighties, friend and associate of Eugene Field.

Joseph Brown was a reporter on Denver's leading daily when Field—a care-free, warm-hearted, open-handed, reckless adventurer of thirty-one—arrived to become its managing editor; and he was promoted to the position of city editor—a city editor who kept his own reportorial beat and set his own type—if need be—during the Field régime. For two years he worked and played with the boyish, irresistible Gene.

They occupied neighboring offices on the second floor of the Tribune Building. And Joe, as Brown was called by his self-styled 'superior officer,' though sedate and serious enough for his years and position, was not too overburdened with responsibility to note what was going on in the barren little sanctum of the M. E. In fact he couldn't well escape it. A burst of laughter or even a sly chuckle was sufficient to inform him that the irrepressible Field was at his pranks again.

Perhaps a caller, friendly or otherwise, had had his attention directed to the inhospitable motto above the desk of the M. E.—the original 'This is my busy day.' Perhaps the caller had taken a seat—the only one available—in the bottomless old black walnut chair, thus necessitating profuse apologies when the pile of innocent-looking exchanges gave way beneath him.

If the events of a 'busy day' brought no unsuspicious caller to serve as victim to Field's humor, then the *Tribune* staff—Joe Brown or another—might expect to suffer. The jocular young editor would spend hours in perpetrating some simple, schoolboy prank upon his associates. He would often attach a string to the gas jet above the desk of the only woman member of the staff, and then proceed to regulate the light to his own fancy the whole of the afternoon or evening, or until discovered. Whatever the joke, it was sure to be received in the spirit in which it was given. It was impossible for those who knew him not to love the whimsical Field.

The *Tribune* staff was accustomed to report at 1:30 p. m. in those more leisurely days of journalism. If some sudden whim or fancy did not intervene to send Field and Brown and other boon companions to gather news in the thriving western city, the M. E. would establish himself at once in his barren little office. He would first remove his shoes, and then in slippered ease begin the day's routine. The work was sometimes wearisome, but never too much so for Eugene Field.

He planned and directed the activities of his staff in a fashion eminently satisfactory to his employer, his readers, and himself. In addition to all this he turned out a prodigious amount of copy when the mood was favorable. His column of clever squibs and spicy comment, soon called the 'Odd Gossip' column, won him a place among the noted paragraphers of the day. The Denver *Tribune* became most popular to its home readers with the whole city guessing what next it had in store for them. Furthermore, readers all over the country quoted and clipped from its columns.

All this Field accomplished in the midst of his pranks. He was just a great overgrown boy. For instance, a piercing yell close to midnight warned those about that it was not an Indian attack upon the *Tribune* with the scalping of the M. E., but the approach of the lunch man in the alley. Field would hear the creaking pushcart wheels and be ready to join the rest of the force in a noisy assault upon the sandwiches and coffee. It was an occasion which they all enjoyed even down to the printer's devil. Field in his poem, 'The Lunch Man in the Alley,' describes the situation with rare humor. The poem now reposes in state in the dusty *Tribune* files of the Colorado State Museum.

IT WAS his custom in those early days, after he had turned in his copy for the night and taken his hour of recreation around the corner at Ed Perrin's or elsewhere, to settle down to the composition of poetry in the 'wee, sma' hours' before going home. With slippered feet thrust high on desk or chair, lapboard on knee, and pen in hand he would court the muse. Some gem of wit, humor, or pathos for the adornment of the *Tribune* pages was very apt to be the result. More often than not, the poem was completed in time for the printers to get it into the forms that night.

There was never any serious objection to waiting for it. Gene and the boys were on the best of terms. There were no labor troubles in that shop—far from it! At what well might be called the printer's zero hour, when all things cuddle down and even the best of men get sleepy, the indefatigable M. E. would break forth into a favorite song and all the boys in the composing room would join in the chorus. It might be 'Ben Bolt,' 'Bonnie Doon,' 'Seein' Nellie Home,' 'The Gal That Winked at Me,' or some other selection. But the city editor remembers best 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' 'John Brown's Body,' and 'Van Amburg's Show' with its ridiculous animal chorus in which Gene exulted.

And so passed the days and the nights in the old office on Sixteenth Street, with Joe Brown taking careful note of all. He wasn't at Ed Perrin's—it merely happened so—the night the bar bill was presented by a rather irate barkeeper seeking to shame the negligent young man. But Joe had the story later from Ed, or from his brother Wesley. And he still has a guilty feeling, for he was one of the boys whom Gene was always enticing to 'Let's have a glass; let's go into Ed's.'

Once within those doors Gene was host. Let someone else suggest another drink to follow the first, and that one would be silenced instantly with, 'You're my guests, boys. Nobody can pay but me. Ed, repeat that order.'

So it went not only with Joe and the boon companions of the *Tribune* staff, but with a great many Toms, Dicks, and Harrys of Denver's streets contributing their number to swell the bill, and Gene himself ignoring payment, as only he knew how. Ed was growing impatient. The convivial young editor was robbing him of his paying customers by refusing to let them settle their own accounts. He considered it the proper time for Gene to attend to these, or to mend his ways, and he proceeded to lecture him.

—Brown Brothers.

Eugene Field.

But the irate barkeeper did not foresee the strategy of the incorrigible young man who stood before him hemming and hawing and obstinately refusing to understand what it was all about. Aware that words and arguments were futile, Ed concluded his lecture with, 'I don't care to dispute it with you, Gene. I'll make you a present of the bill.'

Gene accepted all too quickly, and shortly was pacing the floor with the receipted bill in his pocket in the manner of a customer who had just paid in full. Closing time came and the young man continued to pace the floor, meditatively, hands in pockets. Ed unsuspectingly inquired the cause.

'Great Scott, Ed,' cried Gene, 'it's always customary when a man pays his bar bill to set up the drinks!'

Of course, the drinks were set up for the crowd at midnight at Perrin's on Lawrence Street to the chagrin of the barkeeper and the delight of the participants.

A banquet in honor of the talented young actress, Miss Minnie Maddern, was another occasion Joe Brown missed—by accident. But he knows all about it: how Field issued the invitations to the actress and her friends through the pages of the *Tribune*, keeping the place of meeting a secret until the last; how Miss Maddern's admirers assembled in the rathskeller of a popular café at the close of her engagement, to feast on wieners, cheese, and beer; how General E. K. Stimpson made the presentation speech, drawing from his pocket a wonderful, sparkling necklace, with diamonds as large as hickory nuts. It had cost Field all of seventy-five cents and much secret laughter, says Joe Brown, who vouches he has talked over this humorous occasion with Mrs. Fiske herself.

There were times, of course, when the city editor himself was the victim of the pranks and whims of his 'superior officer.' It could hardly be otherwise. Arriving at the office promptly at 1:30 Field would accost him with a hearty, 'Where are you going today, Joe?'

'To the courts,' would be the truthful reply.

'Let 'em go—come with me,' Gene would coax, at the same time commanding Hal Gaylord, the young cashier, thus, 'Throw us out ten dollars—Joe and I are going to have a time this afternoon.'

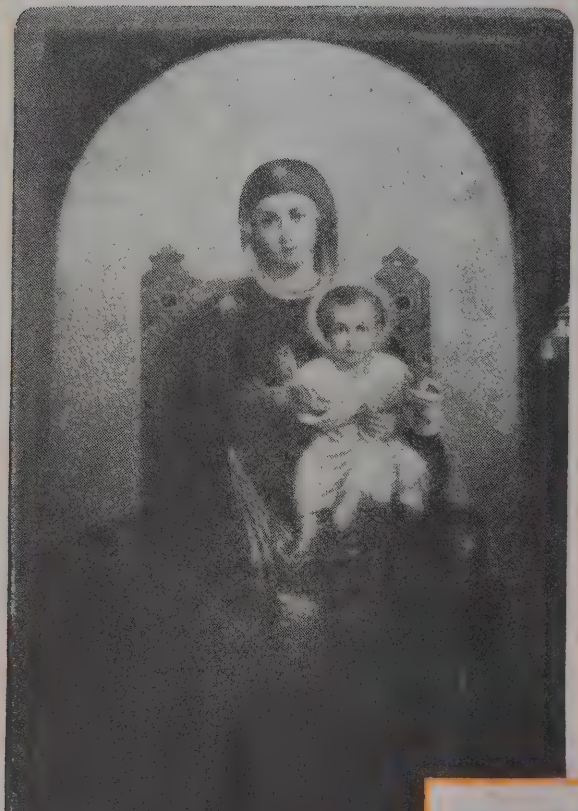
SO OFF they would go, these two gay young journalists. If it brought them to the rude and shedlike structure of the White Elephant Tenpin Alley on Market Street, where the only rule was that the loser set up the beer and cigars, they were then gay indeed. Gene could not stop—oh, no!—until the last cent of his recently acquired ten dollars was gone. He cared not a whit what the pleasures of the afternoon cost his companion, who would lose occasionally, too. But then Joe did not care either, and so they were well paired.

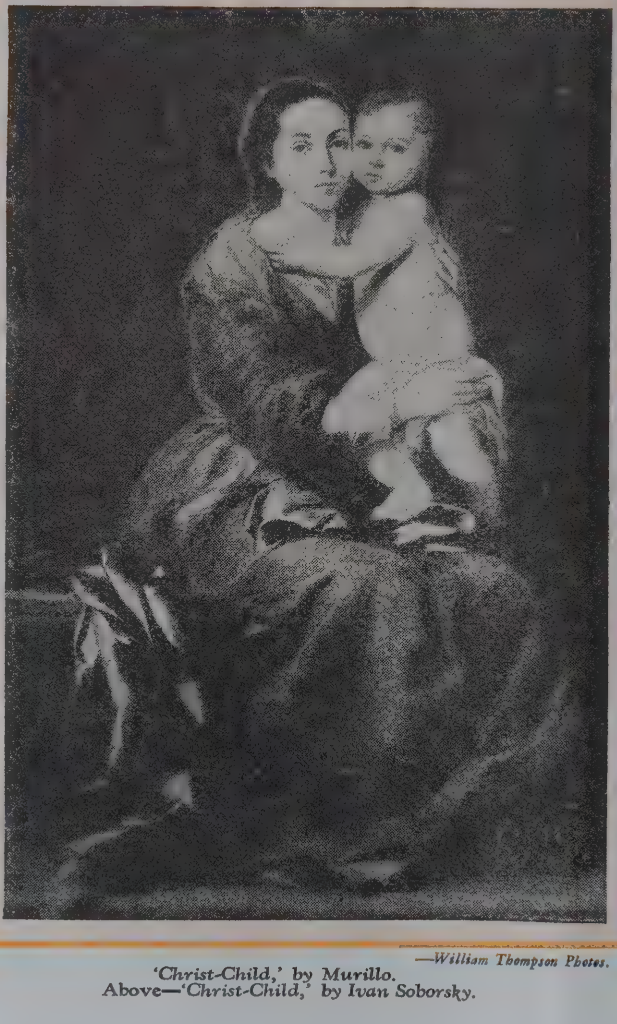
Back at the office the two would make up the lost afternoon after their own fashion. And doubtless the *Tribune* readers were rewarded next day with some extra laughs in the 'Odd Gossip' column, or a touching poem attributed to the governor of the state. Field was as generous—or as reckless—with his poems as he was with his cash. Officials of city and state, men and women of prominence, were frequently surprised by the

(*Continued on page 22*)

The CHRIST-CHILD *in* ART

By A. W. McNEIL *and* WILLIAM THOMPSON, F.R.G.S.





—*William Thompson Photos.*

'Christ-Child,' by Murillo.
Above—'Christ-Child,' by Ivan Soborsky.

THE highest form of art is the conception of the Christ, both as child and as man. Artists who have painted the great religious canvases of the world are said to have been men of singularly pure character who have overcome most of the common faults of humanity. Many a story is told of inspiration that failed because the wielder of the brush had enmity in his heart toward someone who had done him a real or a fancied wrong. Not until he had learned to forgive and to see the worth instead of the weakness of his brother, was he able to impart expression and beauty to the Master's face.

No subject is so appealing as the holy Babe. To attempt to portray the infant with its natural innocence and sweetness and further to suggest the attributes of the divine, requires skill that belongs only to genius.

With but few exceptions each artist has made the Child a type of his own native land. He is variously pictured through all the gradations of color in eyes and hair, from the darkest to the fairest. He is seldom alone. Not more than six world-known paintings show him between infancy and manhood. One of these by the great devotional artist Murillo, portrays him, perhaps six years old, with rapt upturned face, receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Another, by Hoffman, pictures the twelve-year-old Boy in the Temple. The bright, animated countenance and the pleasing personality make this one of the most popular paintings of the modern religious school.

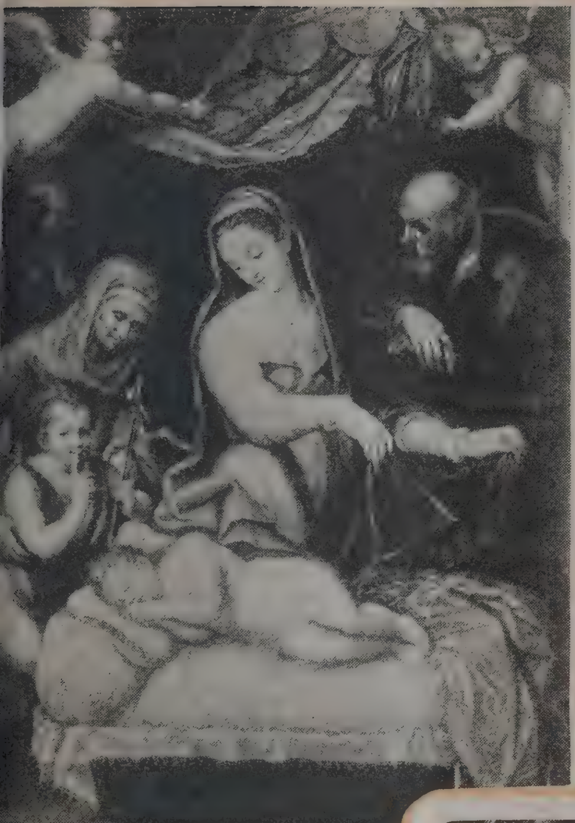
An outstanding painting of the world is the 'Sistine Madonna' of the Dresden Gallery. Painted by Raphael for a monastery in Italy, it was sold by the monks in
1794 to Augustus III of Saxony. An
of five million dollars has been refuse
it. Raphael indeed 'caught the an
vision' in this masterpiece. The V
stands on a mass of billowy clouds,
ing the Child. Outlines of coun
cherub heads are visible in the effulg
about them. At the bottom of the ca
are Saint Barbara and Saint Sixtu
adoration, the picture receiving its
from the latter. Two little angels, loo
up, have enough childish playfulnes
their faces and their attitudes to give
human element. The angels were mod
from two small boys who were in the
of climbing the balustrade ou
Raphael's studio and watching him a
work in open-mouthed wonder and
miration.

The 'Children of the Shell,' by Mu
hangs in the Prado Gallery at Ma
It portrays the boy Christ at play
Saint John the Baptist; even in
childish sport there is symbolism in
fact that Christ is tendering his play
a drink from a shell, emblem of the w
of life. A lamb in the left foregr
gazes affectionately upon
children and further empha
the religious significance.

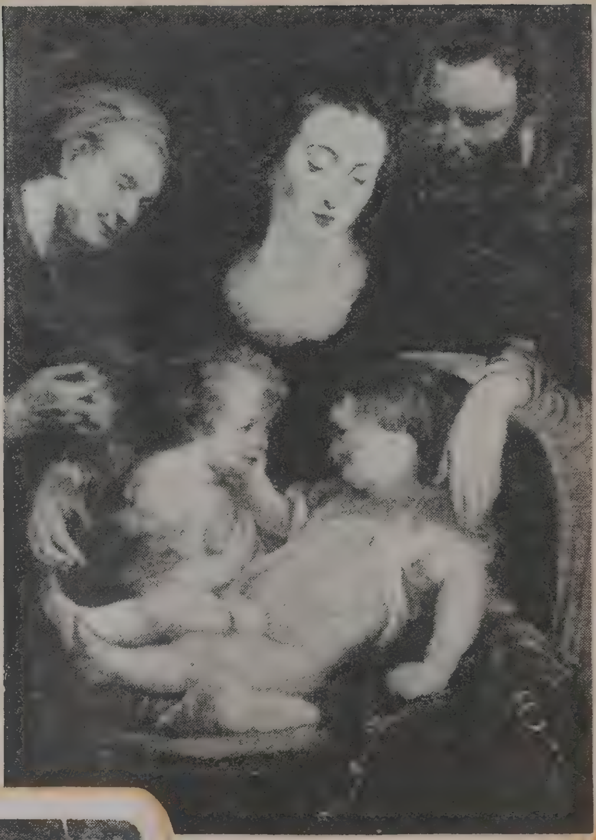
Carlo Dolci, whose 'Saint
celia' at the organ is one of
favorite paintings of the w
produced a Madonna of
loveliness. The Virgin, with
head modestly bowed, holds
little Son forward, as if to
that the attention of mankin
directed wholly upon him.
soft rosy flesh of the Child
an unusual aureole about
head stand out strikingly aga
a dark background.

The Uffizi Gallery, Flore
holds a treasure by Pietro
nucci. The Child is seated o
mother's knee, his chubby
resting upon her hand. His
is turned as if he heard
strains of the angelic choir.
Virgin listens, too, with inf
sadness in her face, as if in
soft music the events of
future were revealed to her.
one can gaze upon this ca
unmoved.

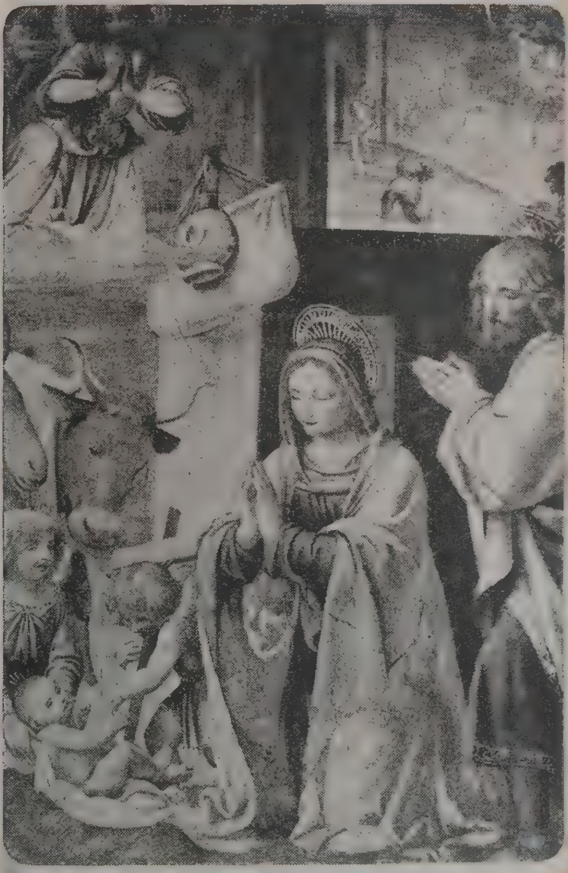
'Madonna della Sedia,'
Madonna of the Chair, is ano
of Raphael's works of inspirat
It is recorded that the ar
walking through the poorer q
ter of Rome, saw a peasant mo
with a child in her arms and
at her knee. The group wa
adorable that Raphael insta
saw the possibilities for a
donna and Child, and infant



Left—
'The Sleep of the Young Jesus,' by Fontana. In the Borghese Gallery at Rome.



Right—
'Holy Family,' by Rubens. In the Pitti Gallery at Florence.



Below—
'The Nativity,' by Luini. In the Louvre at Paris.

William Thompson Photos

n. He had with him his palette,
shes and paints but no canvas,
he could not persuade the shy
her to visit his studio. He
reupon purchased a cask from
earby shopkeeper and, remov-
the cover, laid the outlines for
masterpiece upon it in the
rse of an hour or two. A pretty
nd is connected with the hap-
ing. A hermit, well-known
beloved, lived among the hills
r Rome. During a storm in
ch his life was endangered, he
k refuge in the branches of an
tree. His rescue was effected
Mary, daughter of a vinedresser.
hermit in his gratitude prayed
both the girl and the tree
ht be immortalized for having
ed him in his hour of need.
tree was eventually cut down
made into wine casks. Mary
ame the model for this sur-
singly sweet Madonna, and the
er of one of the oaken casks was
surface on which the figures
e sketched.

A most unusual painting by
Olivier Merson is a scene
n the flight into Egypt. It was
exhibited in a Paris salon, where it
ieved instant fame for its unknown
st. The Sahara in moonlight is the
ctive background. Mary and the
be are between the broad sheltering
vs of the Sphinx. Joseph is on the
ds nearby. A faint column of smoke
s from the dying fire. This, too, is a symbolical picture, the Sphinx representing the mystery of the ancient Egyptian religion, the Holy Family typifying the mystery of Christianity.

The sleeping Jesus in the Borghese Gallery, Rome, is a marvelous group by Lavinia Fontana. The Virgin Mother is in the act of lifting a filmy veil from the sleeping Child, the better to reveal him to some unseen person who has come to adore him. Little Saint John with his finger on his lip enjoins silence. Two little cherubs are pulling aside the canopy of the couch. Saint John's mother, her age in contrast to the fresh young beauty of Mary, stands on one side and Saint Joseph on the other.

A lovely painting by Rubens, in the Pitti Gallery, Florence, depicts the same group of five in a realistic setting. The infant Christ has waked from sleep to see little Saint John in the act of adoration. With dimpled hand he pats the cheek of the older lad, while the three adults in the background survey the pretty scene with mingled delight and worship.

An exquisite Madonna painted by Baron Grosse, a leading artist of Europe in the last century, is in the possession of the Rothschild family. The Madonna is seated on a ruined wall over which wild roses are clambering in profusion. The Child reaches out to grasp a flower, but the mother holds it beyond his reach, so that the thorns will not hurt him. This symbolizes her wish to protect him from pain and sorrow.

To single out so few of the religious masterpieces seems almost unjust to their creators, but their number is legion.

Visitors to the galleries, gazing upon the Mother and Child, experience a sense of the exaltation that came to the artist.

The Stage Coach

(*Continued from page 13*)

forgets a pack of cares on Christmas eve. Great is the contention of Holly and Ivy, whether master or dame wears the breeches. Dice and cards benefit the butler; and if the cook do not lack wit, he will sweetly lick his fingers.'

I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little traveling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home; and now there was a general burst of joy—'There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!' cried the happy little rogues clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane there was an old sober-looking servant in livery looking for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony with a shaggy mane and long rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the roadside, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

OFF THEY set at last; one on the pony with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions and school anecdotes.

We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses; and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat countryseat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico; and I saw my little comrades with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

In the evening we reached a village where I had determined to pass the night. As we drove into the great gateway of the inn, I saw on one side the light of a rousing kitchen fire beaming through a window. I entered, and admired for the hundredth time that picture of convenience, neatness, and broad honest enjoyment, the kitchen of an English inn. It was of spacious dimensions, hung round with copper and tin vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with a Christmas green.

A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round of beef and other hearty viands upon it, over which two foaming tankards of ale seemed mounting guard. Travelers of inferior order were preparing to attack this stout repast, whilst others sat smoking and gossiping over their ale on two high-backed oaken settles beside the fire. Trim housemaids were hurrying backwards and forwards, under the directions of a fresh bustling landlady; but still seizing an occasional moment to exchange a flippant word, and have a rallying laugh with the group round the fire.

Christmas in the North Woods

(*Continued from page 5*)

hemlock are larger and are not so clustered on the trees, nor will they shed their seeds before the new year.

I know that beneath my feet the soil is not frozen, so quickly and heavily did the first snow fall come. Beneath me lie crushed in loving embrace the fragrant sweet fern and the brown bracken. I visualize all the faded beauty buried there so snugly.

In all my observation I have never seen an unkempt bird or other animal in the woods. They may be hungry and thin but all are spruce and smart in appearance. In the dark twilights of the northern woods great owls flit softly in search of northern hares, or jack rabbits. On noiseless wings they swoop. A squeal, a scuffle, and all is over!

There are deer tracks on the drifts, sketched lightly, dropping hoof marks into covered brush. A buck has passed this way bound for the old runway between the lower lake and the north branch of the Au Sable. A woodpecker flits by on a food mission. He pounds at a dead pine leaning over the creek. Bark, grubs, and insects drop into the river, a welcome surprise feast for winter trout. A little farther on, a mink slips across the stream with only his head showing and dives into a hole in the bank. He frightens a jack rabbit, which hops swiftly through the snow underbrush, his broad, hairy hind pads passing grotesquely ahead of his forefeet. He is thoroughly frightened and his leaps are eight feet long.

It is noticeable that the snow country is at its best only while snow is falling or immediately after the fall has ceased. It is then an ephemeral fairyland, with frost electricity in the air and dry snow on the ground. Now one is apt to see game and live creatures along streams in the swamplands where there is no wind. One may travel far in the higher hardwood lands and see little evidence of wild life except a few birds. But entering a swamp and sitting quietly near some cold, spring-fed creek that does not freeze in winter, one will not be disappointed.

To the city dweller the woodland trail in winter spells freedom of soul and open spaciousness and a hungry man's appetite for wholesome food. There is no more delicious trail food than a thick meaty sandwich with homemade bread, washed down with hot tea brewed in an old pail over an open fire. In the old days, before game laws were in effect, one could broil a fresh trout over the same fire: those were days of plenty when no one penetrated these remote fastnesses except with horse and wagon or pack a-back.

A bonfire in the woods at Christmas is a beautiful thing. It is an experience of joy to forgo the rich repast of the usual Christmas and to eat bacon and bread and drink strong tea or coffee amid dark evergreens by a stream side. For those who feast elaborately in crowded cities do not know what it is to be hungry, to have real zest. And then there is pleasure in the roundabout homeward route following little unexplored streams and ponds.

And when you pull the latch of the snug cabin amid evergreens, it is good to sit by the snapping fireplace with a friend and watch the flames leap and flicker. For we shall have visitors. Neighbors are not far away.

In the twilight of evening they will come to our cabin. We have a haunch of venison and other good Christmas fare to share with them. There is cider in the barrel and abundance of good things. We have old wood to burn, old books to read.

It is good, too, to lie here in a bunk whose mattress is stuffed with sweet fern and fragrant balsam and covered with a well-tanned deer hide. Truly the ways of our ancestors were goodly ways.

So replete is a Christmas in the north woods with its own pursuits, its own individual charm, that one finds no time for hankering after the splendor of city ways. Who would say there is dearth? Not we, who find fullness in the unfolding beauty of lavish Nature.

The shrouded ghosts of the woodland, the advance scouts of King Winter.

The Pecksniffs and Chuzzlewits

(*Continued from page 11*)

stranger. I find that I address a relative. Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit and his son Mr. Jonas—for they, my dear children, are our travelling companions—will excuse me for an apparently harsh remark. It is not my desire to wound the feelings of any person with whom I am connected in family bonds. I may be a Hypocrite,' said Mr. Pecksniff, cuttingly, 'but I am not a Brute.'

'Are you travelling to London, Mr. Pecksniff?' asked the son.

'Yes, Mr. Jonas, we are travelling to London. We shall have the pleasure of your company all the way, I trust?'

'Well, cousin!' said Mr. Jonas to one of the girls, 'Because we are cousins, you know, a few times removed: so you're going to London?'

Miss Mercy replied in the affirmative, pinching her sister's arm at the same time, and giggling excessively.

'Lots of beaux in London, cousin!' said Mr. Jonas, slightly advancing his elbow.

'Indeed, sir!' cried the young lady. 'They won't hurt us, sir, I dare say.' And having given him this answer with great demureness, she was so overcome by her own humor, that she was fain to stifle her merriment in her sister's shawl.

'Merry,' cried that more prudent damsel, 'really I am ashamed of you. How can you go on so? You wild thing!' At which Miss Merry only laughed the more, of course.

'Don't mind crowding me,' cried Mr. Jonas. 'I like to be crowded by gals. Come a little closer, cousin.'

'No, thank you, sir,' said Charity.

'There's that other one a-laughing again,' said Mr. Jonas; 'she's a-laughing at my father, I shouldn't wonder. If he puts on that old flannel nightcap of his, I don't know what she'll do! Is that my father a-snoring, Pecksniff?'

'Yes, Mr. Jonas.'

'Tread upon his foot, will you be so good?' said the young gentleman. 'The foot next you's the gouty one.'

Mr. Pecksniff hesitating to perform this friendly office, Mr. Jonas did it himself, at the same time crying—

'Come, wake up, father, or you'll be having the nightmare, and screeching out, I know.—Do you ever have the nightmare, cousin?' he asked his neighbor, with characteristic gallantry, as he dropped his voice again.

'Sometimes,' answered Charity. 'Not often.'

'The other one,' said Mr. Jonas, after a pause. 'Does she ever have the nightmare?'

'I don't know,' replied Charity. 'You had better ask her.'

'She laughs so,' said Jonas; 'there's no talking to her. Only hark how she's a-going on now! You're the sensible one, cousin!'

'Tut, tut!' cried Charity.

'Oh! But you are! You know you are!'

'Mercy is a little giddy,' said Miss Charity. 'But she'll sober down in time.'

'It'll be a very long time, then, if she does at all,' rejoined her cousin. 'Take a little more room.'

'I am afraid of crowding you,' said Charity. But she took it notwithstanding; and after one or two remarks on the extreme heaviness of the coach, and the number of places it stopped at, they fell into a silence which remained unbroken by any member of the party until supper time.

Although Mr. Jonas conducted Charity to the hotel and sat himself beside her at the board, it was pretty clear that he had an eye to 'the other one' also, for he often glanced across at Mercy, and seemed to draw comparisons between the personal appearance of the two, which were not unfavourable to the superior plumpness of the younger sister. He allowed himself no great leisure for this kind of observation, however, being busily engaged with the supper, which, as he whispered in his fair companion's ear, was a contract business, and therefore the more she ate, the better the bargain was. His father and Mr. Pecksniff, probably acting on the same wise principle, demolished everything that came within their reach, and by that means acquired a greasy expression of countenance, indicating contentment, if not repletion, which it was very pleasant to contemplate.

When they could eat no more, Mr. Pecksniff and Mr. Jonas subscribed for two sixpennyworths of hot brandy and water, which the latter gentleman considered a more politic order than one shilling's-worth; there being a chance of their getting more spirit out of the innkeeper under this arrangement than if it were all in one glass. Having swallowed his share of the enlivening fluid, Mr. Pecksniff, under pretense of going to see if the coach were ready, went secretly to the bar, and had his own little bottle filled, in order that he might refresh himself at leisure in the dark coach without being observed.

These arrangements concluded, and the coach being ready, they got into their old places and jogged on again. But before he composed himself for a nap, Mr. Pecksniff delivered a kind of grace after meat, in these words—

'The process of indigestion, as I have been informed by anatomical friends, is one of the most wonderful works of nature. I do not know how it may be with others, but it is a great satisfaction to me to know, when regaling on my humble fare, that I am putting in motion the most beautiful machinery with which we have any acquaintance. I really feel at such times as if I was doing a public service. When I have wound myself up, if I may employ such a term,' said Mr. Pecksniff with exquisite tenderness, 'and know that I am Going, I feel that in the lesson afforded by the works within me, I am a Benefactor to my Kind!'

As nothing could be added to this, nothing was said; and Mr. Pecksniff, exulting, it may be presumed, in his moral utility, went to sleep again.

The rest of the night wore away in the usual manner. Mr. Pecksniff and Old Anthony kept tumbling against each other and waking up much terrified, or crushed their heads in opposite corners of the coach and strangely tattooed the surface of their faces—Heaven knows how—in their sleep. The coach stopped and went on, and went on and stopped, time out of number. Passengers got up and passengers got down, and fresh horses came and went and came again, with scarcely any interval between each team as it seemed to those who were dozing, and with a gap of a whole night between every one as it seemed to those who were broad-awake. At length they began to jolt and rumble over horribly uneven stones, and Mr. Pecksniff looking out of window said it was tomorrow morning, and they were there.

Very soon afterwards the coach stopped at the office in the City, and the street in which it was situated was already in a bustle, that fully bore out Mr. Pecksniff's words about its being morning, though for any signs of day yet appearing in the sky it might have been midnight. There was a thick crust upon the pavement like oil cake: which, one of the outsides (mad, no doubt) said to another (his keeper, of course), was Snow!

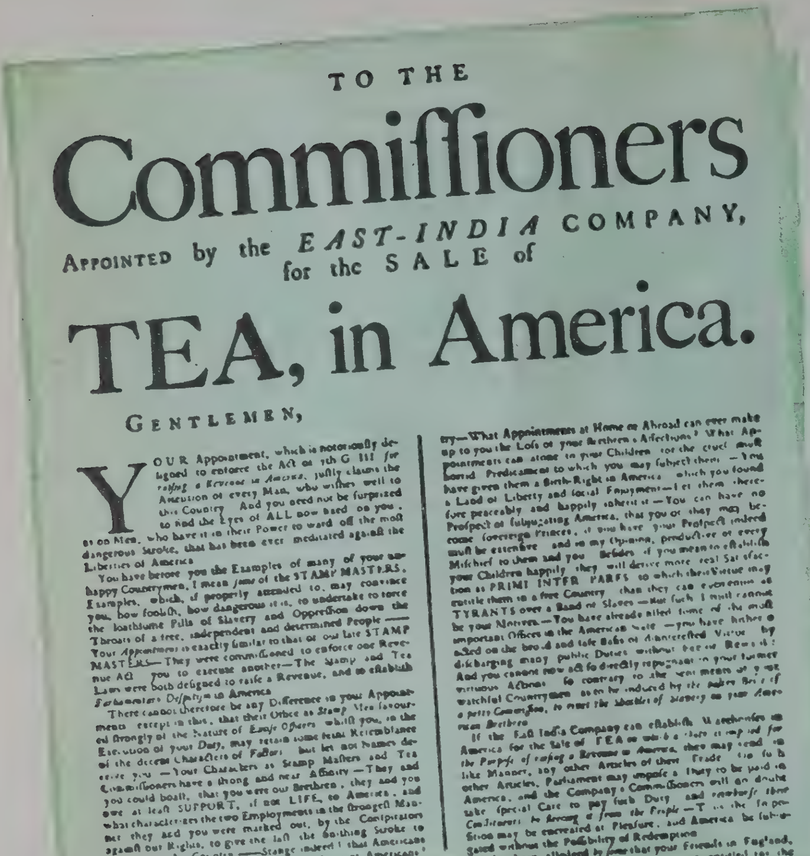
Scrubwoman

CARL SANDBURG

AND you, old woman, are carrying scrub
buckets tonight,
Just like last year, just like the year before,
Every Saturday night you come gripping the handles,
Throwing the suds, cleaning this room's floor.
They call you 'Mrs. Swanson,' your hair is thin
and grey,
It is a lean little wiry frame you move in.
In your eyes you are ready for whatever comes next.
Your sons have scrubbed ship decks, an uncle
somewhere
Stood at a wheel in a Baltic storm—why must there be
Some rag of romance, some slant of a scarlet star
Over and around your scrub buckets?

# BROADSIDES
{Poster Printing}

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI



TO THE

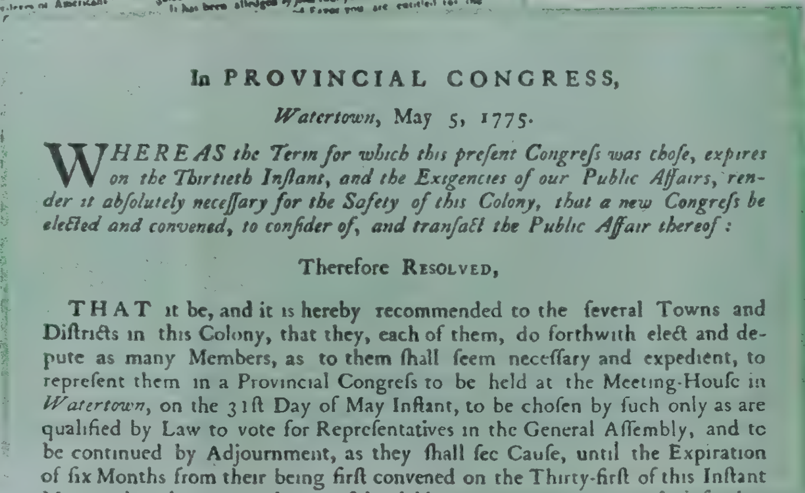
Commiſſioners

APPOINTED by the *EAST-INDIA* COMPANY, for the SALE of

TEA, in America.

GENTLEMEN,

Famous Tea-tax poster.



In PROVINCIAL CONGRESS,

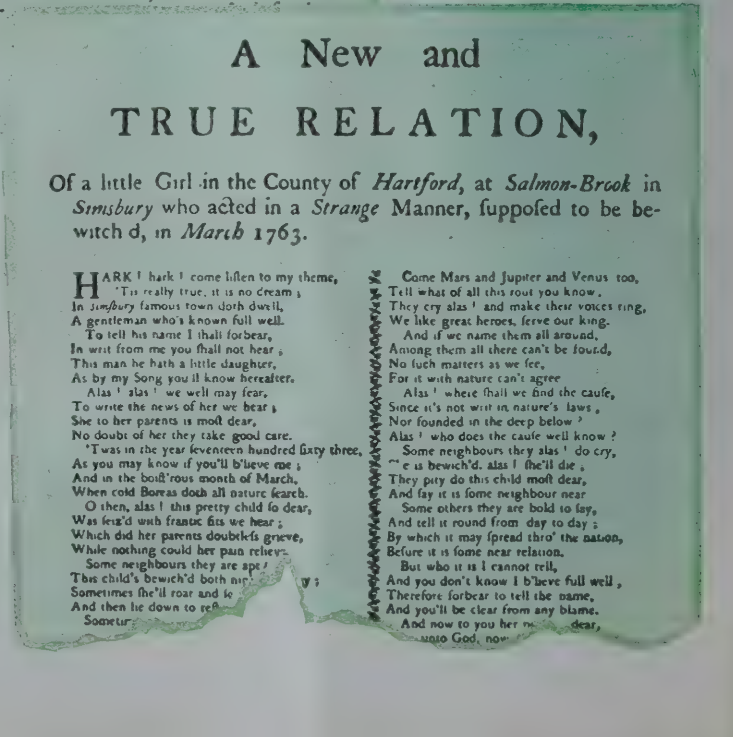
Watertown, May 5, 1775.

W*HEREAS the Term for which this preſent Congreſs was choſe, expires on the Thirtieth Inſtant, and the Exigencies of our Public Affairs, render it abſolutely neceſſary for the Safety of this Colony, that a new Congreſs be elected and convened, to conſider of, and tranſact the Public Affair thereof:*

Therefore RESOLVED,

THAT it be, and it is hereby recommended to the ſeveral Towns and Diſtricts in this Colony, that they, each of them, do forthwith elect and depute as many Members, as to them ſhall ſeem neceſſary and expedient, to repreſent them in a Provincial Congreſs to be held at the Meeting-Houſe in *Watertown*, on the 31ſt Day of May Inſtant, to be choſen by ſuch only as are qualified by Law to vote for Repreſentatives in the General Aſſembly, and to be continued by Adjournment, as they ſhall ſee Cauſe, until the Expiration of ſix Months from their being firſt convened on the Thirty-firſt of this Inſtant May, and no longer, and to conſult, delib
Meaſures as under GOD ſhall be effectual
Ruin, and to ſecure thoſe ineſtimable Lib
tors, and which it is our Duty to preſerve
JOSE

Left—Part of a public notice issued from Salem in 1775 concerning governmental affairs of the province. Below—A witchcraft poster published in Boston in 1766.



A New and

TRUE RELATION,

Of a little Girl in the County of *Hartford*, at *Salmon-Brook* in *Simsbury* who acted in a *Strange* Manner, ſuppoſed to be bewitch d, in *March* 1763.

HARK! hark! come liſten to my theme,
'Tis really true, it is no dream;
In *Simſbury* famous town doth dwell,
A gentleman who's known full well.
To tell his name I ſhall forbear,
In writ from me you ſhall not hear;
This man he hath a little daughter,
As by my Song you'll know hereafter.
Alas! alas! we well may fear,
To write the news of her we hear;
She to her parents is moſt dear,
No doubt of her they take good care.
'Twas in the year ſeventeen hundred ſixty three,
As you may know if you'll b'lieve me;
And in the boiſt'rous month of March,
When cold Boreas doth all nature ſearch.
O then, alas! this pretty child ſo dear,
Was ſeiz'd with frantic fits we hear;
Which did her parents doubtleſs grieve,
While nothing could her pain reliev
Some neighbours they are apt
This child's bewich'd both ni y;
Sometimes ſhe'll roar and ſ
And then lie down to reſ
Sometim

Come Mars and Jupiter and Venus too,
Tell what of all this rout you know,
They cry alas! and make their voices ring,
We like great heroes, ſerve our king.
And if we name them all around,
Among them all there can't be found,
No ſuch matters as we ſee,
For it with nature can't agree
Alas! where ſhall we find the cauſe,
Since it's not writ in nature's laws,
Nor founded in the deep below?
Alas! who does the cauſe well know?
Some neighbours they alas! do cry,
e is bewich'd. alas! ſhe'll die;
They pity do this child moſt dear,
And ſay it is ſome neighbour near
Some others they are bold to ſay,
And tell it round from day to day;
By which it may ſpread thro' the nation,
Before it is ſome near relation.
But who it is I cannot tell,
And you don't know I b'lieve full well,
Therefore forbear to tell the name,
And you'll be clear from any blame.
And now to you her n dear,
unto God, now

THE invention of printing by Gutenberg about 1450 made possible an intelligent democratic form of society. As long as a single book involved the whole attention of one man for a year, more or less, it was possible only for the wealthy or the elect to have books. But the printing press introduced quantity production, and in a very real sense modern democracy, an intelligent public, had its beginning at that time.

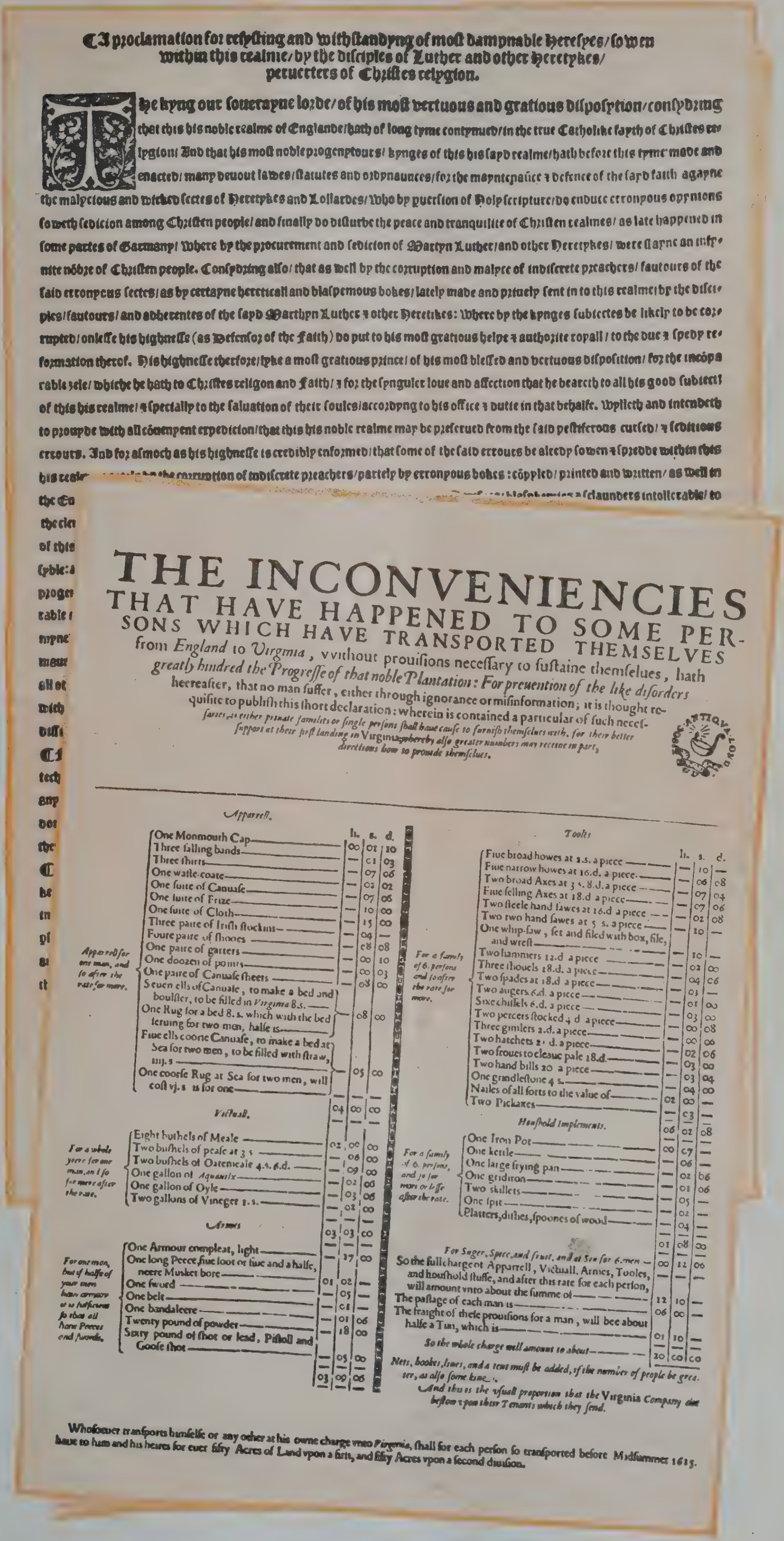
A popular form of printing was the single leaf, called broadside, intended to be posted in public places for the information of the public. In a measure, the broadside replaced the town crier.

On the Continent of Europe the broadside appeared almost with the invention of the printing art. However, specimens of those early single sheets today are very rare, as their use subjected them to immediate destruction. Further, the content of the document did not suggest its preservation. Frequently the broadside served the same purpose as a newspaper and its existence was as uncertain and hazardous.

In England thousands of these single sheets were issued during the 16th and 17th centuries. In many instances the possibility of secret production and distribution led to the abuse of the instrument as a means of private slander or ridicule for political purposes.

In English America the first printed document is known to be the Freeman's Oath, a single page printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1639. No copy is preserved, but the signal appropriateness of the title is worthy of note. This broadside inaugurated in America a long series of such broadsides, far more numerous than one would suspect.

Dr. Worthington Ford, the learned secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society, published in 1922 as Volume 75 of the collections of that society a list of more than thirty-four hundred such broadsides issued in Massachusetts between 1639 and 1800. And quite recently in the American Antiquarian Society there were found three volumes of ballads, collected by Isaiah Thomas, fine printer, patriot and antiquarian of the highest type. In this collection were included a fairly large number not found in any other library, and not contained in Dr. Ford's preceding list. Ballads were about the most popular form of broadsides; the sale of ballads on the street continued actively in England and America up to the beginning of the present century.



Right—*English broadside, supposedly of 1529, directed against Luther. It is headed, 'A proclamation for resisting and withstanding of most damnable heresies, sown within this realm by the disciples of Luther and other heretics, perverters of Christ's religion.'*
Below—*Poster printed in London in 1622 to stimulate emigration to Virginia.*

¶ A proclamation for reſyſting and withſtandyng of moſt dampnable Hereſyes/ ſowen within this realme/ by the diſciples of Luther and other Heretykes/ peruerters of Chriſtes relygion.

The kyng our ſoueraygne lorde/ of his moſt vertuous and gratious diſpoſytion/ conſydring that this his noble realme of Englande/ hath of long tyme contynued/ in the true Catholike fayth of Chriſtes relygion/ And that his moſt noble progenytours/ kynges of this his ſayd realme/ hath before this tyme made and enacted/ many deuout lawes/ ſtatutes and ordynaunces/ for the mayntenaũce ⁊ defence of the ſayd faith agaynſt the malycious and wicked ſectes of Heretykes and Lollardes/ Who by peruerſion of Holy ſcripture/ do enduce erronyous opynions ſoweth ſedicion among Chriſten people/ and finally do diſturbe the peace and tranquilite of Chriſten realmes/ as late happened in ſome partes of Garmany/ Where by the procurement and ſedicion of Martyn Luther/ and other Heretykes/ were ſlayne an infynite nombre of Chriſten people. Conſydring alſo/ that as well by the corruption and malyce of indiſcrete preachers/ fautours of the ſaid erronyous ſectes/ as by certayne hereticall and blaſphemous bokes/ lately made and priuely ſent in to this realme/ by the diſciples/ fautours/ and adherentes of the ſayd Marthyn Luther ⁊ other Heretikes: Where by the kynges ſubiectes be likely to be corrupted/ onleſſe his highneſſe (as Defenſor of the Faith) do put to his moſt gratious helpe ⁊ authorite royall/ to the due ⁊ ſpedy reformation therof. His highneſſe therfore/ lyke a moſt gratious prince/ of his moſt bleſſed and vertuous diſpoſition/ for the incõparable zele/ whiche he hath to Chriſtes religon and Faith/ ⁊ for the ſynguler loue and affection that he beareth to all his good ſubiects of this his realme/ ⁊ ſpecially to the ſaluation of their ſoules/ accordyng to his office ⁊ dutie in that behalfe. Wylleth and intendeth to prouyde with all cõuenyent expedicion/ that this his noble realme may be preſerued from the ſaid peſtiferous curſed/ ⁊ ſeditious errours. And for aſmoch as his highneſſe is credibly enformed/ that ſome of the ſaid errours be alredy ſowen ⁊ ſpredde within this his realm the corruption of indiſcrete preachers/ partely by erronyous bokes: cõpyled/ printed and written/ as well in the En blaſphemies ⁊ ſlaunders intollerable/ to the cle

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THE INCONVENIENCIES THAT HAVE HAPPENED TO SOME PERSONS WHICH HAVE TRANSPORTED THEMSELVES

from *England* to *Virginia*, vvithout prouiſions neceſſary to ſuſtaine themſelues, hath *greatly hindred the Progreſſe of that noble Plantation: For preuention of the like diſorders* heereafter, that no man ſuffer, either through ignorance or miſinformation; it is thought requiſite to publiſh this ſhort declaration: wherein is contained a particular of ſuch neceſ- *ſaries, as either priuate families or ſingle perſons ſhall haue cauſe to furniſh themſelues with, for their better ſupport at their firſt landing in* Virginia; *whereby alſo greater numbers may receiue in part, directions how to prouide themſelues.*

Apparrell.

Apparrell for one man, and ſo after the rate for more.

	li.	s.	d.
One Monmouth Cap	00	01	10
Three falling bands	—	01	03
Three ſhirts	—	07	06
One waſte-coate	—	02	02
One ſuite of Canuaſe	—	07	06
One ſuite of Frize	—	10	00
One ſuite of Cloth	—	15	00
Three paire of Iriſh ſtockins	—	04	—
Foure paire of ſhooes	—	08	08
One paire of garters	—	00	10
One doozen of points	—	00	03
One paire of Canuaſe ſheets	—	08	00
Seuen ells of Canuaſe, to make a bed and boulſter, to be filled in *Virginia* 8.s. One Rug for a bed 8.s. which with the bed ſeruing for two men, halfe is		08	00
Fiue ells coorſe Canuaſe, to make a bed at Sea for two men, to be filled with ſtraw, iiij.s One coorſe Rug at Sea for two men, will coſt vj.s is for one		05	00
	04	00	00

Victuall.

For a whole yeere for one man, and ſo for more after the rate.

	li.	s.	d.
Eight buſhels of Meale	02	00	00
Two buſhels of peaſe at 3 s	—	06	00
Two buſhels of Oatemeale 4.s. 6.d.	—	09	00
One gallon of *Aquauitæ*	—	02	06
One gallon of Oyle	—	03	06
Two gallons of Vineger 1.s.	—	02	00
	03	03	00

Armes.

For one man, but if halfe of your men haue armour it is ſufficient ſo that all haue Peeces and ſwords.

	li.	s.	d.
One Armour compleat, light	—	17	00
One long Peece, fiue foot or fiue and a halfe, neere Muſket bore	01	02	—
One ſword	—	05	—
One belt	—	01	—
One bandaleere	—	01	06
Twenty pound of powder	—	18	00
Sixty pound of ſhot or lead, Piſtoll and Gooſe ſhot	—	05	00
	03	09	06

Tooles.

For a family of 6. perſons and ſo after the rate for more.

	li.	s.	d.
Fiue broad howes at 2.s. a piece	—	10	—
Fiue narrow howes at 16.d. a piece	—	06	08
Two broad Axes at 3 s. 8.d. a piece	—	07	04
Fiue felling Axes at 18.d a piece	—	07	06
Two ſteele hand ſawes at 16.d a piece	—	02	08
Two two hand ſawes at 5 s. a piece	—	10	—
One whip-ſaw, ſet and filed with box, file, and wreſt	—	10	—
Two hammers 12.d a piece	—	02	00
Three ſhouels 18.d. a piece	—	04	06
Two ſpades at 18.d a piece	—	03	—
Two augers 6.d. a piece	—	01	00
Sixe chiſſels 6.d. a piece	—	03	00
Two percers ſtocked 4 d a piece	—	00	08
Three gimlets 2.d. a piece	—	00	06
Two hatchets 21 d. a piece	—	02	06
Two froues to cleaue pale 18.d.	—	03	00
Two hand bills 20 a piece	—	03	04
One grindleſtone 4 s.	—	04	00
Nailes of all ſorts to the value of	02	00	—
Two Pickaxes	—	03	—
	06	02	08

Houſhold Implements.

For a family of 6. perſons, and ſo for more or leſſe after the rate.

	li.	s.	d.
One Iron Pot	00	07	—
One kettle	—	06	—
One large frying pan	—	02	06
One gridiron	—	01	06
Two ſkillets	—	05	—
One ſpit	—	02	—
Platters, diſhes, ſpoones of wood	—	04	—
	01	08	00

	li.	s.	d.
For Suger, Spice, and fruit, and at Sea for 6. men	00	12	06
So the full charge of Apparrell, Victuall, Armes, Tooles, and houſhold ſtuffe, and after this rate for each perſon, will amount vnto about the ſumme of	12	10	—
The paſſage of each man is	06	00	—
The fraight of theſe prouiſions for a man, will bee about halfe a Tun, which is	01	10	—
So the whole charge will amount to about	20	00	00

Nets, bookes, lines, and a tent muſt be added, if the number of people be greater, as alſo ſome kine.

And this is the vſuall proportion that the Virginia *Company doe beſtow vpon their Tenants which they ſend.*

Whoſoeuer tranſports himſelfe or any other at his owne charge vnto *Virginia*, ſhall for each perſon ſo tranſported before Midſummer 1625. haue to him and his heires for euer fifty Acres of Land vpon a firſt, and fifty Acres vpon a ſecond diuiſion.

In Spanish America the broadside was not widely used. Apparently many of the Spanish colonists did not read them; the native Indians played a much larger and more active part in the life of the Spanish cities of the New World.

Dr. Ford lists some 244 broadsides up to 1700. In that same period there were published in English America approximately one thousand volumes, so that the broadsides constituted about one-quarter in number of all the publications. Up to the outbreak of the Revolutionary War there were roughly fifteen thousand volumes published in America and of these the broadsides totaled approximately one-tenth. The appearance of the newspapers in that time doubtless accounts for the relative falling off of broadsides.

A most strange double broadside is preserved in the New York Historical Society which harbors many great treasures of American history. This is a broadside printed in 1748 or 1749 by Thomas Fleet of Boston upon the reverse of a papal indulgence granted in a broadside by Pope Urban VIII. Such Spanish indulgences were shipped in quantity to Mexico and were there sold. An English cruiser captured a Spanish vessel in 1748 which had on board several bales of indulgences.

'Fleet purchased a large quantity, some of which he used to print ballads on the back. Others he offered for sale by the single Bull, Quire, or Ream, at a much cheaper Rate than they can be purchased by the French or Spanish Priests, and yet will be warranted to be of the same Advantage to the Possessors.'

The English ballad on the reverse is entitled, 'The Great Honor of a valiant London Prentice, Being an Account of his Matchless Manhood and brave Adventures done in Turkey, and how he came to marry the King's Daughter, to the tune of: "All you that love Good fellows." ' During the Revolutionary War hundreds of proclamations were posted in public places, in part occasioned by the fact that many patriotic newspapers were compelled to cease publication and in part because the proclamation afforded a way of spreading news, without attaching responsibility to the publisher. In England, too, a strong pro-American party found this instrument well adapted to their purposes and many a note favorable to the American cause was posted on public bulletin boards in London.

He Wrote for the Children

(Continued from page 15)

publication of a *Tribune* poem attributed to them in those happy days of the long ago.

As has been said, Joe Brown took note of these things. He knew the serious side of the boyish Field as well as any one in Denver.

He is the one, perhaps the only one, who after all the years can identify the early unsigned *Tribune* articles and poems of Field. And he has compiled and prefaced a volume of those early poems as a tribute to his pal of forty years ago.

A Little Book of Tribune Verse contains, as he believes, all the poetical efforts of Field during his two years' sojourn in Denver; in fact all the verses contributed by him to the *Tribune*. Most of these appeared in the nonpareil type of the 'Odd Gossip' column; a few were found in other departments of the paper. Although the troubadour-journalist had not then begun to take his gift of song seriously, his work covers the same wide range of subjects characteristic of his mature years, and includes a few gems which he later acknowledged and revised.

'Christmas Treasures,' revised and published by Field in *A Little Book of Western Verse* and said to be the first of his poems deemed worthy of such preservation by him, appears in the *Tribune* collection under date of December 25, 1881, his first Christmas in Denver. It was written earlier than this—during his *Journal* days in St. Louis.

But the important thing is that the two versions differ by no more than a half-dozen slight changes in words and capitalization. The poet was very near the surface of things that matter in those harum-scarum days, nearer than anyone except Joe Brown himself and the close associates of the *Tribune* staff realized.

Happily Mr. Brown's little volume reveals the very Field he knew and loved. The poems of childhood occupy a prominent place in the collection of *Tribune* verse and easily forecast the day when their author would be known through all the land as 'the children's poet.' Surely if anyone in Denver suspected that day would come, it must have been Joe Brown. It was Joe whom the devoted father of 'Trotty,' and Melvin, and 'Pinny,' and 'Daisy' Field at times coerced into taking his family for long carriage drives through the city at the expense of editorial duties.

Here and there among the poems of childhood and the poems of the people occurs a simple verse in primer style, which suggests the *Tribune Primer* being published serially at the time. This clever take-off on the *First Readers* of the day became Field's first published book and incidentally the rarest of American first editions.

HERE and there, too, are references to the stage folk whom Field welcomed to Denver in his roguish way—Christine Nilsson, for instance, who failed to appreciate his poker joke until she met 'Meestair Field—zee—T-r-ee-bune' himself; Emma Abbott who assisted in dedicating the Tabor Grand Opera House in September, '81, and in whose honor an entire series of poems appeared in the *Tribune*. 'Emma Abbott's Baby,' which never was on land or sea, appears under the date of September 8, 1881, and, of course, was attributed to W. H. Bush.

Very interesting are the parodies 'Maude Muller,' 'We Are Seven,' 'I Cannot Sing the Old Songs,' 'Lost Chords,' 'Ode to the Passions,' all forecasting the ballads and lullabies of later years. And there is also the 'Ode to Maecenas' disputing the fact that Field's acquaintance with Horace was limited to his Chicago period on the staff of the *Daily News*. Altogether it is a valuable little volume filled with precious memories for Mr. Brown—and others.

Field's two years with the *Tribune* passed all too quickly; the care-free, warm-hearted, open-handed, reckless adventurer had left Denver behind him and gone on to other things. Joe Brown bought the desk which Field had used in the *Tribune* office and made use of it himself during his stay with the Colorado *Sun*. The desk was burned during his absence from the city in 1894.

The famous old *Tribune* deteriorated rapidly and soon passed into the hands of its rival across the lunch man's alley—the Denver *Republican*.

In REINDEER *Haunts*

By E. R. GAMMAGE

THE cameraman who wishes to capture an elk as his prize must possess nerve, endurance and ingenuity, for the elk is one of the swiftest and shyest of the deer family. The photographer who was fortunate enough to secure the accompanying picture, however, happily discovered the early morning playground of these animals and waited patiently for them there. He lay concealed behind some large trees, and snapped them as they came speeding through the woods. You will notice that the big male is leading the way and the females are following closely behind. This 'traveling formation' is characteristic of these animals.

The elk is the largest species of the deer family and is common in the northern regions to both the Old and New World. In the New World, it is found principally in northern Maine and British North America.

It has long legs, stands about six feet high, and has a large head with broad muzzle and large nostrils. The elk can be distinguished from other deer by the horns or antlers of the male, each of which is in two parts like a broad hand with the palm curved and held upward. Around the margins are prongs or snags.

An average full-grown pair of these antlers, together with the skull, weighs seventy pounds. They grow very gradually during the early part of the animal's life; the first year they are only knobs an inch high, the second year they grow to about a foot in length, and the third year develop into their matured palm shape. It is at this stage that a most curious phenomenon occurs—the fully formed horns are shed in December, sprout again immediately, and are completely renewed within the short period of four months. This same procedure takes place every year, the rapid growth of the horn material serving to render the animal weak and listless during the season of the year when the does are rearing their young, which would be defenseless against the angry attacks of the males if these latter were provided with their warlike antlers.

The great speed of the elk, its keen sense of hearing and smell, combine to make the animal very difficult to hunt. In the wintertime, the animals herd together in groups for protection.

There are thousands of elk in the mountains of British Columbia. The section penetrated by the Canadian National Railroad contains many herds which feed unmolested owing to the scarcity of population in their native haunts. The elk are gregarious and polygamous, associating in moderate-sized herds, the strongest buck acting as leader of the does.

Elk caught in action by the author's camera.

A LETTER About a GOOSE

Mr. Miner feeding a wild Canada goose.

—Photos, R. D. Sloane.

JACK MINER was but a boy when he 'took to the woods as naturally as a rabbit.' From that he graduated and established at Kingsville, Ontario, a bird sanctuary that is the wonder of two countries. He maintains this sanctuary for wild ducks and geese. In the autumn he catches them and tags them with aluminum tags on which are stamped Bible references and a request that the finder of the tag return it to him with a communication describing the circumstances under which the bird fell. He has tags from nearly every state in the Union and many from Canadian provinces. Fully 40 per cent of the birds which Miner tags in the autumn return with the soft breezes of early spring. It took several years to bring them to the point where they looked upon him as a friend and not an enemy. He feeds them thousands of bushels of corn and maintains a rigid guard over their sanctuary. He receives letters written on embossed game club stationery and couched in the choicest of English. He receives other missives, carrying just as important messages, written in a cramped hand on wrapping paper with lead pencil. They each carry a note of regret that the bird was killed. Usually the circumstances of the kill are given as well as the locality and the conditions surrounding the kill. Here is an unexpurgated example of the type of letter received daily during the late autumn by the Miners. Spelling and punctuation remain unchanged. We have too much respect for the innate intelligence and humanity of the writer to 'doll up' his letter. We asked Jack Miner's permission to print it because we consider it a human document of high quality:

Engelhard, N. C.
Nov 2nd 1927

Dear Sir or Madam
Kingsville Ont Canada

I had the good fourtune of meeting one of your neighbors yesterday on the first day of the hunting season and think he was the most remarkable goose I have ever seen. a flock of 25 or more geese lit to my decoys just out of gun shot of which he was the leader and as the flock started in he seemed to realize there was danger near my decoy geese and tryed hard to keep them back. he swam to and fro between the flock and the decoys fighting at the flock trying to drive them away and when they persisted to come in he would fly off and circle around hollering as hard as he could and when he saw the flock was coming in anyway in spite of his warning he came and lit between them and the decoys as much as to say if it must be done take me and let these children go. he being the largest goose in the flock I took him first. the others got away and after the excitement was over and I brought him in the blind and saw his tag and realized how nobly he laid down his life for his friends my concience hurt me. My companion and myself talked about the splendid traits of character the goose had shown and we imagined him some pet that a little boy or girl had found and raised until he was grown and carried and put with other geese to choose a mate and fly away to the safe, sunny south to spend the winter. Many will and go back. But this Brave gander was the first to fall. But in falling displayed such nobility as to convince me of the sin of killing game just for the sport of it and if ever I go again it will be because I want a goose to eat and not to shoot them down just to see them die On the tag besides the address was Ps 37-3 Trust in the Lord which is the first line of the third verse of the 37 Psalms 27 I suppose was the year. there was an S off to its self and I imagine the gander was named Sam.

One of Mr. Miner's ponds.

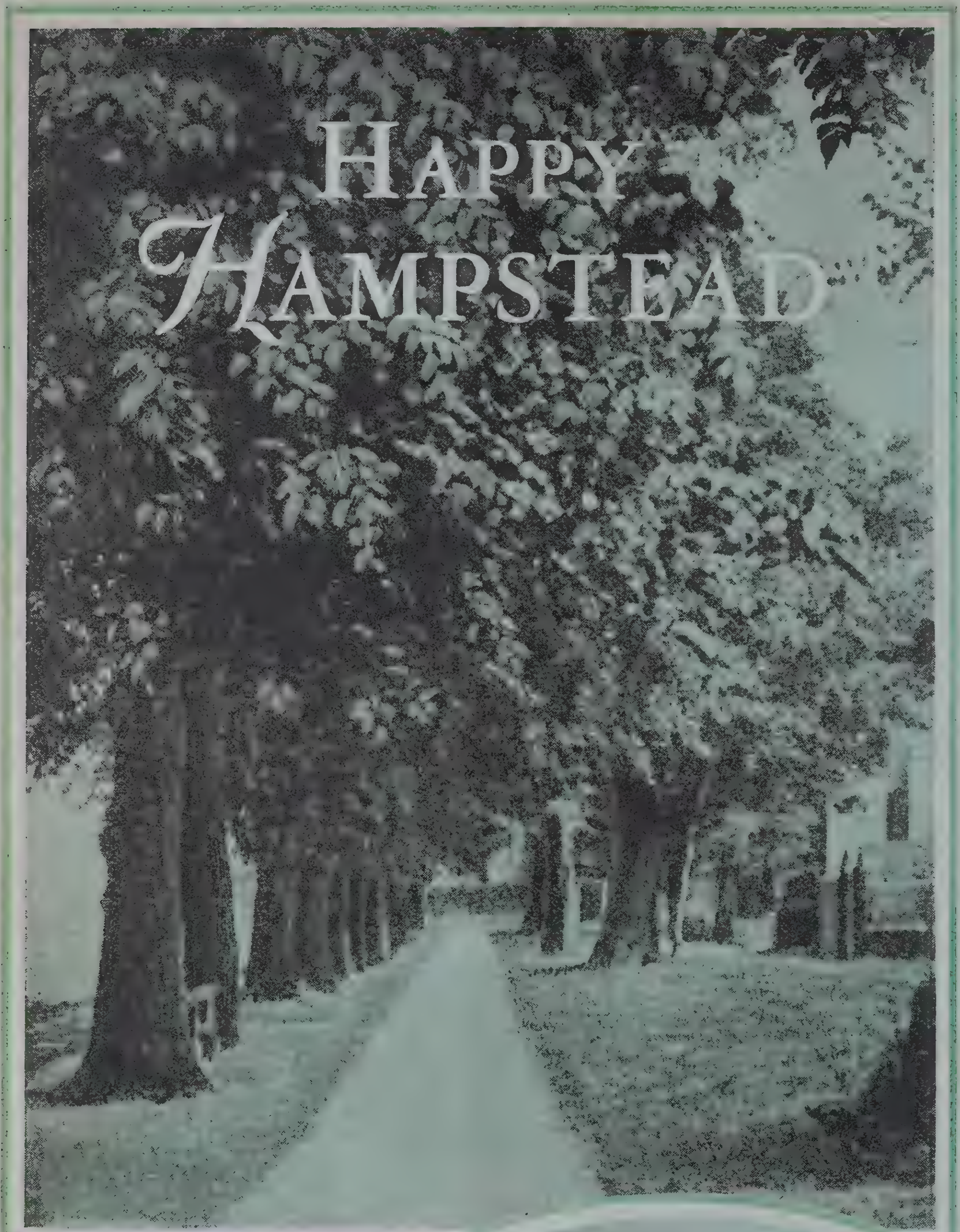
Any way Sam or Sallie my wife is puting dinner on the table now and I can smell the baked goose and the sweet potatoes collards cranberry sauce with oyster dressing. so I am just now consoleing my self with that passage of scripture When the Lord said Arise Peter slay and eat I really wish I could have killed an untagged goose and let old Sam go back home. I feel like you will look for him and miss him when the others come north again. I wish you would write me tell me your name and how you and old Sam became friends

Yours Very truly
Billy Harris

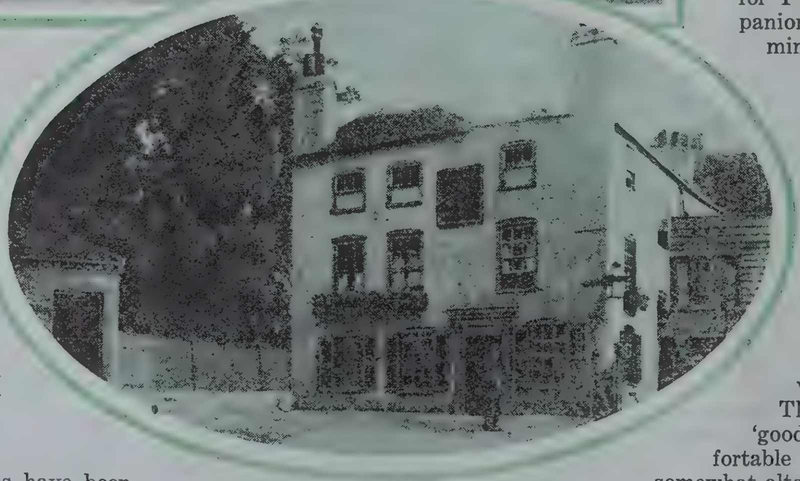
Do you wonder that Jack Miner feels as he does regarding his birds? He goes about the country giving lectures. The money he receives for these lectures goes to buy corn to feed his birds. Let him tell of his experiences along conservation lines.

'If you are privileged to live in the country, you can make your home into a little earthly heaven by "interfering with the balance of Nature," as you call it—but I term it, "assisting Nature"—for you can get seedling trees from our government forestry departments free of charge. If you will plant five hundred of them in the proper place and formation around your home, cultivating them the same as you would hills of corn for the first five summers, which will not take you over one day a year, in ten years' time these trees will be from twelve to fifteen feet high and will break the wind around your home and, on a cold wintry day, will reduce your fuel bill; and, if you can be big enough to ignore the criticism of men and take God's promise as a guide, your assistance will double and treble the quantity and quality of the birds at your home every year.

'My Scotch pines, planted on a sticky clay field in the spring of 1914, have now grown into a fine little forest; the lower limbs are now bent by the weight of three to five thousand mourning doves that have roosted there during August, September and October of the last few summers.'



HAPPY HAMPSTEAD



A bit of Hampstead Heath and, in oval, 'The Spaniards' at Hampstead Heath.

Two Famous Dickens Taverns

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

MANY English taverns have been immortalized by Charles Dickens. In the spirit, I have been to many of them with him. Jolly company he always is! The other morning I walked with him to Hampstead Heath, that glorious open space on a hilltop north of London; breezy—almost always; clad in spring in golden gorse, green grass, and bright field flowers; decked with many a shade tree, and bounded by fine houses, some old, some new, most of them standing in sumptuous gardens.

Dickens loved Hampstead Heath, and so do all right-minded Londoners. A pleasing volume might be written on the literary connections of the Heath. It is redolent with memories of Keats, Coleridge, Shelley, and other big men of the pen. Fanny Burney's pretty Evelina paid a visit to one of the tea gardens here in the year 1778; and does not Clarissa Harlowe say: 'I own that Hampstead Heath affords a very pretty and very extensive prospect'? It still does.

Standing atop the hill, looking one way, you see London spread before you:

'This is the Heath of Hampstead,
There is the dome of Saint Paul's;
Beneath, on the serried housetops,
A chequered lustre falls.'

There scarcely can be a more wonderful and impressive view than this, straight across the vast mass of the town, brooding, smoke-clad, beneath a checkered April sky, here flooded with sunshine, there gray under lowering clouds, elsewhere blurred with rain.

In the other direction you look out over wide stretches of red-roofed suburbs; beyond them to the open country, a conspicuous landmark being Harrow-on-the-Hill, whereon is the famous school where Byron dreamed his youthful dreams of greatness and love.

' 'Appy 'Ampstead,' cockneys call it who resort there on fine holidays in thousands, mostly from the East End quarters of London, where the costers and their 'donahs' dwell. They come to dance, to ride with joyous shrieks upon the roundabouts and in the swing boats. It is an amazingly merry scene.

But the heath was quiet and well-nigh deserted on the morn I visited it; and I was glad that it was so, for I sought not present-day companions. I was thinking, and in my mind's eye I saw Charles Dickens and his faithful henchman John Forster striding up the hilly road.

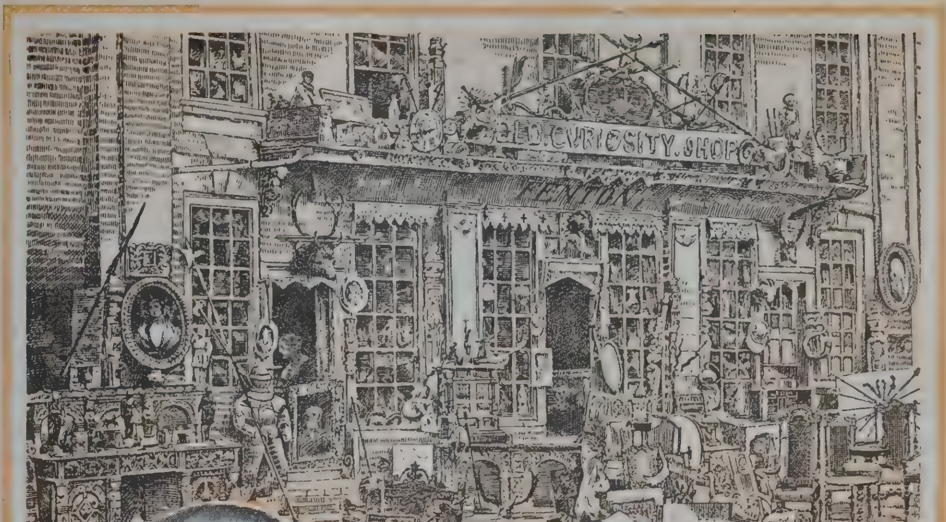
Whither away? The answer is provided in a note from the former to the latter, asking how about 'a good brisk walk over Hampstead Heath? I know a good 'ous there where we can have a red-hot chop for dinner, and a glass of good wine.'

There in front of me was the 'good 'ous,' a comely and comfortable tavern, though its face is somewhat altered since Dickens last visited it. 'Jack Straw's Castle!' As English taverns go, not a very ancient place of entertainment for man and beast. Why is it called 'Jack Straw's Castle'? I don't know and nobody knows—and after all what's in a name? So long as the thing itself is goodly? There was an old earthwork here, or fort, called the 'Castle,' and it is quite likely that in the year 1381 Jack Straw, the ranting lieutenant of rebellious Wat Tyler, encamped here with his ragged followers.

We have other records of visits by Charles Dickens. When the *Old Curiosity Shop* was under way Dickens here read to Forster and Maclise, the artist, one of the later chapters of that famous story. Would that you and I had been of that fellowship or, at least, had listened at the keyhole!

In 1844, when *Chuzzlewit* was being written, the same company plus Stanfield forgathered there, and dinner was 'on the table at four.' And there again they met and dined and wined and talked and chaffed and laughed a month or so later. Those were merry hours!

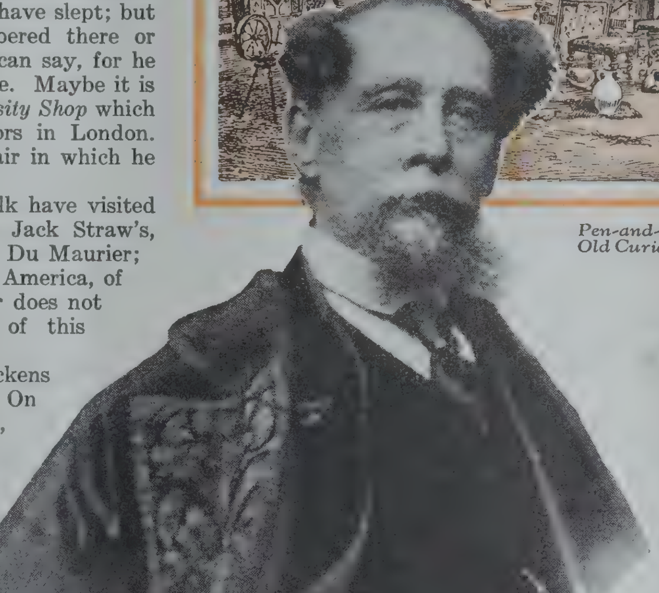
You can have merry times there now if the spirit so moves you—can dispose of a red-hot chop, and put away a capital cup of tea. You pays your money and you takes your choice! You can see a bedroom in which Dickens is said to have slept; but why he should have slumbered there or that he really did so, none can say, for he lived within walking distance. Maybe it is as fictitious as the *Old Curiosity Shop* which is shown to innocent visitors in London. And you may sit in the chair in which he may have sat, or didn't.



Pen-and-ink sketch, from an old photograph, showing the Old Curiosity Shop as operated by George Fenton, a collector of almost everything.

Other famous literary folk have visited and slaked their thirsts at Jack Straw's, among them Thackeray and Du Maurier; and a charming writer from America, of whom you have heard! For does not Washington Irving speak of this place in *The Sketch Book?*

There is a less direct Dickens connection with this tavern. On the slope of the hill behind it, upon Sunday morning, February 17, 1856, was discovered the body of John Sadleir, member of Parliament for Sligo, a fraudulent person, a swindler and promoter of bogus stock, who, when exposure was imminent, killed himself with a dose of essential oil of almonds, which he drank out of a silver cream jug, found lying by his side. From this incident Dickens secured the local color and material for another bit of fiction.



—Brown Brothers.

Charles Dickens, from a portrait made in 1867.

Left—An English coach on a run in Christmas season.

In *Little Dorrit*, Dickens says: 'I shaped Mr. Merdle himself out of that precious rascality.'

In the *Miscellaneous Papers*, in the one on 'Nobody, Somebody, and Everybody,' we read:

'And this brings me back to Nobody; to the great irresponsible, guilty, wicked, blind giant of this time. Oh friends, countrymen, and lovers, look at that carcase smelling strong of prussic acid (drunk out of a silver milkpot, which was a part of the plunder, or as the less pernicious thieves call it, the swag), cumbering Hampstead Heath by London town!'

With such memories of the *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Chuzzlewit*, and the happy hours spent here, one can understand the reason this tavern is forever associated with Charles Dickens.

Walking a little way beneath splendid elms, I came to another renowned hostelry, 'The Spaniards,' which is aged, dating back to 1630. A quaint, old-fashioned house, filled with memories of highwaymen days, or rather nights. Did not Dick Turpin rest and refresh himself here after his labors and between his exploits?

Often have I partaken of tea here on summer afternoons—bread and butter, jam, radishes, fresh lettuces, and a battered pot of tea all to myself—in the old tea garden, with its arbors, its lawn and its flower beds.

And whom do you think I once had as company at the next table? Mrs. Bardell and her son Thomas, Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. Cluppins, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Raddle and her long-suffering spouse. I heard them drive up in the Hampstead stagecoach and through the lattice watched them disembark and parade into the garden.

They stared haughtily at me as they came, all except poor Mr. Raddle, who looked as if he envied my being alone. Mrs. Bardell was unanimously voted to the chair. Mr. Raddle's very first deed gave check to the harmony, for did he not order tea for seven when six portions would have sufficed? For 'what could have been easier than for Tommy to have drunk out of anybody's cup—or everybody's, if that was all—when the waiter wasn't looking?'

That tea party, like an April day, was mixed showers and sunshine; it ended in gloom. Hark! Is not that the sound of approaching wheels? Who can it be? A hackney coach draws up at the garden gate. The myrmidons of the law! Mrs. Bardell is borne away to the Fleet Prison, where she meets with her victim, Mr. Samuel Pickwick. 'It's a sad, mad, bad world!' as somebody said.

The Gordon rioters also paid 'The Spaniards' a visit on their way from London to wreck Lord Mansfield's country house, hard by. Mine host greeted them at the door and craftily invited them to drink their fill; he meanwhile sent a messenger to fetch the troops, who came and sent the rioters empty away. Does Dickens make no mention whatever of this happening in *Barnaby Rudge?* He must have had full knowledge of it and he also knew this tavern well.

The Land of the First Christmas

(Continued from page 7)

—Ewing Galloway.
American tourists rowing on the River Jordan.

Dead Sea, on the other hand, has been said to resemble skimmed milk in a bowl of brown. It is saltier than any other water on earth, and so bitter and poisonous that no living thing can exist in it.

Ancient Hebrews termed Palestine the 'land of milk and honey.' It must be borne in mind, however, that these Hebrews were nomads of the desert. Compared with wilderness stretches, it was indeed a 'land of milk and honey'; but to Western eyes it seems a treeless, stony, barren, and uninviting country. Its fruitfulness and beauty are purely relative. According to earliest tradition, God cursed the ground and said to man: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' So it is in the Holy Land. There are some copious wells and fountains, and some naturally fertile places, but generally there is a scarcity of water and a small proportion of tillable land. The soil is fought for by terracing the hills and conserving every inch of arable space.

As one traveler remarked: 'The uplands look as if they had been stoned to death.' The Arabs have a legend that when God made the world he put all the stones to cover it into two bags and gave them to an angel. As the angel was flying over Palestine, one bag broke.

The stoniness of the country doubtless accounts for the many Biblical references to stones, their cheapness, troublesomeness, and commonness. For example, the 'King made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones'; dashing one's foot against a stone symbolized trouble; a stony heart was used as a figure of speech for impenitence; Christ pictured an unreliable life as stony ground, and as an example of a denied request cited giving a child a stone when he asked for bread.

The Arabs say the noses of the sheep have to be filed to a point for the animals to get grass between the rocks on the uplands.

The trees have suffered lamentably during the centuries, principally from the ravages of repeated wars and from the plague of locusts. Goats have even been seen to climb mature olive trees and crop the leaves; so a tree lover easily appreciates the symbol of the sheep and goats.

A real effort is being made now, however, to restore the beauty of trees to these hillsides.

Fuel is so scarce that it is rarely used except for cooking, and much cooking is done on one common stove.

Olive trees are being cut down. The wood is hard as apple and more knotty and gnarly.

It is heavy and is sold by the ton, being brought to Jerusalem on the backs of donkeys and camels. Each stick is taxed before it enters the city.

The common fuel is charcoal made of olive wood, chiefly at Hebron, twenty-three miles south of Jerusalem, where there are large orchards of olives, almonds, and apples. Brush and dead wood are used for charcoal. Coal is practically prohibitive in price, since it must be imported and the railways charge the same price for carrying it as for carrying silk. What there is, is in briquettes.

An impression of the slow, meditative spirit of the Holy City.

A wide diversity of climate and landscape is found in the Holy Land. At the Dead Sea the heat is torrid, while Hermon is snow-crowned. The spinal ridge of Palestine borders on the fiery desert and ends among the pines and the snows of Anti-Lebanon. It is only a day's trip from the parched wilderness to the temperate climate of Jerusalem, where rains fall in spring and snow is sometimes deep in winter. From Jerusalem one can view the blazing barren gorge of the Dead Sea on one side, and on the other the wheat fields of Shephelah and the citron groves and palm trees of the hot Philistine plain. To the north one looks over smiling country—the green valleys, the fig trees, and the olive groves of Ephraim, across the plain of Esdraelon, through Galilee with its oaks and sycamores, to the north mountains with their pines and cedars.

Numberless pigeonholes along the central ridge separate Palestine into pockets which sheltered the different tribes and made unity difficult. It was in the arid waste, amid weird desolation, that Christ was tempted; in the wilderness between Jerusalem and Jericho the victim of the parable fell among thieves. It is reported that even today jackals and hyenas roam here, and there are a number of places where it is not safe to venture unarmed because of the type of man to be met on the roads.

From the Philistine plain over Jerusalem ridge to the Judean wilderness is thirty-five miles, but the plain is like southern California in verdant fertility. The oranges are unsurpassed and the grain fields fruitful. Yet in the wilderness from Jordan to the ridge were the wild beasts that, as Mark records, tempted Christ; lions and bears lived in these copses. Such wild life was known even in the Christian Era; lions are heard of in the narratives of the Crusades.

Historic Jerusalem has been fourteen times destroyed, but it exists today on the same ground as the previous cities. Excavations often reveal relics of the older cities. The city is built on two hills, with great gorges about it, a strategic and picturesque site. A thirty-foot wall surrounds this plateau, inclosing the Old Jerusalem. The slope to the east faces the sunrise and the desert, ravines hem it in on east, south, and west, while the north is more open and the city tends to sprawl in this direction. For today the old gray-walled city of minarets, towers, and flat roofs is being encompassed by a New Jerusalem, in striking contrast; the valleys, however, keep modern encroachments at a respectful distance.

The population outside the walls today about equals that within.

The matter of sanitation is being given attention under the British, and it is a knotty problem in a land where there is barely enough water to drink. Jerusalem, for example, finds its most important supply of water in the Virgin's Fountain, known in the Bible as Gihon; it is the only considerable fountain near Jerusalem and its water flows copiously in an intermittent spring. Arab women still come to this fountain with their empty receptacles and leave with them filled and perched high on their heads; but the scene is less picturesque, as the homemade jars are coming to be replaced by American-made tins.

THE Jebusite city that David came to seize was built upon a steep hill above this fountain. Relics may still be found of the shaft which was run down into this pool from within the city to enable the inhabitants to withstand siege. As the desert encroaches on this ground, the elaborate system of aqueducts and cisterns is essential to the life of the city. It is consequently a place of wells and pools. In many cases the roofs of houses in Jerusalem drain into cisterns placed in courts. Water is sold in the dry season, sometimes at high prices. The man who has a spare cistern often reaps a rich harvest from his surplus water.

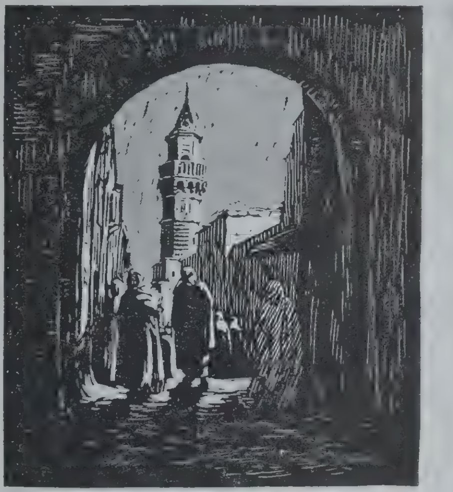
The Pools of Solomon, cut out of solid rock on highlands between Bethlehem and Hebron, and connected with Jerusalem, were planned to supply the city with water. But those aqueducts are now in ruins, and the four-inch pipe which comes in near the Dung Gate and runs from there to the temple platform supplies only the Dome of the Rock and the fountains of the city, which are permitted to play only occasionally. The Pool of Siloam, where Christ sent the blind man to wash, is in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, outside the walls.

In striking contrast with Western lands are the animals to be found in the Holy City. Horses, donkeys, and camels are still the favored and common means of transportation, though occasionally American automobiles are seen. Donkeys laden with alfalfa, veritable haystacks on legs, are common sights. And because the fear of the evil eye prevails, blue beads are frequently seen as necklaces on horse, donkey and camel; even on radiator or steering wheel. This is believed efficacious in warding off the 'spell.' Crowded as the city is, practically every house has also its sheep. The animals are cared for by shepherds, and arrangements are made whereby one man takes charge of the sheep of a number of families. Many a cloud of dust on Jerusalem roads proves to be a shepherd leading his flock to or from pasture.

Complaint has also been made by Westerners of the ever-present and numerous descendants of the cock that roused St. Peter's conscience. They start with the first crack of dawn and continue till the setting of the sun; then the 'symphony' is taken up and continued through the night by the braying of donkeys and the grumbling of camels. As modern machinery has not penetrated this land, it is a common sight to see blindfolded camels turning wheels for water supply or for grain grinding.

In physical appearance Jerusalem has been likened to a honeycomb; for there are no chimneys, and the stone roofs either are practically flat, or have small domes in the center. Little wood is used in the construction of the houses, most of them being of yellow limestone, with walls, floors, and steps of cold white rock. In places Jerusalem gives the appearance of a city of cave dwellers, for many stores and houses are little more than holes in rocks. Sometimes the only sign of modernity in them is an English lamp burning American kerosene. One recent innovation is noteworthy in contrast with ancient customs. Five-gallon gasoline tins are being used for roofs, lanterns, milk cans, plant stands, fences, coffee containers and dust pans.

The streets are narrow and winding, and some are built over, so that to go through them is like passing through tunnels or subterranean caves. Many are paved with brick or stone, presenting often an uneven surface, over which a staff or stick helps one very acceptably. Probably the most famed street in the world is also in Jerusalem, the Via Dolorosa, where Christ rested when he was carrying the cross to Calvary and where now pilgrims stop to pray.



The principal fruit market is at the base of the citadel along the moat. There may be found oranges from Jaffa, grapes from Hebron, apricots from Bethlehem and Beit Jala, bananas from Jericho, and watermelons from the coast near Caesarea; also the pride of Jerusalem, fine cauliflowers which grow in the Valley of Silwan, by 'Siloam's shady rill.' Women may here be seen walking gracefully, each with a dozen or more in a basket on her head, umbrellalike. The Sultan's Pool, once a great reservoir, is now the site of a cattle and sheep market, and at Damascus Gate is the grain market for wheat and barley from the Plain of Sharon, the Jordan valley, and the hills of Transjordania.

On the streets are seen people of all nationalities, a blending of the Orient and the Occident. On the whole it is an interesting and colorful group: The Moslem women cover their faces with veils according to their religion; Arab women wear no covering on their faces, but their dress is colorful and interesting; many carry burdens on their heads, and oftentimes children on their backs in addition. Their favorite colors are red and blue, which add picturesqueness to the interesting setting.

The 'small loaves' of the Bible still persist. The wafflelike Arab loaf serves as wallet, feast, and napkin. In it are carried olives and cheese; it is spoon for dipping up gravy or curdled milk; and the last bite, before being eaten, is often used to wipe the mouth.

Mohammed said that Jerusalem was the holiest place in the world, and that one prayer there was worth a thousand elsewhere. So in Jerusalem we find one of the finest Moslem temples, an outstanding example of Byzantine architecture, the magnificent Dome of the Rock, more commonly known as the Mosque of Omar. This Dome of the Rock occupies the site of Solomon's Temple, the summit of Mount Moriah, where it is said Abraham, at the command of the Lord, was about to sacrifice Isaac.

According to the geology of the rocks, Mount Moriah and Mount Sinai are the two oldest parts of the world. The parts of the earth which first solidified from the nebulous state were the summit of Mount Sinai and the rock now standing inside the mosque atop Moriah.

Mount Moriah is on the eastern edge of Jerusalem proper, opposite the Mount of Olives, above the Garden of Gethsemane, across the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The great flat rock at the summit was the ancient threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite. David purchased it as an offering to the Lord that he might free the people from the terrible pestilence then raging in Jerusalem. 'This is the house of the Lord God,' he said, 'and this is the altar of burnt offering for Israel.' He began preparations for the temple, actually built on the spot by his son Solomon.

Under the plateau of Solomon's Temple, now the Dome of the Rock, is a great catacomb, once part of the Jerusalem of the past. It is a wilderness of vaults with roofs upheld by pillars and arches of stone and by enormous stone blocks, beautifully laid. The pillars are four feet square, and some have holes through the corners. It is said that the vaults were constructed by Solomon for stables and that the holes were tying places. This, however, has never been proved.

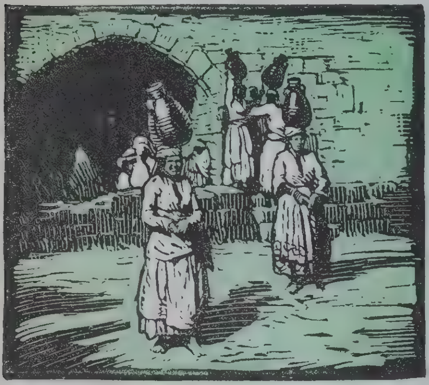
Not a stone of Solomon's Temple remains that can be recognized, but there is this ancient sacred rock on which rested the altar of the burnt sacrifice and the cavern into which the blood flowed.

This temple of Solomon stood for four centuries. It was wiped out in 586 B. C.

TWO generations later exiles erected a second temple, called the Temple of the Exiles, infinitely inferior to the first. That stood until Herod the Great erected his splendid edifice, wherein one thousand trained priests worked eighteen months to put up the temple proper. The only stone of this temple that remains is in the Imperial Museum at Constantinople. It is a sign warning all Gentiles, on pain of death, against entering the temple's inner court. It was this temple that Christ knew; this sign he doubtless read many times; and it was in this temple that he talked with the doctors when he was twelve, and from its court that he drove the money changers.

Titus destroyed the temple A. D. 70, and a fresh Jewish rebellion brought Hadrian on the city in awful rage in 134. The town was razed, and the name Jerusalem outlawed and Aelia Capitolina substituted. Jews were forbidden to come near the site. On the spot where for centuries Jehovah had been worshiped rose a temple to Jupiter. It was this Roman temple that the earliest Christian pilgrims found.

Early in the Fourth Century the Jews were permitted to come once a year to weep here for the ruined city. When Caliph Omar and his Moslems came, they redeemed the site and made it their most sacred shrine next to Mecca. Creating the tradition that Mohammed had prayed there, they built over the ancient cavern the beautiful mosque, the Dome of the Rock, chaste and lovely, with mosaics mellowed by time, stained glass, excellent proportions, and an atmosphere subdued and reverent. Christians must now get official permission to visit the mosque, and none of them may enter on Friday when the Moslems worship there. No Orthodox Jew comes into it for fear he may walk above the sacred hiding place of the Ark, or perhaps tread on the Holy of Holies itself. So the Dome of the Rock has been termed a holy shrine to the Moslem, a wistful memory to the Christian, and a desperate hope to the Jew. For the city is the capital of a land of three faiths, and it maintains its preëminence by its religious significance. The wailing place is outside the walls of the Dome of the Rock, or the Mosque of Omar. Here the Jews come to sorrow over the loss of Jerusalem and to pray God to give back the land to the Chosen People.



WHEN Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, came to find holy relics, she was interested, not in where the Jewish Temple stood, but in where Christ had died and risen. So her name is associated with the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, not with the Dome of the Rock.

It was Constantine who built the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, for which the Crusaders fought, and before which all Christendom bows. It is of yellow limestone. At one side is a dome somewhat smaller than the capitol at Washington. The chapel rises above other parts to a second story, and the whole stands on a rock high above the ground. The rock is believed to be Calvary, on which stood the cross of Christ. Under the dome, inclosed in an ivory-white marble chapel in the center of the rotunda, is what is alleged to be the tomb of the Saviour. The door is so low that one must stoop to enter; this inner chamber is six feet square, and is lighted only by candles. The tomb is marble covered with glass to prevent the kisses of pilgrims from wearing the stone.

The front of the church is covered with carvings, some from ancient temples, and over the doors are bas-reliefs of scenes from the Bible. Outside the church are candle sellers, rosary peddlers, and hawkers of relics. The setting is not beautiful, for it is in the heart of Jerusalem, surrounded by bazaars, convents, monasteries, and hotels. Around the rotunda extends a series of buildings and elaborately decorated churches and chapels of different denominations.

The house of Pontius Pilate, where he examined Christ, is lower than the city. A church now stands over its Roman mosaic floor.

Outside the walls of Jerusalem is the Mount of Olives. This mount is rapidly changing. The slopes are now being cultivated, the rocks are being picked up and made into stone fences, and the cleared spots planted to crops and orchards. The soil here is fertile and the crops are good. The mount is spotted with churches and chapels, monasteries and convents. There are a great Russian church and several hospices, including a huge sanitarium built in honor of Augusta, Empress of Germany. The Russian hospice covers ten acres, hemmed about by a wall, and is a veritable slice of the land of the White Bear dropped into the Holy Land. There are probably more pilgrims from Russia than from any other land, and so in this hospice the customs and costumes of Russia prevail. On the spot where tradition says Christ taught the Lord's Prayer to the disciples stands a Carmelite nunnery. The church is called the Church of the Lord's Prayer. In the court are tablets inscribed with the Lord's Prayer in thirty-two languages. There the nuns divide their time so that one is always kneeling in prayer behind a screen. It is said to be one of the quietest and most solemn spots in the Holy Land.

At the foot of the Mount of Olives, just off the Jericho Road, is the Garden of Gethsemane. It is surrounded by a wall of yellow limestone twelve feet high and four feet thick. Outside this wall, even today, lepers beg alms from passers-by. The garden extends up the side of the mountain. It is almost a square covering not quite two acres, and is cut into flower beds. The flowers are lovely, and the eight olive trees and numerous dark cypresses lend added charm. The garden belongs to Franciscan monks and must be entered through a mere hole in the wall, where again one must stoop to get through. Back of the entrance is a limestone ledge where the disciples are said to have slept during the night of agony, and one hundred feet farther, a column where tradition says Judas betrayed Christ with a kiss. It is worn smooth by the kisses of pilgrims. A Russian church also stands in the Garden.

Five miles from Jerusalem is the City of David. From a high point both cities may be seen, Jerusalem a gray city and Bethlehem a shiny white, for Bethlehem has been called the shiniest city in the Orient. The walls are painted and the doorsteps scrubbed; the shops are tidy and open-faced, and even the babies are clean. Incidentally, a returned traveler has remarked that Bethlehem has entirely recovered from the Slaughter of the Innocents. The infant population seems large.

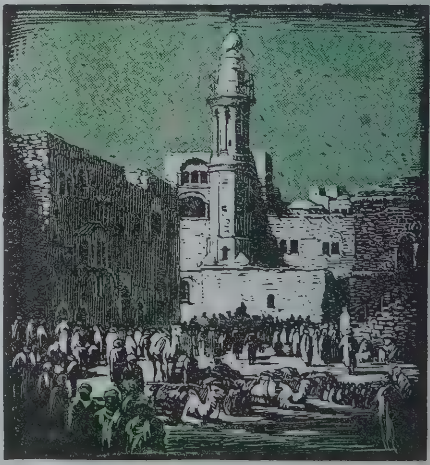
The town of Bethlehem is a maze of boxlike one-, two-, and three-story limestone houses. Its winding streets are occasionally arched over to shut out the glaring sun. It is ten times as large as when Christ was born, and its fifteen thousand inhabitants are engaged chiefly in the making of rosaries, crosses, and articles of wood and mother-of-pearl to sell to tourists.

Bethlehem is said to be religious in the spirit of the joyous merrymaking of the Greek Christian. A man in Bethlehem may spend his life rimming a circle or polishing a bead, but garbed in a purple robe and a yellow turban on feast days, he is another person, transfigured in his pictorial splendor. The women on feast days add to the general picturesqueness, with their brass coin ornaments, billowy headdress, and exquisite white linen.

THE grotto, or cave, in which Christ was born is in the very heart of Bethlehem today. The open square is surrounded by stores and schools, and over it stands the Church of the Nativity. Pictorially this church is disappointing; the walls are grim and fortlike. The roof commands a view of the ancient town, with its white walls, and crimson roof lines. It has been the scene of most unseemly religious dispute, and even today is divided among the various sects. The Greeks, strongest Eastern Christians, hold the main auditorium, the ancient building; the Latins, being the richest, possess the newer and handsomer addition, and the Armenians, neither powerful nor wealthy, cling to a carefully guarded corner over which no Greek nor Latin may tread. Neutral Mohammedan guards keep peace among the worshipers.

The stable is under the church. A winding staircase leads down to a cave floored by marble. It is twelve feet wide and forty feet long; thirty-two lamps burn there day and night. In the marble pavement is a star over which is the inscription: 'Mary here gave birth to Jesus.' At one side of the cave is a recess, the Chapel of the Manger, where it is said Christ was laid after his birth. The manger is of brown and white marble, and a wax doll lies in it. The Latins allege that the original manger is in a cathedral in Rome, where it is shown every Christmas. Travelers report that a better idea of the manger may be gained from actual stables in Palestine today.

By special permission, American and English residents sing carols in the Greek church on Christmas. It is the Christmas custom in Bethlehem to sing old-time carols in Shepherd's Field and then to go up to the grotto of the nativity and worship. So, throughout the Christian world, voices will go up with those in Bethlehem as hymns are sung in divers languages, with the one purpose, to rejoice in the gift to the world of a Babe born in a manger in Bethlehem, the City of David, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven years ago.



CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'We think nothing of seeing young women eating luncheon in the hotels of Detroit unescorted,' said the ***Hotel Manager,*** as he paused to survey the diners in the Palm Room.

'Back in New York forty years ago hotels and restaurants were closed to women, if they were not accompanied by men. There is a story told of two brilliant sisters, whose wealth and social prestige were unquestioned, having been refused luncheon at Delmonico's, because they were not accompanied by gentlemen.

'They had dined there often in the past, in company with their father or men friends, and the head waiter had always treated them with the most servile politeness. On this occasion, however, they sat long without receiving any attention. Finally the elder of the two demanded of the waiter why they were not served. On hearing his somewhat hesitating but entirely respectful answer that ladies could not be served if not escorted by gentlemen, she went to the door and imperiously demanded her footman, who was waiting in the carriage outside, to enter and sit beside her and her sister at the table.

'Then, turning to the waiter, she ordered their luncheon.'

* * *

'Don't hurry,' said the ***Examining Physician*** to a nervous patient who came tearing into the office out of breath. He proceeded to lecture:

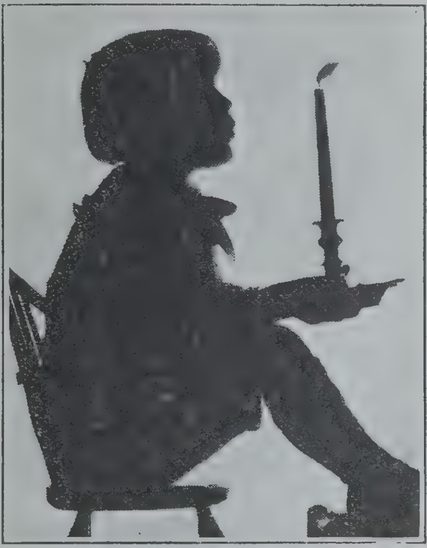
'The man of large affairs, the physician of ability, the inventor with an idea, and the artist with a dream, these workers do not hurry. Hustle and bustle are characteristic of smaller minds and small activities. The large things of life must be done with thought.

'Go to an able physician to be examined. With an office full of patients waiting to be examined he will calmly chat with you about your family, about your sports, about a dozen and one things that seem to you irrelevant. However, the physician knows that before he can make any worth-while examination you must be calm and he must be able to see your normal reactions.

'Go to a good photographer. He does not hustle you into a chair, rush to the camera and snap your likeness. No! a good likeness is not made that way. The photographer that is an artist must see you in an unhurried mood. You must forget that you are being photographed, that your visage is to be reproduced for the so-called benefit of your friends. When the photographer hurries it is apparent in the result that no artist did the work.

'If you have a portrait painted, you must go to the artist in person. Not even a Chase, a Sargent, or a Whistler could make a good portrait of you from a photograph. No! a good portrait requires the unhurried attention of the artist and his subject. Half a dozen sittings of an hour or more are essential, so that the artist may become acquainted with the subject in a natural manner.

'Don't hurry. The big things of life are done with thought. The inventor spends hundreds of hours in thought upon his device. Isaac Watts sat before the fireplace and learned how to put steam to work. Isaac Watts thought. The thinking was the important part of the operation and that was done calmly. Many people sit before the fireplace *without thinking* and naturally nothing happens. The essential point is the thinking and there is no such thing as hurry in thought.'



—H. Armstrong Roberts.

''T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.'

'A married woman's rights are far different today from what they were fifty years ago,' said the ***Social Worker,*** as she settled back in her Pullman seat.

'We read of Elizabeth Cady Stanton's childhood and of how one afternoon, while playing in her father's study, she heard the story told by a helpless, unhappy old lady who came for advice. Her father was a judge and an authority in his neighborhood.

'Weeping, the old lady told her story. She had been the only child of a well-to-do farmer, and upon her marriage all of her property had gone to her husband; at his death it had passed in turn to her son. Now the son had married and his wife had refused to keep the old mother any longer. Turned out, she had no place to go but the poorhouse, and yet all the property had once been hers.

'With pitying kindness, the lawyer told the old lady that nothing could be done for her. Such was the property law from which there was no appeal. She went out, weeping more bitterly than before.

'The little girl by the window had watched and listened attentively. Leaving her storybook, she went to her father's side, and putting her hand in his inquired: "Father, why did you make that poor woman so sad?" In reply the father opened a great book upon his study table and pointed to the paragraph on property rights, the paragraph which said that a married woman had no rights save those of her husband; that even her very clothing and the body of her unborn child could be willed away by her husband as he saw fit.

'The child's big eyes took it all in, but in the still hours of the night, when all the household was asleep, she crept down the stairway from her room, entered her father's study, and found the wicked book of Blackstone; she turned to the page which held the cruel law and with her little scissors cut it out. She returned to bed and slept peacefully, thinking that thus she had removed this hardship from women. In later years she did, indeed, help to do this. Susan B. Anthony found her most powerful ally in Elizabeth Cady Stanton and for fifty years these two remarkable women worked constantly together for the enfranchisement of their sex.'

* * *

'Many people, particularly Northerners, have written and spoken at length on the various disadvantages, real or imaginary, of the Southern Negro, but few have discussed the remarkable progress he has made during the last sixty years in the great Southland where he once was held in bondage,' said the ***Southern Planter,*** as he drove his Northern visitor into the outlying Negro section of one of our great southern cities.

'Nearly nine million Negroes live south of Mason and Dixon's line. With but few exceptions they are the progeny of grandparents who were born in slavery. The Negro emerged from the darkness of servitude without land, capital or credit. Within the sixty years that have followed emancipation he has come into possession of twenty-two million acres of land, an area greater than that of South Carolina. Negroes of the South are proprietors of businesses of every description. Approximately forty thousand enterprises, some of which are national in scope, are owned and operated by them. There are nearly seventy Negro banks, three Negro life insurance companies, real estate firms, hotels, factories, drug and department stores. Colored lawyers, doctors, dentists, undertakers and artisans of every degree of skill practice their profession and ply their trade in every part of the Negro's native section. In sixty years the Southern Negro has acquired these for himself.

'Negroes of the nation own one billion dollars' worth of property and their holdings are increasing at the rate of fifty million dollars a year. Their most important investments and greatest enterprises are in the South, for that is the section they have known for generations, and the one in which, best authorities say, they will find their greatest success.

'Were the Southerner not the friend of the Negro it would have been impossible for the Negro to have attained the degree of success with which he has been blessed. The late Andrew Carnegie and the late Lord Bryce agreed that the progress of the American Negro, after emancipation, was the most remarkable racial accomplishment in the history of the world. The Southerner claims his part of the glory for this achievement, for he is the Negro's teacher.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. I should like some information regarding the Panama Canal. Did we not pay for its construction, and if we lease it what is the rental paid Panama?

Answer. The actual total cost of construction borne by the United States, including general expenses but excluding sanitation, has been $305,148,000, to which must be added the money expended for sanitation, $20,053,000; $40,000,000 paid to the old Panama Canal Company for its property and franchises; $10,000,000 paid to the Republic of Panama in gold for the concessions, and $250,000 to be paid annually to the Republic of Panama beginning nine years after the exchange of ratifications. The United States leases the Panama Canal Zone in perpetuity.

* * *

Q. Will you please give me a list of the commemorative and memorial coins which have been issued by the United States mints?

A. The following commemorative and memorial coins have been made, but they are not obtainable at the mints nor at the Treasury; they were distributed (usually at a premium) by the organizations having charge of the pertinent activities: The Columbian silver half-dollar and the Isabella silver quarter-dollar for the World's Columbian Exposition held in Chicago in 1893; the Lafayette silver dollar for the unveiling of the Lafayette memorial during the exposition in Paris in 1900; special gold dollars for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition held at St. Louis, Missouri, in 1903; the Lewis and Clark Exposition gold dollar in 1904 and 1905; special gold and silver pieces for the Panama Pacific Exposition Company in 1915; the McKinley gold dollar in 1916 and 1917 for the McKinley Memorial Association; the Illinois Centennial silver half-dollar in 1918; the Maine Centennial silver half-dollar in 1920; the Alabama Centennial silver half-dollar in 1921; the Pilgrim Tercentenary silver half-dollar in 1920 and 1921; the Missouri Centennial silver half-dollar in 1921; the Grant Memorial coins, gold dollar and silver half-dollar, in 1922; the Monroe Doctrine Centennial silver half-dollar in 1923; the Walloon-Huguenot silver half-dollar in 1924; the Stone Mountain Commemorative silver half-dollar in 1925; the Lexington-Concord silver half-dollar in 1925; the Bennington silver half-dollar in 1927; the California silver half-dollar in 1925; the Fort Vancouver Centennial silver half-dollar in 1925; the Sesquicentennial silver half-dollar and gold $2.50 piece in 1926; the Oregon Trial silver half-dollar in 1926.

* * *

Q. I should like to know something about George Meade.

A. George Meade, merchant, was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on February 29, 1741. He was one of the original opponents of the 'Stamp Act,' and one of the signers of the nonimportation resolutions of 1765. At the outbreak of the Revolution he had already amassed a considerable fortune in trade, and he ungrudgingly contributed large sums from his substance toward the furtherance of the patriot cause. He gave his services also as a member of the Third Philadelphia Battalion in 1775-76. In the trying winter of 1780, when the army was suffering from the rigorous winter and from lack of food, Mr. Meade promptly subscribed two thousand dollars to the relief fund. When the independence of the United States became a fact, he identified himself conspicuously with the progress of Philadelphia. He was the father of Richard Worsam Meade, to whom Spain awarded nearly half a million dollars by a certificate of debt; Congress, however, for some reason declined to sanction his acceptance of the amount; hence the celebrated 'Meade Claim,' pressed in vain by such lawyers as Webster, Clay, and Choate. General George Gordon Meade, who won distinction in the Civil War, was the grandson of George Meade. George Meade died in Philadelphia on November 9, 1808.

'MERRY CHRISTMAS!'

* * *

Q. What was the family name of the late German Kaiser? From what royal house did the family originate?

A. The first historical mention of the name 'Hohenzollern' is in the Chronicon of a certain Berthold (d. 1088) who refers to Burkhard and Wezil, or Weiner, of Zollern, or Zolorin. These men appear to have been counts of Zollern, and to have met their death in 1061. The family of Wezil died out in 1194, and the existing branches of the Hohenzollerns are descended from Burkhard and his son Frederick.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Q. Will you please tell me something about Marshal Ney?

A. Michel Ney was one of Napoleon's most celebrated marshals. He was born at Saarlouis in 1769, the son of a poor cooper. In 1788 he joined a hussar regiment at Metz and soon distinguished himself by his energy and cool intrepidity. In 1796 he was made brigadier general for his services in storming the citadel of Würzburg and in 1799, general of division for his capture of Mannheim. In September of the same year he was placed in temporary command of the army of the Rhine and carried on a skilful game of strategy against Archduke Charles of Austria whom he prevented from uniting with Suvarov against Masséna. He fought subsequently under Lecourbe and Moreau at Engen, Mooskirch and Hohenlinden. In 1803 he received command of the Sixth Corps of the Grand Army raised for the invasion of England, but soon to be turned against Austria. In 1804 he was made a marshal of the Empire. In the following year he defeated the Austrians at Günzburg and by his successful assault on the intrenchments of Elchingen brought about the capitulation of Ulm and gained for himself the ducal title. He fought at Jena in 1806 and reduced the cities of Erfurt, Magdeburg, and Thorn. On June 14, 1807, Ney took the village of Friedland from the Russians and thus decided the outcome of the battle. He now became the idol of the army and Napoleon bestowed on him the title of *Brave des Braves.* In 1808 he campaigned in Spain and in 1810 in Portugal. In the Russian campaign of 1812 he held command of the Third Corps. He distinguished himself at Smolensk and commanded the center at Borodino where his efforts achieved the victory, his services being rewarded with the title of Prince of the Moskva. He commanded the rear guard on the retreat from Moscow and saved the remnants of the Grand Army from utter disorganization. In the campaign of 1813 he won a victory over the Allies at Weissenfels but was defeated by Bülow at Dennewitz. He held the left of the French line in the battles around Leipzig and was with Napoleon in the defensive campaign of 1814 in France. After the taking of Paris by the Allies he insisted on Napoleon's abdication and hastened to offer his services to the Bourbons. He was made a peer of France and a member of the council of war, and was placed in charge of the Sixth Military Division. On news of Napoleon's return from Elba he was ordered to Besançon to resist the Emperor's advance, but on the night of March 13 he went over to Napoleon, summoning his troops to follow him. At the head of the First and Second Corps of the new army raised by Napoleon, he fought on June 16 at Quatre-Bras, and led the last charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo. After the battle he returned to Paris and advocated the recall of the Bourbons, but was arrested and, on December 6, 1815, was found guilty of treason by the House of Peers and condemned to death. He was shot the following day in the gardens of Luxembourg.

BRIEFLY TOLD

The pads of water lilies growing in a St. Louis park are strong enough to hold the weight of a man standing on a single pad.

When the King of Spain is in England, one of his favorite pastimes is to mount a bus-top incognito and ride about the town.

Governor John H. Trumbull of Connecticut is now entitled to an airplane pilot's license. He is believed to be the only flying governor.

There are 600,000 drug addicts in Greater New York.

The law providing for the punishment by fine of anyone who galloped his horse on Main Street, enacted in Fredericksburg, Virginia, in 1787, is said to be the first speed law.

A pound of steel two inches square is worth $300,000 when made into hairsprings for fine watches.

An eminent explorer maintains that cannibals are very proud of their table manners.

By means of a new telescope the snow gauge in the Alta Peak district of Sequoia National Park is read, although it is eleven miles distant.

Baseball umpires on their vacations often resort to unusual duties. One is a florist and another is a toy maker and seller.

In the Pretoria district of South Africa, it is not uncommon to see pigsties and stables made of marble cemented with mud.

Arrows pointing north have been painted on thirteen lighthouses on the east coast to guide aviators.

In an Italian restaurant on the banks of the Miljacka, the host serves only persons whose faces he likes. If he does not wish the patronage of a guest he turns the plate in front of the guest upside down.

Not more than seventy-five years ago a New England city passed an ordinance making it unlawful to use a bathtub without a doctor's prescription.

Six hothouse peaches raised in Belgium sold recently in New York for two dollars each.

Pictures thrown on the sky at night by a powerful searchlight are being used for advertising purposes in Germany.

In Yellowstone Park a hothouse heated by water from a nearby geyser furnishes fresh vegetables and flowers throughout the winter.

An earthquake wave has been known to travel across the Pacific Ocean at the rate of six miles a minute.

The United States Government maintains a catnip patch the produce of which is used by the predatory animal trappers to entrap cougars and bobcats.

Prohibition agents raiding a Chicago tavern were met at the door by a Chinese cook armed with a meat cleaver. 'First one touchee ice box allee samee dead. No spoilee Sunday dinner,' he threatened. The ice box, finally opened, contained only meat.

—*H. Armstrong Roberts.*

'WHAT'S TODAY?'
'TODAY! WHY, CHRISTMAS DAY!'

A copy of Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat*, published by Quaritch in 1859 and sold for fourpence, or about eight cents, is now worth $1,000.

It was considered proper in George Washington's day to eat peas with a knife and to drink tea from a saucer.

Expressed in calories, four pounds of beefsteak or twelve pounds of fresh fruit and vegetables are required to equal one pound of pecan meats, which rank first of all nuts in food value.

Firecrackers are used in China at social, religious, and military functions, and at births and funerals. Red firecrackers are for the common people, yellow for the aristocracy, and green for the officers of the law.

Spanish women are credited with being the most graceful dancers of all women in the world.

It required 5,761 vessels to transport the 26,330,000 gross tons of trade entering and leaving the United States last year.

When forks were first used, a celebrated divine preached a sermon against them as an insult to the Almighty, who gave us fingers for the purpose.

In parts of north Siam both parties to a lawsuit are put under water, and the one staying under the longest wins the suit.

On May 1, 1840, the British post office put on sale the first postage stamp.

The French are proud of the fact that they have the Eiffel Tower, the highest structure in the world; the Garabit viaduct, the biggest metal viaduct; *L'Ile de France*, 42,000 tons, the biggest steamer built since the war; the Saint Pierre du Vauvray Bridge, the biggest reinforced concrete bridge; the fastest electric train, running from Paris to Vierzon-Ville; Le Bourget, the biggest airfield; the biggest aviation hangars, at Orly; the Canal de Rove, the biggest underground canal; the billion candle power searchlight at Mont Valérien and the 50,000-kilowatt alternating current generators at Gennevilliers.

A pedestrian of Southampton has attached to his walking stick a noisy automobile horn which he sounds when about to cross a street, to inform drivers of his rights.

A frugal postmaster in California sent Postmaster-General New a ball of twine eighteen inches high and five feet in circumference, and weighing 23½ pounds. The twine had been salvaged from letters and packages sent to his office during 1926.

More people die of cancer each year than are killed by railroads, street cars, automobiles, fires, drownings, machinery, poison, homicide and suicide combined.

Less than two million of the forty-one million population of France pay an income tax.

Because of its great strength, elasticity, and marvelous durability, teak is considered by the United States Forest Service as the most valuable wood, commanding a price of nearly $1,000 for 1,000 feet.

In a juridical weekly in Berlin is a sentence containing 214 words, written by the secretary of the German Bar Association.

The cormorant devours five tons of fish in a year.

One hundred and fifty whales chasing shoals of herring plunged into shallow water, became frightened, and lashed themselves to death in Moray and Dornoch firths, Scotland.

According to the mathematics of relativity, an object moving toward the east moves faster and weighs less than one moving toward the west.

Switzerland has just placed in service its first Pullman train.

Based upon the theory that the elevation from the eyes to the highest point of the head is almost exactly the same in all persons, regardless of height, a mirror has been installed in a store in Portland, Oregon, with a scale so placed that the figure at the point where one's eyes are reflected gives one's height.

Notes Comments Criticisms

MR. FORD'S PAGE this week discusses the Duty of Conscious Allegiance.

* * *

Thomas Hanks, a soldier, fought 'under Cromwell' until he disappeared from the record sometime between 1642 and 1645. A few years later—prior to 1653—a Thomas Hanks appears in American history buying land in Virginia. Were they the same individual? That is one of the fascinating conjectures found in Doctor Barton's new researches into the ancestors of Abraham Lincoln. (p. 1)

* * *

The name of Hanks in England is as honorable as is that of Lincoln. It runs back for nine hundred years and appears to have been a clannish tribe. The Hankses were usually burgesses.

* * *

'My winter woods are full of mystery . . . The green hardwood trees snap and crack like pistol shots in the quietness, and afar on the lake comes the deep thunderlike rumble of the ice cracking under the intense cold . . . On clear nights in this north country the dancing stars seem almost to snap and crackle in the tingling air . . . ' (p. 4)

* * *

James Clyde Gilbert, who writes in this issue on Christmas in the north woods, struck a popular chord with his articles on the Yukon country which have appeared recently in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. Mr. Gilbert's descriptions of wild life are most realistic.

* * *

The Holy Land today may disappoint one because it is so unbelievably small. Its length may be traversed in a day; the Sea of Galilee is only half as large as Cayuga Lake in New York State. Jerusalem and Bethlehem may be viewed from a single eminence, so closely are they situated. Despite all this, one is conscious of a profound thrill at visiting the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, or of the Nativity. (p. 6)

* * *

Palestine was described as flowing with 'milk and honey,' and so it must have seemed to the Arabs after their long journeying over the desert sands. But to an American tourist familiar with some of the world's beauty spots, it would hardly seem quite so alluring as the description implies.

* * *

Charles Dickens' description of the stagecoach ride of the Pecksniffs with their Chuzzlewit cousins is rich in humor and full of intimate touches of life such as only Dickens could portray. The giggling girls, the debonair Jonas, the elder Chuzzlewit, and Pecksniff himself with his hip flask, must have been frequent passengers on overland journeys in those times. (p. 11)

* * *

Christmas may not have had its birth in England, but it surely attained its majority in that land. There it has been more than a rite or ceremony, more than a day of feasting or of gift-giving. Washington Irving's *Sketch-Book* paints the holiday atmosphere which even in that early day ushered in the spirit of Yuletide. (p. 12)

* * *

While Frances Higgins of Denver was conducting her research into the days when Eugene Field was managing editor of the old Denver *Tribune*, she was assisted at a public library by an attendant named Joseph Brown. Great was her surprise when she learned that Brown had been Field's city editor. (p. 14)

* * *

Christmas and the event of the Saviour's birth have furnished art with one of its most precious subjects. The Christ-child as well as the Madonna have been placed on canvas by the earth's greatest masters, and among the many interpretations are a few that are recognized today as inspired masterpieces. (p. 16)

* * *

Shortly after the invention of printing, the broadside, a form of poster, replaced the town crier. It antedated the newspaper, and was designed to be posted in public places for the information of the public. The many great happenings of succeeding years which were heralded or chronicled by broadsides were undoubtedly influenced by the manner and rapidity with which the news was spread. (p. 20)

* * *

There are two taverns in Hampstead Heath which Dickens has immortalized—one of them a 'good 'ous where we can have a red-hot chop for dinner and a glass of good wine.' When both the *Old Curiosity Shop* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* were under way, Dickens read chapters from them to his friends as they dined here. Thackeray and Washington Irving visited this same 'Jack Straw's Castle.' (p. 24)

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Remarks by Our Readers

Ogden, Utah.

Please publish a correction in your next issue, of an error that appeared in the issue of November 19, 1927. On page 13, third column, second paragraph, in a story entitled 'California in Pioneer Days' by Frances Holbrook Pfeiffer, a statement is made that the rails of the first transcontinental railroad met at Promontory, *Nevada*. Promontory is in *Utah*, Box Elder County, and is a hundred miles from the Nevada line.

MAURICE HOWE.

* * *

Broadway, Virginia.

While under the spell of your wonderful editorial on 'Indian Summer,' allow me to express my appreciation to you for this matchless description. In reading it one lives through this wonderful season and at the end turns his coat collar up and gets ready to shake hands with Winter who is just around the corner.

(REV.) SCOTT CLAY HUTTON.

* * *

Beaumont, Texas.

The article appearing in a recent issue on David Crockett, written by Zella Armstrong, does violence not only to the history of the events described, but to the character of the men who defended the Alamo. They determined never to surrender or retreat. They kept their word, died to a man, each fighting to the last, one hundred and eighty-one against four thousand Mexicans.

'Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none.' A man named Rose accepted the offer of the commander, Travis, to 'release everyone who wanted to risk escaping.' He made good his escape. This is true, regardless of the Encyclopedia Britannica. Also, the Alamo is in the center of the city of San Antonio, not 'near it.'

Three women, two children and a negro servant, six persons—were spared; but not an American man.

U. S. S. DANIEL.

CHRISTMASTIDE

Childhood's Day *of* Days

Above—

Symbol of Christmas, the glittering Christmas tree is the object of fondest anticipations for the child and of happiest memories for the grown-up. Its heathen origin is forgotten. —Ewing Galloway.

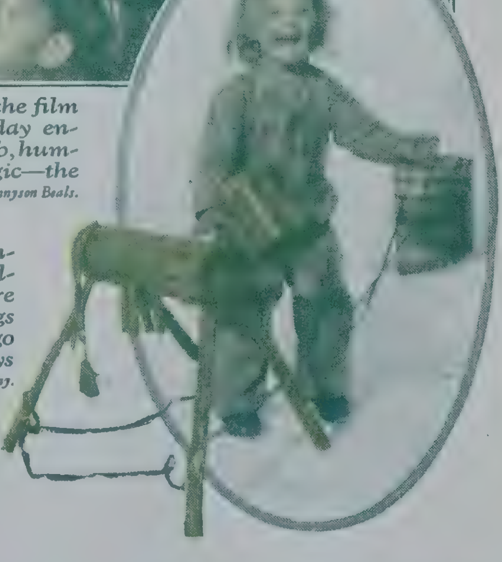
Above, right—

Early Christmas morning—this tot, stealing downstairs to see what Santa has left, typifies happy childhood at this season. —Ewing Galloway

Seeing the Christmas story on the film releases children from everyday environment and brings into drab, humdrum lives a touch that is magic—the alchemy of happiness. —A. Tennyson Beals.

Left—

Visions of Santa and his reindeer brighten the faces of children as they gaze into the fire on Christmas Eve, after stockings are hung to receive their cargo of nuts, fruits, candy and toys from the jolly saint. —Ewing Galloway.



Right—

Santa often shows ingenuity—for instance, this youngster found on Christmas morning his hobby-horse, a sturdy steed.

B-41
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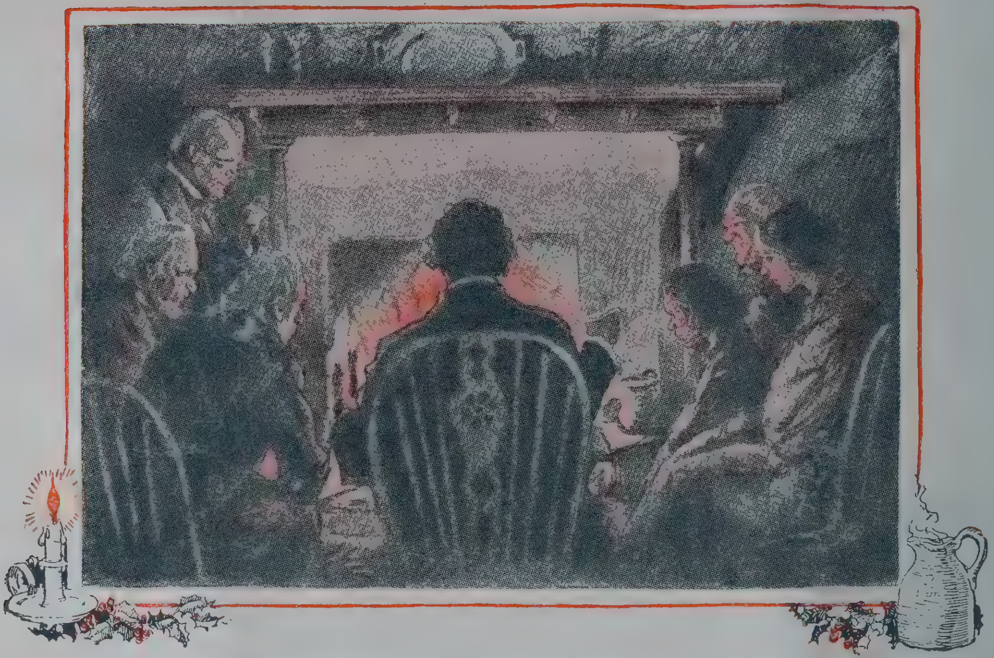

IT WAS always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed,

**God Bless Us,
Every One.'**

—*Charles Dickens.*

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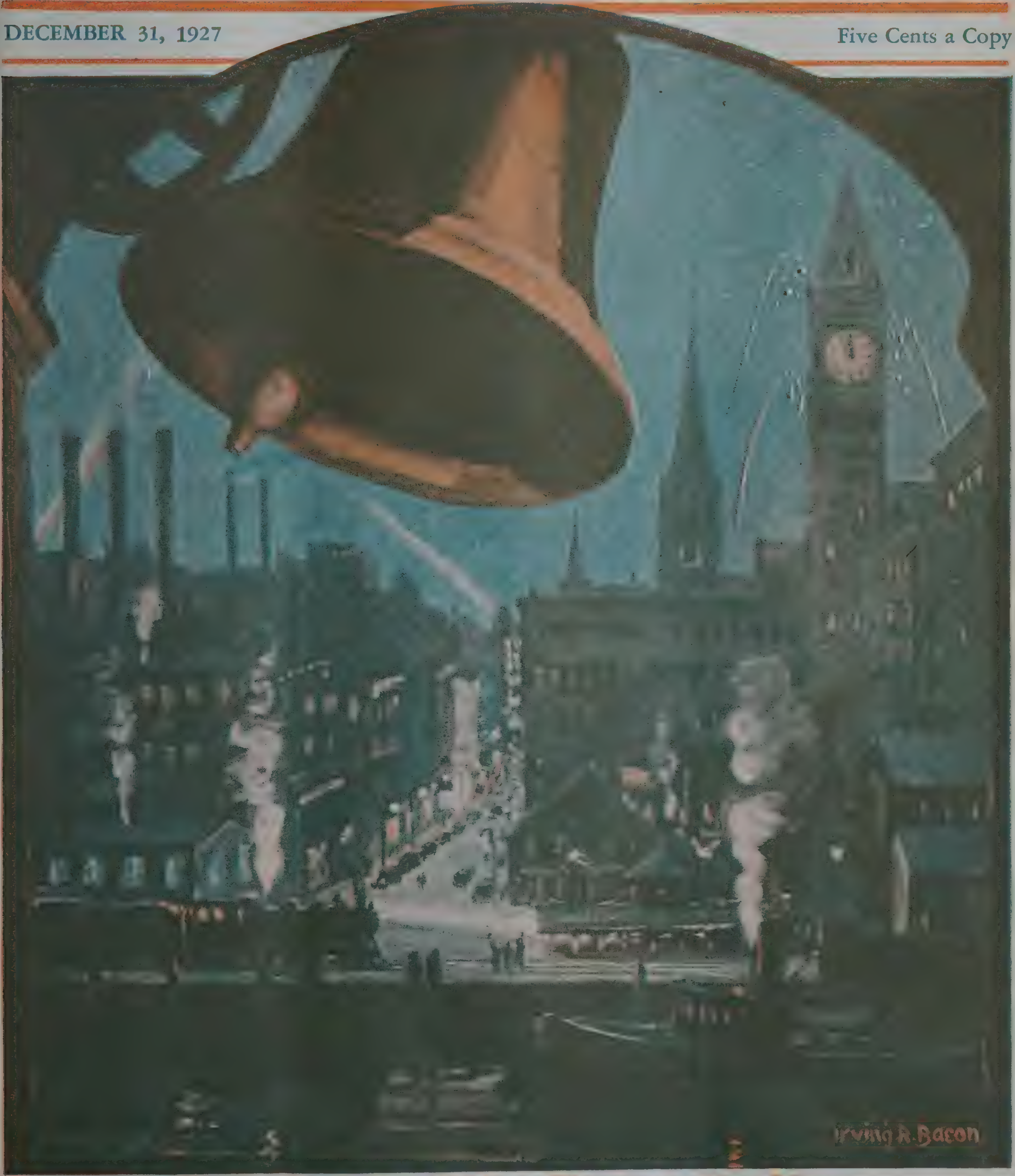
The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

DECEMBER 31, 1927

Five Cents a Copy



Ring Out the Old---Ring in the New

ENTERTAINERS Among the ANIMALS

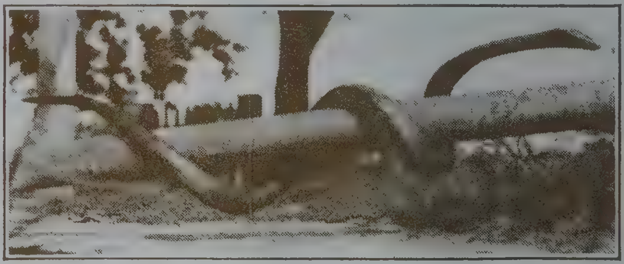
Their Amusing Accomplishments

This ape stringed trio follows very closely the lines of similar human trios. —Underwood and Underwood.

Left—'Tiny,' on his steel velocipede. —Herbert.

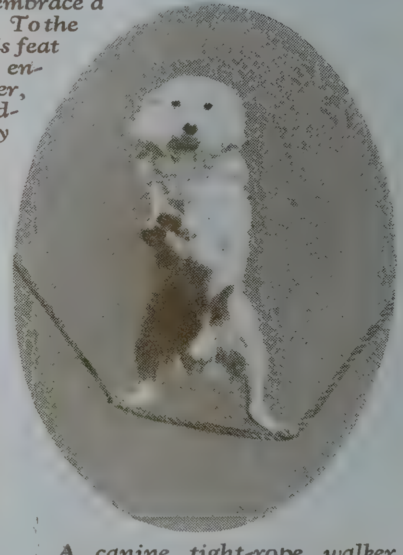
Right—A nice balance is maintained by this circus elephant in performing an apparently impossible feat. —Underwood and Underwood.

This tiny Siberian brown bear cub, a newcomer at the London (England) Zoo, mistook the fish bowl for a drinking bowl, and nearly robbed the goldfish of their native element. —Herbert.



Only a snake can embrace a tree in this fashion. To the average person, this feat is not particularly entertaining, however, nor has this handsome specimen any particular appeal. Instinctive dislike is hard to conquer.

Left—This chain of miscellaneous dogs, headed by a policeman, in college-boy formation, looks ridiculously human. The headgear at rakish angles particularly heightens the effect. —Wide World.



A canine tight-rope walker shows real skill in keeping his balance. —Fotogram.

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UNA

Their First Child

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

AFTER Sophie and Nathaniel Hawthorne had been married two years they had a daughter, and they named her Una. Una was the Lady of the Red Cross Knight in Edmund Spenser's *Faerie Queen* and represented the highest and purest type of virgin womanhood.

Una was born March 3, 1844, in the quiet of the Old Manse at Concord. New England, though new in years, had already acquired a sort of ancientness in this place; it was sequestered, not lonely. The silent river moved in a deeper silence beneath its windows. In March, snow lay on the north side of the piled-stone fences, trees were bare, and crocuses and snowdrops had not yet broken through the chill of the soil. Hawthorne still sawed and split his logs, and piled them in the wide fireplace. The fire of *The Scarlet Letter* would not burn for six years yet. The writer's fingers that held the quill pen of *The Mosses* might sometimes be numb, as he sat in his study upstairs; but his beloved Sophie had become a mother, and the harshness of winter melted in the sunshine of such felicity.

The baby rested in an atmosphere of tranquillity and beauty. Sophie was an artist, and her impulse was to create beauty in her surroundings. Works of high art, Greek, Roman and Medieval, were close by; a bust of a Greek god stood in the living room; the copy of the Sleeping Endymion which she had made hung on the wall; her tracings from Flaxman's famous outlines were in the big portfolio; her simple rooms were lovely in bland colors and graceful forms; a sheaf of cardinal flowers brought from the river by her husband flamed in a corner, and water lilies bloomed in a basin.

All reports agree that little Una was really beautiful. Her head, covered with soft Titian hair, was well-proportioned; the lashes of her gray eyes were long and up-curving, her nose and lips were exquisite. When Franklin Pierce, stern soldier and statesman, saw her smile, tears came to his eyes. In the warm spring and summer days, visitors attended her innocent receptions on the green turf beneath the shadows of the trees. They were hushed by her unconscious charm.

As Una grew, her mother's motherly preoccupations increased, and her father looked forward to the time when Una 'and three or four or five other children were grown up and married off,' and Sophie might have a little leisure, and could 'paint that Grecian picture which used to haunt your fancy.' Meanwhile, the gates of the Old Manse paradise must be closed, and Hawthorne must revert to Salem in quest of a livelihood which mere literature could not give him. In the summer of 1846, Una became the sister of a brother, and her path took a new turn. But the Grecian picture was never to glow from any earthly canvas. 'After a woman becomes a mother,' meditated the father, 'she may find rest in Heaven, but nowhere else.'

Una took to her sisterhood cordially. It is a mystery of the female nature that understanding of domestic relations seems to be innate in woman; a congenital foresight and wisdom. Una, though already in her third or fourth year, a person of strong self-determination, was strong in ethics, too, and would admonish her father at the dinner table: 'Be tareful not to spill the water, papa, because it is not proper to spill water on the cloth, papa.'

When the new baby came, she easily united sisterly with maternal attentions and guidance. She revealed talent as an imaginative artist in fiction, and once related to her family how a little girl became naughtier and naughtier, till, as a culmination of wickedness, 'she struck God!' Not that the child was invited to religious speculations, still less to sectarian views; but the mystery of sin, for so many past generations haunting her Puritan ancestry, seemed to stir spontaneously in her depths, though not going deeper than curiosity. Her mother would read to her passages from the Bible, but left them to the child's own interpretations.

The house in Salem had a large yard or garden in the rear, which afforded Una air, trees, grass, flowers, and in winter the miracle of snow. Her father's tale of *The Snow Image* belongs to this period—a delicately spiritualized study of the creative power of childish faith and love of beauty. A different side of life appeared in Una's contact with her grandmother Hawthorne, who occupied a room in the house, and died there in the winter of 1850, when *The Scarlet Letter* was being written. Una was then in her sixth year, and possessed a childish poise and maturity which in no degree interfered with her childly nature. The children would be permitted occasional glimpses into the chamber where the old lady lay awaiting the end; the awe and sympathy aroused in them abated nothing of their cheerful curiosity, and of that dramatizing instinct common to all healthy children.

In their playroom above, where they were within hearing and sight of their father, laboring on his romance, the two little creatures, under Una's direction, would stage the solemn scene with a fidelity to fact at once tragic and comic to the beholder. In the midst of the most poignant crisis, if the actors happened to meet the father's eye, they would smile up at him gleefully out of the shadow, as it were, of the grave. 'Una's sensibilities,' Hawthorne remarked, 'seem more readily awakened by fiction than by realities.'

* * *

Happily, after the Salem years, the arena was to be changed to the breezy hills and the lakes, brooks and forests of Berkshire: a paradise for children! Hawthorne, yielding to a fortunate and natural impulse, turned from the shadows of the romance of sin and sorrow to the pure sunshine of Grecian fable. He was free from the shackles of time and place and abounded in the freedom of idealities. But he had become a father, and entered into the children's point of view. There are in the little introductions to the tales of *The Wonder-book* portrayals of a child audience, in which a girl called 'Primrose' is prominent; she was somewhat older than Una at that time, and only slightly sketched, but of Una's type. Una had not only betrayed a sense of humor thus early, but she was often witty; both these qualities accompanied her through life, and they enhanced her subtle resemblance to her father.

In other respects, however, the two were widely diverse. Una's personal letters to her family and friends were lovely and fascinating; glowing in description, clear in thought, warm and pure in sentiment, and often sparkling in comment: but she never seemed able to frame an artistic fiction. She lacked a sense of constructive balance and proportion; she felt character, but could not draw it. She was like her father in inability to compose poetry, full of poetry though her nature was; in one instance only (which I will quote by and by) did she succeed in a metrical composition. Neither was she proficient in drawing and painting, though art in all its forms impressed her; and once more, though she loved music and practised the piano assiduously for years, she was never a musician. The gates of personal expression in art were closed to her. She was her own critic, and a just one of others.

* * *

The Hawthorne children, now increased by a third member, Rose, left Lenox in Berkshire for Concord, Massachusetts, in 1851-52, pausing for a few months at an unbeautiful Boston suburb called West Newton, where Mary Mann, Sophie's sister, married to Horace Mann the educator, had taken up her abode with three children of her own. The six little persons were therefore brought into cousinly contact with one another, but the only noticeable result, for the moment, was to make the Hawthorne group desire to be better strangers with the Manns. Una, too, had in her baby sister a new field for her maternal instincts; but in fact she and her brother were increasingly thrown together, and they established an intimacy which time strengthened and deepened to the end. They were widely apart in temperament and quality, but their interweaving was therefore the more complete.

Una and her mother were always close as bud to stem, or as the heart of a flower to its petals. But there now began a new degree in her companionship with her father, an affinity of minds. Genius commonly involves a measure of solitude, but in Una was revealed to her father a feminine rebirth of his own nature, not an imitation or repetition, but a spiritual response. They conversed intuitively, without words, the only way open to kindred spirits; and that she was youth and he age, rendered the union more perfect. The creative faculty was not active in her as in him, but he, knowing the fallibility of the products of human art, may have esteemed her potency above his own performance, as indicating a superior endowment. It was given to him to shadow forth secrets of life, but she received his messages and completed their scope. The two were father and daughter in a special sense. But her mother's traits were also rooted in the child; and she had her personal gifts from her Creator. It was a complex web.

Children of mature parents often arrive quickly at a sort of mental maturity, independent of actual experience. Una and I played together as children, but I was always aware of a superior stature in thought and perception in her; it did not alienate us, but made our bond firmer.

The four years of Hawthorne's Liverpool consulship now loomed so near that no attempt to settle down in Concord could be

(Continued on page 22)

—Charles Darling.

The 'Old Manse,' birthplace of Una Hawthorne, photographed from a point inside the private grounds.

A COMMONWEALTH *for* BOYS

By PIERCE CUMINGS

JERRY isn't his name; so we will call him Jerry. A few years ago his name didn't matter anyhow. He was just another of those aimless little waifs who never attract attention until they get into trouble, and then are sent to some penal institution where the chances are their names become numbers and they become hardened criminals. But today Jerry's name means a great deal. Jerry is proud of it. So are those who know him. For Jerry is a senior at one of the great middle western universities and he's making good. His classmates like him and look up to him. He is an outstanding athlete, a leader in college activities, a brilliant student. If his companions ever think of his past they think of it, no doubt, as similar to their own. They would very likely doubt your word, should you tell them he was once headed as straight for state prison as any boy ever was. But that is just where Jerry was headed. Until—

Well, until a great stroke of good fortune landed him in the Starr Commonwealth for Boys and gave him a new lease on life and boyhood.

Jerry lived in a rural community in northern Michigan. He was active in mind and body, too active for the peace of mind of his neighbors. Home conditions were poor; he had no playmates nor friends, and no one taught him the difference between right and wrong. So he sought amusement in his own way.

Jerry's career of misdeeds reached its peak with the burning of a barn. Prior to that he had lashed the cows and horses into a frenzy, cut the harness hanging nearby, and had tossed what hens and chickens he could lay his hands on into the river. The horrified community demanded swift retribution. He was too dangerous to be permitted at large—so his neighbors said. It was decided to send him away. But where? He was too young for a penal institution. No school wanted or would admit him. His parents were too poor and too indifferent to defray his expenses anywhere. And then someone thought of the Starr Commonwealth.

Floyd Starr was consulted.

'Here's a boy that no one wants,' he was told.

'We want him,' was the response. So Jerry journeyed to the Commonwealth.

His first day there was a complete surprise to him. He was treated as though he amounted to something, as though he were really someone after all. No one told him how bad he was; no one whipped him; no one gave him a long list of *don'ts*. He was given the best suit of clothes he had ever had. The other youngsters didn't shun him as youngsters had in the past (and this was the biggest surprise of all). Instead they went out of their way to be nice to him, he being a stranger and lonely. They included him in their games, they showed him around the Commonwealth grounds with pardonable pride, they helped him with his lessons. Jerry didn't know that food could be so good as that served at mealtimes—and there was more than enough for everyone! And that night, for the first time in his life, Jerry slept between cool, clean sheets in a comfortable bed.

It didn't take long to work the change in Jerry. Having the respect of others, he soon began to have respect for himself. His old belligerency dropped from him like a cloak. His driving energy was turned into useful channels. The job was done as soon as he was convinced that someone cared. And *someone does care* for every boy who makes his way into the Starr Commonwealth.

It is difficult to describe the Starr Commonwealth for Boys. A visitor once remarked that it was 'a very nice institution indeed.' Her youthful guide promptly responded politely but indignantly, 'If this is an institution, it's the un-institutionest institution you ever saw.' So it cannot well be described as an institution. Nor can it be called a school. Nor a home. It is something more than either of these.

PROBABLY the only term that properly describes it is the title, *a commonwealth for boys*. That is surely what the Starr Commonwealth is, a commonwealth—'a body of persons united in common interest and viewed as equals in authority.' Comrades, friends, equals. These things the boys are. And they are united not only in common interest but in love and faith and the knowledge that the world isn't such a bad place after all.

The Starr Commonwealth is the outgrowth of an idea. Fourteen years ago Floyd Starr ended a search and began an experiment. The search was for an ideal location. He found it on the shores of a beautiful little lake, forty acres of gently sloping land three miles west of Albion, Michigan. The experiment was to reclaim misdirected youths.

The idea dated from the time when, as a boy of four, Floyd Starr heard his parents praising a friend who was helping unfortunate children. He said little, but the thought dominated his formative years. In college his studies were shaped to the same end. And after college came the opportunity. Or, more accurately, after college Floyd Starr created his own opportunity. He had a little money of his own. When he found the site he wanted he bought it. Three youths had been placed in his care. With this trio, on an evening in early September, 1913, he moved to the farm. That night they all slept in a barn.

A MONTH later the first building was finished, built likewise with Starr's own money. Visioning the future, he called it Gladsome Cottage. It still remains his personal residence, though many costlier buildings have been constructed since.

In December the Starr Commonwealth for Boys was officially incorporated under the laws of Michigan. The land and buildings were deeded to it. Through his gift Floyd Starr had made himself as poor as some of the boys in his care. But that bothered him not a whit. The experiment had officially started. How successful that experiment has been cannot be told in words alone. It must be told in the lives of the boys themselves. Floyd Starr has never had a failure.

There was Tim, who was eight when he went to the Commonwealth. His father was in prison, his mother declared unfit, and Tim himself was a gang leader. The boy had initiative, plenty of it. And nerve. He led his gang into all manner of scrapes and succeeded in landing himself in the Detention Home. Then he jumped for freedom—from a second-story window. The judge before whom he was finally brought (for a boy of eight cannot long elude the police) sent for Floyd Starr.

'Of course we'll take him,' Starr said. And take him he did. Tim is now a credit to the Commonwealth. He is intelligent, a willing worker and someday will be a useful citizen. What he might have been otherwise one hesitates to predict.

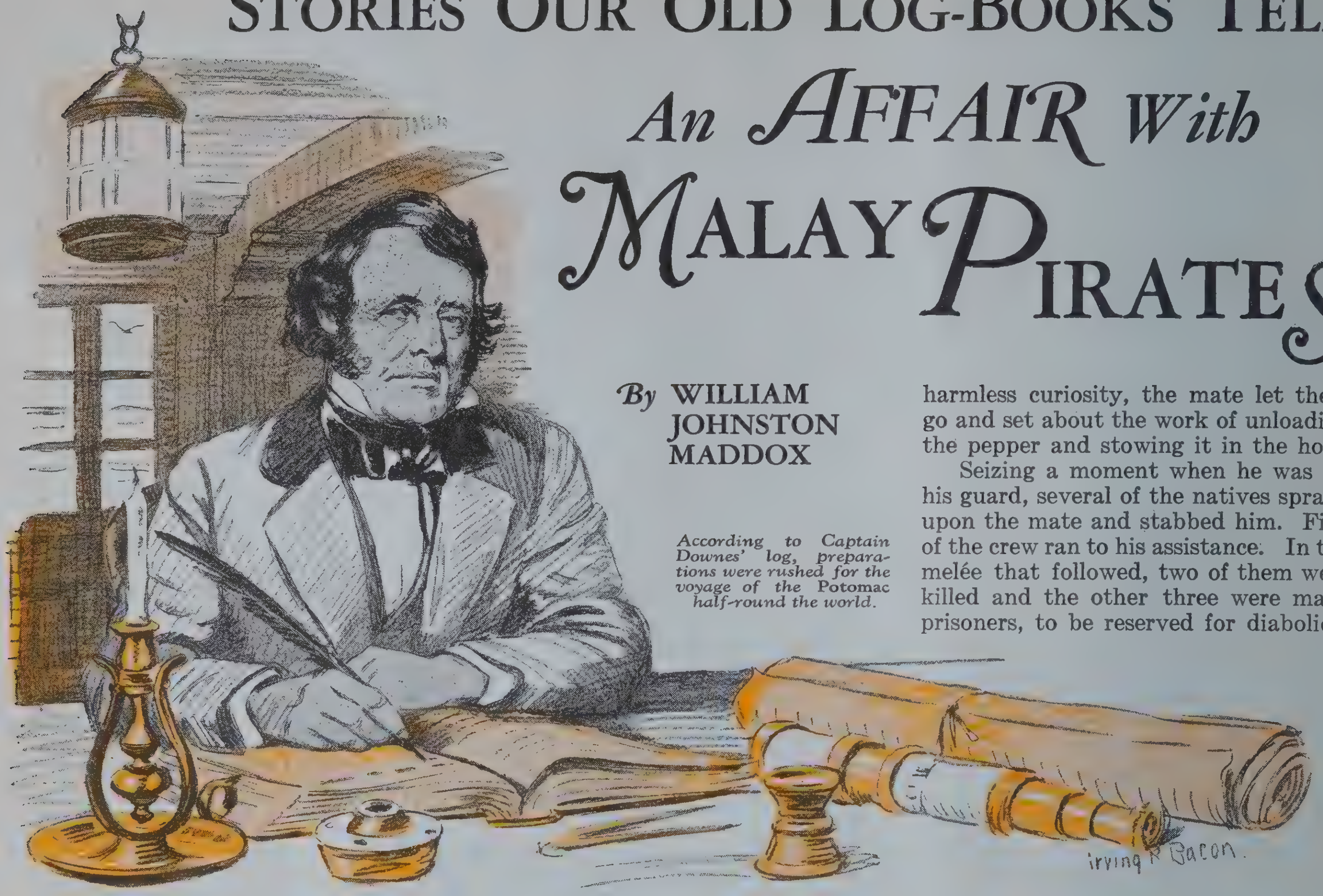
Johnny (all these names are fictitious, of course) came shivering to Gladsome Cottage several years ago. It took lengthy persuasion before he would finally clamber into bed the first night.

(*Continued on page 24*)

STORIES OUR OLD LOG-BOOKS TELL

An AFFAIR With MALAY PIRATES

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON MADDOX



According to Captain Downes' log, preparations were rushed for the voyage of the Potomac half-round the world.

ONE scorching hot day in February, 1831, an American merchantman, the *Friendship* of Salem, Massachusetts, lay off Quallah Battoo, a Malay town on the northwestern coast of Sumatra, loading pepper. There being no harbor, the cargo was brought out to the vessel over the half-mile of open sea by natives in small boats. They were a treacherous lot, but this was a task that had to be intrusted to them because of the extremely hazardous surf. It would have been foolhardy for anyone but them to attempt it. As it was, the natives had to take advantage of the break caused by a turbulent mountain stream, which ran through the town and emptied itself into the ocean.

A short distance up the stream just beyond Quallah Battoo was the trading station, where the little boats took on their freight. And here Mr. Endicott, the master of the *Friendship*, and John Barry, his second mate, with four of the crew had come ashore to weigh the pepper and see that it was tucked away carefully in the boats. The first mate had remained on board the vessel with the nine other members of the crew to receive the cargo and stow it away in the hold.

It was a hazy day. The shore was just dimly visible from the vessel. For this reason, Mr. Endicott, knowing the tricky nature of the men he had to deal with, kept a keen eye on the first boat as it dropped swiftly down the stream on its journey to the ship. As it reached the mouth, instead of continuing directly out to sea, the boat turned into the shore and a number of other natives clambered aboard.

This was unusual. But Endicott's misgivings were allayed by the thought that they had found the surf heavier than they expected and had been obliged to take on extra help. So he went ahead with the loading of the second boat. In the meantime the first one had resumed its journey. Endicott detailed two of his men to watch its movements.

As the boat drew alongside the *Friendship*, the first mate noticed the unusual number of natives required to man it. But like Mr. Endicott he attributed this to the heavy surf. What had really occurred was that the original crew had given up their places in the boat to double their number of warriors, who, having concealed their short knives, now swarmed over the side of the *Friendship*, pretending not to understand the mate's orders for them to keep off. They were cunning enough not to disclose their purpose at once, but scattered over the ship, making a show of admiring her equipment. Deciding that their forwardness was just harmless curiosity, the mate let them go and set about the work of unloading the pepper and stowing it in the hold.

Seizing a moment when he was off his guard, several of the natives sprang upon the mate and stabbed him. Five of the crew ran to his assistance. In the melée that followed, two of them were killed and the other three were made prisoners, to be reserved for diabolical deaths. The rest of the crew, four in number, jumped into the sea, further resistance being futile.

The conspiracy was widespread. The beach was alive with black figures, dancing and brandishing their weapons. The four men in the water, therefore, headed for a promontory several miles down the shore, where it would be difficult for pursuers to reach them.

Having got control of the *Friendship*, the captors made signals to their comrades on shore, and several boats put out for the ship to join them. A thorough plundering of the American merchantman ensued, even to the copper bolts in her timbers. When this had been completed, they cut the cables, intending to beach her and take out her iron.

Meanwhile, at the trading station, Endicott's two lookouts had reported the commotion on board the *Friendship*. Divining the situation instantly, he ordered all hands into the second boat, which was just ready to start. They acted none too soon. As they pulled frantically down the stream a rain of missiles from both banks fell about them. But the natives were not their only concern. Ahead were the breakers that under less urgent circumstances they would not have dared to breast. As they approached the mouth of the stream, a dusky figure ran down the bank, leaped into the water, and swimming to them climbed aboard. It was a friendly native named Po Adam, who was rajah of the neighboring tribe of Pulu Kio. He had come to Quallah Battoo in his coasting schooner, and seeing the uprising against the Americans feared a like attack. He had abandoned his ship and was seeking safety himself.

Their ally brought them skilfully through the surf, when a boatload of warriors set upon them. In their haste the Americans had left their firearms at the trading station. But Po Adam put up a show of resistance that turned the attackers back.

Endicott could now see how things stood on board the *Friendship* and proceeded down shore, picking up the four seamen. He made for Muckie, a small town twenty miles southward. There he found three American merchantmen. It was late at night. But hearing of the treacherous murder of their fellow countrymen, the three skippers got under way without delay, and the next day appeared off Quallah Battoo.

FORMAL demand was made for the *Friendship*, to which the rajah of the town replied, 'Come and take her if you can.' Whereupon the Americans ran inshore as close as they could and opened a brisk fire with the ships' guns. The Malays answered with the battery of the *Friendship* and also several large cannon in their fort on shore.

A boat attack on the captured vessel was decided upon, and several boatloads of seamen were put over by the merchantmen. The natives met their advance with an ill-directed fire and became panic-stricken when they saw its ineffectual result. A general exodus over the side ensued, and the *Friendship* was regained.

About all that Endicott had, though, was a floating hull. The ship had been so thoroughly rifled that he was obliged to give up the voyage.

When news of the outrage reached the United States a clamor for punishment for the perpetrators went up. The *Potomac*, a 44-gun frigate, commanded by Captain John Downes, lay in New York Harbor about to sail for England with our newly appointed minister, Martin Van Buren. Instead, President Jackson ordered her to proceed immediately for Sumatra and give the Malays a lesson in how the long arm of the United States protected American merchantmen.

According to Captain Downes' log, the Van Buren furniture, much of which had been brought aboard the *Potomac*, was hurriedly put ashore and preparations were rushed for the voyage half-round the world. On Friday, August 26, less than seven months after the affair, the frigate put to sea. October 16 she dropped anchor in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, and having been provisioned got under way again early in November. Cape Good Hope was made a month later. Here Captain Downes stopped long enough to get more information about Sumatra and that part of the world. American warships had never been there before. Even a trustworthy chart of the coast, which is lined with dangerous reefs and shoals, could not be obtained. Concerning the people, however, he had heard enough to know that only stern measures would be effective. Although owing no allegiance to any power, the Quallah Battooans paid tribute to the King of Acheen. But they were too lawless for him, and he disclaimed any responsibility for their acts. They were divided into clans, each headed by a rajah, and were very warlike, with considerable courage and military skill. They possessed a number of forts, which with the natural difficulties of the coast and the jungles made them very hard to attack.

Two months later, February 5, the *Potomac* hove to off Quallah Battoo. In appearance she was just an ordinary Indiaman. All marks of the man-of-war had been concealed upon approaching Sumatra, for Downes did not wish the Malays to know of his coming. The guns had been run in and the ports closed and her sails given a slipshod set.

DOWNES had decided that it would be useless to prolong matters by discussions. Deeds, not words, were needed, and he lost no time in setting about his mission. In his log for the afternoon of his arrival he says bluntly:

'At 2.15 sent the whale boat ashore with Lieut. Irvine Shubrick, 1st Lieut. of Marines Alvin Edson, Lieuts. R. R. Pinkham, H. Hoff, and I. Ingersoll, acting Sailing Master B. J. Totten, and Passed Midshipman H. Tolley to reconnoitre Quallah Battoo, preparatory to the attack.'

All were disguised in keeping with their character of Indiamen, 'the first officer named to represent the captain of the ship, the second the supercargo, and the residue, in sailor's costume, to represent the boat's crew.'

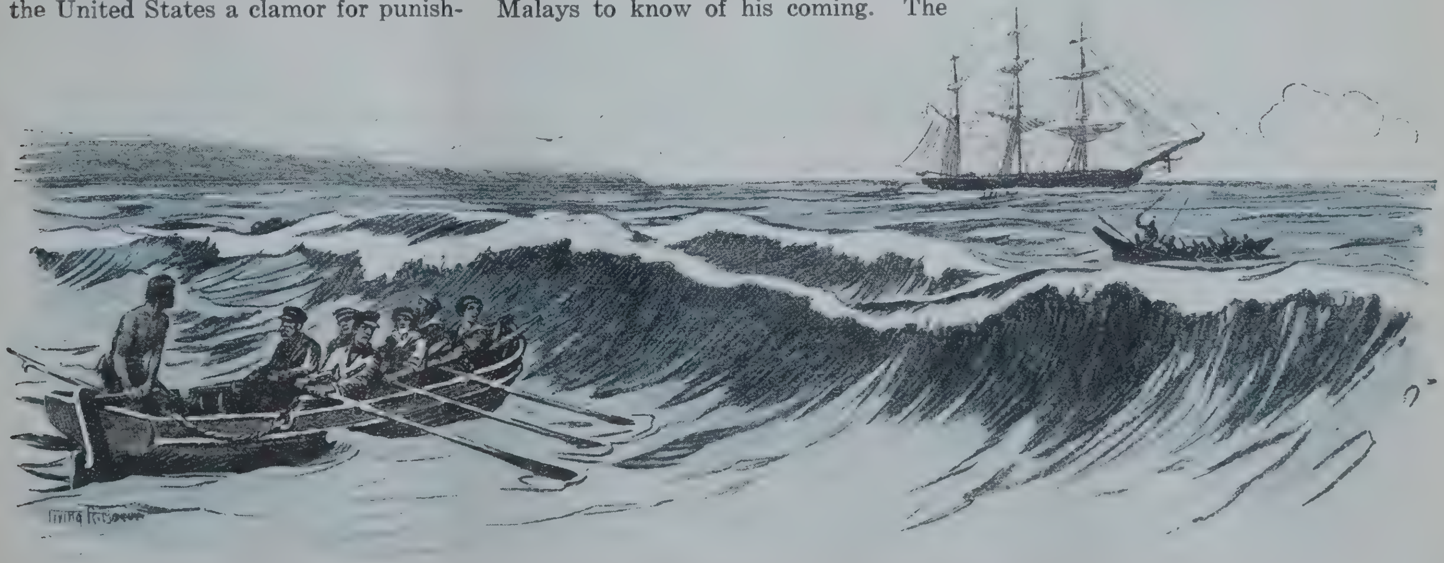
'At 2.30,' the log continues, 'sent Lieut. Wilson in the life boat to sound around the ship, who found a coral shoal of 5 fathoms water. At 2.45 saw a small boat standing for the ship. At 4 the boat came alongside; secured the crew, consisting of four natives.'

They were of a friendly tribe, but Downes was taking no chances, and detained them.

'At 5 the reconnoitring party returned to the ship, who saw on shore a considerable display of armed men. 6 to 8 got out all the boats and prepared them for the attack . . . Midnight to 4 a. m. clear and pleasant; at 2.15 the expedition . . . under command of Lieut. Shubrick embarked.'

In all, the landing force consisted of 250 sailors and marines, divided into detachments. John Barry, the second mate of the *Friendship*, acted as guide. He knew the position of the forts and had a good idea of the lay of the land.

Despite the (*Continued on page 28*)



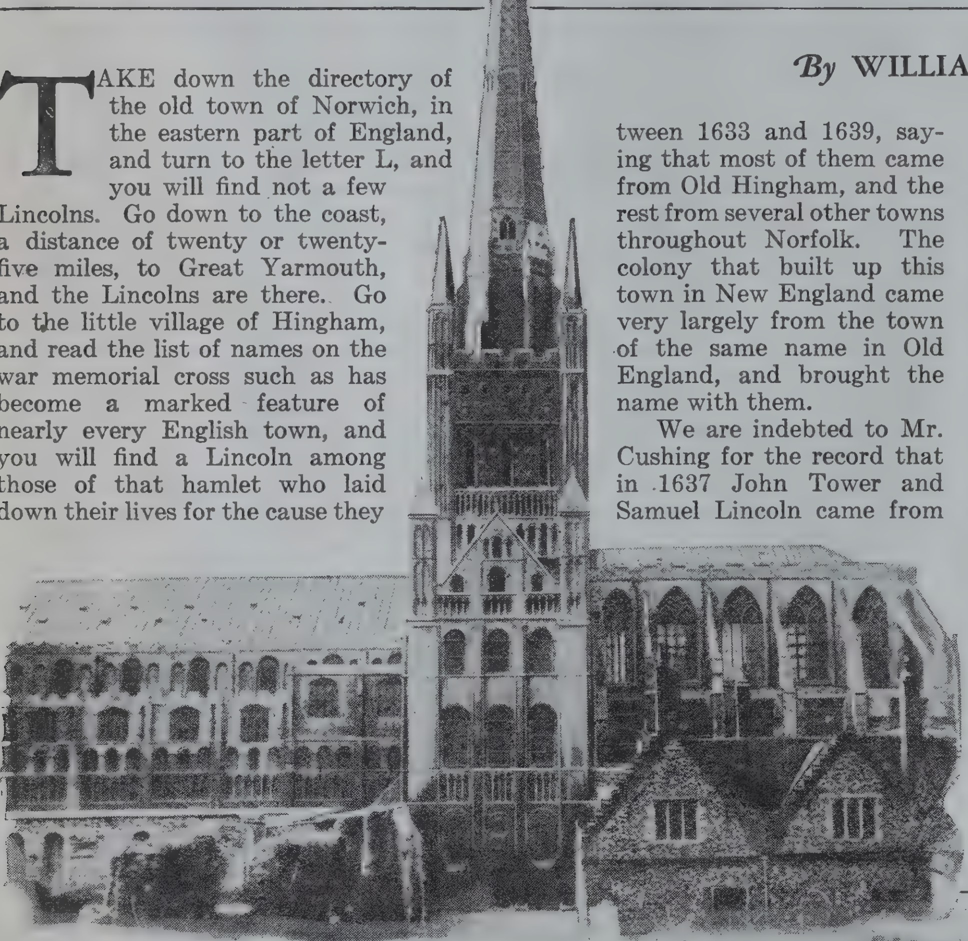
A friendly native, Po Adam, brought them skilfully through the surf, when a boatload of warriors set upon them.

The LINCOLNS in Their ENGLISH HOME

Top—Part of the closely knitted little village of Hingham, England.

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

TAKE down the directory of the old town of Norwich, in the eastern part of England, and turn to the letter L, and you will find not a few Lincolns. Go down to the coast, a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles, to Great Yarmouth, and the Lincolns are there. Go to the little village of Hingham, and read the list of names on the war memorial cross such as has become a marked feature of nearly every English town, and you will find a Lincoln among those of that hamlet who laid down their lives for the cause they believed to be right. There are Lincolns there today, and there have been Lincolns there for centuries.



—International Newsreel.

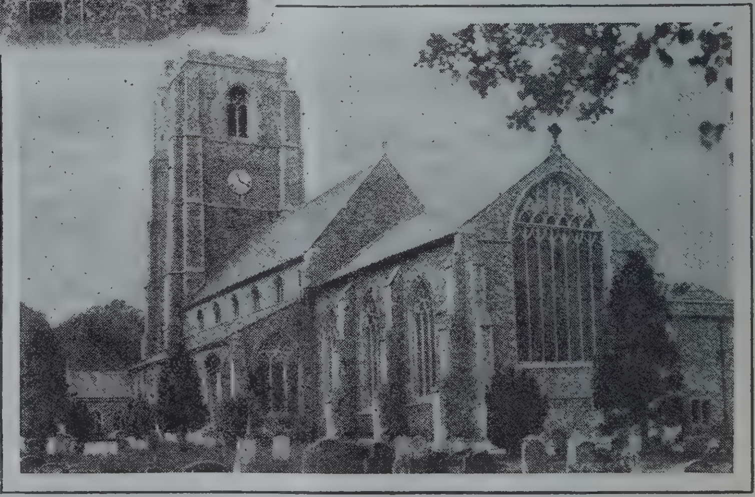
Above—Cathedral at Norwich, England.

Daniel Cushing died in Hingham, Massachusetts, on December 3, 1700. He was born in Hingham in Old England, and was baptized there on April 20, 1619. He was the third town clerk of the New England Hingham, having been elected in 1669; he held that office till his death. His father, Matthew Cushing, migrated to New England in 1638. Daniel Cushing recorded the names of 206 residents of the New England Hingham who came over between 1633 and 1639, saying that most of them came from Old Hingham, and the rest from several other towns throughout Norfolk. The colony that built up this town in New England came very largely from the town of the same name in Old England, and brought the name with them.

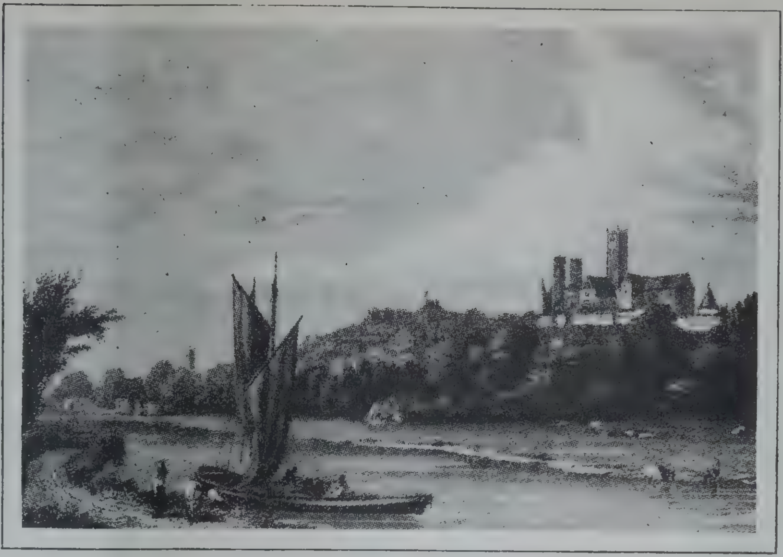
We are indebted to Mr. Cushing for the record that in 1637 John Tower and Samuel Lincoln came from Old Hingham and settled in New Hingham, Samuel Lincoln first living for some time at Salem. We also credit Daniel Cushing with the information that 'old Sam. Lincoln died of small pox,' on May 26, 1690, at the age of 71 years. His widow, Martha, died on April 10, 1693. This couple had eleven children, of whom eight survived them. They are the American ancestors of Abraham Lincoln.

We know that Samuel Lincoln was apprentice to Francis Lawes of Norwich, and that Francis with his wife and family and two servants, one of them Samuel Lincoln, crossed in either the *John and Dorothy* of Ipswich or the *Rose* of Yarmouth. These two vessels, commanded by father and son (each William Andrews by name), sailed from Yarmouth in 1637.

There is an unfortunate discrepancy in the records, which defies all ingenuity of explanation, on account of the age given by Samuel Lincoln at the time of his migration. He said he was eighteen, while accord-



Right—Church at Hingham, which was attended by Abraham Lincoln's ancestors.



City of Lincoln from the southwest.

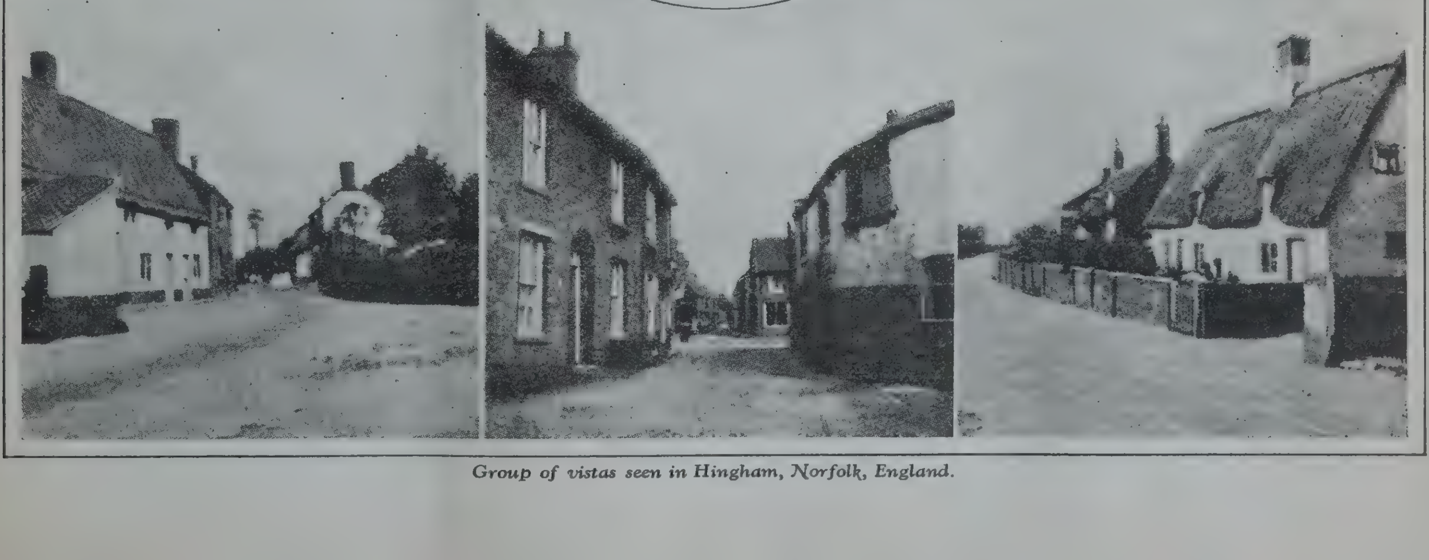
ing to the baptismal records he should have been only fifteen. If we could assume a little lie told for the sake of getting his freedom earlier, that would be a simple explanation; unfortunately, the discrepancy goes deeper. But we have good reason to believe that Cushing was right about Samuel Lincoln's coming from old Hingham. Possibly he was baptized in another church. But one Samuel Lincoln, son of Edward Lincoln, was baptized at Hingham on August 24, 1622, and it is generally believed that this is the baptismal record of Abraham Lincoln's ancestor Samuel, though we wish the date were 1619. That would make everything consistent. Still, we cannot alter these old records. What we know is that here at Hingham, in Norfolk County, England, the ancestors of Lincoln lived, and that before they lived in Hingham, their home was in Swanton-Morley, not far away.

Last summer I visited these places again, after an absence of two years. I wanted especially to converse with the local historian Walter Rye, now eighty-five years old and writing his 120th book of local history. He has been sending me the results of all his Lincoln researches; and no man knows so much about the old families of that region as he. Into the details of what I learned from him and from others, I need not now go; but I should like to share some knowledge that has come to me concerning the English home of the Lincolns with my readers and to show them a few pictures.

Lincoln was the name of a place first and then of persons born or residing in that place. The city of Lincoln, the capital of Lincolnshire, England, has a population of perhaps fifty thousand and is the site of a notable cathedral. The name is very old, going back to the days of Roman occupation. Lindum was a Roman colony established about A. D. 86. Lindum-colonia, Lindum-colony, Lindcoln, come in time by successive modifications to Lincoln. The Venerable Bede called the place Lindicaollium. The name shares with that of Cologne on the Rhine the honor of preserving in northern Europe the Latin abbreviation for 'colonia' or colony. Through its modifications it has preserved, rather remarkably, the silent letter *l*.

Originating, apparently, as a prehistoric British settlement or stronghold on the northern extremity of the great fen district, Lincoln, under the name of Lindum, became one of the nine coloniae of Romanized Britain, and here was built the important town toward which Roman roads were made to converge. At the time of the Norman Conquest it was evidently a considerable town, for we are told that the Conqueror destroyed 166 houses in order to complete the outworks of a castle. The building of the cathedral was begun by Remigius, the first Norman bishop, in the 11th Century; but the splendid fane that now dominates the city and the country for miles around was the work of several centuries. The view obtained of it by the traveler as the train approaches the station is one of the finest presented by any of the English cathedrals.

Lincolnshire is a district of seashore, fen, and wold. The fens are spacious, almost like prairies. They were once swamps, but have been drained to make meadows and fertile fields. The wolds rise from 'islands' of higher land in the fens and become fairly prominent hills. The seashore is now very largely given over to the gayeties of the summer season. On the shore to the north (*Continued on page 31*)



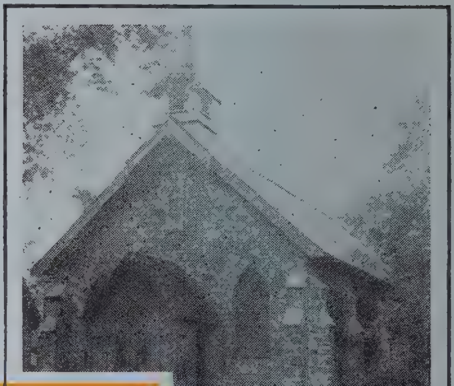
Group of vistas seen in Hingham, Norfolk, England.

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT *in* MONTREAL!

By
FRED O. COPELAND

—Publishers' Photo Service.

Historic structures on Sherbrooke Street, Montreal.



—Herbert.

Very old English church in a Montreal suburb.

Left—City of Montreal from Mount Royal.

—Courtesy, Canadian National Railways

PHANTOMS come out of the ghostly Recollet Gate of misty Ville-Marie and dance among the colored tissue streamers on the waxed floors. They come from St. Amable Street, the fashionable quarter of the French régime. They come from the market place which was once the terraced rose garden and the château of the Marquis de Vaudreuil. You can hear the rustle of the silken Louis XIV costumes of the beaux and dames with powdered wigs.

You can see the spotless guard of honor in blue and white; the courtly Marquis de Vaudreuil and the stately young Louis Joseph Marquis de Montcalm-Gozon; and there is the gay De Ramezay from his long, low villa just above De Vaudreuil's rose gardens.

And back of them comes the eager face of Paul de Maisonneuve still guarding the city he won for France; Champlain, dauntless and daring with his swagger of plum-color, his cocked mustache and tufted chin; and Jacques Cartier whose eyes saw far and whose cool courage brought the French tongue among the Iroquois four centuries ago.

Montreal . . . Mount Royal! the throne of old France across the seas, the shrine of gentle blood and courage that is good to remember, the grave of a glory that is past and the rampart of a romance that is ever instinct with life and the whisper of love in the old gray-walled gardens.

New Year's Night . . . the old and the new! the heart of the English and the soul of the French, the hour when you turn to whoever is nearest and wish them a Happy New Year, the night the bells ring out and with the dawn, a promise—a promise of new and richer things, but somehow—we love the old things still.

—Courtesy, Canadian Pacific.

Shooting Lachine Rapids.

Far down overlooking the river there stands the Virgin with outstretched hands atop the old Bonsecours Church, blessing all outgoing *voyageurs*. For two and a half centuries and more she has watched over all who leave Montreal.

Commerce cannot rob Montreal of its romance.

Would you know the thrill the stars give to those who dwell in the heavens? Then stand on Victoria Bridge, with the sparkling lights stretching past you, mile on mile, along the dark St. Lawrence. The night sky of Montreal is not a brassy flare, like that of most cities. Instead it is black velvet—a perfect setting for the myriad diamonds that are lights. And the reason for this is strange.

Above the city, pouring their torrent of water in a pell-mell, two-mile race, lie the Lachine Rapids: *a la Chine* once—to China!—pointing the way, so the early voyageurs hoped, to the Northwest Passage and the fabled Orient. And the rapids are like some restless monster blowing great breaths of vapor into the air, to bathe the city with distilled effervescence. Small wonder the lights glow as they do nowhere else in the world.

René Robert Cavelier, the famed Sieur de la Salle, passed that way, as did his brother, a priest of St. Sulpice, who in 1666 built the little stone house which may be seen there today. Purple iris grow beside

(Continued on page 29)

NEW YEAR'S EVE

By PAVEL BOULIGIN

PIERRE was late on his way to welcome the New Year at the home of an aviation colonel living with his wife at a mill by the Akaki River.

His fast 'Blitz' would carry him speedily along the deserted, moonlit road well known to both of them.

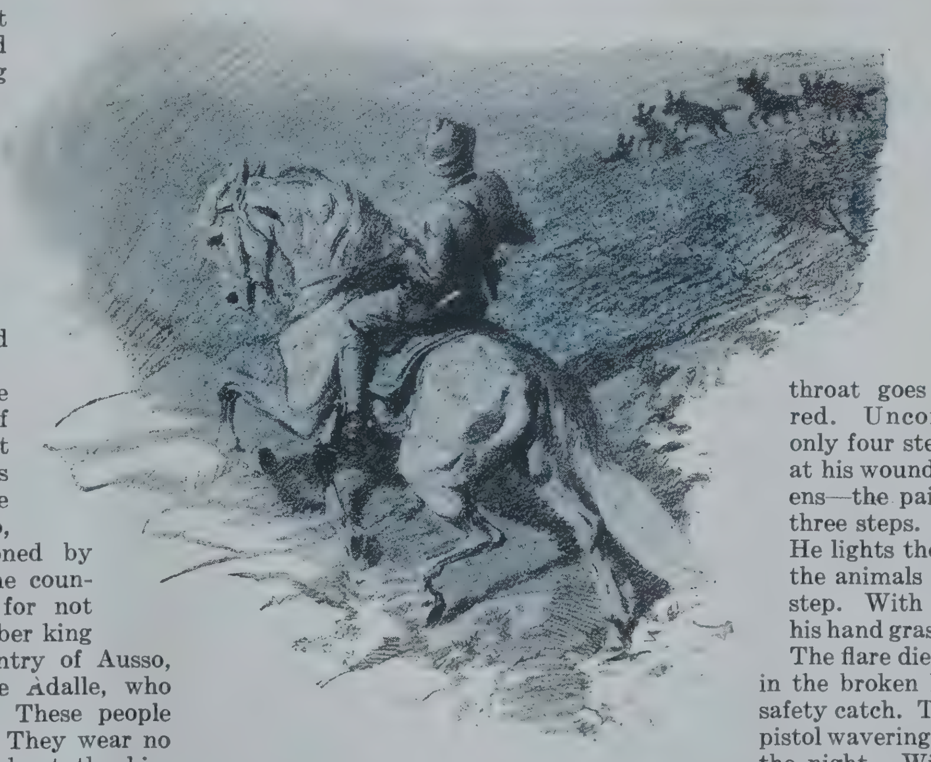
But what were these shadows? One, three, five . . . hyenas! About one hundred steps to his side, with clumsy motion, gray shadows were jumping. Well, they were nothing to fear. Hyenas never attack a man and are dangerous only to one weak from sickness or strong drink. Blitz was tugging for more rein, and he sniffed sometimes. It was not at them, however, as the Abyssinian horse does not fear hyenas. But he is timid of the moonlight and the emptiness of the quiet night . . . he gallops. Goodby hyenas!

Blitz bounded away. The torn air whistled in the ears and the rider's young heart pulsated strongly and freely. How enchanting to gallop in the night! 'Enough, Blitz, take your breath!' At the second ravine, the hyenas were certainly left behind. They descended on the walk. The rise ahead was long and gentle.

Far downward to the left lay a white town of tents and camp fires. It was the bivouac of Ras Cabada, viceroy of the distant province of Wollo, who had been summoned by Tafari, the regent of the country, to be discharged for not having whipped the robber king of the neighboring country of Ausso, inhabited by the brave Adalle, who often attacked Wollo. These people are wild and nomadic. They wear no dress but a dirty rag about the hip. They carry marvelous weapons in silver cases and possess herds of cows and sheep. Unacquainted with bread or corn, they do not cultivate the ground, but eat meat and drink milk; on holidays they quaff blood from the throats of bulls pierced with lances.

Suddenly something dark jumped from the sweetbrier bush under Blitz's feet. The horse reared, turned, stumbled, and fell head over heels to the bottom of the hollow. The horse caught itself soon, jumped to its feet, trembling and snorting, but the rider continued to roll followed by dust and small pebbles, his motion gradually slowing until he stopped at a large stone.

Half an hour passed. The moon rose upon the edge of the hollow and looked down with curious eye. Blitz stood quietly browsing the dry grass between stones. Pierre lay silent. Over the moonlit ridges of the hollow passed some dark shadows. Blitz snorted and galloped down the slope to the right, stumbling and clanging the stirrups. The hyenas ran. More time passed. The moon shone on the figure of a man lying with bleeding forehead and a leg bent under. Gray shadows appeared again. Three, five, eight, more—and more. They looked like the stones come to life. They came nearer and nearer. Suddenly they rushed off in different directions: the man moved and groaned, he was still alive.



About one hundred steps to Pierre's side, gray shadows were jumping.

Pierre became conscious. What ailed him? Where was he? Pain-racked body. Blood. Remembrance. Trying to rise, he fell back from unbearable pain in the broken left limb. What to do? A semicircle of hyenas had their beast's eyes upon him. He grabbed for his pistol. There was none, but where was it? Torn away when he fell? It was nowhere near. Might it be down the hill? Painfully he turned, and very slowly. No, it could not be seen at the bottom. He turned again laboriously to the right. There it was! About ten steps off in the grass shone the steel handle ring and the brass case button. Thank God! Resting first, he attempted to move toward the revolver. He shifted the broken limb with his hands, and then shifted his body—and groaned!

Setting his jaws, he started to creep. Sharp unbearable pain overcame his senses. But consciousness returned. Where was he? What was it? 'Ho! Ho!' he shouted, crying from fright. Only seven steps away, but it was dangerous to try, as consciousness might be swept away, and then . . . but it was more dangerous not to try.

* * *

The hyenas keep closing in . . . God! What can he do? Matches . . . He lights one; they are frightened and move slightly away . . . They stand and wait. Another step. Minutes pass. Only six steps left. They approach—one laughs. Pierre lights a second match. Another step. Only five now. He shouts . . . They stop . . . He is exhausted . . . but he must go on. Another step. His throat goes dry, his eyes see red. Unconsciousness—and only four steps left. They tear at his wounded foot. He awakens—the pain spurs him on—three steps. Two steps. God! He lights the box of matches—the animals crowd back. One step. With an herculean effort his hand grasps the steel handle. The flare dies away. Pain again in the broken leg. He finds the safety catch. The hand points the pistol waveringly. The flame stabs the night. With the roar, there is a scurrying of frightened shadows. Thank God! He can hold out now.

* * *

Came the first light of morning. A caravan of merchants passed noisily, apparently having camped nearby. They spied the form of a man. They trailed down the slope with cries and groans. 'Ferengi' (European). As they lifted him, he sank into merciful unconsciousness.

But they could not extract the pistol from his hand.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Advance of the World

REVIEWS and forecasts are equally futile unless there is a principle to be guided by in making them or a principle to be discovered by making them. A year is but a block of days and weeks and months, marked principally by four seasons, the same now as for ages, ever to remain the same in its basic rhythm; and thus there is nothing to mark this year from last or from next unless it is a change or advance in human progress or principle.

The natural year is, of course, a factor in man's action and his growth. If day were constant and never fell on night; if seedtime, cultivation, and harvest did not draw man out by their several compulsions; if seasons did not change, now driving him afield, now driving him to shelter; if time were changeless, endless, man would be deprived of that outer pressure which is his first stimulus to action and the contrivance of means to ends. The natural year has that use; even the changes of the weather, heat and cold, flood and drought, have that use. But these remain. The only gain is in the human result.

> *WE ARE living in a great time. We are a bridge generation. Upon our backs, upon our labors, upon our steadfastness to principle, the generations are passing over from a less good to a better time. The complaints that we hear concerning the slowness of it all are mostly from people who would rather be the crossing throng than the bridge that carries them across. But that is not within our choice. We must do the job that destiny has given us, for if we fail the next generation will not get across to a better footing. We may go forward confidently, in the fullest faith that what we thus build those who come after will find most fitted for their use.*

It would probably be agreed that one of the greatest gains of the civilized world in the last ten years is a realization of its basic ignorance in so apparently simple a matter as living together. It is not so long ago that the wise men of the world were congratulating themselves that they had at last struck the cosmic gait, that they were building a structure that would resist all change, that they had found the secret of progress. When they awoke, the whole business was in ruins about them.

Yet it was not the war, but the impossibility of restoring conditions to what they were before the war, that gave men the first inkling of the lesson they were to learn. They would have accepted the war as an accident, as a mistake, as a casual aggression, had they not been made to see that the war was but the symptom of a deeper malady, the outworking of a principle that was profounder than anything of political or governmental nature.

They learned this by failure to restore the conditions that caused the war. The old tricks failed. The old wisdom proved foolishness. The old motives were ineffective. The old enthusiasms lacked power. Nothing of the old seemed to remain except the old counsels, which had been labeled impractical. They stood. The 'impractical' things were seen to be the things that had survived.

If losing a false wisdom and finding a new beginning of learning is progress, then we may say that the world has progressed. Its cocksureness is gone. Its old principles are disproved by experience. It sits amid the wreck of all its falsities. And no time is more full of hope than the time that knows the wreck of falsities. That marks a stage in advance.

Not that all the falsities have fallen as yet. Progress is not so clean cut as to admit of that. Everything false does not fail at a given moment, and everything less false arrive.

On the whole, however, the corner of progress has been turned. A great distrust of the old method of selfishness has been sown broadcast through the world, and a greater trust that somewhere the basic principle exists is regnant. That marks a phase of progress that will be felt in every field, for what transpires in mind soon makes its influence felt in matter.

The note of impatience was heard—would that this change could move more swiftly! And yet how swift it has been! Measure the past twenty years against the last three centuries; have we been moving swiftly? Surface and bowels of the earth; depths of the air; time and motion and power; chemical mysteries; secrets hidden from the ages—these are the conquests of the past two decades. Where once it took centuries to disseminate an idea, it is planted now in days. Communication is instantaneous; the world thinks simultaneously.

So the fact is, we are moving swiftly, much more so than we realize. And the new era is coming to pass much more actually than we see. It is as yet so much confused with the passing débris of the old that sometimes the impression is one of chaos. Nevertheless the new order is pressing up through the confusion to take its place, even to force its place, wherever the old has been sufficiently forced out.

Economically the new year will be a good year. But all years should be that. It is but the natural result of honest life. All the years would have been prosperous had men realized, as they are beginning now to realize, that the Laws of life cannot be broken.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The New Year

A NEW YEAR is here, but there will be an astonishing number of old things about it. Its newness is undeniable, but its familiar lines are unmistakable. One would find it not an easy task to separate the newness from the oldness each year.

Yet the Year itself is new. Every experience that shall befall us during its fifty-two weeks will be new. It may be familiar, but it will still be new. Life is made up of a repetition of similar experiences, with now and then an unfamiliar one to stand out as a landmark.

It is a new cycle of time. A new breadth, as it were, woven in the Loom, raw material of which to make what we will. That—the time cycle—at least so far as we are concerned—is new. But it is raw material. The fully made-up year is the finished product. What it may be like we have just had the opportunity to see. A made-up year has just passed out of the Time-factory to take its place among the others of this era. If it is not a particularly flattering product, we know where the blame must be placed.

The human race has not been long in the business of Year-Making. There are only 1,927 credited to the production record of the Christian Era, and that is a comparatively small number.

The years run on, they come out precisely at the end of December on their schedule time, but they do not show on their human side the marks of unity and mastery. The year is after all but a small bit in the mosaic of the Age, and perhaps we shall be better able to judge it from a perspective which enables us to see the whole pattern.

The Year-Making of our generation is in our hands. Inevitably, next December, we shall have to deliver to the Builder of the Age another year. It is natural to wonder what it may turn out to be.

What have we new about the year? Very little except the time. That has never been used before, and never will be used again.

But the old things that troop into the New Year are very numerous. It is almost like the same old family moving into a new house; very little is changed after all. It is the same old Earth for one thing. And that is a genuine benefit. We know what we can absolutely depend on it to do.

That is a great saving of time, for, if this year the human race had to begin all over again and by careful and costly experiment find out the powers of the Earth, the year would be almost empty. But we know that the soil will radiate the sun's warmth in spring, that moisture and heat will create chemical conditions out of which man's food will come; we know that the earth will produce lumber and ores and material for clothing.

And so we enter the New Year with solid foundation under us. The New Year will have to conform to some very old rules which will continue because they are good rules. But that is no reason why the New Year should put up with old mistakes and abuses.

In the Day's News

ITEMS stand out in the day's news: The acquittal of George Remus, who shot his wife to death on the street, and the atrocious murder of a little Los Angeles girl with the subsequent arrest of the suspect, Hickman. Remus through his trial became a sort of hero to a certain class of citizens.

'He wasn't happy last Christmas; let's make him happy this one,' said one juror to his fellows. So they voted him not guilty of murder. One wonders whether a similar Christmas present will be voted Hickman next year.

Hickman under arrest displays a curious complacency over his career of misdeeds. He reveals a long list of crimes, and boasts of the 'write-ups' in the daily press, much as an actor proudly displays newspaper clippings about his ability. Editors who claim that the printing of crime news is a deterrent to crime will find this interesting.

Britons Never Will Be Slaves

THERE is at times a vigor and a virility about the English that cannot but command respect. From Melton Mowbray comes the story of the Prince of Wales and the irate farmer, in which the Prince for all his position and his charming personality came off second best. Galloping after a fox behind the Dourn hounds, the Prince jumped his horse over a high hedge and started across a field of growing wheat. Following him were the other riders of the hunt in the full glory of their costumes and their rank.

But once in the field they encountered the angry farmer. Brandishing a heavy stick and swearing feelingly, the farmer advanced on the huntsmen. The huntsmen, including the Prince, retreated hastily, leaving the wheat untrampled. Much has been written of late about the decline and fall of the British spirit.

A people can scarcely be held decadent, however, who consider a growing wheat field more important than a Prince's fox hunt.

MIDSUMMER on the YUKON

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

JIMMIE and I emerged from the cool interior of the Adams theater in Detroit. Frenzied crowds rushed up Woodward Avenue. Taxies careened about corners. Sirens screeched. The raucous cries of newsboys filled the air. Hotels and office buildings towered above us. Through it all the soft spring sunshine beat down on Grand Circus Park. The fountain played silvery in the golden rays.

'Dad, did you see the way those fellows shot fish in Alaska with bow and arrow?' queried my son.

'Yes, they did well, didn't they?' I replied.

'Do you think you could kill a grizzly with bow and arrow like they did in the picture, Dad?' asked Jim.

'Not without much practice, and I'd want a good rifle to back me up,' I replied.

'Gee! I wish I was in Alaska right now,' Jim sighed. 'I'd climb mountains, fish in rivers and lakes, and see icebergs and glaciers just like those fellows did in the picture.'

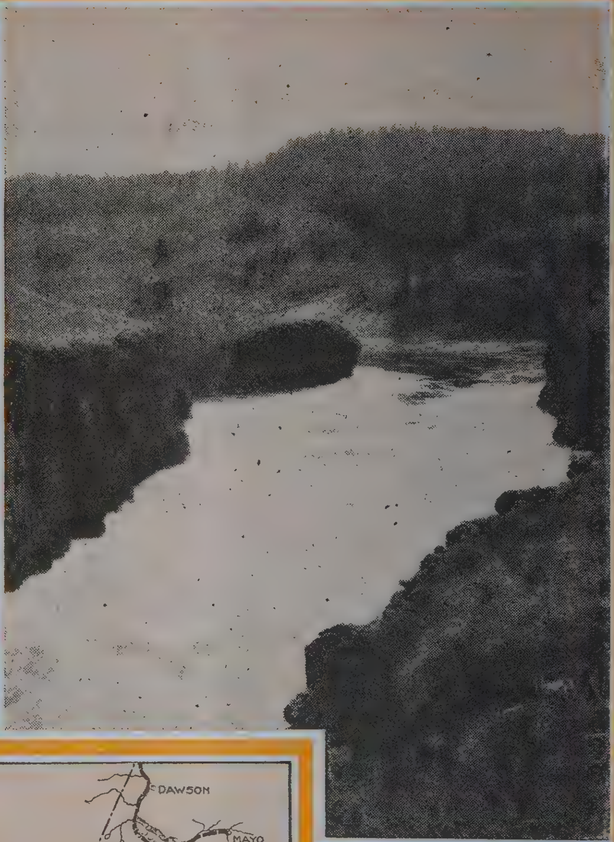
We moved over to a park bench. The fountain splashed in its basin. The green foliage of the trees swayed in the spring wind. There was a mellow brightness about the thin spray from the fountain which, ere it dropped from its height, was blown about nonchalantly by the wind, splashing first upon one and then upon another of the sloping base stones. Jim talked on of the wonders of Alaska as they had been visioned on the screen. The breeze lulled the senses. The fountain resolved into a mighty cascade dashing out of a mountain cleft. The roar of the city streets became the wind in coast forests. Those piles about the park were not hotels. They were part of the St. Elias Range in southern Alaska. The surging crowd on the Avenue became a turbulent river; the roar of traffic was the roar of mighty glacial waters rushing between canyon walls. Salmon leaped in the pool of the fountain.

'Dad, let's go to Alaska on our vacation this summer,' said Jim.

My reverie was broken. I snapped back to civilization and all its troubles. Gone were the placid mountain pools, the music of the mountain streams. The fountain was again only a fountain and the crowds spelled worry and fret for us before we could make our way home. Then and there I resolved to take the trip to Alaska and the Yukon. 'We'll do it, Jim,' I answered.

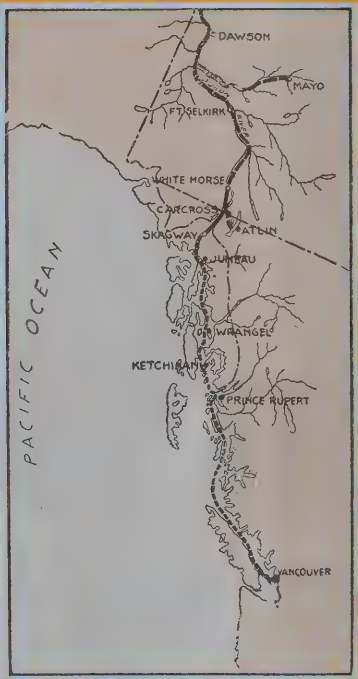
Six weeks later we were embarking at Prince Rupert, British Columbia, northbound on the Canadian National Steamship, *Prince George*.

The Inside Passage is one of the most awe-inspiring waterways in existence. Day after day, as in a dream, we steamed northward between timber-crowned islets, submerged peaks of volcanic mountains, larger islands with forests covering all. The sea here was placid as an inland lake. Bald eagles soared above the ship as she steamed steadily toward the midnight sun. As we bore northward it became perceptibly cooler. One morning we



—Canadian National Railways.

The white waters of the Yukon spumed madly through the canyon.



—White Pass & Yukon Route.

High mountain lakes feed the Yukon River.

White Pass & Yukon Route.

Dawson town, the scene of Klondike's glory.

White Pass & Yukon Route.

Skagway nestles at the head of Lynn Canal.

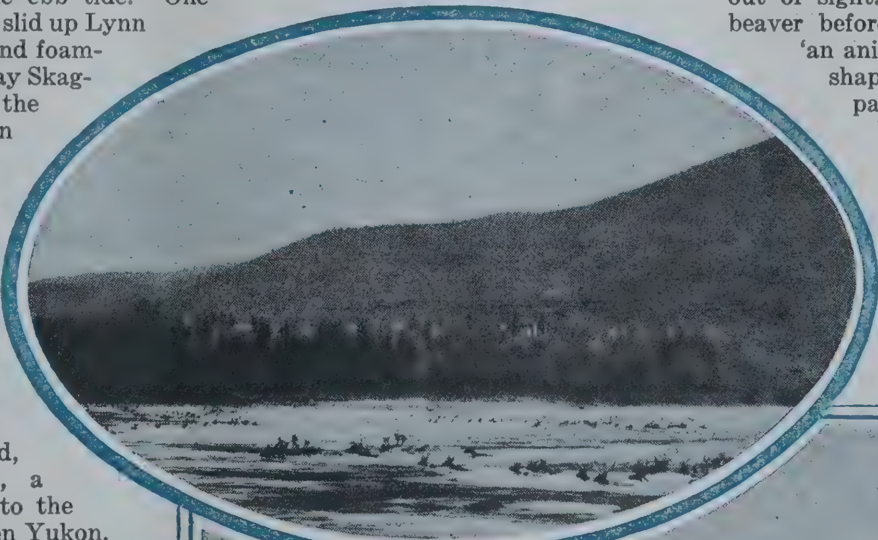
saw floating ice. We steamed through the fascinating winding pine-bordered Wrangell Narrows to the Taku Inlet, and the marvelous Taku glacier. Taku hints of the hundreds of miles of ice that lie behind in the interior. It dips its jade and blue splendor into the dark waters of Taku Inlet. The air blows clean and fresh across this mass, which inch by inch feeds itself into the ocean. Mighty chunks of ice break off and go floating out with the ebb tide. One beautiful morning we slid up Lynn Canal past dashing and foaming torrents. Ahead lay Skagway, the gateway to the interior. Jim was in raptures. Here were the fabled mountains of which we had dreamed. So clear was the air one could almost reach out and touch a lofty peak. The clouds were tinted by the rising sun. They became purple-edged with gold, royal colors indeed, a fitting drop curtain to the gateway of the Golden Yukon.

* * *

Our cabin was perched high on the rocky slope of a mountain near the canyon. Only a few stunted spruce live at this altitude. On all sides of the cabin mountains rise with snow-capped summits. Frazier, Bernard and Shallow lakes lie below in a long valley like three green beads strung at the throat of the mountain. Their waters are bluish green, and invariably rough, for the sea winds from Lynn Canal at Skagway rush up through the pass continuously.

The central point of interest in this gorgeous alpine wilderness is the First Portage. Glacial streams flow past our cabin to join the Yukon, forever talking as they lave the rocks. They present many different phases which arrest one in different ways: There are the rush and tear of the large stream dropping sheer from the lip of the cliff high above us; the mist wraith that so often haunts the falls; the crooning note of the springlike stream that flows by our cabin door. The night song of this mountain brook stands alone and admits of no classification. We heard it with drowsy ears, singing outside our bedroom window. It has a peculiar charm, a lulling, somniferous effect, most effective, after a hard day of fishing.

From this spring came a brown beaver, dripping wet, his glossy fur shining in the afternoon sunlight. Jimmie chased him down the woodland trail to a pond where he 'ker-plopped' out of sight. Jim had never seen a beaver before. He described him as 'an animal like a dog, with a tail shaped like the blade of a canoe paddle and his hair slicked back pompadour.' Next day he told in breathless excitement of seeing 'a large black dog high up the mountain side.' The 'dog' would shuffle along slowly and then sit down and raise its muzzle high



Oval—Thousands of caribou swam the Yukon ahead of our boat. Icebergs from Taku glacier float out to sea on the tide.

Left—
Grayling strike best at the mouth of streams.

Right—
Jimmie fished the quieter waters near shore.

Below—
The Hanlan cabin, our home for a week.

in the air as it sniffed the four winds. It was a black bear, as we later proved by the tracks about that rock. We even found its bed in the fragrant undergrowth beneath a stunted spruce.

One day as we climbed the mountain back of our cabin, the sun lifted the clouds, and there before us lay the entire upper reach of the Yukon valley. The pass lay to the south. Lake Bennett could be seen downstream. Frazier lay below us, and to the north stretched range after range of high mountain peaks, snow-capped for the most part. This region is a paradise for the botanist, the lover of animal life, the seeker after mountain air, the amateur photographer, the camper and hiker.

We spent many happy hours by the bold rocks of the Yukon canyon at First Portage. When the days were cool there was little change in the level of the river. When the sun poured its rays on the glaciers high above, the flow of water increased. Sometimes the volume was so tremendous as to hide every rock in the canyon bed. On such occasions it presented an alluring spectacle: the water would spume wildly through the confines of the canyon with such force as to create a mist at the lower end.

Through it all the Arctic grayling forges its way seeking food. We found better fishing when the water was falling; for on the rise there are many insects, on which the fish surfeit themselves. They do not shrink from the roaring current. Instead they face it and hold their own. When caught in the current, a good-sized grayling tests the best of tackle, for they weigh as much as two and a half pounds in the Yukon and its tributaries. It is always advisable to lead a hooked grayling into quieter waters to play him if possible.

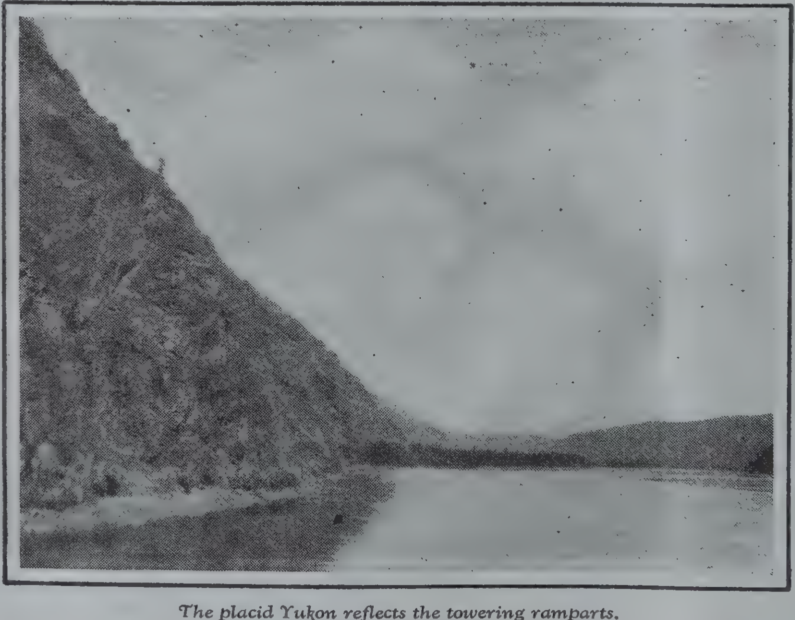
In a certain place, between canyon walls, the river rests in a deep pool. At the west side of the stream are flat, worn rocks, some lifted above the surface, some at hip depth. Just off these rocks it is deep and there is more current than one would imagine. On the south side is a beach of smaller rocks and pebbles from which one may wade out into the river, for the slope is gradual. But be careful. That ceaseless roar is the voice of the Yukon, as, strengthened by its respite in the pool, it leaps in a seething torrent ten feet down, and so is on its way north again. There are always grayling in this pool, resting like the river itself. They rise readily to the fly at certain times of day. They strike best when the lavender glow on the mountains has faded to brown, and the amber has darkened in the western sky.

Jim had one favorite pool just below the canyon. Here he would make a long curving cast that dropped the white miller or brown hackle far out. The fly would leap, dance, and be borne away. Then from the depths of the whirlpool would rise a titan. He would leap clear of the water in his attempt to drown the fly. Again he would leap, this time to strike so mightily as to bend the pliant rod to the river's surface. Jim would give him the butt like a veteran, and the great dorsal fin would cut the surface tentatively. Then would begin a pretty fight. Down deep the grayling would dive, seeking the swiftest water in an effort to dislodge the stinging barb from the sensitive mouth.

The Arctic grayling never breaks water once he is hooked. But he knows where every razorlike rock lies and he is adept at cutting leaders and lines. We lost several new lines in the canyon. The reel would spin. Jim would seek to stop it, and his knuckles would be rapped by the flying reel handle. But he would thumb it down and reel in rod after rod of hard-fought line. Then the great blue body would come to the surface in its death throes, ready for the net.

There was one great monolith near the canyon mouth about the base of which the water

(Continued on page 19)



The placid Yukon reflects the towering ramparts.

GREAT FIGURES *in* FICTION

Sidonia *and* Jean Valjean

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

DISRAELI'S novels have in them something of the fustian of Bulwer-Lytton, without the romantic passion that we find, for instance, in *The Lady of Lyons.* The political disquisitions with which they are overloaded are vaporous and hard to follow. As actuating motives, the political principles ascribed to the characters seem detached and insubstantial. The men and women are not bloodless, but they seem rather figures used illustratively than creatures meeting exigencies of life with the responsive ardor of beating wills.

Victor Hugo.

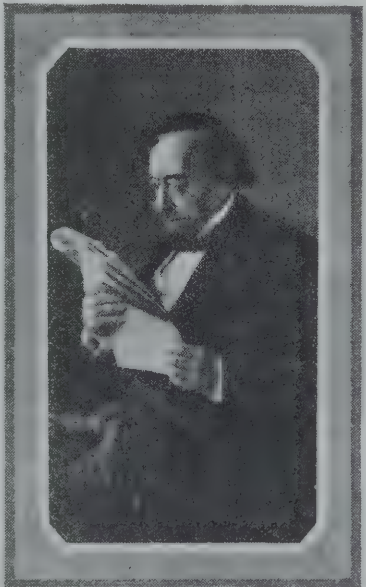
It seems to be the critical opinion of those who know, that *Coningsby* is Disraeli's most important novel. The titular character is at times overshadowed by Lord Monmouth, painted, it is understood, from the profligate English noble who furnished the model for Thackeray's Lord Steyne. But neither of the two really arouses Disraeli's enthusiasm so much as the man Sidonia. It has been said that Sidonia is the author's portrait of himself, but the revised key of 1845 declares the original to be Baron Alfred de Rothschild of Naples. In either case, Sidonia would appear to be Disraeli's conception of what constitutes a man of the highest and most admirable sort.

Disraeli goes to great length in his treatment of Sidonia. He seems more to be indicating what gifts and distinctions are desirable than to be revealing what may be allotted to or attained by a single man. The catalog is complete.

'Sidonia had exhausted all the sources of human knowledge; he was master of the learning of every nation, of all tongues, dead or living, of every literature, Western and Oriental. He had pursued the speculations of science to their last term, and had himself illustrated them by observation and experiment. He had lived in all orders of society, had viewed every combination of Nature and of Art, and had observed man under every phasis of civilization. He had even studied him in the wilderness. The influence of creeds and laws, manners, customs, traditions in all their diversities, had been subjected to his personal scrutiny.

'He brought to the study of this vast aggregate of knowledge a penetrative intellect, that matured by long meditation . . . permitted Sidonia to fathom as it were by intuition the depth of questions apparently the most difficult and profound . . .

'The only human quality that interested Sidonia was intellect. He cared not whence it came; where it was to be found: creed, country, class, character, in this respect, were alike indifferent to him. The author, the artist, the man of science, never appealed to him in vain. Often he anticipated their wants and wishes. He encouraged their society; was as frank in his conversation as he was generous in his contributions; but the instant they ceased to be authors, artists, or philosophers, and their communications arose from anything but the intellectual quality which had interested him, the moment they were rash enough to approach intimacy and appealed to the sympathizing man instead of the congenial intelligence, he saw them no more.'



Lord Beaconsfield.

Sidonia walks through the action with the cloak of his indifference about him. The constructive programs of individual men and of peoples are not a little at the mercy of his bank account; and his own relation to those programs is primarily that of a bank account, not that of a man. A man initiates things, wills them, plans ways and means of bringing them about, urges their realization. Sidonia merely watches opportunities. When they appear he takes advantage of them with as diplomatic a cunning as distinguished Disraeli himself in the office of prime minister of England. If Russia and Turkey must bring difficulties between them to the arbitrament of the sword, it is interesting to him chiefly because it may work to his profit. He is quite willing to let others set the ball rolling, while he sits in the grand stand betting on the game.

It was shortly after the publication of *Coningsby* that Victor Hugo wrote *Les Miserables.* The sufferings of Sidonia, as far as Disraeli's literary art brings them to our notice, are at a less appealing level than those of Hugo's Jean Valjean, Fantine, Cosette, Marius. Hugo's great figure, Jean Valjean, is the antithesis of Sidonia. From the hour when, as an escaped convict, he has stolen the bishop's silver plate and has been forgiven and cared for by the bishop, his life has been dominated by generous and self-sacrificing impulses. The first offense was a trivial one to which he was driven by the hard necessities of an impoverished existence.

For that fault (*Continued on page 24*)

CHINATOWN Celebrates the NEW YEAR

By
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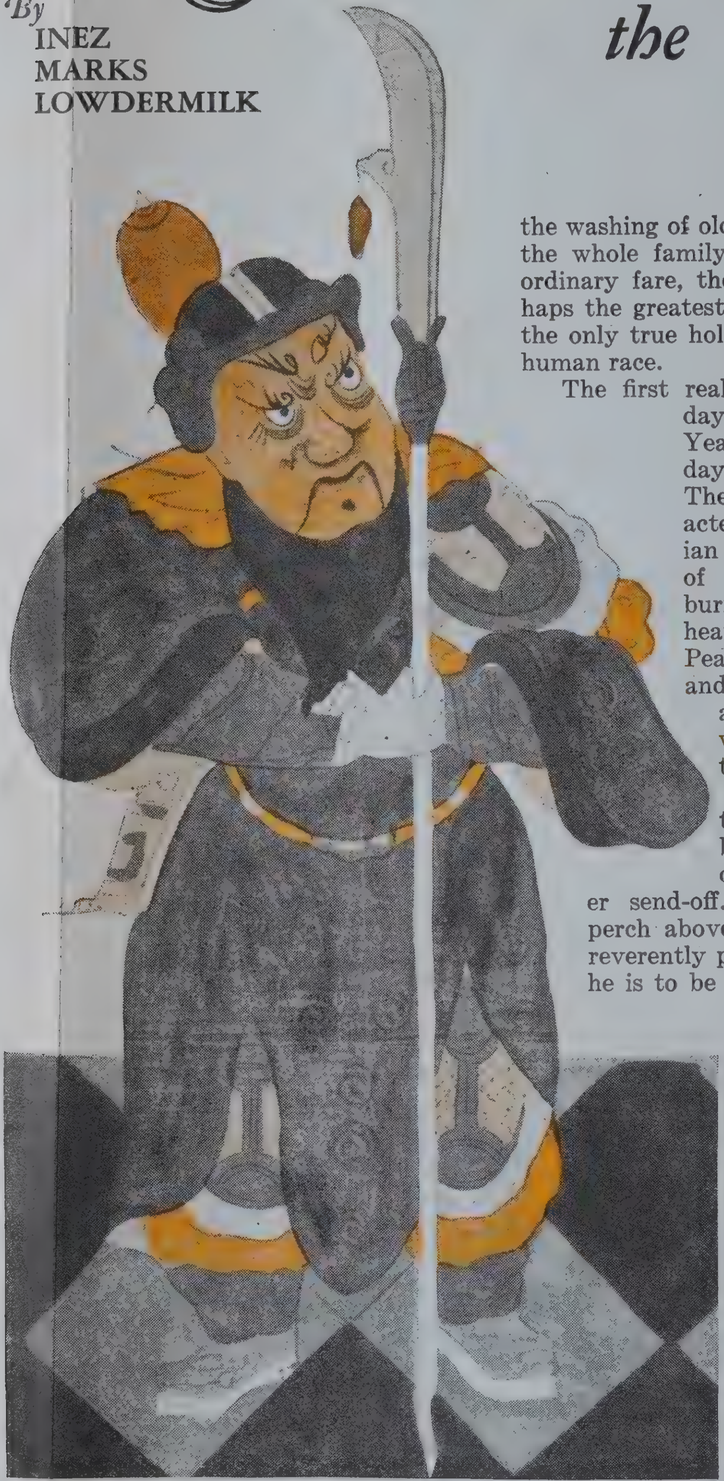
MARKS
LOWDERMILK



This god on a colorful poster acts as policeman at the front gate of Chinese homes.

AMONG all national holidays the Chinese New Year is undoubtedly unique. It involves gods; ancestors; a payment of all past debts, even though the wherewithal must be borrowed at ruinous rates of interest. It means a complete cessation of all industry and a reversal, for at least two weeks, of all that one has been doing for the past year. There is a yearly house cleaning, with new clothes for everyone, the washing of old clothes, and a bath for the whole family. After the Sahara of ordinary fare, the dietetic aspect is perhaps the greatest attraction of all. It is the only true holiday for a fourth of the human race.

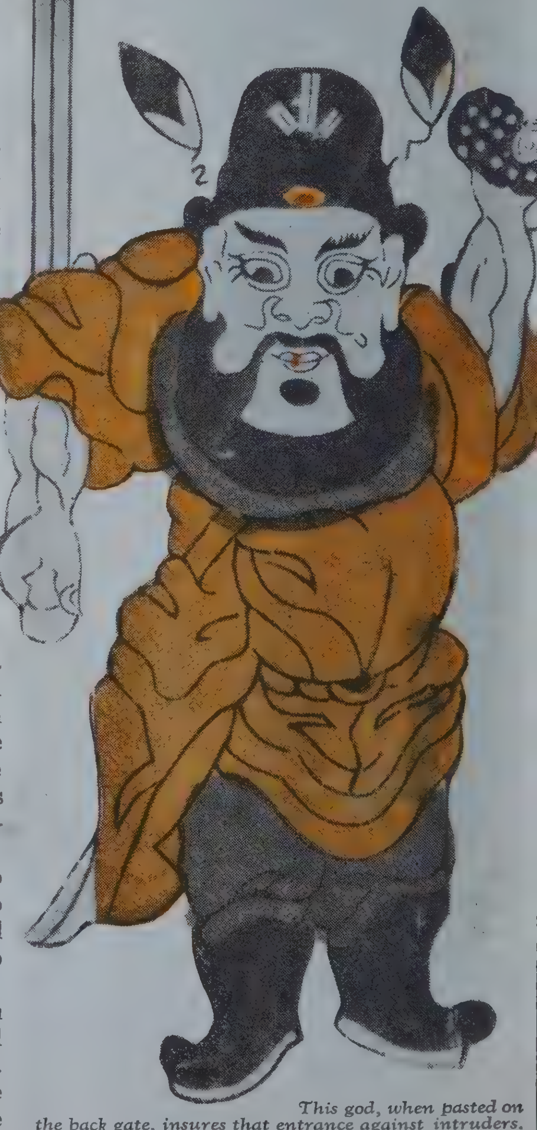
The first real event takes place six days before the Chinese New Year on the twenty-fourth day of the twelfth month. The kitchen god, who has acted as policeman or guardian of the domestic life of the family, must be burned and thus sent up to heaven to report to the Pearly Emperor on the good and bad deeds of the family, and whether it has been wasteful of food during the past year.

A farewell dinner is tendered him by all members of the household, in order to give him a proper send-off. He is torn from his perch above the kitchen stove and reverently placed on the spot where he is to be cremated. Paper sedan chairs and carriers or a paper horse provided with straw and water is burned with him in order that he may make the journey from earth to heaven in comfort. There are now modern tendencies among the gods, for it is becoming quite common to burn a paper automobile with a god to enable him to reach heaven more quickly and to create a sensation among his brother souls by arriving in a limousine.

Before starting the kitchen god to heaven, the family spreads sugar or sirup on his lips in order that he may 'feel sweet' and not be able or inclined to report anything but good.

After the departure of the kitchen god, the family has no superintendent and may work and act with greater freedom. This is the time for the yearly house cleaning. Cobwebs are torn down, the year's accumulation is cleaned out, furniture is moved and dusted, clothes are washed, finishing stitches are put on the new clothes, children are bathed, provisions are laid in for two weeks; sweets, dumplings, and fried cakes are made in round balls to signify unity and the reuniting of all members of the family. Everyone is working with feverish haste so that Chinese New Year may find all things in readiness for two weeks of leisure and feasting.

All debts for the year *must* be paid before the sun rises on New Year's morning. The year's business is transacted on the basis that one may evade paying one's debts until the New Year. Practically everyone in China owes some one else, and it is not a Chinese trait to pay a bill until one has been requested to do so at least twice.



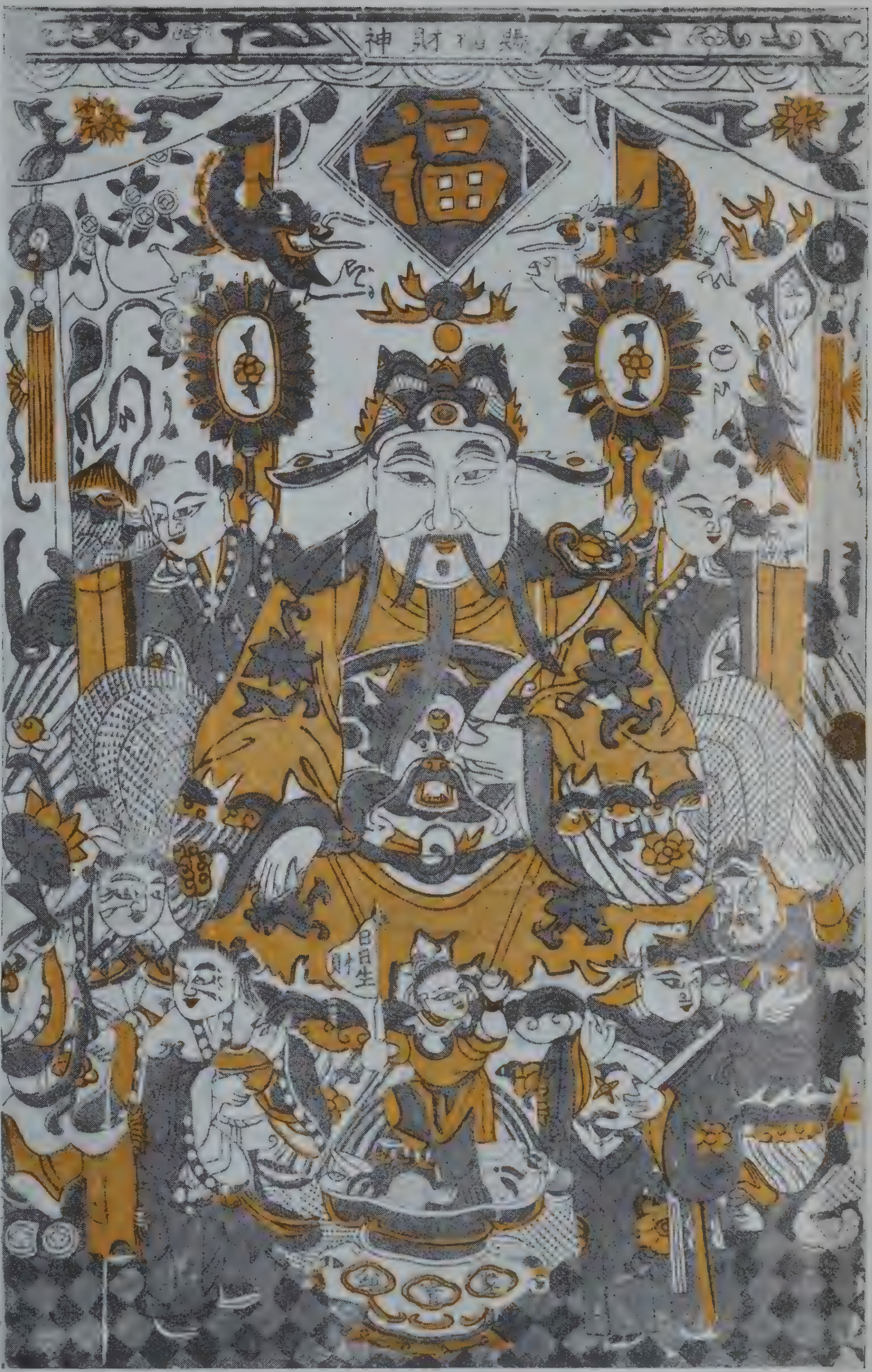
This god, when pasted on the back gate, insures that entrance against intruders.

This accounts for the frantic haste in which the men rush here and there, trying to collect debts and equally anxious to avoid creditors until collections are made.

If one cannot meet his financial obligations, he must secure a new loan from another person, and as there is no law, he may be forced to pay as high as 50 per cent or more per annum. To dun a debtor on New Year's Day is not good form; it is not uncommon in parts of China to see an anxious creditor carrying a lantern in broad daylight, seeking to find his debtor, on the assumption that, because of his carrying a light, it is still the night before, and he may with propriety extract payment if he can locate the debtor.

Happy is the man with debts who can outwit his creditor during those last precious hours, for he can then sail along in peaceful, undisturbed waters for another year. Many a sympathetic newcomer to China has had his heart and pocketbook touched by the tragic tale of the death of a father or a mother of one of the family servants. Money must be had for the casket and the proper burial ceremonies. Later, it dawns upon the foreigner that Chinese New Year is approaching and money for debts is imperative. The writer has a gardener who was formerly employed by two other Americans. This boy's father has thrice died a tragic death just before Chinese New Year, the writer, though a resident in China for many years, being one of the three foreigners to be thus hoodwinked.

The night before New Year's finds the house swept and garnished with red mottoes and 'happiness' placards and banners and pictures of gods. The members of the family are all dressed in new clothes or clean ones. New gate gods for protection have been pasted on the gate and the doors sealed with 'good luck' papers. The family very ceremoniously places a new kitchen god above the stove to preside over the household for another year. Though the ensuing feast is to the god, the members of the family noisily and rapidly eat the delicacies.



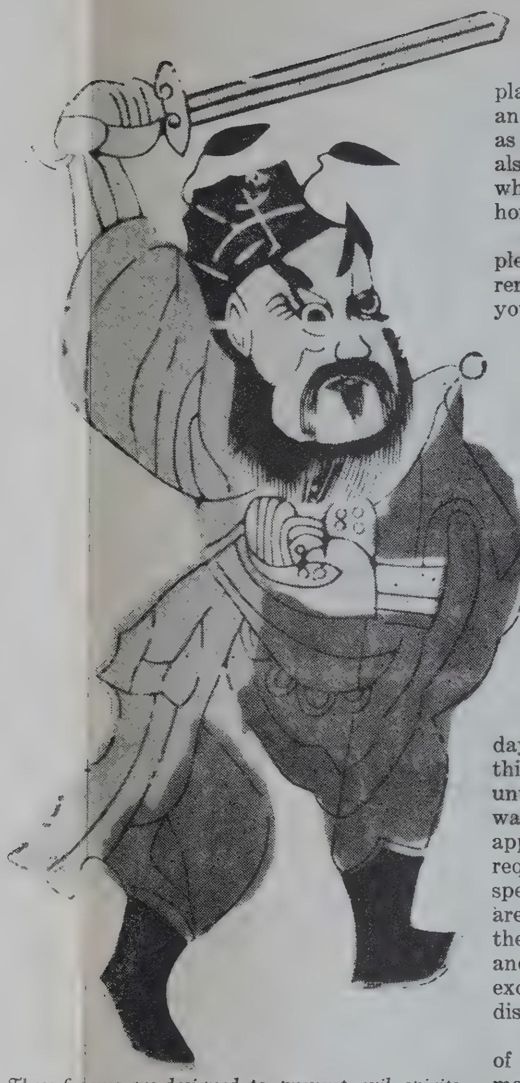
'Tsai Sen,' god of Wealth, is displayed on New Year's Day in nearly every home in China, with the hope that this deity will bestow prosperity and even sons.

There are certain very important customs to be observed.

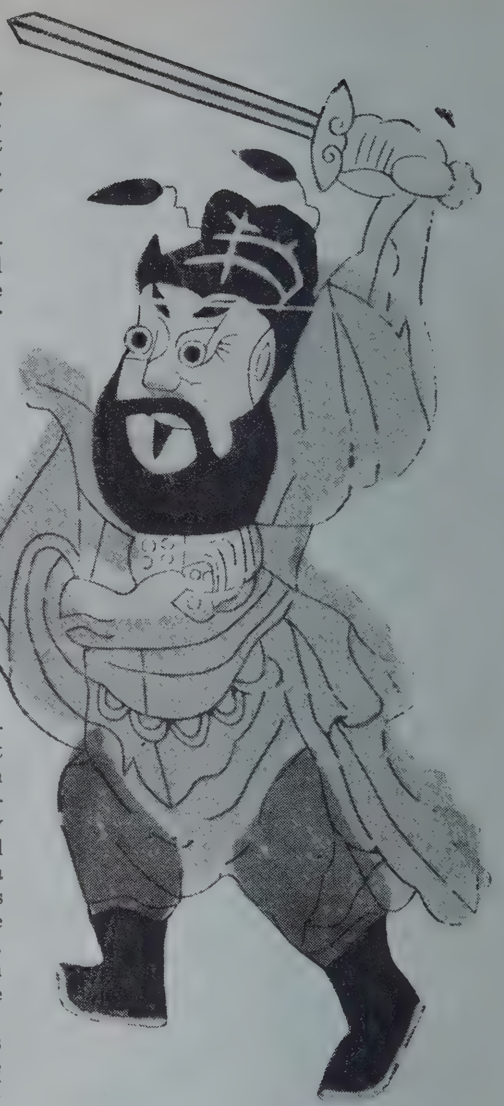
Great care must be exercised, for if, anything is broken on this night, a great misfortune will befall the family. Also one may not use scissors or sweep floors, for the good luck of the family would be cut off or swept away.

The New Year arrives with a bang. Everyone from richest to poorest must set off firecrackers. Tucked under one's covers, one can easily imagine that a decisive battle is raging through the streets of the city. On this day and for at least two weeks, nothing in the form of work is done that can be left undone. All industry absolutely ceases. Every shop is closed. There is a complete cessation of all business.

Only amusement places are open.



These figures are designed to prevent evil spirits from dropping down from the sky into the courtyard.



One tries in vain to secure labor. It simply cannot be had. The whole Chinese people as a unit stops to take a long breath after eleven and a half months of monotonous industry and labor for seven days a week.

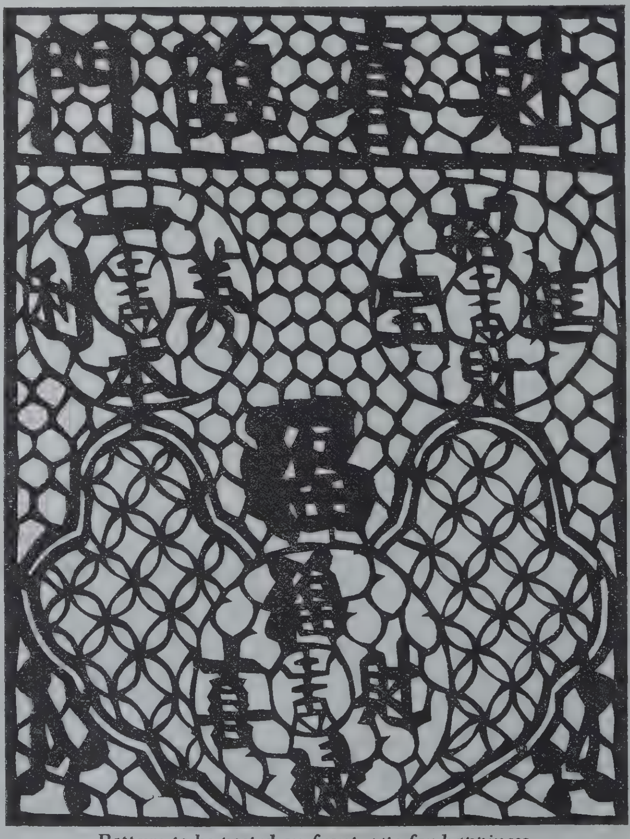
All the excitement of a Christmas morning prevails. It is a true family reunion, for custom demands that, unless it is absolutely impossible, every male member of the family *must* return to the home of his father to perform his obligations to his ancestors and parents. All exchange New Year Greetings. The children dance round in gay new clothes and pop firecrackers.

Early in the morning the children perform their filial obligations by bowing to the floor three times before their parents, who give them the proverbial *Ya Swei Chien,* or good luck money, and usually some words of advice. The male members of the family perform their obligations to their ancestors. It can be truly said that in China the dead rule the living in thought and custom. At Chinese New Year the dead require special attentions. It is thought that at this time the ancestors return again to earth to be at the family reunion and to eat a good home meal. The ancestral tablet is therefore taken out and placed on a table. Incense is kept burning and special food is placed upon the table, as well as plenty of rice wine. Incense must also be placed upon the ancestor's graves, which are usually on or near the family homestead.

After the family obligations are completed, the elder members of the household remain at home to receive guests, while the younger male members, whether father or son, set out to make calls upon all those who position or custom decrees should receive this social token of respect. No people are such sticklers for proper form as the Chinese. Bows and greetings are exchanged, refreshments are served, old friendships are renewed and new ones made. These obligatory calls are not without other good results, for often these visits heal, in early stages, alienations which might otherwise develop seriously. Two whole weeks are allowed for this round of visits.

The god of wealth celebrates his birthday on the fifth of the first month. At this time he is supposed to be in an unusually magnanimous frame of mind toward people on earth, and, if properly approached, is sure to grant personal requests. Shopkeepers, therefore, give a special birthday dinner to which the clerks are all invited. Incense is burned before the picture or image of the god of wealth, and all are required to bow before him except those whose services are to be dispensed with for the coming year.

This is the time for notifying employes of change. The Chinese have many polite methods of imparting this unpleasant news. If the master serves one a chicken head or invites one to sit in a position of honor, it informs him that his services are no longer needed.



Pattern to be posted on front gate for happiness.

The final celebration is the 'Lantern Festival,' on the fifteenth of the first month. Innumerable paper lanterns, made in the forms of birds, rabbits, beasts, or fish, are prepared beforehand. When night falls, all shops are bewildering in a maze of waving lanterns. Every pedestrian also carries a lighted lantern as he threads his way through the crowded streets.

The effect is enchanting. A long dragon made of cloth and tinsel and spangles, each section of which is supported by a strong and healthy young man, invisible except from the knees down, writhes and prances its way through the crowds. The children are hilarious; firecrackers are popping here, there, and everywhere.

But as the night advances, the lights begin to flicker and die; the crowds reluctantly disperse, and one-fourth of the human race again settles down to ceaseless toil for seven days a week in a land where vast numbers subsist on one and two meals of coarse food a day.

On the Yukon

(*Continued from page 14*)

played white and furious. The cold frosts of thousands of winters had split this rock in twain; and here is room for a man to stand out of the wind while he casts. In swift water like this it takes more skill to land such a beauty; for the strength of this fish is amazing as it fights to the death. But when the great gasping blue body comes to the net, there is little fight left. When you attempt to take it from the hook, however, it muscles up in your hand, squirming like a snake or an eel, as it attempts to free itself.

Cold, strong, and vigorous, the grayling thrives in the icy waters of glacier streams. As a food fish it surpasses all others in my opinion. The delicate flavor, the ease with which the bones are disposed of, make it a counterpart of the trout in that respect. We cooked them in rich yellow butter and ate great quantities. One day we built a small fire at the edge of the canyon. After heating the skillet, we perched on stones and began fishing. As fast as Jim tossed me a catch fresh from the stream, I cleaned it and placed it, still quivering, in the pan of melted butter. The result was gratifying. Browned to a crisp and eaten with wholesome bread in the open high above timber line, they were relished beyond compare. Tea brewed from the icy waters of the Yukon completed the feast.

Early in the morning the summit of the mountain above our cabin would slumber in a drapery of silver mist. Below, in the ravines, everything would be obliterated by a mass of floating cloud—the whole world seemed to float in gray opaque vapor. Stormless, silent, monstrous though light, filling the Yukon valley without disturbing a twig, winding and closing, turning with a wisp of breeze, sliding noiselessly down a creek bed, a cloud cascade possesses solemn grandeur. As the day advanced, the rugged, barren ranges would loom cold in the distance. Peak after peak would glitter dazzlingly in sunrise tints, until light flooded the entire chain, gliding slowly to the wooded gorges and flat lands at its base.

We always walked after the evening meal, Jim with his small shotgun and a pocketful of Remington shells. On a rocky peninsula near the camp we found many things of interest. The rock ran sheer into the water at an abrupt angle. It was high and barren, except for moss and lichen and a very scrubby form of spruce at the base. A thick growth of juniper covers the ground of this peninsula around the rocky hill. Among these stand some of the most grotesque figures that one can imagine. It is goblin world. There are tree trunks a foot in diameter and only eighteen inches tall, ugly dwarfs!

At the edge of the water we found a rotted net with a two-inch mesh. Someone had sought to ensnare grayling at a time when they refused to bite. The net cord was brownish yellow and slimy. It fell apart as we lifted the pole to which it was attached. Wild ducks whistled overhead. Ptarmigan, those lovers of the high places, whirred out from under our feet like partridge. The young were beginning to turn white, but the old bird remained brown. She stood her ground until all had fled, and then she ran into the low bushes uttering peculiar turkeylike cries in an attempt to lure us after her. We tried hard to locate wild sheep and goats on the high alpine meadows but were unsuccessful. We did hear coyotes howl, though, and Jim saw one, nose to ground, chasing something on the high bench back of camp.

January

KATHERINE GARVIN

IN THE FIELDS I was circled by a ring
Of ground-mist hallowed by the sun's gold light.
Above me domed the heavens, all their height
Pale, like a wet pearl shell, and quivering
With atmospheric life. The smell of spring
Was in the air. Though trees were sparkling white,
Rigid with frost and dazzling to my sight,
Above and all about I heard birds sing.

From shining, misted, round eternity
They sang, and all life bubbled at their throats;
While youth so met with age in January
That death and birth could harmonize their notes.
So some sang 'Weep,' and others sang 'Rejoice,'
But from two ends rang out one final voice.

After the evening walk we would return and light the camp fire in front of the cabin. There is real magic in a camp fire, that affects everyone. Even the middle-aged city man, heavy and self-satisfied, to whose nature the atmosphere of commonplace is as necessary as ice water to a grayling, feels sometimes, and instantly crushes back, a strange impulse to go out to the woods and start a fire. Even his life of dull and sordid routine has not quite repressed the savage in him. I wonder whether our oldest racial memory may not be that of fire? I wonder whether any other odor takes us farther down our ancestral past than the smell of cedar burning.

Jim and I have built many camp fires. Always we seek out the cedar if possible. The stinging sweet smell of burning cedar holds a cherished place in the memories of thousands of the brethren of the open road. The real woodsman guards his damp-proof match box more carefully than his purse. All the gold in the world will not save a man in an Arctic blizzard. But a little half-match may bring him through. The scout is proud of his craft in igniting a spark from friction, but he much prefers a match, particularly in wet or windy weather.

Life in the Yukon is simple. Needs are few. We rise with the sun. We go to the foaming creek to wash our hands and faces. The plunge into the icy water is painful but the reaction is beneficial. We breath deep of the intoxicating air of high places.

Ours was a short stay. But there are old-timers in the valley who live the simple life the year around. The old Sourdough is a queer animal. With all the world to choose from, he will select for his dwelling place a spot so buried in the mountains that his only visitors are those who wander there by accident; so encompassed by rocks and trees that his only outlook is the sky above him. Bush rats scamper up and down the roof, coyotes howl outside his door of nights and gophers trill their shrill staccato notes by day. Dawn is his alarm clock. The pangs of hunger are his dinner bell; the shades of night his curfew.

We have not space to tell of the beauties of the Yukon River between White Horse and Dawson, the old city of the Klondike. We did not follow the old trail of '98 covered by so many gold seekers thirty years ago. We traveled in easy stages by way of the White Pass and the Yukon railroad—parlor cars and comfort all the way. We took the steamer *White Horse* down to Dawson, a distance of 460 miles.

We had much costly tackle on this trip and it was a problem to care for it properly during our various moves from stream to lake. The rods were carried in an aluminum case. Flies, leaders, lines, and lures were kept in a Green tackle case. We made this selection after due thought. It is built of treated bone-dry cypress, covered with gauge steel and reinforced with steel angles and heavy hardware. We checked it through when possible, and it withstood the knocks of travel to which it was exposed. The wooden inner box eliminated the sweating damage usually caused by salt sea air.

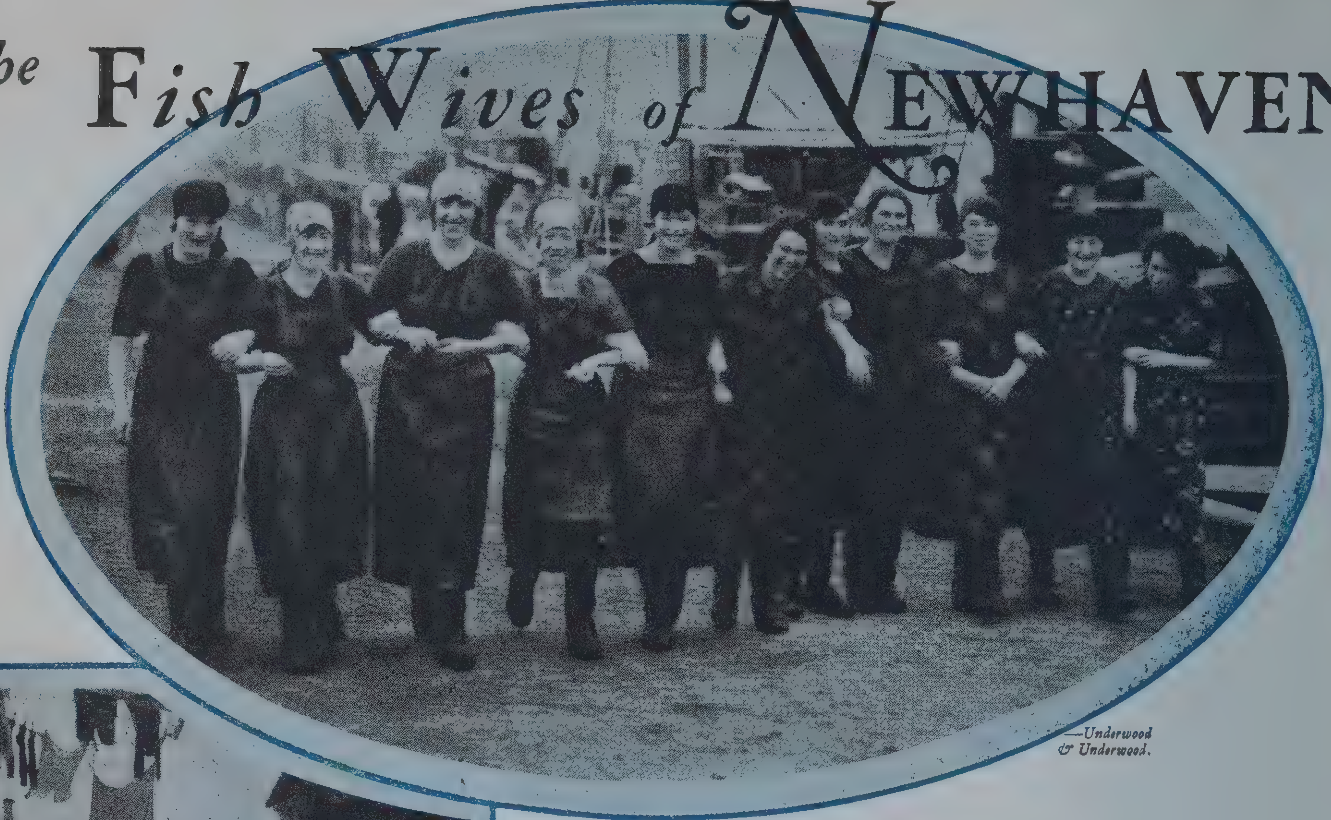
* * *

We are back to the daily round of the average civilized being. Jim is in school and I am at work. Jim comes home and bursts into the study.

'Gee Dad! How'd you like to be up at First Portage tonight? I know I could catch a bagful of grayling.'

I smile but do not answer. I can hear the roar of canyon waters, feel the misty spray of the cataract of the First Portage, and smell the freshness of the early morning breeze high in the Alaskan mountains. Another odor I fancy is that of simmering mulligan. But the aroma that rises in the delicate texture of the steam from a coffee pail is more seductive than any. Camp-fire coffee is too vigorous a liquor to be associated with indoor life; it requires the stirrings of appetite at three thousand feet's elevation. In fancy I am flicking an artificial fly over a whirling spray of water by a certain lichened rock. A swirl of violet, a savage tug—but what's the use? We're three thousand miles from the Yukon!

The Fish Wives of NEWHAVEN



—Underwood & Underwood.

—Ewing Galloway.

By PAUL TYNER

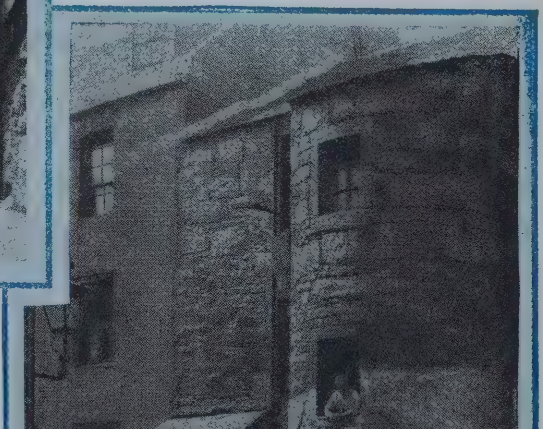
Oval—
Scottish fisher girls taking a respite from work along the boat docks.

Left—
Street in a fishermen's settlement along the Firth of Forth.

THE visitor to Edinburgh cannot fail to be struck by the frequent appearance in the streets of women who go about in the residential districts selling fish.

Remarkably hale and hearty these women appear. There is even a touch of arrogance in their easy stride and their assured facial expression, as of beings apart from and somewhat superior to the common herd. Yet this touch of dignity is charmingly combined with an air of confiding amiability free from assertiveness. These fishwives are plainly to this manner and expression born, as they are to their costume also. What is more, as it proves, they have come into both dress and manner by right of long descent.

'Are these women Scottish?' I asked an Edinburgh woman.



—Ewing Galloway.

Homes of the fisher folk near Edinburgh.

'They are Scottish and they are not,' she answered.

'That is to say, they are the famous Newhaven fishwives, and Newhaven is a little fishing community on the shore of the Firth of Forth included in the corporation limits of Edinburgh since the capital city absorbed the old borough of Leith, Edinburgh's port; Leith had previously grown all around Newhaven and absorbed it. Although Scottish by birth, they are descended from a people who came to Scotland hundreds of years ago. Some say these strangers were Danish, others Norwegian or Saxon.'

This vague uncertainty as to the origin of the dwellers in Newhaven I found prevalent, even on the borders of the village itself. And yet it should not have been difficult to hit on the truth. Surely I had seen this very costume on the banks of the Zuider Zee and along the wharves in Amsterdam. Has it not been immortalized also by the brush of Frans Hals and by other Dutch and Flemish painters? All that was lacking in it was the wooden *sabots*, so handy for the kiddies to set sailing on a pond when not really needed for foot-covering!

This guess was verified by a little investigation. I found that Newhaven (it is spelled as one word, like our Newburgh), dates back to the middle of the 15th Century, to a time well antedating Columbus' discovery of America.

Accepted tradition has it that its first settlers were refugees from Flanders, which with all the Low Countries suffered extremely from oppression during the Thirty Years' War waged against these 'heretics' by Charles V, Emperor of Spain and 'Lord Paramount of the Low Countries.'

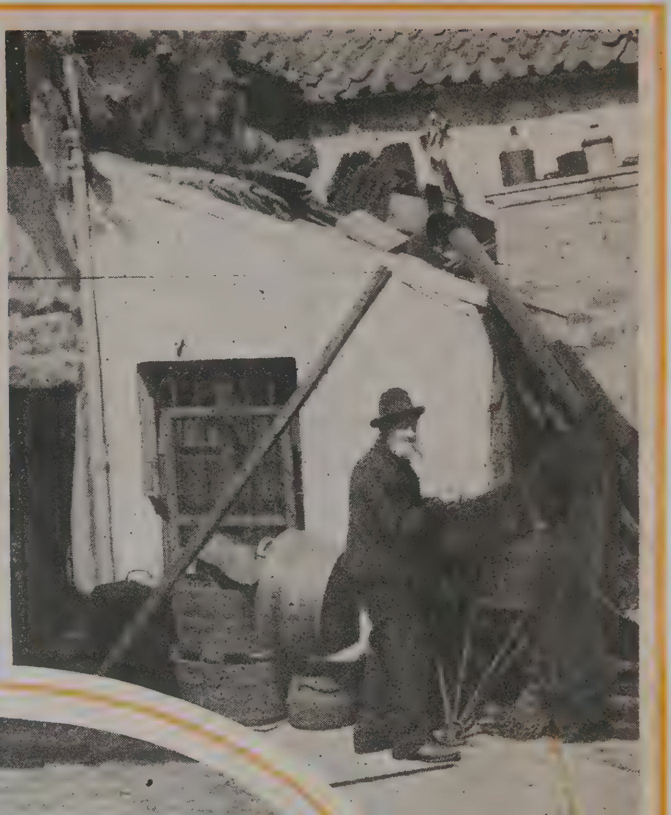
As sea fishing was the habitual occupation of many of these exiles, on settling in Scotland they naturally turned to it, their proverbial hardihood and diligence giving conspicuous example to British fishermen and revealing new wealth in British waters.

AMONG many evidences of the Flemish colonization of Newhaven was the institution, as early as 1572, of a 'Free Fisherman's Society,' with careful rules and provisions for mutual benefit. These rules were plainly an adaptation of those of the ancient Flemish trade guilds, the adjective *free* being meant to mark their own sense of deliverance from Spanish despotism. Observant travelers are sure to note among the people of Newhaven, as I have hinted, certain undoubted resemblances to the Flemish and Dutch fisher folk in the matter of village customs, idioms, family names and costumes, marked, as already remarked, in the dress of the women, and only less so in the kiddies, who seem like rosy-cheeked Dutch dolls. It is marked, too, in the wide trousers and blue caps of the older skippers hanging about the docks.

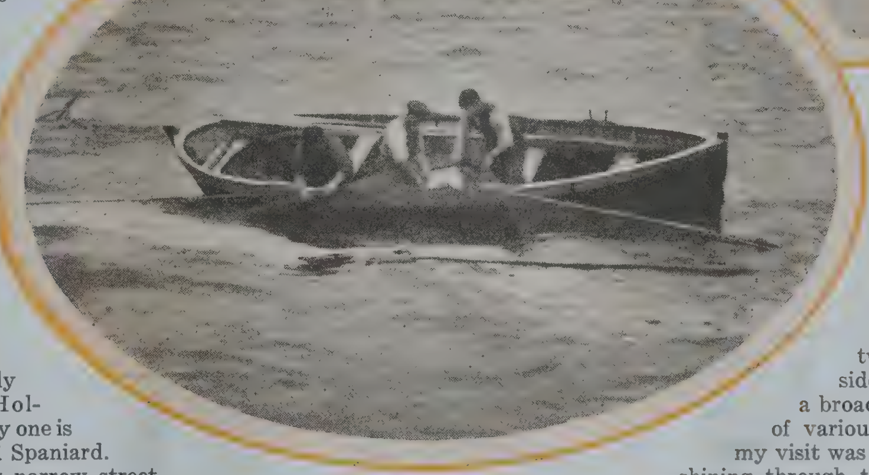
Like the Flemish women these Newhaven folk are noted for their interest in elaborate collections of crockery, plants, and old furniture, and for their thrifty habit of making special provision against the time when daughters leave home as brides. The wedding processions and celebrations at one or another of the little 'hotels' along the shore are also similar to those of the Dutch. The resemblance is also marked in the matter of hair and complexion, the women being distinctly blonde like any typical Hollander—although occasionally one is found as dark as the typical Spaniard.

New Lane is a typically narrow street mounting a gentle slope and lined on both sides by ancient two-story stone cottages with outside stairways. Often these are occupied by a family on each floor. The lane itself—being a thoroughfare only for those living in it—is the scene of much of the domestic life: women, young and old, washing and gossiping, and children playing. The dwellings would seem to be far from sanitary; but the fresh salt air off the sea breathed by the inhabitants, who spend most of their time out of doors, evidently counteracts the indoor stuffiness. At any rate, the toddlers are lively, chubby, and rosy-cheeked, and the women strong and agile. There are about a dozen such lanes or 'closes.'

In these times, as a fisher family accumulates a little money and seeks to get up in the world, it is likely to move out of the little two-story house into a flat (or as the Scotch call it, a 'house') in one of the tall stone buildings of Newhaven Road. It was in such a flat, one flight up, that I found good Granny Ramsay-Johnson surrounded by children and grandchildren, with a great-grandson in the offing. Granny has been a fishwife in her time and comes of more generations of fishwives and fishermen than she can count. She recently celebrated her 94th birthday. It is a joy to hear her reminiscences of happenings in Edinburgh sixty to eighty years back. From her sixteenth year, she had been accustomed to attending the fish market on the shore in Newhaven every morning before sunrise, obtaining her supply of forty or fifty pound of fish; packing it in her creel with top for cleaning knife, board, and scales; placing it on her back and trotting off two miles to Marchmont Street in Edinburgh to serve her customers. Her mind bright as a button, her eyes twinkling with genuine humor, she expresses with deep interest her opinions on the events of today as compared with the happenings of more than half a century ago. It seems very likely that she will fulfill her prediction of rounding a century.



—Ewing Galloway



Above—
This Scotch fisherman has devoted all his life to his industry.

Oval—
Hauling in salmon nets, off the shores of Scotland.

The fish market at Newhaven is a sight well worth getting up early in the morning to behold. Scores of small boats bearing catches of silvery herrings from the nearer waters of the Forth line the big semicircular dock. Many of the fish go directly to the curing establishments to be turned into 'kippers.' Wharves on the other side of the market accommodate larger steam vessels, either the trawlers themselves or the vessels to which they have transferred their catches at sea. These deep-sea fish—halibut and sole, haddock and cod—are all neatly packed in stout boxes holding about fifty pounds each. They are quickly transferred to the shore, and from the shore to low platforms in the interior of the substantial brownstone and steel building, the openings of which are equipped with great steel venetians, or folding shutters.

All sales are by auction. Buyers gather about some twoscore stands at the sides of the building, leaving a broad way for drays and carts of various sorts. The morning of my visit was a foggy one. The lights shining through the yellow mist gave the scene an eerie aspect. Hurrying and scurrying dealers and buyers seemed like phantoms. Business on the market is entirely wholesale, of course; but a fisherman takes pride in favoring a friend with a fine sole or a big slice of choice halibut—just as a gardener might present a choice rose, or an author his book. Among the most interested attendants at these sales are hundreds—often thousands—of sea gulls which circle over sea and shore, or dart hither and thither, uttering their pathetic moaning cry. It reminds one of the old-time cry of the fishwives, to which Lady Nairn has given metrical setting:

'Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and wholesome fairin';
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dream'd ye aught o' our poor fellows,
Darklin' as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
Buy my caller herrin'
New drawn frae the Forth!

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men!

Una, Their First Child

(*Continued from page 2*)

—Culver Service.
Fireplace in the dining room of the 'Old Manse.'

made. The unforgettable wonders of the Atlantic trip came and passed, and the fascinating strangeness of foreign life began. Una and I absorbed it hand in hand, but our reactions differed. She sipped the new draught meditatively but I drank without drawing breath. Soon she had a piano; books interested her; the mysterious and beautiful mother-daughter period set in. My father, with amused patience, oversaw my vagaries. The baby, Rose, was the focal point common to us all.

Before long, however, the Liverpool climate so affected my mother that she had to seek the soft air of Portugal and Madeira, and of necessity take the two girls with her. In 1855 the three embarked for Lisbon, and nearly a year had passed before they returned. Una was then in her thirteenth year, and she seemed to me, when we first met again, a woman grown. She had acquired a certain poise and dignity in the society of the little Lisbon Court (to which John O'Sullivan, our old family friend, and then Minister to Portugal, introduced the three). She had lived a life of which I knew nothing. But after a day or two, the strangeness wore away, and we were full sister and brother again. She had many wondrous tales to tell me; a new intimacy began. Children do not understand nor recognize time—it is but a modification of outward costume. If Una now gave me more than formerly, it was because she had more to give; but it was all gold from the Una mint, with her stamp upon it. We voyaged to uncharted seas, but still in the same ship.

The horizons of personal romance, however, had not risen upon her. Nor did she find intimates among girls of her own age; her closest friendships were with much older persons. And when we left England for Italy, her imagination was carried captive by Rome and Florence. The spirit of that mighty past seized her; she felt, behind the ruins and the art, the life that had begotten them. We had added to our family a young American woman, a college graduate, in the capacity of governess, though in fact it was rather her supposed pupils who governed her. She was a very good and agreeable young lady of twenty-two or -three, full of the recently acquired learning of the schools, though of life and realities she knew nothing whatever. The children loved and respected her, but couldn't help dominating her; nor did she struggle for the mastery. She was, at any rate, a convenient companion for Una in exploration of the city, Una the elder and the guiding mind of the two. She often, unawares, provoked Una's sense of humor—an arch and playful mischievousness. At other times their conversation became much too recondite for my comprehension, Rome, to me, being a prodigious playground, with no serious side to it. I wandered away with Edmund Thompson, son of the painter who had made a portrait of Hawthorne two or three years before; Edmund was a fanatic for butterflies, I for shells; history, legends, pictures, we heeded not, though I had a strong love of statues. But Una had all Rome by heart, including the ballads of Macaulay and the poetry of Byron. Edmund, by and by, revealed to me, in awful confidence, that he was in love with Una, but I was never to let her know. I never did, and she never suspected it, and for his part, he never betrayed it; boys of twelve seldom do.

Una, in white, was a figure in the Roman carnival. She was a slim girl, rather tall for her age, and on her head was piled a great coil of red-gold hair, which, loosened, would fall to her knees. Her gray eyes softened and kindled; her lips were rather full, but delicately moulded. Hers was a face expressive of all moods of sensitive maidenhood. The courtiers of the pageant tossed their bouquets and sugarplums till her carriage was overflowed. It was her first encounter with the world, and a triumph, though she didn't know it, for it was the spectacle, not herself, that preoccupied her.

* * *

The coming of the dangerous Roman summer sent us north to Florence, where we lived a sparrow's flight from weird little Elizabeth Barrett Browning and her tumultuous husband. Our abode was an ancient one, looking down from an historic tower on the valley of the winding Arno; its more than forty shadowy rooms afforded each member of the family a private suite, with still much to spare. Una's apartment, solidly built of stone, vaulted and groined, had its haunting ghost, a tragic wraith, with which she communed without fear; but with the spiritualistic yearnings of Mrs. Browning she evinced small sympathy, sharing rather the common-sense scepticism of Robert Browning and her own father. Our Yankee governess turned out to be, much to her own distaste, a 'medium,' and there were seances for a while. Day after day we would descend the hill, and passing the city gates, immerse ourselves, together or singly, in the delectable streets and galleries. Una became a Florentine, and almost forgot her Rome.

But by the end of October it was necessary to return to Rome, where Hawthorne designed to write the Italian romance he had been meditating, and then to pass through England on our way back to New England. By common report, October in Rome was the last month of danger from the fever; we took an apartment there in November; but Una, strolling in the Palace of the Caesars after six o'clock one evening, showed disquieting symptoms next morning, and was soon very ill. The local doctor—the best to be had—dosed her with quinine; months went by, and death seemed near; her mother was her only nurse. The doctor finally said, 'If the crisis is not favorable tonight, she must die.'

Her mother, alone in the chamber with the almost unconscious girl whom she loved, looked out from the window at the dark clouds that covered the sky, and, for the first time in the long weeks of sleepless watching, with despair. She struggled against it for faith and resignation. She had been faithful all her life. The moment came when she was able to say, 'I will not fight against God's will any more!' The heaviness passed from her soul, and when she went back to the bedside and touched the girl's forehead, it was moist and cool and Una slept naturally. No one who has fought the battle that Sophie Hawthorne won that night can read the story except with reverence.

Una recovered, but the effects of the quinine remained. For several years she was a semi-invalid; there were periods of her former brilliance and strength alternating with obscure failings, the spirit contending with the physical frailty. In her twentieth year, however, during her attendance at the Dio Lewis Girls School of Physical Culture, she seemed wholly restored to strong, vigorous, cheerful, wholesome young womanhood. In a blizzard that winter, facing a gale with a temperature ten degrees below zero for four hours, we walked side by side. I was in the prime of athletic condition, and at the finish she was fully as fresh as I. But in the subsequent years, trouble other than physical depleted her again: one blow after another fell upon her, and the stern ascetic regimen which her religious convictions demanded reduced her still more, till at the end hardly anything of her but the spirit was left.

* * *

After her mother's death Una, too, it seemed, was now done with the world. She joined a charitable organization of the Church of England, and was active and devoted in the care of orphans and destitute children. Rose unexpectedly married; I came to England and settled with my own family in Twickenham, near London; Una, in 1874, lived with me there, going off, now and then, on her charitable errands. She was contented in this industry, and laughed and chatted, and gave humorous descriptions of events, in her old manner; but in silent intervals the lines around her mouth would droop, and a brooding look dim her eyes.

Circumstances arose which made her feel she should visit America. She had the faculty of quietly taking care of herself; she packed her trunk and was off. Rose was living in New York with her husband and was about to become a mother; Una stayed with them at times, and met a young American, Albert Webster, who had written some stories which had such pith and originality that he seemed likely to stand high in our literature. He had a strong, simple, masculine nature, and his ambition was pure and lofty; he was, however, very modest as to what he had done, but single-minded in his resolve to do better. Una wrote of him to us with ardor, but intimated nothing of personal relationship. At the end of a few months she returned to us, her mood brighter and lighter.

After two or three weeks, a letter came to her from New York, in the marked, individual handwriting of Albert Webster. As I handed it to her there was a sparkle in her face; she held the envelope for a moment against her breast, and went to her room. That evening she gave me the letter to read, saying nothing, but with an eager look.

I remember the quaint formality of its beginning: 'My dear Miss Hawthorne: I am going to ask your pardon for the liberty of addressing you with a view to marriage.' It was like the reverent obeisance of an 18th Century cavalier. Several pages of manly, frank, innocent writing followed, expressing the sincere homage and worship of an honest heart. He would have spoken long before (he wrote) but that he had believed he had a weakness of the lungs, which might not justify him in offering himself to the woman he loved; but a recent medical examination had given him hope, and he was about to follow the advice of his physician to make a voyage to Honolulu. Should his hopes of cure be fulfilled, and her reply to his petition be favorable, he would immediately come to her in England. Meanwhile he would continue his letters.

The south parlor of the 'Old Manse.'

—Culver Service.

She sat before me as I read the letter; and when I looked up at her, I saw her bloom and burgeon as she had not done since the young days before the Roman illness, and with a radiance more exalted than then. This man was her true mate at last, and the felicity she had imagined and failed to find had come to her in an overflowing tide.

His promised next letter must be written on the outgoing ship and be mailed in Honolulu; it would not be looked for in England for more than a month yet. But she was joyfully busy in making her preparations, and in writing to his island address. They were letters which neither he nor any other was to read; but they were the utterance of a great soul, and as such their essence and perfume could not perish. Immortality enters into them, and they are known to the immortals.

A letter bearing the Honolulu postmark came at last; but I saw, as I took it from the letter carrier, that the handwriting was not Webster's. But Una, all alight, was at my shoulder, and there was no chance for temporizing; I gave her the letter, and she went back into the living room and sat down to open it. After a glance at the first page, she quickly turned to the second, and read it slowly, drawing a long breath. 'Yes—yes!' she murmured, a strange smile touching her lips. In those moments, I suppose, she had given up her hopes of earthly happiness, and realized that the warmth and beauty of life were to be found only in another world. Her hands fell in her lap; she raised her head with a blind look, and presently got up and went to her room. I didn't see her till the next day, when she gave me the letter. It was from a friend of Webster's who had made the trip with him. Webster had died on the trip; he would be buried on the island. A package was to come to her, containing a few personal things.

She made no complaint; she did not avoid speaking of Webster, but as if he still lived. She had cast her burden upon the God in whom she trusted, and did not let it weigh on us. By and by she resumed her church affairs, and was received formally into the church to wear the plain dress of a sisterhood. After two or three months, her rich auburn hair was gray. She still dwelt with us, but was often absent on charitable duties. I removed to Hastings-by-the-Sea, and she then took up her abode with the sisterhood at Clewer, visiting us from time to time. By entering into the destitute lives of others she kept herself from self-pity. Her eyes could still grow luminous with wit and humor; and I thought that, like our old friend Elizabeth Hoar, who had also lost her lover on the eve of their wedding, she might outlive the wound.

We had not seen her for some weeks, when I got a telegram from Clewer; I arrived there about midnight, and a lady who met me at the railway station said, 'You are too late.' My sister had died that morning, and I found her body, covered with a white sheet, in a little cell-like room in the sisterhood building.

Here is that poem of hers that I spoke of:

'I saw dead sunshine, beautiful in death:
Wrapped on its bier in Autumn's yellow shroud;
Gone was its life, that breathed with sunshine's breath,
And in green myriad leaves had sung aloud.

Along the road a golden impress left
Recalled its glory to my lingering eyes,
A tender memory, not yet bereft
Of sunshine's soul, which from its grave would rise.

Farewell, lost splendor, warmth to life and heart!
Above thy tomb bows winter, hoar and chill:
But my prophetic fancy stands apart
And sees thy springtime green on field and hill!'

Boys' Commonwealth

(Continued from page 3)

'It's so high,' he protested. 'I'll fall off.' His bed previously had been a pile of rags.

Untruthful, unmoral, profane—almost every derogatory adjective in the dictionary might be applied to Raymond. He came to the Commonwealth after robbing his uncle one night while he slept, the uncle only escaping death because he awakened in time to push a revolver away. Raymond resisted the efforts of his associates at the Commonwealth for a long time. At last one night when Mr. Starr was reading a classic aloud he interrupted to give his philosophy on life.

'A fiend roasts the other fellow but is never roasted himself,' he declared. He hoped to be bad enough to be able to do all the roasting and escape personal punishment. It took a long time to straighten his views, but in the end he became a stanch Christian.

Not all the boys who arrive at the Starr Commonwealth are 'bad.' In fact, none of them are in the opinion of Floyd Starr.

'There is no such thing as a bad boy,' he declares. And where he has been left free from outside interference by courts or parents, he has proved his theory.

BOYS who come to the Commonwealth may have an abundance of 'misdirected energy,' but they are never bad. The old belief of one rotten apple spoiling the barrelful has no place in Floyd Starr's scheme of things. 'With apples, yes,' he says. 'But with boys, no. Especially when the boys have learned from experience how much more fun it is to be good than bad.'

This 'fun in being good'—there's something new. Lewis' mother had died in a large city hospital. His father—it was just before Christmas—took him downtown to see the toys in the store windows. While Lewis was standing enraptured before a particularly alluring window the father slipped away. For a time Lewis was a ward of the city, drifting from place to place and growing more undisciplined all the while. At last he reached the Starr Commonwealth. Another Christmas came round. Lewis approached Mr. Starr rather hesitantly.

'Uncle Floyd, how much does a dinner cost?'

'Why?'

'I wanted to know if you wouldn't let me go without my dinner and I could send the money to a little fellow in Detroit who hasn't all the good things I have here.'

From the boy's question came one of the Starr Commonwealth's practices: one day of self-denial when dinner is omitted and the whole Commonwealth fasts. A tithe is taken from different funds, and the whole sent to some source for distribution among those less fortunate than the Starr Commonwealth members. One time the fund was sent to Rabindrinath Tagore, the great Hindu poet and philosopher (he has visited the Commonwealth twice) for distribution among flood sufferers in his native province. Again it went to newsboys in Mexico; again to children of a mission in Africa.

The Starr Commonwealth has grown with the years. Instead of one lone cottage there are now several, centering on the Emily Jewell Clark Memorial School building. Here are the classrooms, the chapel, the library and the splendid art collection which Mr. Starr has assembled for his boys. Art and music form an important and integral part of the Starr plan.

A regular course of scholastic training prescribed by the State of Michigan is followed. It carries the pupils through the ninth grade (junior high) and includes agriculture, music, manual training and expressional work.

One of the first things a visitor to the Commonwealth notices is the atmosphere of love in which it is bathed. 'Love' is a much misused word, and yet love is the only word which can adequately describe the Commonwealth. As one noted writer put it:

'The work is founded upon one man's love for unfortunate boys, his abounding faith in some innate spark or germ of goodness that abides either active or dormant in every boy, and his determination to create an environment of love and trust and beauty, a proper soil, if you will, in which this germ of goodness and purity will find its necessary nourishment, warmth and light for normal growth.'

The youth entering the Commonwealth for the first time immediately encounters this atmosphere of love. He is made to feel that he is part of a community. He is treated as an individual, not as one of a mass. Those with whom he comes in contact, his house mothers and teachers, are persons of refinement. Boyish energies are not restrained; they are directed into useful channels. Cultural development is stressed. Religious training is a vital part of the Commonwealth's work, but it is nonsectarian. Vesper services and chapel are held regularly.

The cottages in which the boys live were given by friends of the Commonwealth. Each has its own dormitory, its own pantry, living room and dining room. In the living rooms are large fireplaces, and shelves lined with choice books. Deep-seated chairs and lounges lend comfort. The dining rooms are attractively furnished. The boys (and this is another surprising thing to the average visitor) have table manners that no one need be ashamed of. Food is cooked in a central kitchen and delivered to each cottage. Meat has no place on the Starr Commonwealth diet; vegetables and fruit, many of them grown by the boys themselves on the Commonwealth farm, form the main dishes.

THE boys sleep on individual cots in the dormitories. There are no pillows; the sheets are clean and white, and the blankets warm. The boys make their own beds on arising, and this utilitarian task has been raised by them to a fine art. Each cottage is spotlessly clean. The house mothers in charge are all exceptional women, selected for their ability to understand boyish problems and direct boyish energies.

It must not be imagined that the youngsters of Starr Commonwealth are prigs. The reverse is true. They are normal, healthy, boisterous lads, active in games and sports, noisy at times, as all boys are, but withal frank, open in their actions, clean-minded and well-trained. They are proud of athletic and scholastic prowess; yet they are not ashamed to arise at Vespers and tell of good deeds they have seen others do during the day. This is one of their strong community traits, the desire to help one another. The youths are self-governing in all matters. They have a student council which administers their affairs with a judgment and restraint that would do credit to many an older body. There is no set penalty for any offense. For some breaking of rules the privilege of skating may be taken away; for repeated offense against table etiquette a boy may be deprived of accepting outside invitations until his name is again placed on the eligible list.

There are now some seventy boys at the Commonwealth. There is no endowment, and the Commonwealth 'carries on' by means of private subscription, the sale of Christmas seals, and proceeds from tag days. It costs about $400 to maintain a boy for a year; surely a small sum if considered as an investment in good citizenship.

THE fame of the Commonwealth is widespread. In England there is a school at St. Hilary modeled after it, which looks upon the Michigan organization as the parent school. Not long ago the children of St. Hilary's sent a gift of money for the purchase of some token of remembrance.

Much of Floyd Starr's time is taken in giving lectures in various parts of the world on the work he is doing. Much, too, it must be admitted, is taken with the ever-present problem of finance. Funds must be raised, and to do this many wearying trips must be made. But Floyd Starr is happy. He has the friendship and love of many boys; and he has the appreciation of many men. Nothing, perhaps, is closer to his heart than the message he received a few years ago from Rabindrinath Tagore, after the poet had visited the Commonwealth. And this message may well stand as the Commonwealth's valedictory:

'Amidst a desert of unprofitable days,' so wrote Tagore, 'my visit to your place has been to me like some oasis with its spring of the water of life. Other things of bigger dimensions will be forgotten but the memory of your little school will remain a part of my life to the end because I had a touch of truth there and I came away richer than when I visited the place.'

Great Figures in Fiction

(Continued from page 15)

the law has pursued him relentlessly. Society, discovering that he has been a galley slave, makes him an outcast. He can be secure only under an assumed name. He must live where he will not be recognized. He is the victim of the ferocity of villains like Thenardier, and of the upright sternness of such a guardian of the law as Javert. The error of his untutored years follows him as an old man through the sewers of Paris.

Whether the bitterness of such injustice as Jean Valjean endures can be wiped out by the charity of a bishop, accepting and applying the precepts of the gospel literally, may be a question for the psychologists. Romanticism dates itself in France from Victor Hugo: and the regeneration of a human being from the depths of despair or the gutters of degradation is a romantic thing. It is also, no doubt, a possible thing, and Jean Valjean is the great fictional revelation of that possibility.

Scotland's *Great* Stonemason

By VICTOR MITCHELL

NEAR the end of the year 1834, when William IV was king of Great Britain, there might have been seen in the old churchyard of Cromarty a tawny-haired, gray-eyed man, of massive brow and rugged frame, cutting inscriptions on the tombstones. This was Hugh Miller, the stonemason, and future geologist, plying the mallet, as he himself said, like Scott's 'Old Mortality.'

With the exception of Thomas Carlyle, Scotland did not produce a greater intellect during the 19th Century than Hugh Miller, writer, thinker, and man of science, whose opinion was sought by the world's most brilliant men; who, through his masterly exposition of the secrets of the Old Red Sandstone, revolutionized the world's knowledge of the works of the Great Master himself. He showed, among other things, that what we usually call the New World is in reality the Old World; that it arose from the mighty deep long before the part which lies on the eastern side of the Atlantic and comprises Europe.

In the landlocked bay of Cromarty, where Admiral Beattie's fleet found secure anchorage during the great World War, there rises from a green upland which overlooks the Moray Firth a pillar of red sandstone surmounted by a statue. This is the monument erected by his countrymen to Hugh Miller. Not far from the base of the pillar stands a humble cottage, with thatched roof and crow-stepped gables, in which he was born on October 10, 1802. During his boyhood he was dependent on a widowed mother who maintained herself by the 'sedulously plied but indifferently remunerated labor' of her needle. Much of his mother's sewing was in making garments for the dead, and in the earthen-floored room, by the open peat fire, the boy would sit on a little low stool in the winter evenings, while his mother sat on an oaken sea chest dressing a shroud or a winding sheet by the light of a solitary candle. Sometimes she would start up, and after listening intently declare that she heard mysterious sounds and rappings which foretold the death of someone; her own husband had been drowned at sea, as had many from the little town of Cromarty.

It was in such a weird environment that the boy's imagination was developed. At his birth the sage old dame who acted as nurse said that, judging from the conformation of his head, the child would turn out an idiot. He was only five years old when his father, a brave and hardy shipmaster, perished at sea. Long after everyone else had ceased to hope for the return of the mariner, Hugh might be seen on the grassy knoll behind his mother's house, looking wistfully out upon the Moray Firth for the missing sloop 'with the two stripes of white and the two square sails.'

Hugh Miller

When Hugh went to the village school he amused his companions with long blank-verse effusions of his own composition about sea fights, storms, ghosts, and desert islands, and later treated them to extracts from the life of Sir William Wallace, by Blind Harry, that ancient minstrel whose writings had also profoundly affected the imaginations of Robert Burns and Walter Scott. So much attention did the boy give to such things that he neglected the more solid paths of learning, and the schoolmaster considered him a hopeless dunce.

Meanwhile he had been 'learning to read in a book whose lessons he could not outgrow'—the book of nature. He loved to wander by the seashore at ebb tide and gather the shells and pebbles and strange little fish that he found there. In spite of the entreaties of his mother and other relatives he rejected the offer of a university education, and was apprenticed to a stonemason, as he wished to study in his own way during the winter months when work at his outdoor calling had ceased. His first work was in a quarry, and it was in this quarry, when tons of rock were riven by explosives, that he had his first glimpse of the hidden world.

When Hugh Miller became a journeyman mason he found employment at Niddrie, near Edinburgh, and here he began a poem of a supernatural cast, called 'The Boatman's Tale,' in which the influence of Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' and Hogg's 'Queen's Wake' are traceable. He also sent an 'Ode on Greece' to the editor of the *Scotsman*, who promptly returned it. On his return to Cromarty he formed the project of collecting his fugitive verses, and shortly afterward they were issued under the title of 'Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason.' They met with a success that might have turned the head of any rhyming artisan.

The 'Lines to a Sundial Placed in a Churchyard' was quoted in magazine and newspaper, and the author was assured that it displayed 'a refinement of thought, an elegance and propriety of language, that would do honor to the most accomplished poet of the day'; but Miller had the good sense to see that in spite of this laudation his compositions fell below the mark of good English poetry, and he resolved to devote his spare energies to the cultivation of prose.

Principal Baird, at this time one of the most eminent ministers of the Church of Scotland, was one of the first to stretch out a friendly hand to the Cromarty mason, and suggested that he might move to Edinburgh where there would be better opportunities for his advancement. Miller, in declining, said that the Scottish capital, with its historic and literary associations, appealed to him.

'I have sauntered,' he declared, 'for whole hours opposite the house of Sir Walter Scott in the hope of catching a glimpse of him; but I must achieve at least a little of what I hoped to achieve before I go to Edinburgh'; and this resolve he fulfilled. Soon after the appearance of his poems he began to work on a traditional history of his native parish. He soon had enough to fill a goodly volume, and Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, the author of *The Wolf of Badenoch*, who had formed a high estimate of his abilities, exerted himself to procure a publisher.

In the autumn of 1834, Hugh Miller was employing his spare time as a carver of epitaphs in the kirkyard of Cromarty, and in collecting geological specimens for a certain George Anderson, of Inverness, whom he calls 'one of the most thoroughbred geologists in the north of Scotland.' Some of the specimens he procured were exceedingly curious; they contained the petrified remains of animals that no longer existed except in a fossil state—bits of charcoal, pieces of wood, and nondescript substances which could hardly be referred to either the animal or the vegetable world. Thus, almost unrealized even by himself, his knowledge of the unrevealed in nature increased day by day.

Despite his literary aspirations—for at this time Hugh Miller did not seriously entertain scientific ones—he still finds himself at the age of thirty-two a journeyman stonemason. He had formed an ardent attachment for Miss Mackenzie Fraser, a girl of refinement and literary tastes, who had resided in Edinburgh in the house of George Thomson, the correspondent of Burns, but whom he resolved not to marry while he continued to earn his bread as an ordinary workman. He then began to entertain a scheme of emigration to America; and Miss Fraser's mother agreed, if nothing suitable turned up, to give up three hundred pounds belonging to her daughter, of which she had the life interest; and with this sum the two young people 'were to face the great wilderness.' Such was Hugh Miller's outlook when the agent of the Commercial Bank in Cromarty offered him the accountancy. Taken by surprise, he was at first inclined to refuse, but ultimately proceeded to the branch of the bank at Linlithgow to be initiated into the business. His spare moments were spent in correcting the proof sheets of the 'Scenes and Legends in the North of Scotland.' This was his first serious effort in prose, and he found a publisher in Adam Black, of Edinburgh, who had become convinced that the Cromarty mason, just developing into a bank clerk, was a man with a future. Leigh Hunt gave the book a kind and genial notice in his *Journal*, and it was reviewed by Robert Chambers no less favorably in his.

On returning to take his place in the bank at Cromarty, Miller applied himself with assiduity to his duties as accountant, and in January, 1837, he was married to Miss Fraser. At the conclusion of the wedding trip he set up his modest household at Cromarty. His salary was but sixty pounds a year, and the addition which he made to it by literary work was as yet small. An attic room was fitted with shelves, on which his few books and fossils, the nucleus of an extensive library and valuable museum, were arranged.

The first and last poignant sorrow that he experienced was the death of his first-born—a little daughter—and when he had cut the little headstone for his loved one, he never again handled the chisel. During the last few years of Miller's residence in Cromarty the question as to whether his supreme devotion should be to literature or to science often came before him.

'I may mention,' he says in a letter to Robert Chambers, 'that a geological chapter in my little volume of *Scenes and Legends* has attracted more notice among the learned than all the other chapters put together.'

Hugh Miller's next move was to Edinburgh to assume the editorship of a new biweekly newspaper, the *Witness*, which was to be the organ of the Free Church of Scotland. One day there appeared in the *Witness* the first of a series of articles under the title, 'The Old Red Sandstone.' There were seven in all, each occupying two or three columns. The Old Red Sandstone formation had hitherto been considered by geologists to be remarkably barren in fossils, but Miller asserted that he had 'a hundred solid proofs' that the fossils of the system were extremely numerous. Miller's reputation as a geologist was made. In this remarkable work the writer's imaginative power is characteristically exhibited. As one critic remarked, his fossil fishes swim and gambol in primeval seas, his stone branches bud like the rod of Aaron, and his forests, breaking from their sepulchers in the rock, grow green again.

The fruit of eight weeks' wanderings through England in the autumn of 1845 was his *First Impressions of England and Its People*. In Dudley glen he found himself surrounded with rocks containing marine fossils of the Silurian period amid the trees of an English woodland a hundred miles from the sea.

In the beginning of the following year a book was published under the now familiar title of *My Schools and Schoolmasters*. Its success was immediate and decisive. Famous writers were glad to meet Miller in a field from which controversy of every kind was excluded, and to mark his literary skill.

In another work—*Footprints of the Creator*—Miller endeavors to reconcile geological science with the Mosaic vision of the Creation. In a memoir written by Louis Agassiz, that great authority says he was so struck by the beauty of this work that he obtained permission from the author to publish an American edition. This was done at Boston in 1850.

In the autumn of 1856 Miller was working at the proof sheets of his last work, *The Testimony of the Rocks*, and in the pursuance of this task there was a feverish intensity which amazed his friends and saddened his wife. In this book Miller reconstructs his theory as to the Biblical aspect of the Creation, and while still reverently acknowledging that all was the work of the Great Master, he expresses the belief that the six days mentioned in the Mosaic narrative were not six natural days of twenty-four hours each, but six distinct periods in which the various stages of the divine work were accomplished.

Miller points out that birds make their first appearance in the footprints in the Red Sandstone deposit of the United States, namely, in the valley of the Connecticut. They were apparently all of the Grallae or stilt order of birds—an order to which the cranes, herons, and bustards belong, with the ostriches and cassowaries, and which is characterized by possessing but three toes on each foot. And in almost all the footprints of the primeval birds of the Connecticut there are only three toes exhibited, and some of these measure eighteen inches in length from the heel to the middle claw. These birds were almost as gigantic as the roc of Sindbad the Sailor.

'They are fraught with strange meanings, these footprints of the Connecticut. They tell of a time far removed into the bypast of eternity, when the great birds frequented by myriads the shores of a nameless lake, to wade into its shallows in quest of mail-covered fishes of the ancient type, or long-extinct mollusks, while reptiles equally gigantic, and of still larger proportions, haunted the neighboring swamps and savannahs; and when the same sun that shone on the tall moving forms beside the waters, and threw their long shadows across the red sands, lighted up the glades of deep forests, all of whose fantastic productions—tree, bush, and herb—have even in their very species long since passed away. And of this scene of things only the footprints remain—"footprints on the sands of time."'

It was while Hugh Miller was correcting the last proofs of *The Testimony of the Rocks* that an overworked body and brain were torn asunder under the strain. His nightly vigils told heavily upon him.

In a letter referring to Miller's last great work Carlyle said: 'There is forever connected with the very title of this Book the fact that, in writing it, the cordage of a strong heart cracked in pieces; that the ink of it is a brave man's lifeblood.' John Ruskin said: 'It seems so hard that a little overwork, a few more commas to be put into a page of type, a paragraph to be shortened or added, in the last moment, should make the difference between life and death . . .'

This was true of Hugh Miller, the expounder of 'sermons in stones.'

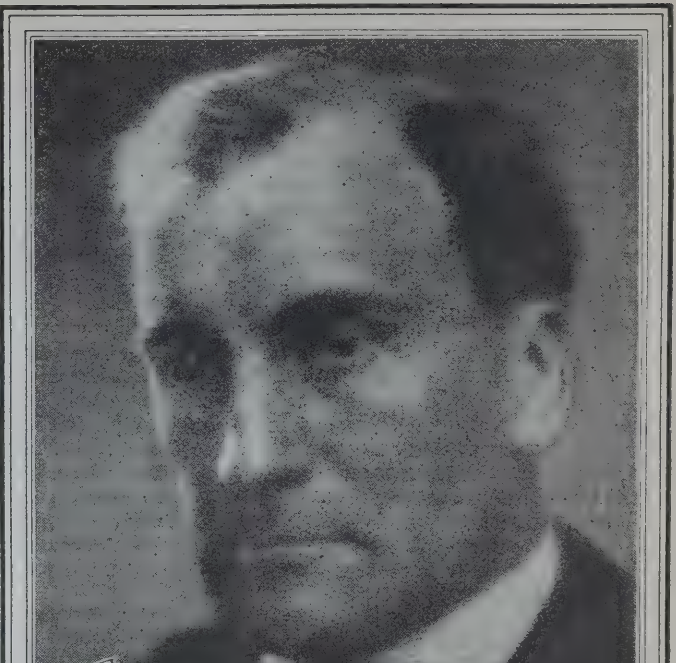
Neckties

CARL SANDBURG

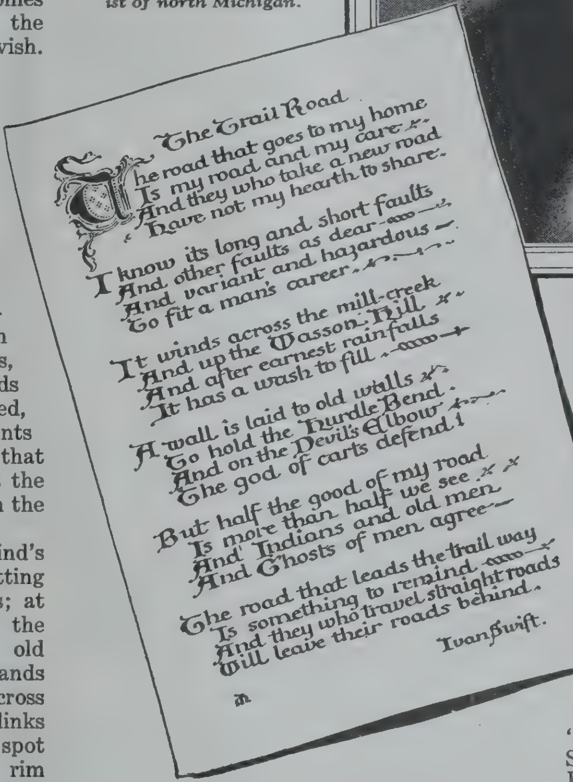
FRITTERS used to say, 'There is poetry in neckties.'
He picked neckties with a theory of color and design.
He knew haberdashers the way book bugs know where second-hand book stores are.
For a picnic he wore pink, for a fall fog day a grey blue,
And a four-in-hand, a bow, a bat-eye, each of its separate individual silk, plain or striped or spotted;
Each had its message, its poem, its reminders, for Fritters.
'I know how to pick 'em,' he used to say, 'I know the right scarf for either a wedding or a funeral or a poker party, there is poetry in neckties.'

Evangel of the NORTH COUNTRY

By ELDEN SMALL



—Portrait by O. H. Linstead.
Ivan Swift, poet and artist of north Michigan.



The Trail Road
The road that goes to my home
Is my road and my care.
And they who take a new road
Have not my hearth to share.

I know its long and short faults
And other faults as dear—
And variant and hazardous—
To fit a man's career.

It winds across the mill-creek
And up the Wasson Hill
And after earnest rainfalls
It has a wash to fill.

A wall is laid to old walls
To hold the Hurdle Bend.
And on the Devil's Elbow
The god of carts defend!

But half the good of my road
Is more than half we see
And Indians and old men
And Ghosts of men agree—

The road that leads the trail way
Is something to remind—
And they who travel straight roads
Will leave their roads behind.

Ivan Swift.

THERE are animals and birds which in the mind of man—the subconscious mind, perhaps—are invariably associated with the land or locality or the sun-quality that homes them. Instance the eagle, the camel, the Polar bear and the dancing dervish.

In much the same way, it is exceedingly difficult for me to dissociate Ivan Swift from the mental picture of a cabin buried in the tall woods of the northern Michigan country, the Little Traverse Bay section. That country *is* Ivan Swift, no more, no less, as he is it. Many years now I have known him—in city drawing-rooms, in painters' studios, in all the moods and minds of a cosmopolitan. Together we have trailed truth through the jungles of modern cities, and followed art amid the far pyramids of an imitation East. We have essayed, with varying success, to find the footprints life left in crossing this dull plain or that hilly country—or at times to pick out the way life would presently fare forward in the ever-fruitless quest of the Grail.

And yet it is impossible for my mind's vision today to see him except in a setting of greenwood and yellow beach sands; at the door of his self-created home in the Chippewa Cove borderland of the old Michigan pine country. Maybe he stands looking from his Dutch-door pane across the water to where Skillagalee light blinks in the early purple night—'like a spot welder riveting a purple island to the rim of the world.' Or it may be that within the cabin—he calls it his 'shop-home-church-forum in the big timber by the big lake'—he is at work at his easel fastening the sunrise flush to a canvas. Or it may be tendering a concession to mere human man by exercising a can opener and a skillet.

For although this north Michigan country sees Swift a few months each year, he sees it and breathes it the full twelvemonth, day in and night out, as he should and must, for he is its mouthpiece and its evangel. There is rare beauty in this summer country, and upon its bounty he was reared; there is likewise a loyalty almost as rare in the heart of Swift which chains his soul to the color and free beauty and sweet-breathed enchantment of the region which is and always must be his home.

Of the man Swift, much of the world already knows as many details as it needs or as may concern it. Of the artist Swift, hanging committees have gone down on record in various exhibitions, and folk who were selecting paintings for libraries or drawing-rooms or galleries East and West have solidly expressed their views. Of Swift the poet, much might be said, had not considerable of that already been better worded by other writers, and by editors who occasionally pay for engaging verse, and by us mere reading people who generally are compelled to settle for it, one way or another, or lose it after the first introduction.

But the real Swift is none of these, separately; rather, he is in part all of them together; and more and better than that, he is the Ivan Swift of the North Michigan country!

I know of none other who knows so well, nor so intimately, that vanishing advance agent of modern Midwest existence, the old *coureur de bois*, the picturesque habitant of the storied yesterday, with his quaint French-English and his friendly knowledge of the region and its scarce-peopled but full-crowded life lore. Swift has let his hopeful feet lead him far afield sometimes; he has painted and soldiered and learned first-hand of life under various suns and conditions and administrations. But always his course was a circle that led back to Michigan's upper lakeland. And ever he found its welcome freshly spontaneous and healing.

'Nature's fingers
Seem to play upon my strings
In minor harmonies up here—
Where shells of convents shelter
Echoes only,
And the last Indian has laid
His flints and legends
On the grave-mound of the older time.'

If you have met him in a parlor, discoursing upon something of which he may know and guess much or little with like facility and confidence, why, that is one thing. If you know him by his poems or his paintings—and I always have trouble separating them in my own silent contemplation—that is still another thing.

But the real Ivan Swift is neither of these. Rather, a clean-cut profile, an almost ascetic suggestion in rough garb—a cheery word from the doorway of 'The Lofts,' his cabin in the north woods. It is more than a cabin, because it combines many features of many different sorts of buildings. But most or many of these are by suggestion, and I cannot convince even myself what it would be like without him there in the flesh. It is an attractive picture with a sharp, unusual, dominant human note in it.

What difference where he was born, or where he studied, or what he did, or what you or I or anybody else thought of it—or him? Less than nothing, good folk, when we come to weigh real values that are not personal nor individual. For I hold that, in the final casting up, no man is merely what he is or what he has received—but rather what he has done, what he has accomplished or what he has been or has learned of life. And in some instances he is a part of a scene or chapter or picture that would be incomplete without him.

WOULD you have a glimpse of the real Swift? Let us drop in (a silly phrase that one may use in cities but should not in the great out-of-doors) at 'The Lofts.'

An inviting structure, with high gables 'for head room and air space and snowslides and squirrel tobogganing.' The ridgepole extends outward on both ends, where owls and gulls may perch, while there is a chimney built outside for no more romantic reason than to save space within. It connects with an hospitable fireplace, and fits perfectly the visible framing of old-weather timbers, joined with ligaments of mortise and tenon and peg—'to yield but not break,' as Swift explains. Good timbers, good joining, do not need covering, and they may resent it, as honest houses and dwellers may resent a deluge of partitions and drapes and cupboards. The small windows are toward the south, curtained and shutter-awninged, but the large windows offer an unobstructed view northward toward the high banks of Pisgah Bluffs and St. Peter's Point. That speaks the painter's search for working light.

As we reach for the latchstring, which is at once a brass knocker and pull, we may notice a stone, white and regular, as if man-chiseled on the wall sill, extended perhaps to support a corner joint—or maybe not. At any rate, the words scratched upon it may tell of this hermit's early coming and sometime going:

'So be it I am soon forgot of men
And laid in alien soil by stranger hands;
The pines above my head will mourn me then,
And waves intone my requiem on the sands.

Say rather this: He chose to make his friends
In wood and field, with bird and flower and tree;
Began his labor where our labor ends,
And saved—the faith in Immortality.'

Within—here's a picture as strange in this setting as might be a Fenimore Cooper Indian. Navajo rugs and wooden sabots for one who might desire to walk over stones left bare by receding lake waters, and a Naples-yellow amphora from Italy, and a brass-grill lantern swung from a rafter to remind of a thousand years of Chinese culture. Do you picture it? Then, a frieze above the shelf timber that might be the triumphal processions of Greek heroes, but which happens to be instead a string of portraits of real Hopis done in red chalk. There are such tools as the woodsman uses in the logging season.

The back door is wider than the front, 'that guests who like us not may depart in fullness as they entered in freedom,' and a wall motto says something about strife and talebearers, quoted, I think, from Solomon. But if we stay for a bite—that's quite another tale. There is the larder—a range of covered glass jars on shelves, each openly if noiselessly testifying to the state of the place in terms of food on hand. There is old English picture plate that runs back to the time of Dickens. There is a table, like the other furniture, handmade, containing the designer's idea of maximum utility with minimum display or concession to fad, and it is hinged to the wall to save the making and inconvenience of legs.

There are ladders to the open loft where, under the rafters, is the 'king's chamber' and under another light is the bookbindery with which this interesting hermit likes to intrigue the hours not otherwise invited. There are other things about the interior—sketches and partly finished pictures, a bronze or two, a bust or so, a few odd little things of this neighborhood or gathered under another sun. But these things I have set out count more particularly.

'After my years of unquietness
This house is as a candle in the dark;
But it seems a burial place of something I have known,
Of something that has been a part of me in cities,
Or something I have sensed among romping children
And the reminiscences of kinsfolk
Who pass the time in homely converse.

Somewhere, on other shores, in peace with night,
Are my fellows, content with little candles
In quietness, keeping the landmarks—
Content with a strong house of clean faith,
And removed from the light of Skillagalee
Nine miles across the water.'

Malay Pirates

(Continued from page 5)

heavy surf and the darkness, all the boats reached land without mishap. The divisions were quickly formed on the beach, and day was just breaking as the column disappeared into the jungle.

The attack was made simultaneously in several places. By dint of hard fighting the Americans succeeded at last in forcing the gate of the outer defenses. But the hardest part of the work remained.

In the center was an elevated platform mounted with several cannons. From these the defenders poured down a murderous fire upon their assailants, who were obliged to fight without shelter. All attempts to scale the platform had failed, when Lieutenants Edson and Hoff came up fresh with their troops. Taking a position between the fort and the water, they poured in an effective cross fire.

At the same time additional aid came to the Americans from a totally unexpected quarter. Some days before, Po Adam had sighted the *Potomac:* he suspected her real character and had collected a small number of his tribesmen, whom he secreted in the jungle, and awaited developments. He had a bone to pick with the Quallah Battooans also. They still held the schooner that they had taken from him the year before, and he hoped for an opportunity of regaining it.

As it happened, his schooner and two others were moored on the south side of the river as a defense for the fort on that side. This was near the place where Po Adam and his men were hidden. When the Americans made their attack on the fort, he led a surprise raid and got possession of the schooners.

The defenders of the fort were subjected to a telling fire from these batteries. It was little short of a slaughter for the men on the platform. Yet they fought to the end with savage desperation. And it was not until almost all were killed that the Americans succeeded in carrying the position. The guns were spiked and dismounted.

On the opposite side of the river was another large fort. During the attack it had kept up an annoying fire from a twelve-pounder. It was too difficult to get at, however.

Fire was now set to the flimsy houses of the town, which was rapidly reduced to ashes. The fort in the jungle, which Pinkham had failed to find, now disclosed itself by opening fire. A detachment was sent against it, and after a spirited struggle put the occupants to flight.

LARGE numbers of Malays now began collecting in the rear of the town, and Shubrick wisely decided to retire to the boats. The surf, too, was beginning to run high, making it unsafe for the boats to remain near the shore. With their dead and wounded, the Americans reëmbarked and returned to the *Potomac.*

'At 5.15,' says Downes, who remained on board his ship, 'the firing commenced on shore. Hoisted American colors.

'At 7.30 the U. S. flags were seen flying on the principal forts on shore. At 8 the whale boat returned bringing two wounded men, viz., Henry Dutcher, wounded in the thigh with a musket ball, and John L. Dubois, sea., wounded in head and arm with musket ball, and reported the death of Wm. P. Smith, sea., shot by a musket ball through the head and two or three other men wounded . . . The expedition returned from the shore having destroyed the forts and leaving the town in flames.'

The next morning he brought the frigate in closer and 'at 12.15 came to anchor within a mile of Quallah Battoo. At 12.20 commenced a fire upon the remains of the town and forts with long guns and carronades, which was continued until 20 minutes after 1. At 2 observed the forts on shore hoisted white flags, which we returned with a white flag at our main. At 5.30 got under way and stood out from the land.'

Thinking he had inflicted enough punishment on the town, Downes 'dropped down to Soosoo,' a friendly port, where he took on water and fresh vegetables. The next day a boat arrived from Quallah Battoo with a flag of truce 'bearing a message from the principal chiefs for a cessation of hostilities.'

He explained to the emissaries that the destruction of their town was in retaliation for their mistreatment of Americans and American property, and warned them against repeating the offense. Six years later, however, it was found necessary to visit punishment upon them again. The American frigates *Columbia* and *John Adams* laid Quallah Battoo in ruins a second time.

The *Potomac* then proceeded by way of China to her station in the Pacific, touching the Sandwich Islands and putting in at the port of Valparaiso. Downes made his report and his conduct met the approval of the Government.

New Year's Night in Montreal!

(Continued from page 8)

—Courtesy, Canadian National Railways.

Place d' Armes Square, Montreal.

the road, and elms arch overhead, till it seems as though you are walking down the pillared aisle of a cathedral. The gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice are still the keepers of the romance of Montreal. The old fleurs-de-lis on the seminary down on Notre Dame Street beside the great church are a promise in stone that romance shall endure.

On a June afternoon I stopped to watch a little priest who was wandering alone with his thoughts on the lawns. His slow, meditative walk ended beside a flower bed. For a long time he regarded the bright blossoms; then kneeling down beside one he blessed it and touched it tenderly with his hands.

COMMERCE is an odd master. In one respect—the fur trade—it has written romance deep in Montreal. The Northwest Company, the great rival of the Hudson's Bay Company until the two united in 1821, was built by such old Montrealers as McTavish, Sir Alexander Mackenzie and the Frobishers. It was this old company which established the modern commercial greatness of Montreal.

Eleven hundred and twenty canoemen went up the Ottawa for the great loads of rich furs. Long before the Lachine Canal was built they had deepened the 'Little River' which still runs beneath Foundling Street. Up this meandering stream around the rapids they dragged their canoes.

The annual leave-taking of the great brigade was an event of dash and color. On that day Montreal moved to Lachine. Wives, daughters, children and sweethearts lined the quay. In fancy you may see them. Each voyageur of the chief factor's brigade wears a jaunty feather in his cap and bright sashes splash against the creams and tans of the birch bark.

Floating idly past the isle in a canoe some summer afternoon, you may see reflected in the still waters the venerable ivy-covered ruin of 'Château Brilliant,' which still clings to the edge of the late Sir Edward Clouston estate some twenty miles from Montreal. A mile downstream is a tiny stone cottage smothered in bright blossoms. In it there lived years ago the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, who was so struck with the rhythm of a chanson of the old voyageurs that he wrote the 'Canadian Boat Song.'

In the autumn the voyageurs came back down the river to Montreal with the furs which were stored to harden and were not to be sold before another season. Down at the lower end of McGill Street near the water you may find the long, low warehouses. Under the little gable of one of them there is a crusted pulley wheel by which the bales of furs were hoisted to the loft in the days of the old Northwesters.

Today when you climb Peel Street hill and enter the mountain park, you will see an obelisk marking the grave of Simon McTavish, the father of the Northwesters. Almost on this spot he was engaged in 1804 in erecting one of the hospitable mansions which the fur traders loved to build along the slopes of the mountain overlooking the city. His death stopped the work on the villa and for half a century the ruins were the dread of children, and were known as McTavish's 'Haunted House.' Walls massive as a fortress now inclose the ample grounds and on the site of the haunted house stands 'Ravenscrag,' the residence of the late Sir Hugh Allan.

It is a place where one feels the long-settled dignity and proudly concentrated independence of an ancient family. And I like to think fickle fate erected this gray stone villa on the mountain as a reminder of those which once were the homes of the old fur traders who formed the 'Beaver Club.' There are pieces of silverware and glassware, jealously guarded, in the city which were formerly the property of this ultra-exclusive club, the approval of which gave entry to the most exclusive society of Montreal.

As you remember, Jacques Cartier, the St. Malo navigator, found himself on the great river of Canada on the tenth of August, 1535. August tenth being sacred to St. Lawrence, Cartier gave the river that name. Then he sailed on, landed and visited the Indian village which four centuries ago occupied the spot of land in Montreal adjoining the grounds of McGill University on Sherbrooke Street.

Last year I climbed a narrow, winding staircase to the roof of a building in the business heart of Montreal and entered a broadcasting room presided over by a dark-eyed, intensely active young man with a thin, eager face. He was Jacques Cartier, a direct descendant of the old navigator.

When Jacques was not announcing, first in French and then in English, we chatted. 'I had an odd experience in Toronto recently,' he said. 'An old man, an historian I should judge, came up to me and said: "Pardon me, but I can't help remarking how closely you resemble the pictures of Jacques Cartier."

'I handed him my card. The old gentleman took it and nearly fainted when he saw the words "Jacques Cartier" on it.'

I suppose I may as well tell you I hurried to have a look at an old oil painting of Jacques Cartier, and the similarity was startling.

Montreal is a city of haunting memories, but it is also a city of festivities and merriment. Both are part of the New Year's season—the Old and the New.

—Herbert.

A composition of man and nature in Park Lafontaine, Montreal.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. Can you tell me what became of Adam J. Slemmer, who with only eighty-one men held Fort Pickens several months for the Union troops against heavy odds during the Civil War, thus preserving the key to the Gulf of Mexico? Did he receive any promotion or recognition for his services?

Answer. Slemmer was made major of the 16th Infantry in May, 1861; was inspector-general of the department of the Ohio, and participated in the siege of Corinth and the relief of Nashville, Tennessee. He became brigadier general of volunteers in November, 1862, and took an active part in the battle of Stone River on December 31, 1862, where he received wounds so severe that his field service was practically ended. On February 8, 1864, he became lieutenant colonel of the 4th Infantry, and in March, 1865, he won the brevets of colonel and brigadier general for gallant conduct. General Slemmer left the volunteer service in August of the same year and spent the rest of his life in command at Fort Laramie, Kansas, where he died of heart disease on October 7, 1868.

* * *

Q. Can you give me any information regarding Charles Mason, who was graduated in the class of 1829 at West Point?

A. Charles Mason was born at Pompey, New York, in 1804. He was graduated from West Point Military Academy in 1829 and assigned to the engineer corps; he resigned from the army on December 31, 1831. He was admitted to the bar in 1833, practising in Newburg, New York, and in New York City. He moved West, settling at Burlington, Iowa; and when Iowa Territory was organized in 1838 he was appointed its chief justice. He died in 1882.

* * *

Q. Will you tell me who were Ethan Allen's parents? Did he have any children?

A. Ethan Allen's parents were Joseph Allen, a farmer, and Mary Baker; he was a descendant of Samuel Allen, one of two brothers who emigrated from England to the colonies and in 1632 settled at Chelmsford, Massachusetts. Ethan Allen was married in early life to Mary, daughter of Cornelius and Abigail (Jackson) Brownson, whose death probably occurred in 1783. In 1784 he was married to Mrs. Frances Buchanan. By the first marriage he had one son, who died at the age of eleven, and four daughters, of whom two died unmarried, one married Samuel Hitchcock and became the mother of General E. A. Hitchcock and one married Eleazar N. Keys. By the second marriage he had one daughter, Fanny, who entered the sisterhood of the Hôtel Dieu at Montreal; and two sons, Hannibal and Ethan Allen, the latter the father of Colonel Ethan Allen of New York.

Q. Will you please give me the national flowers of some of the various countries?

A. The national flower of England is the rose; of Scotland, the thistle; of Ireland, the shamrock; of Wales, the leek; of France, the fleur-de-lis; of Spain, the pomegranate; of Germany, the cornflower or *Kaiserblume;* of Mexico, the nopal cactus, or prickly pear. The national flower of Japan is the chrysanthemum, but from early days there have been two royal crests in Japan; one is the paulownia tree, which is seen only on the seals of the Emperor's family; the other, the chrysanthemum, is used for all governmental symbols outside the palace. The lily or lotus is the sacred flower of Egypt as well as of India.

* * *

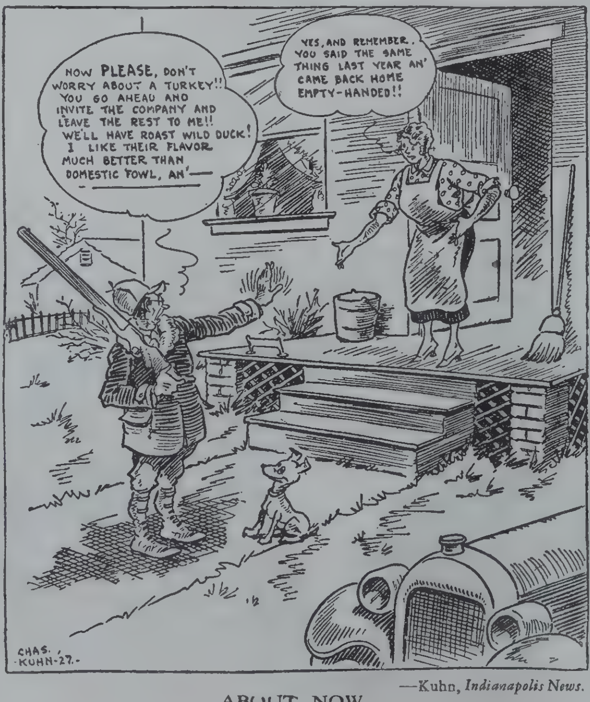
Q. What does it cost to print and engrave the various forms of paper currency?

A. The cost of the paper, engraving plates, printing and finishing the currency is as follows: United States currency, \$.0082 a note; Federal Reserve notes, \$.0089 a note; National Bank currency, \$.0145 a note.

* * *

Q. Why is gold and silver money notched on the edges when nickels and pennies are not?

A. To insure constancy in the weight of the coin it is necessary to protect it against clipping and against unnecessary wear and tear. The notching, or reeding, of the edge of a coin shows at once any attempted clipping. It is hardly thought likely that any attempt would be made to clip coins where the metal is of so low an intrinsic value as that in nickels and pennies.


NOW PLEASE, DON'T WORRY ABOUT A TURKEY!! YOU GO AHEAD AND INVITE THE COMPANY AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME!! WE'LL HAVE ROAST WILD DUCK! I LIKE THEIR FLAVOR MUCH BETTER THAN DOMESTIC FOWL, AN'——
YES, AND REMEMBER. YOU SAID THE SAME THING LAST YEAR AN' CAME BACK HOME EMPTY-HANDED!!
CHAS. KUHN-27.

—Kuhn, *Indianapolis News.*

ABOUT NOW.

Q. Who was Charlotte Corday?

A. Marie Anne Charlotte d'Armont Corday, the assassin of Marat, was a French noblewoman by birth. She sympathized ardently with the cause of the French Revolution in its earlier phases; but when the fall of the Girondists ushered in the Terror, she swung immediately to the opposite pole. She became convinced that Marat and Robespierre were the enemies of France, and she determined to save the nation by murder. Telling her father she was bound for England, she journeyed to Paris on July 1, 1793. Twice delayed, she found Marat at last on July 13 at his house. He had asked that morning in the *Ami du Peuple* for 200,000 heads, and Charlotte told him she could give him those of the Girondists at Caen. As he was setting down the names she uttered, she drove a knife into his heart. Marat died immediately. The girl was captured, brought for trial, and speedily condemned, dying calmly on July 17, 1793.

* * *

Q. Is it lawful to elect a noncitizen as president of an incorporated club or society?

A. Unless the by-laws of the society expressly forbid it, there is no reason why a noncitizen should not be so elected.

* * *

Q. What states, if any, grant a divorce solely on grounds of insanity?

A. Divorce is granted for insanity in the following states under the described conditions—Alabama: confinement in insane asylum for twenty years, provided insanity is incurable. Delaware: marriage may be annulled for insanity and lunacy. Georgia: mental incapacity. Connecticut: when both husband and wife are residents, if either has become incurably insane and has been legally confined in a hospital or asylum for at least five years next preceding date of bringing complaint. Hawaii: incurable insanity (three years or more). Iowa: insanity or feeblemindedness; marriage may be annulled if insanity existed at time of marriage. Idaho: insanity. Mississippi: insanity existing at time of marriage. New Jersey: marriage may be annulled for idiocy if it existed at time of marriage. North Dakota: insanity; party having been inmate of state institution for five years; no divorce for insanity to be granted until thorough examination by committee, all of whom must agree that insanity is incurable. The marriage may be annulled if insanity existed at time of marriage. South Dakota: marriage may be annulled if insanity existed at time of marriage. Utah: permanent insanity. Washington: at the court's discretion in case of incurable chronic mania, or dementia, for five years or more, while under confinement by order of a court of record. West Virginia: marriage may be annulled if insanity existed at time of marriage.

The Lincolns in Their English Home

(*Continued from page 7*)

—Ewing Galloway.

Gate in the old wall of Lincoln, England.

is Boston, which through its intimate relation to New England immigration gave name to the chief city in Massachusetts. In the same county is Willoughby, home of Captain John Smith of Virginia fame. In that county also is Gainsborough, site of George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss,* famous also as the home of old King Canute, and the place where Sweyn of Denmark was killed and where many centuries later Cromwell fought. There are many places hereabout of deep interest to Americans.

In this picturesque and historic county the name of Lincoln as a surname arose. Indeed, there must have been a time when everyone living in the county was 'de Lincoln,' whether definitely so called or not. In the nature of the case, here, sooner than elsewhere, the possessors of that name had to be distinguished from each other and took other names. The earls of Lincoln and the bishops of Lincoln almost alone retained it.

The first recorded use of the place-name *Lincoln* as a family name appears in the *Domesday Book* in 1086. Alfred de Lincoln was a Saxon by birth, but his lands were saved from confiscation by his marriage to a Norman lady.

Although it is practically certain that the family name of Lincoln originated in Lincolnshire if not in Lincoln city, that county and town would appear to have been among the earliest from which the family name disappeared. The three volumes of Lincolnshire pedigrees, edited by A. R. Madison, compiled for the publications of the Harleian Society and published in 1902-04 and 06, contain the name of no Lincoln family. *Mr. Hasting of the Time of Lincoln*, by T. H. Allen, in two volumes, 1834, has a list of subscribers, with no Lincolns among them.

Perhaps the reason for the disappearance of the name from the locality of its origin may be explained on the theory that there of all places it lacked any element of distinction. Every family in Lincolnshire was a Lincoln family, according to the free manner of choosing or accepting names of location as family names.

We pay our chief respects to Lincoln as the original home of the Lincolns, but we must seek elsewhere for anyone of that name whom we can connect even remotely with a migration to America, there to become of note through their possible relation to Abraham Lincoln.

There is no Lincoln parish in Lincolnshire. But the name survives in the city which is the county's capital and in the diocese whose enduring visible monument is the cathedral; and those who, scattered over the English country, now bear this surname carry a title as old as that of Julius Caesar.

The name of Lincoln as belonging to families appears early in England in different counties, mainly in the eastern part of England in the proximity of Lincolnshire. In Norfolk we find it with greatest frequency, and it is from that county that it came to America.

Norfolk, like Lincolnshire, is comparatively level country. There one may see in process the evolution through which the fens of Lincolnshire passed. It is a county of meadows and of shallow lakes, the latter known as 'broads.' The Norfolk Broads are lakes of two to five hundred acres each in size, the total water area being about five thousand acres. The broads are connected by narrow and sluggish rivers, of which the Bure with its tributaries is chief. Wide expanses of reed and marsh adjoin these shallow lakes, which are popular among hunters, fishermen, and artists. There is no crag nor torrent, but there is abundance of moor and fen.

Thirty of the 101 passengers of the *Mayflower* came to America from Norfolk.

The Puritan movement was strong in Norwich and in all the region about; it was with their Puritan minister, the Reverend Peter Hobart, that the Lincolns made their migration from Old Hingham to New Hingham.

Lincoln Cathedral, Lincoln, England.

We journey about fifteen miles from Norwich to Old Hingham. It is a sleepy but attractive little hamlet. Its most picturesque feature is, of course, its Church of St. Andrew. It dates from 1316, and is of the Decorated Style, perhaps the finest example of that style in East Anglia; it is most attractive in its setting. There are not a few Lincolns buried in and about it. In the nave is a bust of Abraham Lincoln, the gift of Americans, presented on October 15, 1919, by the Honorable John W. Davis, then ambassador at the Court of St. James.

It is not enough for Americans who visit England to see London only; there are many places associated with American tradition, and one is the Lincoln region.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S PAGE this week discusses The Advance of the World.

* * *

Concerning Julian Hawthorne's article on his sister Una, appearing in this issue, he writes as follows:

'Of my father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and his Concord friends I have told enough, but nothing of his eldest daughter, Una. She died in her young womanhood, unknown to the world; but she was a powerful element in the lives of those who knew her. Her father's love for her was very deep, partly because she was his first child, partly because of their singular mutual understanding and sympathy; and partly because she, at the threshold of womanhood, was afflicted by a sickness—the so-called Roman fever—from which she never entirely rallied, though regaining comparative health. But the long-drawn anxiety which her father underwent told heavily upon him, and he died twenty years before his time, in 1864.

'Una's story is a beautiful one, and to many in this generation it will come as a wonder and a help. Great strength was combined in her with extreme delicacy and sensitiveness. She was full of a genius allied to her father's, but without adequate ability to express it in writing or in art. Its effect in her nature and character was all the more potent. She was noble and profound within; without, cheerful, playful, full of fascinating humor. In her, the father's and the mother's qualities were blended, so that she was the true flower of a marriage exceptionally happy.' (p. 1)

* * *

Countless happy boys have been celebrating these Yuletide festivities amid pleasant home surroundings under the kindly guidance of their parents. Life seems rosy for them, indeed; but how about the Jerrys and the Tims from whose lives parental care has disappeared. They, too, are part of society and as such have a potential value. How one man, Floyd Starr, is leading a noteworthy movement to secure these lads for productive citizenship is described by Pierce Cumings. (p. 3)

* * *

Samuel Lincoln and his wife Martha had eleven children. Samuel crossed the Atlantic in 1637, apprenticed to a Norwich family; and settled eventually in New Hingham, Massachusetts. Smallpox took Samuel in 1690, and three years later his widow followed him. They were the first American ancestors of Abraham Lincoln. Doctor Barton has brought to light numerous interesting side lights on the Lincolns in their English home, Old Hingham. (p. 6)

* * *

The Yukon seems to have lost none of its spell and lure. 'One day as we climbed the mountains back of our cabin, the sun lifted the clouds, and there before us lay the entire upper reach of the Yukon Valley. The pass lay to the south, Lake Bennett could be seen downstream. Frazier lay below us, and to the north stretched range after range of high mountain peaks, snow-capped for the most part. The region is a paradise for the botanist, the lover of animal life, the seeker after mountain air, the amateur photographer, the camper and hiker . . .' Thus the mighty river valley seemed to James Clyde Gilbert and his son Jimmie, as they sought the Arctic grayling in its waters. A description that will make the reader want to follow the same trail! (p. 12)

* * *

New Year in China starts February 2 and ends fifteen days later. It is the only legal holiday for one-fourth of the human race, and as a festival it has come down from antiquity. Although many of the Chinese do not now believe the customs literally, they practise them for the sake of tradition. Identical paper gods are pasted in practically every home throughout the length and breadth of China at New Year. Several of them are depicted in this issue. (p. 16)

* * *

Centuries ago an alien people arrived in Scotland and settled near Edinburgh. Tradition has it that they were 'heretics' who had fled from Flanders to escape persecution by Charles V, Emperor of Spain. Their costume today much resembles that worn in the Low Countries. Their customs also recall those of the Flemish women; and their complexion is as fresh and rosy as that of their Dutch sisters. By trade they are fisher folk, and the fishwives of Newhaven are an interesting feature of Edinburgh life. (p. 20)

* * *

The poetry of Carl Sandburg has a flavor and rhythm quite delightful in its simplicity and homely truth. Sometimes its simplicity is deceiving, for the truth lies deep. The poem, 'Neckties,' in this issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, as well as 'The Scrubwoman' in the Christmas number, are both typical of Sandburg's mellow thought and rounded style. (p. 26)

* * *

Ivan Swift, of Detroit, is truly an evangel of the North Country. He portrays the wild ruggedness of the Mackinac shore, breathing its freshness in his poetry and depicting its wildness on his canvas. His articles recently in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT reflect his quaint philosophy and his love for the native North. Elden Small has described Swift in the words of one who knows the artist's soul intimately. (p. 27)

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REMARKS BY OUR READERS

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

I have just read your editorial on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, published in your issue of December 17. Such a protest should have been sounded long ago. We seem to commercialize everything sacred in America, chiefly through publicity seekers who want only an excuse to have their pictures circulated. Such a practice if continued could only result in wearing away all the respect we feel for our shrines.

(REV.) F. M. BARDEN.

Portland, Oregon.

All told, we take about thirty magazines, including some of the oldest and what are generally considered to be the best in the United States, and of all of these, or any other magazines we have bought, we have liked THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT best.

E. P. H.

Toronto, Ontario.

Congratulations on the paper you are turning out. In your most interesting article on Westminster Abbey, Wm. T. Stidger makes an error in using the word 'Home' instead of what is on the monument, i. e., 'House.'

'They buried him among the Kings because he had done good toward God and toward his House' is the correct quotation.

God's House is the House of David which has been seated on the throne of Israel, in the Isles, since the House and throne of David was removed from Palestine. Jehovah having promised this House existence so long as the sun and moon were in the heavens, the protectors of that God-given God-upheld throne and House were doing good toward God and toward His House, that is, the throne set up by God who selected David and his seed to rule over it forever as recorded in the Eighty-Ninth Psalm.

I thought perhaps your readers might be interested in this correction which gives a higher spiritual value than a man fighting for his 'home.' He was fighting for the House set up and held up by God Almighty. When emperors, kings and thrones were toppled over by the dozen as a result of the Great War, the God-set-up throne is more sure on its God-given foundation where it will 'stay put' until He comes whose right it is to rule over Israel in the Isles and her numerous offspring nations of which the USA was the first to set up on their own foundation.

W. G. MACKENDRICK,
LT. COL. D. S. O.

MEDITERRANEAN BORDER LANDS

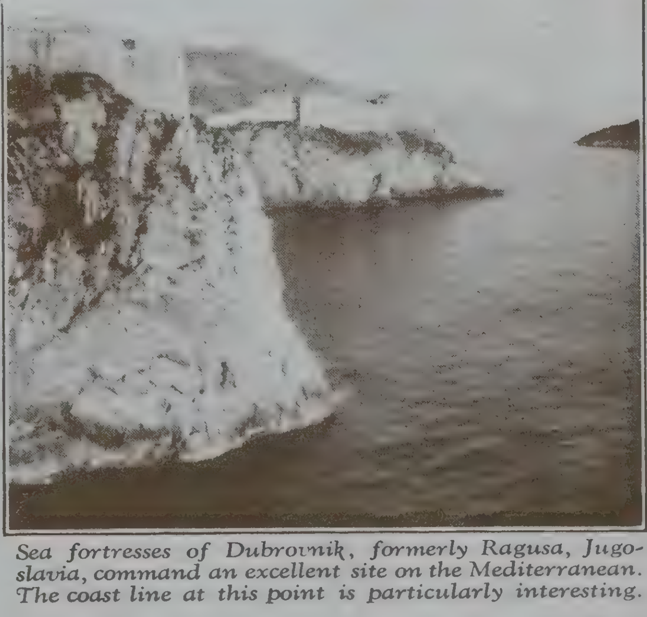
Historic Landmarks *and* Rocky Shores *Along* Blue Waters

Royal Vesuvian Observatory on the slopes of Mt. Vesuvius is equipped to measure the pulse of the volcano, and to take its temperature.

—Publishers' Photo Service.

Excellent view of Monaco and Monte Carlo, looking across the yacht basin toward the viaducts across the gorge of St. Devote.

Cliffs at Sorrento, Italy, rise 200 feet in height. The town is famous for its cliff hotels overlooking the Mediterranean, which command a beautiful view.



Sea fortresses of Dubrovnik, formerly Ragusa, Jugoslavia, command an excellent site on the Mediterranean. The coast line at this point is particularly interesting.

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THERE is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried.

—*Emerson.*

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